

Feeling sore from the hours of sitting, Nat stretched back in his cheap chair. He sighed, realizing, not for the first time, that he should save up for a worthwhile gaming seat. He wasn't nearly done with his daily runs, and he had no job waiting for him in the morning.

Nat frequently spent many straight hours grinding endlessly in the World of Warcraft, a welcome reprieve from the monotony of daily life. All his friends were online; he enjoyed the time spent chatting and catching up, as he prepared to raid, grind supplies, and whatever other tasks that would whittle the hours away, until the annoyances of the real world called once more.

As he played, a notif popped up on his screen, an alert for a new quest, one he hadn't done before. Was this an in-game event he hadn't read up on? Nat moved his orc avatar over towards the brightly colored display, curious as to what it was. No one in his chat was aware of any special quests this week when asked.

Nat was more than a little intrigued at this point. He had to see what it was! Maybe he had been gifted something by the company. Or perhaps it was a glitch; the precursor to some sort of nasty virus. Either way, Nat had to know.

He approached the source, seeing nothing but a glowing white ball where the quest should be. He scoffed at the game's laziness for not programming even something so simple. Still, the bar above the glowing ball was undoubtedly a quest, labeled "Connecting with your avatar." Nat moved his avatar over to the prompt, hearing the familiar ding that a quest had been accepted...and then completed? He hadn't done anything, yet he got the notification that he'd finished it nonetheless.

"A powerful upgrade for you and your character. Experience the best strength this world has to offer," read the message on the screen. His avatar was now facing him, and Nat could swear it was watching him, staring directly *at* him.

Nat felt a little creeped out. He tried to move his mouse to close the game, but it wasn't responding. His goddamn game had frozen! Nat swore, slapping his computer screen to no avail. He wondered if he should hard reset his computer. Careful not to jostle the headphones on his head, an expensive Christmas gift, he moved to turn off the device.

As he played with the mouse a strange shock started moving into his fingers, slowly crawling up his wrists. He flexed his fingers a bit, trying to remove the numbness, but the sensation wouldn't seem to go away. He stared at the backs of his hands, flexing his fingers frantically to try and remove the annoying tingling.

Gazing on, he noticed that the backs of his hands were stretching just underneath the flesh. He couldn't tear his gaze away as his hands slowly swelled thicker, gaining extra flesh. His fingers were thickening slightly too, barely enough to notice if he wasn't staring intently. Yet, as the minutes ticked by he could clearly tell there was a difference in the thickness of his digits. Every inch of them was slowly expanding.

Confused, Nat watched the slight changes overtake his hands, gradually moving up his wrists to his forearms. The hairs on his arm stood up, and Nat noticed more hairs began to poke through, the follicles multiplying before his eyes. Small twinges of muscle moved, just under his flesh, making them clearly bigger than they had been. Nat stared in shock at the changes intently crawling upwards over his forearm and steadily marching towards his t-shirt sleeve.

So caught up in observing the process, Nat hardly noticed a greenish tinge starting at the back of his hand and slowly spreading outwards, flowing up his fingers and down towards his wrists. It looked for a moment like he'd caught a particularly nasty bug, though Nat didn't feel ill. As the sickly green shade spread slowly over his hand it began to darken towards a dark forest green. He rubbed the skin, noticing that it was thicker, rougher than his skin had been before.

Small amounts of hairs began sprouting up around his arms, forming a light dusting his lanky form never had. He'd never thought it before, but the more he stared, the more he thought the arm hair looked kinda...hot?

His biceps ached, as the flesh underneath continued expanding. The growth could be felt under his warm skin, it was hard, as though the expanding flesh was filling out with muscle. The thought made him forget about the bizarre nature of the changes for a moment. His frame had been lean; in high school, he hadn't been able to put on any significant muscle, no matter how he tried. It made him want to stop trying out for sports, much to the chagrin of his father.

The sensations of shifting spread through his chest now, running down across his pecs, making his nipples ache, and his chest prickle. He wanted to get his orange shirt off to see what was happening, but was fully engrossed in watching the strange transformations taking place. His pecs felt warm as they trembled and expanded slowly outwards on his lanky frame. His stomach began to push out, not too much, but significant enough on his wiry frame that he felt his belt tighten, just a little. Nat wasn't getting fat; the sensations of firmness and strength flowing over him could be nothing else but pure muscle mass.

A tingling in his feet prompted him to bend over to see the shoes he'd forgotten to remove in his rush to log into his game. They almost fell asleep inside his size 10 sneakers. As

the minutes ticked by, Nat remained scarcely aware that he could take them off, though his steadily growing frame made the motion cumbersome. He could feel his feet expanding, the toe tips pressing slowly against the edges of the shoe. Soon, they felt a size too small, 11 or maybe an 11 and a half, a little too big for the size 10 shoes he had purchased.

The slow expanse of his chest continued, though Nat was soon distracted by a bizarre breeze on his navel. He looked down and was surprised to see a light greenish shade standing out, below the orange of his formerly loose-fitting shirt. Tugging at the edges couldn't seem to get it down over his stomach anymore.

The ache from his belt began to subside as his chest flattened, the muscles underneath reshaping. His stomach started to look less like a skinny gamer's and more like an athlete who had been doing regular crunches for months! A shiver of excitement ran through his body from the thought.

A light prickle signaled the beginnings of dark hair peppering the edges of his stomach, around his belly button. Continued prickling around his naval indicated the hairs were obviously growing underneath his jeans and underwear. Nat blushed at the sensation; he'd always been nearly bare 'down there', and he often wondered what it would be like to be more masculine. Despite the shock of the bizarre changes, he felt his cock twitch from the notion.

Nat's attention was soon drawn back to his hands, the steady tingling indicating that they were the size of his dad's now. The edges slowly expanded, moving steadily outward, while being filled with larger veins, muscle, and bone. Nat tried to lift his hand, the tingling making it difficult. But it was already possible to feel how much stronger he was, even with this relatively minor amount of growth. Nat squeezed the fingers, feeling how thick they seemed compared to his formerly spindly appendages.

A smile passed his lips at the noticeable tug on his arm sleeves this time as the muscle slowly bulged underneath. He brought his tingling hands up to the orange fabric, playing over the now-present firmness of muscle that rested underneath. Flexing a little explored the noticeable change like he'd been working out for months, though it had only taken him less than 20 minutes to acquire such manly definition.

It was obvious how much bigger he was now, with the extra pounds of pure muscle. Nat now had the athletic build he'd always dreamed of, and the sight invigorated him! He wanted to get up to weigh himself but he didn't have a scale nearby, having never been too concerned about his weight once it became apparent he could never grow to a more desirable size.

The tingling flowed through his chest once more and Nat could almost see his pecs moving under the shirt, stretching and widening and flattening. A groan of pleasure escaped his lips, as his shirt continued riding up a little. The insistent prickling on his chest signaled he was getting hairier. He felt up with his larger hand, able to detect the peppering of chest hair that hadn't been present on his clean-shaven chest before.

He looked over at the mirror from where he was sitting, watched as his brown hair and the tops of his headphones rose from view. Was he getting taller? A quick glance down revealed a little more of his tightening green chest, as his orange shirt rode further up on his stretching stomach. He could feel his back slowly stretching along his chair, as though it too was lengthening.

The relentless tingling flowed from his stomach, down to his waist, into his thighs and calves. His waist was swelling, filling into the spaces of his loose-fitting jeans. He figured at this rate he could comfortably wear the jeans without his belt. That same slight breeze hit his ankles that had tickled his stomach, and Nat realized his ankles were clearly visible, the cuffs of his pants less than an inch higher than they had been, but enough for him to notice a difference. A slight greenish tinge had begun to spread there as well, not yet the dark skin on his hands, but it would evidently get there soon.

Nat went to reach down to feel his legs, and then realized the tinglings from his arm had not only increased their width but also their length. His arms were longer now, the hands nearly down to his knees. He looked more like a beast than a man!

Nat felt heavier still, as another growth wave started in his arms. A groan escaped his lips as his already large chest began to swell more. The thought made him shiver. His clothes were already so well-fitting; what would happen if he got any bigger? He was happy with the form he had!

Yet, his body slowly continued to expand, and the shirt on his chest started feeling a little too tight. He could feel his legs growing a little more as well, his belt starting to tighten, making him want to loosen it a bit. His thighs were swelling up against his jeans, making it feel unlikely he could get them off easily now, much less put them on again later. Even his shoes felt a little more confining, the tips of his toes getting cramped, as the latest wave of change flowed over him.

Nat tried once more to pull down his orange shirt over his slightly bulging abs, the effort proving fruitless. His arms were getting snug in his sleeves, and his chest was pulling at the edges of his shirt. It had filled out to take up the extra loose space but now was beginning to

expand beyond that. Yet, the fear soon became curiosity. Nat became entranced by the feeling of his tighter clothes, wondering what it would be like to be so big that they would rip from his form.

A fierce prickling assaulted his chest, and Nat could see more hairs poking up through the collar of his shirt. In tandem with those on his bulging stomach, they formed the start of a noticeable treasure trail.

His arms continued their expanse, biceps and deltoids swelling under the increasingly tighter shirt sleeves. His watch, which had once held a little loose on his thin arm, was now a bit tight, the spreading hairs catching between the spurs. The leather seemed to be pushed out, the width between the strap and his arm closing in as the girth in his lower arm expanded. He found himself annoyed that his hair was getting caught underneath. Why the hell was such a thing on his powerful arm?

He tried to reach under it, to pull the meddlesome thing off, but his sausage fingers couldn't get under the strap. Nat grunted in frustration at the useless weak leather still clinging to his beefy arm. He shook his head in confusion; why had the thought of his watch getting caught made him so mad?

A sudden dizzy sensation assaulted him, indicating another wave of change. He watched in the mirror beside his computer as his head seemed to rise up, his once 5'7 frame began to extend, towards 6'0...6'1...He could see clearly his brow rise past the edge of the low-hanging mirror. He was inching towards 6'5 now! Nat could see more of his stomach as his height increased, the muscles bulking up underneath, reshaping the flesh into harder masses just underneath the skin. The stretching skin revealed the beginnings of what he could excitingly say looked like a 6 pack!

The tingling assaulted his toes once more, the latest growth spurt evidently affecting more than just his height. His feet were pressing tight against the blue bindings and leather supports, almost painfully in the slowly-diminishing space. His toes felt bunched in the tips, curling to retain what little space they could. There was no way Nat could get them off now; they must have been sized 13 or 14 by now, far beyond what his size 10 shoes were designed to hold.

His heels had stretched the backs of the shoes, straining the fibers of his socks. They wouldn't last much longer if he kept growing like this! He grunted, frustrated that his feet were sore. He had to get those damn things off! For the second time, he caught that surge of anger that was unnatural to the mild mannerisms that Nat had held before tonight.

The tingling started in his face, and his attention was drawn back to the mirror in time to see a light peppering of manly-looking hairs poking out of his chin, like a five o'clock shadow. Nat was puzzled; it had always taken days or even weeks to grow even the most embarrassing bit of facial fuzz. He stared in rapt attention as the skin on his face began to darken, overcome with a peppering of black hairs, turning his 5 o'clock shadow into a nice stubble. The hair was even stretching up towards his ears, under the base of his wide glasses. Would he finally have a full beard if this continued?

The greenish tinge began to poke up through the collar of his orange shirt, the color difference a hilarious contrast. Nat couldn't help but think about what he would look like with a greenish masculine face.

An odd ache played over his teeth, and as Nat watched he saw two thick, white protrusions poking out from his face. He stared as the off-white bits of bone and dentine pushed further out from his face, looking more and more like...tusks?

Nat finally realized what was happening; the greenish skin, the muscles, his face. He was becoming an orc! Nat froze with fear; how big was he going to get as an orc? Would he still fit in his modest-sized apartment?

His phone vibrating in his tight jeans brought him out of his stupor. Should he try and answer, maybe alert someone to his condition? He tried to reach into the taut pocket to get the device but his orcish hands could no longer enter the frail fabric of his jeans. In frustration he grunted, pulling at the edges of his jeans pockets until with a *snap* he could feel the edges of his phone. He tried to use it, gently touching the screen. His meatier hands lacked the dexterity to swipe to answer the call, nor type in the combination to use his password. He finally got it open, only for his massive fingers to open multiple apps at once and overload his phone. Nat couldn't use his phone like this!

Nat growled as he simply crushed the useless device in his powerful hand and threw the fucking thing across the room, the smack against the wall making him feel a little better. Why was everything around him so useless?

Remembering the game was still on, Nat tried to move the mouse once more, seeing if he could control the avatar and affect the changes that way. He closed his thick fingers over his mouse yet still heard an audible snap from what he perceived as the slightest touch. Raising his massive hand, the broken pieces of his mouse lay there warped and misshapen, the light from the sensor dim now. He couldn't control his strength!

Nat roared a deep guttural sound that surprised his ears. He could feel the veins and arteries in his neck and throat expand. The larynx was thicker to produce a masculine baritone that made Nat shudder. He couldn't believe such a sexy sound was coming from him!

Yet it was hardly enough to prevent Nat from getting pissed off once more. How dare these fucking human things not work! He angrily reached for his keyboard, hoping he could work the arrow cursors. Too late he realized his mistake. His hotdog-sized fingers broke into the keyboard upon impact, a loud crack of plastic tearing the key to his salvation in two.

Just then he heard the chair creak under him, the cheap seat just barely enough to support his formerly lanky weight. He realized the slowly expanding muscle had increased his weight significantly more than the frail chair could hold. With an ear-splitting snap, he felt the weak chair break under him, and he hit the floor with an audible *thump*. Nat growled in anger; why the fuck had the chair broken so easily! Yet he was unfazed; Nat realized that his muscled ass and body felt very little of the impact.

It was obvious Nat could do nothing to affect his changes. And besides, even though he was turning into a monster, he had to admit parts of the change were extremely attractive. He looked back at his face in the mirror, feeling his jaw aching as his tusks grew steadily thicker. His height was increasing, slowly reaching towards 6'8, 6'9. He had to duck a little to fully see the changes that were overtaking his face.

He was a bit disturbed by the sight of his nose expanding, his eyes bulging under his glasses and darkening to a thick brownish-black. The changes soon overtook his forehead and brow, making him look more masculine as his familiar features slowly melted away. His jaw stretched out slightly, giving him much more of a menacing appearance. His brow wrinkled, reminding him of a neanderthal. A snap echoed from his head, as the changes expanded the diameter of his head larger than what the headphones were meant to hold.

His clothes were getting uncomfortably tight, the thin fabrics pulled to the limit by his increasingly growing frame. He could feel his biceps were beginning to leave his sleeves now, more of his upper arms exposed as his sleeves rode up further. The edges of his shirt were being pulled so taut that his broad pecs threatened to tear them apart; he could see most of his stomach now, and some of his chest from how high his orange shirt had ridden up. His pants were uncomfortable, belt threatening to break at any moment, while his ankles and green legs became exposed.

Nat took stock of his body, just realizing how *hairy* he had gotten. A forest of black hair had poked up over his arms, his hands, and the thickening treasure trail flowing down his bare

stomach. He felt the coarse hairs with his thick hand, loving the feeling. He looked like a bear of a man now!

Growing feet were pressing tight in his shoes, the weak glue-bound leather finally popping. They were expanding faster, size 15 now, 16, threatening to burst the tiny shoes. Nat sat down on his bed to better view the sight. He wanted so badly to see them burst through, to see his powerful orcish feet for the first time.

“Grrr Grow! Grow! Grow! Bigger, Bigger!” He grunted a thick male sound that reverberated through the room.

His shoes were rapidly becoming painfully tight, and Nat leaned back on his bed, gripping the bedsheets as the laces snapped and his toes ripped through the front. His shoes split apart in the middle, his socks following suit as the ends tore apart to make room for his powerful new toes. His massive ankles pulled up the remnants of his off-white socks, the torn fibers making his feet prickle slightly.

Nat felt a small bit of remorse; the shoes had been expensive, but he felt it was worth it to see his new orcish feet. A peppering of light hairs had sprouted on the backs, accenting the hair on his chest well. As he watched he could feel the itching spread up his legs as his pant legs grew tighter around his extending lower legs.

Nat shook violently back and forth on the bed, scarcely noticing as the metal springs warped under the force of his weight. Eventually, with a *crash*, the bed broke from the center and his ass was on the floor once more. Nat didn't mind this time though; he simply felt too strong for human things any longer. Nat stood up, admiring the broken bed, the sight making him realize how powerful he was, how much *more* he was.

All the while, his penis was getting tighter in his pants, body stimulated by the manly form he was soon to possess. He felt his modest member leaking a little from the sight of his swelling biceps and expanding quads. Never before had the thought of muscle made him so *hard*. But, he couldn't deny the effect watching himself change was having!

Looking back to the computer screen, the orcish avatar still stood, as though mocking him. It was staring at him, unmoving, save for the steady in and out of his massive chest. The orc looked so human, save for the massive expanse of his muscle, the inhumanly thick chest, and the strange shape of his face. Nat wasn't keen on looking dumb or beastly, but he would willingly trade his face for the orc's if it meant he could keep this manly form and powerful body.



His excitement made him dizzy once more, as a further growth spurt overtook him, faster this time. It wouldn't be long now till the changes were complete, till he became the massive manly orc from his game. Nat flexed, a resounding rip from his too-tight sleeves satisfying to his ears. His muscles bulged and swelled, veins popping all over his arm. He loved the look of them running down his arms, the median cubital flowing with dark greenish blood now that he could see under the skin.

He watched with rapt attention as more and more dark hairs poked over his chest and masculine stomach. All the while, his shirt rode up inch by inch. A similar itching under his arm prompted Nat to raise it in time to see the beginnings of a peppering of dark hair. He had the underarm hair of a real *man* now.

His steadily expanding chest pulled at his shirt thread by thread, and he had an image of himself ripping out of his pitifully fragile human clothes, which only served to heighten his already nearly unattainable arousal.

Nat felt the tightness in his pants intensify, too, the finality of his situation from this final growth spurt sinking in. He could feel his glutes, his quads, his hamstrings, and his ass all slowly swelling in his too-tight jeans. A series of small rips and tears made him groan a bit, as his leg muscles continued to stretch, the sensations no longer hurting him. Nat's expanding body pressed tightly against the waistband of his jeans and made his leather belt whine from the strain.

Nat couldn't hold back anymore. His cock ached so badly, demanding attention. He needed to get his sausage-sized fingers into the waistband of his jeans but they were too thick. Besides, from the way he was growing, he knew he wouldn't have to wait long until they tore off his masculine body, freeing his thickening member to be stroked as he craved.

He began to touch himself through the damp fabric of his stained undies and jeans, the briefest contact making him moan. His leaking fluids soaked into his jeans and through the zipper into his searching fingers. He grunted, fingers playing over his growing bulge. The stretching fabric made him excited at the realization that his cock might be changing. How large was an orc's cock, anyway? Would it match the massive muscled size that Nat seemed to be growing into?

The latest growth spurt reminded him of how tight his watch strap had grown on his wrist. Nat paused his masturbation for a moment as he watched the leather pull and fray from his growth, annoyingly tight as it irritated the hairs on his arm. He wondered if he should try and remove the piece but knew it was far too late, that his fingers were far too thick.

The sight of the straining human thing made his cock tingle more intently than ever before. Grunting, he shot out another thick glob of pre as with a snap the watch strap broke free and fell to the floor. He delighted in the shattered glass of the screen, crunching what he could no longer feel under his thick massive feet.

The bulging muscles in his arms ripped at the edges of his shirt sleeves even without flexing now. He could feel his shirt stretching across his muscular back, his widening shoulders popping and stretching the fabric apart. He almost chuckled at how easily the garment began to tear off his body. A chorus of rips and pops echoed in his ears. as the tight shirt began to tear apart down from the collar. Nat rotated his shoulders forward to help the rippage, but he needn't have bothered. His massive frame made short work of the garments, as the rippling dark green muscles finally broke free of the meddlesome human confines.

An expanding waist was pushing against the tight leather belt strap, far beyond what the size 28 belt was meant to hold. Nat was frankly surprised it had lasted as long as it had. His zipper was stretched impossibly tight, the metal bits pulling apart as his surging cock bobbed within the constrictive pants. He rubbed his cock head through the denim with thickening fingers, wondering how big it would be, thick and green and leaking musky pre. He moaned as the leather thinned and stretched, the fibers starting to tear apart one by one as he continued pleasuring himself through the soaking clothing. It was almost there, so close...

A snap resonated, as his belt finally popped, the leather tearing as the metal buckle fell to the floor with a clatter. His zipper was soon to follow, tearing apart, as his bulging cock surged forth. He heard a clunk against the desk from his pants button bursting from his jeans. The waistband was still tight despite the loss of his belt, however, but his new muscles felt no pain from the stretching.

“Grow, grow, rip, rip!” Nat yelled again, his deep guttural grunts making the changes seem to speed up.

The rate of tearing seemed to increase, as his massive orcish legs prepared to burst from their human prison. His ears heard the micro rips as his muscles tore apart the denim fiber by fiber. Eager eyes watched as bits of the denim tore away to reveal more of his sexy green muscled legs. The bottoms of his jeans were pulled up as far as they could, the stitching tearing at the bottoms.

Finally, he'd had enough. Nat squatted down, feeling the pants grow tighter and arousing him further. He thrust up and down until finally, the tension was too much, as his pants split apart

with a satisfying \*RRRIIPPPPP\*! The sensations caused a chain reaction, with the other holes along his pants, and he stood up, admiring his orcish legs showing through the rags of his jeans.

Meanwhile, he could feel his face continue to protrude. The wrinkles he viewed covering his face made him look so much more brutish, menacing. The skin stretched and pulled, as he watched his brutish face take shape in the mirror, in particular, his thickened tusks. His changing mind recognized their size as a sign of power and male virility. He was a beast of a man, even for an orc!

His expanding head pulled at the already stretched edges of his headphones. Nat regarded them with anger, as the weak plastic snapped and broke apart from the growth in his head. They fell to the floor, they were useless, as was everything else in his apartment. His glasses snapped off his expanding head as well, crunched under his massive feet.

Inside he was still Nat, though the new orcish instincts kept sending flares of anger through his head. He was a little worried about it, but it was so easy to forget about it, to be turned on by how *hot* he looked as an orc!

He felt his face prickle as more of that sexy black beard accented his features. The thick hair on his arms, his chest, and his face gave him a dad bod; the likes of which made his cock shiver. His hairy chest had swelled up comparable to the orc still on his computer screen. There wasn't an ounce of fat on his body now!

He rubbed at his cock faster now, as a wave of tingling seemed to signal the transformation's conclusion. Its widening head was pressed against off-white undies, getting longer as Nat stroked his girth. It was beyond 10 inches now, far better than his modest human size. His undies wouldn't last much longer, and he didn't want them to.

Nat struggled as his pre-soaked cock stretched longer, staining his gripping fingers with rank male musk. His muscular ass pulled the weak fabric taut, as the beginnings of delightful rips echoed in his attentive ears. He grinned widely, eager to play over his throbbing member as it stretched further, growing past 12 inches, 13, bigger than any porn star ever could have imagined, as thick as a beer can. He groaned as the fibers broke one by one, his cock longing to be free. It wouldn't last much longer...

*Snap!* His torn undies flew off his powerful frame, making him chuckle in delight, as the yellow strained remains fell to the floor with a *splat*. He stepped on them with his powerful feet, feeling the sticky warmth through his torn socks, as he ground them into the floor.

The orc on the screen was emulating his actions now, taking his horse-sized cock and stroking, daring Nat to do the same. He was nearly fully changed now, far beyond the scrawny form he had been cursed with most of his life. Nat chuckled, feeling the nearly naked orc flesh was a better fit.

He watched the final changes in his mirror, ducking down as his height crawled above 8 feet, almost too tall for the basement apartment. His orange shirt hung around his chest in torn rags, the shaking of his bulging muscles moving them steady off his frame towards the floor. His jeans fell into a messy heap at his bare feet and torn shoes.

He returned to stroking his elephant-sized cock with gusto, arousal spurred on by the end of his changes. He was getting close now, rubbing the massive shaking green testicles under his bouncing cock as they swelled with seed. His other massive hand rubbed around his thick thighs and back towards his tight asshole. The hand then raised to play over his nipples, feeling his swollen pecs, chiseled abs, and expansive arms. He couldn't hold back the massive flood of cum swelling in those mammoth balls. He was so close...it was coming!

“UUUHHHHUUUGGGGHHHHH!” Nat cried out as his cock shot load after load of yellowed orc spunk across the room, coating the computer and desk. It felt so damn *good*, far better than anything the weak scrawny human had ever felt buzzing from his cock.

Nat stumbled forward with his new weight and strength, the force of his orgasm setting him off balance and against his computer desk. He instinctively reached out a massive hand to brace himself, but the wooden desk wasn't meant to hold his new weight. He felt himself fall into the desk with a *snap* as the supports buckled and his monitor and tower began sliding. He reached out to grab them, forgetting the size of his beefy hands, and they closed over the weak plastic and metal. The device sparked and popped apart, falling to the floor in a heap along with the remnants of his desk.

He looked down at the smoky remains of his computer, the orcish face the last thing to fade before the screen shut off. It was almost grinning in approval, as it flashed from the screen. He had to see his powerful masculine visage again. Turning to the other mirror, Nat was shocked that he couldn't see himself at all. His pecs were at the very top of the glass, his head now nearly touching the ceiling. Nat bent over, the motion awkward with his muscled body, but with some effort, he was able to get another view of his handsome face.

Nat stared at his sexy face smugly. He must have been over 8 feet tall by now, his arms like massive brinks, his hands thick and bulky. He could easily lift a car with this strength! His dark green skin was covered in a forest of black hairs, his arms and hands looking like a bear's.

His chest was covered with a thick coat of coarse hair that formed a handsome treasure trail down to his six pack abs and towards his groin. Even his massively flaccid cock lay nestled in a bed of coarse, wiry black hairs. The hair on his head was thick and greasy, running down into almost a mane into a gorgeous beard.

His cock was massive, even flaccid, human-looking, uncut, and even more girthy than his human length had been. His face was wrinkled, brow furled into a menacing stare, though Nat felt no feelings of anger or malice. Unless something pissed him off, of course, Nat was confident he could manage it. He had to admit, he liked the sight of the two massive tusks, smiling to view the rest of his yellowed teeth. He grunted a few times, loving that thick baritone of a voice he now possessed. His massive feet flexed in delight, well over a size 20 if he were ever to bother with human shoes again. He was one fine sexy orc, and his cock stirred once more at the mere sight of himself.

Looking down at the torn remains of his clothes, Nat chuckled in his deep baritone, noting how nothing fit. He picked up the rags of his shirt, and laughed in that thick orcish chuff at how his former shirt didn't even fit over his pecs anymore! He really hoped to be able to hire a blacksmith to equip him with some orc-sized armor. He was going to need it soon...