

Letting out a loud sigh, George looked down at his dismal bank statements once more before logging out. Never had defeat felt more real than now. Rent, student loans, bills, and groceries had taken a toll on his savings, something that would run out in a week at best. And given his out and proud status as a Were, there were fewer job prospects than even one with his degree would manage, leaving him more and more disheartened to bother sending out more resumes, knowing what the end result would be.

At least his roommate, Benjamin, wouldn't leave him high and dry, though George didn't want to burden him. A Were himself, Ben had taken him in early in their friendship, not needing the roommate but having a spare bedroom at least. For that, George was eternally grateful. That, of course, was when he figured he could afford it, hoping that his job prospects wouldn't be this dry. That had been two months ago now, and things felt more dire by the day with little chance of improving.

Part of him wished, and not for the first time, he had known his birth parents. Having been adopted as an infant, his Were status was unknown to both him and his foster parents, a point of contention and the nail in the coffin that had led them to cease all contact with each other. Thankfully, he had been a late bloomer, not experiencing his first change until early in college. Had it been earlier, he was sure they would have disowned him then, leaving him out on the street before he was old enough to make it on his own. Coming out of college wasn't any better, and it was a wonder he lasted as long as he did. Trauma therapy, no less, ironic since he soon found he needed it himself. His Were condition had set him back significantly, and given the state of things, it didn't seem like he'd be getting out of the hole any time soon.

Meeting another Were bear with a spare room had been a blessing, one of only a few in his young adult life. But job prospects were slim, even for more Were friendly jobs like the construction company where Ben worked. They weren't hiring in their off-season, and wouldn't be for some months, at least. Far too long for George to get back on his feet, and as much as Ben wouldn't throw him out to the wolves, he didn't want to borrow money if he could help it. Bad enough Weres had a high metabolism, and in this economy, it was a wonder he could afford to eat, let alone pay rent.

The sound of the door opening drew him back from the computer, though he was hardly in a mood to talk to Ben. His roommate was sure to ask, and he had to answer honestly, as much of a courtesy as anything. "How'd it go?" Ben inquired, as if on cue. The downtrodden look on his face was enough for the Were grizzly to know what the result was, but Ben would tell him in the end, he figured.

George took a moment to compose himself, before replying. "Loan was denied. I'm not going to make rent this month," he reported as softly as one of his gruff demeanor could manage.

Weres were naturally toned, though being part bear was enough to give him a sizable body, fat, and muscle to match the stereotype namesake. Of course, given their species, Ben was even more impressive, barely able to find clothes to fit over his furry chest, barreling stomach, and bulky tights. He preferred to go around the apartment in the buff, not that George minded, on most days.

“Fuck man, I'm so sorry,” Ben said, putting a hand on his friend's shoulder. The closeness, as well as the other bear's scent, was comforting, even if there was little in the way it would help in the long run.

“Hey, I've got an idea! The cam stuff's been taking off lately. I didn't think you'd be into it but there's a lot more Weres doing it now, and couples are starting to get more traction. It's good money per session if you want. Usually several hundred in tips. I could split with you, even if you just do a session or two. Not that you don't have to do anything you don't want, but I think it might raise subscribership, and a few extra tips,” Ben offered, and as much as George was uncomfortable putting himself out there, he had to admit the idea had merit. It wasn't like he had any pride on the line or job prospects that would turn their nose down on such activities. Weres got a bad wrap enough as it was. And it wasn't like he'd see any of the people googling him, after all. Besides, with his libido, it would be a better use of his cum to show off for a paying audience than to blow it away in a tissue. Right?

In the end, George said yes, wanting to do the session that night before he overthought things or lost his nerve. While subscription-based adult streaming services were nothing new, out Weres soon found here was a market specifically for their bodies, in particular their sexual escapades mid-transformation. Such a rarity tended to be quite lucrative, with monthly subscriptions and tips for certain activities during streaming. Of course, the sites took more than a reasonable cut, but that was the way of things.

It wasn't just the idea of bearing it all on camera that made him nervous. While he and Ben had played with each other in the bedroom a few times, George was on the fence about doing so again. Not that it hadn't felt really good, and Ben was great in bed, being six years older with lots of partners under his belt. Weres were naturally sexual, and it was nice to have someone to let off some steam with, one he wouldn't have to worry about infecting or the like. But if George was being honest with himself, he wasn't able to put a label on his sexuality, having not been with guys before being aware of his status and still thinking he might someday want to be with a woman again, something Ben was respectful of. Not that he needed to do anything on camera with Ben, masturbation was enough. However, Ben would likely be in the room reading the chat, and being on camera was a daunting prospect beside!

In the end, George decided to give it a go. It was easy money, and all he had to do was masturbate on camera, right? With his mood as of late, it had been a couple of days, and since he was pent up, he could surely make his stamina work to cum more than once in a session. He was nervous about getting naked in front of his roommate, despite the fact they had played with each other in the past. It wasn't that he hadn't enjoyed it, but with everything else going on in his life, it was hard to separate the feelings of pleasure from how he wanted to envision his life going forward. Deep down, he figured such separation was silly, but there was no rush to decide things, and George still felt rather shy for now. Maybe if he'd discovered his Were side earlier in life, though that was either here or there.

Ben, at least, was understanding of his hesitation, not pressing him to strip down until George was ready. Eventually, he allowed himself to do so, even his underwear as his uncut flaccid length hung there. He had been a little embarrassed about his weight, a little on the chubby side even for his ursine heritage. But as much as Ben was quick to remind him, such a body type was very appealing to the community at large. George allowed himself to believe it and was even able to get into it a little, sporting a half-chub. Ben didn't say anything, setting up the camera as George sat on the bed, waiting for his cue. He wasn't really sure how these sorts of things worked and was a little shy to ask. Ben, however, wore a smile on his face, as though George's nakedness was enough to get the ball rolling.

Not sure what he had to do to get started, George was a little surprised when Ben pulled his pants down, his own cock coming to an erection. George was inclined to complain, not wanting to get into a situation where he would be compelled to do anything with him on camera. But his goal was soon obvious as a heady whiff of male musk hit his nose, spurring his arousal. It was soon tight in his undies, and he went to pull them off before Ben told him not to. Rubbing himself through the fabric was a nice prelude, after all, and George wasn't inclined to disagree.

As turned on as he was, it didn't take George long to start leaking, forgetting he was being filmed as he started to growl. The smell was strong, beyond what even his enhanced human senses could account for. He could feel the brief tingling on his nose that was a sign of its change, something he hadn't initiated. Yet, it might be for the best to let it happen, turning his brain off and making the change happen for himself reflexively. Not having to think of the changes and giving the audience a more authentic experience would fit the bill, right?

Having not touched himself in a couple of days, George felt his end coming perhaps a little too soon for his liking. Still, he likely had a few loads to go through before he was done, so George wasn't inclined to hold back. It was maddening with his need to cum, and with his nose likely in its ursine state, he likely wasn't able to hold back even if he wanted to. Allowing his pleasure to build, George growled a beastly baritone, mouth opening to reveal larger canines and creaming his pants as his testicles trembled in release.

“Looking good for the camera!” Ben called out, having turned it off in between sessions. He hadn't tended to his own erection yet, a rather beefy human member bobbing there and leaking a string of pre-cum onto the carpet. He hardly cared, given the frequent messes that he likely made over his own carpet, either via cum or claws. It must have taken him everything he had to deny his urge to stroke off, but it seemed he was able to resist, ready to get back to the fun once George was.

George nodded, feeling his underwear soaked in fluids and not deflating entirely even though he'd just cum. He didn't think it would take him long to go again, but the heady miasma of bear musk in the room made him powerfully horny. He was hardly ready to settle on his sexuality or rigid definitions such as that. But at least for now, he could admit his roommate's sexy bear scent did it for him as his underwear swelled from his girth, George unable to stifle a moan.

Getting the thumbs up from his roommate, George moved to start rubbing his nipple with one large finger, moving over his bulge with the other hand as the stink of his cum burned into his blackened nostrils. He was already larger than its human shape, but if George was being honest with himself, it was hard to really tell how much of his girth was his own and how much belonged to the bear. Being a Were left his cock in a constant state of flux while masturbating, harder to get used to but erotic besides. It didn't help that the moment he grew hard, the more he was prompted to change, spurring his pleasure and starting the cycle anew. It was almost impossible to resist the change, with as little practice as George had over the process. Even Ben had said it was almost impossible for him to keep his human form even while masturbating. But when it felt so good to change, in Ben's opinion, what was the point?

Feeling emboldened, George's other hand moved down below his testicles, squeezing them for a moment before moving over his taint and toward his asshole. It was hard to get at his pucker with his underwear on, but he was able to at least able to finger the rim a little, causing a spurt of cum to burble from his tip. He took a few moments to finger his pucker and tease his nipple in tandem, grunting with a fully ursine nose and teeth that were getting a little too large for his human mouth.

Yet, such pleasure was forcing his member to rapidly outgrow the confines of his stained underwear, and George took a moment to get them off, not wanting them to rip. His fat cock bobbed out into the warm room, trails of drying cum leaking from it and making him growl as it started to change. The stench wafting from it was positively heavenly, George barely able to keep his hands off it. But he wanted to make sure Ben got a good video of its changes for the camera, figuring it would make for a good show and get some likes, and maybe a few tips. So, he took to

rubbing his nipples, a particularly erogenous zone as his cock reached its full length and beyond, warping into an inhuman shape.

No matter how many times seeing it since his first shift, George had a hard time believing his cock could look so much like the beast his form was based on. He had been a little disturbed to see it change those first few times, though now he learned to love it, especially with how much pleasure it gave him to stroke such a cock. It was much larger, of course, though more than that, the head of the shaft was flared than his humanity, flattened around the head as the glans enlarged. He did always love how his foreskin peeled backward to form the beginnings of his sheath, feeling warm and sensual as it did so. A peppering of soft black bear fur covering it made him want to scratch, but instead, he moved to finger the inside of it, wanting to show off for the camera. He gently stroked as best he could, proud of the lengthening member he possessed. And when it was to double its length within moments, he was sure it was something the viewing public would enjoy!

Swelling as it was, the fat cock head remained relatively human, leaking his anticipation as his member was drawn further aroused than it had been before his Were status had been made public. Drawing all the calcium possible, George shuttered as his baculum took shape, giving him a more turgid erection than humanly possible. Not that it was a problem with a Were's arousal, but it did add another pleasant layer to his sexual escapades. With his sheath attaching itself to his groin, George could perceive his cock arching upward toward his chin. And as his member firmed up, rod lengthening and slightly thicker, George was almost tempted to reach down and lick at the tip with his tongue. He couldn't quite manage to do so, bear anatomy not designed for such flexibility, but it would be hot nonetheless!

As one hand stroked gently to prevent him from cumming too fast, the other started playing over his bulbous belly, encouraging more soft black fur to grow. His fingers paid particular attention to the formation of two new pairs of nipples, far more sensitive in the middle of change. The other fluid-soaked hand finally moved from his cock so he could rub his nipple pairs in sequence, cock leaking from the mere touch. It encouraged even more of his treasure trail to thicken, black hairs peppering around the sides and moving over his fat belly and thick pecs. Muscle seemed to swell under the skin to bulk him up, though he still sported thick layers of fat, something inherent to his ursine anatomy. Such was a fetish for many, and George was mostly accepting of his body type now, especially if he was able to attract a crowd and pay his bills!

Thoroughly aroused and getting into it now, George decided to get up on the bed, turning around and showing off his cleaned ass. The slowly spreading fur started to pepper the backs of his buttocks, moving over his cheeks and hips as his heavy bear balls hung there on full display. He was eager to reach back with both hands, parting his cheeks enough that his tight, puckered

anus was on display for the camera. But it was the sensation of his spine stretching into a nub that he was eager to show off to those watching. Soon, the growth turned into a small tail, one connecting to his spine in a way that first bothered him but was now simply a part of the change. And the moment he was able to manage it, George started to wag his small bear tail, playing it over his pucker for a few moments so the audience could get a good view.

Figuring it was time to move on, George got back on his ass, showing off this muscled fat belly and how far the fur had spread in the interim. His chest and belly were covered, as were his groin and the tops of his thighs. There was still more to grow, though it was a tingling in his ears that drew his hands up. Rubbing the base of them, George felt their surface expand, rounding and pushing upward as their rims covered their insides. Though bear fur hadn't quite reached his head yet, the backs of his ears were soon covered with a soft, velvety coat, longer hairs playing over the insides. With the rounded half-moon ears fully formed, George twitched them in delight, flicking them with the utmost control.

As fur started to move down his bulging upper arms, George figured it was time to start jerking off, reaching the climax of the change in turn. His hands, already massive, started to move over his longer ursine rod, one stroking the shaft while the other reached down to fondle his furry bear balls. With the back of his hands peppering with their own short black fur, George knew they were next to change, feeling his nails thickening and pushing outward from the cuticles. Long since having practiced masturbating with them, George was able to shift his hand, feel the forming padded skin covering his palms, and give him that amazing grip he had come to love. Showing them off for the camera, George turned his other hand around, in time to catch the firm calloused skin forming a familiar spade-shaped pattern. Similar calluses formed on the tips of his fingers as well, though for the most part, his fingers retained their human flexibility. They were far larger to match his growing frame, and working with such heavy claws was meddlesome, but it was something he had grown accustomed to.

As with all Weres, his feet were not left in a hybrid state, and George took a break from jerking off to raise both for the camera. Ursine feet were unique for most Weres in that they retained a plantigrade stance. And he was eager to show them off, the skin across the bottoms forming thick pads of their own. The shape was more akin to a human's foot, something that those watching might find interesting if they didn't know. His toes, too, formed the same heavy pads, though they were not to retain the same flexibility as his fingers. Cracks rang through them as they stiffened, big toes shrinking to match the scope of the rest. George could still feel their nails expanding into thick claws, not too sharp but sufficiently stiff for running and digging. Wild black bears were rather fast in an all-out sprint, though it was never something George had tried. Still, he enjoyed how firm and sturdy they were, getting up to show off his body from back to front before the rest of the changes took hold.

With the changes so close to completion, and George hoping he had given a good enough show, he figured it was time to finish. Moving in a position to better show off his cock, George reached down to fondle the base while stroking his shaft with the other. Even compared to his bearish form, his member was rather impressive, lengthy, and leaking. It was all he could do to hold back, letting the final changes settle into his face. But with the tension in his testicles, there was little chance of that. Getting a wink and a nod from Ben, he decided to let it happen, feeling his orgasm start to wash over him. It didn't hide the sensation of his jaw crackling, his face pressing out and gums widening to allow his sharper teeth to take shape. But in the moment of pure ursine ecstasy, there was little else he could do but let it happen, semen shooting up his shaft as he prepared to blow his load.

“OOHHHHRRRRROOOOOOOOO!” George bellowed out, thick wads of cum shooting from the tip and falling over his shaft, hand, and even some on his furry belly. With the length of his hybrid tongue, George was even able to reach down and lap some from the source, loving the taste as the last globs flowed from his member.

By this point, his control over the shift had waned, head pushed out to allow space for his massive muzzle and thick nose. His head was fully covered with fur, and his hefty nose drank in his musk and cum. He could not help but smell his roommate's erection as well, though was a little surprised Ben had resisted the urge to tend to it. Still, as he lay there, panting from the force of it, George had a harder time focusing on anything else. Even being on camera didn't deter his pleasure, something he didn't have to think about if he didn't look at the website. It wasn't so bad, after all. And if he made a few bucks off it, the experience was worth it.

After washing up, George couldn't help but pass his roommate's open door, wanting to ask if the video had done well. It had only been half an hour, and he was simply feeling over-anxious about the whole affair. However, turning his head, Ben's grin gave away the game. “Damn, that's some viewership! Must have got like a few dozen subs in the last few minutes! Good job, man!” Ben declared that George was largely ignorant about what such numbers meant.

“Is that good?” he asked, nervously.

“Fuck yeah! I'm up to over 2k a month with this!” Ben declared, to which George felt his jaw drop.

“Wh-really?!” George declared, dumbfounded. Of course, that wasn't all because of him, and he didn't want to assume it was enough to make rent or anything. But if he was asked a second time, George was pretty confident he was saying yes...

That offer came the next day, but it was hardly the one he was expecting. “OK, so if you say no right away, I’ll never ask again. I respect you. But I’ve been reading the comments all night and...well, there’s some demand for another show. A more...well, fuck it. They want us to fuck,” Ben admitted, bluntly. He did seem a little nervous as he said it, as though was he asking something taboo. After all, George had wanted to set boundaries on their friendship and as roommates. And he was still working on himself and his sexuality, not to mention his present concerns about money. And what would that say about him if he went to fuck on cam?

“Ummm...give me a mintue, OK?” George eventually asked, Ben, nodding and leaving the room. It wasn’t a no, and the more Geroge reflected on it, the harder it became for him to turn down the offer. There was nothing morally wrong with sex work, of course, as much as his religious upbringing had told him otherwise. And his body did react well to the other Were bear, as much as he was shy about doing so with a man for those few times. And what did sexuality matter anyway? Did he really need such rigid definitions? And then, of course, there was the money to think about...

In the end, it took him less than five minutes to walk out to the kitchen and say yes. Not sure about the timetable, George figured the sooner the better. The next night worked for Ben, and George was left to wait, nervous but aroused at the idea all the same. There was something about performing such a ‘sinful’ act in front of thousands of people, ones who would likely be just as aroused as he was, that really did it for him. And the scent of the other bear from the night before really did drive him crazy. It might be a little difficult to get into the mood at first, but such shyness could be played off for the camera, right?

So the next night, he found himself once more in Ben’s bedroom, sitting on the bed in his underwear. Ben, too, was naked save for his boxers, cock tenting them toward the breaking point. His own muscled gut hung down over it, but as large as it was, his cock was even more girthy for his stature. Something Geroge had experience with, much to his delight. He had to admit, the more he thought about their last encounter, the more his cock ached from the temptation. Having sex for the fun of it was something that hadn’t sat well with him for so long. But with the little taste he’d gotten, George could only find himself eager for more.

Ben hadn’t given them a script or anything, finding things better when they let it happen naturally. So, with the camera rolling, Ben sat down on the sturdy bed with him, moving in for a kiss. Feeling his heart flutter, George moved into the kiss, allowing Ben’s tongue to seek his mouth. The two of them entwined their tongues for a moment, making sure their sides were facing the camera so they were easier to film. And it was easy to get on their knees, kissing as they worked their bulges closer to each other, still entrapped in their underwear. The musky stink of precum staining the fabric was like the finest perfume, and the two of them made out for a few moments, drinking in the musk of the other.



George was shivering with excitement as Ben reached down to first free his cock massive rod, and then George's in sequence. Their fat dicks were rather impressive even by Were standards for their human forms and had much to grow before the night was over. And George was leaking thick strands onto the bedsheets as Ben reached down to stroke their cocks together, the fat heads rubbed carefully and making both Were bears moan. With such stimulation, it was impossible to resist the urge to start changing, though George did his best to hold back. As hot as it would be for him, he wanted to take his time and make it a good show.

Still, it was impossible for the changes not to seep into their forms, focused on their bellies this time as they started to expand and rub each other ever so slightly. The hair around their groins and treasure trails started to prickle just slightly, enough that the camera could pick up the slow creeping across their skin. It was rather pleasant to have their hairy bellies touching as they frothed in tandem. But even in their human state, their cocks were still long enough to lance together, leaking furiously as the two men groaned. Getting into it, George reached up to rub his lover's chest, teasing each other's nipples as they did so. It was harder to kiss with the size of their bellies now, wanting to show off their larger physiques for the camera. But they managed, likely a wet dream for anyone who shared their inclinations.

Eventually, Ben pulled back, getting over on the bed so that his cock was his full view. "Suck, cub," he commanded, and George got into it, the verbal foreplay something they had previously agreed on. George was easily able to get down, staring at the bobbing rod and feeling a little intimidated. It was not the first time he had sucked Ben's cock, of course, though he hardly considered himself skilled at the technique. Still, he was determined, gently licking the head and making the larger bear moan. Taking long, slobbering licks with his tongue like a popsicle, George could feel Ben's body shiver, and his trembling penis was a sign of its emanating change. *That* would be a little much for his gag reflex, but he was certainly eager to give it a try.

First, however, he needed to change it, and slowly licking the sides was enough to spur it to change. George could almost feel the expansion of the erectile tissue within, his baculum forming and stiffening beyond humanly possible. The color, too, started to alter, the foreskin peeling back as George reached down to finger it just slightly. But it was the thickening of his girth that really made the bear impressive, even surpassing George's own in its Were form. As the head took its ursine shape and his testicles covered with brown fur and swelled twice their human girth, George felt himself gulp. The idea of taking such a thing down his gullet was intimidating, but he could change the bit it would take for his success. And he had to admit, the leaking ursine head turned him on like nothing had a right to!

It seemed as Ben's cock finished changing, he was eager to get on with the show. He was quick to put his massive hand on George's head, and with that, George lowered himself on the

man's rod. The taste of the man's thick precum was hardly a deterrent, musky and salty in a way that spoke to his Were instincts. His own cock was rock hard from the act, body starting to swell in change. But as they had agreed to before, George was not allowed to grow his muzzle, as difficult as would make his attempts. Still, it was a chance he was willing to take, and George moved as far down as he could deep-throat it.

Carefully opening his mouth up and down over his length, George did his best not to gag, though he was able to manage it, albeit just. As much as it ached in his jaw, George was there for it, wanting to make his roommate cum down his throat. And the erotism of the act was enough that Ben wouldn't last long. Feeling the bear's length throbbing frantically, George worked his rod faster, not caring how much it pained him or how thick the bear's precum was growing. All his focus was on this bear's pleasure, and Ben was quick to hold his head, encouraging him to go faster and take his cock as deep as it would go. And with a little fondling of his furry ball sack and sheath, Ben lost his control and went over the edge, roaring out as he did so.

The force of cum gushing down his throat was almost too much for George to take, thick and hard to swallow with his lack of saliva. But the erotism of the act allowed him the motivation to do so, and the musky taste hung heavily on his breath. Eventually pulling off the bear's cock, thick trails of cum followed as he wiped his chin with his hand. Having not realized his beard had thickened in the interim, he almost felt marked by the beast, his scent burning into George's being and making him feel connected and owned. Those thoughts were likely spurred on by his Were inclinations, something he was starting to come to further terms with as of late. And having prepared himself for the show they were putting on for the camera, George felt himself going all in.

"Now get down on the bed," Ben commanded, and George did so, figuring he needed a few moments to recharge. His cock was still semi-erect, though it was worth it to invest themselves in other activities. His own cock was leaking like a facet, and Ben was eager to reach down and start to rub it. "Hold back your changes," Ben commanded, and George poured all his focus into doing so. He was largely human still, save for his added bulk, and was thankful Ben's bed was made sturdy enough for two Weresa to fuck. George was much larger even in his human form, and the sweaty smell of his furry body made George powerfully erect. Fuck, why had he hesitated for all these weeks when this could be a regular affair for the two of them?

Reaching out with a firm grip, Ben started to stroke him off, George grunting as his leaking cock throbbed intently. It was all he could do not to allow his body to swell, muscles tearing and bones expanding into his ursine form. But with the stimulation to his cock, there was little ability to prevent it from taking a more animalistic shape. Like Ben's before him, George could feel his erectile tissue expanding, baculum forming within. The sensation of firm lips on his cockhead was enough to mold it into shape, Ben pulling off it in time to show it off in its

Were form. A trailing finger inserted inside into the skin of his sheath, as though pulling it downward toward his groin. All the while, his firm grip coaxed copious fluids from George's cock, the bear growling now as inches upon inches were added to his shaft.

Yet, before he could reach climax, Ben stopped, prompting George to get on his hands and knees next. George wasn't sure where their fun was going, but he was eager to experience it and put his trust in his friend's showmanship. Making sure his ass was in view of the camera, George braced himself, allowing the bare minimum of change to take his rear from its humanity. He loved the gradual growth of his tail, pushing out of his spine and coating itself with black fur the moment it reached full length. As much as he wanted to slow its growth, George was simply too eager to grow it, more so to start wagging it the moment it was able to. And as he raised it, showing it off and his widening puckered, George could only hope it was having the desired effect of their viewership, if that was the kind of thing men liked.

The sensation of Ben's hands over his ass cheeks made him confused for a moment, wondering if Ben was ready to fuck him already. He was down to follow Ben's lead, though he was not expecting Ben to move his mouth toward George's hole, licking with a thick tongue and making George shiver. He had never been eaten out before, and he wasn't sure how he felt about the activity. Thankfully, he had cleaned himself out thoroughly beforehand, but it was a sensation he'd never felt before. Having a tongue tease his pucker made him clench a little, embarrassed of what he might accidentally do in a compromising position. But he was open to trying new things, and so long as it made a good show for those watching, he was eager to allow it to happen.

Much to his delight, George felt his prostate flaring just slightly, enough to make his cock leak onto the bed. He wouldn't touch himself, of course, not wanting to come too quickly. And his cock wasn't quick at full erection, though the tension within was bringing him significant pleasure. It was starting to seem like he might be able to cum from that alone, especially as Ben's tongue continued to tease him, lapping in and out of his hole and making him growl. George's tail kept smacking against Ben's nose, making the other Werebear sneeze a few times, though hardly enough to stop their fun.

As much as George loved the sensation of a human tongue against his rear, he could not have been prepared for the next step. A guttural moan escaped his lips as the tongue fucking him suddenly grew far larger than he was expecting. It was gradual, though enough for him to tense up his stance, wanting to feel more of it within him. Surely, it was an ursine tongue by this point, filling up his rear almost as much as the man's cock would if they decided to end the show by fucking. And as the man's damp nose started playing over his thick pucker, George almost his end getting near, as though the simple act alone was enough to draw him to release.

As the size of the muzzle eating him out continued to grow, his enthusiasm for his task seemed to increase, leaving George almost unable to resist the urge to cum. He was gripping the bed tightly now, trying not to change further and tear up his buddy's bed sheets. Without even needing to touch himself, George could feel his cock reaching full erection, prostate stimulation almost enough to bring him to release. And with the skill the bear seemed to employ, George was surely to cum from the persistent pleasure. Ben didn't seem inclined to stop until George had reached release, and George could hardly do anything but brace himself and take it, feeling his end wash over him in a mind-shattering wave of release.

Unable to resist an ursine growl, George felt the tension in his cock reaching the point of no return, and unloaded several thick blasts of cum onto the bed. There was a part of him that was embarrassed about doing so when they had not put down towels or anything of the like to clean up after themselves. But George could hardly resist the release as his cock shot several times before he felt he was spent. Part of him wanted to jerk off and expel the last drops of cum from his member. But almost something was fulfilling in letting it happen this way as well. And given their stamina as Weres, it would hardly be the last of the night, a prelude to the final release they would show off to their stream.

With a generous lick to his entire taint, Ben eventually moved off him, allowing George to turn around and regard his lover properly. As much as he was used to Weres by now, there was still something almost jarring about the sight of an ursine face atop a mostly human body. But with George's inclinations, he found the sight hot as hell, especially as Ben didn't see a need to revert, rather letting the changes happen as they would. And it took George only a few more moments of panting to compose himself once more, eager for whatever his friend had in mind for the next.

Grinning with his wide ursine muzzle, Ben moved over to him, licking George's nose with a bear tongue as George giggled. George quickly got into it, kissing back the Were's bear muzzle with his own human one. The taste of the bear's mouth was strong, though not offensively so, and George allowed himself to enjoy the sensations. As awkward as it was to kiss a man with a muzzle, George relished in it, feeling the bear's massive tongue playing over his own. His damp nose tickled George's, and he giggled a little, the fuzz of fur pleasant. As though showing off the changes to the camera, George was eager to rub parts of the bear's face, in particular his rounded ears and the short cropped cut that merged with the bear fur covering his face. It was pleasant, more so as the changes started to play over his own features in reflex. This time Ben didn't move to stop him, and George was left to allow the change to his own face as the two made out with gusto.

It was wonderful to feel his meager tongue entwining with the bear's own as it reached its level of flexibility. Feeling his face pushing away from his lover's was jarring for a moment

before he matched the ability to open as well, and the two made out with gusto, George's smaller muzzle a better match for the larger brown bear's. And his blackened nose drank in their musky scents, the sweat and cum raising his arousal even though he had just hit release. As much as he wanted to slow the changes, in his moment of lust, it was nearly impossible.

Eventually, Ben broke the kiss, motioning for George to get down on the bed once more, ass raised. He was eager to allow the change to happen as it would this time, feeling his body twitching from growth and the persistent itching as his hair lanced outward. They thickened rapidly, coating his skin and leaving little left as it moved toward a completely ursine pelt. George was eager to let it happen, adding muscle and fat at a steady rate. It was nearly too hot in the room, George was thankful for the AC Ben had blasting. Weres ran hot, as a rule, and fat bears such as them even more so with all the added muscle and fat. But as much as George had come to love his form, it was hard to hold back his changes, the bed likely to creak had it not been reinforced for men of their stature.

Having cleaned himself out beforehand, Ben only had to apply some lube before parting his hips for the lengthy ursine dick to make its way inside. George was thankful he had changed his rump already, the fit comfortable and bringing him to full erection once more. As long as the man's bear cock was able to stretch him, George was designed to take it, and he grunted from the pleasure. George could feel himself leaking onto the bed from the pressure already, barely needing a refractory period. He wanted to cum, but more than anything he wanted to be able to take his friend's cum, the steady pap of their balls against each other as they reveled in their pleasure.

Growling as he was, George almost missed the formation of his claws until they dug into the sheets, George wanting to crawl forward to prompt Ben to fuck him faster. Thankful that even bear claws couldn't pierce the specially made material, George allowed his nails to thicken, pads to form, and tightly gripped the bed and braced himself. Thick claws raked across his back by this point as well, though George's own hide was enough to resist the ache of it. He was happy to feel his lover's weight on his back, to take the massive bear even though Ben's form dwarfed his own. Their fat, furry bodies rocked against each other, shaking and sweating with the formation of thick furry hides. As much as it was hard to focus on much over the changes, both men had thought to move their feet out in front of the camera, enough wriggling toes could be seen stiffening and forming thick pads, for those who carried such inclinations.

The changes, wrapping up as they were, made it hard for either bear to think much beyond their need for release. They had been at it for a few minutes but Were sex often went for quantity as much as quality, and there was little reason for them to hold off for much longer. Without needing words, George was sure Ben intended to cum in him, letting it happen as it would. And George would take his cum, wanting for his own pleasure once the brown bear was

satisfied. With the spasming within his bowels, George was sure it would be soon. The sensation of such a stiff prick in his bowels was almost more than George could bear, and it was possible he could cum hands-free. It was divine, his pre leaking like a faucet as the bear gripped him tightly, thrusting faster and uncontrolled.

“Fuck...I’m gonna cum...I’m gonna cum...oh fuck yeah!” Ben called out, his testicles quaking as he filled George’s ass with bear jism. So much so that George could feel it leaking from his abused rear, George allowed the sensation to wash over him. It did not escape his notice that this was only the second time he’d taken anal, and he had been successful if such was the right moniker. Both times Ben’s stamina allowed him to unload in George’s bear ass, and he liked taking it, even taking some pride in the fact that Ben was able to fill him with so much. It felt right to do so, to give the man so much pleasure, and take it back with the pleasant pounding against his prostate. And he was able to take his reward...

“Fuck...fuck dude...so good...it’s your turn...cum for me...cum for them...” Ben managed to growl before reaching down with a padded, clawed hand. The touch against his penis was almost more than Ben could take, and he was quick to grunt his lust, closer to the edge than he’d realized. Given permission from the bigger bear, he allowed himself to fall over the edge as well, growling and grunting as his cock spasmed and spurted thick wads onto the bed. Neither worried about making a mess, George even sinking down and getting some of his cum in his fur. It would wash out, and the pleasure of the moment was well worth it. His body was rocked with release, especially being accented by the bear’s cock still within his bowels made things all the sweeter.

Despite the energy in their ursine bodies, George was left panting there for a moment, the force of subsequent releases taking its toll. It took him some energy to hold up the much larger bear on his back, but it was something George was eager to do, at least having the muscle to do so. Ben was a few hundred pounds larger than he was in bear form, but with the massive stature of their bodies, it was something he was proud of himself to do. And in the blissful afterglow, he found himself looking at the bedside clock, surprised at how long they had actually fucked for, their stamina rather impressive even by Were standards. The stream was still going on in the background, their viewers getting a show as the two Were’s stayed within each other, enjoying the fruits of their coupling. But neither had any inclination to get up just yet, at least until Ben was finally able to pull out of him.

The sensation of Ben’s thick bear cock deflating within him almost made George growl to have it back. Still, the pleasure in his body was overloading his mind, and the other bear crawled off his back, allowing himself to change back to human form as the bed creaked. Walked over to the camera and turning it off, he moved to wipe his hands before checking his laptop,

whistling in a way that made George look up as well. A confused expression crossed his softening human features while Ben scrolled down the page, staring at the screen fixated.

“Everything good?” George finally asked, not sure how to pose the question but worried about it all the same. It couldn't be that bad, could it?

“Oh, fuck yeah. Better than good. That's at least double that of any stream I've done...at least! Not only in subs but there's a ton of donations...and everyone's asking for you to come back again...” Ben said, something that made George blush. Not only from the money, which should easily pay his rent. But also the idea that so many people liked it when he showed off...

“Yeah, I'd be down...” George replied unable to hide his excitement. Surely, there were plenty of requests, different kinks, and positions they could try at the request of their subscribers. And many of them he figured he'd be interested in, not only for the money but to satisfy his own curiosity. It had been a drastic step in his own journey to try something so exposed, but the more he reflected on it, the more George was eager to see where things would lead...