

Feeling unusually tired, Nat stumbled through his door, bracing himself on the counter for a few moments to get his bearings. He thought it might have been from the heat of walking home carrying heavy groceries on an unseasonably warm fall day. However, even as he entered his one-bedroom apartment, Nat realized that his entire body still felt warm. Worse, he was beginning to ache all over, signs of an impending fever. Must be coming down with a bug, Nat thought. He took a couple of Advil with a glass of water and decided to lie down.

Though, in his defense, it had been a busy day. He'd finally had the chance to get some errands done, groceries and banking, and the like. Nat seldom had days off work and couldn't find the time to get everything done in a single trip. Struggling home, Nat had been too stubborn to try and grab a Taxi, opting to carry his many heavy bags. Though, poor was probably more accurate. Even with two jobs he barely made enough to make ends meet living on his own.

He fumbled with the heavy bags, wishing he was strong enough to carry his burden with ease. Nat always quietly lamented his small stature. He hadn't given it too much thought as of late, but times like these made him envy his much larger, more masculine friends. They'd just laughed him off, telling him the glass was always half empty, how they'd even sometimes wished they were smaller. Nat wasn't deterred from his fantasies, however. With even just a bit more muscle, he'd be able to carry his load home relatively effortlessly.

Lost in thought, Nat looked up to see that he'd stumbled into an area that looked well off the track of his usual route home. He puzzled his way through an unfamiliar park, trying to find a sign that would point him in the right direction. After twenty minutes of aimless wandering, he sat down on a nearby park bench, tired from his exertions and his heavy burden. The situation left him increasingly frustrated with his small size and his weak body. With a stronger physique, he'd be home by now, still energized, ready to accomplish so much more with his day. Better yet, he could work a better-paying job, get out of debt, and even be more attractive to the ladies. Nat sighed. It would never happen. He hardly had the energy to work out as it was, and it would only take him so much further from his biological predisposition regardless.

He suddenly realized he'd been hearing the sounds of flowing water nearby, and looked up to see a massive fountain several yards away. Overheated from the warm autumn afternoon, he walked over to it, hoping to dip his hands in the cooling water before heading on his way. Coins littered the bottom of the pool, evidently some sort of wishing well. Nat lowered his hands in, pouring the cooling liquid all over his face, mixing it with the stains of his perspiration.

Feeling foolish as he did so, Nat rooted around his pockets until his damp fingers closed around a single coin, a quarter in change he'd gotten back from his morning coffee. He tossed it in, envisioning himself as a muscled specimen of masculinity, an Adonis out of the cover of a

body-building magazine. Of course, he wasn't silly enough to believe in such things, but the action brought him a brief sense of peace nonetheless.

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed an ad for the local zoo on a billboard. They'd just gotten a transfer of an endangered rhino to their exhibits and were likely hoping the advertisement would bring the increased revenue to start a breeding program. He sincerely hoped their efforts would prove fruitful, though he had no time or spare money to visit the exhibit himself. Still, the animal did interest him a little. Now that was his idea of size and power!

Finally, Nat spotted a recognizable landmark in the skyline beyond the fountain, and with renewed vigor he picked up his things and made his way towards the familiar building, finding, at last, the series of side streets that would lead him home. To his dismay, however, he'd begun feeling ill the moment he reached his worn-down apartment complex. Exhausted, he made his way to his small bed, intending to lie down for a brief moment to catch his breath before putting away his purchases. Instead, he had passed out almost immediately before his head had even hit the pillow. He fell deep into REM sleep, thoughts of his wish still on his mind.

In a vivid fit of dreams, Nat envisioned himself as massive, the epitome of masculine physic, the embodiment of all his fantasies. It was so natural, as though he'd always been this way. As the dream progressed he noticed his features became more and more in synch with the rhino he'd seen in the poster but felt no confusion or alarm at the development. Everything from the way he moved to the way he felt was natural, and he enjoyed the peaceful contentment that came with a vivid dream.

Blissfully rested, Nat awoke slowly from his nap and the calm dream. He lay there for a while, on that edge of sleep and wakefulness, unaware of a slight tingling that began to encompass his form. Slightly more alert, he rolled back and forth, trying to shake the sensation of pins and needles running across his body to no avail. He played it off as the oncoming symptoms of flu he remembered feeling earlier and tried to fall back asleep. Yet, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't ignore the odd tingling enough to return to unconsciousness.

Slowly he began to realize that his shirt felt tight around his chest. Nat assumed it must be caught under him, but as he rolled around he could not get comfortable in the oversized shirt he'd been wearing. His jeans, too, seemed to be a bit tighter than he remembered. Even his shoes, which he'd forgotten to remove in his exhaustion, seemed more constrictive around his aching feet.

As he lay there, Nat couldn't ignore the irritation becoming more insistent. Worse, the tingling was not just confined to a single area. It seemed as though every inch of his body was

affected, from his toes to his scalp. The fever symptoms he had felt earlier were gone, and he could not place the cause of the bizarre sensations. Worse, they seemed to be growing more intense, the pricking increasing with each passing moment.

Suddenly, Nat felt the small bed begin to groan as though his weight had increased. That was impossible, wasn't it? His bed was cheap, but not that cheap! He rolled around, hearing a sudden pop as a bed spring burst from the sudden movement. A second, then third was soon to go, as though his weight was suddenly more than the bed could bear.

Nat got up with a start, eager to examine the damage. Yet, as he did, the sight of his swinging arms caught his eyes. In shock, he noticed his arms looked...bigger. There was no denying the size of the arms he possessed were larger than when he'd gone to lie down. Feeling his forearms, Nat discovered they were hard, bulky, the added growth most certainly muscle. Curious now, he rubbed himself all over, feeling the firmness of new muscle bulging against his touch. Stranger still, it seemed as though his added size was insistently pushing against the fabric of his once loose-fitting wardrobe, as though it was now a size too small.

He quickly made his way to the adjoining room to take a long look at himself in the bathroom mirror. Gone was the familiar image of the skinny young man that had greeted him every morning for as long as he could recall. In its place were the beginnings of the muscular visage he'd so often fantasized about. He looked as though he'd spent several months of hitting the gym, regulating his diet, and pumping iron. Yet, he was sure the image staring back at him could not have originated from his lanky frame, no matter how much effort he'd put into it. There was no denying the reality of the visage he now seemed to sport. As though to confirm it was really his body, Nat's shirt, now much too small for the frame he now sported, had begun to ride uncomfortably up his chest, revealing a muscled toned stomach, beginnings of a six-pack evident in his stretching skin.

Wracking his brains for an explanation, Nat's mind played back to earlier that day when he'd made the wish in the wishing well. Of course, he hadn't really expected it to come true. Such things were impossible, after all. There was no way all this growth was a result of a few misplaced thoughts in front of a fountain, was it? Yet, he could not deny the changes he was witnessing with his own eyes.

Nat's thoughts were interrupted as a sudden pulse shot through him, making him feel momentarily lightheaded. He gazed at his reflection in the mirror and was shocked to see that it had begun to shift and change before his very eyes. Staring down at his hands, he could see the skin writhe and bubble as though something was trapped within. From the strange waves of sensations assailing his body, Nat could tell the effects were not confined there. His legs, his

chest, and his stomach all felt as though the skin was shifting underneath, as though building new layers upon itself in the time it took him to shave.

This time the tingling came with a light itching, stemming from his arms, his face, his legs, and his abdomen all at once. Nat stared with intrigue at his arm as he watched the individual hairs raise up, as though he had goosebumps. His bare skin was quickly accenting with a light dusting as the individual strands became more numerous, extra hairs popping up between the ones already present until his arm sported a clearly harrier visage. A similar sensation in his face, as though he was growing a full beard the likes of which his frame had never sported before.

In his eagerness to see his face, Nat looked up to a wave of dizziness that was clearly from looking at the mirror from a different angle, as though he'd grown taller. Nat had to duck down to see his face in the mirror now, signaling that he'd likely grown close to at least seven feet. It was further backed by how his shirt rode painfully up his chest, his entire stomach now visible as though his shirt had shrunk several sizes too small. The tightness was uncomfortable and restrictive as he bent downwards, trying to see his changed face in the reflection. As he assumed, thick patches of hair were spreading along his chin as new hairs peppered the skin where he'd been clean-shaven not minutes before.

To his delight, the newest wave of change came with it more muscle, still twitching tunder the skin as it expanded to impossible proportions. His once wiry body now looked like he'd been born with a much beefier frame, one he spent countless hours working to maintain. Nat flexed his biceps, admiring how firm they felt under his touch. He'd always wanted to feel his much larger friends though was too shy to ask, for fear of being labeled a freak. But now that it was part of his own frame, Nat had full reign to play over the flesh to his heart's content!

Still, despite his elation, Nat had to wonder what the hell was happening to him. It seemed as though his entire physic was altering, allowing the addition of muscle to appear more naturally against his swollen frame. Part of him doubted his new appearance still bore the familiar shape of humanity. When had even bodybuilders supported this much of a naturally sculpted form?

It was more than just muscle mass that was changing the formerly scrawny man. Never the hairiest of men, Nat took a moment to admire the thin treasure trail that had made itself known from his protruding stomach. His facial hair had grown in thickly, giving him a full bearish beard he'd never fathomed having in all his life. His arms tingled as he felt each tiny prick of hair sprout up from his ever-expanding forearms. A similar sensation indicated that his thighs and calves were also sporting a thick masculine pelt. Though he could not see it through

his tight jeans the irritation of hair on fabric was a clear sign of the change. The insistent itching indicated that his new layer of body hair had not fully grown in, and he found himself wondering what it would look like to gaze at a bear of a man staring back at him through his reflection.

By now, Nat truly looked like a man out of his wildest fantasies. With a twinge of embarrassment, he found himself starting to grow erect from the sight of himself. He hadn't ever thought he'd be turned on by the male form so fully. Though, he was willing to chalk it up to a hormone imbalance and the likely flood of testosterone in his system needed to produce such extreme changes. His cock had not been spared from the effects if the bulge poking at his strained pants were any indication. He wanted so desperately to rip off his pants and view the changes to his most personal of places. As though in response to his desires, his hard member poked painfully at the tightness of his blue jeans, eager for release.

Fervently, Nat tried to remove his jeans, to free his now-massive rod from the confines of his underwear, but he was unable to get his thickened fingers through the narrow space between his waist and jeans. His pants were painfully constrictive, easily several sizes too small for his new frame and he found it difficult to breathe. Try as he might he could not push down the now unusually small garments constricting him. He tried desperately to fumble with his zipper but was unable to make any headway in removing the troublesome pants.

Despite his love of the changes, they were altering his form so rapidly that Nat had to seriously wonder what was going on. He left the bathroom, hoping to find an answer online. Surely this could be explained away as some sort of hormone imbalance. The sound of his heavy footsteps startled him as he made the trek into his bedroom, trying to remember if he'd left the laptop there last night. He must have weighed over one hundred pounds more than before, and he was still growing!

As he frantically tried to search the room, Nat became painfully aware of how tight his shirt had become. He tried desperately to remove it, but he found his growing arms lacked the mobility that he'd once enjoyed. The cheap fabric pulled painfully tight across his chest, his forearms threatening to burst through the sleeves with the slightest movement. The shirt had stretched to its limits, looking as though he'd forced himself into something fit for an infant. It had ridden even further up his bulging chest, allowing Nat to clearly see the ever-expanding treasure trail sprouting over his extended stomach. The muscle had lost its former tone by now but was still present as he rubbed the firm paunch of belly he was steadily growing. His skin felt warm, similar to when he'd been feverish earlier but with none of the flu-like symptoms.

Nat was adamantly reminded he'd forgotten to remove his shoes with the sudden surge of pain the movement gave his feet. He could barely bend over to attempt to remove them from the

size of his expanding belly. Even trying to kick them off was no help as they clung stubbornly to his feet, which had expanded to something easily four to five sizes bigger than the shoes were designed for. If Nat grew any more, his feet were liable to burst from them!

At the same time, Nat realized his jeans were just as painfully tight. He could barely withstand the agony against his tights as they threatened to rip the seams of the cheap fabric. He tried once again in vain to get his pants off, but it was as if they were stuck, plastered against his larger frame. The ends had ridden painfully up his stretching legs and tore against his ever-bulking calves. Likewise, he could not remove his belt; his fingers were thicker, matching the expanse of arms he now wielded, and he was unable to get them underneath the belt or work the clasp.

Finally, the problem was taken out of his beefy hands as with a loud pop, the clasp of his belt tore away at the ever-increasing expanse of his formerly human waist. A large rip resonated through the apartment as the seams in his jeans gave way, exposing his taunt underwear and he scrambled to get to his laptop. His hips had grown wide, massive butt testing the limits of his stretchy briefs. The changes were occurring much faster now. Nat figured he didn't have much time to figure out what was wrong with him before he burst out of his clothes completely.

He tried checking the adjoining room but was met with a sudden crack as his much taller head hit the low ceiling edge violently, making him momentarily see stars. How tall was he now? He had to be more than eight feet to hit the edge of the ceiling panel at a dead center with his forehead. The pain, however, was much less than he expected, as though his forehead was lined with harder skin and muscle to protect from such an impact.

As he fanatically searched the room, Nat noticed his skin had begun to bizarrely darken. A thick patch of graying skin had appeared on the back of his right hand. So much for a goddamn hormone imbalance. Nothing he knew of could cause his skin pigments to change so rapidly, save something supernatural like grayscale from Game of Thrones. Nat felt around the area, noting the heat his new skin radiated and the difference in texture from his normal human skin. The graying flesh felt thicker, having taken on a quality that reminded Nat of feeling leather. Still, he noted that his now ample body hair remained even as the graying skin continued its relentless march over his upper arm.

An ache in his fingers prompted him to flex them, trying to work the feeling back into them but to no avail. Nat watched in fascination as his fingers swelled, middle and index fingers growing closer together, as were his pinkie and ring fingers. He tried desperately to pull them apart as they meddled together before his eyes, darkened nails thickening and encompassing the tips. His two remaining digits retained their former flexibility but no longer had any trace that

they'd once been separated into four. He was thankful that his thumb had remained largely unchanged, though the nail thickness and diameter had grown to match those of his remaining fingers on each beefy hand.

Nat slowly came to the realization he was becoming something other than human, though the changes thus far had left him with an overall human body type. Had he been infected with some sort of fast-acting mutation virus? He went to turn on the TV, hoping to find a news story that might explain the strange transition his body was undergoing. Lifting the remote, Nat suddenly heard an odd snap, and looking down he saw that the small plastic device had broken in two from just the simple touch of his now beefy fingers. In frustration, he pressed the small button at the side of the tv to turn it on. Yet, the force of his repeated trials knocked the fragile tv over with a bang. Much more gently, he lifted up the thin screen and realized it had cracked from the fall. Though he felt around in desperation, Nat was unable to get the all-important device working in his current state.

By now, the gray patches of flesh had encompassed much of his chest and arms. He could feel the tingle of his epidermis as his thick armor-like skin crawled across his being. A loud tearing hit his ears as his shirt could no longer withstand the pressure from his bulk. The thin fabric ripped right down the middle, and as Nat flexed his shoulders, the remnants of the garment came off entirely, falling like rags around him. Though, it was hardly a concern with the changes that were still encroaching over his form.

Strangely something began poking at the edge of his underwear as though a growth had begun working its way out of the skin of his lower back. He reached his now beefy fingers under the slip of his underwear, thankful he hadn't lost too much of the human feeling in his changed digits. Something brushed against the fabric of his underwear, and he shuddered in discomfort from the long growth confined in his briefs. Gingerly, Nat lifted the protrusion, feeling how connected it was to his spine. Was it a tail? Could he have grown a tail like some kind of animal-man?

Soon, the pain in his feet became unbearable and Nat reached down again to try to remove his constricting shoes. The movement strained the last fibers in his underwear as the fabric split and tore, exposing his much larger anus to the world. The elastic fibers somehow held fast, allowing him a tiny bit of modesty as the rest of his human trappings fell around him. His jeans were gone, and with a cry of agony, his feet burst from his shoes, seams popping in half allowing him a final reprieve from the pain of constriction that had plagued him.

He was afraid to look at what had become of his feet, but he forced himself to look beyond the expanding paunch of his muscular belly at the thick pillars at the end of his formally

human legs. He retained only three digits per foot, but the nails on each had grown even thicker, threatening to overtake the entire toe and touch the ground. He was standing on tiptoes, yet felt the sensation of the floor with his heavy soles. Still, his feet bore no resemblance to their former human selves. They reminded him of something he'd seen earlier today but could not yet place what it was.

Nat could think of no other solution other than to get to a hospital. Doubting his ability to work his cellphone with strange and unsteady fingers, he had no choice but to make the trek himself. However, he couldn't afford to be seen like this, nearly naked and still changing. He went to grab a heavy coat he'd kept in the closet, something almost too large for his formerly much smaller human form. Desperately, Nat fumbled to the closet, ripping off the hinged door as he grabbed for it, pulling down the entire coat bar in the process. He found the heavy jacket in the pile on the floor and picked it up, desperate to cover himself before venturing into the world.

First, he tried to shove his thick muscled arm into the small sleeve hole. Yet, he was quickly stuck, waving his arm up and down as he tried in vain to get it out again. He attempted once more, carefully shoving in the beefy gray mass, painfully aware of the rips and tears as he forced the much larger appendage into the far too small sleeve hole. Ok...one down. Carefully, he tried to maneuver his arm into the opposite sleeve, the tiny jacket riding comically up around his shoulders. It was clear that the very human garment would barely cover his bulging pecs, but what choice did he have? He felt his arm touch the inside of the sleeve and moved to squeeze his gray flesh gently into it, only to have the entire jacket tear down the middle with the force of his exertion. He sighed, exasperated, as he threw the now separate pieces of his former jacket on the floor. If that was the biggest thing he owned, how was he going to go outside looking like he did?

He grabbed for another shirt, one that was thankfully hanging to dry in a location where he could pick it up without causing further damage to his humble abode. It was of a stronger, more stretchy material, and after some gentle coaxing, he was able to get it on over his still mostly human face. However, even with all his insistent pulling, he could not cover any more than his upper arms or muscle gray pecs within the still far too small garment.

An unfamiliar itching on his face preceded the sight of long hairs sliding down his head. In horror, Nat stomped back towards his bathroom, shaking the apartment floor with each heavy footfall. A passing glance at the far too small shirt in the mirror caused a further stiffening in his once again erect member. It was hard to deny that he looked damn hot, the muscular Adonis of his dreams with a tiny shirt barely covering any of his upper torso. The fear of his extreme situation slowly faded, and with it, a primal lust welled up from deep within, a desire to see the



change complete, to be his true self, the muscled hulk of his dreams. He could do without the bestial appearance, but if it was the price he had to pay, so be it.

Just then, his face began to extend, human shape lost in the thick square that slowly pushed out into a heavy muzzle. Though painless, it was obvious that his face was altering to look like the jugged visage of some sort of animal. His ears ached, and he watched them shifting with his altering cranium, curling in on themselves and twitching of their own accord. Shocked, Nat realized he could hear every sound so clearly now: traffic, humans, and animals outside, even the other tenants in his own building. His square jaw continued pushing forward, nose growing flat as it merged with the skin of his thick curled upper lip. Teeth ached, their new purpose clear as they became heavy and flattened, better suited for a plant-based diet.

A spot where the bridge of his nose used to be throbbed terribly, and Nat raised his sausage-sized fingers up to feel an unexpected hard bump. Yet, he struggled to see the shape in the mirror, as though his eyesight had grown dim, rectangular, black pupils making him very nearsighted. Nat went to adjust the mirror, but his thick-fingered hands pressed heavily against the thin glass and caused a thick crack to stretch its length. Despite this, he could still see an alien growth as it curved outwards from his face, a tapered point stretching past his forehead. A second growth followed suit, nestled well behind the first. It was only then he truly realized what he was becoming. A humanoid version of the beast that he'd laid eyes upon on that bulletin board, right after he'd made his ill-fated wish!

Yet, looking back into the mirror at his changed vestige brought full attention to the familiar sensation in his crotch. He really was attractive. Even as he completed his metamorphosis into what could only be called a rhino-man, Nat still saw much of what he'd always wished he could be. How could even retaining only a modicum of humanity compare with being a mammoth of a man, with all the power and muscle he had dreamed of?

A surge of pain in his nether region signaled how confining his still present underwear felt. With a loud snap, the elastic in his briefs gave way, revealing himself in full, naked glory. He was momentarily disturbed by the shape of the member that greeted him. It clearly wasn't human anymore, as massive, thicker than his human arm had been, and still growing. It was a mottled patchy grey and pink, and the tip looked strange, alien, five-tipped, and nothing like the penis he'd had as a human. Yet, his fear of owning such a bizarre member was slowly replaced by curiosity. How big would he get at full erection? More pressingly, what would it feel to stroke off such a massive rod?

Eagerly, Nat began to rub his thick fingers up and down the massive shaft as still, it grew. His pendulous balls hung low towards what had been his knees, filling to the brim with pints of

thick virile seed. He reveled in the feelings coming from his new dick as copious amounts of clear fluid ran from the tip, providing lubricant for his thick fingers. Massive as his rhino digits were, they could barely make it around the tip. It wouldn't be long now. The heavy smell wafting off his body only drove his lust as he frantically stroked himself, desperate to empty the heavy load in his weighty balls. The sight of his muscled form drove him to new heights of pleasure as he continued to jack off, cock stretching further upwards and nearly touching his eager lips. The sensations from his new member were divine, and he'd never imagined pleasure like this could emanate from his own body. He was the physical embodiment of all his fantasies, and it was impossible to hold back the torrents of jism that were ready to be expelled from his mammoth rhino member.

With a mighty roar, Nat exploded, vision whiting as what must have been gallons of cum shot forth from his cock tip, running down the massive shaft and pooling on the floor beneath his feet. He came down from the orgasmic high slowly, smelling his thick spunk heavily in the small room and breathing it in. After a few moments of orgasmic bliss, Nat realized what a real mess he had made, feeling a little embarrassed. Nat tried to turn on the tap to clean himself off with his other hand, but he quickly forgot his new strength and pulled off the handle in his haste. Water gushed out of the damaged facet, spilling on the floor and mixing with the puddle of seed. In a panic he grasped at the broken handle, trying to twist it to keep it from leaking everywhere. A chuckle escaped his lips. He'd have to call a plumber, assuming he still retained the dexterity to work a phone.

Afterward, Nat spent a long time admiring himself in the broken mirror. Certainly, the changes weren't all bad, the massive pool of cum on the bathroom floor was more than enough proof of that. Still, what to do now? He couldn't go outside like this, not without proper covering. He could order in supplies, but that would only get him so far on his limited VISA. A fleeting thought brought him back to the zoo advertisement. Perhaps they could use a mascot, he snorted. He didn't have any better ideas, and, hopefully, he'd be supplied with the necessities for his new form, giving them welcome publicity and revenue in return!