

Pulling his parka over his head, Josh surveyed the wide expanse of tundra before him, making sure to mark every landmark with his eyes as best as he could. It wouldn't do for the 29-year-old to get lost out here and perish before someone had the chance to come and find him. Though it was a clear night with little wind to freeze the Caucasian man, he knew enough not to underestimate the north and the cold.

It was a little silly, he'd thought, to be out here in the middle of the night an hour from the village to bury a totem. He'd been visiting some family and had to listen to tales of old from his grandfather, one of the reasons that he had not made the trip in many years. The story of this particular totem, a whalebone carving, came up on more than one occasion, how it was stolen years ago and had brought the family luck and fortune. Josh had certainly experienced it while in college and the subsequent job market though attributed it rather to hard work than superstition.

Yet, to Josh's detriment, his grandfather felt great remorse for holding onto the item, even though he had not been directly responsible for its acquisition. Therefore, he seemed hell-bent on having the object returned to the people and culture from which it belonged. Not knowing exactly where that was, lost to the years, his only 'logical' recourse was to have it returned to the wilds so that the spirits might see the sacrifice and forgive their family. And Josh, being the only able-bodied male in the household at the moment...

Still, Josh didn't mind making the trek, especially after seeing the view. He couldn't have picked a better night to wander out onto the tundra. The sky was beautiful, lit with the Aurora Borealis in a sight that was truly reserved for the top of the world. Though it was cold, naturally, there was no wind or any other weather anomalies to hinder his trip. It truly was the perfect evening, almost taking him away from the annoyance he felt from the arduous quest.

Long out of sight of civilization, Josh found himself questioning once more what it was that he had to do. He was sure that he had to return the whalebone carving to nature, but exactly how was unclear. He was far enough from other people that if he threw it in the ocean or buried it in the snow, no one could ever possibly find it, right?

Deciding he didn't want to spend any more unnecessary time out in the wilds, Josh decided it best to bury it in the snow. Digging a little with his gloves, though figuring it was unnecessary, he placed the totem in the hole he had dug, pulling the snow back over the spot. Padding it and running his hands over the area, it was soon impossible to tell where he'd put it.

Thinking his job to be done, Josh got up, brushing the snow from his gloves and starting to walk back towards the way. Yet, even the illumination from the sky could not quite cancel out a light that was starting to emanate from the ground. Josh turned back, surprised at the steadily increasing glow that was overtaking the ground. Best as he could tell, the brightest part of the

ground was generally around where he'd assumed he had buried the bone. It was almost like he'd placed it into a battery of some sort, one that was steadily emitting a radiance that seemed to surround him.

Feeling concerned, Josh was remiss for not noticing the tingling around his crotch at first. It started as a persistent prickling, one that he wasn't aware of until his hand tried in vain to rub the area through his snow pants. Not finding relief, Josh looked down, a moan escaping his lips as the sensation of irritation seemed to intensify rapidly. It was a combination of powerful itching, like the hairs were thickening, peppering his groin from weeks of no care. Josh kept his male assets well-tended, leaving him rather confused as to the source of the discomfort.

The other unexpected reaction was a powerful flush of arousal that pushed his penis against his underwear like a battering ram against castle walls. Going from flaccid to full erection in mere seconds with no external cause, Josh let out another low groan, trying once more to rub at his member through his pants. Yet, with the heavy layers of clothing between him and his goal, there was nothing that Josh could do to relieve the bizarre arousal.

A heat started rushing up from his genitals, one that made him sweat and nearly tempted to take his pants off. Though such an action would be a death sentence out in the arctic, the urge was ever-present, becoming more and more insistent with each passing second. It was like his groin was sitting on a heater, and the thermostat was being steadily raised to the point where it was becoming painful.

Despite the knowledge that what he was doing was detrimental, Josh tore his gloves off, the cold lighting on his skin though not fazing him through the sexual heat that had overtaken him. He was almost in a daze as he pulled down his snow pants and jeans underneath, leaving the stain of his underwear on display for his eager eyes. Though he was sure that the cold would freeze the stain to his cock and underwear, the heat radiating off his body prevented any such pain. The cold had no effect on his erection, his girth turgid as ever, even larger than he recalled it should be, though, in his lust, it was hard to tell.

Getting down to business, Josh started stroking with no regard to his surroundings and situation. His breath came out in puffs as he grunted, more fluids leaking from the tip and soaking into his hand. His cock seemed to engorge even more as he stroked off, the cold being held at bay as though his body was covered with some sort of invisible forcefield. The heat was so intense that Josh almost felt that he could take off the rest of his clothes, though had no thought to do so in his current state of lust.

A bizarre sensation started swelling from his uncut cock, as though his foreskin was being pulled from around the head and separating from the skin all the way down to the base.

The skin underneath was red, a darker shade than anything he thought should be possible. The former foreskin seemed to bunch up, some of it fusing with his groin and forcing his cock to point slightly up towards his belly. Though, at the moment, Josh was remiss to care, the need to cum and spill his seed more urgent than anything happening to his penis. Besides, the alterations were enough to make his pleasure all the more potent!

The source of the itching was soon obvious from the heavy peppering of hairs that seemed to coat the previously shaven flesh. Josh had never really had much in the way of hair, keeping what he did have meticulously trimmed. Yet, even as all his hard work was undone by the growth of a coat of hairs, Josh continued to stroke his cock. Each rub seemed to make the fur grow thicker, obscuring the skin at the base as additional hairs burst forth from even his foreskin. The color was all wrong, distinctly lighter than even his normal blond hair, though Josh paid it little mind.

The more he stroked, the more that his testicles seemed to pump full of semen, as though the mere act of jerking off was spurring on his masculinity. Though it should have been impossible for his testicles to enlarge to such a degree, short of some sort of disease, they seemed to hang heavily underneath him. It was as though someone had pumped them full of sperm, so much so that they threatened to burst through his turgid rod at any moment. If only he kept stroking...

Fluid was leaking freely from his rod now, making his fingers slick as he rubbed with abandon. The stretch of precum hit his nose, its musky scent pungent even to his nearly frozen nostrils. It was a thick odor, rank but not in an offensive way. It reminded him of being in a locker room, full of the sweaty stink of *men*, a combination of bodily odors and seminal fluids. Though he wouldn't have thought it before now, the aroma was really doing it for him, making him horny as hell as his inevitable end drew near.

The red shade from before was overtaking his entire shaft now as massive, thick veins ran from head to base. The head itself was becoming flattened, layers of skin protruding from the crown and forming a rounded shape running down from the pisshead. The entire shaft was somehow lengthening from its normal five inches towards something akin to ten, nearly double its former size. Large as it was, the shaft seemed to curve upward, hanging heavily from what now appeared to be an animalistic sheath that sat on an increasingly hairy groin.

The sight of such a bestial phallus should have repulsed him, especially since Josh was viewing it on his naked crotch while standing outside in the middle of an arctic winter. Yet, the heat overtaking his body kept him more than sufficiently warm to the point that he was sweating, amplifying the thick musk that was already perforating his nostrils. They seemed larger, somehow, but it was hard to say given the other changes in his body.

Given his attitude towards the changes to his cock and the amplified lust that was being given him, Josh could not hold back. “Uhhhh...AHHHH!” He cried out into the open tundra, his balls bunching and spasming thick, creamy cum all over his hand and groin, even running down his pants. The male reek made him impossibly aroused, coaxing more sticky jism to exit his balls and stream through his shaft. Each blast was heavenly, making his entire body twitch in eagerness for the release that he was experiencing.

It seemed like several minutes before his orgasm died down enough for Josh to come to terms with what had happened. His girth was still bobbing up and down on his groin, its curved shape only now starting to retract from the orgasm that had been his world. A wet sucking sensation pulled his cock inside the animalist sheath, whitish hairs having nearly entirely obscured what almost seemed like blackened skin. Though, the hairs were so thick that he would need a shave in order to be sure. Josh absently scratched them, the coarse texture nothing like his pubes had ever elicited.

With his lust momentarily satisfied, Josh was able to pull up his pants, ignoring the warm cum stains still on them. He was still overheated from whatever force had caused him such arousal but didn't think walking all the way back home in just his underwear was warranted. Though he was sweating uncomfortably underneath, Josh forced himself to take a few steps, using the landscape to distract him from the heat and the bizarre alterations to his form. Alterations that were still occurring, if the persistent itching around his groin and ass were any indication.

It wasn't until the itching reached his face that Josh was prompted to reach up, pulling off his glove to greet the same coarse sensation that had met his touch on his groin. Though he had been clean-shaven, the pricking of hair seemed to denote at least a few days' worth of growth. But, if the continued itching was any indication, then he was soon to grow what would amount to a few weeks' worth, and beyond that from the hairs obscuring the tightening, black skin that now made up his groin.

Curious fingers felt along the hair, feeling the formation of a beard the envy of even the most rugged mountain man. Had the situation not been so bizarre, he might have found the features fetching. It had spread down along his lower face and neck, even running up his cheeks to form what felt like thick sideburns. From what Josh could see in his periphery, it seemed as though the light blond hairs matched the ones over his groin, though he didn't have a mirror to check.

The changes to his facial features made him wish to pick up his pace and try to get home, lest it was the totem in the snow that was affecting him in some bizarre way. But the soreness in

his muscles was getting persistent, as though he'd had a hard day of working out and was left strained and sprained. Yet, soon, they seemed to grow beyond what a day or even several weeks could allow for, seeming to almost strain against the fabric of his shirt and parka. It was as though he was somehow...growing bigger?

It certainly didn't help his situation that the itching of hair growth was now plaguing his entire form, running over his confined chest and belly now and getting to the point that it was nearly impossible to keep his clothes on. It seemed to center on the middle of his chest, rushing from his groin up to his stomach and thickening to merge with the soft pelt coating his chest and pecs. If Josh didn't know any better, he'd say he was sprouting a treasure trail the likes of which his form should never have been able to support. In another circumstance, Josh might have found the notion admirable. But, along with the other changes Josh didn't have the luxury to enjoy the masculine features with no idea of how they would pan out!

By this point, the swelling in his arms was starting to get annoyingly tight against the fabric of his clothes. He was still sweating profusely, and with the heat from his increasingly larger, harrier body, it was getting more and more difficult to justify keeping his clothes on. Running his arms through the thick material, he could detect that the appendages were much meatier than before. It was almost like water balloons had been strapped to his underarms, though far, far heavier. Though there was clearly some fat there, as though he'd swallowed an entire Thanksgiving dinner and it had all gone to his arms, he was putting on noticeable muscle as well.

His arms were not the only areas to incur growth. Josh could feel the rippling thickening over the rest of his body, his calves, thighs, and chest all expanding as though being filled with meat and muscles. Where he was getting the resources to grow all this extra hair and mass, he had no idea. He was putting on pounds of muscle, enough that even his broad shoulders were required to expand to make room for the added growth,

The real kicker was the growth overtaking his belly. His stomach was swelling, growing rounded and expanding before his eyes. Putting his widening hands on it, he could feel it moving under his parka, the heat making him pant almost unbearably. It soon obscured the sight of his legs and boots underneath, large enough that even his new cock would be hidden from view unless he bent down. Josh could feel his parka being pulled up to make room for a more expansive gut the changes were bestowing upon him.

As Josh's body continued to fill out to impossible proportions, a mental image came to him just then, one that made him chuckle. Given the grizzled, rough sensation of the fur on his face, the bulbous belly, the thick penis, and meaty arms and legs, the image of a 'dad bod' came to mind. It was almost like he'd come into some form of 'daddification', been age accelerated by

about ten years, given a beer gut that even his college escapades could not curse him with, and the mass of muscle that only years of hard labor could grant him. All in all, despite the suddenness of the alterations and their unexplained nature, Josh had to say he found the new form rather fetching. He bet he looked like a real bear, not a bad look but something he could never have aspired to. Yet, given his current reality, he had to say it wasn't entirely unwelcome.

For the life of him, Josh couldn't contemplate what could have caused such a rapid and unexpected change. The only thing that crossed his mind was the glow from the totem he'd buried under the aura glinted snow. How even a sacred object could cause such a change, Josh had no idea. He would ask his grandfather, should the man even give him the time of day from seeing a grandson that was hardly the same shape he had been before heading out that very night!

Desperate to see what had happened to his body and wanting to admire the changes, Josh tried again to pull off the parka and expose the sweat-soaked hair that coated his belly. Though part of him was horrified of what the cold would do to him once he shed it, the heat he felt reassured him that the changes would not leave him so easily bested by the elements. It was painfully tight, and the material was starting to fray in some places. Given the strength in his body, Josh was certain that it would not take much effort for him to tear the clothing off his body. But, given the level of restriction the added muscle forced through the fabric, it was hard to maneuver his meaty arms in a way to actually get the needed grip.

Still, the reality was that his frame was soon to outgrow the confines of clothing meant for a man that was much smaller than what he become. Even merely moving his arms caused a series of tears at the seams of his jacket. Even his undershirt was taut against his chest, worse from the pressing of hair growth that was still sprouted in thick patches. He wasn't going to be getting off his clothes in one piece. Yet, the idea of being so big, so *manly* made him more than a little aroused, the odd bunching in his loins almost indicative of his cock sliding out of a newly-grown fuzzy sheath.

The off-white body hair was growing faster now if the intense itching and discomfort were any indication. Josh could still tell that the hair was thicker in all the right places: his treasure trail, armpits, and, best of all, groin. But, it seemed as though every inch of skin was prickling now, making it apparent that he was growing far more hair than even the most bearish men could support.

With a series of sharp *rips* echoing all over his body, Josh found himself less worried about the changes and more concerned with how big he would get. It seemed as though his proportions were moving towards something that was inhuman, though he hardly had a perspective to compare with while alone in the tundra. They were certainly far too much for the

tearing clothing, tightening boots, swelling hands in gloves, and rounding belly that was pulling them up further and further on his frame. It was quickly becoming evident that his clothes could hardly take any more.

A *rip* in the shoulders of his parka made him hunch them over, sending large tears down the arms of the jacket and the undershirt it concealed. Puffs of stuffing fell to the snow, as broadening shoulders made quick work of the remaining material. Tufts of off-white hair poked through, the sweat on his skin creating a pungent cocktail of masculinity that he sucked in deeply. As he sniffed, Josh thought he saw something black in front of his face, as though his nose was thickened. But, enraptured by his body odor as he was, it was hard to be concerned with such things.

A sudden tightening in his boots, however, soon drew all his attention. It was as though his nails were extending, poking at the thick material and pushing a widening heel and thickening foot against the boot. He wanted to reach down to grasp them, to pull them off. But the tightness was getting more insistent, and paining the sides of his feet to the point that a moan escaped his lips, breath hanging in the air around him.

Yet, the pain in his gloves took precedence, the same sensation coming from his nails as though they were thicker, threatening to pierce the fabric of his fingerless gloves. He could see them straining against the material, almost pushing the gloves off his hands. Though, given how tight the rest of his hands felt, there was no chance of that. Not that his fingers were the cause of it. If anything, the digits were stiff, hard to move, and shortening as Josh tried to flex them. It was his widening palms that were the source of the discomfort, expanding tightly against the gloves as though they were now twice their former size and swelling still.

His confusion as to the changes was soon to be alleviated as five pairs of sharp, blackish claws pierced the fabric, forming five distinct points that spread from the holes. Flexing shortened fingers, he could move the claws just slightly, though their curved, thickened points were largely immobile. They appeared to be the nails of some sort of beast, but not something that Josh could immediately identify, given their place on his own anatomy.

At the realization of having bestial appendages, the itching of hair growth seemed to intensify, as though every inch of skin was being coated in fur. The mental image of his groin, in tandem with the lack of skin and the intense itching, placed an idea in his mind that had Josh more curious than afraid. It was not enough that he was changing into a bear of a man, apparently. The clear, hollow white fur that was poking up through the torn fabrics was indicative that he was becoming a real bear!

At that realization, the rest of his gloves were torn away, revealing thick, rounded paws. The bottoms of what remained of his fingers seemed to now be adorned with thick pads, rough enough that the arctic ice would not phase them. The same pads rounded out the bottoms of former palms. In mere moments there was little left of human hands, only the paws of a polar bear left in their place.

Josh hardly had the time to examine them as his shoulders rotated forward, tearing the rest of his jacket off with a sharp *rip* that echoed over the tundra. It was as though his shoulders were sinking into a barrelling chest, making it harder to move them in the way he was used to. Yet, the exposure of sweaty skin provided too much relief for him to be burdened by the pressure of the change. The stinky, sweaty musk of male bod made his cock harder than he ever thought possible. Despite the alien nature of changes, Josh found himself only wanting more!

At this point, the tearing of his undershirt and parka was getting powerfully uncomfortable as his expansive bulk continued to make short work of them. Josh wanted to reach up but his paws were useless for anything but poking holes in the fabric. All he could do was allow his growing bulk to do its work of removing the clothing. His coat had already ridden up to his former chest, though any trace of his pecs had melded into the barreling flesh of his bestial torso. Shaggy shoulders had torn the parka in two, the undershirt not far behind as a few shakes of his new bulk was all it took to remove the ensemble.

By now, the claws on his feet had pierced the tips of the boots, his massive hind paws tearing at the glue with enough force to cause it to pop in several places. Though his thighs and calves were massive, he was still able to shake free the remnant leather, allowing his bear feet to touch the frozen ground. His new paws were perfectly suited to the tundra, however, barely an inconvenience for him to walk on it.

Though the weight of his back already had him hunched over, a sudden shift to his pelvis had Josh bellow with the force that was not befitting the human body he formerly had. A series of wet cracks emanated from his backside as his shifting pelvic bones forced his ass to tear from the pants, leaving his backside exposed. Though his ass, balls, and hips all kissed the cold at once, Josh felt no discomfort from the exposure, only elation that the pressure that had abated. Even the twitching of a stubby growth above his anus did little to hinder his excitement of the changes that were overtaking him.

It was obvious to anyone watching that Josh was now a polar bear from the neck down. His human head looked comically out of place on the new body, though the ripples of fat and change were still racing over him, prompting Josh to close his eyes from discomfort. As he did so, the painless cracks of his jaw jutting forward, his ears curling, and his nose sniffing the still-present musk, were all he could tell as his skull rapidly reshaped under the glow of the likely



culprit of his transformation. The itching intensified as his beard expanded to encompass the rest of the skin of his face, changing even his blond hair towards the clear, hollow hairs of the polar bear he was becoming.

Eventually, the discomfort subsided, and Josh opened his eyes to a new world, one that was a little dimmer than what he recalled. The scents and sounds that his new body granted were nearly overwhelming. However, it was primarily the gurgling in his changing stomach and the stink of his male body that was brought to his attention as the changes continued.

None of the changes thus far had any deterrent on Josh's psyche. Rather, he was curious about the process, thinking his true bear of a body was the natural conclusion to his dad bod that he'd so relished developing. Best of all, his penis seemed to think so, too, sliding out of its sheath and hanging heavily against his fuzzy, fat belly. The warm tip was leaking torrents of precum, ample balls swelling with ursine seed as Josh felt himself overcome with desire for his bearish body.

With no regard to the changes that were still taking his frame, Josh reached down with his bestial paw and started batting at his erection, straining for whatever stimulation he could manage. Try as he might, he could not adjust his body in such a way to allow him to suck himself off, the only possibility he had to achieve release given the fate of his hands. But, even his massive paw against the firm flesh of his penis was enough to cause more clear fluids to leak from the tip, making it bob against his expansive belly and sending ripples of pleasure through his entire frame.

All the while, Josh could feel his body continuing to grow, no longer constrained by the human clothes that were not meant for the bear that he had become. Though his muscles were already firm and had grown to bear-like proportions, he still had a layer of blubbery fat to form, something needed to survive in the arctic for his tenure as a bear. Josh bellowed, unable to form human words with his muzzle, but no longer caring as his body filled out to make his shape that of an animal. Eyes took in the formation of an even larger belly, a thick hump over his back, widening hips, and thicker limbs. Josh was elated to experience all it meant to be a polar bear for real!

To Josh's chagrin, his new paws were inadequate to really get any pleasure from his cock. Though he could feel the rough paws giving him some stimulation, there was not enough grip for him to cum. Needing to get off as soon as possible, Josh aimed his penis upward, rubbing it with his paw against his firm, bulbous belly. It slid into the fur, encompassing the tip in the warm pelt that made him shiver all over. The firm sensation of the penis against his belly, being held there with a powerful paw, was enough that it scarcely took him long to bring himself to the edge, making his entire body quiver and the blubber in his body to shake his entire frame.

A truly bestial roar escaped his massive muzzle as his bear cock spasmed and blew its burden, rocking his massive hips and bulbous belly. More jism that even his mammoth testicles could support seemed to explode onto his belly and the snow. The stink of his release made him growl in contentment, finally feeling reprieve from the tension that had been steadily building. It was a rush of relief to feel the warm, sticky fluids coating his massive belly, making him feel like the bear of a man he was. Despite the loss of his humanity, Josh couldn't help but be elated to cum from such a lovely penis, with the body of his dreams, even if it was that of an animal!

Rational thought only returned to his mind as his mammoth bear cock retreated into its new, fuzzy home, and the pungent stink of bear became second nature to his nose. Josh realized that, truly, he was a bear now, in body, at least only partially in mind. He had the instincts, but still remembered his human life, still retained his spirit, if that was to be an accurate term.

Yet the realization that he was a bear, an animal, mattered little to the changed man, who found himself rather comfortable with the whole affair. A bear was the perfect being to live out in the arctic, after all. His nose could sniff food, the cold was but a gentle breeze to his fattened form, and, best of all, he could eat and sleep as much as he wished without the repercussions that would plague his human life. And that *cock*. He clearly had enough energy to keep going several times a day if the stamina in his body kept up to this level.

Josh stood on his heavy paws, surveying the land and breathing in the heavy scents of his male body. He was the only thing in the area, a powerful master of this domain. Though he wasn't sure why or even *how* burying the totem had caused this to happen, Josh wasn't concerned that he was essentially an animal. No creature could be more adapted to his environment as a polar bear in the arctic. The world was literally his to do with what he would.

But first, Josh had every inclination of enjoying his new, masculine body. Even for a polar bear, the thickness in his former-human treasure trail was still present, leading down all the way to his ample groin and furred sheath. Even his muzzle had a heady growth of fur under his chin, looking like a beard or goatee that was surely beyond the capability of any wild animal to grow. But Josh couldn't muster the ability to find even a modicum of fear or disgust at his new shape and the new life that might come with it. He was a daddy of a beast if there ever was one, and he relished the notion!