

Putting the car in park, Alex got out, his three friends Cameron, Jamie, and Leon following suit. Cameron wasted no time lighting up, Alex not letting him smoke in the car. Truth be told, he didn't want to get hotboxed in his own vehicle, no confidence in his driving ability while stoned. But now they were at the festival site, he planned to stand out and get high with his friends before they went in and were inevitably robbed of their weed. Not that the ground prohibited it, but none had the funds to spring for whatever overpriced blends were at the festival.

Hell, none of them had the funds to really attend any sort of festival, not really. It just so happened that Jamie had come up to them with tickets he'd 'won' to some event called 'Jurassic Fest 2023'. It was likely a collection of local bands, all playing while their audience was entirely intoxicated, as much a cannabis celebration as anything else if the advertisements were true. Not a notion they were opposed to, but it was not something they could generally obtain tickets for. So when Jamie came to them with the tickets...it was a little sus without Jamie remembering how he had gotten them, but then again, why look a gift horse in the mouth, as the saying went? It was a party, after all, with food and even drugs being provided. With the tribulations of real life baring down on them all as of late, they were all in need of a release, and this was it!

Each of them took a hit off their joint, making sure their stuff was locked up before heading inside. In their excitement, a little rustling, pushing, and play were par for the course, something they no longer got to partake in during normal, business hours. It really would be a chance for the four friends to let loose and enjoy themselves, in a way they had not done so since college. The weed hit made things even more relaxed, and the four long-term friends made their way inside, all the rigors of life left behind for a day of fun.

“Fuck this place is kinda deserted, isn't it?” Cameron commented, Alex, feeling a little anxious at the revelation. Surely, they were in the right place, a two-hour drive passed a small town where they had rented an air B&B for the night. Come to think of it, the reservations were rather open for the town, making them wonder if the whole thing wasn't some sort of weird scam. Still, a couple of people were going inside, trails of smoke a sign they were there for the same thing. That being the case, maybe it wasn't simply well-known.

“Jurassic Fest? Is it cause we'll get stoned back to the stone age?” Leon asked, getting a laugh from the rest of them. Alex felt himself laugh at that. Surely it was some sort of bad pun, but his friend's poor sense of humor often sent him in stitches more than anything conventionally funny ever had. He hadn't laughed like that in ages, Leon slapping him on the back and asking if he'd smoked up already.

“There's plenty of time for that!” Jamie said, all but running toward the entrance. The rest of the group cautioned him to slow down, but it was a useless effort, and they eventually ran to

catch up with him as he went through the double doors, the smell of good weed entering their noses as they did so.

“Hello, tickets please?” Said the single man at the counter. Alex took out all four tickets, and the four of them were carded to make sure they were of legal age.

“Now, I need you to sign these forms and you’ll be good to go. Liability and such,” the man said before reaching down to produce four sets of forms, and pens for them to sign. Eager as they were, none of them bothered to carefully read the several-page documents, checking them for the spot to sign before giving them back to the man, friendly expression on his face.

“Looks good, thanks, boys! Here you go,” said the man, moving down to grab something behind the desk once more. What surprised them was that all four were given separate bags, each containing unlabeled blends of weed.

“What are these for?” Cameron asked, a little stupidly.

“What we’re supposed to smoke, duh!” Leon said, fake smacking his friend.

“That’s right. Each is a random blend of our own design. No outside cannabis, please,” said the man at the counter, though he hadn’t bothered to search them. Not that they planned to break the rule, though such were avid smokers to the point that whatever they were given might not have the desired effect. Still, it was a moot point with their lack of understanding of what it was they were to do here. It was a cannabis-oriented event, after all, but as far as the entertainment was to go, Alex was at a lack of information.

“What should we expect when we get in there?” Alex asked the obvious question.

“Don’t worry about that. Just go in and enjoy yourselves!” Said the man, avoiding the question. Alex scowled at him for that, though there was little the man’s sly smile gave away. “Oh, but there is one thing. The blends I’ve given you are random but don’t mix and match them, the effects won’t be nearly as potent. Each one is a unique experience, and this is the perfect space for you to enjoy it!” The man said, guiding them down the hall and toward a room with bong, joint rollers, and various marijuana paraphernalia for their use.

“Look at this spread!” Cameron said as the four of them looked at their options with impressed expressions. Cameron and Leon got down to it, taking a hit in tandem and giggling like fools all the while. Alex and Jamie were a little more cautious, but in the end, figured they were being silly and decided to partake. A sign guided them all toward the entryway of a stadium

dating of sorts, the smell of weed hitting their nose and raising their excitement for the event to come.

Gathering their supplies, the four of them made their way through the marked double doors and into what they presumed was the event space. To their surprise, the stadium-like arena was already populated, albeit sparsely. There were several dozen people there, mostly men, standing around and smoking and chatting within their various groups. There didn't seem to be any stage in the center or anything else that could have given the game away. Feeling a little emboldened, Jaime headed out to one of the groups, talking with four guys who looked to be the same age as his own group. They seemed to chat for a moment before Jamie came back, a confused expression on his face.

“Well?” Alex asked, figuring he had gone to ask the group if they knew any more.

“Nice group of guys, two couples!” Jamie said, to which Alex gave an annoyed expression.

“Do they know what the headliner of this thing is?!” Alex said, Leon, laughing at his serious expression,

“Oh! Yeah, no. No clue. They came from a ways out of town, and they hope it's good. The weed's good though, even if it takes some time to hit. Light up!” He said, and the group raised their hands in celebration before taking hits. It was all akin to times at Leon's apartment where they would often gather on weekends, after tough exams, or other forms of celebrations. And all these years later, they were back!

The four of them chatted about nothing in particular over the next twenty minutes or so, reminiscing about good times gone by and pondering what the entertainment would be. Anything from a concert to speeches to anything that went on at Burning Man was on the table, though anyone they asked had about as much an idea of what was to occur as they did. It was a surprise, though not one that made the foursome anxious as they smoked and laughed, taking in the rather jovial atmosphere of the place. Surely, the organizers had paid a lot for them to be able to smoke indoors, the smell likely to stick there for weeks afterward, though Alex paid that fact little mind, figuring it was none of his business.

Eventually, some staff seemed to wheel in trays of snacks, though the ones nearest them were all veggies trays, leafy greens without any sauces or dressings. There was no cutlery available, even as more trays were drawn in, obviously meant for a crowd much larger than the several dozen gathered. The other tables held cooked meats, again with no obvious utensils, and

Alex went to one of the staff to ask, though they acted as though they hadn't heard the man and swiftly left.

“Well, fuck! What's the point of this?” Alex said, shaking his head. “Rude!”

“Yeah, no doubt,” Jamie said, taking another hit from his bong and wavering just a bit, as though he'd perhaps had too much.

Alex was shaking his head when a sudden dizzying sensation came over him, as though the cannabis was starting to hit him all at once. In his slight daze, he was almost unaware that his skin was starting to itch, as though something was picking at the surface. Scratching over the surface of his arm, Alex was a little alarmed to feel stiff hairs poking against his hand. The skin soon formed gooseflesh before minute daggers poked at the spaces, firm and terrifying to feel on his form. The irritation quickly had Alex scratching frantically trying to stem the irritation.

Cameron was scratching his skin as well, though the same gooseflesh was not overcoming him. Rather, the skin where his nails met was starting to flake away, revealing a smooth patterned hide that made little sense against his touch. Yet, the more he rubbed at it, the more it seemed to peel away the skin to the point that a visible patch of greenish-brown was present under the reddened raw skin that kept irritating. While it should have been painful, a pleasant warmth ran through his arms as more of his human skin peeled away, exposing what could only be a patchwork of scales. Given the pleasant nature of exposing his newly scaled skin, Cameron couldn't help but want to rub at it even more, though a sudden surge of weakness in his arms left him almost unable to the point he growled in irritation. The cadence of his voice, too, was perplexing to the point Cameron was almost stunned, though there was little he could do to stop what was obviously changes to his body. Even the high he was under could not explain what was happening to him, and Cameron felt himself growing curious as to what would happen next.

Like Alex, Jamie was experiencing the same gooseflesh over his skin, erupting out into points that seemed to rise from the skin, almost an inch or more coating the skin of his arm and even moving under his shirt a little. Without thinking, he pulled off his shirt, the same gooseflesh creeping down his sides and his chest and belly. Hell, even his neck and cheeks were starting to prickle, and Jaime was left wondering what would happen to his hair and beard if the changes were left to continue.

Leon was soon to find out, his own changes centering on his scalp, causing his hair to fall out and for him to cause him to panic. “What the fuck!?” he yelled out, less concerned with keeping silent and not wanting to lose his luscious locks. Reaching up to rub his forehead, Leon was surprised to feel the exposed flesh firmer than what he expected. It was almost like the bones underneath were thickening, pushing at the skin to the point he figured it might tear and leave his

exposed flesh on display. In the end, his scalp was left bare, though what was most alarming was how hard his skull had become, or how his forehead seemed to be expanding, pushing upward and giving him a shiny cranium the likes of which he could hardly fathom.

Cameron, too, was in the process of losing his hair, though the same firm skull was not replacing his head. Rather, his own skull seemed to be compressing from the sides, skin pushed up around his temples and forming a ridge of sorts that he could feel as he rubbed at it. Again, such was made difficult by the sudden weakness in his arms. It grew worse to the point it seemed like the muscles within were withering away, leaving him with lanky arms the likes of such had not existed on his body since his youth. It was bizarre, leaving him barely able to reach up to the top of his head as he struggled with the itching over his entire body, a sign that the scales were soon to spread.

Despite the changes overcoming the four of them, Alex still had the awareness to look around at the crowd at large, seeing all the gathered men were in the same situation. Many of them were scratching at scaled skin, some taking off their clothes and exposing more changes, most of which defied his understanding. The colors of scales were a collective rainbow, though Alex's own skin remained pinkish, redder from the irritation of change but harder to see as more of the pinpricks poked from his skin. Like Jamie before him, Alex saw it fit to take off his shirt, the same pointed quills poking over his sides, chest, and back, making it obvious he would soon be covered in them.

“Rrrawt the fuck is going on?” Alex tried to say, though was a little embarrassed at the guttural quality of his voice as he struggled to speak. It felt like something was lodged in his throat to the point of making his voice warped. It was almost shameful that the familiar cries of others in the vicinity hadn't taken on the same strange cadence. Almost as if their voices were altering along with the rest of their bodies...

“Who the Rrraaawck cares?” Jamie said suddenly, an almost avian quality to his voice that left the three of them staring. Sure, they were all high as fuck, but that hardly explained the changes coming over them or the strange circumstances in the arena at large. Still, Jamie remained largely ignorant of the changes, rather delighted as the pricks continued to rise from his skin, filaments erupting over them in a swept-back pattern that looked strangely familiar, if not out of place in his anatomy. Jamie caressed them with care, their presence becoming so numerous that it obscured the skin to the point that it seemed he was being covered in some sort of...feathers?

The same filaments soon coated each of the growths from his own skin, Alex rubbing them into place with more confusion than longing as was his friend. They steadily covered his arms, chest, and back, working their way from the skin enough that it was hard to see him in

some places. Even his tights were starting to itch, and he was prompted to pull down his pants, leaving himself clad only in his underwear as he rubbed the skin. Careful not to rub the feathers in the wrong way, Alex found himself more curious as the changes continued to cover him, as though the blend he'd smoked was starting to take effect. Surely, it had nothing to do with the weed, but then, how else would he be changing? And, more to the point, why did it feel so...good? Almost to the point he was starting to form a half chub in his underwear...

The taste of blood in Alex's mouth was the only thing distracting enough to draw him from the formation of his feathers, and reaching up with curious fingers reported teeth that were much sharper than his human equines. Shorter, as well, and perhaps more numerous, tearing at the backs of his gums as they took shape. Longing for a mirror, Alex carefully ran his tongue over them, feeling their shape to be more suited to a predatory diet than anything his humanity had evolved for. The sight of Cameron doing the same left Alex to gasp, though he was sure that Cameron's dentation was even more triangular, more akin to a shark's or a crocodile's than anything meant to be on a human. They were clearly too large for his face at this point, likely a precursor for changes to come as they and the rest of the men in the arian continued to alter.

Leon grunted, his own shirt a little loose on him as the dull yellowish-brown scales continued to coat his formerly human skin. It was a lump in the back of his pants that had his attention, however, and reaching back with thicker fingers than he was used to, Leon was shocked to perceive an extension of his spine, moving slightly as though it was part of him. Leon was tempted to pull down his pants to take a look, though such was rather taboo, even if others around them were doing the same to investigate strange bumps and growths from their backsides. Biting the bullet, Leon allowed himself to pull down his pants, not expecting to feel the lump swelling against his touch. The texture of which was a little strange, akin to the scales running over his chest and scalp. Had he not had the advantage of viewing others going through similar alterations, it might have taken him more than a moment to realize he was in possession of a very saurain tail, the likes of which was impossible.

Alex and Cameron were struggling with their own posterior growths, making even wearing underwear a precarious endeavor. Even with Cameron's weakening arms, he was able to reach back and pull the thing out of his underwear. Alex's own seemed not to be as thick from the base, though was steadily lengthening, the same pinpricks of feathers sprouting across its surface. Jamie, for his part, had a growth of his own, though it was far more blunt than the other three, sticking out above his own underwear with thicker developing feathers than the ones adorning Alex's own. What startled each man in turn was how different each tail seemed to be compared to those of their contemporaries, as though no one was becoming quite the same creature. The endgame of the changes was far from obvious, but with their persistent spread, it was likely to make itself clear soon.

By this point, most of the gathered men had taken off their shirts, shoes, and pants, a little too cautious to remove their underwear but only just. Feathers and scales coated much of the surface of their skin, and hairless heads were starting to alter with what could only be considered the starts of muzzles. All of them possessed new appendages, a variety of different tail types on display. Some of them, like Alex's group, were pointed, though a few sported what could only be considered spines, spikes, or hardened slabs of bone, the likes of which looked more on place in a childhood picture book than anything from the real world. It was getting harder and harder to deny what the shapes reminded Alex of, and as impossible as it was, the answer was as obvious as the blunt muzzles poking from their faces...

Lost in the sea of changes warping the bodies of all the men gathered, Alex was largely ignorant of the aches in his jaw that seemed to denote the stretching of his mouth, the skin being pulled taut before swelling to keep up. The bridge of his nose seemed to melt into the shifting skin as more of it was pulled in front of him, so much so that he could see it without crossing his eyes. With his winder gums and expanding jawline, more saurian teeth poked from his jaw, the remaining ones forming serrated edges that matched a more predatory purpose. He could easily perceive the power in his jaw, muscles bulking in his neck as he opened it wide, amazed at the range it possessed.

Reaching up to rub at the skin, Alex felt his nostrils reflexively flare, breathing in deeply of the scents in the room, something he had mostly been oblivious of until now. Unlike much of his skin, it was largely devoid of feathers, scales over the surface as his nostril slits continued to flare reflexively, fascinated by the odors he was able to drink in. There was a thick miasma in the room, one that spoke of sweat and musk and something else he had no immediate name for. Yet, the moment he allowed himself to focus, the more his awareness sifted to the men's crotches, specifically the erections tenting their underwear. And the realization made his own member start to tent, larger in his pants than he last recalled it being...

Out of the corner of his eyes, Alex noted that Cameron's face was doing the same, though his muzzle was far more massive than the equivalent sitting on the end of Alex's own. Thick and square-shaped, a series of ridges ran back toward his now-bald neck, crossing his nostrils as he, too, drank in the heavy musk in the air. Though he seemed inclined to go further, his own hand reached down to stroke his member through his underwear, leaking through the fabric. And without hesitation, he soon pulled down his underwear, letting them fall to the floor and exposing a discolored erection, though a largely human shape, that he began to stroke without regard for his location.

"What the hell?!" Leon called out, his own lips parting to form the start of a blunt beak. Teeth still persisted behind it, likely thicker and ridged for grinding plant material. His own clothes were still on, though his slimmer frame seemed too small for them to the point they

would likely fall off if he were to move. Still, Alex could see the outline of an erection at the front that gave him little leg to stand on. Still, he was able to resist the urges to touch himself, something that was obviously coming over them all.

“Rrruck, I rrran’t help it...I’m rrrro horny...” Cameron moaned, reaching down with his weaker arms to rub at it. His arm seemed a little shorter, obviously so, but he was still able to caress the tip of his cock, groaning with his massive muzzle as he did so. Human eyes rolled back in his head, and when they opened again, they were a dark yellow, with slits to match the reptilian visage he now possessed. Yet, he seemed not to care about the vision change, rubbing at the tip of his cock and leaking from even the briefest contact.

Yet, a growl escaped his lips the moment a sharp ache pierced his underwear, and, looking down, Cameron was shocked to see two of his fingers erupting with what could only be a pair of curved talons. They seemed to be thickening from within his fingertips, the surface of which was bleeding slightly from being pierced. Soon, they were longer than the digits themselves, though a twitching in the digits was a sign they were to grow to match. Rather than growing their own talons, however, it seemed the two remaining fingers on each hand were fated to fade, pulling into his anatomy and lost entirely as they had never existed there. It was a wonder his thumbs remained as well, a testament to a more hybrid anatomy. They did not possess the same sharpened talons as the others, however, looking mildly out of place even as Cameron tried to work out how to pleasure himself with his new hands.

“Fuck...rrrhat the hell...?” Cameron managed to moan, his arms shrinking just slightly with his new anatomy, though enough that he could not reach his penis, as large as it was. He growled in frustration, stamping feet that were starting to well in their own right toward a more suitable shape for the dinosaur he was to become. There was no denying the nature of the changes even as much as Alex stared, though his own feathers left him confused as to what was happening.

Thoughts of feathers brought his attention back toward Jamie, whose changes were perhaps the most out of place of all of them. He, too, was covered with feathers, crowning the back of his head to make up for the lack of hair there. And, like Leon before him, his own lips had parted completely, giving way to the start of a beak. But there was a stark contrast between Leon’s blunt beak and even the fully formed muzzle of his other friend’s feathered form. His was massive, growing beyond the contours of his head and looking almost heavy. With thicker neck muscles, Jame was able to manage to hold it up, but only just. It seemed no teeth were present in his beak now, save for serrated edges that were far removed from any primate dentition. Of most note, however, was the hooked crescent that persisted on the tip, looking as deadly as any of their jaws. The sight of him was more avian than the rest, but there was no doubt in Alex’s mind they



were all in the process of changing into creatures, or at least partial facsimiles, that had not been alive on Earth for many millions of years.

As though in a drug-fueled state, Leon moving toward his now larger friend, drool dripping from his blunt beak as he sniffed the air with minute nostrils, as though fixated on the musky, alluring odor they put out. Eyes glassy, he moved toward Cameron's cock with intention, licking the tip of his beak as he did so. Lost in his struggle, Cameron was barely aware with a set of stubby fingers, thick rounded nails at the ends of them, started to pull down his pants, exposing the mammoth erection within. Breathing in the heady musk and staring at the organ as though it was the most fascinating thing in the world, Leon reached out a curious tongue to take a lick, a little off put by the flavor but seemingly unable to resist whatever force was beckoning him to do such an act. Though Cameron couldn't reach down to stroke himself off, his clawed hands were able to rub reach his own penis, he could rub his friend's head in encouragement, even his sharp claws doing nothing against the thick dome-like head that Leon now possessed.

Even though he knew his friends had nothing sexual going on, Alex had difficulty thinking anything was wrong with the sight, feeling his own member rise to the occasion. He was powerfully aroused to the point there was little he could do but pull down his own cock and start to stroke it, not caring that the cleft was starting to merge with the shaft of his penis, or the shape started to alter, still pink but far firmer than his human penis. It gave him immense satisfaction to know his friends were pleasuring each other to the point he wanted nothing more than to join in as well. The penis he was developing wasn't quite on par with the one Leon was sucking, but all three were long, discolored, and inhuman, as much as needed to match their new bodies.

It was obvious they were not the only ones engaged in carnal acts, growls, grunts, and bellowing signaling everyone in the arena was being overtaken with carnal lusts. All had removed their clothes, though some had been a little slow in the endeavor and were currently standing in piles of torn garments. A variety of different forms were present, though most were either feathered or scaled, with some exceptions of sparse fur. With massive fangs, horns, frills, crests, and tails, there was nothing about the forms that matched anything that had lived on Earth for many millions of years, leading credence to the fact their forms were based solely on extinct species. Though with upright postures and bipedal stances, it was likely most of them would maintain a hybrid being, one that was powerfully horny and inclined toward other males, or whatever they could fuck in general!

Though all of them sported sizable erections, it was evident something different was happening to Jamie's cock, as much as could be perceived. He was clearly erect, rubbing at the inside of a penis that was shrinking away. He had cum once already, his feathers stained with semen, the scent of which burned into their noses and brought with them further arousal. But with his penis warping the way it was, there was a chance he was possibly changing genders, his

member being subsumed by a slit as it was taken inside of him. Though, given his more avian physiology, Alex couldn't help but wonder if his sex was simply moving within his internal anatomy, rather than shifting sex. The scent of cum about him seemed to signal such, though Alex was remiss for not understanding how his nose worked to process such knowledge. Still, it seemed to be the case, and Alex sniffed with perhaps a little more interest than he was anticipating, moving toward his friend.

“Dude, you don't have a dick!” Cameron roared, though there wasn't much he could say while in the middle of getting the blow job of his life from his friend. Still, even Alex had to admit it was rather amusing to see a wide, dripping orifice where Jamie's cock once sat, even to the point he felt he needed to smell it. Even the fact that his rectal opening was seeming to rotate toward it, in tandem with reorientating hips, was not lost to him, though did not detract from his desires to taste it, as bizarre as it was. Fuck, he had to at least sniff it!

A roar from Cameron seemed to indicate he was going through the same thing, reaching down to try to rub at his rear though clearly unable with his hybrid anatomy. Still, even with Leon in the way, Alex could smell what was happening to his friend's nethers and even saw the same thing happen to Leon's body as his own anus moved to merge into the single opening that saurians possessed. It was a little bizarre to watch Leon's backside with such interest, let alone the fact it was shifting into a saurian counterpart with his lips pushed back and his asshole teasing the edges of the slit that had opened for his penis. Leon seemed to cry out as it happened, to it was more difficult to perceive with his mouth in the shape of a beak and his eyes glassy as they were. Still, as the two openings fused, much like bubbles on the water, it seemed to pleasure the man to know end, leaving Alex to wonder what it would feel like to happen to him as well.

He didn't have long to wait. Rubbing his member could not quite bring him the release he wanted, especially with his organs in flux as they were. But it was pleasant all the same, prompting him to jerk off even faster. It was almost as though he was pumping his penis toward his anus, though it was more skin accentuating the ache of his hips pushing backward and prompting his anus to move as well. The bodily harm from such internal rearrangement was barely perceived, however, given the pleasant waves flowing through him. Even his testicles being drawn within him was barely felt, forming a crest of sorts under his pelvis as his rectal opening enveloped his new vent, making him shiver as the two facets of his anatomy were made one. It was powerfully sensual to the point Alex not just wanted to fuck with it, but feel it being filled as well.

Even with his current fixation on his friend's opening, the sights around him did not go unnoticed, especially with the scents of dino musk burning into his nose. Most of the men were fully changed, or close to it at this point, and were in the throes of passion in their own right. Thick, meaty dinosaur cocks were thrust into saurian vents, rubbing against their panther's cocks

in tandem and making them all cry out with beastly bellows. Most of the men were growing massive at this point, far beyond their former stature, but nowhere near the needed size to reach dinosaur proportions. All retained the ability to stand upright, though many chose not to, getting down on thickened, nailed palms and letting their rears be rammed by their former friends turned anthropomorphic dinosaurs. It seemed whatever sexualities they possessed before were moot, all inclined toward the masculine musk their saurian bodies exuded.

As Alex continued to sniff Jamie's offering before him, a thought suddenly dawned on him that he no longer perceived the effects of the weed. Perhaps it had already dulled his senses to the point that the changes were not as alarming for him as they should have been. It mattered little in the end, he figured. He was long since past caring about social conventions, being in a state of intoxication, desire, or both. And he was there for it, wondering what it would be like to use his new assets and feeling the rest of the changes removing his humanity as he did so.

With a sniffing nose, Alex moved closer to Jamie's sex, breathing in the heady stink of his spunk and sweat from within. Without thinking, a longer, pointed tongue reached out to caress the edges of his sex, and Jamie purred in a more avian voice as his sex was pleased. The taste of seed and the masculine odor made Alex sure his friend had kept his gender, though it mattered little with how much pleasure it gave him to service his friend. The chittering cry was more animal than human, and it was very likely he had lost much of his voice. It was still sufficient to vocalize his desires, sexual need at the forefront!

By this point, much of Alex's form was covered in feathers, the scales underneath present though complexly obscured from view. Only his calves, feet, and the tip of his muzzle and tail were devoid of them, leaving him confused as to his species. Part of him wondered if he had recently heard anything about some saurian species being covered in feathers, though it did little to pin down his exact species. Still, as he moved his muzzle and reached out with a longer tongue to start lapping at his friend's cloaca, the sensation of his toes cracking, stretching out, and forming nails from their tips, he was soon to figure out the answer.

Given his cursory glance around the arena, it was obvious every man's feet were altering as well, whether or not they had removed their shoes prior. Unlike their hands, little was left of their humanity in their feet, claws erupting from raised toes as some digits retracted into stretched heels and others grew massive in relation to their saurian weights. Others were more cylindrical, massive pillars with little flexibility and thick nails where mobile digits once persisted. Cameron's feet went the way of the former, his large toes running up the length of his heel and leaving only three toes to balance on. Those remaining were thick, and wide, spreading his weight as massive talons burst out from where nails should sit. They were powerful enough that, in tandem with his massive leg muscles, he could likely run all out, with a thick girthy tail to support him.

Though Leon possessed somewhat flexible toes, unlike many of their counterparts, his nails were thick enough to encompass the entirety of his toes. They, like many of the dinosaur people around them, were those of a herbivore, without the killing talons of their more predatory counterparts. They were smaller, as well, especially compared to the cock he was sucking off, Cameron managing to hold back despite the saurian musk burning into his nose.

Alex's own changes were bizarre as well, leaving him with three per foot, with a thicker large toe, swelling from the tip as though preparing to birth something within. It ached a little to the point he winced, closing his eyes without realizing his face was starting to press out as well. The force of the claws he was to grow was almost more than he could bear, though feeling the curved blades touch the floor was worth it. He felt powerful, and deadly, and finally had an idea of what he had turned into, or at least a generalized notion. There were many different discovered species of raptors, though it was likely he was one of the larger ones, a feathered hunter the likes of which dominated a prehistoric home. As much as he wanted to dominate his former friend's cloaca!

Jamie's feet, similar to his own, were scaled, three massive toes bursting forth with deadly talons the spitting image of a prehistoric terror bird from which his form was based on. It was quite a bit different from the mostly reptilian bodies the rest of them possessed, though Alex found it hot as hell, eager to lick the changing man's cloaca until he came, spraying seed into his new muzzle. His rolling eyes did take some interest in the last of Jamie's changes, in particular, his arms and hands. They were weaker than his own, somewhat pitched back, and covered with feathers. While he still possessed fingers, however, it seemed as though the former nail beds had erupted into feathers themselves, more a semblance of wings than even Alex's feathered form possessed. He was flightless, but no less deadly than a creature of Alex's new heritage. And he was eager to pleasure the larger male, something he hadn't partaken in before but something he couldn't imagine wanting more.

Though the taste of his cloaca was sublime, the ache in Alex's cock was starting to grow insistent to the point he needed to fuck and rut. Jamie seemed to be of one mind, getting up and grinning down at him with his hooked beak, before turning around and being over, dripping orifice licked and readied for penetration. Thankfully, Jamie's stature remained similar to Alex's, and Alex didn't have any issue lining up his cock to the massive hole of the partial terror bird. Having not done such before, even in human form, Alex nonetheless was compelled by instincts to the point he shoved his dick in Jamie's hold, reaching unfathomable depths until he hilted himself, thrusting without regard for his friend's comfort. It seemed that bestial inclinations were not limited to Alex's mind, Jamie clamping down with his new muscles as he took the cock within him like a champ.

Even in his lust-fueled state, thrusting like orgasm was the most vital thing in the world, Ale was still privy to the sights of his friend's fucking as well, their bodies having altered to their likely conclusion. Leon's dome-shaped skull marked him as a Stegocears, a herbivore that used its cranium as part of mating and dominance displays, similar to rams and other horned beasts of modern times. As though inclined to try it out, Leon lowered his head and charged forward, accidentally hitting Cameron in the process. Cameron's hide was made of sterner stuff, moving out of the way as Leon turned around, compelled by instincts in his mind. Turning around, it was obvious that Leon's oral efforts had been successful, cum staining his beak as he licked it a little, enjoying the taste.

Cameron looked down at his friend with some curiosity, amber eyes widening as he sniffed the air, as though drinking in the musk from their rut. His form was obvious, having taken on the visage of a T-Rex, down to the shortened arms even with the human-like anatomy over him. His penis was just as impressive, firm and throbbing even after having just cum. It was a sign he saw his friend as a fuck buddy rather than a snack, something that seemed to be the case for everyone else gathered. And, given Leon's own, albeit smaller, quivering cock, it seemed he was of one mind.

Sniffing the air for a moment, Leon readied his tail, bending down and exposing a hole below his cock that seemed far too small for a penis the size of the one the rex sported. Still, Leon seemed determined, firming his stance and moaning as a thick reptilian tongue started to lap at his backside, teasing him and making his much smaller penis leak. Leon bent over further, better balanced as his thicker nailed fingers held him up. It was clear he was getting ready to take the cock within him, even as impossible as it should have been.

He didn't have long to wait as Cameron stepped over him, using his pillar-sized leg to help hold Leon in place. Without further fanfare, Cameron rubbed his thick rex dick against Leon's rump, and it seemed there was little chance of the wriggling tip finding a hole to penetrate. Yet, somehow, he managed, careful about the size as he shoved inch after inch within the poor smaller man. Leon, however, was poised to take it as much as he was able, grunting and drooling from the ache of it. He did not call out in pain even as more of the rex's dick worked its way within him. It should have split the dinosaur man in half, and there was even a slight bulge in his belly to indicate his size. But not only was he able to take it, Leon seemed to enjoy it, eyes rolling back in his head as the rex's girthy cock rubbed against his own leaking rod and likely close to cumming from the bestial intention.

Alex hardly had a mind to focus on things, however, given the tightness of the cloaca rubbing his own rod. There was no denying the primal need to fuck and rut and cum, and lost in the sensations of simplicity, it took him little time to get close to his end. The stink of cum in the air, the roars and grunts and squelching of sexual fluids were beyond his ability to fully

comprehend to the point he was lost in his own mind. He needed to get off, needed to cum, and the rest of the world faded away as his internal testes tensed and prepared to blow their burden.

With that, a saurian roar escaped his scaly lips as Alex felt sperm pump through his cock, flooding the terror bird's cloaca with virile raptor semen. The backflow was enough to spill down his member, more semen than Alex had ever let loose in his life. The pleasure burning through his being surpassed his understanding, devolving his mind to match the bestial visage he now sported. He was a creature of pure need, something not even the previous high could simulate. Still, it mattered little with the inclinations in his mind, contentment surpassing all concerns of what he had done. He had mated, had bred, and best of all, had made his mate cum as well, then backwash of semen flowing from his cloaca as well, mixing together with a primal stink that turned them both on beyond anything that they had experienced before.

A roar from his saurian friends was a sign of their end as well, squelching of cum leaking from Leon's ass as Cameron came within him, thick t-rex musk burning into their nostrils. Leon could hardly hold back as his own modest cock spilled onto the ground below him. The two of them rocked back and forth, Leon barely able to take it but desperate to do so all the same as he breathed a sigh of relief, cloaca clenching from the relief of such. Still, it was obvious he had enjoyed it to the point he would take it a second time, his opening stretched out and ready.

The stench of semen rang in Alex's nose as all of the transformed men reached their climaxes within their mates, some jerking off but most in the mists of rut with each other. The raw sexuality each man felt was a sign that inclination sat well with them, natural as the bodies they had taken on from the changes. Yet, with the initial lust quelled within each of the changed men, another need came to the forefront of their beings. Altered physiologies needed substance, and the array of morsals brought out for them soon became more appealing to the point that none of them could resist. Each beast, sniffing the buffet before them, moved to feed, salivating over the succulent scents of their meals. Alex, carnivorous as his new being was, was drawn to the raw meat, something that had been appalling to his human self but was exactly what his saurian self required. With that, he had with gusto, not even using his hands as he bit into piece after piece, juices running from his muzzle.

Cameron and Jamie, predatory as they were, joined Alex in their feeding frenzy. Their meal was consumed in the manner befitting of the animals they were, without regard for manners as they ate their fill, barely able to chew as they swallowed chunks of meat. Part of Alex's awareness noticed that Leon was moving toward the salad bar, salivating over the greens that had been brought for him and his kin. Though his smaller stature hardly needed the same quantity as the larger herbivores, some sauropod-based forms likely needed most of the plant matter provided to fill their bellies. It mattered little, each beast required food, and with their diminished minds, cared little about the desperation in which they fed.

Eventually, however, with their bellies filled, that initial need took precedence once more. Even the multiple orgasms they shared with each other could not stem the lust that had burned through their very beings. Though they were happy to mate within their friend group, it was the gathered dino crowd at large that seemed to beckon to them. Cocks slid out of cloacas, dripping fluids as saurian eyes darted back and forth, looking for mates. Minds were devolved to the point it no longer seemed odd they were so hungry and horny, beyond any impact of intoxication could provide. And with their urges, there was no reason not to find the nearest hole and fuck it, roaring and grunting in bestial bliss...

It felt like some hours later when the four of them awoke, all naked and lying outside on the ground by Alex's car. The warm evening sun was enough to prevent them from being chilled, though it was a little uncomfortable for them each to note their cocks were slightly at attention, having been exposed to some sort of erotic stimulus. Alex felt his head aching, as though a massive hangover, even though weed never made him feel like this. Had he had something to drink, as well? He was sure he hadn't, but then again, with memories faded as they were, it was hard to say.

Looks of embarrassment and flushed faces once crossed them, before each, in turn, reached down to grab their clothes, which were thankfully left piled there beside them. Alex, for one, couldn't help but think it had been fortunate he had thought to remove them before... what, exactly? Everything was such a blur after waking up that he struggled to form coherent thoughts. The looks of confusion on his three friends were enough to make him sure that they, too, had no idea what had left them there. Hell beyond taking their own blends and entering the arena, nothing seemed to make sense. Save for a hunger that was easily sated, both one in their guts and in their groins. Like the best food and sex Alex had ever experienced, though with whom and how he had no recollection. There were images there, scales and feathers and maws that made no sense the more he reflected on them. But there was no denying the pleasant connotations that came with his memory fragments, to the point there was no doubt in his mind as to what he would do in the future.

"Must have been a wild trip, fuck..." Jamie said, shaking his own head and taking a moment before putting his clothes on. Alex had to admit, he didn't mind the sight. Wait, where did *that* thought come from? He didn't think of his friends that way, he was sure. Yet, he couldn't deny the urge to check each and every one of them out in turn. It was almost as though their bodies were enticing in their own right, familiar, as well. He wasn't sure where those thoughts were coming from, but there was no denying he felt the notion of playing with his buddies, even in their current state, was not off the table.

“We’re definitely coming back here next year, yeah?” Cameron eventually said, echoing Alex’s own thoughts on the situation. It made very little sense from a logistical perspective, given he was likely not the only one who didn’t recall their last day. But as much as he felt frustration over the lost memories, there was no denying the aura they possessed to the point he was down to experience them again. In whatever form that might take on...