

Adam sighed, flipping his map this way and that, trying to determine his location within the landscape. He had been traveling for a few hours now, hiking a path in the French countryside as part of a much-needed vacation. Though the path he was on claimed to be well-traveled, Adam soon found himself lost. The map clearly said there was a turn-off nearby, yet Adam had walked back and forth the trail for what felt like hours with no reprieve in sight!

Feeling stubborn and desperate in the waning light of the day, Adam tore through the brush, wondering if there was some sort of side path that he might have simply missed. To his delight, there was indeed a path hidden by vines and brambles, though a chill ran through his body from a blistering wind as he did so. Still, it had to lead somewhere, right?

The chill seemed to follow him as Adam walked down the trail, in view of the sun setting over the horizon. Though it was fall, the cold in the air made it seem several months forward from the rest of the country. To further confirm that suspicion, Adam could even see snow covering the ground in sparse patches. How did it get so cold so quickly?

Light waning in the distance, Adam found himself desperate. He needed to make it back to the town before nightfall, lest he have to camp out. Though he had some gear with him, he was not prepared for the level of cold that seemed to permeate the air. It was going to be a damn shitty night out here if he didn't find better shelter!

Yet, as he stared out into the oncoming night, a shocking image seemed to light up over the horizon. It seemed to be the spire of some sort of castle, though it was hard to tell from his present location. Though nothing on the map indicated the presence of such a building, there was no denying what he could see in front of his eyes!

The path he was on seemed to lead him to the courtyard of what looked like an impressive old castle. Though he saw no lights on in the windows, that did not mean no one was home. And, he was sure that someone with such a massive castle wouldn't mind his presence for the night. Besides, anyone home would at least be able to guide him back to town and his room at the inn!

Knocking on the massive wooden door yielded no response, and Adam was sure he was out of luck. Yet, trying the door, it slowly opened with a loud *screach* to a large, open ballroom. Scanning along the wall, there seemed to be no light switch or any other form of electricity. However, there was a torch with some matches, and with some effort, Adam was able to light it and illuminate the room.

To his amazement, it seemed as though the place was relatively old-fashioned, with a massive staircase leading up to a set of doors. Old, dusty portraits of people in fancy garb lined the walls,

and there seemed to be a large door on the main floor that opened into what looked like a dining room with a massive elongated table.

No one seemed to be in sight, which gave Adam the impression that the castle was evidently empty. It gave him a sense of trepidation to be in such a large structure all alone. Was the castle abandoned? Or were its owners perhaps on some sort of vacation or trip, like Adam himself? Maybe it was a tourist local, simply closed for the season?

Walking up the creaking staircase, Adam was shocked to see something red on the floor contrasted against the dark colors of the tile. Creeping closer, it seemed to be a petal of some kind, like that on a rose. The image brought with it something familiar, a memory from his childhood that seemed to grate on the fringes of his psyche. Yet, no matter how much Adam tried, he couldn't quite recall what it was.

He picked it up, examining it closely without knowing why. There was no way such a fresh petal should be present in an otherwise empty house. But it was impossible to deny what was in front of him.

Little did he notice, but a tingling seemed to flow from the petal, running up his arms and spreading throughout the rest of his body. It felt almost pleasurable, relaxing the tired man, soothing the aches in his muscles, and making him feel more invigorated than he had since the start of his day.

The warmth seemed to seep into his muscles, tugging at the tissues and forcing them gently apart, repairing them almost instantly. They started to swell, pulling the skin taut but causing only a minor ache as they did so. The stretching of muscle growth seemed to spread over his torso, running down into his pecs and swelling in his stomach. Though Adam was reasonably fit, the slight tone of his form started to expand as the muscle danced underneath the skin. The lines of what would be a six-pack formed under his shirt with a tone that could not exist without professional training. They were forming at an almost unfathomable speed, pulling at his shirt as his torso started to stretch to accommodate the growth.

Yet, Adam remained largely unaware of this, walking towards what he perceived to be another petal near one of the large doors. It was just as fresh as the petal that he had picked up, even though a layer of dust had traced the floor. Where had they come from?

Opening the door, he was surprised to find that several other petals lined the hallway to what looked like an expansive door at the end of the west wing. Walking slowly, he was largely unaware his thighs were bulging against his pants now, glutes pulling tightly against the fabric as they squirmed and grew to twice their former size. The cuffs of his pants were pulled up tightly

against expanding calves, giving them the appearance of flood pants. Even his boots seemed pulled a little tight, his feet growing wider to accommodate the size that his body had amassed!

As he collected his prizes, Adam was remiss for not noticing a light prickling across his chest and abs that seemed to grow more insistent with each passing second. Normally keeping a bare chest, the sensation of hair pricking was familiar, if not somewhat unwelcome. It seemed to settle into the beginnings of a treasure trail, running between his pecs and abs all the way down to the top of his groin in a perfect line. The peppering became more insistent, but Adam did not bother to scratch at brown hairs that did not match the lighter shade that normally coated his body before he'd had the chance to shave.

Yet, aside from the brief discomfort, the process went largely unnoticed as Adam walked down the hall, collecting the petals along the way. The door opened to what looked like an expansive bedroom, dark with no lights and covered with dust. The flickers of his fire played over the room as Adam found a place on the wall to set the touch. There was a massive, canopy bed, the curtains opening to an otherwise cleanly made bed. There were several wardrobes lining the room, a table with a mirror, and other antique creature comforts that made Adam curious. What era was this room from? It didn't even have a light switch!

Yet, of most note was a series of windows at the opposite end, the moonlight illuminating what looked like a glass case in the next room. As best as he could tell, a rose sat suspended in the jar, several of those petals lining the bottom. Yet, the rose looked no less beautiful, full of life as though it was in suspended animation.

Something about the presence of the rose brought him forward, opening the window into the next room as moonlight seemed to shine right on top of the casing. He was compelled to reach for such a beautiful rose, not caring if it belonged to him or what it was doing in the case. He had to touch it!

His clothes were starting to get tighter at this point, the muscles straining at fabric that seemed meant for a man that was much smaller than the muscled hunk that he had become. He was very much a bodybuilder at this point, a perfect six-pack poking from under his shirt as the sleeves of the tee pulled around building biceps.

The prickling of hair growth continued to plague him, his treasure trail growing thicker and spreading over his chest. The hairs were longer now as more and more of the skin became obscured. Though his treasure trail was thicker than the rest, soon, much of his chest and pecs were coated in the fuzzy brown pelt that was starting to look more like fur!

Yet, other than the aches from the tightening clothing and light persistent itching, Adam was remiss to care about the differences in his body. It was far more imperative to get to the rose.

The closer he got, the more he realized that it was the rose itself glowing and not the moon that was doing it. Was it perhaps magical?

Careful of the fragile glass, Adam lifted the casing and stared at the rose hovering in the air without anything seemingly able to hold it up. It hung there, as though beckoning to him, calling out to be plucked. Adam could scarcely comprehend where these thoughts were coming from, but he couldn't deny their siren cry!

Lifting the rose as though in reverence, Adam stared at it, wondering what it was about the tiny thing that made him so entranced. There would be no reason such a rose, albeit a magic one, would have this kind of power over him. Lifting it in the air, Adam brought it to his face, as though closer inspection might somehow reveal its mysteries to him.

“OW!” He yelped as his thumb pricked one of the thorns. Of course, roses had thorns. Why hadn't he thought of that?!

He set it down carefully, taking the wounded thumb and sucking on the blood coming from the prick. It was such a tiny thing, but it wouldn't stop bleeding. Those were the worst cuts. How annoying!

Through the slight irritation that the prick had caused him, Adam was remiss for not noticing a swelling sensation in his groin. Pants already tight, it felt as though his modest testicles were expanding, pulling almost painfully at the skin of his scrotum. Soon, they were the size of grapes and swelling still, hanging in his pants as his cock came to attention.

His penis, naturally, came to life from the swelling in his balls, the tip leaking a bead of fluid on the insides of his underwear as it started to press against the fabric. Like a slow-rising behemoth, it started to grow erect, as if begging for attention.

Adam was only aware of the changes when his penis started frotting against the fabric of his underwear, its musky fluids starting to stain through to his pants. There was no source that he should have found particularly arousing. Yet, it was impossible to deny the attention that his cock seemed to require.

Adam was unconcerned with anything save of the persistence needed in his prominent prick. Figuring he was just pent up, and not seeing anyone around, he carefully replaced the casing of the rose and walked over to the bed, scratching his nutsack as he did so. He was starting to

realize that his testicles were the size of ping pong balls now, and still growing against a ballsack that was starting to hang lower on his body. It was only the slight swelling in his tights, creating tears in his pants, that allowed them sufficient room to breathe as they continued to expand.

Sitting down on the bed, Adam started rubbing at his penis through the fabric of his stretched pants. A growl escaped his lips in a lower baritone than he was accustomed to. But, any notions of wrongness were lost to him as he continued to play with himself with the insistence of a teenager discovering oneself for the first time. Laying down, Adam continued to rub the flesh, spreading his legs to account for the swelling of his balls as his ball sack hung heavily from his groin.

Yet, Adam still remained unaware of any differences in his body. Even as he struggled to pull his pants down, he did not find it strange how tight they were, or how wide his waist had grown. It was nearly impossible to pull them down, a tearing echoing in Adam's ears as he attempted to do so. Yet, the needs in his cock took precedence to his clothing, and Adam cared little about the fate of his pants as they tore at the sides from his prompting. It was little work to force them down with how powerfully muscled he was. A larger part of him delighted in that strength over the loss of his pants!

A pungent, musky stench hit his nostrils as soon as his underwear-encased cock was exposed to the air. It only made his member drip more precum into them as it pushed forward insistently. It threatened to burst from his underwear from the sheer force of arousal its stench gave him alone!

Adam pulled down the stained fabric just in time to his cock growing double beyond its former 6 inches and expanding still. It should have been impossible for him to be that size. Yet, to Adam, it was as natural as anything he knew in the world to see his cock in such a state. The only thing that did concern him was getting off, and he would stop at nothing to do so!

His meaty hands grasped the shaft, realizing quickly that it was almost a double-hander for his new manhood. That realization just made him chuckle, however. A male as virile as he needed to get off often, after all. It only made sense that his shaft was so big!

Lapping up a bit of his fluids before starting, Adam took his shaft in his massive hand and started to stroke, his ample fluids lubing up his efforts as he quickly found his rhythm. His cock had never been so sensitive before, as best as he could recall. But in the state he was in, Adam wasn't complaining!

His other hand, almost needed to handle the mass that had become of his cock, was just able to reach down and tease his ponderous balls. They felt like they were the size of golf balls now, swelling with hot cum the longer he stroked them. They would have torn through his ballsack

long ago had not the flesh expanded to fill the space between his legs. It was large enough that even an elephant would be jealous, and might even still be growing as his lusts continued to overtake him!

Yet, the size of his still-growing frame was enough to keep all the blood from filling his cock and making him blackout from sheer loss alone. His thighs were meaty, hips wide and ass still growing to fill the space. His meaty pucker had swelled to twice its size, and Adam's thick fingers were able to reach back behind his pendulous ballsack to caress the flesh, sliding a finger in to tease its insides. Adam was in heaven!

With how close he was, it felt like no force on earth could stop his orgasm from flowing over him. Adam stroked himself faster, his balls slapping heavily in his legs as he reached his inevitable release. His other hand shoved its way into his asshole, stimulating his prostate as his pleasure was drawn to conclusion. Never had Adam felt such ecstasy in all his days thus far!

“UUGGHHH...AAAHHHHH!” Adam screamed a bestial cry as his cock started spasming over and over, churning out thick loads of cream all over himself, his hand, and the bed. Spurt after spurt shot from his mammoth dick like a geyser, coating him in that sticky fluid. His clothes all the way up to his pecs were not spared after ten or more shots flowed freely out of his cock.

Adam still kept stroking himself for all he was worth, eager to milk his balls for the seed they seemed to contain. He did not stop until the clear trickle of fluids stopped rolling from his member, enough that it was leaking onto the bed sheets as it contented to stream the last remains of his lust.

Yet, somehow, Adam felt that he was not entirely empty yet. His balls still felt weighty underneath him, as though still churning with cum. It was akin to a premature release before the final ejaculation! Yet, he had still cum and cum hard, and the thought that he would orgasm like that again excited him more than any concerns he could muster!

Adam took a few moments to lay there, on a high from the sensations of having cum a larger load than he could possibly imagine. The thick stench of his release hung cloyingly in the air, a symbol of his maleness and his virility. It was bliss to continue to lie there and bathe in it, making him shiver and relax in a way that he had not felt in ages. All concerns of being in an empty castle, of losing his way were washed away from such a glorious release!

Getting up slowly, Adam was made aware of just how *tight* his clothes had become. Even the mere motion of getting up was enough to ring the room with the sounds of ripping. It seemed if Adam grew any more, he would rip out of his clothes, leaving himself naked in the frigid room.

Yet, the idea of nudity sat well with his changed proclivities. He was massive, and the cold wasn't bothering him anyway. It seemed as though the persisting itching that preceded hair growth all over his body, in tandem with the heat from his sexual acts, was enough to keep him cozy in the cool room. And, he cared not for the clothing that was barely adorning his form. He had no notion of how he had even fit into it in the first place! How did such puny rags get on a massive, muscular body like his!

Deciding it was more desirable to see his muscled form in the flesh, Adam flexed a little bit, the minimal effort enough to tear at the seams of his shirt sleeve and jacket, popping the stitching and pulling them down somewhat. The satisfaction of the sound sent a few more ripples through his biceps, causing them to swell with enough mass to split the sleeve at the seams!

His pecs, already precariously tight against the insides of his shirt, could now twitch independently, the motions enough to tear the shirt at the sides and allow them to slide off. His powerfully muscled back was already straining at the fabric, and all it took was for Adam to hunch over, the stitches popping as the both undershirt and jacket pulled down the middle!

Shaking the rags off his form, Adam was able to see just how massive his belly had become. It was pulled taut, the divots of his defined muscles like caverns on his frame. Tracing his fingers over the flesh felt exciting, as though he was exploring someone else's body. Though he knew it was not his own, however, Adam had no inclination to question it. It looked amazing!

The thick pelt of hair was spreading all over his chest and stomach now, running over his sides and even spreading to his back. Rubbing it with the still-bare skin of his hand, Adam could feel how soft it was, a stark contrast to the coarse hair that he had before he underwent his meticulous shaving regiment!

Standing up slowly, still dizzy from such a potent orgasm, Adam reached down, using his new strength to pull at the sides of his pants. It was a difficult endeavor to stick his fingers inside to catch the waistline, but when he did, a few loud tears signaled that his strength was more than sufficient to work the pants. They came apart with a series of satisfying *riiippps* down the sides, exposing his underwear and massive ass. It felt amazing to feel such an expanse of ass finally become exposed in the cool air of the room!

Standing naked, Adam walked over to the mirror to admire his massive, fuzzy frame. More of the hairs were swiftly coating any of the bare patches of skin that remained over his front and were starting to sprout from his muscled forearms and across the backs of his hands. The sight should have been alarming, but Adam couldn't help but focus only on how *sexy* he had become!

The now-shaggy brown coat was peppering him all over, running over his groin and down his legs and back around his ass. Little bits of blackish skin were soon covered as the hair thickened across his frame. His treasure trail was practically a mane now, running up his thick chest and neck. His own hair remained human, for the moment, but the fuzzy hair of his beard was starting to thicken to the consistency of his chest, spreading across his cheeks and up to the ruffs of wild human hair that was starting to expand.

A groan escaped his lips as Adam felt his ass expanded more, forcing his anus directly under his spine as it started to poke from the skin. Drawn from the growth of hair over his face, Adam reached down with both hands, cupping his balls in an expansive hand while reaching back to play with his muscled posterior with the other. He could feel the skin growing taut at his touch, and started slapping the cheeks with excitement. It was certainly one of his best assets!

Lost with his self-exploration, Adam was remiss for not noticing the swelling of the growth out of his spine, a slight ache the only signal of its expansion. It continued to stick out of his backside, gaining muscles and tendons and starting to twitch in eagerness. The hairs of the back started to lengthen beyond even what his chest contained, swishing against his backside as his tail continued to grow. Adam was elated!

Yet, a sudden prick made him yelp slightly, reminding him of the rose as Adam pulled his hands back. It seemed as though the nails were pointed out into sharpened crescents, thickened from the bed as they darkened to black. Adam stared with more fascination than disgust as what looked like new claws continued to lance outward, covering the tips of his fingers.

Flexing the digits in admiration of his new growths, Adam finally noticed that the palms were starting to swell, fingers fattening to twice their former size as the skin on their undersides grew dark and coarse. Fingertips and palms were soon obscured with blackened flesh that swelled up into the forms of paw pads. The muscles strained reflexively, allowing Adam to enjoy the sensation of power that played over his arm. How much could he lift with these?

By now, the swelling against his boots, the only article of clothing to escape his wrath, was growing to a crescendo as his feet started to strain against the leather. He could feel something like the claws on his fingers pressing tightly against the insides of the front of his boots. Though the boots were made of sturdy material, the force of those twitching digits threatened to burst free of the leather at any moment. Though they were pricey, the excitement of the sight of his new feet more than made up for it!

Reaching down to tug at the taut laces, Adam could scarcely hold back his elation at seeing the new digits. The seams were almost popping at the sides, the thick glue prying apart as easily as butter as his furry new digits breathed in the cold air. His toes were as dexterous as they had

been, the same thick claws as his fingers adorning the tips. Rising his stance somewhat, new pads formed on the bottom of his feet, while his heels stretched and made him pitch forward. Bracing himself on the mirror until his growth completed, Adam finally allowed himself to back up somewhat, getting used to his new stance.

By now, his hands were massive as befit the muscled forearms that Adam now possessed. Bits of fur sprang through the pads on his hands, but their backs were covered in thickened patches spread up his shoulders and his back. The itching of hair down his chest seemed to have abated by this point, though he already had a sizable treasure trail coating it. His body was adorned with long, soft hairs, and he delighted in playing over them with his new paws. He was handsome as hell, and the realization sent another shiver through his mammoth cock.

Only a sudden ache in his temples was enough to rouse his attention and force him to raise up his hands in an effort to detect what was afflicting him. A strange texture met his touch like bony growths were erupting from his skin. A quick glance in the mirror revealed just that. The horns, for that was the appearance they gave, were rising from his scalp, curving into tiny shapes reminiscent of a bull! He had to admit, they were quite fetching!

Neck having long since become massive and meaty, the hairs covering it started to thicken, its consistency different from the hairs coating his body, more akin to the hair coating his treasure trail. The itching forced his claws to scratch at what was soon looking like a mane. His own hair was soon to follow, dark brown to match the coat that was covering him. Adam looked handsome as fuck with his beastly hair!

New muscles twitched at his ears as his warping face sent them to the side of his head. Melting like wax, the diameter soon swelled to double, triple their size as the edges thickened and flopped over the sides. In tandem with the horns atop his head, they made his look somewhat bovine. Yet, to Adam's sensibilities, they matched his beastly features well!

An ache in his jaw drew him to pull back his blackening lips. The gesture was made in time to allow his lower canines to protrude, pushing the rest of the teeth to the sides to make room for the altering dentures. He had to pull back his lips even further to give him the proper amount of space. They seemed to hang heavily, forcing him to drool slightly as his jaw squared.

The force of growth from his larger teeth came with a crack as his jaw jutted forward, allowing more room for the spaced-out dentures. The bones crunched audibly, pushing his face out an inch as his current teeth grew longer, sharper for a more carnivorous diet.

The remaining bare skin soon covered his face, his own beard thickening as sideburns raced up towards his flicking ears. He rubbed at them with his massive paws, as though encouraging the

final bits of skin to fade under the lovely pelt that now adorned his body. His beard and sideburns were nearly as thick as his mane, and rubbing at them sent shivers through his body.

The visage in the mirror was hot as hell. He was certainly a massive, muscled specimen! It reminded him of something from his childhood, something familiar. Yet, in his current state, he cared little. No thoughts or concerns about what he had become or why filtered through his head at the moment. All that mattered was how hot he was like this!

His erection was still throbbing all the while, leaking fluids all the way down to his bulbous base. It was easily 18 inches now and still growing, the envy of even a horse cock as it continued to swell at the thoughts of his handsome physis. Its girth was matched only by its circumference as it swelled to match even a milk jug. No other creature on earth could ever sport such an engorged phallus without going unconscious from blood loss!

It had been only a brief distraction to watch the rest of his body changing, drooling over the hunk of a beast that he had become. But now that the twinges of change were dying down, nothing was left to stand in the way of his bobbing erection!

A hand gently reached down, savoring the trembling sensation at the slightest touch. A bestial growl escaped his lips as his hand explored further, playing over the flesh with reverence. It was the first time that he would play with himself as a beast; no experience before or since would ever compare to what he was about to do right now!

Unable to hold back, Adam's hand encircled his cock, using his ample fluid as lube as he began stroking. It took no time for him to find his pace, running up and down in a steady beat that sent shivers all the way through his body. A series of grunts and growls escaped his lips as more of that slick fluid poured from his phallus like a facet. It was everything he could do to hold onto his pleasure and not cum right there!

Only a few remaining tremors prickled over his body, as though the swelling had not yet fully abated. The tension seemed to swell from his ass and balls, as though they were still straining from the growth that had him enamored since the process began. It was impossible to tell if they were still engorging in his eagerness to experience his new virility, or if it was a placebo to indicate his excitement. Either way, Adam was elated!

Coarse hands played over ample testicles, allowing Adam additional stimulation as he stroked his cock, more carefully to avoid premature ejaculation. They seemed to grow even bigger, matching the size of oranges if Adam's perceptions were accurate. Rubbing the fuzz coating them made Adam shiver and moan as he traced over their contours with a hand that was almost

inadequate for the task. It was everything he could do not to explode right there at the realization of how large they were!

Yet, they were not the only part of his anatomy that needed tending to. His ass was swelling, the size of his pucker large enough that he could fit several fingers in with ease! Even his massive hands could scarcely hold each muscled cheek. He squeezed them firmly, loving the muscle they seemed to possess. Never could he have imagined having glutes so firm, flanks that held so much power and promise!

The stench of his musk and pre-cum rang in his nostrils as they flared to drink in as much as possible. That, in tandem with his self-exploration, made it impossible to hold back. He was already balancing on the precipice of release, the most powerful one that he could have ever hoped to experience. There was no reason to hold it back at this point. He was a beast in body, and deserved the bestial release that his body craved! Almost...just a little more...he just had to let it go...

“Oh yes... grrr...furrreccccckkk!” Adam yelled as his cock started to spasm, the entire surface throbbing rapidly as his balls shot their burden through his shaft. More semen than he had ever seen exploded through his penis, erupting like a volcano all over his hand as he stroked for all he was worth. Nothing could compare to the sensual feelings that his bestial body was granting him at that moment!

Time seemed to stand still as Adam pumped more and more jism through his eager phallus. Each stroke seemed to coax more fluids through his erect cock, filling the air with the thick stench of spunk that nearly made his head spin. His chest was splattered with the sticky fluids by now, but it was of little concern with how amazing the release had been. He even *stank* like a horny beast now, making his cock bob up and down as it unloaded the rest of his burden.

To his utter amazement, the erection that had so forcefully overtaken his sensibilities had not subsided. If anything, it was far more turgid than ever, mammoth balls still aching with the need to be properly emptied. It seemed that even two sessions in rapid succession were insufficient to relieve him of his burden. Adam held great anticipation to find out how many strokes it would truly take to reach the end of his beastly activities this night!

Eventually, the beast that was once Adam passed out, balls emptied in his rapid attempts to masturbate his sex to its climax. He reveled in the bestial stink that hung cloyingly in the air, not caring that his fur was coated with sticky spunk that irritated the flesh. He was tired as hell, having spent the energy that was in his body. And the ruffled bed, awash in his male stink, was so comfortable.

Though flashes of his human self remained in his mind, they were second to the bestial needs that had overcome his mind. They were like dreams, the reality being that he was the beast and needed to empty his balls multiple times to find true release...

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Adam woke up to the sounds of a gentle ringing in his ears. He growled, the thick stench of his musk rolling over his frame as he did so. His crotch was still sticky with his dried fluids, coating all the way up to his chest. It took a few moments for him to recall, but he had cum several more times that night, sometimes roused from slumber to sate his monstrous lusts. His cock was gargantuan and in need of constant attention!

“It is time to rise, sir. Your breakfast is ready,” said an older male, and Adam looked up to see a well-dressed butler with a ringer as several other male servants came in with fresh linens and washcloths.

Adam looked at them in confusion, blinking his eyes several times trying to place their origins. Where had these people come from? Hasn't the castle been abandoned before? Or...wait...wasn't he a beast? A prince? The ruler of this castle and the town with all the servants and wealth he could need? Was the other life a dream?

“Rrrrhaat? Rrrres... Rungry,” Adam muttered, trying to see through the fog of uncertainty that seemed to envelop his mind.

The feeling of confusion soon left as several of the male attendants came over to wipe his chest and groin with warm wash towels, cleaning up the dried cum from his fur. “Here you are sir, let's get you cleaned up!” One of them said, making Adam smile. He loved the idea of cleansing his body before covering it with his spunk again later that day!

“Rrrres, Rhank you,” Adam muttered, still getting used to talking from his new jaw. The confusion was finally starting to lift as the warm clothes played over his beastly body. They did that every day, didn't they? Many times a day before they left him to his beastly endeavors. Other days they even offered their services in aid...

Shaking his head, the certainty of his being was finally allowed to take root. He was Prince Adam. Wealthy beyond even what he could spend. He had a castle full of servants to tend to his every need. And above all, he had a musky, sexy male form and a massive cock to pleasure himself with multiple times a day, much to his beastly delights...

