



WEEKEND TRIP



MERRA

„Where is the damn road?“ Jason scratched his head and tried to focus on the map the Sirry had drawn him. „A tree? Ca´v, there are no trees here...!“ Still focussed on the map, the young man walked deeper and deeper into the marshlands. As an adventurer, he was thrilled as the small squirrel-creature in the pub told him she had found a great treasure in the swamps. She told him that she was scared off by a bunch of mean snake or crocodile-people and was now too afraid to go back there.

She offered Jason to share the treasure, if the young man would be able to find it and bring it to the ally behind the pub. „Stupid little furpants“ Jason grinned as he walked over the wet ground. He would never return once he had found the chest and take it all for himself!

splat, splat Jason felt how his shoes entered a wet pool of brackish water. „Oh, damn.... GREAT.. Now I am even deeper in the marshes!... I hope that treasure is worth it, otherwise...“ He felt his socks becoming soaked as the smell of moss and dirt entered his nose. „I hope I can buy me some new shoes from it at laest“



He hadn't even ended his thought, as he felt his wet shoes becoming tight and uncomfortable out of a sudden. He looked down and saw the fabric bulging, as if the bones of his feet wanted to break through. „What the?!” Jason thought his shoes were melting from the muddy substance... had he stepped into some sort of acid?

Suddenly, the tip of his shoes ripped open and revealed his toes, which nails were slowly transforming into claws. Jason stopped. His feet seemed to elongate – something was happening to him! „What the fuuuu....!” His whole body was bulging up, as he felt the muscles on his legs growing stronger and thicker- pushing against his jeans from the inside.

His leather jacket ripped into shreds, as he saw his arms starting to mutate as well. Veins formed on his muscles as they bulged up, as his former, rather smooth human skin grew into vile greenish leather. „ what ugh Whats happening to me?!” Jason's chest felt like it would burst at any moment. Desperate, he tried to pull his shirt off with his new feral claws but only ripped huge holes into the fabric „shhhh noooooo!!!”

A pair of massive tits grew from his chest, but even more disturbing was the weird boner, his transformation was causing. With his pants almost completely torn apart, Jason saw his stiff cock throbbing in the emusky air, as a slimy membrane started to cover it.

Before he was even able to scream in horror, the young man felt his face transforming, too. Instead of a scream, an angry, growling hiss escaped his mouth, as a long snout pushed out from his jaw.



„Hsssss... HRNOOO!“ The fabric his jeans-leftovers strapped tightly around his waist. His legs were covered in thick green scales by now with plates and spikes on his once human tights. Desperately, Jason tried to look for his cock, which had turned into a yellowish, slimy knot that was slowly growing back between a long, slimy opening between his legs.

Thick scales grew over his belly and new set of breasts, which nipples had grown into warty, giant mounds. A weird pressure was building up inside, like if the inside of his new tits wanted to produce milk and shoot it out. „Hgrrr,,, Oh ... Hgrrr Gawd!!“ Jason took a few steps forwards, as he realized, the thick veins that had formed on his chest, clearly growing closer and closer up his neck, filled with a hot pressure that only wanted release. One of his clawed fingers finally found the remains of his former cock. Instead of a stiff, hard shaft, a meaty hole had grown between his legs, soaked in a slimy, slick substance. With the pressure in his throat growing to a point he wasn't able to hold back anymore, his scaled claw carefully slipped inside his new hungry hole.

„thatsss... hgrrr.. so lewwwd!“ The slimy sound of his finger slipping in and out his new cunt stopped for a second, as a salty taste entered Jason's reptilian snout. It took him a few seconds to analyze the thick, viscous and milky liquid that was pushing out of his throat and nostrils...„Hgrrr... Cuumm?!... I ... I am hgrrr.... Puking CUM?!“



His transformation was almost completed, as Jason's throat stopped to push semen out of his new maw. He turned around in the muddy pool as he saw the warning sign for the first time. Even if his mind was slowly degrading a bit, he still recognized the warning that had been left right in front of the pool he was standing in, „Hgrrr... Ssssnapper... breeding... grounds“

The mix of dirt, water and snapper liquids, that had turned his body into a grotesque giant reptile, was still dripping from his legs „Snapper... breed...“ Jason suddenly felt how these words aroused him, as images of other snappers entered his mind. „Need... pack... ugh... Want to breed!

His giant cunt started to drool at the thought of another thick snout entering it, filled with salty, fertile cum. Jason tried to focus, he was still able to think straight up to a certain point. „Hrr, okay... I could take care of that Hrr... myself...“



He lowered himself down into the pit of brackish water and started to feel comfortable in his new body. It seemed like if he had no problem with warm or cold anymore... he was just feeling.. good.

Carefully, he let his clawed fingers slip between his muscular thighs, as he felt his new female bits drooling cuntjuices over it as he moved over the hood of his clit in a circular movement. He felt the soft scales of his new giant mons, covered in a slimy substance. With a chirp, he let his thick finger slowly travel along the soft, meaty lips that protected his vaginal opening.

„A mate would be *hrssss* nice... But I guess I can't go back into town like thissss“

