

I felt nervous as hell walking into the doctor's compound for the first day of my new job. I knew it was cliché to feel that way, but this career would be life-changing in more ways than one. This compound would likely be my home for the rest of my life. Assuming I didn't decide on some other form of permanent lodging during my time here while such decisions were still in my hands. I had several weeks to decide on my permanent residence if my understanding was correct. But, that was neither here nor there, as the saying went.

Either way, I knew that I wasn't going to be leaving the facility of my own free will if I wanted to or not. Not that I wanted to, mind. And I certainly would be leaving it on two legs, not with the choice that I had made for the rest of my life. But, strange it as sounds, that suited me just fine. Bipedal life wasn't suitable for me anymore, and I was eager to get down on all fours as soon as I figured it was time. Again, neither here nor there. But, still, something I looked forward to with an excitement that was beyond my understanding, especially when I had learned that such things were possible.

My brief interview with Doctor Johnathan Barr earlier this week went well, naturally, or else I wouldn't be here. He was more than happy to accept my application, once he confirmed that I really wanted what he was offering. And I had wanted it, more than anything in my life. Naturally, given the 'legality' of what he was doing here, there was always the fear that such an intern who had prior knowledge of what he was doing here would try to bring some bane to the business. However, given the sorts of forums that those people used, it was highly unlikely that someone would want to bring ill will to the facility. All part of the intake process, I was assured!

Though I was skeptical at first, the Doctor was understanding, knowing that his work was on the cutting edge and that it was necessary for it to be seen to be believed. Naturally, I hoped that would be the case and that it was exactly what I hoped it would be. To be given such a low-hanging fruit only to have it ripped away from me would be devastating to my inner mind. But, not something that I had to worry about, I was soon to discover. This facility would be everything that I hoped it would be and more! Truly, the opportunity of a lifetime, though not something that most people would walk into willingly. For me, it was everything I could have ever imagined and more!

Quickly I found out that what he was doing was not only possible but performed regularly. It only took a brief tour of his facilities to learn that everything I was witnessing was not only possible but currently happening on a wide scale. The process was long and drug out, and not all the participants were like me, willing ones. But, it was a moral scruple that I had to put to the side to eventually work here. In the end, I said fuck it. I knew it would be a little shady, and besides, I was in too deep now, even though ultimately it was exactly where I wanted to be!

I couldn't turn him down, not especially since I had the option to work in any sector of my choosing. A brief intake was followed by an overview of what I would be doing in the interim, and I had the job. My final job, though one that contained a lifetime of benefits and the best retirement plan with someone of my particular proclivities. How could I say no?

With that, I started my employment. Over the next few days, I was given a thorough tour of the facilities and where I would be working. Currently, he didn't have any other assistants working here, to my disappointment. The most recent two had retired to join the sanctuary already. But there were plenty of other subjects going through their transitions and lots of examples of the doctor's work for me to admire. That was the reason that I wanted to work here before 'joining' the sanctuary myself, which would be the end goal eventually. The idea of seeing others transition before my eyes was powerfully arousing, the ultimate tease to my own eventual transformation.

Of course, the doc spent ample time explaining what he would have me do in the weeks leading up to my transformation. It was all menial jobs, how he would have me help to feed and clean up after the animals as they transitioned into their new lives. But, one that I was more than happy to do for the promise that he made to me! I didn't mind getting a little dirty with the animals if I was soon on the path to becoming one myself, after all.

I think my favorite part though was seeing where my new home would be. It was a massive outdoor establishment attached to the compound, just before the stables. More than enough for the body of my dreams to live a comfortable life. I spent almost an hour just exploring it. In fact, my cock was already starting to get a little hard from the prospect. I couldn't wait to move in, though not like I needed to

Thankfully, Dr. Barr gave me a couple of days to get my affairs in order before moving myself here. The doctor had ways of helping to make people disappear, intentionally or no. I, for one, was to willingly sign over all my assets to one of the many shell companies that he had influence in. Then I would be free to come here and live the life I had always dreamed of. I only had the clothes on my back as I entered the facility for the last time as a human. Yet, despite the loss of everything that once made up my life, I had no regrets. There had been some friends, of course, some distant family. But even if I couldn't tell them what new journey I was embarking on, I hoped they would understand. The chance to give up my human skin and be an animal, the fulfillment of my dreams was too enticing to give up, even if my human self would be missed.

Then the moment of truth. I was soon shown the process the Doc used to change his subjects into a completely, totally animal body. Most of the science was beyond me, but that wasn't important. A mix of chemicals, nanotechnology, the science well beyond anything

available to the public, it had to me. I found it amazing that the Doc could gift people with animal bodies in this way. In just a few short days or weeks, depending on how easily they gave in to their desires, the subject would fully turn into an animal of the doctor's choosing. Or, their own, if they were so lucky as to be someone like me. However, the Doctor was not cruel with his choices. Many of the subjects were willing, and even those that were not were fit to form. Most of the species on display were commonplace and desirable for those who, like me, had transformative desires.

My change would be a little different than most subjects that found their way onto the premises. It would be slow, taking months for me to finally lose the ability to help the Doc in any meaningful way. That was, of course, only while I wanted to maintain enough humanity to assist with the facility. I always had the option to change completely whenever I desired it. But, I fully intended to help the doctor as long as I could before the urge to embrace my bestial existence became overwhelming. Whether that be days or weeks, I wouldn't know till I was in the thick of it, so to speak. I laughed at that turn of phrase. Being 'thick' would soon have meaning for me in more ways than one!

I was injected soon after that, of course. The doctor never kept blank specimens on-site for very long, even if they were to be working there for some length of time as well. I could almost feel the serum flowing through my body as soon as I was injected, preparing me to change into the form of my dreams. It would take a few hours or days to see the results in any meaningful way, the change was dialed back for my personal experience. If left unchecked, it would take literal months before I was inhuman enough to operate within that world. But, I was more than happy to get started at my job while I waited.

Afterward, I was directed to the cafeteria to start studying the daily meals for some of the doctor's residents. Other staffers were hired to stock inventory and prepare meals for all the animals. Yet, they never made it into the actual compound, as per the doctor's strict instructions. I assumed if they ever found out what was really going on within the sanctuary, they would be subject to become its newest residents. Of course, the services of staff who were unaware of the doctor's procedures were likely a necessity. I was sure it was troublesome to find volunteers who wanted to help and eventually become an animal, like myself. It was only a short position unless that person only wanted to become partly animal, I supposed. Myself, I wanted the whole one-way trip, and I was soon to get it!

As an assistant, I wasn't responsible for all the animals in the doctor's care. He took care of the rest in those times when there were not any assistants available, though it did take away from his work and his ability to enjoy the process fully. The Doc suggested that I primarily work with herbivores since I was becoming one myself. I supposed that made a sort of sense. Part of

my changing brain would likely be uncomfortable being in proximity to animals that wanted to hunt or eat me, even with how massive I would eventually become. And it seemed logical to be with creatures who were not alarmed by my presence in turn. I wanted to see every animal changing and that had been changed, of course. But, there was precedent for observing them during my off-hours, of course.

After studying up on the procedures and exploring the facilities and residents I was given a tentative daily schedule, with time in between for...*personal* activities. The doc, for his part, was certainly keen on allowing his subjects to partake in pleasures of the flesh in the presence of his creatures. Nothing hands-on, of course, unless it was time for one to join with a particular individual animal or group, or the participant was willing to initiate the exchange. His only rule, which I was willing to abide by. I would certainly get sufficient jollies simply by watching! And, as someone who already masturbated several times a day on average, the increase in sexual stamina provided by the changes would be more than enough to make my day full of endorphins! Not that I expected to be asked to join an orgy, or the like, mind you. Still, if the opportunity came up...

I couldn't help but jerk myself off that night, eager to experience what it meant to be an animal. I had a bed for the night, before being taken to my habitat once it had been prepared for me. The last time I would ever sleep in a bed, though I could hardly bring myself to care about such things any longer. I wanted to be in my own pen, in a cage like the animal I was to become. Still, all things in good time, as they say. For now, I was free to enjoy my carnal delights before it was eventually time to sleep.

Naturally, even one day into the change, I was eager to explore whatever alterations came over me. I wasn't expecting them to be much, mind you. The process was dimmed for me, so I would only change no more than 25% of the way until the doctor gave me an agent to allow the rest of the process to happen. Though my humanity was forfeited, over the course of months, I wouldn't convert in the expected amount of time until I desired it to happen. And, I wanted it more than anything, once I had experienced all the pleasures of changing with the other residents into animal life.

I kept the light on, not caring that there was a camera in the room as I pulled down my pants and started jerking off. The doctor was watching us all the time, liking jerking off to the changes as much as I wanted to. Not that I could blame him, of course. I would be too, if I had his genius and ability to alter bodies into new and better forms. But, if my changes or the work I helped to complete helped him get off, I was more than happy to oblige!

Pulling down my pants, I was greeted with an unexpected sight. The size of my cock was...off, maybe? I jerked myself pretty often, enough that I was sure what I looked like in the downstairs department. And I was certain the texture was a little strange, too, as though I was getting a pins and needles sensation whenever I touched myself. It was a little strange, but enough to know that it was altering if only slightly. And was that a discolored patch of skin, there? Oh, god, was I changing?

With the eagerness I felt for the changes, it was all I could do to hold back even to the point of getting to full erection. I moaned, not caring that the doc was watching me as I creamed my pants, cumming all over the fabric and my hand. The force of ejaculation was more than I was expecting, and I couldn't help but let myself go into the moment. My first elephantine orgasm...the first of many...

Only one day into my 'internship', I was excited to learn that I would be working with changing subjects already. While it was interesting to observe animals in their new lives after their transition, the entire reason for my volunteer stint here was to watch others transform. The notion of physical transformation had always been fascinating to me, arousingly so. The ability to observe it firsthand, for weeks or months at a time before allowing myself to experience it in my own body was the chance of a lifetime! And one that I was not planning on passing up, in more ways than one!

The first thing on my list for the day was to feed a troupe of soon-to-be gorillas. I'd been told they had been a frat house of some kind who all volunteered to become animals. Evidently, they were all failing their term reports and their frat was in danger of being shut down. All five of the guys were obsessed with working out, and, secretly, transformation, though the rest only learned that after many nights of binge drinking. Quite the coincidence, if you ask me. When one discovered the Doc's services on a dark web forum, the notion of forever being the muscled male specimens of their dreams was powerfully attractive to all five, and they quickly signed on for a lifetime of ease!

Interestingly enough, the frat members were all either already gay or content with being that way. Not that it would matter in the long run, of course, given the doctor's proclivities. Personally, I admired the effect of the doctor's formula on the developing animal psyche. In particular, it always seemed to provide a strong sexual attraction to the same sex. I, for one, didn't mind that the process would make me almost exclusively gay. I never really had a strong preference for men or women, preferring to tend to my own pleasures on my own time. Still, when I was to be fully changed, the thought of having another massive bull to breed my asshole

got me more than a little excited! In my new body, I could be free to explore things that human me could never have imagined, and I would be fully inclined to do so when the time came!

Still, these were introspections for the future. The Doc would eventually need to find a suitable mate to change for me, preferably someone who shared my particular animal fantasy. Eventually, of course, when my time came he would simply choose someone to add to my pen if none presented themselves. I felt a little sad at that. I didn't want someone forced to be an animal with me. I didn't know who out there would share in my depravity and darkest desires, but I still held out hope that he would find someone willing! He was at least offering the role to would-be transformation enthusiasts, so that was something.

Stepping out into the warm humid air, I walked over to the elevator that would lead to their habitat. From what I understood, this outdoor habitat was designed specifically for volunteers like them. It wasn't as heavily monitored as the internal habitats, due to the fact that there was simply a reduced chance that they would try to escape. Being in their preferred habitat and all that. Not that escape was really possible, not from the changes and the new sexual urges that came with them and served to propagate them. Leaving the compound, as I'd been told, would trigger a full transition from human to animal in a time span that any contact with the outside world would most likely result in finding the animal in a fully feral form, unable to communicate its transition to that state or perhaps unable to remember being anything but that animal at all. And, of course, the doctor could add any 'unfortunate' soul that saw his work mid-transition to the menagerie if he was so inclined.

But still, the doctor preferred to keep his subjects in a position to not be distracted by such things as escaping or regaining their humanity as they became accustomed to their new forms and sensibilities. For this reason, I found it unsurprising that much of the uptake of the compound was automated, including cleaning, feeding, and temperature/energy regulation. Naturally, he would need to perform maintenance tasks, and there were teams that were brought in to work on new habitats, during downtimes when no one was actively transitioning. The use of an assistant like me was likely largely unnecessary, and more of another long-term study of its own. One I was happy to participate in!

The facilities I had been shown were rather large, all things considered. About twenty or so indoor habitats as well as the add-ons outside that the doctor spent most of his free time working around. Most of the people who came through the facility were in transitory positions, and I mean that in more ways than one. Some were kept here for long-term study or of their own volition. Any willing volunteers were given the choice, though the doctor had a variety of behavioral studies to perform in the long term. And he certainly had the space to keep a wide variety of specimens!

The whir of the elevator's motors filled my ears as my eyes fell over the troupe of changing men. They had been here for about four days, relatively recent additions. The doctor liked to bring in several subjects at once over the course of a couple of days and was still in the process of doing so, hence his preference to have an assistant. Those periods in between which people were actively transformed were spent finding suitable habitats for subjects and setting in motion some of the long-term research he would do. Then the cycle would begin again. So many were being granted the gift of a bestial form, as many as he could possibly handle!

This group, as I'd expected, was well on its way to becoming gorillas. They were naked, of course, with thick black-gray fur obscuring most of their already darkening skin. Most of them had massive, sloping heads covered with black fur. Two of the apes have flattened and thickened nostrils and several had thick canines poking out rubbery lips. The other three all have extensive protruding bellies and broad chests. All of their arms were huge with bulging muscles under the surface, ending in thickening fingers. It was obvious that they were more than half changed, and had been here several days.

One aspect that was uniform on all of them, however, was the thick-thumbed feet above their leathery soles. Their large toes were stretched up the surface of their feet and looked just as flexible as a human thumb. I almost envied that, how amazing it must be to explore a level of tactile sensation unknown to humans. Likely, it was a deliberate action for them to be given such an inhuman element early in their changes. Something for them to explore while they were still human enough to appreciate it, I figured. It was the main reason I was looking forward to my eventual trunk!

The group was currently engaged in carnal acts, which was unsurprising, given the proclivities granted by the doc's procedures. One was behind another fucking him in the ass while his cock was being stroked from behind by his dom. The other three were sitting around in a circle, their feet wrapped around each other's cocks in a bizarre sort of circle jerk. It seemed amazing that their toes were so flexible yet so gentle. Enough to expertly bring their lovers to climax. It did not escape my notice that their cocks were a bit larger than their human counterparts. Gorillas had smaller cocks than humans, and from the sight of them, I could only conclude that it was a physical attribute custom made upon request. It was a reasonable request, I thought. I would ask the same if I was not expecting my own cock to be massive someday soon!

Still, I had to break my gaze from them and get to work. There were other habitats to tend to, after all. I wheeled the tray over to them, not wanting to be too loud lest I distracted their fun. Over the evident pleasure and hoots of release, however, it seemed largely unlikely. The tray was lined with a variety of fruits and veggies that actually made my mouth water. But these were for

the animals and needed to be left here. I could still get my own food for now. Even though I would soon need to eat literal tonnes of it...

After a few moments of hoots and shots of cum from eager dicks, they did finally sniff the air and detected the presence of their lunch. The largest male, who had been breeding his mate from behind, pulled out with a rush of semen to walk over to my offered spread. Neither he nor his mate seemed to care about the cum still staining his backside, the bottom only stooping enough to rub some semen out of his hair. The dom, meanwhile, picked up an apple with his foot and gave it a few cautious sniffs before biting into it, devouring it in one gulp, and letting out a hoot of excitement. It was amazing that his feet were so tactile that he could achieve such a feat, and I couldn't help but watch with reverence.

Evidently, he was the troupe leader, and his shouts were enough to elicit a reaction from the rest, who all came over and started digging in. I watched with fascination as they ate, admiring the changes in their bodies, the subtle human features hidden beneath the spread of their new gorilla forms. It was so fascinating to think that less than a week ago they were just as human as I was. But now, they were on their way of change to what would be their eventual new forms, and I couldn't be more excited for them, save only for the excitement I felt for my own changes!

The scene was having another effect on me, causing my cock to tent in my pants from lust. The sight of other people changing did it for me, just as much as I thought it would! I should have been a little embarrassed, and, in truth, I was. Though such sentiments were human, and so few of the residents of this establishment were. I would shed them soon, along with my human skin and all the remaining humanity from my body.

One of the gorilla men, the leader, finished eating and walked over to me, giving my sweaty flesh a nice long whiff. His flattened nose stopped on my damp crotch, and he gave it a careful lick which sent shivers down my spine. Did he really want to...? And, despite my very erect state, did I...?

All at once, his hands were on my pants, pulling them down to expose the stained underwear. I stood still, save for my hands which were trailing exploratory over his thickening brow. My hands pulled him in closer, as though encouraging him onward toward the goal he had in mind. I smiled at the implication. The doctor had encouraged me to explore any carnal acts that came over me during my time here. Of course, such participation with the other subjects was not out of the question, be they willing. The gorilla man before me could certainly consent, even with the changed mentalities that were being bestowed on him. The chance to freely explore sexuality without boundaries was one of the most exciting aspects of allowing this change!

I looked down at my now-exposed cock, a sudden sense of pride filling me. There was no way that I'd been that hung before! I had only been a modest 4 inches before the beginning of the procedure, but now I had to be, what? 7, maybe 8? I was double my size! And I still had so much more growing to do. I would far dwarf the other animals here I was certain. Not my primary goal, but not something that I shied away from!

I gasped as I felt my long cock being played over by thick, rough hands. I was glad its slightly altered skin was far more sturdy. Otherwise, the rough animalistic hands might have hurt! But this changing man was surprisingly gentle as he played over my cock, reaching down to tease my balls and even as far back as my taint. Every touch of his rough hands sent tingles of bliss over me. As a thick finger rose up to insert itself into my eager anus, I felt all control of my facilities slipping. It felt so wonderful to let myself go like this!

Before I knew what was happening, the rest of the troupe had joined us, playing over my body like some sort of toy. My shirt was ripped away while thick-fingered hands played over my hairless chest and nipples. A thick rubbery muzzled jaw fell over my human lips and before I knew it I was kissing one of the gorilla men. I closed my eyes, feeling many sets of hands and even toes covering every inch of my body. I was in heaven, my body receiving more sexual attention than in the rest of my human experiences combined!

Yet nothing compared to the sudden sensations of something warm and moist playing over my erect cock. I couldn't look down, not with the changing man kissing me as he was. But it was obvious to me what was happening. Their skilled leader had taken my length into his changing maw, sucking me off like an expert. His thick tongue played over my cock head as he took my entire rod towards the back of his throat. Every inch of my sex was stimulated all at once, and it was impossible to stifle my moans of ecstasy. I continued working my hands over his head, feeling his skin and muscles writhing under my touch. It was as though his actions were forcing him to change, which in turn drove his lusts. What an amazing process of change and arousal!

I wasn't going to last long like this. And I didn't want to. The thought of cumming with these males was more than enough to bring my cock to release. I moaned into the mouth of the man on my lips as my pleasure grew towards a crescendo. A passing thought played over my mind as I went into orgasm. I had already changed a little without being fully aware of it, and I was likely to change more after the process. This was the first of many orgasms I would experience in this bestial existence and I was excited to be baptized into my new life!

“Aww...Fuckkk!” I yelled as my penis throbbed and shot a thick wad of jism into the gorilla’s maw. Waves of release flowed over me as I felt a simultaneous splash of wetness over my form. The scents of sex and lust flowed over me and made me moan in contentment. Even though this would not be my forever home, the delectable male scents left me with a sense of warmth and belonging that I had not met anywhere in my human life.

Just as soon as it began, it was over. I wiped the remnants of our lust off me as best I could, using the torn remnants of my uniform to remove the sticky seed. I wanted to lick it up but thought better of it, I wasn't sure what effect it would have on my own programmed changes, but I was certain that wouldn't be an issue with the doctor's process. The troupe had given up on me, going back to their own orgy to revel in their latest changes. I was content to be left alone for the time being. I had a different future waiting for me, and many mouths to feed and changes to observe before that time.

Gathering my torn uniform and my empty cart, I made my way back to the elevator. Honestly, I didn't give a damn about my nudity. The doctor, in his infinite wisdom, only smiled at me as I entered the common area to get a new uniform. He didn't ask me what I had done, and I didn't find it prudent to tell him. He had already shown me his vast collection of screens that he used to keep an eye on all of his subjects. Nothing that occurred in his pens escaped his notice. And besides, I was sure what effect watching it had on him. A stain on his trousers told me all I needed to know.

Content for now, I made my way out towards the horse stalls next. The stables were in another area off the main compound, evidently built rather recently. Dr. Barr had told me that they had become a necessity with the number of people that had chosen to be equines, a popular species it seemed. It also allowed him to perform several long-term studies, including the effect of herd mentality and dominance struggles within a stud herd. I found myself excited to work with the beasts and figured that I'd be spending all my spare time out here watching the horses living their new lifestyles. They weren't quite leading the same kind of life that I would be, but I was still aroused at the thought of watching them.

This particular enclosure wasn't barred off like the rest. For all intents and purposes, it was an actual farm field. I found myself wondering how any new additions were kept in check while they still had hands and could potentially escape. Perhaps it had something to do with the herd mentality that equines were known to exhibit. Maybe one of the first things to change was the mind, forcing any new recruits to crave contact with their new herd mates before they lost their ability to open the gate. I made a note to ask the doctor about it later, though it was more a personal curiosity that I would no longer harbor.

Even from a distance, I could see the herd I would be looking after. There were five horses, all clear stallions, surrounding a still very human-looking female. The discomfort on her face was evident. She was not a willing participant. She was clearly naked, though black fur covered much of her body. And she had a very erect stallion's cock sticking up from her crotch, a sign of her changed gender. She wasn't really moving, just sitting there as the other stallions pranced around her, each of their erect cock's leaking onto the grass of the pen. Even if she wanted to, the stallion's impressive bodies and the effect that their scents and presence had on her kept her rooted in place.

As best as I could tell, all of them seemed intent on welcoming her fully into the herd. Some of them were licking her head and face, while one had his brown rubbery lips poised to engulf her cock. Their muzzles and leaking cocks were covering her head to toe, as though they were encouraging more black fur to sprout from her developing hide. The main stallion seemed intent on experiencing all her changed horse cock had to offer. His rubbery lips sank down and his powerful muzzle made the woman cry out as her massive length was fully engulfed.

I recalled being told the doctor's explanation about this particular herd and the dynamic they had. Three of the stallions had been here a long time, just a few months into the doctor's initial research. The other two had been a male and female couple, though I wasn't sure if they had been willing participants or not. And the woman still changing was a reporter who the doctor had found infiltrating his compound just a few days ago. It seemed he was curious as to how she would fit into the herd as a stallion, given her love for horses.

Another aspect of the doctor's work was made evident to me as I watched the display. It seemed that the doctor had a preference for male victims, or rather male animals, even if they were once female. I can't say I was complaining from a personal preemptive. But it was interesting how quickly those who changed genders took to the sexual drives of their new bodies. It was indeed a service for those who were not born into the desired gender or even those who simply wanted to experience life from the other side of the fence. Just another way to showcase the doctor's amazing work!

I was distracted from my thoughts as the woman suddenly cried out, a not entirely human sound as her massive cock twitched and shot a thick creamy load into her suiter's rubbery muzzle. The other stallions began licking up the remnants of her lust like a fine wine, cleaning her off and encouraging her changes and her newfound masculinity. I wasn't sorry to say that the view gave me as much of a boner as the show with the new gorilla troupe. Even if she wasn't willing now, I was sure she would be, especially with a cock the size of the one she now sported!

I smiled a little as the herd rose from their fun to come over and investigate the cart of delights I'd brought them. They were given ample fodder and grass to chew on within their enclosure, of course. But on my tray were apples, carrots, and sugary treats, enough that the herd was more than a little interested in what I had to offer. There were a few more veggies for the woman as her digestive system wasn't quite changed enough to handle the riffage that sustained the other horses. However, I would have to fight off the fully changed stallions in order for she got enough to eat!

The woman crawled forward, sore from the oral ministrations on her cock. I took a few moments to observe her, soon to be his, changes more fully. She had a fully developed horse cock where her feminine genitals once sat. Her ears were a little pointed, her lips a bit brown and rubbery and her body was spattered with patches of black fur. She had a long way to go, but I felt I would be happy to watch her transition over the next several days into another stallion of the doc's herd. Judging from what I'd seen so far she was to make a fine addition!

Next, I went to work cleaning out the pen while the horses ate. Their habitat was rather sizable, with a wide flat field and sturdy barn. The stable had an open area for the horses to stand or sleep, covered in soft somewhat dirty hay. I figured this was present in lieu of individual stalls, as the herd was more likely to desire to sleep with each other or be free rut when the need arose. A watering trough ran the length of the back wall, and several large bales of hay were stacked nearby. I needed to get them down to replace the straw in the stable. Yet it wasn't too much of a task for me. I was a really strong guy before the serum and as the weeks went on I figured that I would only gain more and more muscles. It was an exciting prospect to see on my human body before I started allowing the change in full!

The smell of manure took a little getting used to, but I forced myself to work through it. It was something that I would have to deal with regularly over the next few months. Besides, my own leavings would soon be much larger and worse to clean. And some other unfortunate soul would have to deal with the products of my digestion daily. It gave me a bit of disgust and guilt for what I was to become. But it would hardly bother me once I was an animal, I figured. Animals do what they do, after all. And zookeepers knew the jobs they were given. Working in such conditions often spurred thoughts of contentment with bestial experiences. Anyone who cared for my basic needs would likely harbor thoughts of such things and thus have the chance to join me in the doctor's ongoing experiences. It was a gift in its own way, I concluded.

The rest of my shift went by quickly and without too much in the way of *distractions*. There was a pair of male rhinos, fully changed, that needed to be fed and cleaned up after. They were a friendly pair, having just finished rutting when I came in there. I felt a certain kinship with them and wondered about coming to see them in my off-hours. There was also a trio of

bison, three males of course, that were busy grazing when I entered. Yet, the asses of two of them were dripping with still-drying semen. The doctor told me that one of them had been willing, but the other two were added out of necessity. Still, they all seemed happy in their new lives now, if the frequent breeding sessions were any indication. And, I had to help prepare some new pens, the doctor wanted to try some aquatic forms eventually and needed some help moving things within the habitats. He didn't have the spaces built yet, but from what I understood, he would get the contractors to come in to dig a massive outdoor aquarium, and likely have the contractors join as the new species!

Still, I had some time to mull over what it had been like for those who had been less willing, to see them getting used to new surroundings. It gave me an appreciation of what the doctor did here, and what his serums could do even for the unwilling. And, above all, it made me less anxious about getting a pen mate that might begin the process unwillingly, knowing whatever happened they would come to love their new life with me. I hoped that my enthusiasm would play a big role in welcoming a new cage mate properly. Or, two!

There was one other thing in my mind all day as I worked, though not something unexpected. The urges to touch my cock were getting more and more insistent the more I observed bestial rutting. Even though I had achieved orgasm with the gorillas earlier on, I was still more than a little needy. I contemplated meeting my urges with some other changing patients but thought better of it, tempting as it was. They wouldn't know me and it felt wrong to put them in that situation, especially since they weren't destined for the same fate as myself. And of course, I had an entire habitat to myself to get off in, with the privacy to enjoy it.

It seemed that I wasn't the only one entertaining beastly thoughts by the end of the day. Getting off shift, the Doc smiled as he gave me the keys to my new habitat. He'd encouraged me to spend time and get off in there as much as possible, to preview the bestial delights that were to become part of my daily life. And, given my inclinations, I was more than happy to take him up on his offer!

As I turned to leave, he called out to me one last time. "You've done great work today, Jeff. You'll make a wonderful pachyderm one day, whenever you choose it to be your new form completely!" He mused, expressing nothing but admiration for my work. Though in large part I assumed he was happy I'd made the decision to join what he considered such a worthy enterprise of my own volition.

"Thank you, sir!" I said as he patted me on the shoulder. I couldn't help but notice a tent in his own pants but I chose not to comment. I held this man with such reverence. He was a league above the rest of us, a man to be praised and even worshiped!

With that, it was time for me to settle into my permanent home. It was a large enclosure built just for me, and I made it clear that I wanted to live there for the rest of my life. Though I'm sure that there might be some other places that could happily house a beast that I was soon to become, I wanted to be as close to the doctor's work as possible for as long as I would live. And since I was to be a rather long-lived beast, then hopefully that would be for many years to come! It would be a strain for whoever was charged to tend to my needs going forward, but the Doctor assured me that such was not something to concern myself with.

My own area was outside as well, a far walk, especially with my raging boner demanding I stroke it. It was powerfully arousing to think that I would soon enter the space where I would slowly turn into an elephant. But, somehow, I managed to hold off till I got there. The area was cordoned off with a large concrete barrier, though elephants were not known for being great jumpers, so it was relatively low. There was a human-sized gate to allow a caregiver to enter and exit, though would hardly fit the beast I was to become. That was also fine; once I was large enough to exit I would be staying put for the rest of my life, anyway. Not that I would ever want to leave, habitat as large as it was to be!

I smiled, looking out into the pen that would soon be my home. The place was massive, with lots of room for me and my eventual male mate. It consisted of a wide field patterned with trees, particularly around the perimeter. Two deep impressions dotted the center, one with clean water and another with dirt and mud for when I would eventually need to clean or cool down my gray hide. A feeding station with some hay in the corner for sleeping completed the habitat. Not the most suitable habitat for the human I was, mind you. But I didn't want to live like a human any longer. It was everything I would eventually need for the rest of my life as an elephant!!

Yet, even as enamored as I was with the sight of the place, the Doc's words echoed in my mind. I was horny as hell and needed to get off. I stripped naked then, no longer needing to cover up with human illusions. This was my space, my private sanctuary to be the beast that I'd always dreamed I could be. I immediately traced my fingers over my erection, shivering at the level of sensation even the slightest touch would bring. My cock unfurled to its full girth and I groaned audibly, not the least bit ashamed that I was doing such a thing in the open. I was an animal, a beast in my habitat, and I had needs to tend to!

The cock that my fingers were tracing over was not the same size as the one I'd had this morning. It was easily double the length, stretching out past ten inches and twice its previous girth. I smiled at that. The Doc, of course, was more than willing to give me an elephantine cock early on on the change, one that I could use to stroke off as much as I wanted before I lost my

hands into the tree trunks that I would soon acquire. It was already so massive, but yet only a small fraction of its final size!

My fingers played lightly over the still-human tip, causing thick rivulets of pre to roll down the surface and coat my hand. I had no idea what it would look like when it was finished. I made a mental note to research my new penis shape once I had some off time tomorrow. And, naturally, masturbate to the images!

The waves of ecstasy flowing from my rigid dick made it hard to focus on my future. And that was the point, wasn't it? Beasts only lived for the now. And here I was, stroking my mammoth cock and messaging my weighty balls, bringing myself closer to the orgasm that my animalistic body craved! It was coming fast, and though normally I would have slowed down to enjoy the sensations I saw no need here. I was an animal, a beast that reacted to the needs of his body. There was no reason to hold back at all!

“Yes! I'm an animal! A fucking *elephant!*” I screamed at the top of my lungs as my cock blew all over the ground, jets of jism that coated the straw and my pudgy belly. I was certain I had never cum so much in all my life. And this was only the tip of the iceberg. Soon I would have a massive trunk long enough to play with myself whenever I needed it. And hopefully, a mate to fill my ass while I did so. No human sexual experience could ever hope to compete with such a thing!

With that, I slowly drifted off to sleep, hoping to be filled with bestial dreams. Never before in my life had my true desires been so close to my grasp. Though as much as I wanted to truly revel in them, I still had some things left to do in my human form. I had to remember my promise to the doctor, after all. He needed someone to help him bring over others to our bestial way of thinking. And I was more than happy to extend my stay watching others change, knowing every day would raise my anticipation of becoming the elephant I'd always wanted to be.

The next week passed eagerly as I started to get into the habit of my new job. It was mundane work, all things considered. Hardly glamorous, to clean up after animals that cannot clean up after themselves. But, I could think of no better job for me to get ready to be an animal myself. After all, it was to be my new lifestyle, and it was to be a prelude to my fate to take care of the doctor's other subjects. Say, if I had to stay and work at a desk while slowly turning into an animal, how could I possibly focus on the things that were based only on the human world? In the world of bestial pleasures that I was now a part of, I could relish what was to come while enjoying living in the now, which was perfect for me.

In the times when I wasn't looking after the doctor's subjects, I spent my time in research, learning everything I could about some of the doctor's long-term projects. The doctor's past subjects were of principal interest to me, the subjects that had come and gone, so to speak. They were all alive and well, as best as I learned through some digging. A small handful, about 25% percent of the total subjects that had come through this door were permanent members of the facility. The horses, some lions and a tiger, and a pair of bears were among those that were still on the premises. They were either part of his first experiments or past assistants like myself and their new mates who were given room to stay.

However, given the size of the facilities and their limited space, it was a wonder that the doctor could keep as many animals as he did. There were dozens of past subjects that had all been rehomed to zoos, sanctuaries, and other places where they would be well treated for the rest of their lives. The doctor made sure to keep tabs on such places and was even in financial league with most of them, though whether or not those associations knew his secret plans were left up to debate. I didn't bother to ask, it being of little concern to me or my new life.

It was a fascinating list of those that had changed already, to say the least. Some snakes, four sharks, rams, goats, bison, and others had once been humans and had lived here at the facility. Some had no idea what they would be losing, or gaining, as I saw it, upon their arrival at this facility for the last time. The thought of seeing them change, giving into their new lives was powerfully erotic and made me need to cum more than once at the mere notion. I could only wish to have been present to see the changes firsthand! It made me excited to see what new species would be added to the facility in the coming days and weeks. The Doctor had a full schedule of work on his plate, some new species, and more unique personal requests that I was sure to find appealing.

As it turned out, that was largely unnecessary to wait to see all the species changing firsthand or to lament my absence from seeing the past residents changing directly. The Doctor had an expressive library of video footage of the animal's transitions, all marked easily with their activities. No one was ultimately changed alone, each given a same-sex mate as matched their eventual proclivities. All male/male and female/female pairs, of course, the sexuality configurations in the change were something that fascinated me still. Though it fit well with my personal inclinations I wasn't one to complain.

Needless to say, I spent most of my off hours choosing footage for my viewing pleasure, having run out of one of the rooms in which to do so. My sexual stamina was beyond reproach, to the point where it was normal I got off at least four times a day without any ill effects on my body. It was amazing to me how effortless it was to jerk off, though I could cum multiple times a

day without any repercussions to my flesh. I did have to use some topical creams, but my changing skin was made of sturdier stuff, it seemed, and it was of little problem to masturbate as many times a day as I could. That turned out to be upwards of ten, I was soon to find. Honestly, it could have been more with all the sorts of sexual stimulation present for my particular proclivities. But if I jerked off all day, I would hardly get any work done at all!

As time went on, I really started feeling like I was getting to know the animals I was caring for, even as some of them continued to change. The gorillas were soon to be fully changed, within the next couple of days as far as I could tell. Mostly because of the frequent orgies, ones I liked to watch but didn't partake in a second time. There was some precedence in doing so eventually, but I wasn't really in the mood to get a lecture from the doctor. Though I was sure he saw the first display, he didn't say anything and I was content to leave it at that. Besides, they had each other, and I would eventually be changing into an elephant and getting a mate of my own.

The horses, I found, were something I reflected on often. I was out there working with them several times a day, and the woman was changing more and more into a stallion those first few days. She was starting to give into her equine habits, but she hadn't wanted it in the first place. The morality of which was something that bothered me in part, though it was hard to really blame the doctor. Well, I mean it was his fault, naturally, but there was something about knowing the subjects would be given a good life and would learn to love what they had been given, so it was hard to really say. The one time I brought it up to the Doctor, he told me not to worry about it and to focus on the work and my upcoming changes. I felt, in the end, that was the best I could do.

A pair of rhinos, in particular, were my favorite to watch. Though I was not related to them genetically, or would eventually be, they were probably the closest to living the life that I would be. They weren't going to be here long, though I hoped they wouldn't be forced to mate with females if that wasn't their preference. Which, of course, they wouldn't be, not with the way that the Doctor's process worked. But their sperm could be collected to inseminate some females, as was the job I would be tasked with one day, much to my delight. I would be making sure to place a condom-like device on their penis the next time I was able to catch them in the act.

So, I spent a lot of spare time in the cage with them, waiting for my chance to stick on the condom. They were smelly at this proximity, gassy like herbivores were, though it was to be a non-issue, given how quickly I was getting used to it. Hell, my own diet had me weaned off meat within days of being injected. And with it came different bathroom habits. And, eventually, I would live a life where I would frequently drop pounds of elephant dung. Worth it for the body I

was to possess, and something I would get used to, as I would with many similar things through life. So, the smells of the rhinos, to my relief, were something I learned to manage, knowing that it would soon be me dealing with the same sorts of scents.

It wouldn't take long to catch them in the act that first time, as it turned out. They took turns mating, and I wanted to get several samples from each of them. Mating usually allowed both of them to cum, the prostate stimulation enough that the one on the bottom reached climax as well. The challenge, I would learn, was to deal with my own hard-on dangling within my uniform as I watched the pair of them mating. Their cocks were star-shaped, much different from my own soon-to-be tapered tip. It was fascinating to watch them mate, their massive bodies trotting forward and rearing up to mate with skill and precision that did not match the stature of their massive bodies. That, and they seemed to come to climax rather fast, which wasn't necessary given their lack of predators in the wild. But, their sessions were frequent, about twice a day on average, though often three.

My own cock got in the way as I got under the bottom beast, placing the collection device on his cock as it slapped against the other's belly. It was hard to move with the damn thing painful in my pants, but I managed to ignore it for the task at hand. I was a little worried that it might be one of the rare times that he didn't cum from the direct stimulation, but that was largely a non-issue, given their track record. Hell, the device wrapped around his cock likely stimulated it with added pressure, something that would surely be welcome. To my delight, he even came before his mate, likely amplifying their own experience, though it was obviously a struggle for the one on top to stay inside.

Watching the massive beasts mate, naturally, made it impossible to hold back from my own pleasure. More than once, I found myself getting in on the fun, not directly, of course. But enough that I felt like I had a mate of my own. My penis was steadily the same shade as theirs, and it would be longer by the time I was done. It was fun, waiting to blow my load at the same time they did, knowing that my asshole would soon be stimulated by a massive gray male of my own soon-to-be species. Only, I would have the luxury of having my extra limb to jerk myself off, a truck long enough to deal with a penis the size of the one I would soon possess.

Of course, not everything was sunshine and roses for those who came to the Doctor's estate. Not all were willing converts, though I was sure if there were enough willing converts, he would take them. There was a market for it, people wanting an escape from their human lives for the peaceful ones of beasts. I was one of them, and if I thought it was safe, I might have let some more people know about the pleasures they might experience here. But there was nothing to be

done for it, not wanting to risk my own position here. Besides, they could always find their own places here if they were inclined to search as much as I had to get here.

It was those people still changing that really drew my concern, however. The ones that hadn't come here of their own accord. I didn't want to think I was part of a kidnapping ring, and the more days that passed, the more my concern continued to grow. The horses, in particular, had been a source of contention for me the first day I started working. Two of them had been willing, one a worker and the other a volunteer. But the other three, even the woman who was still changing, had been taken against their will, to be turned from human to animal and losing their former lives, likely forever. Sure, they were happy members of the herd now, as much as I could perceive. But did that justify what had been done to them thus far? The moral quandaries bothered me on those nights between masturbation and sleep.

In the end, I tried to tell myself it didn't matter, that they were being given better lives and mates and all the care and comforts of their new species. It was a freeing life as much as I could tell, and one that I could not wait to get into myself. I would want this life for as many people as possible, whether they wanted it or not. Like the Doc always said, they ended up with better lives in the end, and it was worth a bit of hesitation for a life they were being granted. And, being an animal, albeit one with some memories and intelligence for their species, came with it a host of advantages that were removed from the rigors of human life, after all. There was something to be said for choosing the species, something non-willing converts were not privy to. But at the very least, they got to partake in the program, in safety and bestial bliss for the rest of their much longer lives. And in that, I was able to settle my internal debate, knowing it was for the greater good not only for their lives but all the things the doctor would learn from his ongoing studies...

I didn't have too much time to think over the whys and morality of what I was doing, not with how busy the doctor had me. Oh, I had lots of time to masturbate, there was really considered part of my job as much as I came to understand it. But with the rhinos, horses, gorillas... the list went on and on. And I was the only assistant for now. At least my new species and instincts weren't worried about working with the predators, so there was that. The bears, the lions, and the tiger didn't bother me, and they were all harmless besides, more worried about getting dinner and fucking each other before and sometimes after. But, between feeding, shoveling, changing bedding, masturbating to their fucking, and watching the Doc's past videos, it was more than I could bear without fatigue, and I often fell asleep early each night, needing the rest of the next days.

I was a little sad that, save for the formerly female horse and the gorillas, there were few people in the midst of change. Even the horses and the gorillas were almost all converted into

animal form, and I was forced to watch videos of them transforming that the doctor, to my delight, kept meticulously organized. Surely, for his own masturbatory purposes, but I cared very little, feeling the same way about things myself. It was just another sign that I was ready to be that one that was changing, but, again, it was not quite that time yet. I didn't know how many new residents the Doc would be taking on in the next while, or how long I would last from the desire to change myself. I was able to resist the urge to ask for now, but only just. How I wanted to submit myself for research!

To my credit, the doctor talked to me about some of his further projects. Many species, some herds that would be expanded, some new ones that would be 'remade' once other groups were moved to other areas for the rest of their lives. At one time, those might have excited me, but the more I thought about it, the more I was longing for something for myself. The doctor's experiments were starting to become a distant second to the life that I longed to possess and the one I knew I was almost ready for. It would only be a little longer, now, any day. Yet, that modicum of guilt over the selfishness of being an animal to be cared for by the rest of the staff who was to take over still persisted. And so I pushed through it, wanting nothing more than to get off in any way I could. And if that was to others who would be entering their new lives for now, then so be it!

Of course, my own changes were coming on more and more each day, and it was what I found to be the more exciting thing during my days. Particularly in my genitals, something that was a little more unnerving than I was expecting at first. It was a little longer every day, that was a given for the size of the animal I was becoming. And it was prehensile, something I would wriggle around in my hands as I jerked off the several times a day I required to get off. It was a little disconcerting to feel my testicles retracting within my belly, deflated a little so they could fit in. It caused a fair bit of nausea, for sure, but eventually, they felt comfortable with me, and it was kind of nice, all things considered, not to have them hanging out with me. I was OK with it, but it was still a little unnerving to get used to. All part of my term of being an elephant, something I was sure to get used to for the rest of my life going forward!

There were other changes, of course, ones that I was elated to discover with excitement each and every morning. The skin of my groin was bare, the hair had fallen from the follicles as the skin started to turn grey over the course of several days. It was a slow, gradual process, not like the growth of my own cock. I think the Doc did that on purpose, giving me an animal's cock to enjoy as part of the package. I was sure he did that with everyone who came to work with him, but I couldn't say for sure. It was a moot point anyway with the elephant's dick that was now mine to enjoy.

I think the best thing, well, second best, was the morning I woke up a little sore with something sticking out of my back. Reaching around, my hands were greeted with the sensation of a tiny nub, insignificant for now, but holding so much promise. It was my tail! I was going to have...I mean, of course I was but still. It was finally happening!

I spent the rest of that morning shrugging off my duties as I touched myself that day. I know I was being a bad employee, but I couldn't hold back the sexual excitement I felt. I must have cum three times that morning, the stamina amazing, and I reveled in each one, not bothering to clean up. I'm sure my animal charges were able to smell it on me when I finally went to feed them, but that wouldn't be the first time, to be honest. And I didn't care as much as I could see how much they got in in similar circumstances.

As the days went by and a little more of the elephant worked its way through, I found it harder to concern myself with the question of morality about what the Doc was doing. After all, it was giving me such a sense of elation to be changing like this. And I was firsthand how even the most unwilling of recruits eventually found peace with their changes. There was a gray area, for sure, but in the end, the benefits for both humanity and the individuals outweighed the loss of autonomy, even if it took some time for the recruits to see it. Besides, I was to become gray myself soon, right...?

About a week or so later, I was greeted with the news that I would soon have some help. A full-time employee, someone to tend to the carnivores without risk of instincts coming to the forefront. I was a little confused by the notion of a full-time employee, but as I was to understand, it was someone who wanted to be a hybrid being, retaining enough humanity they would be able to work while giving into the animal side everyone who came to work here eventually wanted. Some parts of me were a little jealous about not being the only one. But in the end, I wanted to be an elephant, not just part way but the full experience. So, it had to happen eventually, I reasoned.

This particular man had a penchant for werewolves, and it was no surprise that the Doc was able to make him a permanent werewolf for real. Still, I did find that notion to be a little hot, wanting to see his changes. He would be going at over twice the rate of most subjects, changing all the way in about a couple while he got used to the premise. I had to admit, I wanted to watch it happen, but there would be footage, and it wasn't like one of the other subjects in their new enclosures. Then again, I would be working with him, so...

The man, Zack, I was to learn, opted to start working naked on his first day, something I had no issue with. Not that he was my type or anything, but I was a huge sucker for transformation of many kinds and I would still be turned on by watching him. Honestly, the thought made me want to go naked as well, but I opted to keep my clothes on for as long as they would fit. Which, given the rate of change, wouldn't be much longer. Still, it was nice seeing the other guy in the buff, finally something in the throes of change that I could witness firsthand.

I was a little surprised when the Doc offhandedly asked me if I wanted that to be me someday. It did take me a moment to register what he was saying, knowing that there was no going back from a change as far as I knew. But when I figured he meant becoming a hybrid...no. I wanted to be an animal in full, and I could hardly wait till it would be time for me to take that final step.

Still, there were plenty of things to occupy my mind in the interim. Like the soon-to-be wolf man who was to be my shadow for the next week. I would show him the ropes, so to speak, he'd probably jerk off a lot as he changed, and I would watch...good times!

To my delight, he was already gay, though I supposed it mattered little, given he would have been soon. A wink and a nod were all I needed to know for sure, and even if we didn't have fun with each other, watching each other having fun with his changes was more than a little exciting. And, as I was to come to learn, that was the first thing to take care of before I even got to start on some of the animal's breakfast.

"Ohhh..." he moaned, scratching his balls and teasing his cock as it started to come to an erection. It seemed to carry a reddish shade that would mark its alteration to a more canine form. That I was excited to see. Generally, the animals, though well endowed enough for their species, had smaller junk than their human counterparts, and there was always some disappointment in that for the first little while. However given their hyper-sexuality and sensitivity in their members, any concern about their stature was soon forgotten as they were used and used again. But given the fact he was going to be staying and anthro, I had it under good authority that his member would keep its girth, perhaps even bigger given his larger frame.

Thankfully, Zack had no problem with me watching him jerk off, such modesty not needed for the lives the doctor provided his subjects. It was powerfully erotic, and feeling my rather massive cock sliding out of its home was almost enough for me to cum right then and there. Though I was able to hold it back, figuring the wolf man had some more to give before his first orgasm. His cock was still changing, and I imagined him jerking it off until it fully changed. A bobbing wolverine rod, something he would have to deal with multiple times a day as I showed him around the habitats. And I would be privy to watch each of his changes!

The scent of it leaking copious precum gave me another idea, one that I wasn't sure the wolf man would be down for but something I had to ask about all the same. It was getting redder as I watched, the foreskin pulling down as his hand rubbed precum all over the girth of his shaft. I did want to watch it change, there was no denying that. But more than that, I wanted to taste it, to suck it off to its wolf hood and make my mark on the man before he started caring for my animalistic state. In the end, I figured there was nothing else to do but be direct and ask.

“Can I taste it?” I said, nervous, though figured it was a little bit too blunt even for him, someone walking willingly into the Doc's operation.

“Sure,” he said without a hint of hesitation, as though being asked was the most normal thing in the world. Perhaps in his mind, it was, as much as it was for me to ask. I didn't bother to question it any further.

The mere motion of licking that changing wolf cock was enough for me to feel something pushing at the back of my pants, something I was sure wasn't there in the morning. It didn't matter. There was time to play with my new appendage later after I sucked off the changing wolf man. Having some experience taking cock, it was still some effort for me to manage, the man was rather well-endowed even as a human. It was red, veins throbbing, the pointed tip teasing the back of my throat as it took it. I managed to take it all the way, thankfully, not wanting to disappoint the man on our first romp. But with the swelling of a knot and the upward thrust of the cock from a swelling foreskin, it was a task I was no longer up to. It was all my sore, still human jaw had to take as much as I did, but I was determined, and it seemed that Zack's arousal from change was enough to push him over that last edge.

“Oh fuck yeah!” The soon-to-be wolf called out as Zack unleashed his load within my mouth and I drank it down, a little off put by the pungent taste but not to the point I couldn't manage. It was thick, too, as though the man had been burdened for quite a while. Then again, weren't we all before coming to the Doctor?

Pulled his retreating cock out of my mouth, Zac looked down at me, grinning with pointed canines and a slight amber glint in his eyes, one that I couldn't help but see as hot as hell. “I think we're going to get along just fine,” he growled, and I grinned back at him, my elephantine cock waving back and forth in my pants. It had been the hottest act I'd partaken in for some time, and I couldn't deny my own needs for very long.

It seemed that my own needs did not go unnoticed as well. “Mind showing me what a pachyderm packs?” He asked, and I was a little taken aback by the gesture. Still, my hands were

on my pants, pulling them down and letting my curled, thick cock out into the warm air. I was leaking like a hose already, and even if the man was mostly human and far too small to deepthroat what I was packing, I figured I would let him have a try. It was as good a way to get off as any, and it was some time since I'd had a real partner.

More eager to be up to the challenge rather than off out by the size of the thing, Zac reached down and rubbed at its sensitive contours. I couldn't suppress my moan of pleasure as my cock grew even larger, close to its full length and leaving me a little dizzy. After all, my cock was closer to its elephantine length, as much as it could be without hurting me. It was pink, off-shaded to look somewhat grey, though not as much as my skin would soon be. I couldn't help but wonder how big it would be, how wonderful it would feel to fill a larger elephant's rectum with it as changed. Or, to even have an elephant's trunk giving me a trunk job, wrapping around my member and giving me blessed release...

For now, I had to make do with the man's mouth, only enough to tease the tip but still stimulating enough in my lust. His hands were on the shaft, gripping it pleasantly and firmly, and I could tell I was leaking into his mouth, more than he could probably swallow. He was drooling a little, determined to take me, though it was hardly enough for the beast I was becoming. It was still a valiant effort on his part, and with the lust I felt over the sight of his changes, I didn't think I was going to last long.

“Oh, god!” I called out, my internal balls pulsating, preparing to blow their load. At the last minute, Zack pulled my cock from his mouth, letting my wad of cum hit him in the face. The rank, pungent scent burned into my nose, making me grin as the orgasmic waves played over me. It was powerfully pleasant to the point I almost felt I could cum again, though I figured it was sufficient for now, getting off on another man's changes as he got off on mine. I couldn't help but think about getting my own mate, something that was coming sooner rather than later. To experience it was any other of the doc's subjects was one thing, but with an elephant like me...it was more than I thought I could bear!

It seemed Zack had the same feelings about our play, grinning with that slightly fanged smile and cum soaked face. “Yup, looks like we're going to get along here just fine indeed...”

After getting cleaned up, we went about my daily routine, Zack wanting to learn on the job, so to speak. I found it a little weird that he wanted to do so while he was still changing, but it was his choice, and I had to applaud his dedication, at any rate. And, there was every chance he wanted to get off in the pens to the other animals mating, something I had to say I couldn't blame him for, something that I'd done myself on more than one occasion. I only wished we still had

the wolf pack for him to play with, but there was nothing that could be done about it and I was sure they were living their best lives in the sanctuary that had been provided for them.

Wolves weren't the only predators that had been added to the Doc's menagerie in recent months, and one of my first stops of the day was in the literal lion's den. Walking down with their morning meal, I was not surprised to see one lion ass deep in his mate, the tiger having his cock licked as the lion in the middle was essentially spit-roasted. I had to admit, the sight got me hard in my pants, even through the looser ones that I'd come to love wearing. Even if they were predators, their own sex far removed from what mine would be, it was still arousing, still making me wonder what it would be like to join them...

It seemed the sight had the same effect on Zack's libido, which came as no surprise. Not even bothering to hide it, the wolf man turned to me, that sexy fanged grin on his face as his other hand reached up to scratch at the thickening beard he possessed, running it through the lupine ruff forming from his short-cut hair. It was rather fetching on his mostly human face, I had to say.

Though it was his cock attracting the most attention, and not just from me. The trio of cats, having obviously cum from the growls and fleshmen's responses their mouths gave off. With their balls momentarily emptied, their golden eyes moved in our direction, thrashing tails in a show of either annoyance or anticipation. Zack was hardly to be deterred by his voyeurs, pulling out a decidedly lupine cock and jerking off as though no one was watching. Part of me wondered about doing such a thing in here with potentially dangerous predators. Then again, the cats were probably safe enough to be around. They were always docile toward me, human enough not to bite the hands that fed them, so to speak. And, no matter how hard I tried, I could find no fault in what he was doing, having done so myself on many an occasion.

It was more the sight of the man's changes that were doing for me than the fact he was jerking off. There was a nub in his pants, and not the one that I loved watching from the front. He was going to grow a tail, and perhaps have it burst from his pants, the fulfillment of many a transformation fan's dreams. Fuck, I was excited to see it, and I was sure I would soon while we worked together. It was a shame it had taken this long for me to get an assistant of my own, one that I could play with. And damn, I was nearly ready to play again, maybe when we got back to the office...

Yet, it was not expecting him to pull down his already tight pants, wolf cock sliding out of its new sheath as he took a lick of his precum with his already longer tongue. It was not just the taboo nature of doing this in the literal lion's den doing it for me. I wanted to watch the man turning into a literal werewolf and was happy he was eager to whip out his dick at a moment's

notice. And in the end, wasn't that what was changing here all about for transformation enthusiasts? Surely, even if the Doc was mad at us, he would enjoy the show!

By now, the massive, lupine rod hung from his groin, almost tugging down the zipper of his pants. But it was the thing growing in the back of his pants that really was doing it for me, twitching with excitement at the orgasm to come. My own tail was wagging behind me to the point that I had to pull it out of my pants, wishing that I would be able to burst out of mine. Such was not advised, hence why we always had new arrivals naked. But the sight of it getting bigger and bigger, tighter and tighter...fuck I was horny!

Zack was panting now, his tongue dripping drool between his growing fangs. He was still sweating, though with the fur covering his skin, he would likely not be able to do so anymore. And the tail was stretching his tight pants to the breaking point, such that I could hear the rips in the fabric even with my modest hearing. Any second now...fuck yes!

With an admittedly wolverine growl, Zack's new tail burst out to a flurry of rips and the exposure of his stained underwear. The moment he did so, his lupine cock blew its burden over his hand, sheath, and the ground, painting the lion's den with his essence. Eyes shuddering, I could just imagine what he was feeling, coming from the sensation of having a tail for the first time. It was something I had experienced many times myself, and many times since, and watching Zack in such a state was like a baptism of sorts, a rite of passage for the change and all it would mean to be an animal. Well, part animal, in his case, though such was semantics at the end of the day.

The sounds of feline growls made me look up from my own masturbation to see the two lions coming over, as well as the tiger. They were panting, cocks hard under them as well as I could see. It was a little difficult seeing the cat's junk, even when they were erect, and basically mated every waking moment. But I was sure they were amorous, the sight of two changing beings enough to get them in the mood once more. What I was not expecting was for the lions to come up to him and start licking at his retreating cock, as though savoring the flavor of his musky seed. Animals did get along with other species in the wild, and these lions had enough intelligence to know these were humans once and would be welcome caretakers. They never attacked me, at any rate, seeing me more of the bringer of lunch rather than lunch itself. And with this meeting, it was likely they would become the best of friends, even buddies of a more intimate sort.

Zack wasn't the only one to get some attention, it seemed. The tiger, whose name I'd since forgotten, came up to me, running a rough tongue over my thick cock and making me moan. I had been holding back at the sight of the oncoming cats, figuring I might have to head

elsewhere to masturbate. But with the partial erection I had, the tiger had a lot to work with, and I was soon brought to full engorgement. I'd never gotten off with one of the big cats, but there was no reason not to. I was already right on the edge, and it seemed as though the cat was eager to give my seed a taste. The other two lions and Zack himself looked with some interest, and despite the fact I was being watched, I still wasn't inclined to hold anything back. It didn't take much for me to reach my end, feeling my testicles churn and my elephantine penis sprayed all over the tiger's face. He seemed not to be bothered by the quantity, at least, though the taste was a little offputting for him, the tiger making a silly face as he did so.

As the tiger walked away, I felt a little bit of disappointment, knowing that the tiger had his own life to live and that familiar desire for my own mate creeping in. It would be soon enough, I knew, but still...at least I didn't have to worry about losing all my intelligence. It was clear the cats still had a semblance of themselves, a hybrid of human and animal in mind. It was why I enjoyed watching them so much, I reasoned. And why I would enjoy it so much when it was finally my turn with my own mate...

Leaving the lions to fuck, something they were eager to do, we exited the habitat, Zack stopping to throw off the rest of his clothes. After bursting out of his pants with his wagging tail, Zack saw no need for them. And he was so excited to own the thing, reaching back to touch it at regular intervals and scratching its surface as gray and brown fur gradually coated its surface. I could tell it was moving over the rest of his body as well, treasure trail, groin hair, and pits covered to lupine hair already, but fur steadily growing all over. His sheath, too, was covered with its own fine coat, and it was something he stopped to scratch every so often, the pointed red tip of his cock coming out just slightly.

The next goal of the day was to head to the horses, though Zack soon found that might not be the best person to feed them. They were immediately skittish at the smell of the wolf, and Zack felt a little disappointed at that. I figured he wouldn't be able to come here, as much as the horses still had their awareness of the world, instincts took over in the end, it seemed. I smiled at him, telling him to watch as I fed and cleaned up after the stallions. I found myself wondering if he wanted to see the horses mating, as eager as he was. But they were a little shaken by the presence of a predator, even though he was out of range, clearly not in the mood. Oh well, he had all the time in the world once he was the one full-time assistant. Instead of me, who would be in my own pen soon enough...

Afterward, it was time for lunch, and we went to the cafeteria area where the food was prepared for the animals, taking what we wanted for ourselves. Zack decided to cook his bacon, though barely, likely more inclined toward raw meat than his usual human inclinations. I had a preference for fruits and veggies myself, and a ton of them, given my stature. It was a little

embarrassing to eat with someone, especially with how flatulent my changed body was, something I had little control over. Different animal bodily habits and lifestyles, Zack, for his part, didn't comment on it, thankfully, I would have been too ashamed. Despite the fact I was changing into an animal anyway and such things shouldn't have mattered...

Watching the wolf man change all the while, teeth shaper, hairier, and body thicker, I couldn't help but feel horny, more times in one day since I'd first started working here, truth be told. My cock was out of its slit and rubbing the inside of my pants within a few moments, and the scent of my precum seemed to coax Zack's cock out from its new sheath, and the two of us were stroking off together without a word. All I had to do was watch his fur grow, his claws getting longer, or his tail inching outward from his spine. Of most arousal for me, and him, I figured, was the fact that his balls were swelling, or that his ass seemed to be shifting as he squirmed in his chair. The fact he was so into his new beastly body as much as I was made it impossible for me to hold back, and I quickly felt my testicles unloading and spilling cum all over the underside of the table. Zack was quick to follow, and we grinned at each other before getting cleaned up.

The rest of the afternoon was spent showing him the facilities and all the animals within. Like myself, Zack was a little disappointed that most of the residents were changed by this point, nothing for him to jerk off to. I reminded him of the hours of video recordings of the inhabitants in their chambers, even adding there was a pack of wolves that had changed together. Zack was quick to go off on his own, happy for my help earlier but wanting to enjoy the rest of his changes. I understood that desire, he was soon to have a new body that he would wear for the rest of his life and wanted to revel in the once-in-a-lifetime chance toward the ideal form he had once thought impossible but was now being gifted by the Doc's serums.

Disappointed, I consented, making my way back to my habitat and wondering what I would do to pass the evening. I was a little sore from frequent masturbation, but it wasn't too bad, and the sight of the wolf man in my head was hot as fuck. As I made my way back from the bathroom, however, the Doc was there to greet me, offering me the key card to one of the surveillance rooms, one that I took with some curiosity. He simply gave me a sly grin, and I figured something good was to greet me when I got there.

I wasn't to be disappointed. There was a single camera scene there, one that I was quick to discover was trained on Zack's room, or rather the office he was masturbating in. He was there watching old video footage of people changing, without real time transformees in the pens with him. And, as the only specimen currently transforming in the build right now, I was being given a front-row seat to the conclusion of his changes!

I know the mortality of the action was a little gray, at best, but it was hardly the most damning thing I had done since coming here. I tried not to focus on such things as much as possible, given I had the keys to my dreams and the dreams of many others, or at least, the dreams they would eventually come to cherish while they still had human inclination to do so. There was nothing wrong with a little voyeurism in our line of work, after all, and while I wasn't going to tell him, I hardly figured he would have much in the way of complaint if I did so.

With the camera's ability to zoom in without being seen, I was able to focus in on his hands, seeing the backs of them peppered with fur as the length of his claws increased to the blunted lupine levels. One of them flipped over, and it was just in time for the spreading of paw pads, the ones on his palms swelling in real-time as well as the ones on his fingertips. I loved hand changes, personally, losing one's humanity and way to interact with the human world and leaving them to a fully animalistic fate.

That was hardly the only thing I watched with glee, almost able to hear the sounds of his face cracking outward, the muscles bulging under the skin of his neck to stabilize such a powerful jaw. It was powerfully erotic to watch it extend with each passing moment, his skull altering and pushing his ears toward the top of his head. His nose was thick and black, likely breathing in his heady musk as he jerked his canine cock with the abandon of something not being watched and reveling in the changes. Fuck, it was hot, to say the least!

I think the best part was that his tail, almost present from before was getting larger and longer, swishing with its ability to do so. I couldn't help but shake my elephant cock in tandem, watching with eagerness as it prepared to blow its load. Not bothering to care for his surroundings, Zack let loose with his cum, getting it all over his groin and chest like a geyser. It was hot as hell, though hardly compared with the sight of him reaching down with canine flexibility and a thick tongue to start licking it up again. Fuck he could probably go down on himself if he was so inclined to!

That alone was enough to bring me as well, blowing my elephantine load all over the room with the thick stench of musk I was well accustomed to. Sitting in my male stink, I watched in my post-orgasmic reverie as Zack continued to clean himself as a dog might, almost making me wish that I'd gone for a different lot in life. But my mind was made up, and there was no going back now. Nor did I want to...

Not bothering to clean up after myself I kept my focus on Zack, who wasn't quite done yet with his masturbation or his changes. Neither was I, elephantine stamina something more than I had truly tested. This was like, what, the fifth time in one day? Sixth? I had already lost track! It mattered little, my rod swaying and tested preparing to release their burden. It would

take some time to recover after that, but I was willing to wait with all the time in the world to rewatch the footage.

Zack, for his part, was panting, his canine tongue hanging sexually out of his mouth, still dripping the seed he was so eager to clean from himself. It had changed as much as I could tell, curved around his sharp teeth and longer maw. His fur coat was largely developed as well, his former human hair blended in as a lupine pelt. Had his dick not hung out of his sheath, there would be little for him to hide, though he was on full display as the sexy specimen he was.

One of the last facets of his humanity to lose, his feet, were well on their way and Zack hunched over to scratch at them, the backs peppered with brown and gray lupine hair. The nails were thick and blunt, and the toes seemed to be reducing as I watched. It was sure they were stuck together, and it was nice to watch the paw pads forming from the underside, Zack was ite enough to turn them around to the camera, though not something he was readily aware of. With the stretched heel, he was caught in a digitigrade stance, something that would be difficult to walk without being on all fours. But I trusted the Doc knew what he was doing and that his hybrid anatomy would be enough to manage. And hot as hell to boot, as my persistent erection gave credence to...

I had to fake a surprised reaction when I saw him the next day, still excited over his lupine form but pretending I hadn't masturbated three more times to it the night before. I think I might have underestimated the abilities of his lupine muzzle, however, and he gave me a knowing grin, as though he knew deep down what I had done. It was a little amusing, though not to be the only thing I found as such, and I let it slide. Knowing that soon I wouldn't have the cognizance or care about such things as shame.

"What's up for today? Another full round of feedings, then maybe some fun later?" Zack said with a wink. I nodded, feeling my cock slide from its home just slightly. It was going to be fun working with my own assistant after all...

It wasn't long after Zack's introduction that we got some new subjects, all willing, of all things. The Doc was trying to rehome some of the current residents before taking a new batch in, and these were volunteers of a sort, ones that found out about the doc's services from his underground channels. I had some experience in that regard, being lured in with the promise of change, and well, giving him some free labor in exchange for my life's greatest dream. So I couldn't say I blamed whoever was incoming, and would be happy to provide a place for them and any help they needed transferring into their new lives.

One was a man by the name of Russel, who had a dream to seek out the doctor to become a Zebra. Not too obscure of a species, even with his desire to change genders. Though the doctor often encouraged same-sex pairs, his desire was to be with a male, to be fucking and bred and filled with a zebra foal. However, the doctor was not one to say no to someone's eventual transformation fantasy, getting into the notion of someone enjoying it as much as someone who was learning to love the sex drive and lack of responsibilities of animalistic lives. It would take him a little time to get a male, and it was a little bit off track from what he was intending for his long-term plans, but the doctor, for all his faults and likely insanity, was willing to take an inconvenience to make an opportunity and he was sure to find a worthy stud.

Russell had been here for a little over a day now, his genitals the first thing to change, as well as his zebra udder. He, or rather she now, I supposed, spent every moment she could play with her new sex, her hands to be one of the last things to change so that she might enjoy her sex with human hands as long as possible. She got to have her tail, her puckered equine anus, and her zebra cunt within the first day, something she seemed to be eternally thankful for. And as her zebra pelt spread over her body, or she continued to grow in mass, her joy seemed to grow with it, only to be surpassed by the presence of an eager mate.

It took the doctor only a few days to find a suitable mate, one that might have been a little less than willing, and one that was not tempted only by the calls of other males, as were so many of the doctor's other subjects. He was hesitant at first, but the three of us were eager to see where it went, and how long it would take him to mate. Russel was rather insistent, still able to masturbate with her hands if she so chose, but having the man's developing equine cock was obviously her true goal. And it would not take long with the scents of her heat burning into his increasingly widening nostrils. I suspected the changes were programmed to amplify all the temptations of equine flesh in order to give the changing man no chance to resist, but the doctor simply gave me an expression that spoke the words "I'll never tell".

Eventually, we started a chore betting pool of when the two of them would finally fuck, as enviable as it was. It was Zack that ended up winning, taking less than eight hours from his initial introduction until his cock was firmly planted within her new cunt lips. Russel's still human expression was one of pure bliss as she was taken, fucked, and used like the animal she longed to be. Hell, I could even see a look of pride on the Doc's features, as much as I could discern from my months working with him. Having given someone the exact home they longed for was a point of joy for him, it seemed, and for that, I was thankful.

The other duo were a pair of friends interested in what the Doc had to offer, and perhaps become more than friends in the process. It was the species they were choosing to become that

had me most interested, however, something unique by the Doc's standards. A pair of walruses, which was something I wasn't sure the Doc could accommodate, though he did manage, having a tank left over from some sharks I'd watched on the monitors from before. There was some work to do before the habitat was ready, and the two men were eager to give us a hand with it, preparing their own place to live as much as I had in the past, I supposed. They were excited, even sneaking off to have sex before the serums were injected, something I understood all too well.

Naturally, the first thing they wanted to have changed was their members, something that would be the norm regardless, though they were insistent on that front. They even invited me to watch as they sat naked on their makeshift shore, watching their dicks turning pink, getting longer and prehensile to the point it almost reminded me of my own, albeit thinner for the species they were becoming. The pair were eager to play with each other with hands while they still had them, even going so far as fucking, though asses left a lot to be desired with how large they were becoming in comparison.

The pair was already a little on the obese side, though that was to become a natural part of their physiology as the fat in their bodies started to convert to blubber. That might have been the reason for their particular choice to become walruses, that and a penchant for swimming. It was rather enjoyable watching them swell up as they were, larger than even I was, though not for long once I initiated my own changes. They were packing on pounds in mere hours, something that was rather impressive to watch, and arousing to boot. Tusks, too were starting to poke from their upper jaws, making it hard for them to speak, not that they likely cared about that in the end.

I think I spent too much time those first few days watching them change, though Zack was eagerly able to take over much of my duties and allow me the unique chance to go and jerk off with them as they changed. I loved watching the progression of blubbery skin, the start of their legs sticking together, and how eagerly they fucked and sucked each other off, enjoying their fully altered walrus cocks. It was something they didn't mind, all in all, to have the company and revel in changes together. They were fascinated by my choice to become an elephant, almost to the point I was a little sad they weren't to be my new cage mates. Oh, well. Soon enough, I supposed...

Seeing the progression of their changes was always a fun prospect for me, especially the development of their tusks. It was a little funny, not that I had thought to laugh at them, even though it was hardly a funny affair. Rather, it was the thought I was soon to have my own, something that I eagerly awaited when it was time. Mine would be quite a bit different, mind, but watching my new friends getting theirs, I longed for the moment I would have mine as well, and

the more I watched their changes, the more I wished to have them. Every day, technically, I was closer to being the animal I longed to be...

I should have been suspicious of the special drink the doctor offered me, something fruity that my elephantine physiology would take well to. It was somewhat alcoholic as well, though I didn't mind it, a rare treat that I would not be partaking in for the duration of my life as an animal. It went down easily enough, but not potent enough to really get me buzzed or the like. Still, there was a facet of it that made me sleepy to the point I turned in early, without my usual masturbation sessions.

It took hardly seconds after waking for me to realize what the Doc had done. The weight in my mouth should have been enough for me to know that my own tusks were present, but I could easily see them as soon as I opened my eyes, sticking from the sides of my mouth and pushing my lips just opening slightly. My own tusks! I had them now! It was a little jarring to feel them as they were, though I was sure I would get used to them in time. I had to, after all, since they would be part of me forever. And I loved having them, right...

Going about my mourning routine, I felt myself growing more and more excited as I showed off my new assets to the animals. The walruses, still changing, were elated to see my new additions, even though they couldn't talk to congratulate me. It was a sign of solidarity, that I would be one of them someday. And something that I looked forward to with both trepidation and nervousness. Surely, I wanted to have my experience change all the way with my new mate, as much as these walruses were. And, much, like their own, I would come to embrace my changes and the animalistic lifestyle that came with them. Right...?

By this time, it had been several months since I'd come to work under the doctor's care. In that time we'd had another full-time staffer coming to work with us, one that wanted to be an anthro fox. He certainly got along well with the wolf man to the point I was sure they would be an official couple. Full-time workers for the doctor's lab, something that I'm sure he appreciated. Not something I could do for the rest of my life, I was sure. The more I thought about it, the more I realized I wanted to be one of the experiments, living an animal life and all the sex that came with it. And, in recent days, that thought was more and more often at the forefront of my thoughts.

I couldn't really interact with the two canines in a sexual way, nor did I really want to. Besides, they had each other to play with, and I would have my own mate in the future. I think it was the interaction between the two of them that really made me...was jealous the right word? I

wasn't really sure, not exactly. But I knew it was getting closer and closer to the time I wanted to be an animal forever, and even if I hadn't voiced it yet, it was probably pretty obvious to anyone paying attention that my vigor for the job was not as high as it once was.

Of course, I was gradually changing all the while, not too much, but enough that I'd needed an entirely new wardrobe. Well, all the doctor provided me was a size-up in scrubs, but to be honest that's all I needed or wanted. I wanted to be rid of clothes and would love to go around naked for the rest of my life as I would be as an elephant. I wanted to tear out of my clothes, and I kept them on as much as I dared to with that end goal in mind. But in the end, they were too constrictive to do my job and I had to be rid of them for more comfortable clothing. Oh well, I was sure I wouldn't remember them anyway once I was an elephant in full.

Of course, there were other changes that were more concrete toward my eventual and very welcome fate. My tail was long and wagged behind me, something I allowed to sit outside my underwear. My anus was a little more puckered, and the skin around it was wrinkling and thicker like the elephant I would soon be. And, two of my teeth were sticking out of my mouth a little, exciting me about my eventual tusks. And, best of all, my cock was fully changed in anatomy, if not its full eventual size. I was used to having my balls inside of me, sure they would be getting larger over time once my body had grown to match. However the change worked, they were situated inside of me, and left me no worse for wear in everyday life as much as I was aware. The changes were really amazing, indeed!

I had to admit, I loved watching my penis coming out of its slit, something I was privy to alone as I played with it often. That little cleft of flesh would open, my cock would get hard, and the damn thing moved all the way down to my foot in under a minute. It was a wonder I didn't pass out each and every time I got hard, but my larger stature allowed enough blood flow so I could maintain myself throughout without too much dizziness. And, surely, when I was to turn all the way into an elephant...

Not for the first time, I wondered what it would be like to be an elephant. My days were so busy that I longed for the days when they would be mundane. But then again, did I really want to be an animal in a zoo? Surely, elephants were happy enough especially in the type of habitat I was given. I would be an animal, still smart but with my thoughts dulled to the point I would want nothing more than to have my basic needs met and the occasional treats. And I would have a mate there, one to ease the aches in my cock as we played in all the ways that creatures with such a prehensile organ could manage. Cocks and trunks made for a variety of sexual games with other males, and without a preference I was willing to try as many things as I could to experience all the facets my life would have to offer. Surely, even with my intelligence and memories of

being human, I would still find the days passing easier with all the pleasures of the flesh I had to expose myself to.

For now, I went along with my daily tasks, wanting to change soon before part of me lost my nerve. I didn't want to tell the doctor about it, not quite yet, but there was something about the notion of change that really did it for me. I could barely wait for the day it would be time to change more, imagining what I would look like in mid-change. Sure. I won't be able to get off on the sight of others changing, though it was hard for me to really conceive of such a life, given I would be an animal in mind and thinking of other ways to get off with my increased libido. I considered asking the doctor to bring me videos once I was in my pen, but he was likely to say such was not necessary. Still, no harm in asking, right/

Of course, the doctor needed more assistants to eventually replace me, and two more were soon brought in. I wasn't sure what they were to become, and I had to admit, I wouldn't get the chance. They weren't changed, at least not physically, but surely I would be able to smell them as time went on, assuming I was to remain in my current role for long enough to do so. They were likely to replace me fully here, but that was neither here nor there, as much as I was aware. I was used to smelling animals by their species by now, at least to a degree, though my senses were not there to an animalistic level.

It had been some weeks since we'd gotten a new subject, and I felt my heart starting to race at the realization. Everything else was second to the thought that any day the Doc would bring in someone to be my elephant mate, something that left me hanging. I hadn't said much to him in that regard, though I was sure he knew what I was hoping for and wanted in the long run. It was all in his hands, so to speak, and I had to admit, I was starting to revere him like a deity of sorts. My life was literally in his hands, and he was in control of what was to happen to him. And if I was being honest with myself, I trusted him fully.

It was a crisp, fall day, though I hadn't gone outside in some weeks when Zack called me to help with a new recruit. This was an unwilling one as far as I was aware, and I knew from experience that some could be harder to deal with, given that it took some time for those to allow their sexualities and animal minds to take over. I personally had come to the conclusion that regardless of their opinion before they settled in, they were given the chance to live a better life, something few humans would ever experience and something certain ones would pay for the privilege. But, for some, time was needed to acclimate to that reality to the point it was a struggle to get them to settle. And, I couldn't stay in their pen to get off as I could with, say, the walrus couple, but that was a rare treat in and of itself.

Still, as I made my way through the familiar corridors, it was a little bit of a surprise that I was being guided to my own pen, wondering with some confusion and a little excitement. Surely, they wouldn't surprise me with a mate, and hopefully, they wouldn't give me someone who was unwilling. Maybe they were simply using it as a temporary home for another larger creature, perhaps one like a hippo or rhino. Either way, I was able to find out soon.

There was, in fact, a man in my habitat as I got down there, one that was still unconscious. It made sense to me since the doctor didn't have anyone in the middle of change to show off, and I was a little bit too much of an animal to shock any new recruits. Still, I walked out into the habitat, looking around for Zack or my other assistants, wondering where they were and what they needed of me. Surely, if they already had him restrained in here, in my habitat, then...

The sound of the door closing and locking behind me was confirmation of what I feared and waited for since I'd come here. I didn't even try to get to the door, knowing instinctively that my pass card would be turned off, forcing me to live here for what was likely to be the rest of my life, much like the animal I wanted to be. It was time! It was here...then was this to be my mate? But, he was unconscious...did that mean he wasn't willing? No, wait, this wasn't what I wanted!

The sound of the doctor above me brought my attention, as he called out. "Today is the day, my friend! Time to live in the animalistic bliss you've always wanted! Ah, I wish I could go to my own bestial retirement, but there are still years ahead of me for my work!"

"But...did he want this? Was he willing?" I called back, knowing the answer but needing to ask the question nonetheless.

"Indeed, he was not willing. But you know as well as I do that all of my subjects come to love their new lives. Give it time, and I'm sure he'll be the perfect mate for you," the doctor said, and I felt part of my face go pale with the implication.

The doctor seemed to notice my concern and was even a little sympathetic. "You've wanted this for some time, and I think I can finally let you go to experience things for yourself as you've always wanted to do. Things will work out for the best, they always do, after all!"

I was honestly dumbfounded by that. Of course, I'd wanted this. I wanted it so bad. And yet, to have it happen like this, without preparation, without thought...it was a little jarring, I had to admit. I was essentially being treated like an animal, losing my autonomy, and in retrospect, I had asked for this. Surely, I had signed away my humanity the moment I agreed to be changed. And if the doctor had it in mind to change me now, then I had no right to argue. Except...

Something just occurred to me then, my mind racing with a thousand thoughts as it was. When had I been injected with a serum? Surely, I would have remembered that. then how was it that I was to be transformed?

Once again, the Doc had his answer for me. "I've been working on a new administration method for my formulas. In your case, I simply needed to add the creative agent to your food to start the final process, something that is a first for my methods, and exciting to categorize! But soon I'll be able to use ingestion-based treatment methods to begin converting guests, something that has innumerable applications, as you can imagine! For now, enjoy your new role in life, and thank you for your service in such a broad capacity for the future of mankind!"

Despite my initial hesitance, I couldn't deny the sensation of my cock coming to arousal or the sheer joy I felt over being given my due. Even though I was in the pen with a man I'd never met, it was my home and something that I planned to stake a claim to once and for all. I knew, deep down, I would never be leaving this place, and that suited me just fine. All my worries, fears, and concerns would be gone, replaced with an animalistic bliss that I'd longed for since I was first able to conceive of it as a possibility. And when I'd found out it could be a certainly...it was no wonder I was hard as hell!

"I'm glad to see you enjoying yourself. As you know, the change will take several days but will be sped up through acts of masturbation. That other man, your mate-to-be, will change slower than you, but if you both decide to consummate your new lives together, I'm sure you'll both eventually change at a similar pace. I look forward to recording the results!" He said, and I certainly couldn't blame him. I was helping out the man one last time, at least in a capacity for his research directly. And I was likely a subject for his personal pleasure as well, but I didn't feel as bothered by that realization, thinking it rather sexy that he might get off on it as much as I had from all the other changes and subsequent matings.

With that, there was little point in holding back my lust, stroking my elephant cock, and feeling my balls swell with seed. Getting into it, allowing my heart rate to accelerate and change me faster would be the norm now, this would be the last time I could do so in my former life and job. That suited me just fine, knowing that a new chapter would begin, a simpler one that would permit me to live out a dream and the rest of my life. It was almost too exciting to be conscious of in these last final days while I would be able to experience such a thing.

With that, the doctor left me alone, but I knew he would be watching close by, or in his office as he looked at all of us. I would likely be a subject of great interest, given that no one else was present and changing. It was a bit of an honor, though I found myself wondering if that was

the reason I had been given a mate who wasn't willing or hadn't signed up for it. Elephant was a little 'out there' for someone who wanted to spend the rest of their life as an animal. Even I had to admit there was always a chance I would be saddled with someone not...as eager for the new life as I was. And that was a little discouraging, though something that I was sure would be solved given enough time.

"Owww...fuck..." Came an unfamiliar voice, and looking over, I allowed myself to take in the naked man for the first time. He was on the larger side, a little overweight, though it was hard to hold a candle to the size he would be as an elephant. I had to admit I found that human form appealing, though given the things I had seen in the past few months, I was more inclined to transformation-related stimuli. Still, there was something to be said for maybe playing with a mostly human man one last time before we changed into elephants forever.

That was clearly not to be the case. "What the-what the fuck! Where are my clothes you sick fuck!?" Came the man's voice and the sheer ire made my own cock sink back into its home. I hadn't expected him to be so pissed, rather than fearful, but it made a sort of sense, as much as his aggression was offputting. Stunned by the aggression, I found I didn't have a response right away. Though I couldn't help but notice that his own cock was starting to come to an erection, something that was a common first sign of the changes to come.

"Wait, you... what's wrong with you?" He asked, a little less angry, though enough that I felt calm enough to reply. As comfortable as I was with my body and the changes that had come over it in the past few months, it was still a little stinging to hear it from the man. Even if he didn't understand the Doc's genius, or hadn't yet, at least, I still didn't want to be judged, especially when I was used to everyone here treating my changes with reverence.

Yet, he didn't have time to question my state of being for much longer, realizing that his cock was hard, and, perhaps, a little larger than he was used to. And to become much longer in the coming hours, though he likely didn't know it yet. "What the fuck...what's wrong with me..." he muttered, trying to hide his erection. "Well, don't look!" He yelled, and I reflexively turned away, a flush of shame crossing my features. Fuck, this was now what I wanted from my first day!

Eventually, I decided to head to the space I considered my bed, at least while I had been in my human state. I wouldn't need the place, I knew, once I had changed further. But it was nice to have a spot to myself, and the habitat was a little on the larger side to make room for both our elephantine bodies. It gave me time to think, anyway, not that I was particularly inclined to. I was turning into an animal, finally, something I'd waited for over the past few months. And this

was not going the way I wanted. But would I even remember the transformation was I were an elephant anyway? Did any of this matter...

Every now and then, I heard the man yelling, raging for the Doc to let him out. Surely, the Doc was explaining his situation, but I didn't want to be there for it. There was something about the harshness of the man's words that stung a little more than they should have. Again, it was a case of soon forgetting them with the elation over my new form and his eventual acceptance of his own. But damn, it was a rough one, something that I had learned from watching some of the other residents getting settled that could carry over to the animal form. So, it was worth allowing myself to sit with the feelings for as long as I needed to.

"Hey, umm...sorry," came the man's gruff voice eventually, and I looked up at him, still a respectful distance away.

"It's fine. I've seen a lot of...well, it can be jarring for some people," I started, then realized that maybe I didn't want to give away all the details of what I'd done here. I didn't really want to look like the bad guy as much as that was possible, after all. Fuck, if the Doc told him anything about me...I probably already did. First impressions and all that.

"The name's Kyle. I would shake hands but..." He started, looking down at his hands covering his erection. He would have to cum soon, the first time was so hard to resist. But I was certain he didn't want my help, and it was best to leave him to it, especially as it started turning toward an elephant's cock. As much as I would have wanted to with a potential mate...

"I don't think mine matters. You can know if you really want to, though," I started, though I realized how facetious that sounded. I always thought names would be something I would throw away once I started changing, but if this man still thought himself human going into this...well, maybe I was taking the wrong approach.

"So, you're a victim of this, too?" He asked, and I felt myself blush furiously at that. The Doc had to have told him the case with me, though how much he let the man know was a mystery I would never know the answer to. With that in mind, I decided to answer him honestly.

"Well, I don't like to call anyone here 'victims'. Subjects, certainly, but by the time the changes take hold, well. And, of course, not everyone comes here under false pretenses. Some have always wanted to be a particular animal, like, well--"

"How the hell would anyone want this?!" Kyle called out at that, and I stopped myself, not really sure what to say to that. I was a little ashamed, really, seeing things from this

perspective when I had already come to terms with the morality of the whole situation. That someone could come and threaten my worldview like this...and someone who was to be my future mate, no less. So much of the change would be wasted with him coming to terms with his reality...I wanted to get to the fucking! Selfish, I knew, but there wasn't much in the way of expectations with my new life and, well, I was horny as hell, and he was soo needy, too...

I just sighed at that, my stance on the matter likely obvious. I wasn't in the mood to argue with him at the moment, nor did I think I would be in the coming hours. Why couldn't the Doc have found me someone willing to be my elephant mate? Was it that bizarre a form? Sure, I'd loved elephants all my life, enough to want to be one, but it was a little disheartening to think I was the only one and that my desires didn't matter. In all the world, or at least within the reach of the Doc's influence. To be the only one...

"Look, just, I don't know. Fuck off. OK?" Kyle said, and he walked away. I wasn't able to come up with anything to say to him, so I just let him go. It was obvious he was embarrassed about his erection, and I didn't want to tempt him if he wasn't ready. That was never my intention and I didn't want to force anything on him until he was ready. And as much as I wanted to watch his changes, there was no point in doing so if he wasn't ready. So, I was left there to my own devices, my arousal present but diminished somewhat with my lack of desire for the changes. As much as I wanted to play with myself as the serum took effect, that likely wasn't going to be the case with such a reluctant bedfellow, so to speak.

Still, I was not to be spared the changes, not that I wanted to be, but it was something I'd rather hold off until the other changing man was more amicable, for as long as that would take. I could feel my guts gurgling with change, my belly even bulging a little as I prepared to grow into the organs that would carry me to my new form. But did I really want that to be happening now? It would take some time for Kyle to come around, and it certainly wouldn't help matters if I started living more like an elephant, which is something that would happen regardless. Not that it would matter in the end, but wasn't the journey for me part of the appeal?

There was something else bothering me that I hadn't been able to put into words as of yet, though the more I pondered it, the more it seemed to bother me. The man had asked if I was a victim of the Doc, and while I'd essentially told him no from the start...I had joined willingly, knowing this to be my fate and wanting it more than anything I had ever wanted in my life. All my debts, my responsibilities, and my shitty human connections would all be removed for the simpler life of an animal. One of my choosing, which was something that most of the inhabitants never got to experience. A rare privilege among the captives, though I was a captive myself...

I tried my best to put such things out of my mind for the time being. After all, I had been a resident of the Doc's facility for so long that the implication had never occurred to me that I was trapped here. It was a prison of my own making, but still a prison nonetheless. Animals didn't have any autonomy in their captivity. Not that living in the wild would be any better, mind. Subject to disease, predation, and a myriad of other things the doctor's residents had no need to fear. Still, it was of little solace to my depressed state, so bad that I couldn't even bring myself to touch myself, something that I longed to do at the changes but something I was starting to regret. Was I, like Kyle, becoming one of the unwilling? They always came around as they changed, of course. And, yet...

I really wished there had been some other fully animal-inclined willing individuals I could talk to, to see if they had such a mid-change crisis like this. It didn't even occur to me to ask the walruses, so invested in their changes as I was invested in my own. They were fine, but they were two males that had each other. And I wasn't even given that, as much as I had always hoped I would be. Hell, I couldn't even ask the doctor to change me back. Even if the serum could be reversed, he wouldn't do it. And under the circumstances, I had been envisioning for myself, I would have never asked him to do so.

The sound of a yell caught my attention, as though the other man was calling out in either pain or pleasure. I had it under good authority it was an orgasmic cry, though I wouldn't be sure from sound alone. I wanted to go to him, but such was taboo in its own right. I could hear him just fine though, as my hearing had improved somewhat since the changes had started. More than that, I could *smell* him, the scent of semen something I was more than a little familiar with from my stint as a worker here. But, wanting to be respectful, I decided to hang back for now, not really sure what else I could do and not wanting to make a scene of things if I could help it.

As big as the habitat was, there was little I could do to avoid hearing his self-discovery, not that I wanted to avoid such. "Fuck, why is it so big..." moaned Kyle, and I could easily infer it was in reference to his cock, always the first thing to change for a new recruit. I knew that from personal experience with my own member, of course. And elephants were far more endowed than anything else in the animal kingdom, as far as being on land went.

"Fuck...I can't stop...why do I need it so bad...sick fucking freaks..." Kyle moaned next, more rhetoric that I was familiar with in the early hours of the change. It still pained me to hear such coming from my future mate, but there was nothing I could do about it, and was left overhearing him. Surely, he could use an outlet, but I wasn't inclined to provide him a source for his ire. I was hurting enough as I was. Even though I desperately wished to tell him to let it happen, that he was supposed to be that big and much better, and how good it could be. But I decided against it, holding my tongue and allowing him to come to terms with things on his own.

Still, the sounds of him discovering himself were enough to bring me out of my own stupor enough that my own cock poked its way out of my slit, leaking already with the desire to be touched. I had to move closer, wanting to watch him playing with himself as only an elephant could. It was powerfully tempting as I moved closer, able to walk silently from my experience with other animals in other pens, despite my girth. And there was really only one barrier from seeing all the way across the pen, something that I could maneuver around that wouldn't be an obstacle once I was all the way changed. For now, it made the perfect way for me to spy on my cage mate, and what I saw sent shivers through my being.

Already covered with cum, his larger belly was unable to hide a boner that was clearly a few inches larger than what the man had come in here with. It was thicker, likely, as well, and the separation of head and shaft was already starting to wane. It was darker as well, with patches starting to look more pink than the skin shade he was used to. His balls were still present, of course, as was the lack of a slit. But with the temptation to touch himself once more, I knew with certainty that was not to be the case.

Given the look on his face, it was clear the man was trying to resist the changes and what they were doing to him. His hands were at his sides, and his eyes were closed, likely to avoid looking at his cock. But I had it under good authority that he couldn't avoid smelling himself, and the scent of cum, regardless of how much he tried to resist, wouldn't be enough to stifle the changes. And given the sexual desire that spurred them on, a feedback loop would be created that even the most chaste of people couldn't manage to ignore!

My own cock was at its apex as well, hard as hell from watching him resist and needing to be stroked off at the moment he started to give in. I could see the struggle in his arms as they started moving upward, as though thinking a few strokes of his member would be enough to quell the urge welling up inside of him. I knew better, of course. And he did, too, as much as he was starting to come to terms with the nature of the change. A look of resignation crossed his features as he started to stroke off, gently caressing his rod as he took the time to get used to his new meat. And, of course, the action had an effect on his rod, one that I was more familiar with than anyone else in the world...

It was hard to tell from my position, but the shaft soon started to redden, as though the skin was chaffing in response to rough attention. That was not the case, of course, the shaft's shade altering to match the elephant he was becoming. It was getting longer, too, though just slightly enough that I could tell from my weeks of experience. Kyle seemed not to care about it, however, the pleasure untold and the desire to get off too much for him to think about anything else. Even as the flexibility of his member started to increase to the point of undulation. Kyle

couldn't stop himself, it seemed, even as a look of confusion and then terror crossed his features from the alien shape of his member. In his moment of lust, however, he just couldn't stop!

The erotic sight had an obvious effect on my own member as well, and I figured there was no point in my holding back. I was going to change anyway, and I wanted as much pleasure as possible before my sensibilities were more that of the animal I longed to become. My own cock was fully elephantine, if not at its final girth, and I longed to watch Kyle's own growing toward an animalistic state, Hell, it was something I had been wishing to see the moment I realized I could have a mate of my own, and I would be remiss for not taking advantage of it here and now!

Of course, my own masturbation efforts had an effect on my physiology, though they were certainly not unwelcome. My tail was starting to tingle slightly, as though getting longer and slapping over my ass in its eagerness. The tingling, while starting at the base of my growth, seemed to start to play over my anus as well, and I felt a little discomfort as my plumbing shifted just slightly, puckering outward as my hips started to shift as well. The tingling of skin started all over my ass, and, while already wrinkled, soon became more so as it took on more pachyderm qualities. I almost wanted to rub at it, but I was more concerned with my cock, feeling then sensations swelling within of my testicles preparing to bust their burden.

That was not the only thing to tingle, the sensations running all the way down my leg, though not resulting in obvious alterations to the skin. Rather, the ache started to play into my toes, the digits stiffening to the point I was almost sure they would start to shrink as I started to watch. It was a little disconcerting to know I was losing my toes, or I would be eventually. Surely, I had known that was an inevitability, right? And yet, why was the start of the retraction of my feet becoming a point of contention?

As scared as I was, it was something that I'd wanted from the moment I realized it was possible. And since it was bound to happen eventually, I resolved myself for the inevitability of needing little more than stumps for arms and legs to hold up the massive body I wished to own. There would always be a point of disparity over the loss of human anatomy, given I've lived my life with them for all this time, and I had to accept that as much as I could. There was no properly preparing for the reality even as much as I figured I had already.

Kyle's yell brought me from my self-reflection in time to see him coming, a spray of semen bursting from the tip as he got off to his new elephantine alterations. It was hot as hell, though I was remiss for not jerking myself to completion right away as well. Still, with the disparity between my own changes and my feelings toward watching someone who didn't want to change, I couldn't quite bring myself to climax, at least not yet. Instead, not caring that my

dick was still hard, I made my presence known and walked over to the man, who carried an expression of shame or concern.

“It’s going to be OK. I know it’s hard to accept right now, but it’s going to be OK. I’ve watched a bunch of-”

“Fuck off you fucking freak! Get the hell away from me!” Kyle yelled out, cutting me off and getting up, trying to cover himself as much as he could with the development of an elephant cock. To my surprise, it didn’t seem to bother me as much as I figured it would. I knew he would be harsh toward me, and it was my fault for not being more discrete. So, with that, I didn’t say anything, going back to what I considered now my part of the habitat, though I had considered this place my home for the last few months. Kyle, surely, didn’t know any better, but that wasn’t something I was down to contest given his insecurity with what was happening in his life.

Still, I was a little sad that my last stint as a human wasn’t turning out the way I wanted, and it was a little depressing to move to my own bed to be told to fuck off. It wasn’t enough to stem my erection, thankfully, though as much as I wouldn’t have thought I’d be able to get off after such hostility. But the hyper-arousal that came with my changes, thankfully, superseded any verbal abuse I’d gotten, even from some of the doctor’s other experiments as part of my tenure here. And there was no reason for me not to cum, given that I would soon be an animal, a beast that cared little about such things as morality when I got off. And that, as I’d known for many years, was a far more preferable existence for me.

I wasn’t expecting the man’s vitriol to have such little effect on my libido, but with my cock at its apex, there was no denying I needed to get off. I tried not to call out as I did so, and I was fairly sure my huffs and pants weren’t audible to his still-human ears. I let myself cum all over my chest and belly, not caring about being clean. Such was irrelevant to my new body and life regardless, and the scent of cum on my body relaxed me, reminded me how virile and horny I was, and why I was giving up my former life for one of a beast, free to revel in such pleasures to my heart’s content.

Not too long after that, the sound of the elevator whirling caught my attention, knowing it was time to eat. I was starving after changing and cumming, and I was a little thankful for the food, though part of me felt a little shy doing so in front of my new cellmate. After all, we were being fed like animals, and he had not come to terms with the fact he would be one soon. And then there was the fact that my new digestive system was a little quicker to digest my meals, meaning I would soon have to...relieve myself, for the first time in my pen. Again, not something that animals really cared about, but while I was still human in mind, the prospect was

a little more daunting than I wanted to be. And a little gross from Kyle's perspective, surely, until it was his turn to do the same. Still, I didn't have to go yet, so it was a problem for later.

Zack, for his part, carried a look of sadness for my situation, as much as I could tell. He didn't offer any words of comfort; that was part of what I'd requested for him, to treat me like an animal and not talk to me once it was time for me to be in my own pen. Surely, he knew what was happening and felt for me, but other than a few fleeting glances, there was nothing he could do. He had his job to bring us the various fruits and greens that would sustain our diets and help us through the changes. I had it under good authority that the changes required a higher caloric intake as much as the Doc's process prevented such from being our demise. And I liked eating, my larger body something that would prompt me to do so for the majority of my waking hours, as much as I wasn't fucking away my lusts. Hopefully, someday soon, with a willing male mate...

Kyle, cautiously, came up to the table for food Zack had left for us, belly rumbling from the changes even through his disdain for me. He didn't seem to be concerned with the werewolf's form, as though thinking it a trick or perhaps more concerned with his own situation. He didn't look at me, or at least tried not to, though I was as much a fascination to him as he was to me. After all, I was a preview of his future, something he would see himself as within the next day or two as much as my own progress raced ahead of his. I didn't meet his stares, though I could feel his gaze on the back of my neck as I ate, crunching and chewing and swallowing without any regard for manners. There wasn't any point, in being an animal now. A part of me would have relished the experience, the first of the rest of my life, so to speak. But being in the presence of someone who not only didn't accept it but was likely disgusted by it, put an obvious damper on my mood, such as it was.

Still, Kyle had to eat too, as much as he hesitated at first. I didn't know how much he preferred a plant-based diet, though he was being forced into it now. Hell, I never was sure how such would feel for those changing before their minds settled into their new bodies and diets. I mean, their new tastes and physiologies made switching to whatever diet was necessary, and we never got anyone unable to stomach their new food or refuse to eat from stubbornness or depression, not when the changes to their mentality took hold. So, I didn't bother to ask Kyle, and he seemed to be eating well enough, a fair quantity, though it seemed to disgust him. I tried not to watch him, but there was no denying he was embarrassed by how hungry he was already. A drop in the bucket for what he would be waiting in the next few days.

I had to admit, much to my embarrassment, I couldn't help but notice the changes that had come from his recent masturbation. It was the stub of a tail that had my most attention, the only visible thing to have changed, though I figured there were some internal ones over the

course of the last few hours. There would have to be for him to eat as much as he needed to for the changes to come. But those weren't of interest to me, save for knowing the process is working as intended. The tail sticking out of his backside, while not yet motile, prompted my slit to open and my cock to slide out just slightly. I couldn't wait for him to have his own! Fuck, even as much as he hated the change, I couldn't deny how hot I found them, against his own wishes

We didn't say anything to each other, Kyle finishing his meal, belching as he did so. Such was common for large herbivores, but I could tell he seemed embarrassed by the act. For better or for worse, he would get used to it, but as with everything, I knew I had to give it time. Not that the rest of what I'd hoped would be inevitable, but that was something for me to worry about later. I was starving, and while I could barely control it, I needed to pass gas, something I didn't want to do in front of my cage mate, at least as long as I could manage.

Without anything else to do, I decided to sleep for the day, finally full for now and wanting to digest. Part of me wanted to masturbate a little, but I was tired enough that I didn't need to do it to help me sleep. Even my wandering thoughts were not enough to keep me from sleeping, not in the bed I had used for the last several months. The only thing that came to mind, rather than my worry over the state of my cage mate, was that I wouldn't be sleeping in this bed in a day or two, far too large for such, and getting down to sleep on the ground of my pen like the elephant I was. Something about that realization felt sad to me, as much as I figured I would want to do so as part of the life I'd always wanted. Another complex thought train that I had let myself be turned into an elephant to avoid. Not fast enough.

Sometime later, I woke up to gut pains that signaled I would have to relieve my bowels soon. Hell, I didn't have a lot of time, against my better inclinations, and part of me wondered if I'd even have time to get to the bathroom outside my pen if I had access to it. I didn't. I would have to find a place in the pen to take a dump, and I would have to find one soon. Getting as far away from my bed, and Kyle, as I could, I bent over, raising my tail as I let myself go. The quantity was a little much for me, and the smell outside a usual toilet was rather disgusting. At least, my puckered ass and flattened backside left me minimally dirty as much as animals ever were. However, the stink was so strong that I couldn't get away from it, something a little harder to get used to than I expected it would be. Elephants were certainly not known for their infrequent digestive functions.

Still, I wouldn't have to go unclean, as much as any of the animals in the doc's pens. There was a bidet of sorts in the center of the pen, and I went over it, raising my tail as the water played over my ass. That dealt with any of the mess that was still bothering me, and I was thankful for that, at least. I wouldn't be able to clean up after myself otherwise, and, not for the

first time, I didn't envy the person who would be literally shoveling my shit for the rest of my life. I didn't mind doing it for others, but elephant dung was an entirely different affair.

Eventually, the sound of the water woke up my cage mate, and I looked over to see Kyle standing there, belly a little bloated and skin a little sallow, signs he had changed a little more in the interim. I had to look; it was obvious that, like me, his testicles had pulled within his body, and nothing was left hanging there. His cock hadn't quite followed suit, though, in its semi-erect state, it was hard for me to tell at a cursory glance. Perhaps the most exciting part, at least for me, was that the scent of semen hung around him, a sign that he was getting into it. Not that I could blame him, of course. At least I could jerk off a little more myself and not feel so guilty, giving me at least half of what I wanted.

"Fuck, how do you deal with this..." Kyle moaned, reaching down to tease his semi-erect prick. I wasn't sure if he was referring to his erection, having his balls pulled within his groin, or the changes in general. The answer was the same, I supposed.

"It's hard. Well, it takes some time to get used to, at least. It feels good, at least. And everyone I've watched since I started volunteering here gets used to it, and happier, too, from what I've observed," I said, though I wasn't sure if it was really selling the pitch to him.

"Fuck...cumming from a penis that size...and yours is way bigger..." Kyle said, and I grinned up at that. That, for me, was in no small part one of the reasons I picked this form in the first place. Not that I'd be telling him that, but that was neither here nor there at the moment.

"Yeah, I guess..." I responded, not really sure what else to say to him. I could gush on about how much I loved my elephantine penis, how much more sensitive than anything humanly possible. Maybe being in mid-change was better than it would feel for my elephant member, though I might not think to compare it with my intellect degraded.

"Why did you say yes to this? What kind of...I mean, what would draw you to let...this happen to you?" Kyle finally asked, and I was glad of it. Well, it was awkward as hell, I had to admit, to try to come up with an answer. And there was something appealing about being honest with it, as much as I was able.

"I mean, from my point of view, I can't imagine anyone not wanting this," I eventually settled on, not caring how strange it would seem to the man to admit it. "I mean, no human worries, no depression, anxiety, disease. No money worries, no worrying about a partner, well, I mean, if someone consents..." I said, realizing I had gone too far with that last part. I didn't want to make the man assume...fuck, that was stupid to say!

Kyle, for his part, didn't respond to that last part, fixated on the first things I'd said. "I mean, being a dumb animal, stuck in a zoo, not being able to leave ever..." he started, and I had to admit, there was truth in that. It wasn't the most appealing from an outsider's perspective, and the warrants of living in the wild compared with captivity could certainly be argued.

"Well, I can see that, but it's not as bad as you think," I started, again trying to be as honest as possible. "I've helped dozens of people into their new animal bodies, and all of them ended up happy in their new habitats. Animals don't hide emotions as much as humans do, after all. And each one grew to love their forms and their cage mates, usually herds or prides or whatever groups they ended up with. Not all of them liked it at first, sex and sexuality can be a little precarious," I said, and for once, I had Kyle's attention, as though the information I had was the most important thing to his new life. I guess it was, as much as I could gather.

"Yeah, but just being a big dumb animal? Shitting in your cage..." Kyle said, and it shamed me a little to know that I wasn't able to hide what I did. Still, it was part of being an animal, and I felt it was my right to defend.

"Animals do what they do, and don't really care. That's the best part, I think. Not that, especially, but the mental freedom? You don't get that being human," I said, and Kyle left it there for a moment, looking down and appearing he was going to walk away. I wanted to let him, the reality of the situation needing time to settle in.

Yet, after a moment, Kyle looked up again, a sad expression on his face as he did so. "I don't want to change..." He said, sadly. I really felt bad for him in that moment. It shouldn't have been someone who didn't want this in the cage with me. Not that I was likely to find someone else to be an elephant with me, but the Doc knew my wishes, right? I almost wished I could ask him, but he usually didn't speak to his subjects mid-change any longer. So, I was left with the situation, trying to make the best of it for him and for me.

"What brought you here in the first place?" I asked, figuring that was a good enough place to start. The Doc was meticulous about picking his subjects, after all, wanting to make sure there was no chance of the wrong person coming to look for them here. Easily acquired subjects were one thing, but the Doc could only do so much before a small army showed up, and all his future plans were for naught.

"Fuck...I was going to be homeless in a month, I guess. Out of rent, the typical shit. I needed a fast job and this was hiring. The questions were weird, though. Wanted to know about

my contacts and much. Guess it makes sense now. Made sure no one would know I was missing..." Kyle said, voice still disparaged.

"Yeah, I get that," I said, understanding the reason being a common one for both willing and unwilling participants. It was a little sad we lived in a society where homelessness was such a threat that it was better for people who didn't want to be animals to come and change in a program like the Doc's. But even if things were fair for most people, there would always be a fringe of those who, like myself, always wanted to be a particular animal and were happy to give up whatever humanity meant for that opportunity. And, as much as I tried to feel bad for him, my bias almost made it impossible to think any animalistic life wasn't preferable to a miserable human existence.

"I didn't want this, though..." Kyle muttered, voice trailing off as he looked away. Any of the previous anger was absent, a likely sign that his stages of grief were shifting as much as his body was. He would need to come to terms with things soon, I figured, or else move into his new life with despair. I had no idea how that might affect him going forward, but it didn't seem good, and I didn't want that to happen to him, as much as I could help it.

"Most of the new residents end up happy with their new bodies and mates," I said, not thinking of the implications of the words until they were out of my mouth. After all, I was simply reciting what I knew to happen from my own personal experience. I didn't mean anything by it!

"And you want, what? Me to be happy mated to you?! What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Kyle raged at me, and I immediately felt my heart sink at that. I hadn't meant...but it sounded all too much like I did, there was no denying that.

"I don't mean, I don't know you..." I said, voice trailing off. But it was obviously not a good enough answer, not with how much I sold the idea of such already, as much as I hadn't meant it as such. And yet, hadn't I?! I wasn't thinking like that, not at the time. But then, wasn't that the goal?

It seemed Kyle had the same conclusion. "That's what it's going to come down to, isn't it?!" He said, obviously hurt by the notion. And put into that perspective, I had to say I couldn't blame him. I had wanted to be with someone happy to change and be an animal, someone to play with regardless of how they felt toward me as a person. That was the whole point of accepting the change, right? Not for a real relationship, but a deep companionship within animal species that came from close proximity.

Again, I decided to answer honestly. “I mean, I hoped I would end up with someone happy to be here and explore the sexual side of things like the changes seem to encourage. I wouldn’t ever think of anything with someone not willing, I wasn’t expecting that-”

“But that’s what you got, isn’t it?! And now *I* have to deal with the consequences of your selfishness!” He raged at me, and I couldn’t find fault in his words, no matter how much I might have wanted to.

“Yeah. you’re right. I wish I could apologize for it. I wish I could take it back,” I said, and I truly meant it.

“Why? You’ve done it to so many other people, haven’t you?!” Kyle continued, something I hadn’t expected. It stung, though it was true, as much as I’d tried to justify it.

“I guess. I mean, I helped settle people into their new homes and bodies,” I said, my pride in the word somewhat stifled at the moment.

“You’re no better than that monster...” Kyle said, and I had no response to that. It was going to take a lot more introspection to come to terms with that accusation, something I once thought I had resolved to go into my new life. Not something I wanted to contemplate with the last days of my human mind.

With silence on my part, Kyle turned around, calling the conversation to an end. I didn’t follow him, not wanting to face his vitriol any longer. And, as much as I didn’t want to admit it, there were merits to his words, as much as I didn’t want to admit it to myself. “I just want to be left alone for the rest of this, OK? Don’t fucking talk to me anymore,” Kyle said, looking away to try to hide the sorrow from his features.

“I can do that. I’ll respect your wishes...” I said, trying to sound stoic but unable to get the sadness from my voice. It was a rough thing to endure, I had to admit, so far removed from what I was hoping for in my final days of humanity. It would be over soon enough, I knew all too well. But still, it didn’t make my immediate situation better, and there was nothing to do but focus on my own changes and feel my feelings, as much as I was able.

Thankfully, there was a mirror close to my bed, something I relished looking into as much as I wondered what it would be like to be at this stage of my life, changing steadily rather than the slow burn of the last few months. Yet, seeing how much reflection had altered in the past day or so, I felt a wave of sadness, rather than excitement over what was to come. I had wanted this so badly for months on end, my desire increasing with each passing day I saw the

same fates happening to everyone I helped feed and clean up after. But now that it was my turn...

I think it was my lament over being with a non-willing cage mate, as much as I could determine upon further reflection. I had already come to terms with what this would do to me and how great that desire had grown. There was nothing for me in the real world, and it was hardly a fleeting sexual fantasy for me to partake in the Doc's process, something that I was able to experience during my time here. And it would not end with my changes, a life of frivolity and sexual pursuits awaiting me once the changes were done. So what if I had given away something so cherished by society as a whole to live my dream? And so what if I helped others enjoy that same privilege, even if they didn't want to undergo it at first? They were all happy in the end, I took care of happy, well-adjusted animals. Not one showed a sign of depression. And, given time, Kyle would come to terms with what was happening. Even if we didn't become mates, per se, that was OK. I might not be the only other member of the herd by the time the Doc was done with us. And, even being an elephant in mind might not be enough to dissuade me from enjoying someone else's changes and helping them through the process of enjoying me.

Lost in my self-reflection, I hardly noticed the changes to my physical reflection, something I had not even felt until a seeking tongue brushed over larger tusks that had swelled in the interim. In fact, they were almost too large, not enough space in my mouth for their current size. The rest of my teeth, surely, would be pushed back and swell into the grinding molars that made up my elephantine self. As they grew, they started to become a little uncomfortable, prompting me to play my tongue over and over across them and play with them, almost addictively so.

Playing with them was almost enough to distract me from the other obvious alteration to my face, something I should have noticed before but its bizarre nature on my face was almost such that it was hidden from me. My nose, even though bulbous as it was in recent days, left me shocked when it wriggled a little as I focused on it. It seemed with the latest changes, it was starting to thicken into the beginnings of a trunk. And maybe if I slept a little, it would grow to the point I could actually flex it like the appendage it was soon to be. Even my previous depression wasn't enough to quell my excitement over the scenario!

Naturally, in my desire to change, my slit slowly opened up to the point my penis was poking my chin, as long and flexible as it now was. There was no reason not to masturbate, especially if would help to take me out of my funk. And I could hardly wait to get my fingers around my rod, stroking off to the point I was leaking already. Damn, I wouldn't be able to hold this back long, and I really didn't want to!

With my increased heartbeat, the blood flowing through me was enough to spur on the changes in the exact spot I hoped it would. My nose started to wriggle of its own accord, as though it was being grabbed and pulled down with some invisible hand. It started by moving down toward my lip, and I drew it back reflexively, feeling the skin above it starting to stick to it, pulling my nose further and further. Crossing my eyes, I could see it growing in front of me without even looking in the mirror, and its reddening shade was even starting to gray in some areas as it changed. And the pops and snaps of the cartilage were the only signs of further growth, prompting me to rub my penis frantically, making it happen before my very eyes.

Its base merged with my lips now, the tip of my nose started to grow even longer, and the more I focused on it, the more the frantic waving seemed to work to my whim. It wasn't much, though I could at least get used to its increasing range of flexibility, something I couldn't help but relish. It was only growing by a few inches at a time, but the more I stroked, the more the pressure built up in my loins, and the more it seemed to stretch, its tip touching my lower lip now as it descended in real-time. Its sight in the mirror was more than a little bizarre on a mostly human face, but it was mine, and in the moment, I couldn't imagine wanting anything more!

"Fuck, my nose!" A voice came from beside me, and I looked over to see that Kyle had been watching me, from some distance, though fixated on my actions. To my delight, his own penis was at full attention, hands wrapped around it without any regard for being in my presence or the changes that were coming over him. And, better still, it seemed his own nose was growing in response to his masturbatory efforts. It wasn't as long as my own, just barely reaching his lower lip. But he was jerking himself off into having a larger one, and judging by the quivering in his penis, it wouldn't be much longer now before he blew his load.

As much as I loved watching my own nose grow, I couldn't deny the sheer elation of my cage mate growing his own and jerking off to the point I could hardly stifle my own impending orgasm. Yet, as our eyes met, Kyle said a confusing thing just then, something I was not expecting to hear from someone so adverse to change. "Go ahead, you can finish. I won't judge...I can't help it, I need to...watching is so hot..." he moaned.

Part of me wished my own nose was long enough to jerk off with it, knowing that it would have more muscles than even my arms and hands. But for now, I still had my hands and rubbed the space around my slit with one while I stroked my cock with the other. I could feel my orgasm building, and it was all I could do to hold it back for the time it took for him to catch up. I wanted to, however, feel it was significant, somehow, as much as a shared act could possibly be.

“Fuck, this thing feels good...” Kyle moaned, the lust enough for him to forget if only for a moment, that everything about his life was slowly changing forever, against his best intentions.

“Yeah, it’s amazing, isn’t it...” I moaned, edging myself as best as I could, though I figured it would hardly last long enough if Kyle didn’t hurry up.

It seemed like I had nothing to worry about. “Fuck, it’s like a firehose...I can’t hold it in...oh god...” Kyle moaned, unable to take his hands off his dick.

“Don’t hold it in...let it go...like an animal...fucccckkk!” I called out, feeling my orgasm coming like a freight train. Kyle, it seemed, was right behind, and with a loud cry he, too, spilled his load all over his chest. It was hot, to be sure, though I could hardly focus on his release with my own washing over me. My entire body vibrated, cum spilling from my prehensile member and all over me, quickly drying with the rest of the semen that had covered me. It was sublime, each release surpassing the rest as I grew closer and closer to my new animal form.

Grinning like a fool, my grin disappeared as I realized Kyle was looking a little disparaged. There was a slight afterglow from such a powerful orgasm, of course, but as the reality of what he had done hit him full force, it seemed to drag up his despair over his new lot in life. “I’m an animal now...” Kyle muttered, looking down at his cock as it started to retreat into his insides, where it sat as part of his animal form.

“Yeah...” I went to say something more but figured such was moot. He needed time to come to terms with things, as much as he obviously enjoyed what he had done in the heat of the moment. There was still time for his mind to change, after all, but I didn’t want to hold my breath or make assumptions. Either way, it was something he would have to come to terms with on his own.

“I need some privacy...” Kyle said, and I let him go, getting back to my bed. I was pretty tired, the changes taking a lot out of me. That, and as an animal, there was little to do but eat, sleep, and fuck, with a little bit of play and enrichment that would soon be provided as our bodies became more elephantine. And the more I changed, the more I would be satisfied with that reality as much as any animal with all their needs being taken care of. I could only hope that Kyle reached the same conclusion, whatever that might look like for his future.

“That was fucking hot though...” my better ears were able to pick up, something that made me grin. There was a chance that...No. I didn’t want to get my hopes up. I would have to wait and see what happened...

Going back to my side of the enclosure, I couldn't resist the urge to play with my new trunk, delighting in the fact it was now mobile. It was amazing to feel it flex, the likes of which are not possessed by most animals on the planet. Hell, it was even better than my tail, able to move with greater articulation as it waved in front of me. Despite having cum not moments ago, my cock was already sliding from its home, and I was tempted to tease it again, even if there was little point in trying to cum again in short order. Still, with the hypersexuality in my body, there wasn't much reason to hold back. I couldn't deny the embarrassment of cumming again with Kyle able to hear me, but damn if having a trunk didn't turn me on beyond even my dreams!

There was one obvious use of my new truck that came to mind, and with its length in tandem with the size of my penis, there was no reason not to try. It was a little large to reach my junk, even sitting on my ass and trying to aim it with my hands. I couldn't wrap it around my cock, at least not with its current length and level of articulation. But the tips of my nostrils were pliable enough, and with them I was able to grip the pointed head of my penis, milking the head and upper part of the shaft as I did so. It was bizarre to feel another appendage touching my cock, especially one I had total control over. It was bizarre, though powerfully sensual and erotic to the point my internal testicles were swelling once more. Having just cum, I was sure it would take some effort to bring myself to orgasm. But without any risk of chaffing, I was eager to take all the time it required to explore my new anatomy and the unique pleasure it provided.

Naturally, it had the effect of changing my body, but having now just played with my cage mate, I didn't feel a need to hold back. Fuck, did I want to change, to carry the memories of this event for the rest of my life, as much as my elephant mind could manage. Even the bloating of my belly or the added flatulence that came with it was welcome to know I would be an elephant. The smell of my bodily functions was dulled somewhat by now, used to them as I was becoming, so it was of little consequence. And most of my focus was on my cock at this point, making other distractions moot.

It was a little concerning with the speed my belly was barreling, making it harder to keep my cock taut and my trunk to do its work. It was a bit of an arms race, I found, playing my growing trunk over a cock that was being pushed away by a bloating belly. But the changes were happening gradually enough that I was sure I could reach my release before it happened, even if this was the first and only time I would be able to cum like this. It was a unique circumstance, and one I wasn't going to take for granted as my sensitive nostrils rubbed my cock tip, the fluids leaking from it tickling my nose and making me want to sneeze. It was strange to feel the consistency of my seminal fluids on my nose, but I was there for it, relishing every new sensation and committing them to memory.

The tingling of change was not limited to my nose and belly, something that took me a moment to realize. My toes were numb, almost as though they had fallen asleep, and trying to wriggle them didn't do much to alleviate the irritation. I couldn't really see down passed my belly and cock, but with some effort, and while keeping my trunk on my cock, I was able to stick out one leg. It might have been a little alarming to see the toes as fat as they were, and that they were starting to pull inward, losing the tendons and joints within to become part of my stumpy legs. It was a little sad, I had to admit. Not that I needed them, mind. And almost everyone that came to the Doc's sanctuary lost their hands and feet in the end. Oh well. There was something almost arousing about the notion that I was jerking the elephant into me, and the loss of my toes was hardly a deterrent to my masturbation.

Still, my focus stayed on my toes as they slowly, steadily pulled within the base of my foot, each massage against my cock head seeming to reduce them further. I couldn't move them anymore, seeming that it didn't take long for their tendons to dislocate. But they were still part of my anatomy, even as they continued to shrink. They were wide, as well, and the thickened nails at the base of them started to swell slightly, a prelude to their eventual size. I couldn't see my other foot from the angle I was at, but from what I could tell, the same changes were occurring. It was interesting to me they were happening at relatively the same time, though part of the Doc's process, I figured. All something I loved to finally experience firsthand!

It was those thoughts of change that spurred on my lust to the point that I was sure I couldn't hold back much longer. Hell, I didn't want to, not with how horny I was. My nose was so mobile, so careful in rubbing my cock and sending shivers through the entire shaft. The tension in my testicles soon swelled beyond what I perceived to be the breaking point, and I allowed it to happen, not caring I was going to get a faceful of cum in my nose. The pleasure was so great I couldn't bring myself to stop, even if I wanted to!

“OOHHHEEEEEERRRGGGGHHHHH!” I called out, nearly releasing my cock from the force of the orgasm rushing over me. The sound was more akin to a trumpet than I was expecting, but it was hard to find fault in that, given my love for the elephantine form. It was certainly more akin to what my voice would eventually sound like, and it filled me with a sense of excitement. Finally, I was getting what I wanted, and was able to let myself enjoy it, just as I'd always dreamed!

It took me some time to come down from such a release, cum dripping from my nose and mouth as I did so. The sight of something moving in my periphery caused me to turn around, seeing that Kyle was watching me. That previous embarrassment flushed across my face, though it was easier to let go of it when the sight of his own cock and the scent of precum leaking from it. There was something in his expression, almost akin to...jealousy? I couldn't be sure and I

didn't want to ask him, not in the moment of post-orgasmic bliss, at any rate. Something about his hesitation made me sure he wasn't ready to give himself over to the changes and his new life, but that was OK. There would be time for that, and he was starting to find things pleasurable about the experience, something I wanted for him as much as I wanted it for myself.

To my delight, Kyle had clearly enjoyed the show as much as I would hope he would. He had sprayed another load over his belly, something that made me smile. But more than that, and something that took me a moment to notice, was that he no longer had external testicles. I recalled how quickly my own had been subsumed as part of an orgasm, and I had to admit, it was more pleasurable, if not more practical, to have one's testicles inside, not swaying underneath, which might be a little painful, given the size of them.

Kyle, blushing rather furiously, went to turn away, tail not long enough to cover his rather prominent anus. His hole was quite a bit larger than it had been, more puckered and rough as befit what I assumed was an elephant's asshole. I hadn't really seen it from this side, and I had to admit, much to my embarrassment, I was fixated on it. More than anything, I wanted to fuck something that size, or to have my own fucked...but I had to restrain myself from those thoughts. That wasn't to be the relationship I was going to have with Kyle, that had been made clear and was something I respected. Still, it wasn't just the changing man's elephant pucker that did it for me, though that was certainly a fair chunk of it. It was the slight stretching of his nose that I seemed to hone on it, not sure from memory how much it had grown but imagining it had taken on some desired contours. Larger on his face, less than an inch from fusing with his upper lip. And soon to be as flexible as mine, perhaps even able to reach down and tease my cock, as I would be able to use mine and tease his...

Before I had too much time to reflect on it, I found I was in need of relieving myself, and when more urgency than I was used to from my formerly primate physiology. I was able to go into a corner of the pen, one I had designated as my makeshift bathroom. Having to piss was even annoying, the smell of it more pungent to my changed nose and a little too strong, almost dizzyingly so. And of course, I had to follow up with a dump, the stink of which I was largely able to stomach the smell of. It could be worse, I supposed, knowing it would be a facet of my new life and having come to terms with it already. At least with my anus in its current state, there was little mess, and no flies were around to gather and breed in the facility. Small favors, I supposed.

Thankfully, Kyle was gone by this point. I didn't want him to see me relieve myself in elephantine fashion, even if his own time was coming. I assumed he was moving to think things over once more, and I couldn't blame him. I felt bad for him, maybe more so than I'd felt realizing I wouldn't have a proper, eager mate now that it was time to change the rest of the way.

With the extra time I had to reflect as of late, I found myself empathetic toward his fate. After all, wouldn't I be disappointed if I wasn't to turn into the kind of animal I wanted to be, the life I had asked for? It was hard from my point of view, given that most animal forms would be fun to experience, even if I only ever had a single choice. And, from that perspective, I supposed I could empathize with it.

A rumbling in my belly was enough to halt my train of thought, and I found myself wondering when lunch would be provided. I knew that hay and such would be stacked in large quantities for us to nibble on throughout the day, once our bodies were changed enough to take such raw food. However given the amount of food we needed in our changing states, it was a little annoying to have to wait for the other assistants to make their rounds. I wasn't sure if Kyle was hungry as well, but he would be as he continued to change and reached my level. Hell, I was almost tempted to go to the door and ask, but it would be rude. I knew from personal experience how busy the assistants got, with their chores or the sexual arousal that came with being in the Doc's sanctuary.

The sound of the elevator could not come soon enough, and I was greeted by the sight of a massive cart of food, wheeled in by someone I didn't recognize. It was of little matter, though I was curious about what changes they were to undergo. He was human, as much as I could tell, so likely a new recruit. I could at least perceive he was aroused by the sight of our changes, even without my enhanced sense of smell. He was sporting a rather obvious erection in his pants, and I couldn't blame him, one of the prerequisites of working for the Doc. Hell, I might be inclined to offer a helping trunk, if the man was amicable to it. It wouldn't hurt to ask...

Noticing the erection sliding from its home, the man pulled at his shirt a little, his cock tenting his pants even more from the sight. "Happy to see me, big fella?" He asked, and I went to open my mouth to reply. Yet, I stopped myself, figuring there was no point in using my human voice. I wanted to act the animal I was becoming, and knowing the proclivities of someone choosing to work for the doctor, I was happy to play the part for his amusement.

Ambling toward him, I moved my somewhat too-short trunk to start rubbing his shirt, as though trying to take it off. My trunk wasn't flexible enough to do so yet, though the man seemed to get the idea, and pulled it off, along with taking off his pants and underwear. I grinned looking down at what I was working with, penis was still human for now but likely to change in the coming days. Perhaps at my own machinations, but I had no idea what his timetable for the changes was. It didn't matter, the thoughts of what would happen to him, and what was happening to me were powerfully arousing, and I wanted to cum with him, while I still had the ability to enjoy it to the fullest. Not something that the Doc discouraged, and in fact was likely recording for his later use!

The man's member didn't seem particularly impressive to me, though it didn't matter, especially since he was likely soon to be gifted the penis of an animal. All that mattered to me was how much it would turn him on to play with him, and I lowered my thicker neck, reaching out with my longer trunk to tease the tip. Again, it was the flexible muscles around my nostrils to do the deed, necessary since even my fully formed trunk would be no help with teasing a human's penis. The moment my trunk came into contact with his maleness, the man moaned, leaking onto the sensitive flesh and filling my nose with the musky precum. Feeling his length throbbing as I started to massage it, it was obvious he would not last long, and beasts that we all would be, there was no reason I could think of to hold back!

"Ohh...so good...fuck...fuckkk..." The man moaned before spilling his load onto my nose, some of it getting up my trunk and coating it with the sticky fluids. It was nice to bring him such pleasure, someone eager to play with my new body, and part of me wished his fate would be to join my herd. That was likely not to be, most people came here with their own animalistic aspirations. But it was fun to play with him nonetheless, and it seemed that he wasn't quite done.

Moving forward, the man reached out tenderly to stroke the tip of my penis, making me shiver from the contact. I was used to touching myself, of course, but the touch from another while my penis was in its mostly elephantine state was something divine. He took its writhing length in both hands, rubbing it down with a firm grip and seeming not to care about the amount I was leaking. Wanting to encourage him, I reached up with my cum covered nose and started rubbing his hair, taking in his scent and learning about this man that was to become my caretaker for the foreseeable future. He seemed to get the idea, stroking my member up and down and finding a rhythm, even though I was sure he was getting a little sore from playing with the size of it. But he was determined, and given my arousal over the situation, I was remiss for not feeling my end start to come with insistence.

Part of me wanted to hold back, to prolong my pleasure and give the man a real show. But the whole unique scenario was enough to bring me to the edge, and I felt my internal testicles preparing to pump a load all over the man's body, no matter if he was still standing in the splash zone or not. Only a bestial bellow from my elephantine lips was a sign that I was about to cum, but the man didn't see it fit to get out of the way as he pumped my penis for all it was worth. And if he wanted a show, I was down to give him one!

Letting myself go, I felt my penis pump furiously as my elephantine load spilled from my cock tip and sputtered all over the man's chest and heat, covering him in a coat of sticky goo. The man seemed not to mind, still stroking me off as though coaxing all the cum from my balls. I was there for it, letting him stroke my rod as I continued to orgasm, cock starting to curl as I was

eventually spent. The man just giggled, slapping me on the shoulder before saying “Good boy! Good show!” I didn't mind being talked down to in a sort of derogatory manner. I was an animal, after all, and I deserve no less.

The man went to put his clothes back on and leave, as difficult as it was for him while covered with drying elephant semen. Still, he managed, telling me he would be back for the tray and to clean up after us, though not before a wink and a nod. I had to smile at that, wondering if he would be back for some more fun while I was still human enough to enjoy it from that perspective. It didn't matter, I figured, though I was certainly willing for whatever fun he had in mind!

Lost in my pleasure over the sexual acts, I hadn't noticed that Kyle was watching most of the show until I turned around at the sight of his erection. I didn't comment on it, not wanting to assume his stance on the situation or make a move that would upset him further. His cock was waving on his groin but Kyle seemed to be able to resist the urge to touch it, at least for now. My larger ears could certainly hear the gurgling in his belly which was a sign of his hunger, and I realized I had forgotten to eat as well, with my excitement to play with the fully human man. But now that he was gone and I had erupted all over his body...

It didn't take much prompting for me to dig into the spread that was provided, loving the variety of fruits, veggies, and sugary treats that were part of our diet. I dug in with gusto, barely chewing and swallowing and needing to fill my changing belly without regard for anything else. Save for Kyle eating beside me, though part of me was glad to see he was eating as well. It wasn't the most glamorous meal, and would like to get less so when we were elephants in full but the variety was appreciated especially as we were turning into animals that were more intelligent and liked a variety of fruit and food in general.

It took us both some time to eat our fill, though eventually, Kyle pulled back, rubbing his much larger belly with reverence rather than disgust. I felt the need to expel gas, and I belched without the ability to hold it in. Of more embarrassment, I had to fart as well, and the smell was a little strong in the air that it even stung my nose. Surely, Kyle could smell it, but he didn't say anything. In fact, he let out a little flatulence of his own, the smell of which didn't bother me but spoke to the more elephantine digestion that was coming as part of his changes. He seemed embarrassed, but being an elephant came with a different set of bodily functions than we were used to as humans, and there was no need for the same level of modesty, something we would both come to accept as the changes completed.

With my belly full, the fatigue crept up on me, and with a gesture, I bid Kyle goodnight. I figured he might be more inclined to play with himself. I was interested, for sure, but didn't want

to force myself on him, allowing him to come to me should he decide to. It would have to happen of its own accord if it was going to happen at all. And it was glad there was a semblance of enjoying the sexual ecstasy of change as much as they were forced upon those then the doctor had chosen for his programs. It was far different than I had hoped, for sure, and I couldn't fully indulge in his sexual release as much as I would have hoped. But life didn't always work the way we wished, after all, and I was starting to come to terms with that.

As much as I had cum in the last few hours, there was no chance of me getting off before passing out this time. I wasn't sure how much I would need to sleep when I was an elephant, but in the midst of change, my body needed the rest to change and grow. The doctor's process was really ingenious to allow us to stay alive with only some extra food and sleep to allow our bodies to alter in the interim. And I was quick to pass out, not even remembering my dreams in my fatigue.

It was sometime later when I woke up, an ache in my mouth being the obvious trigger. Reaching out with my tongue, I was quick to tell that my tusks were even larger which made it harder to close my lips. I was roused from sleep with my curiosity, wanting to see what they looked like in the mirror. They were a little larger than I was expecting, and heavier as well, though I was sure they would be comfortable by the time the change was done. It was one of the issues of being in mid-transformation, I figured in the end, though it was nice to see them taking shape, a prelude to my final form. And they were certainly sexy beside!

That was not the only change to be noticeable in the interim since I'd slept, this next one much to my chagrin. As I reached up to play with my new tusks I found that my fingers were a little shorter and stiff. They hadn't changed as much as my toes had, which was a blessing for now. But I figured that wouldn't be the case for much longer, and it was a little alarming to see them go now that it was time. I would still be able to hold and grasp things, at least for today. But with the rate the changes were coming over me, I wasn't sure if I'd still have functional fingers by the end of the day. That would prove a little troublesome if my trunk wasn't up to the task of grabbing things, but it wouldn't be for too long either way, so I figured it was fine to let things play out as they would.

Yet, the stiffness in my hands was quickly forgotten as I passed gas, realizing that I had to relieve myself and had little time to get to the end of the pen where I had been defecating. Elephants were pretty regular, it seemed, and even my preparation for the new body and life couldn't quite prepare me for the frequency that I needed to relieve myself. I did manage to get there in time, though the smell of my waste was as strong to my nose, and it was a little irritating not to be able to clean my hole as I'd been used to. At least the makeshift bidet was better than the nothing a wild animal would have! A similar smell hit my nose from nearby, though it didn't

bother me as much as my own waste. Kyle, too, evidently had to relieve himself like an animal, and I once more felt bad for him, not having wanted this or not really sure what it was like to be an animal in a habitat. He would get used to defecating in the pen as much as I would, but I could see it taking him more time, so far removed from being human that it served to be an uncomfortable reminder of what he had lost.

I met him at the fountains, letting him go first to clean himself out. He didn't say anything, just moved away as the water was draining down the sink. I took my turn, feeling a little gross having to wait but thankful I had the option to use a bidet. It was a little hard with my larger anatomy, but I managed, thankful the water was warm and able to penetrate my ass. Hell, the stream was nice enough to make me a little aroused despite myself. Not that I was embarrassed about getting hard in front of Kyle at this point, but I wasn't really inclined to masturbate myself just yet.

I wouldn't be able to resist long as my erection seemed to trigger a similar reaction in my pen-mate. It slid out of his new sheath, curling in itself as his hands went up to touch it. It was obvious he was trying to resist the urge to masturbate, though even his erection was enough to change him somewhat. It was his ears that seemed to alter this time, their edges heating up and expanding against his head, enough their attachment pushed against the tops, causing some hair to fall out in the process. They seemed to move back and forth of their own accord, fanning him from the heat being inflicted by the change.

The sight of it was enough to spur my own arousal to new heights as my cock unfurled and touched my seeking trunk, without me even realizing I was trying. The angle was a little off from my bulging gut, but with the length of my new trunk, it was easy for me to tease the tip the way I had the day before. And with such pleasure at the tip of my trunk, so to speak, I could hardly resist the urge to start massaging the tip with my flexible nostrils, fluid leaking from the tip as I groaned in my deeper baritone.

The sight caused Kyle's own cock to come to bear, and as though he desired to emulate me, his own trunk started to pop outward with growth, swaying with its new flexibility. He was still able to resist touching himself, at least for now. I was sure the temptation was grueling, given the scent of his leaking pre-cum that my acute nostrils were able to scent. And that was enough to spur on my own arousal, and the changes to come with it.

The sensation of tickling against my head was a sign of further hair loss, though I managed to work through it, ignoring it pooling in my lap as it was robbed from me. The sight of which would be a little alarming in the mirror, but it was hard to be bothered knowing I would enjoy the elephantine features that would accent my head. It was enough to allow me to feel it

falling out with pride, leaving me effectively bald for the rest of my life. Save for a little peppering of fuzz here and there, as befit a mammal.

Watching Kyle's flapping ears and twitching trunk was enough to quickly bring me to release. I let it happen, not wanting to resist and knowing my sexual stamina would be sufficient to cum soon again if I was so inclined. With a rapid throbbing of my massive cock, I felt my semen shooting through and hitting me in the trunk and mouth, sticky white goo running down my chest and getting into my trunk. I was hardly bothered by it, given that I would be able to take large quantities of water without it going down my air passages, and the consistency of cum running down the inside of my trunk was interesting all on its own. The sheer amount of semen was enough to leave me bathing in a warm glow, shivering as further bubbles pushed out and my internal testicles shuddered from their burden.

“Fuck...what would a trunk job feel like...” Kyle muttered to himself, as though thinking I wouldn't hear. Naturally, with ears the size of ours that was a moot point. And even as I came down from my amazing release, part of me was inclined to go help him out if I could. All I had to do was ask him...

“Want a helping trunk for now?” I offered, a little surprised at the cadence of my voice. But that was to be expected in the end, I figured, and losing my voice was hardly the worst thing, especially when I knew I wouldn't need it.

Kyle's hesitation was a sign that he wanted to resist, and wanted to say no. He was unable to say so outright, however, and the quivering in his cock was a sign he was inclined to agree. I wanted the confirmation verbally, I really did. But he was still feeling shame in doing so, on the edge and struggling with his inner self against the changes and the pleasure they could bring. And there was a part of me that wanted to ease him into the transition, so long as he didn't actively push me away.

Moving slowly to make my intention known, I reached out with my cum-soaked trunk, teasing the edge of his elephant member and making him squirm. His eyes fluttered a little, and he even found himself moving into my touch, all the confirmation I required. I used the flexibility in my nostrils to massage the tip as I had my own, making him shudder and feeling him leak into my nose. It was hardly uncomfortable to do, however, and I was eager to pleasure him, excited to feel throbbing against my trunk that wasn't from my own body. He was very tense, even with as much as he had likely been masturbated. It made me happy to think he was being turned on to the point he was, finding something about the change to enjoy and making the best of his new life.

Still, most of my focus was on pleasuring his cock, and it was easy for me to flex the tip, feeling his pleasure vibrating all the way down to his internal testicles. He was groaning in a deeper tone than before, one inductive of the alterations to his throat and the effects of his trunk growth as well. The appendage was continuing to extend, waving around and curling as though experiencing its ability to do so for the first time. Its thrashing was a sign of his lust, enough that I could feel him getting close, his trunk swaying faster in tandem with his cock. And the closer I got him, the longer his trunk popped outward, something I found hot as hell. He was going to look so good with one!

A moan escaped his lips as his cock let loose its load, and sprayed the two of us with a sizable amount of elephant semen. The scent of it mingled with my own, creating a pleasant musk that I eagerly drank in. It wasn't enough for me to come to an erection once more, but it certainly added to the afterglow, making me feel pleased with myself for the first time in a while.

Kyle looked relatively content for the moment, though I could tell he was still struggling with his internal thoughts. Still, as I gazed at him, he managed to force a smile, even going so far as to thank me for it. "Thanks for that. That was...wow..." Kyle said, getting up with more trouble than before. I figured he was feeling fatigued from the orgasm, and I was too, despite having just slept. It seemed the changes were taking their toll on us, in tandem with our frequent orgasms. And I was happy to sleep, given that I would be changed a little more upon awakening, and ready to go once more!

I don't think I managed to sleep very long, finding it a little hard to keep track of days and nights. We could see the world outside, and the lights were dimmed at night for our sleep, but before the changes were completed and we were able to fall into our new circadian rhythms, the fatigue from the process was a little much. And other than eating, fucking, and sleeping, there was little to do for the moment. Waking up on the ground was a little comfortable, and I found myself not really worrying about losing my makeshift bed, no longer needed for the animal I was becoming. The first thing I noticed was that I felt a little larger, heavier, and bloated, not just from gas. Getting up was a little harder as well, my joints sore and not just from lying on the ground. I still had a lot of growing to do, but I had gotten a lot larger in the last few days, and I was amazed at how large I would become. The doctor promised me the body of a massive, virile bull elephant, and I couldn't be happier with the results!

After relieving myself as much as was becoming a habit, I went to eat, thankful our food was already waiting for us. Not that I wouldn't have minded playing with the newest assistant once more, but as hungry as I was, it was nice to dig into the spread. There was more food for us here than last time, and I was sure they would bring some hay bales to deal with the greater metabolic needs of our new bodies. My only regret was that my fingers were stiffer than I

wanted, and it was harder to pick up pieces of fruit, but I managed well enough. As flexible as my truck was, it wasn't where it needed to be to replace my hands, which were going to be robbed from me sooner or later.

Kyle was a little slower getting there, and the scent of cum on him was enough to know where he'd been. I didn't say anything, not wanting to judge or make him feel guilty. Kyle seemed not inclined to talk either, though it was nice he was eating beside me, not trying to stay too far away. And I wasn't sure what to say to him, even if my voice wasn't somewhat warped from the changes already. Human things didn't really matter in our new lives, nor would we likely remember anything we talked about once we were elephants. And just having him here beside me was a marked improvement from his first few days, when he was pissed at me for even being here in the first place. It gave me a little hope for the future, enough that I was happy to enjoy the changes and all I was hoping it would be.

Eventually, Kyle moved away, likely to take a dump, if his elephantine digestion and frequent flatulence were any indication. I didn't think we would ever just let it happen where it did, though I wasn't sure how it worked for elephants in captivity, ones without human intelligence or modesty beforehand. I'd seen enough videos of elephants emptying their bowels in captivity, and people cleaning up after them as they cared for any other animals, though it couldn't have been pleasant. Oh well. I wasn't on that side of things anymore, and when it had been me, I was happy to handle the less sanitary parts of the job if it meant my charges were well looked after. I watched him go before deciding it was time to move back to my own area of the habitat. It had been some hours since I'd masturbated, and for someone changing in the doctor's care, that was a lifetime.

It didn't take much coaxing for my penis to fully extend, and without external stimuli, I was able to take stock of the fact that the blood rushing to it wasn't making me as dizzy, given my larger stature. It was a small detail, though not something I took for granted as I marveled over its length, really rubbing it down as it continued to leak. The only hesitation I had was that it was harder to work my fingers over it than I was used to, their stiffness making them largely unresponsive to my mental commands. Still, it was something that was going to happen sooner or later, even if any mental perpetration I had wasn't enough for the truth of the moment. The only thing I could think of to alleviate that anxiety was to ride out the changes, coming to a point where I would no longer miss them or even remember life without them. I had chosen my new body for that reason, after all. Elephant trunks were just as good if not better than hands!

Of course, it took little time for me to reach my end, something I was trying my best to allow to happen. My stamina would be enhanced well into my new body, and there was little need to hold back my lust knowing I had such a short refractory period. My only hesitation came

from the fact this would likely be one of the last times I was able to use my hands to get me off, and even my resolve was not enough to fully accept it. Part of me wished my cries of release would attract Kyle, but if I was being honest with myself, he had already come around far faster than his initial reaction would imply. And my release was coming too fast for help to come, leaving me to enjoy the privacy of using my hands while I still had them.

Bellowing out with a commanding trumpet, my penis unloaded over my hands and chest, leaving my body to shudder from the intensity. It took several minutes for me to come down and take stock of my hands, stunted and stiff though they were. I had to admit, there was something almost sexy about having them covered in cum as a catalyst for their removal, enough that my penis was not inclined to retreat back to its home quite yet. But I was sure I was spent for now, and the sexual release was sufficient besides.

With my sexual needs satisfied, my belly full, and sleep escaping me, I found myself for the first time in a long time actually bored. Most of the Doc's residents were happy to eat, sleep, and fuck as much as they wanted, needing little more than companionship from their fellows. But for an animal like I was becoming, boredom was a real threat, and something I had discussed with the doctor beforehand. There were a variety of enrichment activities that elephants had been given in other habitats, anything from painting, to musical instruments, to toys like massive balls to kick around and the like. It was a little strange the Doc hadn't thought to add those to our pen yet, even though I wasn't sure I'd want to try them before my mind altered. Hell, even when that happened, I had no idea which of those things I might find appealing. I hoped at least something there would pique my interest, but there was no way to know until the time came, I figured.

With little else to do, I was mostly left to sit and think, something that bothered me. It was the whole reason I wanted to escape to an animal's life, after all. Yet, it was hard not to let my thoughts drift to my life before coming here and what had drawn me to the Doc's program in the first place. It seemed like so long ago, a different life since I had come here with the intention to never leave or even retain the form I came here with. My life was boring, as much as millions of others could relate to. Going to work, coming home, eating, going to bed, waking up to go to work again just to support the place I needed to live and the food I also needed to live. What was the point of it all? Naturally, that life drew me to seek out fantasy, and with that came an interest in transformation, finding it powerfully appealing to imagine turning into an animal and living in the now, without worry about making someone money or money at all. The change itself was always something I'd been turned on by, though it was a fleeting thing, a brief escapism that gave me the energy to recharge my batteries and get back to my life. And for so long, with the impossibility of the thing in the real world, it had to be enough.

Yet, with the possibility for my dreams to come to reality, that became my entire world. I didn't believe it, of course, not at first. How could I? The chance to change, to become an animal for the rest of my life though carrying enough human memory to enjoy it. How could I imagine anything more? But once I had my confirmation, once every doubt was erased from my mind, then I was all in. I would do almost anything to join the Doc's program, not only for the fulfillment of my longest-standing fantasies but also for a chance to make a real difference for others who wanted the same by helping the Doc's research.

In the end, aside from setting all my affairs in order, I had to decide on the final animal form I would take on for the rest of my life. A part of me wished I could change from one form to another, experiencing a dozen or so different animal bodies and each one that held an important place in my heart. But since the doctor's process was one way, I had to do a little soul-searching, to pick the one animal form that I figured would suit me for the rest of my life. And looking at it from that point, how could I choose any other animal than an elephant? Not only for the size of my cock, though that was certainly a benefit. But it was a combination of things, like the size, the life span, the prehensile trunk, the relative intelligence, and the devotion to a mate all appealed to me, enough factors to tip the scales in favor of this form. Not that I had the ability to make art or the like, but it was something I had always wished I'd be able to learn. Sure, an elephant, even an intelligent one, wouldn't be able to make the kinds of art I had admired for so many years. But it was at least something, and it was eager to give it a try even on a rudimentary level. I would literally have all the time in the world if I was so inclined!

Eventually, unable to think of what to do with my time, I decided to sleep, though partly it was out of fatigue from the changes taking their toll. I didn't think natural elephants slept as much as I was lately, but it was of little matter in the end, I figured. I was tired enough to sleep, and as much as I wanted to watch all the changes encroaching over my body, there was no point watching and waiting for each thing to happen. Besides, I wasn't quite ready to cum once more, and it would be better to wait until I had an adequate stimulus. Like Kyle watching...but I couldn't ask him. Not if he didn't want to, which defeated the purpose of me wanting a mate in the first place. I could only hope he would come around in the end, but I might not have enough human awareness by the time that happened, and had to take things as they came, I supposed.

I did sleep well, for the most part. It was some hours later when I woke up, and I was rather refreshed, if not sore from the ongoing changes. The scent of cum and the wet feeling over my chest was a little disappointing to know I had cum in my sleep from a wet dream. Oh well. There would be plenty of time to orgasm with my elephant body and the sheer arousal from the change was more than even my own actions could quell, it seemed. My more immediate interest was in how much I had changed, and trying to stand up, I was met with the realization that it was more difficult, my hips wider and my spine longer. It was a wonder such a little period persisted

when someone changing ceased to be able to stand and their body allowed them quadrupedal travel. I could move still, thankfully, but standing on two legs was likely lost to me, perhaps forever. I was OK with that, hardly the most alarming part of the change if I was being honest with myself.

As I tried to get up and move toward what I hoped would be my lunch, my tail reflexively raised and I let out a rather embarrassing fart, one that smelled potent even to my senses. I had to wonder if that was a permanent part of my physiology, though it didn't matter in the end, I figured. Animals smelled the way they smelled, and other than the discomfort of being bloated and gassy, I figured I could live with it. Elephants didn't care about such things, after all, and humans didn't judge them for acting like the animals they were. Such was the nature of being an animal, and if I was being honest with myself, a huge part of the appeal.

Having to take a piss, I was soon to realize how inconvenient it was, especially from my maleness. It felt familiar to feel it poking out from its slit, of course. But my cock was rather unruly without my fingers able to reach it, and it was hard to piss in a way that didn't cause splatter over my legs. It would be harder when the changes cemented, I figured, but again, was one of those things that elephants surely didn't care about. I left it at that, rather focused on quenching my thirst. There was a rather large trough for us to drink from, one that was cleaned daily for our use. I had been cupping water until now, but with my trunk as large as it was now, I found myself wondering if I could successfully. Thankful Kyle wasn't there to watch my potential embarrassment, I worked my trunk into the water, breathing in deeply as I pulled water up it. Yet, the moment I tried to push it into my mouth, I started to cough violently, shooting water all over the place. It was enough to make me move my mouth down to drink directly, as awkward as it was to need to move my growing trunk out of the way. Surely I would have to get used to my trunk for that sort of use, but it was annoying in the interim, to say the least!

Thankfully, there was plenty of food, the tray having been brought down while I slept. I had to feel thankful for the amount of money the Doc put toward animal care. Not that he wasn't independently wealthy, though there were several of his subjects that were rich and had moved their funds through shell companies for the Doc's use, so long as they were granted the animal form of their dreams. I would have been one of them if I had the money or resources to do so. Still, the Doc was happy about my time volunteering for him, and it was good to be able to give back to him in one way or another. Either way, he had plenty of resources and even keeping animals the size we would soon be was hardly a burden. And given how hungry I was, I was thankful for it!

Obviously, from how stubby my fingers had become, eating was a little bit of a challenge. My truck wasn't quite large enough to grasp the various pieces of fruit, nor were my fingers in a

state where I could easily shovel things into my mouth. Like with drinking, I end up having to maneuver my mouth around the table and try to grasp it with my lips. It was somewhat effective, if not painfully slow for my hunger. Hell, it was almost enough for me to bellow out my frustration, though I resisted the urge, not wanting to make things for myself.

The sounds of Kyle approaching made me turn around, and to my embarrassment, there was no hiding the disappointment or shame in my eyes. I didn't want to have to ask for his help for something like this, especially with how hungry I was sure he would be as well. It was still embarrassing not to be able to eat as much as I wanted or to ask someone to help me. But it was nice when Kyle saw my struggle and actually moved to help feed me, something that I wish he didn't need to do but something that was helpful nonetheless. I wished I could thank him, but my voice was largely robbed from me at this point, and I had to settle for grinning with my mouth, tusk, and all. It was likely unsettling, but as the best I had, it was all I could do.
