

Joel had never seen a more exciting sight than the line of a sandbar in the distance. He breathed deeply, trying to regain his energy, as drained as it was from the late afternoon sun bearing down on him. Yet having an obvious target in sight gave him the motivation to row. It would only be a few short minutes, then his lifeboat would hit land, and he would finally have shelter and protection! He would not die out at sea, but be able to recover and wait for a rescue!

Joel had recently purchased a recreational boat and had looked forward to a relaxing day on the waves, just sitting on his deck and fishing. Yet, his experience on the water was somewhat lacking, and the boat he'd purchase was second hand. Therefore, when the engine failed suddenly, farther from the shore than he'd ever been, he found himself helplessly stranded. Though he'd filed a plan with the coast guard, Joel was left to wait until they realized he had not returned at the scheduled time, or another boat happened along.

Yet to his dismay, he was still helplessly adrift as the clouds rolled in, and the water became rough from the onset of a summer storm. His boat rocked by violent waves, Joel had no way to escape from crashing into a rock and taking on water. Left with little recourse, Joel hopped onto his life raft, forced to float away as his boat sank beneath the waves.

So, Joel was adrift in the tiny boat as the storm abated, and the relentless sun beat down on him. Having no idea where he was or if anyone was even looking for him, Joel was left only to his thoughts, lamenting his foolishness and poor luck. His fate was entirely up to chance now.

Imagine his surprise when he saw land in the distance. Yet it was far removed from the port city where he had set sail from. His maps had not noted any islands around the city that he could have possibly floated to in such a short amount of time. Yet finding any landmass was far more preferable to dying at sea.

After what felt like an eternity, Joel's life raft hit the sandy shore, and Joel fell out in a heap, breathing heavily from the exertion. Taking a few needed

moments to rest, he finally got up and pulled his boat onto shore, out of the sun and into the shade of forest along the beach. Finally, protected, he allowed himself to collapse, burned out from the ordeal both physically and mentally.

He took a few moments to regard his surroundings. The trees seemed off, but in his current state, he could hardly place why. All he knew was that they didn't seem to exist naturally in his hemisphere. And the weather was unseasonably warm, almost humid, a stark contrast to the late summer coolness that signaled the onset of fall weather. He hadn't realized it until just now, but the beach was far too pristine, as though it had not been touched. Were there any other humans on the island?

Yet before he could contemplate the situation further, fatigue suddenly overtook him, and Joel closed his eyes, passing out almost immediately. Vivid dreams assaulted his thoughts, ones that made him a little disturbed. Images of naked men surrounding him, muscled, sweaty bodies beyond anything he'd seen at the gym.

Joel felt he should be disgusted by this, never having that kind of interest in the male form. Yet something about their visage seemed to have him entranced. The more their male musk wafted into his nose, the more interested he became. He wanted to get to know them better, maybe feel up those well-groomed muscles. Despite himself, Joel could feel his cock getting hard, and he found himself wondering, if maybe...

It was that smell that aroused him from a deep sleep. The odor reminded him of the images of the dream, but it was far more pungent, more...present. Joel dreamily opened his eyes, waking from the dream feeling a little disturbed. How had he found something like that so...enticing? He'd never liked men before!

Yet much to his shame, he couldn't ignore the insistent ache in his penis. He looked down, embarrassed to see how tented it appeared in his pants. He couldn't recall the last time he'd been so hard!

Joel tried to convince himself that it was simply too long since he'd last gotten laid, a pent up need from blue balling so long. Yet it was impossible to deny the effects the dream was still having on him as the images danced in his mind. Joel was thankful he was alone on the island; he didn't want to think about anyone stumbling upon him in such a sorry state!

Yet his thoughts were diverted by the recollection of the thick, sweaty smell that hung cloyingly in the air. The odor carried with it strong symbiosis with the dream, drawing Joel's attention more than he suspected it should. He took a few cautious sniffs, trying to place its source. He couldn't quite recall if he'd ever encountered something similar. Perhaps in a men's locker room, but this scent was far more pungent. It was as though all those pheromones had collected in a single source, shoved up his nostrils, and forced itself upon his senses and sensibilities.

It took a few moments of sniffing the air to realize that the scent was coming from his own body. He stood up sharply, rubbing his arms and sniffing himself, trying to locate the source of the stench. It didn't seem to be wafting from his pores, which was of some small relief. Rather, the odor seemed to be emanating off his clothes. It was bizarre, the notion that something so pungent could get on his clothes as to override the scent of seawater that had permeated his nose for almost a day. What was going on?

A movement from the trees caught Joel's attention, and he turned to see a pair of eyes atop a dark face that made him yell in fright. He hadn't been expecting to encounter anything or anyone. The sight of another being with him was startling. "H-hello?" He called out weakly, but the thing did not answer. Joel found himself wondering if he was perhaps imagining things.

Rising to his feet, more in curiosity than fear, Joel gazed into the woods, determined to find the source of the eyes, and quite possibly the scent. As he did so, the thick musk seemed to intensify in his nostrils, making him moan as his body went a little limp. It was as though the smells seemed to trigger something in

him, making him almost placid and relaxed in its presence. Was perhaps the source of the smell one that would keep him safe?

Joel could barely contemplate such complexities in the dreamy state he was in. All he knew was that sniffing that musk made him feel good and that he wanted more!

With his senses occupied as they were, it was nearly impossible to track the movement of the being beyond the eyes he had seen. His semi-drunken gaze scanned the forest, though it was not rapid enough to follow an animal beyond his abilities. After a few moments of searching, Joel gave up, feeling frustrated that the musk in the air was starting to dissipate, its source evidently absent from the area.

Yet the feeling that he was being watched could not be ignored. Joel knew he should have been wary of a presence so near to him, watching his every move. But, in truth, the promise of the musk in the air had lowered his resolve. He continued to look eagerly into the jungle for the source of those tantalizing eyes.

The sudden sensation of a hand on his shoulders was a massive shock. Joel knew he should have turned around, to see what sort of creature would touch him in such a familiar way, but before he could act, the hands were rubbing at his flesh, digging in gently, yet firmly. A moan elicited his lips as the fingers played over his muscles, allowing the tension to flow from his body.

Joel was surprised at the level of comfort the adept fingers seemed to grant him as he allowed his body to go limp. Some part of him screamed in protest; it was not natural for someone to remain hidden, yet approach him in such an intimate manner. Yet he could also not deny how wonderful the contact felt against his skin. The musk in the air seemed stronger in the presence of the stranger, lowering Joel's resolve even further.

The fingers moved lower down his back, working their way under his shirt as they brushed the skin. The fingers were surprisingly rough, yet expertly played

over his flesh, eliminating any traces of resistance that Joel might have harbored. He moaned as the coarse fingers grabbed his butt in a way that should have shocked the prone man. He wanted to protest, but the touch simply felt too good.

Joel became lost in the reverie of being teased. It was impossible to focus on anything other than the pleasure playing over his sore flesh. And why should he? Joel had been through quite an ordeal, after all. He deserved to be pampered by any being that saw fit to pleasure him.

Initially, he'd hoped it was a woman to show him attention, but the girth of the fingers implied otherwise. Still, the notion of it being another man wasn't as disturbing to Joel's psyche as Joel might have once assumed. In fact, a man's touch might be the exact thing he needed!

The thick fingers reached down to his ass cheeks, tenderly rubbing and squeezing the flesh. He gasped slightly, the fingers forcing their way into the crevices in his pants until they found Joel's tight anus. Joel tried to pull away, suddenly very disturbed from the attention. That kind of intimacy was too much, even in his currently dazed state!

Joel leaped up, turning around to gaze upon his benefactor for the first time. In his musk-fueled haze, the idea did not actually occur to him before then. He was expecting a man, albeit a muscled one, hopefully handsome. Even with the man's forwardness, Joel's cock was still rock hard at the mental image. Maybe after they talked for a few moments-

Yet the sight before him was far beyond any man he'd ever seen. The creature before him was naked, clearly taller than Joel, or any other man that Joel could recollect. At first, Joel mistakenly assumed it was simply a hairy man. But the slightly protruding muzzle, the rubbery lips, massive ears, and dexterous feet denoted an ape-like appearance.

The being stood more than 6 feet tall, its body rippling with toned muscle. His wide shoulders, protruding, thick gut, and narrow stance were more human

than ape. Its thick fingers had more flexibility than befit an ape. And the full, 15-inch erection hanging from its crotch looked more at home on a horse than either man or ape. He was some sort of hybrid beast, the likes of which Joel had never seen before!

Joel knew he could be terrified by the visage before him. After all, he was in the presence of such an unnatural creature. Yet, the thick musk was far more pungent in the face of the beast. He had no doubt that this creature had touched him while he'd been asleep and left its influence. Yet he could not bring himself to feel any ill-intent towards the beast. In fact, the more Joel stared, the more his own raging erection pounded at his pants, desperate for release.

Before he could fully explore the implication of his body's response, the creature was on him in an instant, grabbing Joel's body in massive, muscled arms. Joel barely had the facilities to consider resisting as the creature held him fast, and hesitated only briefly before pressing its slobbering, rubbery lips against the helpless man. Joel tried to cry out his protest, but the ape took the opportunity to force his tongue inside, wrapping it against the stunned man's.

Joel tried to instinctively struggle, but his body was weak from its exposure to the sea, and the creature was far too powerful. And the more it pressed its smelly, hairy form against the shocked man, the more Joel found himself starting to relax. The heady musk that had invaded his dreams was swirling around him, forcing his body into a state of hyperarousal. Joel was helpless to even question the bizarre situation as the male stink crept into his mind.

Without thinking, Joel reached out to kiss the male back, forcing his tongue to entwine against the beast's own. The flavor was sublime; though it was raw and unkempt, it carried with it notes that Joel recognized from the male's pungent musk. Part of his mind seemed to float from his body, allowing his instincts to take control and fully revel in the pleasures of the moment. Never had the human Joel felt so...right!

The feeling of fingers running down his chest tore him away from the bliss momentarily as he felt a thick, leaking cockhead playing over his stomach. He reached down to grab it until the shock and fear of what he was doing entered his mind. He wasn't gay, wasn't into men! Yet this male creature was wrapped around him, kissing him and rubbing his cock all over the poor man's clothes. And worst of all, Joel was liking it!

Joel could hardly stifle a moan as the ape's hand guided that thick cock tip against his own, currently cocooned in his briefs. The beast's penis was massive, uncut and fat, hanging from the ape-man's groin above weighty, black testicles. It looked decidedly human. Joel couldn't get the sight of it out of his mind's eye, even as the ape-man kept his lips pressed firmly on the poor man's own. He knew it should be disgusting to be this close to another man's junk, especially a beast-man. But he couldn't deny the urges from his body. He was terribly aroused, and the scent wafting from the other man only served to accentuate his need.

Barely conscious of the action, Joel's hand reached down to unzip his pants, allowing his own modest cock to flop out in the air, still encased in his damp underwear. Joel did not protest as the ape-man's hand guided that fat cock until the tip was rubbing against Joel's own. The contact was exquisite; Joel could hear himself moaning in the ape-man's mouth as his cock head was stimulated by the beast's own male sex. His hips seemed to work of their own accord, thrusting against the contact in a desperate bid for the erotic contact.

Joel moaned from the overwhelming sensations as the beast matched his movements. The ape man's hand kept both their cocks together as he guided their frothing. He was amazed by how skilled the ape-man was; he clearly had experience with this kind of male on male contact. This creature was no animal.

Joel couldn't recall the last time that he'd ever let himself go in such a fashion. It was more intimate than any sexual experience he'd ever known! No matter how much the back of his mind protested the abhorrent actions, Joel

couldn't come up with any reason to stop. With everything he'd been through, he deserved to let go and listen to his body, right?

As he desperately rutted his hips and cock against the beast's own, Joel could feel his body heating up, as though his flesh was on fire. The burning skin was preceded by an intense itching, becoming so insistent that Joel could hardly ignore it. Yet whenever his fingers raced to rub his skin, they were caught by the ape man's own, guided to play over the coarse fur and taut flesh that the beast offered.

The alarming sensations playing over his skin made Joel pull back slightly. Yet the gap only allowed more of the rank musk of their sweat and fluids to waft into Joel's nose. The stench was overpowering, even more so than the perpetual cloud that hung over their heads.

His muscles felt sore and stiff all over, worse than when Joel had crashed on the island. It was as though they were twitching, pulsating under the skin. Joel longed to run his fingers over the flesh for the brief reprieve the contact might give him. Yet it was impossible to pull from the siren song of the musk and the sensation of need swelling from his turgid rod. He was helpless in the face of such a potent aphrodisiac as the male's thick, musky stink and gargantuan cock.

Joel could only allow his clothes to swell tightly around him as though a few sizes too small. His shirt rode up to his chest, exposing a bare, itching stomach to the cool island breeze. His pecs pulled the edges of the shirt taut as their surface broadened. The waist of his jeans felt tight even with his zipper down, and their cuffs seemed secure above stretching ankles and thickening calves. Even his shoes felt restrictive, his large toes particularly mobile and begging for room to flex.

The itching was growing more insistent now, an almost painful prickling that made him uncomfortable in the confining clothes. He desperately wanted to scratch at it, but every time he did, more of that alluring musk overrode his senses, and he was forced back into the blissful dullness he felt making out with the ape.



Thankfully, the ape man's thick digits worked their way under his shirt, rubbing the bare flesh as it continued to prickle, a similar impression to days without shaving. The beast's touch seemed to soothe the sensations, making Joel moan deeply in relief. In his musk-driven stupor, Joel was barely aware of what was happening, even as the ape teased a trail of damp hairs that had not been on his chest prior.

A stray finger played over a patch of fur persuaded Joel to open his eyes, focusing on an exposed belly that was far more barreled than he recalled. Worse than that, his previously pale skin was coated in a forest of black hairs, centered on his belly in a bear-like treasure trail. As Joel watched, the hairs continued to reach skyward, covering every inch of his flesh in a dense black coat. It seemed nearly identical to the fur coating his new lover.

A sudden moan escaped his lips as the feelings swelling from his cock increased ten-fold, nearly making him lose his balance. The flared head pulled painfully against the sweat-soaked briefs, desperate to connect with the bobbing ape dick still playing over it. Joel reached down to free it, not caring about the alterations to his body, yet his thicker fingers had difficulty making it under the waistband.

Even as he struggled, his hands were taken by the ape's own. The coarse flesh brushed against his skin, Joel's meaty digits expanding to match the ones holding tightly to him. Still maintaining humanoid dexterity, his fingers swelled to twice their girth, their flesh coarse and rough as it brushed the same skin texture of the ape's hands.

Panic-stricken now, Joel tried to pull back from his lover, yet the tingling in his penis and the potent male pheromones made it a conflict. His nostrils flared, as though desperate to inhale as much of the male stink as they could muster. They seemed to visibly extend from his face, drawing his lips forward to support their stature. An intense pricking denoted drying flesh, pulled tightly across his face as

his cheeks and lips grew puffy. The bones and muscle underneath thicker skin seemed to writhe, adding bulk above his eyebrows and jaws. Even his cranium started to ache, his forehead being pulled forward while a crest began forcing its way out of the back of his skull to merge with his thickening neck muscles.

Too late, Joel realized what was happening to him. The alterations to his body made it evident that he was transforming to match the body of the ape he so lusted after. Pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place, why no humans knew about the island, how such a creature came to be in the first place. No one could report its location if they were rendered a horny, homosexual ape-man upon reaching its shores!

Joel realized that allowing their dance to continue would result in his fall from humanity, likely a permanent one. Yet it was so difficult to grasp onto the fear with the odor of male musk in the air. The ape-man did not seem afraid of his state of being. He seemed powerful, confident, sexy as hell with his thick muscles. And he was HUNG, the envy of any mortal man. The more Joel tried to struggle, the more the cravings of pleasure played over his mind, and the more troublesome it became to grasp onto that initial terror. If it felt this good, why was he fighting?

The ape's lips on his own crushed those initial feelings of resistance and sent the lust plaguing Joel's body into overdrive. The thick, pungent male musk drove deeply in his nostrils, making his body feel light and warm. Joel's cock stretched closer and closer to the flesh of his lover's own, desperate to connect as their hips frothed them together with a bestial insistence. Joel could feel it growing, well beyond his modest four inches towards a girth resembling his benefactor. It was as though it was lancing to meet his mate's, desirous to joust that mammoth cock as a prelude to whatever pleasures the male had planned for him!

All the while, Joel's clothes were growing impossibly taut over his frame, his muscles seemingly eager to burst free. His stretched shirt was irritating the itching fur that was thickening over his body. His bulging biceps pulled insistently against the sleeves, creating a slight tear that reached towards the stitches at the

cuff. The shirt itself was pulled up nearly towards his pecs, his bulging gut and powerful shoulders stretched it to the limits. Though lost in the reverie of rutting, he was still able to flex his bulging biceps and tear the shirt down the back, exposing his black, furry flesh.

His pants were next to fall, their cuffs pulled to the breaking point over thickened, muscled calves, and his thick, firm ass made short work of the back of the tattered denim. His shoes were pulled painfully taut as his thick, muscled large toe struggled with newfound flexibility. Joel felt them pressing against the seams of the shoes, their already mangled state unable to cope with the muscled appendage. With a satisfying pop, the shoes burst apart, allowing his fragrant feet to breathe. The filthy socks were soon to follow, their ragged state made short work of by Joel's twitching toes.

His shoes removed, he was able to tell that his large toe was now as opposable as his thumbs. The dexterous digits dug into the sandy bar, experiencing the pleasure of their increased motility. He could likely use them from grasping, or maybe even climbing! Could he also perhaps pleasure himself with them?

It was becoming more troublesome to think of anything other than the feelings of pleasure radiating from his frothing cock. Any hesitations he might have harbored were lost in the lust of the intimate action. Yet it was more than that. Recollections of his life events, his salvation from this island, and even his humanity were slowly melted away the more he made out with the ape.

A final fragment of his mind tried to struggle away from the hold the creature had over him. But it was soon silenced in the cacophony of musk and the promise of paradise the beast had to offer. It was powerfully enticing to surrender his human concerns for the present pleasure.

The changes were still encroaching over his form as Joel continued to swell to proportions that matched his mate. His biceps and hulking upper arms matched any bodybuilders. His muzzle continued to protrude into a blunt simian snout,

allowing a superior olfactory intake of the sweaty reek of male sweat. His ears extended slightly, the sounds of the forest and the island opened to him in a way a human could not perceive. His vision was dulled by furrowed brows, but he did not mind, closing his eyes to better focus with flared nostrils and broad ears. His skull continued to slope, cranium compacting and limiting the space for his human brain, and with it, his ability to think in human terms.

All that remained of his human clothing was his underwear, already pulled to the breaking point by his turgid girth. It was easily 14 inches long, clearly unfit for the garment he still wore. With a resounding rip, his thick, pink cock hung into the air, its flesh finally touching the ape's. It was covered with a thick, fuzzing black sheath, but Joel hardly cared about its bestial features. All that mattered was how good it might feel to blow a load from such a girthy penis!

Suddenly, the beast lifted Joel's body into the air, bracing his legs as he guided Joel's backside just above his turgid rod. Instinctively, Joel reached down, spreading his cheeks in response to the aching in his asshole. The human Joel could never fathom having something in his backside, but the creature he was becoming burned with desire from the prospect.

Bracing his arms against the beast's knees, Joel guided his open asshole over his lover's cock, its insistence creating a solid pole for Joel to sink down on. For a moment, Joel worried about the logistics of such an act, but somehow, his open anus was easily able to swallow a thick, manly cock such as this.

With a bestial hoot, far deeper than his human vocal cords could have allowed, Joel felt himself sink down on his lover's meaty rod. The sensations of being filled were painful and intense all at once. Yet he was desperate to see his action through to the end and found himself slowly working down over the ape's cock, his ample precum creating a faucet sufficient to aid their rut.

At last, Joel could feel a pleasurable pang ebbing from his innards, and his fading humanity was dimly aware he was experiencing prostate stimulation for the

first time. Slowly, he guided himself up, getting used to the position as he came down again, an approving grunt from his lover all he needed to know of his success. Slowly, Joel settled into a rhythm, riding gently up and down despite the agony in his bowels. Yet as he gained traction, the pain started to wane as his innards were stimulated, and steadily, he was able to pick up the pace. The ape reached up with rubbery lips, and Joel felt the last of his humanity leak from his head as he kissed the creature back.

Lost in the sensations of fucking, he was hardly aware of a chorus of corresponding hoots that seemed to echo in his ears. A shift in the wind brought with it the pungent male stink of dozens more, each individual scent more enticing than the next. It seemed as though an entire society of ape-man existed on the island, at least 20 or 30 individuals in the range of his nose alone. And to Joel's delight, they were all male!

Yet the presence of so many horny males only made Joel's ministrations over his lover's cock more insistent. The swelling in his balls was becoming maddening, and Joel knew that he would need to rut many times to fully empty them. His bestial instincts relished the idea of mating with each and every horny ape, in turn, to get to know them as intimately as the beast he was fucking.

But currently, he was enraptured with riding the pole that had thrust further inside him than Joel could have ever fathomed possible. He slid up and down, any pain washed away from the sensations welling from his prostate. His hand was on his cock now, allowing the beast to keep his hands on the ground to stabilize himself. His thick fluids gave his hand ample lube as he worked his way up and down the shaft. His end was approaching so quickly, yet his only concern was bringing his lover's seed in his bowels when he came.

The feeling of a muscled beast's thick cock in his bowels and the heady perfume of rut and orgy was too much. He could feel his pendulous balls swelling, their torrents of seed forced up through his thick shaft, preparing to erupt. His anus started to clench and unclench uncontrollably, persuading the cock inside to throb

before blowing its load. He allowed his humanity to wash out of his head as he began to embrace the bestial orgasm enveloping over his form.

“OOOTTT...HHHOOOOOTTTTTT!”

“OOOOOOTTTT OOOOOHHHHOOOOOTTTTT!”

The former human could feel his shaft launch thick wads of cum into the air, landing all over their bodies in an eruption of sticky seed. Though nearly enraptured by the pleasure, the spray of warm cum filling his bowels was not lost on him as both beasts emptied their burden. The ape-man’s powerful form held them aloft as they rocked back and forth, the first orgasm of Joel's ape form more than he could bear.

The beast that had been Joel lay there for a moment, his entire form trembling from the release. The heady stench of their rut hung in the air, nearly making Joel pass out from the relaxation. He could vaguely feel thick dapples of jism dripping from his abused asshole, and sticky, drying cum covering their sweaty, furry chests. Yet he could not think beyond the pleasure pulsating from his body, and that suited the new ape just fine.

Lost in post-orgasmic reverie, the ape-man was hardly aware that they were being surrounded by a series of masculine forms until their stench made his cock spur to life once more. The new ape hooted his approval as his troop gathered around him, welcoming their latest member. Though his human mind was erased, part of him was still aware that it was unusual for him to be erect after such a short period between release. But the beast he’d become knew instinctively that it would take many sessions for him to properly empty his massive ape-testicles, and he had a troop of horny males to help him.

The new ape-man stared hungrily as one of his own bent over, showing off its massive red ass and gaping pucker. Without hesitation, the ape formerly known as Joel took his cock in his hand and thrust it violently into his lover, not

considering his mate's pain as the other ape grunted from the forceful intrusion. Lost in the need to rut, the newest ape started rocking back and forth as another from his tribe inserted his own rock hard cock into the new beast's used asshole. The three rocked in unison as the rest of the tribe rutted and bred, savoring a night of bestial sex in celebration!