

Nat looked down at his prize and smiled in delight. He absolutely loved the look of the bear tooth necklace in his hands and couldn't wait to put it on. It was just the thing he had been looking for for years, and now that he owned it he was eager to show it off!

He'd been out for a walk on a warm summer day, running some errands, when he happened upon an outdoor flea market. With plenty of spare time, and a few extra dollars in his pocket, Nat decided to check it out. Yet gazing over the tables of video games and movies, knick-knacks and trinkets, and a variety of other junk, everything failed to attract his interest.

Nat was about to leave when something caught his eye. It was a massive tooth attached to a chain, simple enough on its own. But he'd been playing a lot of Banjo Kazooie lately, and the necklace reminded him of the game's titular character. He stared at it for only a few minutes before he decided he had to have it. It was a little more expensive than his price range allowed but after a few minutes of haggling, the item was finally his.

Setting his things down, Nat fashioned the necklace around his neck, then pulled out his phone to look at his reflection. To his disappointment, the tooth accented his thin frame, orange shirt, and wiry glasses poorly. Nat sighed, finding himself wondering what he'd look like with a more form-fitting build. A little more like Banjo, he reluctantly admitted to himself, a bit embarrassed from the thought.

Still, he decided to keep it on for the time being. Lost in his thoughts, Nat didn't even notice a tingling around his neck as he continued his errands. After a few moments, however, it intensified enough to grab his attention. Nat rubbed at his neck, the sore skin feeling like it had the beginnings of a rash. He sighed, berating himself for wasting his money on such a thing that he couldn't even wear without causing himself pain.

Nat reached up to try and take off the irritating necklace, wondering if he could find a smaller chain later. Yet no matter how much he struggled he couldn't find the clasp. After a time as his arms got sore, Nat simply gave up. He figured he would have to wait till he got home and use a mirror to locate the hidden clasp.

To his dismay, the irritation on his neck did not subside even as he walked. Nat could feel his neck tingling, a strange irritation that was steadily spreading down his chest and upper arms. It was so annoying that he couldn't stop rubbing it. It was as though he was experiencing a light tugging on his skin, followed by a twitching sensation like something pushing up from below.

In desperation, Nat rubbed his upper arm, the skin beginning to feel oddly firm the longer he held his arm there. As he touched the surface he could swear he could feel firm muscle slowly

developing underneath. Despite the bizarre notion of rapid muscle growth, Nat had to admit it wasn't an unwelcome feeling. He'd always wanted to get back to the gym to bulk a little, and from the feeling of his arms, he was already well on his way to the start of his weight-gaining goals!

Still, Nat was more preoccupied with his errands: going to the bank, getting his groceries, and picking up medications to be worried about the strange feelings in his body. If anything, he felt like he had more energy. Despite the heat, he did not tire from his walk downtown this time as he often did. The tingling in his body gave him a slight surge of motivation and he was making great time!

Yet as he walked the tingling persisted, spreading over his form from his arms and down into his torso. Something under his stomach was slowly expanding like his muscles were building within. Curious, Nat rubbed the skin through his shirt, feeling his previously flat stomach grow warm as the muscle underneath slowly began to harden. How it was happening, he had no idea. But it was impossible to deny the very real feelings that were playing over his fingers.

Meanwhile, the width of his arm was growing a little bit thicker as the muscle underneath began to take shape. Dips and ridges were forming along the surface, giving him teases of a tone that he'd always fantasized about on his wiry frame. A couple of hours carrying a few light bags could not explain such growth. Yet it was there, a lovely tone he could never have managed even from months of regular gym memberships!

The tingling across his body also denoted further changes. His pecs were growing subtly under his shirt, tingling with sensation as the muscles slowly divided and built underneath, expanding across his previously flat chest. He could feel them steadily bulk up with new muscles, stretching slightly and taking his pert nipples along with them. His abs began to firm up under his flat scrawny stomach, the ridges thickening, forming six distinct bumps. Nat was developing the start of a six-pack!

The tingling soon centered in his neck again, and as Nat scratched it, he noticed that his chain felt a little tighter. The skin around his neck had begun to harden, growing slightly thicker to match the growing diameter of his chest. Yet, instead of being concerned, Nat found that his earlier disappointment was gone. He certainly didn't have to worry about getting a smaller chain now!

Feeling a little stronger, more confident, Nat continued his way downtown, unconcerned with the rapid changes overcoming him. His head was held a little higher, his chest a little puffed

out, and his stride was longer, though not simply from his confidence but rather the minor alterations that were picking up speed. To his delight, Nat finally felt like his embarrassingly lanky form was putting on that extra bit of muscle and tone he'd always craved. He wanted, *needed* to show it off!

As he walked, the changes persisted, as though responding to his excitement in them. His arms felt warm as their width started pushing outwards to accommodate the expanding muscle underneath. Their increased thickness forced Nat to rotate his shoulders a little to remove the discomfort. They continued pressing outwards slowly, brushing against the fabric of his shirt as the building muscles grew. Nat certainly didn't mind the look but by this time was starting to get a little concerned. What could be causing such a noticeable increase in muscle mass?

Feeling overheated, Nat pulled at the flaps on his shirt, noticing the normally loose-fitting fabric did not move as much as he'd expected. He wanted to chalk it up to the heat causing the shirt to stick to his frame. Yet he couldn't help but feel that the shirt was tighter, sweat or no. He wondered if his slightly expanding physique had anything to do with it. He couldn't be getting that big, could he? Yet as he walked, he started to notice how restricted his swinging arms felt in the shirt, every arm motion a little more difficult than normal. With that, Nat decided his best course of action was to head home. He'd done all the necessary errands for the day anyways.

Still, the tingling persisted through his chest and arms, signaling their continued growth. His pecs were growing large enough to press into the edges of the fabric of his shirt. His arms now caught in his shirt as though a little snug in the sleeves. An expanding stomach pulled his shirt up to make room for the new muscle, causing a slight breeze to play over the bare skin. No matter how much he tugged the shirt down, he couldn't seem to cover the skin.

The tingling was not confined to his upper body as even Nat's groin felt a little off. His hips began to form packed muscles underneath their surface, swelling ever so slightly as the sensations spread down towards his knees, calves, and ankles. The expanding muscle mass tugged at his pant cuffs up just a little, enough to feel a light breeze there as well.

All the while, the prickling sensation persisted on his arms as they continued to bulge and expand, forming deep valleys and ridges laced with popped-out veins. The flesh of his lower arms began to widen as new individual hairs sprouted between his sparse follicles. His fingers began to tingle as the joints snapped and each finger slightly stretched forward. Even the skin at the edges of his palms began to move from the new muscle formation.

Stunned by the realization, Nat had no idea what had caused the changes or when they would stop. The extra body tone was nice, he had to admit, but his arms were slowly growing

beyond what he was comfortable with. He had to get home to see if he could look up his symptoms online and try and figure out what had happened to him. He did his best to ignore the stares of passers-by as he quickened his pace, trying to resist rubbing his arms and chest, hoping the transformation would slow until he managed to get home.

Yet, to his dismay, the tingles were spreading up his neck now and reaching towards his face. His clean shaved chin was beginning to pepper with small close growing hairs. His nose began to prickle as the tip grew larger, his nostrils flaring as they grew moist and cool. His gums and teeth ached, dentures a little thick in their sockets as they grew larger and more pointed. The tingling even reached his ears, the tips flattening and expanding as tiny hairs began to pepper the surface.

The persistent changes seemed to keep pace over his form as his neck expanded a little more, making the chain around it feel snug. Prickling skin signaled more tiny hairs poking out all over. The tooth was glowing now in tandem with the waves of tingles, though Nat was only vaguely aware of it, too focused on his goal of getting to a place where he could view the changes, maybe find a way to slow or stop them.

As he ran, his stomach began to expand slightly from each breath. The same light peppering of hairs was spreading out over the exposed skin as his shirt rode higher up, making the breeze on his stomach more noticeable. Nat tried once more in embarrassment to pull his shirt all the way down but it could not cover his muscle-packed stomach no matter how much he willed it.

The sensations of growth in his arms were intensifying as they thickened under his now form-fitting shirt sleeves. The veins and ridges of his biceps and deltoids were steadily pulling at the inside of his shirt as they encompassed more and more space. The same pepperings of brown hair were beginning to cover the width of his upper arms. Nat was becoming painfully aware of his arm movements were becoming more restricted as his muscles swelled out.

Perhaps it was his imagination, but Nat felt stares of onlookers as his body twitched all over. The changes were too subtle to notice at a passing glance but if he were to stop and talk to anyone he was sure they would see what was happening. He tried to look nonchalant but he was sure people were looking as he tried to hide his face, the concern likely etched into his features. He opted to take the long road home through a patch of woods where he very likely wouldn't be seen. It was a route he'd taken before and knew from experience that he could exit near his home. It was a bit out of his way, but it would at least be private.

All the while, the tingling in his forearms and hands was intensifying from his increased muscle bulk. The veins along his lower arms began to pop from the increased pressure caused by his swelling muscle mass. The brown hairs along his arm were beginning to lengthen now as more steadily began peppering the surface. It was even getting a little hard to see his skin in some places as the hairs grew more numerous.

To Nat's annoyance, the swelling of muscles in his arms made his brown leather watch strap feel a bit tighter. The watch had been a graduation gift and Nat wore it every day, taking it off only to shower at night. He had been able to squeeze his fingers out of it every night before bed, but now he could feel it getting caught near his wrist, irritating the growing hairs. An involuntary yelp escaped his lips as a few got caught and pulled at his already taut skin!

Meanwhile, his fingers continued to inch forward as his nails slowly began to transition from their translucent pink to a darker, more muddied brown. The fingertips expanded a few more millimeters as his nails began to thicken, their edges becoming pointed. Palms began to swell as the skin started to darken towards black, forming what looked like calluses spreading over the surface of the skin. The muscle mass continued to push at the edges of his hands, expanding the perimeter little by little. If Nat didn't know better, they were beginning to resemble the paws of some sort of animal!

His legs, too, continued to tingle as he walked, the skin irritated by his formerly loose-fitting jeans as what felt like more hairs began to spread down his thighs and calves. The muscles on his calves swelled ever so slightly, the backs of his legs now pressing tautly against the inside of his jeans. The pressure forced his jeans higher up, exposing even more skin in the space between his pants cuff and his socks.

By this juncture, the tingling had even spread as far as his feet. His toes cracked as they stretched forward, pressing against his socks and touching the leather insides of his shoe. Trying to wriggle his toes in his shoes unconsciously, Nat was desperate to alleviate the discomfort. His shoes were now a size too small like he'd crammed his feet into them to get them on. And the peppering sensation of hair growth was even present on the backs of his feet.

Thankfully, Nat finally made it out of the downtown core and across the highway towards the treeline. Walking along a worn path, he tried desperately to ignore the tingling and prickling still playing across his skin, signaling further changes. His biceps had expanded even further and his shirt sleeves were starting to feel uncomfortably tight. Likewise, his meaty pecs pulled forward as their flattened surfaces filled out the rest of his shirt. His growing belly wasn't helping matters either, slowly expanding as his muscled abs widened to match his still-expanding frame. The brown hairs peppering his exposed skin were multiplying, poking out between the

already present follicles and giving him a hairy stomach the envy of any bear, human or otherwise.

Likewise, his quads, hamstrings, and glutes all slowly bulked up with mass and definition and steadily became uncomfortable in his jeans. It was subtle at first, but as Nat walked, the diameter of his leg began to expand to accommodate the new muscles. His hips were widening slightly in tandem with the new expanse of his upper legs. Even his belt began to feel a little uncomfortable from the diameter of his growing waistline. Nat reached down and undid the buckle, readjusting it to the most relaxing notch just in case the changes did not stop. Before, his pants would have fallen off at this level, but now they fit comfortably around his waist.

Nat walked for several minutes, making sure he was well away from the highway and treeline, lest someone see whatever it was he was becoming. At last, he stopped, catching his breath and wiping the sweat off his brow. Even if he wasn't home yet, the sensations were stronger now and he couldn't hold off seeing himself.

Looking around, he seemed to have wandered close to a dump, a place in the woods where people threw discarded belongings from a nearby trailer park. Nat couldn't hear anyone nearby at the moment, however. He figured it was as safe a place as any to catch his breath and take stock of the changes.

To his shock, his shirt had ridden further up, growing abs now clearly visible. He tried once more in vain to get his orange shirt down over his muscled stomach once more. At last, he sighed in defeat. His shirt clearly didn't fit properly anymore. Even the neck was a little tight, and his pecs had pulled the shirt taut around his growing frame. It was starting to feel uncomfortable all over, several sizes too small for whatever he was becoming.

The itching all over his body was continuing to intensify as more and more of those damned brown hairs began sprouting between his own altering follicles. The hair on his abs and stomach was starting to come in a little thicker, spreading down towards his groin and up towards his pecs like the start of a treasure trail. He'd never had so much hair on his previously bare chest before, and the itching was making him need to scratch. In embarrassment, Nat realized that even his pubic hairs were starting to multiply as well. The hair was even thickening along his legs, visible in the space between his pant cuffs and socks. He was starting to look like a bear of a man with all the extra hair.

All the while, his hips continued to widen, his large ass and guts making even the most comfortable setting of his belt buckle feel a little strained. He wanted to take it off but was still worried about being naked, even in the forest. His hips had continued swelling into his jeans,

filling them out and making his jeans even tighter. Nat figured that it would have been impossible getting them on had he been this large this morning. His pant cuffs had ridden up enough to begin to tighten around his ankles, scarcely able to ride higher without visible tear.

A groan escaped his body from the increasing discomfort and made Nat freeze, hearing how deep his voice was becoming. It hardly sounded like his own anymore! It carried a deeper baritone than humanly possible, in fact, as though the swelling neck muscles had somehow blocked his vocal cords. Still, despite the fact that it was coming from him, Nat had to admit he didn't mind the sound as much as he might have anticipated.

Nat went to brace his hand on a tree which made him realize his palms were still thickening and expanding all over. The calloused skin was getting thicker, spreading across his palms around the perimeters of the crevices that lined them. They almost looked like paw pads! Meanwhile, Nat's fingers had all grown longer, the nails much thicker now and muddied brown as they continued to force sharp points at the ends. Nat was right, they certainly did look like the paws of some animal!

At this juncture, however, the tingles across his face were the worst by far. His face pricked as more of those brown hairs spread across the lower surface like a few days' worth of growth. A pushed-out nose allowed Nat to see its black tip if he crossed his eyes. An ache began to encroach over his face as it pressed out slightly, making room as the rest of his teeth started to slowly widen. Hairs began crawling up his chin towards his ears, covering the sides of his face with the beginnings of sideburns. The ears themselves began to grow larger, feeling rounded as they moved up his head. Even his own human hair began to change its texture, lightening to the same shade of brown that was covering the rest of his body. Brows grew thicker, bushier as his eyes rotated slightly to accommodate his stretching face.

Nat shook his head a few times, trying to come to grips with the situation. Changes like this didn't just happen to people! Nat had no idea what had caused the transformation, or, worse, what he was becoming. He didn't even know if he had enough time to make it home to try and figure out what was happening or get help before the changes reached an inevitable conclusion!

Nat knew he should run but a part of him needed to see the changes to his face with his own eyes. He pulled out his phone, careful of his new claws as he worked the camera setting. Looking at his reflection, he was shocked to see a visage that was partly animal looking back at him. The muzzle, the hair, and the black nose almost reminded him of a big dog or maybe a bear. What the fuck was happening to him?

It was then he fully realized that the chain around his neck was glowing. He touched it slightly, feeling the warmth radiating into his hands as more brown hair started sprouting on their backs as if in response. It had to be the cause of this!

The more Nat stared at the changes, the more an idea came to mind, one that had to be impossible. Yet the musculature of his body was not like an actual bear, despite the obvious animalistic characteristics that adorned it. He almost looked like... but no, that couldn't be it. Could it?

His mind flashed back to all the instances of playing the Banjo series of games. He'd even wondered what the character might look like in the real world. And the form he was steadily growing towards was a near-perfect facsimile of his mental image! That, combined with the glowing tooth pendant around his neck cemented the idea in his mind. He had to be turning into a real-world version of Banjo!

The idea of being turned into something inhuman against his will should have been appalling. Yet, the more he reflected on it, the more he saw the change as appealing. Banjo had a powerful, muscled form, and Nat couldn't help but wonder what he would look like when the changes were finally completed. He'd be massive, a true bear of a man capable of inhuman feats. It was more than his previously scrawny form could have ever hoped!

Despite himself, Nat felt his cock start to grow inside his underwear from the thoughts. He'd always secretly found the character handsome, but now, with the reality of the changes setting in, Nat couldn't help but let himself be aroused. He enjoyed the twinges of lust from his cock at the powerful muscled form he was soon to possess. Soon, his cock began leaking in his jeans, the sensations only serving to heighten his anticipation of the rest of his bizarre transformation.

His awareness of the changes and desire to see them complete seemed to have the effect of accelerating them. It started in his chest again, forcing his meaty pecs to push tightly against the fabric of his orange shirt. Part of Nat wanted to take it off but he knew there was no way he could manage it with the small claws that adorned his fingers. He'd literally tear off the shirt with them. But then again, if he left things the way they were, he was more likely to rip his shirt down the middle to be rid of it, far too small for the body he was steadily growing into.

His pants, too, were continuing to tighten as the belt buckle strained from his growing hips. Nat tried to remove it but realized that it had grown too tight to come off. If he kept growing like this, there was a very real chance he might hurt himself! Yet his hips were so thick



with muscle now, he wondered if that would even be an issue. His pants were tight, to be sure, but it didn't hurt, not exactly.

The more he pondered it, Nat was beginning to get a mental image of what bursting out of his clothes might be like and he found the idea oddly exciting. The erotic thoughts caused his cock to leak another burble of precum as they pervaded his mind. How *big* would he actually have to be to tear his human clothes off of him? If the changes kept going the way they were, he was soon to find out!

The gradual changes continued to play over his form all the while, as Nat shifted his focus from one aspect to another. His facial hair was becoming a fully bearish beard as it crawled up towards his ears. The prickling on his head signaled it was merging with his slightly darker human hair. New hairs continued peppering down his neck now as they began to cover him more completely, leaving less and less of his human skin visible underneath.

It was hard to focus on the itching as Nat groaned, belt starting to strain as the muscles in his hips widened. The leather strap was relatively cheap material and was clearly not meant to house the massive bear-man that Nat was becoming. He grunted a little in that bearish baritone, watching the edges visibly stretch as the belt pulled taut around his growing waistline.

More irritating was the persistent tightening in his shoes. His toenails were thickening much like his hands, forming points that were beginning to press at the inside of the leather. The soles of his feet, too, were widening, wedging into the sides. Like his hands, the bottoms were likely thickening with black calloused skin to form ursine paw pads.

Nat began to realize with certainty that the growth assailing his body was not stopping. His tightening clothes would indeed burst off the frame he was growing into. That reality made him briefly lament the loss of his human things. His shoes, in particular, had been rather expensive and he didn't want to lose them. Yet his body was currently too massive to get them off. He couldn't even bend down all the way now to grip his shoes!

His shirt was being pulled up ever higher on his frame as his expanding belly added to his overall height. The warm air continued to play over his exposed stomach as the hairs coating it steadily thickened. He could still see the outline of his meaty abs but his skin no longer appeared underneath the thickening forest of hairs. The bottom of his shirt was starting to feel tight around him as his stomach and chest continued swelling out with that ever-thickening muscle mass. Pillar-like arms stretched tight against the cuffs of his arm sleeves.

His lower arms grew to match, as evidenced by the slight irritation from his leather watch still stuck there. He could see the leather stretching as his wrists grew thicker, far beyond what the watch was made to support. It was even beginning to fray at the edges as the watch pulled across his expanding arm.

His hands, too, changed further, nails curving into bestial claws. His palms swelled to their final size as the brown fur coated the backs, completely obscuring his skin. They were massive now, more than twice the size of his former tiny human appendages. Yet he still retained dexterity in his thumbs, able to operate human things, only slightly obstructed by his new paw pads and claws.

Nat grunted in that beastly baritone as his head suddenly hit a branch that he was certain had been above his head when he'd rested against it. It looked about 6'2 feet above the ground, yet Nat had only been 5'7 before the changes. It was clear he was getting taller! He stared with some shock at the branch as his head slowly rose until he was at eye level with it. How tall was a real-world Banjo?

Uncomfortably tight jeans were the result of the persistent tingle that caused his hips to expand and pull them to their limits. If he grew any more, he was going to rip right out of his pants! He couldn't get the tight jeans off even if he wanted to as his hips expanded far beyond what they were meant to hold.

Still, Nat couldn't help but feel aroused by the thoughts of his useless human clothes tearing off his powerful frame. He unconsciously started rubbing at the leaking bulge in his pants, feeling his member begin to tent against the fabric of his undies. Another bestial grunt escaped his lips as his cock continued to leak against the fabric, growing bigger than he had remembered. He was excited at the prospect of a member befitting the powerful form he was acquiring. Though disappointed at his lack of access to his cock, a part of him was joyous that he would need to grow so large to burst out of his jeans. The thought alone nearly made him cream his pants!

Aware of the continued growth, Nat could feel expanding forearms wearing away at the frail leather of his watch strap. Part of him wanted to save it, but there was no way to get it off his thickening arm. Finally, with a loud pop, the taut leather snapped and the watch fell to the ground, the glass face hitting a rock hard enough to shatter. Nat mourned the lost device for a moment but was quickly distracted by the ongoing changes to his body. He didn't need things like that on the new form he was steadily acquiring, after all!

All the while, he was getting steadily taller, as evidenced by the difference in height regarding the tree he was standing beside. The cuffs of his pants were pulled up as high as they could go on his hairy legs, uncomfortably tight against his swelling ankles. It seemed likely he had grown from his previous 5'7 heading towards 6'6 now and was still growing taller.

6'8. Nat grunted, feeling unbalanced and dizzy from the extra height, clothes pulled further up his body as it steadily rose.

7'0. His pants could rise no further up his legs, and Nat heard an audible tear as the cuffs ripped apart by his muscled legs.

7'2. His shirt was uncomfortably wrenched up to his chest as the edges pulled impossibly taut. With Nat's enhanced hearing, he could tell that the fibers were starting to tear, micro rips that threatened to burst apart with even the slightest bit of further growth.

Through it all, Nat remained powerfully aroused from the growth, touching himself through his jeans with his massive paw as his cock continued to lengthen. His balls began swelling as well, making him feel uncomfortable. He was impossibly horny and growing a maleness to match!

Yet his attention was soon distracted by his widening feet and the pressure they were putting on the remnants of his shoes. He grunted his bestial growl, unable to take them off. Widening feet pressed painfully into the edges of the shoes, more than the leather was even designed to hold. They were swelling so much they were about to burst!

First, the laces snapped, torn in two from the force of pressure that was building up to explode. Nat was sure he'd be feeling pain had the surface of his foot not been covered with powerful muscle. Nat grunted as with a loud pop, his shoes burst forth at the seams, and his massive brown feet popped into view, still contained by the weak fabric of his socks. His heels continued to swell backward, leaving him with feet that were closer to a size 20 than his once modest size 10!

Soon, his leaking cock broke him from his reverie. The sensations of tearing through leather had been captivating, but more than that, powerfully arousing. He returned to stroking his massive girth through the fabric, feeling how massive his cock was now. The sight of so much muscle was a potent aphrodisiac!

As if eager to complete the look, his snout was protruding further from his face, taking with it his bulbous black nose. His flaring nostrils could detect so many more scent molecules in

the air. The most pungent, of course, was his own sweat and arousal. He could feel his glasses being pushed forward on his snout and was not quick enough to catch them as they fell to the forest floor. They fell harmlessly as his growing snout obstructed them from his view. His jaw ached as it cracked forward, his muzzle filling with larger teeth. Bushy eyebrows began to merge with the still growing brown hairs on his face as the entire surface of his skin became engulfed in a thick coat of bear fur. The fur had nearly overtaken his former human hair, now buried in a lighter brown reminiscent of Banjo's. His ears were near the top of his head at this point, and he could hear the minute sounds of the forest all around him.

His shirt was getting impossibly taut across his back now as his massive shoulders continued to bulk up with muscle. The pressure was so tight, Nat figured he could simply rotate his shoulders forward and snap the thing down the middle. Yet he was powerfully aroused at the thought of bursting apart his shirt from the sheer mass he was adding. He continued stroking his cock through his jeans, feeling the tension rising as his back and shoulders grew more and more massive, nearing what he assumed was their final girth.

Each millimeter added caused micro rips across the fabric that were steadily getting bigger. Nat was elated at the reality that he was going to grow out of his shirt! The frail sleeves finally gave out with a resounding *rip* as the cuffs tore at the edges. The resulting tear spread up the sleeves, exposing his muscled furry forearms. Nat flexed a little, peeling away the rest of his former sleeves and causing the damage to spread.

His shirt had ridden up so high on his chest that he could almost see his nipples had they not been coated with the thickening forest of brown hair. Tiny rips ran along the sides as the shirt started pulling apart at the seams. He arched his shoulders as his shirt burst apart from the back, down the center as his shoulders tore at the seams from the front. His orange shirt now hung comically off of his body, more rags than clothing. Nat flexed a little, enjoying the sight of such a powerful visage over his former human one.

His belt, too, was unbearably tight, his hips still pulling tightly against the straining leather. The buckle had bent to the side as his expanding waistline wrenched it past the breaking point. He growled as he felt the buckle start to snap, and with a loud *pop*, it burst off and clattered to the ground. Nat pushed out with his hips and heard a second pop as the button shot off and the edges of his jeans started to peel apart. Even his zipper was wrenched down by the force of his expanding legs. The belt was pulled nearly to the breaking point as the ends frayed and with a snap it, too, finally gave way.

His jeans remained tight even with his belt and other constraints removed. The symphony of his jeans tearing at his growth caused his cock to burble out another bit of pre-cum. He felt the

fabric tear down the sides as his increasing bulk pushed through. The cuffs of his pants tore up along his ankles to match the rips coming down along their sides. Eventually, the force of his growing mass finally proved too much for his jeans as the final bits popped apart. When all was said and done, the former pants landed on the ground in a heap along with the rest of his destroyed clothing.

All that remained of Nat's human clothes were his annoying socks and the tight off-white undies that hung off Nat's erect cock like a flagpole. He could see his member clearly now, still human-shaped but massive. It was nearly as long as his forearm and as thick as a beer can. He stroked it furiously, loving the feeling of his paw pads wrapped around its impressive length. His expanding girth pushed tightly at the elastic band of his undies, heavy balls cradled in the stretching fabric as his massive cock leaked more and more fluids. The last stand of his humanity was brought closer and closer to the brink.

His cock was getting so close to orgasm. Nat flexed his muscles as he stroked himself off, feeling the tension building up in his hearty balls. Release was coming and he didn't want it to stop. With a loud *snap*, the elastic finally gave way and his undies flopped off, the last thing he needed to see to push him over the glorious edge.

“GGRRRRRRAAAAA FUUUUUCK!” Nat roared as rope after rope of off-white cum shot all over the remains of his undies and onto the forest floor. His masculine voice made him quiver, much more suited to the bear of a beast he had become.

Nat panted for a moment, the intense power from his body and the erotic orgasm taking its toll. The tinging seemed to have ceased, meaning that his changes were done, at least for now. He was very interested in seeing the results!

Nat carefully picked up his phone, his new clawed hands barely able to work the device. But thankfully the camera was working and he was able to look at his face. To his excitement, he did indeed look like the real-world version of Banjo he'd envisioned. His face was very ursine in its shape, yet retained a human quality that he found rather exciting. Staring long enough, Nat could still see some of his human self reflected in the visage.

Excitedly, Nat played his clawed hands over his firm muscles, loving the massive bulk under his touch. He ran them over his broad chest and muscled gut, feeling every inch of his muscled form. To his excitement, he felt his cock spring to life once more, but he had no time for that right now.

To his slight disappointment, Nat realized that he couldn't head back to his home like this. He was entirely naked; even if he wasn't a bear-man, it was embarrassing to go out with his dong on full display. Fortunately, the dump had an ample supply of clothes, though none of them seemed to fit the beast he had become. After a few moments of searching, Nat found a pair of tan shorts that he thought would look big enough. He pulled them off over his massive legs, feeling a little cramped from the tightness. But they did go up all the way at least. His balls were uncomfortable, but he would make due for now. He couldn't help but feel that the color and shape were somehow familiar as if he'd seen them on the game version of Banjo. *How appropriate*', he thought to himself.

As he started to walk back to his house, a large leather blue backpack was soon noticed lying on the ground. It, too, looked familiar, as though it was meant to go over his new form. Nat decided to pick it up, placing it on his shoulders. It served no real purpose other than to house the torn remnants of his clothes, but Nat decided with a shrug that it indeed filled out the look of his body rather well, matching what he perceived of the character.

Still, he found himself wondering what he was going to do in the long term. It was evident that the necklace had changed him, but he had no way to know if the proprietor was aware of its power. He could go back out into the city, but how would he explain his appearance to people? All he could do was just hope that a furry convention or a comic con was in town...