

Bringing his jeep to a stop, Brendon took a sip from his canteen before getting out with binoculars in hand. There wasn't much out here by the road, but it was as good a place as any to stop and see some sights. And there didn't seem to be any elephants around, not that he was overly worried about it. Animals in season weren't to be trifled with, for sure, but this whole 'curse of the musth' thing had to be bullshit. Why he was told he couldn't get a guide to take him out for well over a month, he didn't know. Stupid superstition. If they didn't want his money, fine. He'd save himself a few hundred bucks, and surely, it couldn't be that hard for him to cross all the animals off his sightseeing list! The area was well mapped too, so the chance of anything bad happening to him was minimal, at best.

To be on the safe side, Brendon looked up the term, not something he was familiar with before today. Apparently, 'Musht' was a special term for a type of male heat in elephants, when bull makes became particularly aggressive while looking for mates. There had been some instances of attacks from elephants that could have occurred from males undergoing this hormonal balance, but elephant attacks were relatively rare. Still, it was not fear of being attacked that seemed to set off the guides he had talked to. Rather, it was that a number of people who traveled out to the savannah during the time of the musth never returned, their belongings, equipment, and clothing present but nothing else. And with that revelation, Brendon found it impossible to get a guide, left to fend for himself or not go out at all.

Still, in his rented jeep, Brendon was sure it would be easy enough to avoid any errant elephants. They were fast, for sure, but surely not so aggressive they would chase him down. In the end, he attributed it to more of a local superstition than anything, something that had no place in the modern era. And as much as he had paid for his particular trip, it would not do for him to call it quits now. And it had been nice, despite the heat, to get a look at the landscape, the endless sea of grasses dotted with sparse trees. Several hours out from the village was the perfect place, likely not another human for miles. And while he did not see much in the way of wildlife, likely hiding in the midday sun, there were herds of zebra, gazelle, wildebeests, and a variety of birds that seemed rather undeterred by the presence of a jeep and a single human, surveying the landscape with binoculars and taking as many pictures as he could.

Even with how distracted he was, there was no reason he should have been encroached upon by a bull elephant without seeing it. The force of its tusks against his jeep was felt before it was seen, and Brendon had no chance to get out of the jeep before it was turned over several times. Eventually, he was thrown from the vehicle, pain ringing through his body as he hit the ground with a hard thud. He wasn't injured, at least as much as he could tell. Though something thick and viscous had covered his upper arm, he was quick to wipe it away, rather getting up and prepared to run.

It seemed the bull elephant, enraged as it was, focused all its ire on the jeep itself. The vehicle was no match for the beast's strength, tusks piercing it and leaving its gas tank leaking. With another violent shove, the elephant stamped the ground a few times, trunk waving and ears flapping. Hell, it took Brendon a few moments to realize it, but the elephant was disturbingly erect, its cock looking more like a fifth leg as it waved back and forth. The beast snorted a few times, eyes blinking in Brendon's direction for a moment, and he felt his blood run cold. He didn't want to run to draw attention to himself. But there was little he could do in the face of such a beast that could easily chase him down and trample him. Yet, as he approached, the elephant's nostrils flared for a moment, detecting an odor that was left unaware to the shaking man. Turning around, the beast trumpeted again, before walking away in that oddly tiptoeing way that had allowed it to encroach upon it.

Once his heart rate had gone down sufficiently, Brendon allowed himself to move toward the remnants of the jeep, hoping it wouldn't explode on him. Thankfully, it didn't, but that was hardly much solace with the reality of what had been done. There was no way he could drive it now, and, worst of all, his phone had been in the passenger's seat. He found it on the ground beside it, smashed as though stepped on by the elephant. It was quickly obvious he had no way to call for help and no way to return to the village, save on foot, with no idea exactly where to go.

Grabbing his water and whatever else he could salvage, Brendon decided to head back in the direction he had driven from, unsure how far the walk would be or if he would be able to stay on the right track. He was literally vibrating, though not with rage at the beast or the village that had warned him. Why the hell hadn't he heeded their warnings?! How the fuck he could know an elephant would trash his jeep, anyway?! Yet, there was no denying that his rage kept turning toward him internally, no one to blame but himself. Walking back to the village should have been self-punishment enough, though the likelihood of doing so was unlikely before dusk. And it was likely his foolishness would end his life, as much as it was luckily spared from the pachyderm's wrath.

Finally passing the wreckage of his jeep, Brendon had the thought to rub the area of skin that had been splashed with a strange fluid. He wasn't sure what it had been, likely sweat or something that had flown off the elephant's skin. The feeling of it had been a little bizarre, as far as he could recall. And there was an odd, lingering smell, one heady and musky, as though coming from the beast itself. It shouldn't have been so pungent, but the more he walked, the stronger the odor came to his nose. Rubbing at the skin showed him the strange texture was still present, even though any fluid should have long since evaporated in the savannah sun.

Yet, as he continued to rub the skin, something strange met his touch, as though the flesh was wrinkling in real time. It took him a moment before Brendon decided to look down, and a scream escaped his lips. The skin indeed seemed wrinkled, but that was hardly the thing that

scared him the most. It was the strange, ashen discoloration that made him panic. And the fact it was starting to spread from his upper arm, moving down his lower arm and up toward his shoulders left him to shiver. The texture was like nothing he had ever experienced before, leathery and warm and out of place on his skin. But as the discoloration spread, the strange texture spread with it, tightening a little as it altered into something clearly inhuman. What the hell was happening?! Was he hallucinating from the heat?

Yet, a series of intense aches and pains in his body made him shiver, their scope beyond his knowledge. It was as though his muscles were tearing and reforming in rapid succession. They pulled at the skin, straining the tissue to the point of breaking. Thankfully, his skin was able to expand to keep up, though it was of a small consolation as the skin continued to turn ashen. It seemed to spread at a steady pace, an electrical tingling that signaled its formation. With relentless purpose, it continued to move over his chest and down his belly, though Brendon was hardly in a place to look down and see what was happening to him. Part of him was convinced that he might be spared the fate if he didn't watch, though he largely didn't want to admit to himself. But as the hairs of his treasure trail fell out in its wake, pooling on the ground, there was no denying something foreign and terrifying. What was the endgame? Was he dying?

Whatever it was left him terrified as he started to feel his garments tightening somewhat. It took him a few moments to tell over the sweat covering him, but it seemed that the stretching skin and pulling muscle were adding girth that he had never experienced. Not only centered in his arms and chest, but the soreness within his muscles also seemed to settle in his belly, his thighs, and most embarrassing of all, his ass. With the steady growth all over, he found his belly bulging somewhat, pushing his shirt upward and exposing more of that gray skin. Having a rather lean frame, it was disturbing to see a rounded paunch below him. Worse, perhaps was how bloated and gassy he felt, as though his organs were expanding within, taking advantage of their added space. Nothing he could imagine could be causing such a change, but the process was so visceral there was no denying he wasn't dehydrated or facing some other ailment.

Such was confirmed when something started poking from his spine, pushing outward and pressing against the waistband of his pants. It was soon to become tight, and as much as it scared him, Brendon was inclined to reach back to discover what was happening. The lump that met his touch sent a shiver through his being, not just for its mere presence. It was the fact it seemed connected to his spine that alarmed him, and as it continued to expand, he was affirmed that it was a part of him. Thankfully, he was able to pull it out, though as it continued to add inch after inch to its girth, he was hardly relieved. The base started to thicken, muscle and tissue swelling around the expanded bone and creating a protrusion that no man should be able to possess. In his focus on its growth, Brendon was left shocked when the thing started to twitch of its own accord. His focus could force the growth to move, though it was hardly a relief in the reality that he had one. There was no denying that he was in possession of a tail, and the more it wriggled, the more

terrified he became. Surely, he was intoxicated, but nothing he could imagine could cause such a growth to force itself from his backside. Yet, he could feel it now, playing over his ass and upper legs, making him twitch in fear and irritation.

Panting now, Brendon's attention was drawn upward next, whatever happening giving him little relieve from one change before subjecting him to another. A tingling in his ears made him raise his hands to rub them, afraid of what his fingers were reporting. The skin there was warm, and flushed, as though dozens of additional blood vessels were fueling their expansion. He was sure their contours were larger than he was used to, as impossible as any of the changes. And their bases were expanding as well, pushing at the skin both above and below. As much as his skull seemed to be able to support them, their bases soon reached the tops of his head. Brendon was scared of the implication, able to feel the weight of them and having no idea what it meant. Surely, the changes had some common thread, but in his moment of panic, Brendon couldn't for the life of him understand what it was.

As much as he didn't want to know what was happening, Brendon felt a compulsion to look at his reflection as confirmation of the worst. He was almost tempted to run back to the jeep, the only thing with mirrors that might show him the state of his ears. Even as he started to run, panting and sweating as he did so, the flapping of his ears gave him pause. He could almost see them flapping, feeling their pinnae expanding all the while. To his horror, they possessed the same ashen shade that was steadily covering his skin, looking nothing like the ears he was used to. The canals were still there, a little larger but nothing in comparison with how much their outer edges continued to grow. Where would it stop?

As he ran, Brendon became aware of two things, both of which raised his alarm. His overheated body seemed to cool a little, his massive ears continuing to flap of their own accord. It would have been a boon if the implication wasn't a series of other changes to come. The second was that, while his added muscle allowed him to run faster, it was obvious his body was heavier as well. He could feel his footfalls against the ground, a sign he had put on significant weight. The muscle tearing and reforming under the skin, while not painful, was a sign he was continuing to grow. Looking down, he could see more of his belly expanding, especially as his shirt rode up further around widening pecs. At first, it escaped his notice, but his nipples seemed lower too, almost below the line of his shirt. His hips and waist were pulling his jeans tight around them, tail slapping against the back of them wildly. Even his shoes were tighter, every foot fall against the ground making him worry he would bust from them at any moment.

Though he had not made it that far from his jeep, it felt like an entirety to see it in view. By now, his massive ears were flapping wildly, and with how much he could see their shape, the implication of their fate was not lost to him. Still, he was determined come hell or high water to see their reflection. He could not have been prepared for the sight of them sticking out around his

head, larger than the base of his skull itself and still growing. Their bases remained rather thick toward the middle, thinning out toward the edges, where he could see the outline of new blood vessels. As best he was aware, his head could not support their full range of motion, at least, not yet. He was hardly inclined to experiment with them, rather staring in horror as they steadily expanded, the tingling finally ceasing. Their bases hung heavily down below his neck, and as they moved out to full width, the shape of them was nearly heart-like. And indistinguishable from another animal, marking his fate to be the same as his assailant.

Not wanting to touch his ears directly, Brendon could only stare forward in disbelief as the tightness in his clothing increased ever so slightly with his shifting mass. Muscles were continuing to push against his skin, growing well beyond the scope of what his body was capable of managing. Yet, the changes were hardly limited to the surface, bones thickening and organs gradually expanding to match his growing physique. His pants were pulled impossibly taut, the waistband pressing against his hips and making him grunt his discomfort. Similarly, his shirt was being pulled up toward his pecs now, exposing his barreling belly and the ashen skin that had taken it over. His shoes, too, were precariously tight, though, with the size he had added, he couldn't manage to bend down to remove them. It seemed he was subject to the whims of his changing body, likely to burst out of them if the changes progressed to where they likely would end up.

Looking around in panic, Brendon longed for something, anything to come forth and free him from his torment. It was some solace the elephant did not return, Brendon thinking its presence would make things worse. But there was nothing around for miles, and all he could think to do was to stare at his reflection, not wanting to change but needing to see it nonetheless. An ache in his gumline prompted him to reach up, and he was alarmed to feel four of his incisors and all four canines start to pull into his gums. They seemed to be dissolving entirely, their material being repurposed by whatever unholy process was changing him in the first place. However, the force of his remaining incisors expanding rapidly gave him pause, taking all the added space in his mouth before it could grow to keep up. He wanted to push them back into place but they were strong for him. Parting his lips slightly, the two teeth started to curve just slightly, weighing on his gums. It was annoying he couldn't close his mouth all the way, Brendon left drooling as it was forced open. Expanding all the while, they were soon too large for his mouth, aching his jaw and making him whine with annoyance. Yet, the implication of what was happening left him trembling, wishing to imagine the weight of them away. The ears, the tail, the tusks...he was turning into a fucking elephant!

With some horror, crossing his eyes could clearly make them out as they continued to extend impossibly large for his frame. He wanted to call out his lament, but the quality of his voice seemed distorted, and he was quick to cease his efforts. All he could do was feel the massive tusks pushing further from his jaw, curving upward and part of his vision, possibly

forever. Rubbing them with trepidation, it was obvious they were not simply comprised of the same enamel he was used to, layers of tissue forming over them and giving them an odd shade. Had he been in a better state of mind, he might have recalled his tusks contained ivory, a tempting prospect for any poacher. They were rather large against the backdrop of his face, now, but he could only imagine they were a fraction of the size they would reach if the change carried on unabated.

A tingling in his nose prompted him to cross his eyes once more, this time out of reflex. Reaching up to touch it, a dry, wrinkled sensation met his fingers where the bridge of his nose sat. And the moment he touched it, it seemed to expand rapidly, pushing outward as the nostrils touched the base of his lips. Brendon was afraid to touch it, thinking it might spur on further change. But he could feel it pulsating against his skin, the bridge expanding and enlarging to the point he could feel it weighing on his head. With all the rather jarring anatomical changes happening, Brendon had a hard time fully parsing what was happening.

As the skin of his nostrils started to touch his lips, a swelling within pushed it out rapidly, tugging the muscle of his mouth along it. It was powerfully uncomfortable, and Brendon wanted to try to push it in as if he could stop the changes. As though drawing a myriad of muscles from his face, the protrusion continued to push outward, now easy to see in front of him. It was massive, unruly, hanging there within any ability to move it. It was impossible to think this growth would be able to make any meaningful motions. Yet, the level of muscle and strength it seemed to possess overwhelmed him, especially as he tried to breathe through it. Already, the increased nasal capacity had him breathing scents that went beyond his understanding. Nerves from his face were surely expanding within it, though such intricacies evaded his awareness. It was all he could do to cry out as he reached up to touch it, the sensitivity of such a thing far beyond what he was expecting. It was more akin to a limb than anything he was used to, and it was quickly growing beyond the scope of his human arms.

Ignoring the nasal quality of his cry, given his lack of an upper lip, Brendon was hardly prepared for his new nose to move at his prompting. The range of motion went beyond even his limbs, able to move it in all directions and curl itself upward. He didn't want to admit he possessed such a thing, but there was no denying the appeal of playing with its abilities. He tried to remove his focus on it, though as its surface peppered with a series of patterned hairs, the itching was enough to make him twitch his facial muscles. Stranger still was twitching at the tips of his nostrils from several new muscles, allowing it to flex the girth of his nostrils. Akin to a hand, Brendon was perplexed at how flexible the tips were, almost able to converge on each other in a grabbing motion. It was far beyond what he was imagining, and the tip of the iceberg for the changes to come!

Brendon hadn't been aware of it over the fascination with his truck, though the persistent tingling of growth had been pulling at his clothes, bringing them closer to the perceived breaking point. Had he tried to run once more, he was sure his clothes wouldn't last the attempt. And they were unlikely to last beyond the force of his growing bulk, something that was ever-increasing. It was beyond his ability to really understand what a several thousand-pound body would be like to possess. And he was currently a fraction of that, steadily growing and expanding all over. Part of him wanted to search for a way to change back, but such was fleeting, he knew. There was hardly a sign of what might have changed him, save something the bull had done to him prior. And without him near, little Brendon could imagine would allow him to escape his fate.

As fixated as he was on avoiding further change, a bizarre tingling in his groin almost went unnoticed at first. Yet, a surge of arousal made Brendon cry out as his cock became suddenly painfully confined in his pants. There was no obvious source for any arousal, and Brendon was left to grunt his discomfort. To his dismay, it seemed his penis was inclined to expand rapidly against its confines, as though the change itself was a source of his lust. A part of him figured he should perhaps consider pulling it out, though the embarrassment of such happening was enough to make him pause. And with how tight his pants had become, even the larger bulk of his upper arms would not be enough to do so. He was then forced to feel it pressing tightly against his zipper, pulling it down as it rapidly outgrew his underwear.

With the pop of his zipper and a loud tearing in his underwear, a fatter cock that he was used to surging forth, bobbing up and down in the warm air. He had no idea what an elephant's penis looked like up close, save for what he'd briefly seen while being assaulted. But it was far larger than he was used to, pulling painfully against his jeans. It was amazing the sensitive erectile tissue was stronger than his jeans, though with the force of his massive hips wearing them down, Brendon wasn't too inconvenienced. It continued to grow his foreskin pulled almost painfully down toward his groin, leaving a pinkish shaft that was steadily starting to turn gray. And as it continued to grow and suge, Brendon felt himself go light-headed, too much blood required for its growth.

Without thinking, he was inclined to reach down to part his pants to further allow his cock room to grow. His testicles, too, were beginning to swell, though at least he was able to pull them out and leave them to hang in the air. His sack, while voided of his hair, was still present, expanding to allow the testicles to grow within. His groin, too, quickly shed its hair, the skin around it turning wrinkled and gray to match the elephantine skin running down from his bulging belly and over his thighs. But it was his sensitive cock that took precedence, and Brendon was too eager to rub at it, feeling it leaking from the contact. The head was changing slowly, its cleft flattening out with the tip thickening to become uniform with its length. Not too bizarre, at least when compared with all the other changes he was being forced to go through. But it was the size of the thing that really alarmed him, as much as he was able to think through the fog settling into

his mind. Such a shaft needed quite a bit of blood, and it was all Brendon could do to touch himself without passing out.

Yet, as the erectile tissue continued to expand, his penis started to curl at his touch, enough to make Brendon jump back a little. It was moving of its own accord, much like his truck, as though trying to reach for something. Brendon was stunted by the range of motion it possessed, moving as though working toward his hands. The strength it possessed was almost too much for him to push down with his hands, though he was eager to grip the firm flesh. It was warm, throbbing violently at his touch. To cum from such a massive cock...it was beyond any man's dream. And even with how scared he was over the changes and what they meant for his life, there was no denying his present pleasure and need to get off!

Yet, a swelling in his testicles seemed to stem his release, as though they were being squeezed. Brendon couldn't be sure, but his sack seemed to deflate somewhat, pulling his testicles toward his groin. They hung there heavily, waving as they filled with what he figured was elephant cum. At least they were free of his pants, though the rapid tearing through the inseam was a sign of the space they needed. It was enough to make him moan out, the sound more like a trumpet with his nose in his current state. He might have thought to bemoan the loss of his voice, but with the pleasure in his penis at its apex, there was little energy for thought.

Grunting and drooling, Brendon felt himself getting closer and closer. While he still moved to stroke off, marveling at the scope of his maleness, such was hardly needed. His cock had a mind of its own, pushing against his hands as though eager to get off of its own accord. And with the pressure building within his testicles, he was sure there was little time left before he exploded. In the moment, nothing else mattered, wanting to seek release that might save him from this torment. He could cum, then wake up and recall all this as a distant dream, albeit one that ended wet. And it was easy to let his mind go in the moment, eliciting a bestial bellow as his eyes whited out and he saw stars out of the corner of his vision.

“EEEEEEEGGEGRRRRGGHHHH!”

The force of his orgasm was nearly enough to knock him over, especially with the drastic changes to his hands. He managed to stay standing, though barely as his body continued to grow and change. His cock shot semen like a fire hose, much of it getting on his hands and arms with the force of it. He had little control over its trajectory, though it mattered little as what had to be his human burden and that of the pachyderm he was becoming was expelled with force. The sensitivity within his cock was enough to make it impossible to think through it, and Brendon was left a mess, trying to come to terms with reality.



It was a tingling in his hands that brought him back to the waking world, and with it came a shock of fear the likes of which he'd never imagined. Of all the changes thus far, even with the loss of his voice, the tingling in his hands was perhaps the most alarming. He wanted to move them, but while the bones within seemed to expand, their ability to move was lost to him. What was perhaps most disturbing was the swelling of skin at the tips, forming a thickened webbing of sorts that left them stuck together. The cum still dripping off them was acting like a catalyst, sticking them together and making it impossible to part them. It continued to expand, rounded over the tips of his fingers and leaving only the nails, which themselves were enlarging, taking on a more knarled and dirty appearance. They were soon massive and sat on heavy wrists as they continued to grow even in relation to his larger body.

The changes to his hands, while mostly internal, were bizarre by any metric, and all he could do was stare helplessly as they altered. Most of the tissue that had subsumed his fingers was made of muscle and spongy tissue, working around them and forming a flattened bottom that continued to expand to the size of dinner plates. The skin was steadily wrinkling, turning gray and thickening to match the rest of his skin. While the bones within his hands persisted, their widening girth did not match their length, which remained relatively similar within the mass of his front hands. It was akin to wearing a pair of shoes, though not ones he could ever take off again. One of his finger bones was gone entirely, though the rest seemed present, albeit it left immobile and forced only to keep his weight when he was done on all fours to walk.

The moment the tingling in his hands ceased, a warmth seemed to burn through his entire being, muscle and bone and skin expanding all at once. His precariously tight clothing was pulled toward the breaking point, needing only the slightest stretch from him to remove. He was desperate to get them off, though he no longer possessed the ability. He could only look down in horror at the stubs that had become of his hands, leaving him entirely helpless. The pressure soon pulled what remained of his shirt across his chest, tearing it down the back. Hunching his shoulders, the back of his shirt tore down the center, falling off his leathery skin. The back of his pants, already torn from the size of his cock, burst out from the back as his hips swelled beyond anything human clothes were meant to hold. And as they parted, Brendon's puckered anus was forced on full display, kissing the air and making him shiver. Worse was when his tail brushed against it, making him wish to jump forward, though he had no ability to do so.

Perhaps the worst tightness came from his shoes as his heels were pushed upward, bursting from the back. Once more forced to stand on the tips of his toes, Brendon could feel the skin merging as did his fingers. The force of their growth quickly did away with the laces, binders, and stitches, popping outward with a flurry of material. For a moment, he could detect the ground below him, though it seemed the spongy material of his new feet was not meant to have much tactile ability. As the bones within thickened, Brendon was vaguely aware two toes were being removed rather than a singular one, but it mattered little. The thick muscle of his hind

feet soon took over, more oval in shape compared to his front feet. It mattered little, Brendon soon finding it difficult to even look down at how massive his body was becoming.

Naked now, Brendon was well aware almost every inch of his skin was covered with thick, gray elephant hide. It was warm, wrinkled, and mostly hairless, save for the tip of his ropey tail. As it started to move up the back of his skull, Brendon was a little alarmed to feel all the hairs on his head falling out, floating away in the wind. It was hardly the strangest thing to happen to him, but the sight of his bald visage in the mirror was rather disturbing. His remaining forehead turned gray as well, wrinkles forming down toward his nose, accenting his still-human eyes. Bulging around the base of his trunk forced a series of further wrinkles down its surface, though, with the steady rate it was growing, Brendon was thankful for the support. Even the rim of his chin became wrinkled, and the remaining hairs of his beard were lost forever. With some surprise, Brendon found that some sparse hair remained around his head. Even more alarming were all the hairs that seemed to pepper the surface of his trunk, tingling a little from the breeze playing over them.

Yet, he was hardly left with much time to focus on it as the weight of his bulging body became too much. His chest was rapidly barreling, and as much as he couldn't see it, he could perceive the remnants of his nipples to rotate down toward his belly. It was hardly a concern with all the uncomfortable changes within, though noticeable nonetheless. His bones were growing massive, the meat and muscle swelling around them to make sure his structure would remain functional. The result left him teetering on the edge of standing, and as much as Brendon couldn't imagine himself falling over onto all fours, there was little he could do to stop it. With resignation, Brendon allowed himself to keel forward, a heavy thud echoing from his weight as he did so, likely forever.

With that, his belly and chest continued to expand at an alarming rate, allowing his internal organs to swell to elephantine proportions. He had little idea what was happening, save for the gurgling from within and the discomfort that came with it. A massive heart, thick stomach, and longer intestines to allow a vegetarian diet to ferment longer were all possibilities. Brendon was forced through a series of uncomfortable gassiness as his organs took shape, not killing him thankfully though transitioning him to an entirely different diet. An ache in his shoulders forced them forward, though Brendon hardly had the ability to lift his legs. With their movement came a realignment of his upper arms, pushing them inward and leaving his front legs directly under his body. He was becoming so large that Brendon hardly understood how it was happening to him, only able to barely stand there and hope it was all a dream.

A strange sensation from his crotch made him sure he was not imagining things. The slight peeling of the skin alarmed him for a moment as his testicles ached and seemed to be shoved upward by some phantom hand. The sensation was jarring, leaving him to wonder if he

was in the process of losing his maleness. Such was unlikely, but there was no denying the discomfort as his mammoth orbs were drawn within him, sitting there and leaving him queasy. The experience was further alarming in that a slit was starting to form at the base of his penis, retracting its now-flaccid length within him and leaving it to tease the edges in a bit of arousal. Brendon found the whole transition alarming, but having no real idea of bull elephant anatomy before now, he figured it was par for the course, whatever that meant for his life going forward.

The changes had all the while been encroaching over his body, new growths and appendages adapting for the final, massive frame he was growing into. He was so massive already and still felt he had already had much more to go if becoming an elephant was the objective. Already he could flap his ears, creating a small breeze against his shifting hide as they continued to expand. Much to his chagrin, his human hair was completely gone, swept away by the spreading gray skin over his thickening skull and neck. His tusks felt massive in his mouth, easily seen past his vision as the rest of his teeth pushed back in his triangular jaw, tongue thick and fat as he reflexively worked his mouth.

Unable to really grasp the scope of his size, Brendon reflexively raised a massive foot, stamping it against the earth and feeling it shake underneath. He was unfathomably large, though the tingling of growth was starting to subside somewhat. Taking a tentative step forward was a nightmare, followed by another as his mind raced to rework his new body. It was so surreal, so visceral, that any heat-related stress could hardly account for it. He really, truly was an elephant, changed in body into an entirely different animal. A massive one, unable to account for the vast difference in size or the totality of girth that had been added on. And more to the point, how had this happened? Surely there was no validity to the man's words in town, such as not being a known phenomenon. Still, there was little in the way of explanation for the missing people, and no denying the correlation to what had happened to his body.

Yet, not his mind, much as Brendon was slow to realize. He was still himself, still human, without a trace of the animal he had become in his mind. There was no way an elephant's brain could support the human he had been, yet there was no denying his sense of self persisted in this new body. And with that came a whole host of other issues. A part of him might have thought being an elephant in mind was better, thinking of himself as another animal in his element rather than a human in the middle of nowhere. With no way to communicate or no idea what had happened to him, Brendon was sure there was no returning to civilization for him. Worse, perhaps was that the closest village was aware of this possibility and that had been the cause of the warning. Why hadn't they told him the truth? Yet, even if they had, would Brendon have listened?

Changing done, he was left standing there late into the afternoon with no idea of where to go. Moving his body was rather difficult, especially with how articulate his trunk and his tail

were. He could move rather ably, at least, but Brendon figured there was little point. He was starving, he was thirsty, but without any idea of what to eat, he didn't think doing so was safe. Then again, what was he to do? A part of him hoped the bull might return, though that prospect scared him in equal measure. After all, the male had attacked him, and would likely do the same to a rival male. Brendon had no way to defend himself, not wanting to be an elephant but not wanting to die there, either. All he could do was to stand there, a sense of despair coming over him at his misfortune. What had he done to deserve being an animal?!

A low series of vibrations slowly became aware to him, and looking to the distance, he could see not one, but several dozen of his new species walking in his direction. Part of him didn't want to be discovered, though he knew instinctively that they could hear and smell him as well as he could with them. Scared, Brendon let out a yell, more akin to an elephantine trumpet. Yet, the sounds in reply were calmer, lower tones, and somehow relaxing. Brendon had no idea what he was hearing, exactly. But something about the cadence told him they were attempting to be friendly.

With that, Brendon stood there, allowing the beasts to approach. Without realizing it, his tail was thrashing widely, likely a sign of his agitation or nervousness. Yet, the moment one of his new peers reached their trunk out in greeting, Brendon felt any sensation of trepidation relieved. Being touched was wonderful, filling some void of loneliness and fear that had pervaded his thoughts ever since the change. And he allowed himself to rub his trunk against their bodies as well, the action sitting well with him. Their bodies, their smell, and their vocalizations were all a bit overwhelming. Yet, as comfortable as he felt in their presence, Brendon was sure he was safe in their number, and relieved they seemed to welcome him after the change.

Soon after, the herd started to move on, heading in the opposite direction from his wasted jeep. They were heading further from town and any help from the human world that Brendon might have hoped to receive. And yet he was far more inclined to follow his new kin now, not sure where they were headed but more comfortable among their number. He had no idea what to do in his new life. In order to survive and thrive, all he could think of to do was to join them, do as they did, and learn to survive in a new body and new way of life...

As the days passed, Brendon started to slowly grow accustomed to his new life, for better or for worse. He lamented his lot in life, not wanting to be an animal and having to give up all he held dear. But with little understanding of how he had changed or what would become of him, he slowly forced himself to adapt. There was little chance he would change back, and while he had no confirmation, he was certain at least some of the elephants here were once human. Be it something about their demeanor or the way they approached him, Brendon couldn't say. It made sense they had met the same fate as he, and even if they were acting more like elephants, it was

likely they hadn't lost their human minds. It did little to reassure him beyond the reality they had made the best of their new lives. They were still stuck as elephants, and it was more and more likely Brendon would spend the rest of his days in this new body as well.

It wasn't so bad, in some ways. He was an animal in the wild, living with his own kind, and a social group as well. Something inside him told him to keep some distance away from the main herd, which seemed made up of cows and their offspring. But there were many males as well, and he was comforted by their presence as he went about their days. He found himself wondering if naturally born elephants lived with the males so close to a larger herd, but had no ability to ask in such terms. It didn't matter in the end, given the closeness he was greeted with by the rest of the herd.

He could not have guessed how social elephants were before now, though he certainly wouldn't have thought about it. He could talk to them to some degree, though he had a hard time making sense of it. Bellows and trumpets were hardly used, much to his surprise. Such sounds were akin to aggression or distress and hadn't come up during his brief tenure as an animal. Many of the sounds they made were new to the hum, likely so deep that humans would not be able to detect them. It took him some time to parse through what he was hearing, though some of the calls belonged to the distant females, calling for those that were away from the herd and their responses that they were coming back. Telling the herd to move over, or even to let Brendon's male herd know they were too close. Some of the sounds were so nuanced that Brendon found himself wondering if they were calling each other by individual names, but such was unimportant.

There were other senses, of course, ones that had nothing to do with hearing. Tactile senses were more important to elephants, something he was quick to discover as he rubbed his trunk tips against various surfaces. A few times, some of the elephants in his herd saw it fit to touch their trunks to his own, and Brendon welcomed the contact, touching them in return as a sort of greeting. It was important for feeding, too, as much as he was coming to learn. Various foods felt different to the touch, and there was some instinctual need to test his food before eating it. Certain plant items caused some regulation to his sense of touch, and if Brendon paid attention to it, he noticed his herd mates avoiding those same kinds of food. His sense of touch was as much a guidepost as anything else, Brendon remained largely ignorant of his instincts or how to live as an elephant. Life was largely relegated to learning, his waking hours busied enough that it was hard to find the time to mourn his humanity.

Day-to-day life took some time to get used to it, especially as he learned to act like an elephant. Hunger took over much of his time, and he traveled with his herd, watching to see what they did and eating the same foods as them. He was constantly starving, making it almost impossible for him to feel full, much to his chagrin. It was different from his human hunger, less

a nagging persistence and more a state of being, one that compelled him to feed without the expected discomfort. His herd seemed to partake in a variety of foods, leaves, fruits, branches, and other delights that he would not have expected an elephant to enjoy. Taste was an important part of his life, and Brendon found it delightful to try a variety of things, learning what he now liked and what he didn't. Still, with as much as his trunk was able to shove into his v-shaped muzzle, he soon found he couldn't be very picky. The amount he needed to eat, as well as the size of his herd, required him to move great distances in the span of a day. His newly found favorites would need time to regrow, and he could only hope to find similar tastes as they made the trek around their sizable territory.

Much of their path was dictated by the river, something that Brendon also needed in large quantities. He was at least able to get used to sucking up water with his trunk, though not too far, given it was not intended to be used as a hose. Rather, he would suck up water part way, a bit of irritation sign he had done too much, before moving it to his mouth and releasing the tension. He'd first tried to blow it in, but that came with a rather unpalatable amount of mucus as well, and Brendon knew better not to repeat the attempt. It took several large trunk fulls before he felt he was done, and he generally drank as long as the herd stayed near the river. They would return several times a day, needing such quantities for their massive bodies. The muddied taste was a little repugnant at first, but Brendon allowed himself to get used to it, knowing there were unlikely many cleaner sources. After seeing one of his herd mates trying it, Braeden was eager to experiment with blowing his trunk load over his back as well, having a semblance of a bath. His skin was firm and thick, though not entirely a deterrent to pests, and it felt nice nonetheless to hose himself off from time to time, as literal as they were with his new body.

Of course, such dietary needs came with a fair bit of excretion as well, one of the more difficult things for Brendon to get used to. Having to raise his tail and drop a massive pile of elephant dung was embarrassing at first, not to mention the amount of flatulence that came with his vegetarian diet. Such was made worse by the need to do so several times a day, as much as every member of his herd required the same. The smell was almost more than he could bear at first, though he was thankful the herd didn't stay in one place for too long. Having to piss as much as he did was also rather embarrassing, especially with the size of his elephant penis. His new species cared little for such things, dangling elephant dongs sliding from sheath within their loins to do their business. He hated how easily it splashed up on his legs, though his skin could hardly feel it. It mattered little in the end, and with the regularity of his body, Brendon soon found himself getting used to the act as much as any animal. He had so little control over the urgency his body required to relieve himself, and being a dominant herbivore, there were few times he was not relaxed enough to let go.

As bizarre as his new life had become, there was something about living on the savannah that actually appealed to his sense of wonderment. Not that he wanted to be an animal or

anything of the life, and he still mourned for his humanity. But as much as the warnings indicated, there was little chance for him to return to his humanity. And given his drives and stubbornness, Brendon was compelled to make the best of it. The savannah was beautiful, and dynamic, especially over the span that his herd traveled each day. Hundreds of animals were all going about their lives in a way that they would never be comfortable acting around humans. Some he would see regularly on his daily journey, others were there one day and gone the next. It was a unique perspective, perhaps shared if some of his new herd mates had been human. Knowing some of those in his herd had been human like him gave him solace, and if they were able to make it in their new bodies, then surely, he would be alright in the long term, even if he was never to regain his humanity.

It was some days after the change that Brendon felt something was wrong. He was far from properly acclimating, he knew, though any anger or resentment was washed away with a timid curiosity about what his new life would entail. Yet, one morning upon awakening, he was filled with a strange rage, hating the presence of the other males around them. There was a peculiar odor around him as well, heady and pungent and only serving to increase his ire. He was cranky and irritable, and most of the other males around gave him a wide birth. A low, pulsating rumble seemed to emanate from him, an elephant vocalization he had not made before. Whatever it was seemed to dissuade any males from getting nearer to him, which was a blessing. He wasn't sure what was going on, the instincts almost too much for him to really give a word to. Having not been subject to elephant instincts before now, such was hard to fully take stock of. Still, he was able to notice that not only were the other elephants avoiding him, but they were all smaller, likely weaker. None would challenge him, and he was free to take what he wanted, which was...what, exactly?

Perhaps worst of all was the constant state of partial arousal that came with his abrupt alteration in mood. No matter where his thoughts took him, Brendon felt his penis dangling below him, often hitting him in his legs and making him moan in an elephantine baritone. Part of him was desperate for relief, and with some effort, he was able to work his trunk against the tip to some effect. The idea of masturbating his elephant dick was repulsive, and even his flexible trunk couldn't really do much. Release often seemed far from him, taking too much time and effort and making him all the more irritated. There was a strong part of him that knew only one thing would alleviate the constant arousal in his penis. Yet, the idea of doing such, even with others of his own kind, went well beyond any notions of what he would allow himself to do. He couldn't...*mate* with one of the elephants, could he? In the end, what choice did he really have?

It took him several days of feeling this way to equate the notion to what he'd researched earlier on the effects of the musth. Aggressive behavior an increase in reproductive hormones, and especially the tar-like discharge in his eyes that gave it away. The taste of it was repugnant, trickling into his mouth on a near-constant basis with no way to avoid it. A swelling in the glands

around his eyes caused a constant ache, making his eyes water and prompting him to trumpet often his agony. Reflexively, Brendon found himself digging his tusks into the ground to some effect, though it was only a temporary relief. He had briefly researched this phenomenon on male elephants, but there had been no way to understand how aggravating it was to experience it firsthand!

In a brief moment of clarity, Brendon was able to understand what had happened to him. The look in the bull elephant's eye was enough of a sign that he, too, had been under the influence of the musth. It was likely the musth that had transferred the infection to him, and now Brendon was taking over the condition, likely needing to mate. Would he do the same if he encountered another human? It was certainly likely, given the constant state of irritation and near rage he was subject to. But there were none as foolish as he to enter these grounds in the time of the musth. And he was forced to deal with the irritation as much as those who had changed him and who had been changed before in turn.

It seemed that his low-pitched rumbling was soon to take the decision out of his trunk, so to speak. As much as he already has to piss in the span of a day, his partial erection was often dripping pungent urine, something that seemed to attract attention from the females, ones who generally kept their distance. He could see them follow him, sniffing and moving in front of those spots and squirting urine of their own. As much as it disgusted him, the scent seemed to waft into his trunk, prompting him to walk back for a closer sniff. The aroma, while pungent, often served to send an unwanted surge through his penis, making it slap against his legs and even the ground like a fifth limb. He wanted so desperately to get off, even if it meant doing so with another elephant. And with the curse widespread enough to be known in the village, it was just as likely his suitors had been human as well, dealing with their own heat in a way that denoted an acceptance in their new lives.

Sooner than later, it happened. One of the females that had been following him drew closer, and Brendon was not inclined to move away, rather intrigued by her scent and presence. His penis was certainly erect and ready, though he was not expecting her to move in front of him, reaching out to rub across his skin with her trunk. The contact was pleasant, especially as she entwined the end of her trunk with his. Brendon shivered from the contact, embracing her as well. He wasn't entirely sure what she was doing or how he felt over the whole ordeal. Yet, in his moment of heat and lust, he was willing to follow her anywhere, do whatever she required of him if only to have the chance to alleviate the musth that had consumed his life in the past couple of days.

What he was not expecting was for her to move in front of him and raise her tail. Without regard for his presence, she started to piss, the force of which ended up splashing on Brendon's trunk. The human part of him was revolted by the end, but under the heady stench was a barrage



of elephant pheromones, ones that served to raise his lust to untold levels. His entire being was filled with her heat and need, overriding any human reason or rationale from his mind. He moved into position, the musth providing the missing instincts and prompting him to act like the bull in need he was. She was likely a former human as he had been, but in the end, Brendon had no way of knowing. And in his moment of heat, did it really matter? His instincts couldn't be denied in the heat of passion!

Rising on his hind legs was surprisingly easy as he worked his leaking cock tip up the female's backside. With his inexperience, Brendon wasn't sure he'd be able to properly manage, especially in his worked-up state. But with his rather impressive flexibility, Brendon was able to rub his cock tip over her back, feeling the opening of her moist folds and eventually working his way inside. Feeling his penis straighten within her, Brendon proceeded to thrust as though nothing else in the world mattered. She was massive, and tight and rocked in tandem with his body as the two of them trumpeted their lust.

As horny as they were, it took little time for Brendon to reach his end, feeling his internal testicles swelling and preparing to release their load. In the moment of lust, Brendon felt no reason to hold back, nor had any ability to resist as his penis went into orgasm. It was almost too much to orgasm from such a mammoth cock, even with his own impressive size. The copious quantities of jism that were ejaculated from his elephantine penis were enough the backwash dripped against his cock. It was far removed from a human's orgasm, though more primal, and more fulfilling in its own way. Be it the musth or some human satisfaction, Brendon was greatly relieved with the act, pulling out of the female as his cock swished against the grass.

To his surprise, the female was quick to come around, grasping his trunk in her own in a sign of companionship. He returned the gesture, not really sure what to think about things. He had no romantic feelings for her, the mating more primal than anything in his time of heat. Yet, he was able to understand through pheromones that she was in heat as well, and found himself hoping she would return for her company and his semen.

With that, she moved away, though not back to the main herd as she had been. Brendon was able to commit her smell and sight to memory, as much as he was slowly coming to learn the individual members of his new kin. He would seek her out, mostly for his physical needs though hoping they would strike a friendship of sorts. It was unlikely he would be a father, or at least take part in the care of their offspring, something the females of the herd shared in. It mattered little in the end. Whatever was the norm for his new life, Brendon was there for it. Having accepted his new lot in life, he was eager to follow, to follow the group and do as they did, taking on the ways of an elephant and finding its own satisfaction and purpose.