

Naked and alone, I stood with the savannah breeze pressing down on my skin, contemplating my next move. Normally I or anyone else would be paralyzed with fear beyond belief. After all, there were no human settlements around for thousands of miles. Only the distant sound of the jeep that had brought me here could be heard, but that, too, disappeared into the horizon. I had no cellphone, no currency, no protection. I was truly alone.

Yet, I had chosen this. The sting of the needle I had felt against my flesh would ensure my survival. It would soon mold my body into something meant to exist in such a place like this. Hell, it would even keep me safe until my change was complete. That was why I'd taken this vital first step. The risk was minimal, and the reward, at least, for me, was worth it.

I had come here as part of an initiative to help repopulate the African savannah with native species decimated by human activities. Most megafauna qualified, and with some new technology, it was now possible to turn into one of those endangered animals. Yet you would still retain enough human intelligence to think logically but given instincts, memories, and desires best suited to the form in question.

I willingly choose to undertake this endeavor, although it was a tough decision to make. I was giving up my home, my family and friends, and even my humanity for this chance. Yet, it had been a lifelong dream of mine to become an animal, to be closer to nature. I was more so encouraged by the reality that it could one day happen. At first, only convicts and the critically ill were given the chance to live out the rest of their natural lives like wild animals. But, soon the option was given to 'ordinary people,' an opportunity I had left on.

The process would take some time, probably a matter of days to my knowledge. But that was fine by me. It would allow my hybrid physiology to adapt and persist in the rough African savannah. And it would introduce me to my new animal life as I slowly transformed over the course of several days. I would at least be safe during my change and thereafter; the process making me immune to most diseases. A bonus perk will be the pheromone I secrete that other changing and changed animals can smell. This would let them know I was once human and retain a bit of humanity. I hoped it worked on lions and other would-be predators! No good to be eaten!

For as long as I could remember, I had admired giraffes. I recalled reading about them in books as a kid. The tallest land animal. Those long powerful necks. The speed they could run on those legs. Those blue, dexterous tongues. To be covered with a spotted pelt. To swat flies away with a short, hairy tail. Though, mostly blushing a bit, to have such a long and thick *dick*. I made sure I was staying male; after all, I couldn't wait to get to the whole point of the program and be a sire

Already my skin was starting to shift, the skin starting to darken around the arm where I'd been injected. I stood in place for almost an hour, in case it wasn't true and I'd be a dead sucker in a few day's time. I kept rubbing and itching that spot, trying to coax the fur through the skin of my arm. The site did itch fiercely, though it took an eternity to see any real change. The wait was maddening!

Yet, soon, my patience was rewarded by the sight of light brown hairs peppering the skin, which itself was starting to turn black. Were they spots? I was so excited! It was starting!

I spent the next few hours exploring the local area. There wasn't much around, at least in the animal department. I sort of hoped I would run into another person undergoing the program and in mid-change, but to no avail. There were likely others out here, though I had no idea how amicable they would be, being naked and changing into animals.

I then noticed my stomach had been gurgling this entire time, but I had expected that. Darn thing needed to reconfigure itself for my new plant-based diet early on in the change. I wouldn't starve until long after I'd become a true giraffe, as it was a part of the process. Still, I quickly grew the urge to chow down on some crunchy leaves right away! Though, I wasn't really sure which ones I would naturally eat this low to the ground. There was a good chance I'd have to wait until further on to know what kinds of foliage my stomach craved. Still, some of the lower leaves should savor my hunger and not make me sick, right?

The hairs spread down my arm, though it was hard to tell given how frequently I kept looking at myself. Rubbing my chest as often as I did, I even found that some giraffe hairs were peeking between my human ones! I was getting more fuzzy by the second!

I also felt the base of my spine ache slightly off and on, which encouraged me to keep rubbing the area for what I hoped would be the tell-tale bump of my tail! It seemed like an eternity, but it finally grew large enough that I could tell it was real and growing! I couldn't wait until it was big enough that I could move it and flick any flies away!

The heat of the mid-afternoon sun bore down on me hard, so I made my way towards a group of trees. I figured it would be a good habitat when I had fully changed. To my disappointment, however, I was alone. There were none of my soon-to-be species around. I would need to find a herd, eventually, as befit my new sensibilities. But that could come much later. I needed to enjoy my transformation by myself for as long as I could.

Scratching the growing fur on my chest proved to be a personal delight, at least while my hands could do so. I couldn't be sure, but the nails on my hands seemed raised slightly. I wanted my hard hooves desperately, but not until I'd had my fill rubbing down my new giraffe hide!

The hide and fur spread over my toned form more steadily now, though still too slow for my taste. Still, it was nice to feel the short white fur sprouting off my pecs and chest, and the spotted pelt starting to cover my arms and onto my back, though I couldn't see it. Not until my neck grew to its proper size at least!

Better than that, however, were the aches and pains that I was sure accompanied my lengthening muscles and bones. My lower arms, my calves, and my chest all throbbed with growth and strength, pangs I had not felt since my youth. Worse, however, was the tingling ache in my neck. I tried to rub the skin a few times, excited that there was more of it now as it continued to grow. The sensation of hide peppering my growing neck was icing on the cake!

The fact I was changing into such a big and beautiful animal started making me horny as hell. My still-human cock had truthfully been at half-mast the entire time, much to my perhaps chagrin. Still, I was hesitant to touch it out in the open. Then again, I was in part an animal or more accurately turning into one, right? Animals took care of their own needs regardless of social convictions, after all. And I wasn't going to be human for much longer. Besides, there was no one else around anyway. After that revelation, I made sure to empty my balls as often with my still arms as I was turned on by my spreading pelt and stretching muscles and bone. Not to mention my ever-growing bulk.

The sun in combination with my spreading fur was getting me all sweaty. The scent was bleeding into my skin. The pungent stench hit my nose and got irritating. I figured it was that having a more sensitive nose that made my scent seem so rank. Rubbing my nose showed a series of velvety hairs and larger nostrils than I had prior. With time, my bestial odor started to grow on me. It was how I was supposed to smell, and I was really starting to stink like a sexy animal. Truthfully, the notion was exciting and also to be quite arousing!

A twitch on my backside alerted me that my tail was at last long enough to move. Finally! I spent the next while playing with it, swinging it this way and that. It felt amazing that I had one now!

Further down, the itching of hair growth on the backside and tail got superseded by the tingling coming from my ass hole. It was growing bigger and wider. Reaching back, I was shocked to feel how meaty and puckered it was. Weirder still was how *massive* it felt. needing a larger rectum was part of being a larger animal after all ! I did enjoy fingering that meaty thick plucker, making me feel even more like an animal.

A rumbling in my belly soon brought my attention to the other end of my longer digestive tract. I knew the process made it so that I didn't need to eat, keeping functional until the changes were done. After all, how would predators eat without their claws or teeth to kill? But, as giraffes have

a herbivorous diet, it made more sense that I could start eating as soon as my stomach adapted. And I was excited to eat like a giraffe, drooling at the thought of grazing on high-hanging leaves!

I found some shorter shrubs nearby in a line with the larger ones that suited my current height. Reaching out my now longer tongue, I pulled on some branches and started chewing them with flattened teeth, much to my surprise. Figuring their flavors would be bland or unpalatable, I was pleasantly surprised to find them so tasty. I cleared the entire bush before I even felt slightly full. Damn, I could really put it away now! So I kept eating, my stomach grumbling. I cleared off bush after bush, my belly growing out, and swelling from the consumption of so many leaves. I was really eating a giraffe's fill. Eventually, my bloated body had its full, huffing at how many pounds I had managed to gain. Must have been a couple hundred at least. Satisfied with my meal, I let out a very loud burp, smelling of the vegetation I just ate. Eating just like a giraffe got me even more excited for my transformation.

Night eventually came, though I was reluctant to try and sleep. My transformation had been amazing so far and I didn't want to miss a second of the process. Besides, I was still sort of human and I didn't really know how safe I would be. Most potential predators should smell the pheromones of my changing body and leave me alone. So, I hoped. That would be an unfortunate way to go before I had truly experienced life as a giraffe!

Aches and pains plagued me as I tried to sleep on and off. I recalled that giraffes slept in intervals like this, getting eight or so hours of sleep throughout the day instead of all at once. It made some sense, I guess. I needed to be alert in case there was danger. I wasn't eager to be a lion's snack! Though still, by the end of this I should be big and strong enough to keep them from trying to eat me. After all, I would be the biggest animal out here on the savanna.

Throughout that long night, various aches plagued my body, as though I was growing in several directions at once. It was still hard to see with my relatively poor night vision, much to my disdain. Twinges of bone spurs on my head denoted the growth of new horns. I also felt my nose moving to the front of my face and was excited to see it once the sun came up.

Standing felt a little awkward as my legs gained height, and my toes were stiff and heavy underneath. My belly was a little distended, rounded and hard, removing my human definition though at least it had shrunk a bit. My tail flicked behind me, and I was made aware of my larger anus and balls underneath it, more exposed now that my hips had receded slightly. My member had grown and some furry growth at its base. And I was *covered* with pelt and hair. The sweat coming off gave me a strong musky scent that was almost pleasant to my changed sensibilities, making me huff at it. Now I was truly on my way to becoming a beast.

A rumbling in my stomach then hit me again, giving me another craving to chow down on those tasty leaves. I moved slowly over to the bushes to do so. Just as I started to have my morning munch, I lifted my tail unconsciously and my body let out a rather embarrassing fart. It was longer and louder than any I had been used to. My face blushed bright red for a few moments before realizing that was part of becoming an animal. One that didn't care how flatulent they were. In fact, it was just better to let it all out. Thus after eating a bit more, I lifted my tail and held nothing back. My stomach rumbled as I passed wind. I found that the scent I produced, though potent, was making me even more excited. I *really* was starting to smell like an animal! And a sexy one too!

It took a little time after eating to realize how thirsty I was. Even the dew on the leaves did little to quench my thirst. It took some searching, but I knew there was a lake around here somewhere.

It didn't take too long with my enhanced smell and 8'foot stature to find the lake I had been informed about. Getting down on my hands and knees to drink from the lake only made me realize how long my neck was. Rubbing the skin with my human fingers, I felt myself growing excited at the realization that it was nearly a foot on its own. And the consistent aches from stretching muscles reminded me how far it had yet to go!

It took me a lot longer to drink my fill than I'd been expecting. Not bothering to use my hands, knowing I wouldn't have them for much longer, I stuck out my tongue, delighting in how long it was and the darkening shade towards blue that marked me as a giraffe. The water was kind of stale and gross. Still, I figured I would be fine, being more of an animal now. Besides, the chemicals that were changing me kept my body free of any diseases or parasites I might pick up. No point sending someone out to turn into an animal they just get sick right away!

As I raised my head from the lakeshore, I noticed an odd odor wafting towards me, making me sniff a few times to try to place it. A thick, musky scent entered my nostrils, hanging in the air like a heavy miasma. It was as though something had just walked through the area, something that smelled absolutely heavenly to my senses! And more than a little arousing!

Looking up, I spotted its obvious source across the lake, drinking water as I was. At first glance, it looked like a fat man, whose skin was decrepit and wrinkled. His lips were thick and mobile, and his nose was flat, sitting just behind them. Like me, he had a flicking tail over an expansive backside. His flanks seemed to encompass his thighs and shoulders. It looked like he had fingers and toes trailing from his wrists and ankles. It was clear to me that he was in mid-change, just like I was! Furthermore, he was growing big!

It seems like a slight breeze wafted his stench towards me. The scent was thick and musky, clearly coming off the hide of a sweaty animal. The smell was quite strong, while it didn't bother

me, I couldn't help but feel highly aroused by the stench. My cock was growing hard underneath me, sliding out of a bit of fizzy skin I hadn't realized I possessed. I didn't know why I was boned as fuck. But the heavy, swaying testicles and hanging erection underneath made me certain I was horny! And for this creature as well!

I then recalled the introductory lecture before the start of this endeavor. As part of the process, our bodies would produce a thick musk to deter predators and also locate other members of the program. So we would not eat each other, and all that. It was clearly that odor I was scenting now. But why was it arousing to me, I don't think it had that property?

A shift in the wind caused the rhino-man to look up in my direction. He snorted and even without his developed horn, I could tell that was what he was becoming. I had been drifting towards him the whole time without realizing it, and I could clearly see the inhuman erection dangling under his hindquarters. The sight of it made my own boner leak with anticipation. It seemed he was just as erect and eager from smelling my animalistic odor as I was of his!

I'd never had any inkling towards men or other males before. But then, did that matter? We were both turning into animals, after all. Animals gave in to their primal urges. And if both of us wanted to fuck each other, why not indulge in it? The idea of fucking such a big herbivore was making me so damn *horny*. Hornier than the rhino-guy, I laughed to myself at the bad pun.

Noticing how big and sexy the rhino man's behind looked, I sauntered towards it. Not caring that the rhino raised his tail and released his own pungent bout of gas. It was kind of hot, in a sense. It wasn't the smell itself, that *stank!* It was the idea that it was coming off of an animal, and that we were both compelled to act that way!

Feeling adventurous, I reached down with my tongue and teased the fringes of his star-shaped cock. I loved how bestial it looked as I reached down to lick the tip. The salty flavor grew on me, and I started to lap at it with enthusiasm, loving the sight of the beast shivering as I did so. My massive tongue was long enough that I could wrap it around the beast's cock, trailing over the length as I did so.

The warmth of a slick tongue running over my own penis made me quiver before the rhino-man's thick lips started to tease the rim, making my cock extend further than I thought it could possibly go. It seemed like his eager lips and tongue was pulling out my dick inch by inch. I was getting massive, long, and thick as I felt my balls expand with giraffe cum!

His oral ministrations only served to make me hornier as I continued to wrap my tongue around his cock with enthusiasm. I used my tongue's flexibility like another hand, wrapping it around his

rhino length as I did so. I started tugging rapidly, hoping to taste his salty cum with no regard for my previous sexuality.

Suddenly, he stopped, pulling his lips away from my cock with a wet sucking sound. The force was enough to keep me off his penis as he backed away. My disappointment lasted only a second before I realized what it was he was thinking. He turned around, raising his tail and showing me his massive pucker. He wanted me to fuck him!

I lowered my brown nose and started sniffing his backside. The rank, sweaty odor hung heavy in my nose as I reached out with my long tongue and started to tease the edges of his anus. I passed my long tongue against the edges of his ring, admiring his thickness. It wasn't that bad, not really. My massive tapered cock was leaking at the prospect of going further. I needed to fuck this man, who was turning into a rhino. I needed to taste his bestial backside in the worst way!

My own body continued to bloat the more I tasted his pucker, sniffing his pungent aroma as I did so. We were both smelling more and more like animals all the time, sweat glistening off our hides as I lapped with fervor. I even went as far as to stick my tongue into his pucker, plowing him with the blue length even as I felt my muzzle crack and my face start to push forward. It seemed as though my scalp was flowing into it, pointed to stick more of it into this rhino's glorious backside!

Yet, the urges in my cock were getting more persistent, and I wasn't going to be able to continue savoring the animalistic odor from my new buddy's rear without getting off. Again, I was an animal, and if I wanted to fuck this rhino's ass, I would. He was bigger than I was for the moment, but the aches from my legs made it clear I would be taller than him soon!

From the insistent licking I gave his backside, it was easy to line up my cock to enter his massive asshole. I didn't bother to use my hands; my fingers were getting pretty stiff anyway, and I knew I wouldn't have them much longer. A bellow escaped my lips as I felt my turgid erection push inside, filling him impossibly full before I started fucking him faster, grunting while mounting him.

It took little time for me to cum as my heavy, fuzzy balls slapped against his gray back end. Reaching out with my stronger neck, I started sniffing his broad back and drinking in more of that animalistic aroma. I felt my cock get impossibly long inside of him, almost pushing me back and making me readjust my stance, in tandem with my lengthening legs. I was getting so close though so that the awkward stance didn't matter. Trying to cry out in release, I ended up eliciting a bellow more akin to a bull moose than a human as I shot my bolt into his asshole. It was hot as hell! The rhino gave a loud snort and cummed as well, making a big puddle under himself.

I spent the next several days in the company of the rhino as I continued to grow and change as did he. The thick, musky stench our bodies gave off was more powerfully attractive than anything I could recall, and I simply couldn't get enough. Besides, we were both grazing animals, and it wasn't too unusual for us to hang out like this in nature.

We fucked a few times, sniffing and licking at each other's assholes and cocks, before rutting in each other's rears. It was getting harder to do so as my legs continued growing, however. Eventually, I couldn't even bend down to fuck his asshole. My longer neck certainly could, however, and I delighted in tonguing him until he came. He reciprocated by sucking me off with those wonderful thick lips, enough that I bellowed and came, giving my partner plenty of giraffe seed

Naturally, we had to eat most of the day to fuel our growing bodies. We spent any time not sleeping or fucking grazing. Soon, I was bloated beyond belief as I ate more than my changing body was able to handle. This left me belching quite heartily, wet bits of food coming all the way up my neck and into my mouth as I chewed them again and again. A series of wet burps would rouse me up from sleep several times, but the action of chewing my cud always put me back to sleep.

The rhino, too, spent all his time grazing with me, bloated and belching as he chewed his own cud. The fact he was so flatulent didn't bother me in the slightest. The smell reminded me more and more that we were just animals now, and it was amazing to live like this. My own tail was raised often as I farted, my plant-based diet leaving me gassy and smelly. Part of the life I'd chosen, and not something that bothered me once I'd gotten used to the smell.

I was a little embarrassed the first time I had to take a piss, especially in front of a former human. I felt the urge just as my cock was stretching out, but I had no control over the spray as I unleashed torrents and torrents of urine as my cock waved wildly. Some of it got on my long legs, but I didn't bother trying to wipe it off. I figured it would be part of being a giraffe, especially once I was on all fours forever.

I continued to change over the proceeding hours, my body growing into giraffe-like proportions. My belly was bloated, making me belch often, bringing up with it the taste of half-digested leaves as it did so. My neck cracked and stretched and took my long, flattened head with it as it continued to grow. It sank in just fine with my massive body, as my bones along my torso ached and expanded to make room for the four stomachs I now had.

I started walking on all fours before my body had really adjusted to it. It was easier to walk about with the extra weight in my belly, after all. My hands weren't going to last much longer, the keratin thickening on two of my fingers making it so it didn't hurt too much to bear that weight.



It felt better to be on all fours, anyways. My arms were stretched to the length of my legs, my shoulders and hips cracking into my torso as the hours went on.

Naturally, I was covered in brown spotted pelt, coating every inch from my tail to head. My human hair had thinned out, forming a mohawk of sorts that ran down my neck. Two horn buds had erupted on my head, obscuring my vision slightly until I got used to their presence. That, and the massive eyelashes I sported made it a little awkward to see.

Yet, my eyes were massive, and I had a view of the entire savannah as my stature continued to grow. It was amazing knowing everything that was going on around me, if not a bit disorientating at times. My twitching ears could hear every sound carried on the breeze, and my sniffing nose caught scent molecules on the wind that were beyond my understanding. It took my developing sensibilities some time to process them, but I managed to interpret the odors of various animals, many that lived in the expanse of grassland that lay around the lake where we'd been drinking from.

I did miss my fingers and toes, especially when I realized that I could no longer move them. My thick-nailed digits had developed enough to support my weight, which was good. Otherwise, I would have fallen over and injured myself several times. There was a period of adjustment when I felt the phantom twinges in my hooves where fingers and toes once lay. It was one of the more difficult things about being a giraffe, but I figured I would get used to it over time.

Eventually, my rhino friend wandered off, though not before belching a few times for good measure. He wouldn't go far, likely just responding to his own urges to explore and find others of his kind. But, I figured he would be back for that sweet, musky stench of my hide and play with me from time to time. I could certainly see him coming from miles away!

I was alone then, though I wasn't worried, at least initially. I hadn't been expecting any predators to attack me with the heady musk that my rectal glands seemed to produce. My reliance on them was to be my downfall, or at least I had thought at the moment!

I didn't even see the lion until it was in the air and on my back. The pain of its digging nails was like razors cutting into my flesh. I bleated, trying desperately to run as the cat dung its fangs into my rump. I was going to die before I could even live out any time as an animal!

Yet, the lion did not move. It did not crawl up my back to deliver the killing blow. It hung there, wrapping its body tightly against mine as my tail raised reflexively up and out of the way. The fuck was going on?

The same, potent bestial musk hit my nose, and I slowly began to understand what was happening. Even before the lion's rough tongue rubbed the contours of my rectum, I knew what his intent was. Like the rhino before him, this lion was once human, like me. And the stinky miasma of our musk compelled him to mate, to fuck the other one secreting those hormones. Like an animal, this lion had decided to take what it wanted by force. And the idea of being bred like this made me hornier than I'd ever been, making my cock poke out of its sheath!

The lion's tongue rubbed me in all the right ways, lapping around my meaty giraffe pucker. He teased my rim with expert precision, even squishing his tongue so that he could insert it like a make-shift dildo as he tongue-fucked my ass. It felt amazing from that wonderful barbed tongue doing such pleasant things to my backside. Not an inch of my rump was missed as the lion prepped me for a rough fucking!

The actual act did not take too long, though the pleasure was adequate enough. My cock was already at full attention from the mere thought of being fucked by a predator. Its length was slapping against my bulbous, bloated belly as my rectum flared widely from the tip. I hardly felt the lion's short cock inside me, but the barbes were enough to stimulate me into orgasm as I blew my load all over my stomach and the grass. My rectum clamped on him enough that I was able to feel his warm semen fill me up.

Eventually, the weight of the cat fell off my back, and I shuddered a little, my massive heart still racing. The fear my mind felt forced adrenaline through my veins in a way that no experience could ever emulate. My long, tapered penis still hung half out of my sheath, dripping cum over my belly and the ground. Though my rectum had hardly been stimulated by his modest barbed penis, the fear in tandem with being dominated by a beast that could kill me with a thought was more sexual excitement than I could bear!

It was obvious that his mating had pushed me over the edge of my changes. The aches and pains of growth were absent now. I was entirely a giraffe in body like I'd always dreamed of. A towering beast over the rest of the savannah. My massive neck was able to reach food higher than anything else. My cock longer than any other beast, to be sure I could reach the insides of my mates!

I looked down at the lone lion with a knowing expression on my animal features. I would surely find a herd and mate with the females there. Eventually. But, my animalistic urges came first and that musky odor hitting my nose triggered those urges hard. I would love to be taken by that sexy lion again, even for a modicum of the pleasure this experience gave me. And there were surely many other musky males in the savannah that were more than eager to take my own sweaty asshole or virile leaking giraffe cock!