

Tired from her trip and burned out beyond belief, Sierra got out of the cab, tipping him the bare minimum, knowing she did not have the money, and feeling more shame than she had in quite some time. There was a time not long ago when she would have paid double for a cab to take her anywhere, but such was a frivolity she no longer had. All her money, status, and position were taken from her in the past few months, and she was reduced to spending her last savings on a trip out to the boonies, where her parents begrudgingly took her in. At least she had them; friends all seemed to disappear in her moment of need, something she realized she had not truly possessed after all.

Of course, Sierra hated the idea of coming to her hometown after so many years, but there was little other option, having nowhere else to go with her unemployment running out and rent as high as it was. No surprise, her parents hated the idea, though, perhaps worse, they seemed to have expected it, and did offer to give her her old room back for as long as it took her to get back on her feet. Living so far away from the city made such prospects slim, but at least she didn't have to work minimum wage at one of the town's only dozen establishments.

More so than the fact she had to move back in with her parents was the fact that her rather prim and proper appearance, something she took great pride in, would have to go by the wayside, given the lack of both funds for her care products and stores in the vicinity that sold them. She would have to make due, she supposed, with whatever cheap products were present in the one grocery store in town, literally going back to her high school days of having to rough it.

Perhaps the worst part of the whole thing was that it was close to Christmas, something that her town was known to celebrate but something she saw no value in beyond what it did for the kids. She would have to do her best to endure the days of parties, food that would ruin her waistline presents she did not need, and all the dumb Christmas music and movies that dominated every form of media for the better part of two months. At least there would be a chance for her to get back to the city in spring when jobs were more numerous, but she would have to endure this frozen hell for the time being.

Looking for wherever she could grab in town for her care ritual, Sierra stumbled upon her favorite boutique, one that she hadn't visited since her youth. It wasn't out of the way, and since she was not in a hurry to drive to her parent's place, she decided it was worthwhile to stop and have a look. It didn't have much, local wares and hand-crafted goods, mostly. But she had loved visiting there as a child, and it was a single light in an otherwise gloomy season she had to look forward to.

Naturally, the inside of the place was decorated for Christmas, though Sierra did her best not to think about such things. The bell chimed as the door opened sounding the same as it had when she was a child, a rather delightful call back as she walked in, seeing no one immediately

inside. Figuring there would eventually be someone to greet her, she walked in, looking around and taking in the smell that spoke about her childhood. Though the layout was changed as much as she would have expected, it still contained the same atmosphere as it had before, and brought a sense of peace she was not expecting to gain from anywhere else in town.

There was one glaring thing in the center of the room that had clearly not been there before, almost making her unnerved. A massive wooden carving of an ape-man, or what she expected was a sasquatch or a bigfoot. It seemed to have no place there, though rather than being entirely jarring, there was something about it that brought back memories from her youth, a story that someone had seen one...

“Ah, you’ve taken an interest in our protector,” came a voice, and Sierra looked over to see an older woman, someone she didn’t immediately recognize. It was a small town, and she wasn’t the owner that had been her since her youth, but it was hard to say, given she had been away for almost ten years.

“Yeah, I think I remember something about it...my parents thought they were crazy,” Sierra said, feeling a little ashamed as she uttered the words. It wasn’t her place to come in and judge, but she would be stuck there for some time and she didn’t want to make a bad splash, thinking she would be recognized if she was to return here in the ensuing weeks.

“Oh, it’s no worries at all! You’re the Trent’s daughter, aren’t you?” the woman said, and Sierra nodded, now recognizing the woman, though forgetting her name. Small towns were tricky in that regard, especially after years of being in the city and seeing everyone as a background character.

“Yes, I’m back for a few months...” she replied, feeling a little ashamed of such. She didn’t really want to get into the details, though, with the small town, it wouldn’t take long for rumors to spread. Still, she wasn’t going to put words in their mouths herself, and moved away to browse, not wanting to buy anything with the nostalgia having been stunted somewhat.

“In that case, why don’t you take this,” the woman said, moving behind the counter and producing a totem, something that Sierra was not eager to take. It was a smaller carving of the statue in the middle of the store, something that was ugly by her standards and not something she wanted to be seen with. Though the woman seemed to be insistent, and, eventually, she relented, taking it and putting it in her pocket, preparing to forget about it as soon as she was home.

With that, Seiriaa figured it was time to head to her parent’s place, unable to reasonably put it off for any longer. The cold was a little abrasive, and she lamented the poor insulation in her family home, knowing she would need many layers of blankets in order to feel comfortable.

Better than out of the street, she supposed, though it was the fault of her lavish lifestyle for not saving when she had the chance. And now she was paying for it as the ultimate humiliation.

“Finally decided to show your face, eh?” Larry, her father said, not bothering to look up at the door as Sierra entered. She was definitely not prepared for a fight so soon. Yet, for the moment, she saw it best to hold her tongue, figuring there would be plenty of time for fights in the ensuing weeks and months.

“Honey, so nice to see you! Come in, sit down!” Her mother said, obviously a bit more amicable to her daughter's presence. Sierra kept her skepticism, though at least it was warm in the main room.

The awkwardness hung in the air like a haze as she sat there, sipping coffee and waiting for her mother to finish with dinner. Figuring she would at least offer to help, her father, with a quick “don't bother,” made her a little annoyed, all the closer to coming to blows that night. It was something she wanted to avoid, and figured she would head up to the room as quickly as possible, after being asked to do the dishes with her father's typical gruffness. She did her best to suppress a groan, wondering why in the hell her parents hadn't bothered to move into the modern world and bought a dishwasher. Worse, why her father was being so cold, she had no idea. Sure, she had not left in the best of circumstances, but that was years ago. Had he been holding a grudge this entire time? It sounded like her father, she reasoned.

Pissed off with manicured hands wrinkled from the dishwasher, Sierra trudged up to her room fuming, shivering the moment she made it up the stairs. It was just as chilly as she remembered, more so for lack of being accustomed to it. At least the blankets in her bed were thick, but it was to be little relief, not having to use so many since her youth. It was almost too heavy for her to sleep, though she did, even her rage not enough to keep her awake. It was absolutely exhausting with all the stress in recent days, and even the creaking of the settling house was reminiscent of the sounds from her youth that she had fallen asleep in hundreds of times.

Not thinking she would recall her dreams from that night, they seemed to burn into her mind to the point all her current troubles were washed away. Had she the choice for their destination, she would be back at her firm, her life, and her comforts. Yet, it seemed she was in the exact opposite scenario, lost in the woods around her small town in the cold and snow. Though she was not out of her element, as she was soon to discover...

Without shoes, the cold ground should have pained her, but the size of her feet and the callouses upon them made walking as natural as anything she had done before. Her thick, muscular body was hardly hindered by the cold, as though she belonged out there. It was

powerful being an apex being in her element, to the point she was nearly aroused by her simple being. Enough that she could reach down and touch her sex, as covered with fur as it was. Yet, it was the stench from her feet that really did it for her to the point she was quick to cum, waves of orgasm playing over her as she bent all the way down to caress her toes, encouraging the already present dusting of hair to cover it as she lovingly stroked them, glad to see them grow and change and take on their true form...

Despite herself, Sierra felt wet and aroused as she awoke, as though the dreams were enough to bring her to the waking world. The smell of her sweat and sex was strong in her nose to the point she was almost inclined to gag. But there was no denying how horny she was to the point she didn't think she could manage. Doing so in her childhood home seemed offputting, though where else did she have the privacy to do such a thing? And she wasn't going to get a man here, regardless. So then why not have some time to enjoy herself...?

It was almost unnerving to pull back the covers and see what had become of her sex, the hair growing around her groin as though she did not shave meticulously before moving back out to the boonies. The texture was a little off-putting as well, though the moment she went to touch herself, Sierra felt her lust abating, the pleasure almost more than she could bear. Her sex seemed more sensitive than at any time she could recall, or perhaps it had been too long since she had taken some time for herself. Despite the hair or the smell or the strange dreams, it didn't take her long to cum, stifling a moan as she did so, not wanting to wake her parents with such frivolity.

Finally able to think straight, Sierra moved to the bathroom, wanting to shave and remove the smell from her body, sure it had something to do with the country air, or perhaps her perception of it. Still, it was a little explanation for why she was in such a disheveled state, more of a mess than she had ever viewed herself. Her hair looked like she had walked through a tornado and then a mudslide, as though she had slept outside with nothing on. She was hairy, too, and not just over her groin, something she was already aware of. Her legs, her arms, and even her belly had more hair than she ever recalled seeing on herself, to the point she wondered if her hormones were out of whack. Not something she could attribute to being out in the sticks, but undeniable nonetheless. It was impossible to suppress a sigh as she realized the hours it would take to shave everything away. And she tried to, though in the end figured there was little point, knowing no one would see it if she hid it away. Besides, with only one bathroom in the house, there was only little time for her to do her hair, brush her teeth, get dressed, and deal with the hair as best she could as she made her way downstairs.

"Did you sleep well in your old bed?" Her mother asked, somewhat chipper. Sierra simply forced a smile, still dealing with the itching under her fully covered body. It was making her want to scratch, though she didn't want to debase herself any further as she sat down at the table, feeling powerfully out of place in a situation she had not belonged in since she was a teen.

“It was fine,” she muttered, trying to keep her voice neutral but realizing such was likely not possible.

“You’re lucky we kept it for you,” came her dad’s gruff opinion, no less than what she was expecting. But there was still something stinging in the words, of a man she once considered was someone that cared about her. Not anymore, and there was no interest in staying long enough to patch things up, something that the ensuing months would not be sufficient to do.

“Are there any jobs in town?” She asked, trying to change the subject.

“Don’t worry about jobs, honey, until after the holidays,” her mom said, and with that, she figured her father would make a comment about telling her to get to work as soon as she could. But nothing came of it, and Sierra felt herself relax just a little at that. She didn’t want to reapply at her old haunts of her teen years, and they likely wouldn’t be busy after Christmas, but it was of little concern.

Still, she decided to do it anyway, spending the afternoon with her laptop plugged into the ethernet cable, having no wireless access in the house, and glad that her parents even sprung to get internet at all. What should have taken minutes was spread over hours to the point it was almost maddening. And the exploration of the town’s online job posting was all but absent to the point she figured she was the only one in town who even looked. Other than teens applying for their first jobs at grocery stores and the like, there was nothing for business-savvy people like her.

All the while, the itching against her skin was maddening to the point she was sure to have to shave soon, as long as it would likely take. Perhaps worse, a strange body odor had befallen her, as though she had not bathed in some time, though Sierra was able to chalk that up to sleeping against aged sheets. She had no choice but to do so, not wanting her parents to know but needing the bathroom all the same. So, she simply said she was going to take a bath before dinner, something her father responded to with a gruff “OK.” It took forever to warm the water, and there was no plug-in for her razor, making the task take an eternity.

Something else came to her attention as she tried desperately to clear the forest over her legs. It was as though her feet were larger, the toes more flexible as much as she could tell. It was a little unnerving, never being one for looking at her feet as much as she seemed to be interested in. But she couldn’t deny her interest in them, to the point that it seemed to cause her some arousal. Even though she had cum earlier that day, there was no denying her interest in her feet to the point she needed another session, more aroused than at any point she could recall. It was almost maddening to the point she couldn’t imagine a more potent stimulus.

Without thinking, Sierra found herself reaching down to rub her feet, the surface of them more sensitive than anything she had experienced before. It was as though an electric prickling was covering their surface, getting more and more insistent to the point that all she could do was rub at them, sending those signals toward her crotch and making her moist. The other hand reached up to stimulate her sex, something she was almost not expecting. It was almost as though the hairs of her foot were plugged into her sex, and their further growth was a stimulus to prompt her further masturbation.

With the rate the hairs were peppering her foot, it took little time for her to reach orgasm, stifling a moan once more in case the sound echoed through the apartment. The scent of her sex was a little more pungent than she was used to, though it was hardly a deterrent for her efforts as more hairs peppered the back of her foot, making her twitch her toes as she rubbed her sex.

Stanger still was the numbness over the rest of her foot, as though it was asleep. Had she the thought to measure it, Sierra might have noticed it was getting longer against the porcelain of the tub, though it was impossible for her to tell with the overabundance of sensitivity. By this point, the hairs were so thick it was harder to see the skin, even as it continued to inch outward as if expanding at her persistent touch. It was hard to mind their growth with all the pleasure touching it seemed to grant her to the point she was sure she could cum again.

It wasn't until the itching spread up her shaved feet that Sierra realized something was wrong. Though she had just shaved, the hairs were growing back, as though being cut was a minor inconvenience. It was alarming feeling the itching coming back in spades to the point she was sure she needed to scratch her legs raw and bloody. Even though she had been shaved bare, it seemed as though the hairs were coming back with a vengeance to the point she could not even see the skin in some places. That alone was enough for her to stop touching herself, standing up and bouncing a little from the itching. Was touching herself making the hair grow worse? What the hell was happening?!

Even with the bizarre nature of the changes, Sierra was still inclined to redo her hair to the point it looked somehow presentable. Yet, doing so was a struggle, the hair feeling like straw and tangled to the point that many of the prongs of her comb were pulled off to be thrown to the ground. There was little she could do with it in the end, even with a shower and what products she was able to bring with her. Her dresser would have a fit at her for bringing hair in that condition to be dealt with, and charge her a small fortune to fix it. All she could do, in the end, was to tie it back, the elastic pulling painfully against the hair to the point she almost needed to take it out.

It was embarrassing to head down with her hair in such a state, though thankful her parents didn't make any comments about its state of being. It was shameful enough as it was. Though it was the persistent itching playing over his legs, as though all the hair she had shaved off thus far had grown back with a vengeance, that really made things troublesome. Her father did glance at her, though it seemed a caring grin crossed his face at the sight of her, more approving than at any time in her adult life. It sent a feeling of warmth through her, though it was quickly stifled, not only from his past ire but from the persistent itching that was playing over her body, almost to the point of being overheated.

Yet, no matter how much she squirmed in her seat, trying to avoid the irritating prickling playing over her body, no one seemed to notice or comment. In fact, the brief glance she got from her father staring at her, he seemed to have a grin on his face, as though he found something amusing. Sierra couldn't be sure, but the idea was firm in her mind to the point it made her uncomfortable. Surely, they saw something wrong with her, but why weren't they saying anything!?

Eventually, with the heat getting to her. Sierra declared she was going for a walk, getting out of view of her parents and finally feeling a little comfortable the moment the cold air from outside hit her. Getting dressed was a little challenging, especially since her shoes seemed several sizes too tight. There was no explanation for the adult woman to have growing feet, and she lamented that reality, seeing as she couldn't go out to her favorite boutique and buy a reasonable new pair. And with funds as they were, she simply figured she would have to make do, managing to get them on but only barely.

Not only were her shoes troublesome to put on, but the rest of her clothing seemed far too small for her, making her struggle to zip up her jacket. Still, she managed to get it on, heading out into the cold and finally feeling some relief. Even the itching seemed to diminish as she entered the cold air, walking a little restrictive but hardly hindering her progress as she moved out into the woods enjoying the familiar scenery from her childhood as she did so. Even though she was really out of shape, she was able to move through the plowed trail as though she had been hiking for years. Hell, if she had known the cool air would feel so good, or that the energy in her legs would be so complete, Sierra figured she would have found a place to go hiking from the city in her off time if she could!

Still, the itching didn't totally abate, nor did the irritation of her tight clothes around her body. Her jacket, in particular, was too restrictive for her to walk too fast with the energy she felt she could exude. Given the heat growing to the point she was sweating under the jacket, Sierra felt she could go without it, taking it off without ripping it, but only just. Rather than make her sick, the cold air was wonderful on her skin to the point she was prompted to throw it to the side of the trail, figuring she could pick it up later.

More so than when she'd had her shower, Sierra found the exposed skin was covered with damp, sweaty hair, filling her nose with her own stench that would, under normal circumstances, make her wish to retch. Yet, there was something about the scent that had the opposite effect on her body, making her crotch moist and almost to the point of wanting to touch herself. She could hardly do so in the middle of nowhere, but there urge was there all the same, and she had to resist it for now, reveling in the cooling effect of the air on her skin and wishing to be relieved of the irritation entirely.

Yet, the more she walked, the more her heady stench burned into her nose to the point that her hand moved down into her pants, rubbing her clit through the fabric. It seemed far more sensitive than before, to the point she was hardly able to resist orgasm. It took an almost embarrassingly short amount of time to reach release, and she called out, in a deeper voice that almost did not sound like her at all. But there was no denying how much pleasure it brought her to the point her entire body was shivering with the need to be touched again and again.

As though her orgasm caused her to sweat even more, the stink in her nose was dialed up to eleven, to the point she would normally retch. It didn't seem to bother her too much, even as the stink wafted from her feet, the sweatiest part of her body that had been trapped within. The pungent smell brought her attention lower once more to the point the tightness should have burst from her boots. The material was rather sturdy, and there was little chance of them breaking. But with as taught as they felt around there, there was no chance of her getting them off no matter how much she tugged on them.

Yet, to her surprise, a sudden surge of growth ran through her feet, pushing the boots to the breaking point and beyond. Sierra yelped, though not out of pain as the massive toes burst through the bindings of the boots, rendering them as useless as slippers in the cold. Rather than being bothered by the temperature, however, the air seemed to alleviate the discomfort she felt to the point she was able to twitch her toes and relish the freedom they had. Eager to be rid of her bindings, Sierra reached down to pull them away, surprised by the strength and flexibility she seemed to possess. With no regard for the expensive footwear, Sierra tore them from her frame, socks and all, to be tossed into the woods and found with the spring,

It was the sight of such massive, flexible digits, as well as the stench wafting from them that really seemed to do it for her, igniting her lust to its apex. One hand teasing her nub through her pants, Sierra reached down to caress the hairs covering the tops of them, as though encouraging more of them to grow. It was harder to see the skin along the tops in some places, though rather than be terrified by the notion, she wanted to rub them into place, making their contours expand and her toes twitch. The sensation was almost orgasmic on its own!



Yet, coming down off the heels of a cascade of orgasms, Sierra was left to feel shame, not realizing what she had done and what the consequences were for her body. She was massive, powerfully uncomfortable in her clothes, and stifling even without her jacket. And her feet, as much as she could perceive, were unhindered by the cold, the snow actually feeling good on her toes to the point she was able to pleasantly walk on them.

Despite the growth and changes, there was little Sierra could do but make her way back to the house, carrying the remnants of her jacket and boots with her. She was aware of how much she stank, even in the cold air, but there was nothing she could do about it. She needed to take a shower but was almost afraid of the water on her hairy skin, wondering what it was that was bothering her. And then there was the muscle she'd added on, almost accidentally ripping the door off the hinges as she went into the house.

Hoping her father wasn't around, a distant comment about her stench made her feel shame, though there was nothing she could do about it. The stairs creaked from her weight, all power and muscle, but she ascended them quickly, moving to the bathroom and slamming the door hard enough to shake the house. The moment she did so, she turned on the water, the feeling against her skin stunned her to the point the dissonance between wanting to be clean and fearing the water was maddening. She couldn't rid herself of the stink like this!

And even if she could, there was nothing humanly possible to revert her muscles back to their current state. Even shaving would not rid herself of the hair, making her look more like a missing link than anything human female. Given how quickly it had returned after shaving, she would hardly be done with her back or chest before it returned, likely in spades. Without knowing the cause of such bizarre changes, there was little she could think of to reverse them. And what the hell could physically change a woman into...this?!

And then, there was the shape of her feet. They were massive even in relation to her muscled body, sticking out and almost reminding her of blunted snowshoes. Her big toe, in particular, was larger, a little pulled back on her foot but not too removed from her humanity. But it was their dusting of hair, almost like fur, that really did it for her, and Sierra had to resist the urge to touch them, thinking such would be enough for her to cum again. Her sex should have been strained by this point, but the changes seemed to be giving her a libido beyond anything she had known before. Or could even handle it, as her lust started to rise from rubbing her stinky feet alone. It was almost to the point she could hardly resist the urge to play with herself right there. And as the moments passed, the reasons not to play with these new assets were further and further away...

Though she had just touched them some minutes ago out on the trail, the sensitivity of her feet seemed to have been dialed up, enough that she could hardly resist rubbing them as she

touched herself in tandem. The smell, though repugnant, turned her on more than anything had a right to, and she rubbed her clit with abandon, the flesh seemingly firmer and more capable of taking the abuse she needed. The scent of her own sex mixed with the stench of her body odor, a powerful aphrodisiac if there ever was one.

Still, despite her fear and confusion over the changes, Sierra could hardly bring herself away from touching herself, even as the itching of hair started to increase over her legs and belly. Hell, it even seemed as though her feet were swelling from the effects as well, though it was hard to tell, happening in real-time as it was. Not that she had the time or desire to grab a measuring tape, given the effect their growth had on her libido. She needed to touch herself, extra hair and larger feet be damned!

Given the sheer arousal from her body, it was no wonder she came quickly, shivers running through her body to the point it felt like she should pass out. There was pain there, as well, though it was largely centered in her muscles, burning and expanding and pushing at the skin as more hair spread over her body. Hell, if she didn't know any better, Sierra's breasts were starting to swell as well, getting larger with fat and tissues though growing some hair in their own right. The muscles in her arms were expanding as well, pulling the skin taut as the tissues expanded within them to the point she was sure they would tear. Her body managed it, and Sierra felt her stature growing, shaking in orgasm, and barely able to stifle her release.

Coming down from her orgasm, Sierra was left with the reality that her body was altered further, perhaps something she could have resisted had she not indulged. But even her lust as of late could not explain what was happening to her. Nothing could add so much hair, so much muscle, hell, make her feet so damn *big*! Unless she was under some sort of curse, but then... was she? It made very little sense that being given a totem could do *this*, but it was as best a guess as anything else.

Still, there was nothing she could do to find out by walking out naked. Moving quite and loudly to the bedroom, Sierra went through her entire wardrobe, managing to find some stretchy pajamas that barely covered her midriff, her massive boobs in the way. Nothing could fit on her feet, of course, but the same set of pajamas was able to at least hide her modesty. It was powerfully itchy against her skin, but there was no other choice but to move forward, nearly tripping down the stairs with her massive feet. There was no way she was getting out of there unscathed, or unnoticed from her smell, but that was a separate problem.

Much to her chagrin, the sound of her mother from the other room caught her attention as she pulled open the door, gently this time so as not to break it. "She really is ripe, isn't she? I hope this is it," her mother commented, something that Sierra would have stopped to hear had she not been so determined and ashamed of her form.

Yet, it was her father's voice that made her determined to leave. "Shush. It's for the best, and she's better off as the protector. Doesn't matter how she smells. She won't be coming back after this," he said, taking a loud sip of his coffee.

With that, Sierra resisted the urge to slam the door, or go back in there and threaten the man with her new strength. Instead, it sparked that competitive edge that had propelled her to leave town and find success in the business world, to begin with. So her father thought she was better off as a massive, smelly animal woman? She would make sure to find out what had caused this, reverse it, and walk back into her parent's house skeptical of a woman she prided herself on being, using them as a stepping stone until she made it back to the city and the life she had worked hard for.

Still, there was something troubling her as she made her way into the night, finally feeling cool and relaxed after being in the stuffy house. There was no denying how nice it was being so resistant to the cold as she was. And more to the point, it felt simply orgasmic to be in this body, to play with her feet, and her sex, which was on fire ever since the changes had started. Such physical pleasures were unknown to her before this and were certainly something she relished. Would it all be so bad if she was forced to change further...?

No. She had her whole life ahead of her, she was more than this town, with its strange superstitions. The fact that her parents seemed to know something was not lost on her either, as though they were in on it. She would not be used as a guinea pig, not be robbed of her humanity when everything else was already out of her reach. She would go out on her own terms, like the determined woman she was!

Unbothered by the cold, Sierra headed out into the night, needing to figure out what was changing her, and, hopefully, reverse it. Surely, her parents knew something was off, but they didn't seem as scared by the changes. It was almost as unnerving as the changes themselves, but Sierra decided to put it out of her mind for now. Despite the arousal from the changes and the ability to walk outside naked in the frigid temperatures with no repercussions. Not something she wanted to get used to but something she couldn't deny was a welcome facet, given no clothes she had could fit her.

Thankfully, there was hardly anyone around town, much less anyone looking in her direction even as she moved in the shadows as much as she could. Part of her found herself wondering if the whole town was in on it, that the sight of a massive partly sasquatch woman wouldn't invoke the normal fear or ire of such. For that was the only thing she could come up with to explain what was happening to her. It had been a sasquatch on the totem, and if that was the source of her changes, that might be their eventual goal. She thought about destroying the

thing, but there was no way of knowing if that would simply lock in the changes and rob her of any chance she had to be rid of them.

As though the woman was waiting for her, Sierra found her standing outside her shop, chilled by the evening air but doing her best to weather it. Sierra had no way of knowing why the woman was here waiting but figured now was her chance and moved toward the woman with intensity. Not caring who was around, Sierra moved toward her, looking down on the woman now with her added height.

“Ah, yes, I knew you would seek me out. I have to say, I’m rather impressed it’s coming along so well!” She said a light in her eye that left Sierra unnerved. So, it was true!

“What do you mean?” Sierra asked, ignoring the guttural quality in her tone that was a sign of further change.

“Why, you're becoming our protector, of course!” The woman said, as though excited she was eliminating Sierra's life and humanity. “We haven't had one in many years, and our town's prosperity has decreased as a result. The protection was not only physical but for our prosperity, a vessel toward the spirit world. Simply having your presence here will bring back those glory days!” She said a hint of madness there that made Sierra concerned. She would have to be, given she was willing to try to turn a woman into a monster out of myth.

“The change is jarring, I can imagine, but it's also designed to be...pleasurable, as I've understood it,” the woman continued Sierra, listening with rapt attention before deciding to act. “To help you acclimate to your new life, and to make it better than the one you would be leaving behind. One that I'm told goes beyond human understanding, and one you're surely aware of by now. You don't need to speak, and you're free to enjoy your body as you will. I might assume you're only one or two times away from your new body, which is by design,” the woman said, and Sierra felt her rage start to grow. After all, who was she, who were the residents of their childhood town to turn her into a fucking monster? No matter how good it made her feel...

She wouldn't want to be this creature, and certainly not at the behest of a town she had come to despise. It was this place she had worked so hard to escape, after all, this place that held her back all these years. But then again, it felt so good...more so than anything in her new life. And had she not been used and abused by this new life she had tried so far to gain. Was there any point not to give in and relish the raw sexuality of her body?

It couldn't escape her notice that her massive feet were still growing, tingling, and itching and drawing her attention. So enamored by the sight of sensation, Sierra could hardly bring herself to care that she was still in the presence of the older woman. Reaching down with some

eagerness, Sierra relished her somewhat larger hands, rubbing her feet with reverence. The contact was enough to alleviate itching, though prompted more hair to grow, giving her the start of what was to be a carpet of ape-like fur. It should have terrified her that they were changing more at her prompting, but in the moment of ecstasy, she could hardly be faulted for reveling in the pleasure!

As the toes started to expand and pop with more flexibility in the joints, Sierra was prompted to reach down and rub in between them, as though her fingers were causing them to grow. It was wonderful feeling them digging into the snow, more of their stink wafting into her nose and turning her on beyond her wildest imaginings. It was a wonder she wasn't able to cum right there from the rubbing of her folds as her legs began to expand. Lost in the lovely feeling of playing with her feet, Sierra was hardly aware she was continuing to change!

Between the sensations of her legs lengthening, thicker thighs, and hips bulging against increasingly hairy skin, it was a wonder Sierra was able to focus only on her feet. Of course, such growth could not be contained in her night clothes, as her thighs and hips made short work of the ass end of them, stretchy though they were. Yet, while the digits expanded, their flexibility growing as the joints popped and bones built up, all she could focus on was playing with her lovely toes, reaching down to trail her fingers over the contours. The feeling, the sight, and above all, the smell did it for her to the point she had no choice but to touch herself, lips aching with the need to be pleased. And only something the size of her growing fingers could do it for her!

It seemed the rest of her body was to grow much in the same way as her legs, making short work of the shirt to the point that simply flexing was enough to tear it at the back and off her frame. Left bare, she continued bulking up with muscle to the point she could see it writhing under the skin had she not been so covered with fur. Her arms went from meek and underused to massive and bulky in mere moments, swelling with muscle beyond any mortal human, or even ape. She was slowly growing, her stomach stretching, legs lengthening, and stature towering over the woman, even to the point she was as big as the statue itself. And growing larger still, if the continued tingling warmth and growth was any indication! In particular, her breasts were expanding larger than her form might comfortably handle, voluptuous and firm, even if the rest of her was functionally becoming a beast!

Naturally, her human hair was not to be saved by the increased growth, running down over her neck and shoulders looking like an unkempt mane. It was ragged, straw-like, beyond anything that her once perfect hair could ever hope to be tamed again. But it mattered little with how much it accented the matt of hair that was growing from every pore, giving her a shaggy carpet beyond anything humanly possible, a more suitable pelt for living in the winter wilds.

Digging her toes further into the melting snow, Sierra could tell the final changes were overtaking her form, even as her skull started to crack and devolve into a more bestial form. Her canines sharpened as her jaw protruded slightly, her nose flattening as well and increasing her olfactory senses significantly. With an increased brow line and a thicker line of hair over her cheeks, Sierra really did long more like the missing link than a human woman, and was changing more with each second she touched herself. There was little regard for her humanity, her body, or the fear that should have come with it from the sheer lust burning through her form.

“HHHGGGGHHHH!” The new beast bellowed, feeling her sex going into orgasm and rocking her entire body with the release. Such was so powerful that she was prompted to reach up and tease her breasts as well, not thinking about anything but her need and extending her release. Nothing else mattered in the moment of primal pleasures!

Yet, the presence of her persecutor soon brought her back to the real world and the reality of what was done to her. The woman, for her part, seemed not to mind that Sierra was masturbating, rather happy that the change was done and she had her protector. It was maddening to the point that her rage grew beyond anything she had felt before, something deep within her changed psyche made her wish to punish the woman for doing so to her. Rage growing to its apex, there was little Sierra could do but let it out through wanton destruction.

Part of her wanted to attack the woman, but the moment she tried to move, she was frozen, as though there was nothing she could do as a result of the spell. Perhaps that was a stipulation in the curse that had changed her, but without her human voice, Sierra had no way to ask. In a desperate bid to change herself back, Sierra broke into the building, not thinking of anything other than the possibility of her revenge. ripped the massive totem from its place on the floor, throwing it through the window and smashing it against the ground. For a moment, she was sure she could feel its magic affecting her, swirling over her like a fantasy tale. But nothing happened. She was stuck like this, in the form of a beast, albeit a powerful and sexy one. And, for better or worse, this was her lot in life now.

Taking off into the woods, Sierra couldn't help but relish the power in her legs, the snow between her feet, and how comfortable she was even in the dead of night. Feeling the snow squish between her feet, the sensation of lust started to return once more, and with the lights of the town starting to turn out, and the full moon to guide her, Sierra saw no reason not to enjoy herself, still powerfully aroused by the effect of the change. Though her mind was still her own, there was something else more bestial, more primal within her. And there was no denying, while her fear for her humanity, her job, and her life was fading, her love for her stench, her feet, and her form was growing to the point there was no ability to resist...

It was some weeks later, in the dead of winter when Sierra's mother looked out into the woods, something she always did before going to bed. She knew her daughter was out there, closer than ever, and there for the rest of her life. There was some solace in the fact that she had been given purpose beyond her failed career in a world she did not belong. She was an apex being in her field, hide and fur immune to the guns and bullets the villagers who did not know her presence would bring. She would serve as a worthy protector, bridging the gap between the village she had grown up in and the worlds beyond, giving back in a way that might have bothered the human her but sat well with the beast she had become.

Little did her mother know, there was something else Sierra enjoyed about her new lot in life, beyond the simple purpose to protect and patrol. The persistent stink of her body was as powerful as the most pungent of perfume to the point it peaked her arousal. Several times a day was the norm for her masturbatory efforts, spurred on by her stink as well as the size and sensitivity of her feet. The scent was sublime, making her eager to masturbate her sex over and over. Not a bad life, giving her both purpose and pleasure beyond anything her past jobs had done.