

The camel statue was hardly the strangest thing Michael had seen on his trip so far. Such things were on every other street corner in the villages outside the city where he had been vacationing. Even seeing one of them glow was hardly out of the ordinary, despite the lack of electricity in the ruins where Michael had been exploring. Yet, the sight of the massive, red cloud wafting from the shattered fragments of one such statue he had knocked over wasn't a natural occurrence, Micheal was sure. Despite warnings not to disturb the statues, Michael had hardly been careful enough to avoid such a fate.

With his particular interest in the desert ruins, Michael had been elated to learn some were present a few miles away from the city he was vacationing. Though trekking across the desert had been precarious, he had been able to rent a tent and successfully make the several-hour journey out to the site. Why no one thought it fit to remove the relics from the site, Michael couldn't say. All he had been told was that it would be against his best interest to upset any of the artifacts, lest he be overcome by their curse. The real reason that no one touched anything, he had been told, was that the punishment for doing such was so severe no one who invoked it ever came back!

Michael had no intention of taking anything more than pictures of the site, his interest being in research rather than looting. But, in his clumsiness, Michael had knocked over a statue of a camel. Much to his detriment, the statue broke upon impact and released that bizarre red cloud which caused him to recollect about curses and punishments. Almost immediately, the fog surrounded him and filled him with bizarre warmth that left him sweating, even over the already impressive desert heat. Soon, it seemed to sink into his skin, covering him in a cool sweat that left him feeling dirty and soiled.

Not sure what to make of his situation, Michael shrugged and made his way back to his tent, the late hour making the trek all the way back to town undesirable until morning. Yet, as he walked, a strange bloating sensation overcame his belly as though he'd eaten a big meal. He felt his belly grumbling, as though starting to swell out with gas. Without another thought, Michael let out a hearty burp. Feeling his stomach calm down a bit, he let out several more loud belches to help alleviate the gas. Still, the sensation of bloating in his belly would not completely abate, making it hard for him to walk from the inconvenience.

Sleep would not come easy to the poor man. His bloated belly caused him frequent burps and even bouts of flatulence that left him wondering what he had eaten that could have caused such bizarre sensations. His back felt sore as well, a massive pimple seemingly pushing against his skin. Yet, every time he reached back to examine it, nothing abnormal met his touch. The aches in his back, in tandem with the bloating belly and a series of aches across his hips and feet, made passing out impossible.

Eventually, the sun rose, and with it, Micheal was covered in a thick sheen of sweat that left him longing for a long cold shower. The pungent odor of his perspiration was proving more than he could bear, Michael finding his bodily stench ripe as though he'd been out there for days. Figuring that it may be an after-effect of the presence of the cloud descending over him, Michael decided that he would simply make his way back to the city and his cool hotel room where he could put the events of the past day behind him.

Yet, as he got up, Michael was prompted to do a double-take at the sight of his belly. His stomach seemed powerfully distended, as though post thanksgiving dinner. Though even that could not account for the size of the belly he now had, twice what he had ever seen on his frame. It was so thick, even so much as to pull up his shirt somewhat to make room for it.

Confused, Michael ran his hands over it, not expecting the sensation of something coarse and rough to meet his touch. It was almost as though the skin had altered beyond even what the drying sweat over his frame could manage. And the naturally sparse layer of hairs over his belly seemed to have thickened somewhat, which, in tandem with his tougher skin, made him confused as to what had happened. Surely, it was a bad reaction to whatever chemical concoction had been in that gas cloud. But then, what kind of reaction could cause so much hair growth and such a barreling belly?

The persistent ache in his back and hips prompted Michael to reach up and feel along his back, fingers not quite able to reach. But, soon, they brushed against what seemed like a growth whose presence made his blood run cold. A bit of maneuvering allowed him to discover that the skin around the center of his back was slightly raised, warmer than the rest of his skin. It seemed somewhat rubbery, as though filled with fat or fluid. Nothing he knew of could cause *that* level of change!

Panicked, Michael reached around his entire body, trying to find any other instances of change or alteration over his form. Everything from disease and cancer came to the forefront of his thoughts as he tried to rationalize the changes that seemed to be overtaking his body. In addition to the massive hump and bigger belly, it seemed several patches of skin were covered in a peppering with light brown hairs, darker skin than his normal shade underneath. His clothes were overall tighter, as best as he could tell, as though he had gained twenty pounds overnight. In particular, his ass was uncharacteristically massive, making it harder to walk in his tight shorts much to his annoyance.

In the end, Michael decided it was best for him to try and make his way back to the city, regardless of the changes and any potential curse that may be related to them. There was nothing else to do, no reason to wait around here while the bizarre alterations continued to try and force him to succumb. Yet, the beating desert sun burned down hard on him as Michael found it a

difficult time trekking toward civilization. Now, with his body feeling heavy and bloated, Michael sweated up a storm, the pungent aromas wafting off his body nearly stifling. They burned into his nose, making him wonder if he was sick given his sweat smelt so...*off*, almost feral.

Stranger still, the more he breathed in the stench of his sweaty musk, the more his loins started to light aflame, as though the scent was proving to be a powerful attractant. As bizarre as it was, it seemed as though the body odor coming off him was making him...*horny*? Such a reality shouldn't have been possible. But the more he walked, the more his erection started to brush irritatingly against the inside of his shorts. The need to touch himself was almost maddening!

Still, Michael tried his best to ignore it, walking with determination as though his life depended on it. There was every chance that was the case, having no idea what was in that cloud that had enveloped him and started this chain of events. It was proving to be a nigh-impossible task to keep trekking forward between the arousal, the smell, the intense bloating, and the weight gain all seemingly determined to hold him back. But Michael refused to give in, as much as the alterations were making things difficult!

Worse, the pains and aches in his body grew more insistent the further he walked. In particular, pressure in his feet made it more difficult to walk with each step, as though his toes were carrying lead weights. Trying to flex the digits yielded no results, though Michael did not stop and try to take his shoes off or try and rub his toes. So long as he could walk, Michael knew that time was of the essence. Still, the aches and pains over his body were not making things easy on him. His shirt was being steadily pulled up by an ever-barreling belly, as though he had been putting on a few dozen more pounds over the span of an hour. And more of that damnable...*hide* kept spreading over his skin, making it harder to see the flesh as it was covered with dusty brown fur. Michael wasn't sure where he had seen such a hide before but didn't want to reflect on it too much, with nothing he could do about it.

The growth on his back was more indicative of what might be happening to him. It was pulling at his shirt from the other end, clearly several inches tall now and evidently not the pimple or cancerous growth he might have feared. He could easily reach back and feel it now, the coarse skin and fatty deposits underneath clear to his touch. The only word that came to mind was '*hump*', and given his location, the mental image of a particular animal came to mind. That, and the statue he'd broken was that of a desert inhabitant. Was the curse perhaps changing him into a...?

It was the sensation of something wriggling above his ass that seemed to confirm his suspicions. Reaching back, a two-inch growth met his attention, one that twitched the moment

his fingers came across it. There was only one obvious explanation for its source, a protrusion that no human possessed. Michael had a *tail* sticking out of his backside. As much as it defied logic, he really must have been turning into some sort of camel!

There was nothing to be done about it now, as bizarre and impossible as it was. Though there was some immediate relief knowing that Micheal might not be dying, there was little to be done for the notion that he was becoming an actual animal. Though the process was occurring slowly, there was no telling how long it would take or if the pace would increase. Therefore, Michael pushed to keep going, hoping against hope that there was a chance that he could get help from one of the villages he had visited before. It was a minor hope, but the only one he had!

His belly continued to distend all the while, his shirt pulled up towards his chest now, exposing a thickening treasure trail as more and more of the skin was obscured. It was difficult to rotate his arms forward with how tight his shirt was getting. Though they slowed his hike, Michael did his best not to reflect on such things when he had no control over them. As time went on, hunger was starting to get to him, though he didn't want to take the time to stop and get anything out of his backpack. Still, his belly rumbled, and thoughts turned away from rations to tasty dessert morals. It was more of a craving than an instinct, like the most succulent salad he could imagine would be the most mouth-watering delight. But in the desert, there was little chance of finding such a snack, and Michael forced himself to suffer, hoping the short trek back to civilization would provide the salvation he needed.

Yet, it was getting harder and harder for him to walk as the tension in his boots increased to the breaking point. The nubs at the tips of his toes were powerfully uncomfortable, though it felt like their entire undersurface had expanded, tightening in the sides of his hiking boots. The stitching seemed to be pulled tightly, as though preparing to pop out at any moment. Michael wanted to try to move them, though was unable in his current state, left to leave their growing appendages to their own devices. He was not to have to wait very long as the pressure tore the boots from his feet, though the numbing sensation from their tips prevented him from feeling any pain. The sight of what looked like two rounded nails over two of the bulbous toes while the other ones seemed largely absent, and the overall rounded shape of the foot had him alarmed. It was happening so fast, his feet changing into what he perceived were camel's feet!

The swelling in his belly and chest got worse as his shirt pulled up over his nipples and began to tear in some places. What he now knew to be camel hide was spreading all over the skin, and the one reprieve of the whole affair was that it was largely immune to the sun's rays. Still, the added weight was leaving him top-heavy, almost to the point of falling over as the series of snaps and pops seemed to signal that his spine was lengthening, leaving him to wonder how long he would have on two legs.

A series of odd snaps had him concerned as the straps of his backpack suddenly tore, the strain from what he knew was his hump reaching its breaking point. He wanted to reach down to grab his stuff, but stiffness in his fingers and compression in his chest made lifting his gear heavy. In the end, given the lack of necessity for his things to survive in the desert, Michael decided to discard them, hoping he would be human enough to come back and retrieve them at some point.

The more that camel hide encroached across his skin, the more the pungent stink of his sweat and body odor came to the forefront of his awareness. It stank of sweaty beast and overworked human in equal measure, wafting off his hide and making his nostrils flare in an attempt to avoid it. No, that wasn't right. It was as though he was trying to get *more* of the pungent musk into his nose, making him almost gag from the intensity. But there was no denying the constant effect it was having on his libido, his penis still straining in his pants. It was becoming maddening with the need to touch it. Michael figured he was going to cream his clothes if he didn't get off soon!

With the distracting needs in his penis, Michael decided there was nothing for it but to touch himself. Yet, getting the zipper down was a precarious affair, with how hunched his back was and how stiff his fingers were. They, like his feet, were starting to grow bulbous, two of the digits sticking out while the rest were receding into his palms. Stretching wrists were taking his thumbs along with them, and the stiffening digits would be insufficient to tend to his cock in a few moments if the changes occurred as fast as he feared they would be. Still, in his desperation, Michael managed to free his penis from its confines, not prepared for what awaited him.

The sight of his erection tearing through his shorts and underwear, like the rest of him, was not the human phallus that he'd had not twenty-four hours ago. It was longer, pointed at the tip, and had a disturbing red shade. Worse, the tip seemed to have sunk into the shaft, a thick fuzzy foreskin pulled down further than he would have ever preferred to see. Though it was hard to tell, it seemed his balls, too, were pulled back further in his underwear than he would have expected.

Still, with the lust Micheal felt, there was little time for him to focus on anything but the sensation of teasing weakening fingers over his penis. With their sensitivity and flexibility slowly vanishing, there was a sense of desperation in his touch that he had to finish before his hands were robbed from him. The ache in his swelling balls and the growth of his rod made it harder and harder to resist. Even as his rod thinned, the tip tapered, and the skin of the head was pulled down with his sticky hand from his frequent strokes, nothing mattered but the oncoming release that was about to take him away at any second!

A bellow escaped his lips, something the human him could hardly hope to elicit. Still, it hardly mattered as the wave of orgasm washed over him, streams of cum falling to the sand as his body shook with release. It was enough that the semen sticking to his fingers was missed, nails thickening, and digits diminishing into stretched wrists as the tips of the two fingers swelled to match his feet. The pleasure was so amazing that Michael hardly cared he no longer possessed human hands!

It was hard to focus on the changes and the relief from his lusts with a gurgling in his guts that he needed to sate soon. All food being in his backpack, Michael didn't have the inclination to go back and try to get it, much less know if his changing physiology could handle it. Something more suited to a camel's diet was called for, though where he was going to find such a meal, he had no idea. Camels were vegetarian, but what was there in the desert for him to feast on?

The sight and smell wafting from some waving cacti soon answered the question for the changing camel-man. Worried about the spines, the succulent scents of food soon overrode such concern as Micheal reached out with thicker teeth and a firm tongue. To his surprise, the fleshy bits of the cactus were easily chewed through, and it was hardly an inconvenience to bite through the spines, his anatomy having evidently altered enough that they were only minor annoyances. The taste of the flesh was divine, thick, juicy, and hitting the spot. Michael ate with gusto, mind fading into the act as he devoured one plant, then another in his hunger. Not only were his efforts allowing him to sate his appetite, but they also served to quench his thirst, the plant having gathered sufficient water for him to survive as did others of his soon-to-be species.

Forgetting himself for a few minutes, Michael looked around, body feeling bloated and overweight from the meal. He'd turned the bunches of cacti into mulch, and although his hunger had been satisfied, the feeling of gas building up was uncomfortable. Michael opened his mouth and let out a wet belch, something he almost begged pardon for. But, he soon recalled he was turning into an animal, a being that felt no such shame. And with the relief it brought, Michael allowed his rubbery lips to open and belched heartily, the taste of his dinner on his lips as the discomfort finally started to abate slightly.

As though a consequence of eating, his belly seemed to distend further, far larger on his frame than a human was meant to support. Michael found it nearly impossible to walk forward, his belly and chest too heavy. And that damn *hump* felt like it was getting fatter every minute. Michael was easily walking at a quarter of his average speed and was getting tired besides! It didn't help that he couldn't quite control the intensity of the belches assaulting him, bringing up the flavor of his dinner and making him hunger for more.

However, his backside was in the worst shape, making him wish to be rid of his pants just to overcome the tightness. His anus seemed larger, and the skin of his hips receded enough that it was touching the backs of his underwear and making him deeply uncomfortable. The twitching growth on his backside, thankfully having slipped above the bands of his pants, was powerfully unnerving, Micheal having never conceived of sporting such a thing all his life. His hips were fatter, far beyond the confines of what human pants were designed to hold, and digging painfully into his swelling hide. However, with the current state of his hands, Michael deemed to resign himself to ripping from them when the time came.

That, it seemed, would be sooner than he'd anticipated. He'd been teetering on the edge of a fall all this time, his growing girth not suited for upright walking as he'd always done. With one misstep, he fell forward, reaching out with new hooves so as not to hurt himself. Though the fall was not painful, with his stretched spine and the aches in his pelvis, Michael was sure he would not be getting up again unless he somehow found a way to return to human form.

The force of his fall ultimately did away with his pants, his hips ripping them open in the back and exposing his thick, meaty camel pucker. As though announcing itself to the world, Michael felt his tail lift, and he farted, a loud crack that echoed in his ears. The pungent scent hit his more sensitive nose, making him want to gag. He didn't think camels smelled this bad! Yet, another few minutes of farting did help alleviate the gas pains in his belly, and even after a few minutes, the smell became somewhat tolerable.

Tension in his bladder let loose in equal measure, and Michael was helpless to control the pungent stream of piss his penis unloaded all over the sand. The smell, too, was more rank than its human equivalent. Michael was sure it had to do with desert adaptations to maintain water quality but wasn't in a place to really know. If he didn't change back soon, then he was sure to learn all about them firsthand in the coming days and weeks.

At least the changes to his anatomy allowed him to walk more quickly, the hybrid stance having been painfully awkward. Michael was thankful for it in some ways, though the pressure of his barreling chest was making things troublesome. The weight of his belly pulled it taut from the other end. And the massive pack of fat that was his ever-growing hump added what had to be hundreds of pounds to his devolving humanity. For once, he was thankful for the camel hide that coated his backside, though the scent of his now rather regular flatulence and swear-soaked skin was proving annoying, even if he was growing accustomed to it.

A longer neck was able to turn around and view the changes, though, in some ways, that was more to Michael's bane than boon. He didn't want to watch the hide spreading over his skin, the growing, flicking tail over his thick meaty anus. Heavy balls swayed underneath him as ankles and knees grew thick to support his ever-increasing bulk. Yet, with his eyes moving

across a broadening face, it was becoming harder and harder for him to ignore the steady loss of his humanity.

Nostrils and snout easily visible in front of his face, Michael was starting to accept the reality that his body was being robbed from him in a desert that had likely claimed dozens if not hundreds of others like him. He hated the way his nostrils breathed in his frequent flatulence and heady musk, the latter making him aroused in a way that defied his understanding. He hated how he could move his ears, though the product of being able to hear far better was a decent trade-off. And his vision was dim, color fading even though he could see further around him. At least the thickness of his eyelashes kept the annoying blowing sand out of his vision, preventing him from tearing up and wasting precious water.

At this point, Michael had to accept that he had no idea where he was. It had already been hard enough finding the trail back to town, but it was now impossible with his vision in its current state. And although he could smell himself, there was nothing left in the desert sands that he could discern to allow himself to determine his path of origin. He was so close to losing his humanity at this juncture, all hope to find help was gone. If this kept up, he was as good as an animal forever. What would his life be like then? Michael could scarcely fathom his new reality.

There was hardly any give left in his clothes as they started to rip up the sides, the seams giving way to his expansive camel bulk. Soon, the former clothing purchased for this trip were little more than rags hanging from his frame, the heavy swaying of his hump knocking them off as he made his way across the desert in vain. Though, with his body in its current state, there was hardly any need for them, given that he was almost totally an animal with no need for such garments.

Worse, with his nudity, the more his scent wafted into his nose, the more the need to masturbate came to the forefront of his thoughts. Yet, without hands, there was no reasonable way for him to reach ejaculation, was there? However, his fat, shifting thighs wound up slapping his erect penis against his bulbous belly in a way that seemed to provide enough pleasure to defy understanding. It took surprisingly little effort with his thick cock sheath rubbing up and down the base, the entire shaft slapping against his chubby belly, and the tip being teased by the curve of his underside as Michael could feel his end nearing. With a heavy bellow, Michael *came*, the orgasm more potent than it had any right to be. Michael was in heaven, the pleasure from his camel body more than he was prepared for and sending him into a state of bliss.

Coming down from the intense release, Michael was shocked to realize that there was a consequence to his orgasm. His face had stretched out, and if the sound of his bellow was any indication, he could no longer speak like a human. His already altered teeth were thick and slab-like, tongue playing over both them and rubbery lips. Worst, blinking a few times with

surprisingly heavy eyelids, he realized that, to his chagrin, his eyesight was wide and blurred, with only the space in front of him to denote the level of stereoscopic level of vision that he took for granted as a primate. Even his ears were twitching, circling around with heavy hairs of their own to keep over the blistering sands.

Save the brief twinges of muscle and the itching of fur and spreading hide, it seemed that Michael was, for all intents and purposes, a camel. There was likely little distinguishing him from any normal desert beast, and, for better or for worse, it was his being now. That reality brought with it a few thoughts and considerations. He could go back to town, close as he had to be. But what would be the point? He would be treated just like any other animal, if not captured to be used as a beast of burden. It was hardly the life he wanted, not when the life of a free animal held with it unexpected promise!

At that realization, he could feel his sheath spreading for his long, thin cock as it slithered its way outward. Though he had been unaware of it until now, the needs in his bladder were starting to get insistent once more, and, again without prompting, Michael was forced to take a piss, relieving himself of what little water his body would allow. The stench was just as pungent, and he had no control over the act, which should have disturbed him. Yet, something freeing in the action made him feel almost...happy. He could piss or dump wherever he wanted with no social repercussions, not having to worry about things such as modesty any longer.

Best of all, he could play with himself in that special way that he'd newly discovered as the erectile tissue became engorged with blood as his arousal grew. The awareness that he could cum at any time he wanted, able to play with himself, and his thick, musky scent was a potent attractant. Michael allowed his cock to come to erection, slapping against his belly. It took him little time to cum, feeling his balls tense and his load blow all over his belly and the sand. The waves of pleasure over his massive frame were more than he could have expected, and, given the stamina in his frame, it was likely that he could soon go again until his lusts were finally satisfied!

The change was down, as best as he could tell. He was a camel, not sure the exact species, but it was of little concern. Though there were stirrings of instinct, enough that he knew how to live in the desert, it did not seem like he would lose himself and who he was. And, the more he considered it, the more he decided he would have it no other way. His body was perfectly adapted to its environment. All his human worries and concerns were gone, lost to the body of the animal he had become. And he would have all the time in the world to investigate the mysteries of the ruins and all they had to offer...

Eventually, in his desert exploration, Michael came across the site of the ruins that had changed him. Part of him wondered if there was a chance to reverse the transformation in the ruins, though eventually, he thought better of it. As a camel, he was perfectly adapted to desert life. A naked human with no resources would hardly last a day.

Still, curiosity eventually won out, and Michael surveyed the space once more, lest he triggered something else that might afflict him. It did not take much time exploring within to see, even with his limited eyesight, the image of a statue that closely resembled the form that he now possessed. The sculpture had repaired itself, evidently ready for the next victim that would come across it.

Oh well. Michael didn't see it fit to try and break it again, even if there was a chance of returning to his human body. Being a camel, once he got used to it, was quite nice, all things considered. As if to cement his decision to remain an animal, his tail reflector raised, and let out a pungent fart before his penis slithered out of its sheath, and he let loose with a stream of urine, marking his choice as he walked away without a care in the world to continue exploring his new desert existence.