

Laughing in Africa

By: Firingwall

Out on the Savanah, underneath the blistering sun, there resided a lone vehicle turned on its side and smoke bellowing out of the hood. Not too far from the wreckage resided what appeared to be a young man, sprawled out on the ground. Dirt all over the face and blood drizzling out several cuts, the man seemed to be unconscious and out of it.

The man scrawled across the ground was Tyler Stern, a young man with messy black hair and torn stereotypical safari type clothing. He was a scrawny kind of guy, almost a foot short than most men his age and twice as small. Still, he always wanted to be explorer and travel across the globe, seeing sights he'd only seen in books.

So far, his adventuring career had not gone so well, culminating in a series of unfortunate events that left him thrown from his jeep and a wreck on the dirt of some African nation. It was a sad sight indeed and the future seemed grim, especially with buzzards flying above.

He was only out for a few moments though, but still too weak to move or do much but lay on his back and stare into the sky with his weak and blurry eyes. As more and more birds circled the sky above him, he pitifully thought, *well... this is how it ends... didn't expect it go this way but here we are...*

Suddenly, off in the distance, he heard the sound of footsteps walking along the loose dirt and sand. Tyler couldn't move his head well enough to see who was coming, but he expected the worse. More sad, depressed thoughts entered his thoughts, *and now here comes some lions or furry scavengers to get in on this action... of course...*

The footsteps grew closer and closer and eventually, he felt several figures' presence around him. He couldn't make them out well, but they appeared to be people given their height. As their shadows casted down on him, he heard one female voice say, "Hey... hey! You still with us?"

It's a miracle, he thought at first before saying, "P-p-please... h-help me..."

"No problem," the female voice calmly said, "We can help you. Imamu! We need some the medicine you made now!"

"B-but," a male voice responded, "it's really not for people... I-like him to use and..."

"Just help him!" the woman threatened with an inhuman, animalistic growl.

There was another growl, but no other complaints. A few moments later, a canteen was brought before Tyler and he felt something lift his back and head up a bit carefully. The individual's touch felt very warm and fuzzy, but Tyler was too delirious to really pay it any mind at all. The canteen came up to his lips and the female voice said, "Here. I need you to drink this. The taste isn't great, but it should make you feel better again."

He nodded and opened his mouth, some sort of liquid being poured into his maw. He almost immediately coughed it off, the taste of it both stinging and incredibly bitter. “Hey now,” the woman replied, “just please drink it? I promise you’ll be better soon.”

Tyler reluctantly nodded and drank more of the disgusting liquid. It was a challenge, especially with how terrible his body felt already on top of things, but he managed to swallow as much as he could until the figure pulled the canteen away. He let out several harsh coughs and took several deep breaths as his body suddenly felt like it was burning from within.

But despite the burning feeling, Tyler began to feel better. His pain was vanishing, cuts and promises all over his body were being healed, the ringing in his head just stopped, and even his vision was coming back. “Whoa,” he said, being able to sit up straight, “I... I feel better now! Should this be...”

He stumbled back onto the ground when he looked up and saw the figures around him. Half-naked, only wearing only dirty and torn pants were several humanoid figures... but not exactly that either. They were all covered in dirty brown and tannish sand colored skin... no thick, messy fur with spikey dark brown manes or mohawk-looking mops that ran from the center of their heads and down their backs. Their hands had claws and pads on them and their eyes were yellow.

They looked completely like anthropomorphized hyenas. Outside of one, all were female and looking at him curiously. One of them held a canteen and spoke, her voice being the one he originally heard, “You alright there?”

“You’re...” Tyler stuttered, looking at the woman and her companions, “You’re... what are you people?!”

She chuckled and said, “Hyenas of course.”

Another hyena added, “What else would we be?”

“That I know, but I... I just...”

“The human has obviously not seen hyenas like us before,” one of the other ladies chuckled, “I guess people like us aren’t common.”

“S-s-sorry,” he said with a blush, “I didn’t mean to insult you or anything.”

“You didn’t insult us,” Imamu, the only male of the group replied, “Don’t worry about it.”

“Sorry,” Tyler muttered awkwardly. He looked over his body. He saw no sign of injuries or wounds anywhere. Just lots of dirt and tears in his clothing. He added, “Wow! I’m really better now... th-thank you for your help.”

“Glad to help,” the canteen hyena woman responded with a smug smile, “Though I hope you don’t mind the side effect all that much. It was either that or death for you.”

“Side effect?” he asked, “What do you mean?” She continued to smile as she pointed at his hand in response. Looking at it, he saw his fingernails turn grayer and start to stretch out, away from his hands. They thickened by a few centimeters and then proceeded, strangely enough, to turn into sharp points. They ultimately ended up looking like claws, not too far off from the small claws the other hyenas had.

“That’s what I mean,” she stated.

“Wh-wh-what?!” Tyler stuttered as his gaze remained locked onto his hand. His pinkie finger then merged with his ring finger, skin and bone melting away into the other digit. There was pain or anything, but just a tingly sensation as it.

With those together, tannish sand colored fur sprouted out all over his ring finger, starting from the side where his fingers merged together. The growing pelt quickly went over his entire finger and moved down to his palm where it could spread to his other fingers. As that happened, there were some portions of his skin that were left untouched. Those spots quickly thickened and inflated, turning dark brown and swelling into fatty pads on his fingertips and palms.

He turned to look at his other hand and sure enough, it was just as furry and animal-ish like the first. He looked at the hyena woman and asked, “Wh-what’s happening?!”

“Well you see...” Imamu began, “to save your life, we had to use some of our special medicine that is made specifically for our people’s use only. It has an odd effect on humans. It heals them, but seems to think of the human form as a disease or some of kind of problem, thus turning the human into a being like us.”

“Wh-wha-what?!” Tyler stuttered out once more, “Wh-what am I going to do?!” His sand-colored fur coat slowly moved up his arms, his tanned skin disappearing underneath it. However, as the fur crept upwards, the muscles, tendons, and bones in his arms began to expand and strengthened. Muscle stretched and pushed against his skin as it happened, drawing his attention when his shirt sleeves started feeling too tight on him.

“And here comes some nice muscles,” canteen hyena responded, observing his arms’ growth as well, “Some really big ones at that. You are going to be quite the handsome and strong hyena big guy.”

“But I d-don’t w-want to be a hyena...” Tyler complained, ripping at his shirt sleeves to relieve some of the pressure on them. With them in tatters, dark brown fur spot could be seen all over his arms as his arms swelled to bodybuilder proportions.

“You poor thing,” one of the other female hyenas commented, “You probably have a family, friends, or a life back home, don’t you?”

“N-n-not really,” Tyler admitted, “No friends and m-my parents and family really don’t like me all that much...” His shoes suddenly ripped open abruptly as thick, sand-colored furred paws came out. They were four-toed, with thick, brown paws and their bone structure shifted him onto only being able to walk on his pads.

“Oh,” she responded, scratching behind her ear, “well... I guess you won’t be missing much then if that’s the case...”

“B-b-but...” he quickly responded, “I’m not sure if this is right for me!” More sand, brown-spotted fur started growing up his legs from his feet, covering them in a far quicker and faster fashion than his arms. Also like his arms, his lower limbs also started packing in the muscle, stretching his skin and bulking them out. At least with his loose-fitting jeans, he didn’t have as much of a problem with tightness this time.

“Well it really can’t be helped,” the canteen hyena replied, placing her arm around him, “If you’re old life sucked, think of this as a new beginning then. You can join our pack and live with us. We could always have another male, especially a strong one like you’re becoming.”

She stroked his chest and gave him a playful wink, Tyler blushing once again. However, this time, the blush wasn’t because of her flirting or anything. It was because... she was starting to look rather attractive. Her yellow eyes, spiky hair, impressive physique, and her cute muzzle... she was just strangely attractive now.

The fur from his legs and arms finally reached his torso and began to spread across it in an entire wave. Most of the fur on his sides and back turned completely tan with brown spots like his limbs, but his front was different. The color of it was far lighter and a touch hairier around the collar bone, with no spots at all. The only part of his body that wasn’t furry was his neck and face.

“So warm,” he panted, combination of his shirt and fur not doing him any favors.

“Can fix!” she replied sweetly. With a few slashes, tore apart his shirt and it fell to the ground in tattered pieces. With it off, his body swelled up even more. His shoulders broadened considerably and his waist pushed out, giving him a Dorito-shaped figure. His stomach hardened underneath his fur and his abs expanded, somehow giving him a visible six-pack underneath it all.

“Thanks,” Tyler said, smiling for the first time since the wreck. His pectorals grew wider and thicker as well just then, really adding to how ripped and built he was now. Looking down at himself, his body seemed so foreign to him, but there was something else. A sense of pride, strength, and confidence was emerging within him.

The hyena woman chuckled and gave him an affectionate kiss on the cheek, spotted fur popping up when she pulled away. Suddenly, there was a big, burst of energy within Tyler and he wrapped his arms around her, kissing her full on the tip of her muzzle.

The other hyenas oooooed in surprised and amusement, even chuckling a bit from the sudden shift in mood he had. The canteen hyena, on the other hand, just kissed him back as well, wrapping her own arms around the guy to hold him as well. Her fuzzy, naked breasts squished pleasantly against his thick pecs, his body warming up more in response.

Fur stretched up his neck and spread out from where the kiss was, completely covering the rest of his bare skin. His black hair grew much thicker and spikier, stretching down the back of his head and his entire back to his bum. In response, a furry ringed tail stretched out of his spine to about halfway down his thighs.

As his ears turned roundish and pointed at the tips, his face began pushing out. His nose turned black and upturned, turning far more canine-like. His jaw stretched out with nose, black fur covering it completely and the teeth within it sharpening. Soon, he had his own hyena muzzle, a bit longer and bigger than the hyena's woman.

He pulled away from the kiss and she remarked, licking her chops, "Ok, now that was fun big guy. Feeling all better honey?"

"With you," he teased, his eyes yellow and to the sides of his head like hers, "I'm super good. So, where do you all live? I think I'm going to be moving in with you gals and guy now."

"You can stay at my hut," the canteen hyena delightfully said, her hand paw sliding down his chest to his waist, "One bed, but I wouldn't mind sharing it with you and your big friend." She winks as she says that and Tyler looks down one last time. There's a huge bulge in his pants, much bigger than his human one now.

However, instead of being embarrassed or concerned, he only smiled and said to her, "I'm good with that babe... speaking of which, what's your name if you'll be staying with you?"

"Saada my dear," she spoke, wrapping her arm around his and leading him back home, following their group who were already heading back, "And yours?"

"Tyler," he responded with a smile.

After a few moments, he asked curiously when something occurred to him, "Wait... if we're hyenas... don't we typically laugh or something?"

Saada huffed and remarked, "Please! We don't all laugh. That's just a silly stereotype."

"Oh..." Tyler replied awkwardly, blushing slightly. He had a lot to learn, but he felt confident, more than he ever did in his life, that he'll get the hang of things soon enough. He was looking forward to his new life, new self, and new mate as he headed back with her, just excited about what'll await him back at their home.

THE END