

Fully Able To Love You In Dreams

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I don't know when I started running in this random patch of woods or how I got into this situation but all I know is that I need to keep going because I'll probably be dead otherwise. My heart is pounding in my chest, my legs feel heavy and also strangely less powerful as does my whole body. I don't know from where I'm actually summoning up the stamina to run this much because it feels like I've been running for a few hours and like I should be exhausted but I don't feel tired enough to stop. So I keep running for a little longer until I reach a stream with no visible way to get across it. I'm not sure how deep it is and it's a wide stream too that's got a current that I'd have to fight against if I tried to swim it so that doesn't leave me with many options.

Something about this whole situation feels off and that's when I see a reflection in the water of the stream but it can't be mine. It's human with tired light brown eyes, short black hair, a slightly round face, light practically white skin and a decent mustache along with a splotchy beard. That can't be right though, I'm not human but I feel my furless face and know that right now I am. However I can't remember why me being human is wrong or what I'm actually supposed to be and how I changed from that. Instead of focusing on that I decide to turn around and face my pursuer, an unwise move it feels like because what is barreling towards me almost makes my heart stop dead. An enormous polar bear covered in bright blue spots scattered all over its body, with claws of ice at the end of massive paws, a terrifying snarling expression, intense green eyes with slightly bloodshot looking but also ocean blue sclera, it's fur is as bright and looking as white as it's intimidating, huge fangs.

It looks like a killing machine and it's covered in tattered bits of cloth from god knows who or what, it appears to be male and it has me trapped. I start to gauge whether a potential death from this massive seemingly pissed polar bear would be better or worse than a potential death from trying to cross this stream but before I can make up my mind it's on top of me. It pins my frail arms and legs with its more formidable furred arms and legs, as this big bear stands on top of me a drop of drool pools on its black gums to fall on my face. I wipe it away and prepare for the inevitable.

"Please...make it quick" I whisper to whatever is listening positive his animal can't understand me

"What do you mean?? I love you" It says with gruffness and conviction

It shocks me with its answer. I didn't think it was capable of speech but it, or he rather answered me so concisely that it surprised me. It leans in closer and opens its...muzzle, scarlet

red tongue flopping out before entering my mouth with a quickness. On a rational level I should be trying to fight the advance of this bear that I didn't even know was intelligent before it started making out with me but on another level this feels so... so right. I let it's tongue overtake mine and give it free reign of my mouth as it probes deeper in the most pleasurable way as I try to introduce my tongue to its fangs and muzzle. Our lips and tongues are interlocked for what's probably only a minute or two but feels like a euphoric amount of time longer than that. It ends with the big ice clawed bear pulling back taking me with it as he takes me with his a little bumpy padded paws hoisting me back on my feet as he cradles me.

It's breathtaking and I lean into it letting this loving ursine hold me in his arms, this time I go for the kiss and he lets me meeting my lips part way. As our lips are brushed up against each other I feel one of the polar bear's firm yet soft paws move lower to grab my behind and give it squeeze before shooting me a look that says "can I?" I'm unsure at first because this bear towers over me at almost 11 feet but then suddenly I start to feel this sort of tingling all over and then I look down to see myself beginning to grow almost like my body was preparing itself for what the bear wants. Before I know it I'm almost 9 feet tall and about chest level with the frigid behemoth. His eyes change from somewhat bloodshot to lit up with excitement and a grin now consumes its muzzle and face. It puts me down gently and with more effort than he used to pick up considering my new size before turning towards the stream.

Then there is a blue glow that starts coming from its paws, a similar blue to the spots all over its body. The polar bear moves those paws with clear intent to create some kind of energy ball which he then chucks at the stream. It freezes the impacted water of it to create an ice bridge and he extends a paw towards me. I grab it with my hands and with that the bear wastes no time in dragging me across the ice bridge to the other side before then making me run with him into this large patch of grass that freezes at his feet as he passes through it. In the middle of it he comes to a stop and I do as well as he nods in approval at the spot before turning to talk to me.

"Here is good, on all fours cause you'll be on bottom."

"What? What are you talking about?!" He gestures to the ground and gets on all fours himself to demonstrate what he wants.

He waits and then it clicks in my brain, the instant I show realization on my face he stands back up and gestures again and I do what he says. I get on the ground on all fours and he merely licks his lips before grabbing onto my torso with one paw and then my ass with the other. He puts a clawed finger in his mouth to apparently slick it with saliva before slowly sticking it in, he does the same with another finger and then just pushes them both in as deep as they can go before stretching me out a little. I moan in response and before I know it I feel something throbbing approach my hole before going in, I look back at the polar bear and he's grinning again

though this time more seductively than before. I see a bit of his black fleshy cock before he pushes it in again and I grunt as my eyes go wide. It's a forceful kind of shocking sensation and I don't really get time to adjust to it before the bear starts thrusting into me.

I start moaning again though harder this time as I adjust to the timed thrusts and I decide to explore the body of the bruin a bit as he goes to town on my ass. His fur is actually kind of rough and wild, sticking up in spots I notice as my fingers carefully comb through it. I land my hands at his head and start rubbing and scratching behind his small, round ears which makes him pick up the pace faster but also more erratically. I move a hand to grip my manhood and start stroking and then I notice that he's starting panting, he must be close to his climax. Suddenly he bites into my shoulder with his massive jaw and I flinch. It hurts but also feels so damn good, there's a liquid satisfying warmth and he starts licking. I try to look up at him and that's when I notice something strange.

The flesh of his maw around my shoulder... Oh My God I think it's melting onto me, becoming a viscous mess of red, black and white over my shoulder. I open my mouth to try to scream and he covers it with a liquifying paw before I can do so. His body is becoming goop and it's consuming me while I can't really do much to stop it, even in a semi-solid state he's still much too strong for me. I feel him unleash his invasive load into me in a moment of almost gratifying relief before in vain I begin to struggle again against his shifting mass and despite his form becoming less solid by the second he gives an incredible roar that shakes the world to its core. It freezes my blood as his form envelopes me more making my heart beat faster. Suddenly he speaks to me despite being more goop coating than bear at this point and I feel a little calmer.

"Why are you struggling so hard? We are meant to be linked. Was our joining not pleasurable?" I think on it and yeah, yeah it was but I'm just so puzzled by all that's happening I can't help but have struggled in panicked confusion

"It was...I suppose but I don't understand what's going on. What are you and why is this happening?"

"I see, you don't understand yet. Isn't it obvious by now? I am meant to be you and I am merging with you because you should be whole."

"I see..." I think back to what the polar bear said when it first spoke and then say "I love you more" before accepting fate and giving into the polar bear in its goopy glory, becoming one with it.

"**Gahhh!** Oh crap" I yelp as I wake up and have to stop myself from falling off the edge of the bed.

I take a second to catch my breath which I realize is heavy as I sit up in bed now sweating. Dang it, that's the third time I've had that dream this month! Yet it always makes me wake up in a cold sweat regardless of how many times I have it. I look down at my boxer's and yep there's the pre and the hard-on. I'd call it morning wood but it's only 3:30 am and neither me or the sun should be up till another few hours. I need to talk to somebody about this dream, it's happening too many times to be coincidental or something I can brush aside at this point.

First though I check that I'm awake and me by feeling my face and yep my muzzle feels right and I've got my fur, I pinch my cheek and it feels like the sensation that it should. I grab my phone from the nightstand near my bed and walk into the bathroom trying not to stumble from tiredness. I look in the mirror and confirm further that I'm the spotted polar bear I'm supposed to be, nothing less and nothing more. I look through my contacts list and think about who to call. The first contact to come up is BB and I think about it for a second before moving on. He's a teacher and a superhero so he's probably got his own stuff to take care of in the morning plus he's not good with supernatural stuff anyway which might be what this is, better keep looking.

Next up on the list is Marcus, the bat is currently on vacation though so best not to bother him over this. The next two contacts are also a bust, one is from someone who died over a year ago that I never bothered to delete and the other is from someone I drifted apart from several years ago. After that is Deabo but I'm not really sure what he could say or do about what just happened so I suppose then there's Tommy. I ponder it and yeah the cat is usually up around this time so I could call and am about to but then I see Marsh's number. He'd be perfect to talk to about this whole dream problem, I shoot him a text saying "Hey. Are you free to talk later today?" I'm about to head back to sleep expecting an hour when it's truly morning but surprisingly my phone starts ringing, I check the number and it's definitely Marsh's so I answer.

"Hey, this is Theo."

"I'm aware, cub. It's Marsh, what's up?"

"Welllll...umm I know it's late but I kind of just wanted to talk. I know it'll sound more than a little ridiculous but you see I've been having this recurring dream and was hoping to talk to someone about it maybe get some help figuring out what it means and I figured you'd be willing to." I hear Marsh exhale sharply

"Recurring dream you say? Well what a coincidence I've been having a thing with dreams myself. How's about we swap stories on 'em?"

I tell Marsh what happened in my dream trying to somewhat tone down the more explicit bits and he shares his dream with me. It takes a little while for us both to finish our dream stories. He speaks up first.

“Umhmm, welp! That’s....a pretty peculiar dream ta be having more than once. A lot to unpack there but I figure we can do so tomorrow, in the morning proper. Hopefully we can work out why you keep having this dream, also thanks for listening to my own dream, c-...Theo.”

“Yeah we can probably figure things out tomorrow but I just wanted to talk while the dream was still fresh in my mind. You wait too long to talk about things like this and they just kind of slip away from you, y’know?”

“Yeah, yeah I know. Trust me I know. Goodnight and *sigh* be...be safe. Okay?”

“Sure. Goodnight to you too. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, of course. I’m fine...just fine, see you in the morning s- man”

I hear a click after that meaning Marsh decided to hang up after that whole weird exchange of goodbyes. What a shame, I never got to give any condolences or comforting words over his late wife and son or their part in his dream that sounded more like a nightmare. Aw well I can tell him in person in the morning anyway. In the meantime maybe I can get some more sleep and maybe for a few hours try to focus on other things than the strange love I’ve been getting and receiving in these dreams.