

## Tiresias, Blessed Blade of the Bearwalker

Dust coated the upper attic and his throat, a man coughing as he waved his flashlight around. Pink insulation was fitted to the walls and the ceiling, the human known as Justice careful not to touch the cotton candy containing micro shards of irritable fiberglass.

He was wearing brown cargo shorts, tight around the waist yet not the legs, a green shirt with short black sleeves, and white underwear hidden beneath. Unless, he bent over, the band being shown along with a hairy butt crack. Something that people teased him about, but he learned to live with.

It was that yearly attic cleaning that so many people rigorously did every year. Yes, every year. Not like one would forget or just not care to, piling package after package, random doodads and all of the other miscellaneous things one can't have stored in a closet or scattered along the floor of their home.

So, yes. The attic needed a thorough sorting. As long as he could ignore the spiders, and the cobwebs, and the dust itself, all should be well.

He did not call himself fat, but the term still applied in an outdated medical sense. Chubby legs and arms, a bit of a belly poking out from underneath the shirt, black bushy hair, white skin, and flatter feet than most.



He had worked up a bit of an appetite already, having moved boxes downstairs for the trash bin and other kinds of sorting and organizational goals that would be completed in due time, after a nap, or an extra meal of course.

Yet, his chocolate eyes noticed a glint in the far corner of the room. *Glass?* he thought. Careful not to step on any exposed items that could be harmful, he approached with caution, only to be disappointed. It looked to be just a plain toy sword. The plastic was more reflective than most he'd ever seen.

Although the attic was messy, he had a good idea of how a lot of the items made their way up here. But as far as Justice knew, he had never brought up a fake weapon. It looked like something a child would enjoy, maybe something *he* might play with for a few seconds before realizing how immature he was being.

Even then, if nobody was here to notice him being immature, was it *really* an issue?

With a shake of his head, he had made his decision. Reaching over, he held the hilt in his hand, squeezing what felt to be real metal. It didn't have that bounce a lot of plastic toys did. It was firm and rigid. Bringing a sausage-like finger to the blade, the



human was surprised to notice that if he placed more pressure on it, he'd feel his skin being nicked.

It was in the design of a scimitar, the tip more curved while where it started near the base was more straight. A golden guard and pommel, there were jewels encrusted in different parts. Shining the light held between his neck and shoulder, the examination also showed the whetted lip used for slashing was of a brighter metal than the inner portions. Along one side of that inner portion was the word 'Tiresias.' Gibberish for him, but the meaning would reveal itself in time.

And lastly, there was a button. At first it looked like some honey-colored emerald, but as Justice thumbed over it, he felt that it could be pressed into. There was no thought, no hesitation. Without letting another moment pass, he dug his finger into the knob. Life as he'd come to know, changing forever.

There was a small shriek of pain from the man, dropping both the sword and the flashlight as he threw his hands to his crotch. "Ah! What the hell?!" he shouted, a sudden cramp coming to his manhood, a blush flowing to his face.

Justice wouldn't be getting that much of reprieve as his shirt pushed outwards, two orbs that were once small moobs becoming bouncy *and* juicy. The shrieks had become gasping moans as his stomach fully revealed itself, not from any changes of



itself, yet, but simply from how the tits came to be, turning that t-shirt into makeshift crop-top.

It was a good distraction from the fact that his genitalia were shifting, the balls wrapping upwards as they split at the seam, folding over where the penis once was as it lost its internal qualities, the baculum being removed as what was to come had many more nerve endings than any simple penis. Precum shot into his underwear, but soon enough, the clitoris that was once the male's cock, now inflated and pulsed like the tiny bead it was.

His thighs came together both wanting to stimulate the sensitive vulva and from the new flab coming in. Even without a cock, her urethra located between the clit and the entrance to a deepening cave sputtered and squirted, the zipper of her shorts popping open from the added weight as she had doubled in size already, marking the wooden floors of her attic with her scent as the gushes sifted through the undies.

A scent that wafted to her nose, dragging her body down as a loud thud was made, her two gigantic tits ripping the shirt from her chest and slamming against the floor as they leaked milk from their storage glands. Her voice cooed as the experience was the most delightful one her body ever felt, as of now.



She shifted forward, sniffing at the fluids on the floor that came from *her* new cunt, finding the sweet smell of salted honey panging her brain, calling to her, telling her that she was a good girl, a very good girl for as many hunky bears as she wished. Justice didn't even know she was becoming a bear, but her own girl juices infested her psyche, and as she reached down past her inflating belly, her hands getting more fuzzy by the second with black fur, she found the entrance to her pussy.

She wouldn't wait. Why would she? Two fingers slipped inside, a mixed voice containing the vocal cords of both beast and femininity groaning out in a sound that started rather quietly, before becoming as loud as what one might imagine the volume a bear girl in heat could screech to. C-shaped ears flicking down and to the side as the idea of being some bitch in a bar, servicing males from under the table as she brought them their drinks was pummeling her mind with glee.

Justice's muzzle was stretching forth, brown fur around the snout while a black hide grew in near the fattening neck and on the barreling arms, the chunky legs and mother bearing hips. A rear the size of an SUV's trunk had bubbled out, the shorts torn and destroyed along with the underwear around fifteen seconds prior. Yet she didn't care, she didn't care about anything other than grinding her claws against the ridges of her vagina, rubbing her breasts along the floor to stimulate them as her other paw played with the thickening nipples.



There were plenty of fantasies playing in her mind.

“Adria! Come dance with us!”

“Hey there girl, aren’t you lonely? Maybe you’d want to go upstairs and enjoy some private time?”

“I don’t care if you’re a bear, you can’t get a discount just because you’re buying fifteen burgers in bulk!”

Slaying bandits, completing quests, hugging against an ursine that kept appearing in her mind again and again. Something so important about that male beast, as if he was the most important person to her. Adria really did need to go out more, staying cooped up indoors, cleaning attics, doing the dishes, all of it was so drab.

Hells! She was a fighting girl! A girl that did *not* take any shit. Although the right man could cool that fiery heart, she had a free spirit inside her. Her will and whims would be dictated as she pleased. Or... when she was very horny, the whims and wills of her sexual partner, giving them all the power to claim and dig their muzzle deep within her pussy.



And right now, she was pleasing herself just as *she* wanted. Three fat fingers were pressing against her clit, digging deep inside her cunt. Huffs and pants, loud heaves being made as the wood croaked from how large she was now. Her butt was in the air, muzzle fully extended, and breasts so pliable. Adria could almost fall asleep from how gratifying her plushy body felt to interact with... *anything*.

But every great moment must *come* to its end. Her moans were getting louder, her pace intensifying. She was screaming out, yelling the name “Sorrel!” endlessly, his form a mystery to her mind, but she knew him, she knew of him. He was special, he had to be!

Fireworks were popping all over her body, explosions of plutonium levels as each boom was another sting of immaculate pleasure, the grandest of raptures one could ever hope to experience. Enjoyment on a divine, heaven-like level on the road to reaching nirvana itself.

It wasn't like a man's orgasm. Adria's head became enveloped in electrifying synapses buzzing like generators on overdrive, tested beyond their limits. Her roars were not made of her own will, but simply from her body seeking to find something to direct the energy to. There was no shot of cum bursting from the tip of a cock, but like rapids into a calm waterfall, womanly fluids poured out, matting her black furred paws with gooey love juices as she held her hand deep inside, breathing heavily, greedily as



sweat soaked from all pores. That masculine voice was long gone, even with her panting, one might imagine a female in duress.

And that's what a lot of people in the bar saw. A fat, big-breasted bear woman fingering herself most likely from some kind of animalistic estrus cycle. People cringed, but they accepted that all races were different. But that didn't stop someone from having placed a tarp over her cunt and rear, just to hide the fact she was playing with herself in public. Yet, nothing would stop the slick noises and pops of knuckles thrusting in and out. Men coughed, erections hidden under the table. *Just bear things* they all figured.

Slowly, with a red face hidden under brown and black fur, she stood up on her two puffy foot paws, the toe claws as large as her former fingers. Speaking of her fingers, the things were absolutely coated in her sap, the smell quite alluring to her black nose, a blubbery tongue wanting to slowly press out and lick them clean.

But someone else did that for her, someone larger, fuzzier, *warmer*. His muzzle encompassed her hands, and sucked each stain free from her markings. A big brown beast that was of her race, grasping at her breasts just to get them to stop bouncing back and forth from how large she was now. Her gut was as circular as a table, bulging out.





“Honey?” he said with the deepest voice she’d ever heard. “If you needed my help, you know I’m always upstairs.” He laughed, rubbing at her ass as it played with his crotch simply from the way he held her. “Sorry everyone! She gets quite loopy from time to time, you all know how it is.”

“Yeah!” Adria shouted out, giving a small jump up as her tits jiggled from the tiny leap. It felt as if each person in this tavern knew her, even the bar owner who glared at the fact that while the burgers she bought helped his establishment, he was not pleased that she haggled each time.

Sorrel. That’s who this male bear was. That’s why she was so fine with letting him guide her upstairs. This was their room they rented, and with the door knob twisted, they both had to lean down to get inside.

“I didn’t know my girl’s urges weren’t taken care of. What kind of bear would I be if I didn’t make sure you were always satisfied? As satisfied as you make. We should fix that... shouldn’t we?”

Adria nodded, her tongue flicking out as she licked her lips, more leakage from her cunt blotching along her black leg fur.



Her mate began to take off his clothes, the trousers and jerkin, the weapons he had on his back. A black-colored half-chub, half out of its sheath, ready for her cunt, a feeling just *knew* she had felt inside her many times before. And there was a good reason for that.

Sorrel held her from behind, directing their gazes to a nearby mirror that was just barely able to get their forms in frame. Her gut rapidly swelled in front of her, Adria was the only one to notice. But both noticed the small bumps kicking from inside as it all felt normal to her. None of this was alarming in the slightest. Sorrel and her had fucked so much, it was only right that cubs were on the way, and from the size of her tits, and how much they were leaking even now, they were soon to arrive.

“You won’t be able to adventure much once they’re born. Is that okay?” He caressed her cheek with his finger, allowing the woman to suckle on the digit before giving her response.

“It’ll have to be. Maybe we can start a family then? Would you like that?”

Adria moaned, watching and then *feeling* Sorrel’s lips make out with her neck scruff as she was gently lowered onto the ill-fitting bed they shared each night. The male was careful not to lay his girl on her stomach, feeling so pent up knowing that he’d be having sex with his pregnant wife. In the corner of the room, Tiresias laid in its



sheath, ready to either be shelved permanently as its job had been done, or if it was needed for one more adventure.

There wasn't much to get into. They were both horny, and her husband was hard. That was all the foreplay they needed. She spread her legs, felt the tip breach her labia, and the ursine duo groaned in different tones. Her pussy was just so sensual, so sensitive to the both of them. Sex was a very important part to their relationship, but not the most important.

Sorrel held her legs open, thrusting in and out as her breasts bounced, nearly smacking her in the face as the bed creaked, and those downstairs knew exactly what was going on. Especially as the bears got more into it, their growls almost perfectly replicating their feral counterparts deep in a forest.

Adria was so large, so fat. Her stomach so full of cubs, she couldn't hold on, neither could her mate, her alpha, her... everything. Together, they loudly climaxed in bliss.

And the rest? The rest, was history.

