

Tyler stood at the edge of the precipice, looking down into the stale water at the bottom of the slide. Thankfully, there was still more than enough water to cushion his fall. The water seemed off somehow, though it was hard to tell in the low light of the park's illumination. But Tyler wasn't expecting it to be pristine, having been sitting there for months!

On a dare, Tyler and two of his friends had snuck into an abandoned water park on the edge of town, right beside the ocean. It had been closed for several months, citing some sort of chemical spill. The place had been desolate since then, without even signs of workers or hazmat personnel to staff the establishment.

Earlier in the year, students in his class had been dared to explore the abandoned park. Four decided to take the challenge and went into the park at night. A fifth had stayed outside, filming their entrance as proof of their bravery. He waited well into the morning for their return. Yet he did not see even a trace of them leaving the park. None of the former park staff had any comment on the disappearances. Police had scoured every inch of the park, to no avail. No sign of their presence remained, save for the hole in the fence that had since been patched. Officially, they were declared as runaways.

Other students had been dared to enter the park since then. It had become a right of passage of sorts to try to break into the park without getting caught or going missing. Most of his classmates had allegedly done so already. Not wanting to risk his social standing, Tyler found himself climbing the fence with two of his buds, making it onto the premises without any sign of being caught.

Josh and Cameron had goaded him into going down the old water slide first, and like a fool, he had said yes. They were waiting at the other side of the slide, with Josh filming on his phone. It would be proof of his daring, and Tyler's chance to be a hero among his peers. Best case, he might earn a shot to score with Sarah, a classmate he'd had his eyes on since last semester!

Holding his breath, Tyler threw off his shirt and stood there, clad only in his gym shorts as he contemplated his next action. He soon figured the longer he stood there, the more his resolve would waver. Pinching his nose, he sat down and pushed off, the stream of dripping water lessening the friction enough that he felt no pain.

The slide was relatively short, more so than Tyler was expecting. He opened his mouth for a quick breath, only to hit the water with it still open. Shuttering, he rose to the surface, trying to expel the gross water from his mouth. It tasted disgusting, a salty flavor that made Tyler almost certain he was in the ocean. The texture was even worse, thick and slimy in his mouth. Tyler instantly felt ill, as though he was about to vomit right there!

The sound of clapping and laughter hit his ears as he rose from the water. Rubbing his eyes, he looked into the laughing faces of his friends. Feeling a little pissed, Tyler tried to splash the gross water at them, though they were too far away. Those jackasses! They had apparently already known how gross the water was! Did they even have any intention of going down the slide themselves?

Just then, the light of a flashlight shone some feet away, followed by an echoing “Who's there?! Come out with your hands up!” Tyler wasn't sure if security guards carried guns, but he didn't want to get caught either way. Getting out of the water as quickly as possible, he ran towards the fence, his friends following and laughing just behind him. There was no point in being stealthy with the noise of the splash he'd made!

The trio made it to the fence ahead of their pursuers, jumping over in the spot that had entered. Cameron slapped Tyler on the back, making the 18-year-old sputter out more of the gross water. Tyler felt a little dizzy, the queasiness from swallowing the water even worse after running. He almost vomited right there, though he did his best to fake a smile for his friends. He was the first one in some time to go down the old water slide, after all. He would be a legend at school the next day!

Reaching home, Tyler tried his best to wretch into the toilet to purge himself of the foul-tasting water. Yet, no matter how much he tried, he could not bring anything, failing to ease the illness from his belly. He got into the shower, hoping the warm water would ease his stomach. The clean water was a contrast to his wet, stinking form, finally allowing him to relax after the ordeal. Having the desired effect on his stomach, he then headed to bed, excited for the prestige he would receive the next day.

Tyler woke up the next morning to the stink of something fishy. Whatever it was, it was *rank*, twice as pungent as a fish market. He was instantly reminded of the salty water from yesterday, though this odor was far more present in the room. Had he finally vomited up some of the gross, slimy water in his sleep? He was lucky he hadn't choked on it and suffocated!

Getting up, Tyler was disgusted to realize that his underwear was completely soaked. Worse, his cock seemed erect, tight in his pants as it thrashed inside. His first impulse was that he might have had a wet dream, though that had not happened in several years. Yet the dampness looked to be from water, not dry and sticky like ejaculate. Where had it all come from?

Pulling down his underwear, nothing could have prepared him for the sight of the inhuman member sticking from where his manhood once sat. It was pink, the base bulged out too thick as the tip had become tapered. Focused on it, he was frightened to feel it moving, each inch

squirming independently without even touching himself. To his disgust, it appeared slimy and wet, covered with salt water as much as it was with his cum.

“Eww, it smells like fish!” He exclaimed, unable to believe what had happened. There was no way he could wake up with a cock that looked nothing like the one he had gone to bed with! It looked more at place on a sea creature than a human being!

Tyler stared in horror as a slit just underneath pulsated, pulling his balls inside as they seemed to deflate. He wanted to touch them but could only stare in horror as his testicles retracted into his body. He worried for a moment he was losing his manhood, but he could still sense his balls inside, throbbing with his thrashing erection.

Tyler was afraid to touch the slimy flesh, not wanting to confirm it was real. It certainly *smelled* real. The stench wafting off the precum oozing from the tip nearly made him gag. It was rank, smelling of the ocean and rotten fish and a bouquet of other aromas that forced him to resist the urge to vomit. How was it that this was *his* penis now?! It looked like the cock of some kind of animal!

Yet, he could feel it as much as he could his own erection any time he looked up porn on his phone. There was no point in waiting. Tentatively, he reached out to stroke the slimy flesh, instantly shivering from the sensation. He wanted to let go of it right away, hating how slimy and gross it felt at his touch. Yet, it was far more sensitive than his human member had been, beckoning him to caress it tenderly.

Confused between his horror and his lust, Tyler started to stroke it, moaning as waves of ecstasy flowed from the shaft and into his slit, teasing his insides all at once. As he stroked himself, his mind wandered to the cute girl in his class, Sarah, imagining her in the room with him, naked as he. Yet, the mental image started to fade as her face pushed out, her skin grew slick and gray, and a fin erupted from her backside. Slowly, the visage morphed into that of a dolphin. While this should have freaked Tyler out, he found his lust growing as he imagined the feminine equivalent of the genitals he now possessed.

Tyler tried desperately to stop himself and erase the bestial visage from his mind. But his sensitive cock gave him so much pleasure. He gasped as suddenly, his slimy, fishy phallus shook and shot several gooey wads of cum onto the bed. The release instantly sent waves of pleasure through his entire body, making him lean back on the bed as he panted.

Tyler was happy to lay there, washed in the pleasure of orgasm and not worrying about the cock he had shot his wad from. But the sounds of his mom calling him for breakfast broke him from his stupor. Instantly feeling a wave of shame, Tyler shot up like a bolt, trying to clean himself off

with all the tissues he could muster. Thankfully, his slimy length was retreating into his slit, taking much of the mess with it. Tyler didn't want to reach into the slit, finding the prospect distasteful. What else would he find in there?

Nervous about hiding the mess, he took his tissues to the bathroom and flushed them, hoping to all hope that the stench didn't linger in the room. Even after spraying the room with disinfectant several times, the fishy aroma still lingered in his nostrils. Tyler was worried that it was coming off him directly. Still, he put on his clothes and got ready for school. He didn't have time for a shower or to inspect himself further. All he could do was hope that it eventually went away. How embarrassing would it be for him if his mother found out?!

Classes passed by painfully slow as Tyler found it hard to concentrate. He was too focused on examining his body for any other signs of change. Worse, his nostrils kept sniffing the faint aroma of fishy stench. If it was still on his body, could his classmates and teachers smell it, too? It was impossible not to blush at the realization.

Tyler spent the better part of the morning playing with his fingers, noticing a numbness there that sent warning flags into his mind. Yet, in his suspicious state, it was impossible to tell if the tingling was a sign of change or a phantom agony born of his paranoia. It seemed as though his skin was somewhat more smooth, the color a bit more pale than it should have been. In the fluorescent light of the room, it was impossible to be certain.

Lost in his thoughts, he bumped directly into Sarah as he made his way to his next class. The contact was so hard that he nearly knocked her prone. He was immediately frozen when he realized it was her he had run into. Hitting her like this would kill his chances, even if the school believed him a hero for last night's exploits!

"Oh, oh no. I-I'm so, so sorry..." Tyler muttered, trying to reach down to help her. Yet, his hand was brushed away, Sarah clearly annoyed at either him directly or the tardiness his presence had caused her.

Tyler lifted his head and blushed, wanting to apologize, but the sight of her face made him pause. She was lovely, as much as his mental image of her had been, if not more so in person. Tyler found himself in a little bit of a trance before the sensation of his prehensile length slipped into his underwear, wiggling all the while.

Tyler realized too late he was coming to an erection and tried in vain to cover himself. Rather than see the squirming member in his pants, Sarah's nose wrinkled as the fishy stench of his precum hit both of their senses. Sarah seemed to gag a little, grabbing her books before taking

off. She turned only to give him an “It’s alright! I’m late!” as she rushed down the hall. It was clear she had been trying not to gag as she did so.

Tyler’s face was burning at this point. Not only did he embarrass himself in front of his crush, but she, too, caught a whiff of that disgusting fishy stench! Tyler himself wanted to vomit as it assaulted his senses. It was nearly impossible to conceive that it was part of him now!

Not caring about the class he was missing, Tyler ducked into the men’s locker room, thankful he seemed to be the only one in there during class. There was a full-length mirror along one wall, and Tyler approached it, stunned to see his cock wriggling in his pants like an eel. No matter how much he tried to wrest it down, the lust he felt would not allow his member to retract. The odor of perfume still clung cloying to his skin, a scent his sensibilities associated with Sarah!

Much to his horror, a quick glance in the mirror showed his member wasn’t the only thing that seemed to have altered. He had to pull back his hair to be sure, but it was clear that his ears were smaller. Their lobes seemed to have contracted, though the canal was relatively the same width. Was he losing his external ears?

A more thorough inspection of his body revealed a second lump in his pants, this time in his backside. It was as though his spine was pressing out above his ass, poking at his pants as he struggled to get his penis under control. He went to reach for this second growth, but before he could, it suddenly *twitched*, sending a shiver up his spine. Tyler had the beginnings of a *tail* sticking out of his backside!

It was obvious that his problem wasn’t going to go away. And the changes were coming faster than Tyler was comfortable with. Sneaking out of the building, Tyler grabbed his bike and took off as fast as possible. His only recourse was to reach the water park. He had to find someone on the premises who knew what was happening to him. It was worth any risk of getting caught for skipping school to try and get some help!

The ride was uncomfortable, and not just due to the protrusion in the back of his pants. No matter how much he concentrated, he couldn’t get his cock to retreat into his slit. Touching it was out of the question; not only did the notion disgust him, but he had no privacy. Worse than that, he seemed to have no control over its motions. Tyler was left with no choice but to stuff it in his underwear and keep moving best as he could.

Hoping the fence in the same spot was easier than he thought, even without the aid of his friends. Tyler moved quickly through the grounds, not caring about being quiet this time. He wanted to find someone, anyone, that might have some answers.

Finally getting fed up, he started yelling. “Hello? Anyone? I need help!” Tyler cried, fear of someone seeing the changes creeping in over his need to find someone.

To his relief, a woman dressed in one of the water park’s uniforms came from behind a closed concession stand, a concerned expression on her face. “Tyler, sweetie? I’ve been expecting you! How are you doing, dear?” she said in a voice that made Tyler a little nervous. How did she know his name?

“You poor boy. It looks like it’s starting to spread,” she said, making Tyler blush furiously. Yet, part of his mind was confused. How did she know so much about what was happening?

He was sure she meant his penis, which still hadn’t slid back into his slit. Going to cover his crotch, the woman instead grabbed his hand, bringing Tyler’s attention to it. To the poor young man’s horror, the flesh had become pale, almost grey. The new skin was smooth, rubbery, and ran to his wrists as it continued to slowly spread. When had that happened?

“C-can you help me, miss?” He asked, hopefully. Any notion of bravado from his 18 years was gone, and Tyler ended up sounding like a child asking for something from his mother. Still, it didn't matter to him how embarrassing he sounded if she could help him!

“Of course I can help you, silly!” She replied as she took his rubbery hand and led him towards a staff building.

Tyler followed willingly, hoping that she was telling the truth. The building itself was older, paint fading, with no power running to the sign on the door. Tyler was confused until she opened the door and motioned for him to go inside. The dimly lit room contained an elevator at one end, clearly in operation. Tugging at his rubbery hand, the woman guided him into the elevator and pushed the button labeled ‘B’ as they descended.

Tyler was not expecting to enter into a very modern-looking laboratory of some sort, with various people working different stations on microscopes and test tube racks. He felt a huge level of embarrassment, not wanting any of them to see his maleness still twitching out of its slit. With no other option, Tyler hurried along with the woman as she led him into an office and closed the door.

“Now sweetie, show me what’s wrong,” she said with that frighteningly casual tone. Tyler didn’t know what she meant. She could see the changes over his body, couldn't she?

Yet, the longer she waited, the more obvious it became that she wanted to see his changes ‘down there’. Feeling extremely anxious, Tyler covered his crotch, not wanting her to notice that such a

private part of him had mutated already. He was certain she already had, but Tyler wasn't ready to admit that to himself or her.

"Now, don't be nervous, sweetie. Let me see. I won't be able to help you otherwise," the woman insisted.

Tyler wracked his brains, trying to come up with any excuse he could. But it was obvious what was happening to him, even to an outsider. There was no way he could explain his prehensile penis or the lump that was steadily growing in the back of his pants. With trepidation, Tyler relented and pulled his hands away.

Within moments, the woman had donned a pair of rubber gloves and was working on unbuttoning his pants. Tyler gasped at her forwardness as she pulled down his underwear, exploring his slimy slit. Tyler nearly gagged as the fishy stench of his maleness wafted into his nose. How could she stand it?

Yet he was not prepared for her to reach out and start stimulating the flesh around his slit. Almost instantly, his pink, motile penis came out, leaking its fluids and strengthening the fishy stench wafting in the air. He immediately started apologizing for how gross it was. Yet, the woman simply giggled as more of his length escaped his slit. "It's alright, you silly boy. You're just a healthy young man with urges, after all. Let me help you with that."

Still a virgin, Tyler was not prepared for the level of pleasure he felt from the touch of a woman. She played over his length with practiced precision, not caring how slimy it was, and seemingly unbothered by the stench. Did she have experience with dolphins before? That would make sense if she worked for the water park. Wouldn't it?

His thoughts were apparently plastered on his face. "Don't worry about it, sweetie," she whispered. "You look perfectly healthy. You're a big boy, aren't you!" She continued as she stroked his cock faster. "Just let those thoughts go... that's it..."

At the woman's soothing words, Tyler did find his thoughts starting to shift towards Sarah again, wondering what it would feel like to have her stroking him instead. Yet, it was hard to hold onto that mental image with the penis he had now. His prehensile dick was not meant for humans.

Tyler's fantasies soon shifted to female dolphins, wondering what it would be like to have his shaft stimulated inside another dolphin's female slit. Wait, another dolphin? He wasn't a... wasn't he? His penis certainly was...

Yet the image in his mind soon shifted to the penis that he had growing from his own crotch. He imagined a magnificent cock, slipping out of a slit like his and rubbing against his erect member. Better than that, however, was having it inside his anus, stimulating his insides. Lost in the fantasy, he felt his asshole clench, wondering how such a member would fit in his tight...

Too late, Tyler realized the woman had one finger inserted in his anus, just under the growing piece of flesh of his tail. The foreign, unexpected touch made his eyes go blurry as a shiver of pleasure pulsed through his prostate. Tyler could feel the pressure building up in his balls and was helpless to hold back as he felt his testicles unload.

“Agggghh... no... stop... aahhhh!” Tyler cried out as his dick shook and violently shot several stinky jets of cum.

An odd pressure on his penis made him cum even harder before he realized that something had been placed on the tip. Looking down, he realized he now wore some sort of condom-like device over his penis, and his stinky seed had collected inside. What was going on?!

Seeing the panic on his face, the woman tried to calm him. “There, there sweetie. No need to worry. We just need a sample to help you, after all. You’re a big boy! I bet that left you tired. Let’s get you somewhere you can rest while we run some tests, OK?”

Tyler only nodded, feeling the fatigue wash over him as he agreed to follow. As he did so, the woman made a snide remark that made him pause. “It’s OK to think about boy dolphins as much as girl dolphins, dear.”

“W-what? I didn’t... I’m not gay!” Tyler retorted defensively. How had she known what he was thinking?

“That doesn’t matter to dolphins, sweetie! Dolphins like to play with both genders, after all!” She said as she led him down a hall to a vacant room with a bed, toilet, and shower. Tyler could not hide his frantic blushing as his slimy, smelly dick slid half in and out of his slit at the thought of other male dolphins. Was this shit changing him in mind as much as in body?

With that, the woman told him to wait patiently. They had to run some tests and they would be back with good news soon. He could make himself comfortable and sleep while they did their work.

Left alone, Tyler had too much time to reflect on his situation. He was changing, becoming a dolphin if the woman's words rang true. How much would he change before the process would



be done? Would he be some horrible mutant, or worse, a total animal? How was such a transformation even possible? Was it something in the water he had swallowed?

He wished the woman had stayed to answer some of his questions. Tyler had been too shy and overwhelmed to ask anything before. And it seemed like the woman had been avoiding his comments, more interested in teasing him than anything else. Could she and the team here actually make him human again? Was there something they were able to do to help his condition? Or...

Tyler found himself growing worried. Of all the teens that had visited the park, none had reported any experiences that might indicate they had encountered the same thing. Except those first kids to go missing last summer, all returned no worse for wear. Were those kids infected, like he was? Then, did that mean...

Bored, Tyler moved his face against a wall, trying to determine any sounds from beyond his chamber. Yet, as he did so, something started to force it away against his will. A slight ache in his jaw made him raise his hands to feel the skin. In horror, the same rubbery texture from his hands met his touch. Rushing to the mirror, he stared, stunned, as his chin started to swell along with his lips, pressing out of his face like some sort of thin beak. It looked disgusting!

Tears ran down his cheeks as the growth continued to reach forward, almost an inch now and still growing. If he crossed his eyes, he could see it sticking from his face, and still slowly extending outward. The pale skin was lightening towards gray, becoming more rubbery in texture. It looked just like the flesh of a dolphin!

“No, I don’t want to beEEEEEEEEEEEEKKK a dolphin!” He cried, only just realizing the high-pitched note that escaped his lips. It sounded just like a dolphin’s cry!

The noises sent shivers down his spine as he instantly closed his mouth, not wanting to elicit such a pained cry again. Tyler could feel his heart sink. He was changing so fast! Would the facility even have time to find a cure before more of his humanity was gone?

Grinding his teeth slightly, Tyler realized with horror that one or two of his molars felt loose in their sockets. Reaching up to touch them, Tyler was shocked at the fine layer of webbing that had formed between his fingers. Yet, the ache in his jaw was of greater concern and he forced the gross digits inside his mouth to feel his teeth. To his shock and horror, the two molars came loose, and he spat them out, staring at them in shock.

Trembling in fear, Tyler reached into his mouth to see if he’d injured himself somehow. The metallic flavor of blood was absent, thankfully. Instead of a bare, dented gumline, he felt the

pointed tips of bone that signaled the development of new teeth. He couldn't see them in the mirror, but he found himself sincerely hoping that they weren't the peg-like teeth of a dolphin.

The now-familiar tingling of change seemed to focus on his backside, where Tyler knew to be his growing tail. Reaching down, his rubbery fingers met the same texture as their own. The growth was painless, but that was only a mild relief with the prospect of what it meant for him. His new tail, if that's what it was, was three inches now, the bones of his spine able to be felt through the flesh. As he continued to caress the growth, Tyler suddenly cried out, feeling it twitch as it sent new electrical signals through his spinal column. He could move the damn thing if he tried!

Tyler sat on the bed, careful of the new appendage as it continued to tingle. As much as he wanted to see what was happening, the pain of losing his humanity was too much for him to bear. Tears running down his face, Tyler sobbed loudly as the tingling from his face and backside finally subsided. It seemed as though the changes were slowing down, though Tyler couldn't be sure if that was simply wishful thinking.

"OK, OK. they're stopping. It's OK. It's OK. I'm human. I'm a boy. Not a dolphin. I'm human," he continued the mantra, hoping that would keep the changes at bay until the woman came back.

He didn't want to lie down to sleep, lest he changed more. But the events of the day left him extremely fatigued. Besides, there was nothing to do alone in the room as he was. Careful of his webbed fingers, he pulled the blankets over him, hoping that they could fix him soon.

Sleep came easy, to his relief. There was some level of dreaming, but the images were none that Tyler found familiar. The cool sensation of water ran over his body, and he felt powerful and agile. Much to his chagrin, he felt he was experiencing sexual arousal several times during his sleep. The fringes of his awareness could only hope that it wasn't mental images of dolphins that were turning him on.

The now-familiar fishy stench suddenly hit him hard enough to rouse him from sleep. Tyler tried to wrinkle his nose to avoid the pungent smell but wasn't able to make the necessary motions. It was as though his nose wasn't where it should be. Still, it did not hinder his ability to drink into the potent stench of saltwater and dolphin cum.

Trying to get up, Tyler quickly realized that his sheets were soaked through. It was as though his hormones had skyrocketed, making him cum multiple times during his rest. The entire room stank like the ocean, a sickly salty stench that made him want to wretch.

Yet, despite the pungent, disgusting odor, Tyler's arousal had not abated. In fact, his squirming cock seemed more aroused than ever before. Tyler stared at the disgusting appendage with trepidation. He hated how bad it *stank*, reminiscent of rotting fish. His flesh was glistening in the light of the room, reminding him of how slimy it felt when he touched it.

Yet, he knew there was no way he'd be able to resist the needs in his cock. Not with the hormones cascading through his changing blood. Not with the memory of how *good* it felt to cum from his fishy prick. His need to cum was maddening!

Tyler reached down to grab at it when he gasped. His fingers were stuck together, the impression of his palms fading into the flesh. His middle fingers were somewhat pointed, the image familiar. It looked like the beginning of a dolphin's fins!

Panicked started to set in now; not only at the notion of losing his hands, his way to interact with the world, but he was unable to touch himself! Tyler went to yell out, but only a continuous series of "EEEEEEKKKKKKK!" escaped his longer lips. He couldn't even speak like a human any longer!

The sound of the door opening immediately calmed him as the woman from before entered the room. Look of concern on her face, she called out to him in a gentle, cooing voice. "You poor boy! Come here, my boy! Come here!"

Tyler tried to get up, but his legs felt wobbly, and he collapsed back on the bed, unable to move. He couldn't see his legs under the sheets, but he was painfully aware that his toes weren't responding to his mental commands. Where they stuck together like his fingers? Though it was difficult to ascertain, his legs might have been shorter, the muscle clearly weakened from his changes.

The woman came up to him, teasing his rubbery cheeks with a gloved hand. Looking into his eyes, she wore an expression of compassion that almost made Tyler relax. "You've been such a brave boy through all of this. It won't be much longer now!"

Tyler panicked at that. Was she intending to let him change all the way? NO! She said she would help him change back, damnit! He didn't want to be a dolphin! He was a boy!

Tyler tried his best to call out to her. Telling her he was a boy, a human. Telling her he wanted to go home. Yelling that he wasn't an animal and didn't want to be one. He struggled, trying to fight through the changes to his voice that prevented him from speaking. Yet, no matter how he struggled, only dolphin squeaks elicited from his lips!

“EEEEEEEEEEEEKKKKK EEEEEEEEEKKK EEEEEKKKKKK!”

“Aww, I’m sorry, sweetie! I can’t understand you with your cute little voice!” She said, stroking his head. Tyler panicked as his brown hair started to fall out as she rubbed it away, exposing pale skin that was steadily altering towards gray.

Tyler tried desperately to protest, but only dolphin squeaks escaped his lips as he struggled in the bed. In this condition, he was completely at the woman’s mercy. There was no way to escape with his humanity unless this woman willed it. And, given her attitude, she had no intention of having him be anything other than an animal!

The woman’s gloved hand reached down towards his penis, making him squeak and squirm to try and get away. Yet, in his hybrid state on land, he was completely helpless as she pulled down the covers to expose his needy cock. To Tyler’s horror, his member was erect and wriggling with the need to be touched. His puckered anus had moved down just under his slit, right where his testicles once lay before they had moved inside him.

“Aww, what a big boy you are! Here, let me help you with that, stud!” She exclaimed excitedly as one gloved hand moved around his penis. Stroking him slowly, another finger reached into his rear, teasing the edges of his pucker before inserting itself inside gently. Tyler moaned in his high-pitched dolphin squeal as he was penetrated. He couldn’t believe how good it felt!

Tyler could hardly resist as his body squirmed uncontrolled, ravished by the pleasure of being taken in such an intimate way. He wanted to screech for her to stop but was unable to utter more than a few stifled dolphin-like noises. Yet, his struggles grew lessened the longer he was teased. It was impossible to deny how *exquisite* it felt to be pleased!

“Didn’t think you’d make such a submissive dolphin! Our boys are going to *love* you, stud!” The woman teased in that calming voice that would normally make Tyler enraged. Yet, it was hard to keep up his anger with the pleasure cascading through his body.

Tyler cried out his frustrations, trying to fight as much as he could. “I’m not an animal, I’m a boy! I want to go home! I’m not a dolphin! I’m not gay!” He tried to yell, but all he could muster were those cute dolphin squeaks that made the woman giggle.

Tyler was aware that he was still changing as she teased his cock and taint. The ache in his tail intensified as it grew longer, twitching against the bed. He could feel the underside stretching towards his feet, which themselves were shortened on his body. The rubbery flesh cracked slightly as the extension of his spine acquired the additional linkages required for him to move it.

To his horror, he could feel the tip start to flatten, two protrusions forming on either side that were to be the beginnings of his fins.

The wet snaps from his legs alarmed him more, however, as their reduction seemed to fuel the growth of his tail. His knees were straightening, the fat from his thighs fading into his trunk as the base of his tail expanded to the circumference of his waist. His feet were gone by now, just pointed fins that melded with his calves as the meat continued to diminish. They looked infantile now, unable to move as they shrank into his rear flippers. His arms fared better, for now at least. But they were unlikely to last that way for long as the changes progressed.

To his sexual frustration, the woman eventually stopped, bringing him just to the edge but not enough for him to get off. Desperately, Tyler tried to reach down with his hands, but his arms were shorter, and he had no chance of reaching his pulsating phallus. Even if he could, his fingers were woefully underdeveloped for the task!

“Awww, you poor boy! I’m sorry to leave you dry! But don’t worry. You’ll have our other boys and girls to play with in a few minutes. I just had to get you all nice and ready for them!” She exclaimed, frightening Tyler to the core.

At that, the door opened, and two men in lab coats and gloves came in, walking to either side of the bed. Grabbing his dwindling arms, they hefted Tyler up in the air and started dragging him towards the door. Tyler tried to struggle but was unable to move his body in his present state. His growing tail dragged across the floor as he was led out into the hallway.

The expansive hall eventually opened into an area with a massive indoor tank wrapped around the edges of the building. Tyler was unceremoniously dragged towards a staircase at the end, given little time to view the inhabitants of the tanks. He swore he could see a flash of rubbery gray flesh, but it was impossible to be certain as he was taken through the door and outside.

The stench of fish and ocean hit him ten-fold, though his body could not gag in his current state. He was outside, looking out at the outer opening of a tank that was clearly made to house a pod of animals the size of himself. He could see several fins poking through the surface at the far end. They drew his attention to an ache from his back that signaled his own dorsal fin was poking from the rubbery flesh. He was going to change into a dolphin and there was nothing he could do about it!

His hands and legs were metamorphosing all the while, his legs little more than stubs at this point. The men had a little trouble holding him up as his upper arms lost all their muscle, sinking into his blubbery flanks as they lost their mass. He could no longer see any distinction between his hands, his wrists swept back into a thin fin.

The stink of his cock and its fluids still permeated his nose as he lamented the loss of his human body. He was going to be stuck with this gross, slimy penis and fishy stench for the rest of his days. He was so horny but had no way to touch himself. He would have to have sex with other changed dolphins to even get off!

The two men held him there for a few moments, allowing Tyler to stare into the water that was to be his home. He struggled and squeaked but could not escape in his current state. Yet even through his protests, he could feel something on his forehead pushing its way backward, clenching open and closed as it did so. As the hole took position above his bloated neck, Tyler slowly began to understand how he had been breathing without nostrils on the front of his face.

Too late, he realized they were waiting for the blowhole to form so that he could take proper breaths before entering his new home. Yet, he hardly had time to take a breath before he was unceremoniously thrown into the tank with a painful splash. He struggled, not knowing how to swim without his hands and legs. Yet, his tail started to flick up and down on its own accord as Tyler figured out how to right himself. He shot forth like a bolt, almost excited at his mobility in the water. It was almost enough for him not to regret the loss of his humanity.

The sound of the woman laughing caught his attention and Tyler reflectively swam towards the source of the sound. It was difficult to make out in the murky water, but Tyler's eyes must have transitioned, for he could see a speaker along the wall. His non-external ears could take in the vibrations that made sounds, allowing him to hear the words underwater as intelligible.

"Aww, looks like my good boy is going to settle in just fine! I can't wait for you to meet your new friends!" she teased him once more.

Tyler wasn't sure what she meant, distracted as he was by the rest of the changes. His forehead was swelling with fat and oil, changing into a cetacean melon. The rest of his human teeth were falling out, making room for peg-like teeth to grip the stinky fish that he would eat for the rest of his life. His neck and belly swelled with fatty blubber as his tail lengthened and his arms and legs reduced. He was only minutes away from changing fully into a dolphin!

So enamored with the feelings from his new body, he hardly noticed the sensation of something on his dick, making his entire dolphin body shiver. Flipping himself over, he was greeted to the vestige of another dolphin. His waning heterosexuality hoped it was a female dolphin wanting to play with him. But, much to his chagrin, the dolphin had a wiggling penis that was larger than Tyler's own fishy member!

“Aww, he likes you! That’s so sweet!” Said the woman, masking a laugh as she watched Tyler change. Tyler would have blushed if his rubbery dolphin cheeks still allowed it.

“Don’t be shy in front of the other boys and girls. You’re going to be together for a long time! It’s important to make friends!”

Tyler stared out helplessly as the aches in his body continued. He tried frantically to kick his legs, but the fins he was left with did not respond. His eyes, able to see in his underwater world, made him aware they were little more than rear flippers, deflated into his tube-like chest. His nipples, his pecs, and his belly had all flattened, leaving him in an oval, streamlined shape for swimming. Though his arms maintained some flexibility, it was clear they were useless as anything other than flippers. His tail was still growing longer, thrashing against the water in an attempt to move away from the creature that had taken such interest in him.

Yet, he was unable to move away fast enough to escape the sleek, gray torpedo that had discovered him. The other dolphin agilely swept underneath him, rubbing their cocks together and sending shivers through Tyler’s body. Though Tyler didn’t want it, he couldn’t ignore how good it made his body feel to be in such proximity with this other male.

Tyler found himself wondering if any females would at least come to meet his needs. His clicks of protest did bounce back into his massive melon, providing him mental images of other shapes in the water like his own. However, they were far off, and ignorant of his presence. The only one present to quell the needs in his cock was this singular male!

Tyler’s dolphin eyes watched in terror as the woman simply smiled at him, her infantilizing words coming in from the tank’s speaker. “There there. Just let it happen. Doesn’t it feel good? That’s a good boy,” she said, soothingly.

Tyler found it almost impossible to quell the panic as the male played over his cock like an expert. He teased the edges of Tyler’s fishy phallus with his tongue before moving up and giving Tyler the dolphin equivalent of a smooch.

Tyler the dolphin could only squeak frantically as the male’s cock brushed against his own once more, sending tremors through his body. He couldn’t want this. He shouldn’t want this. But his ass and his cock cried out with the need to breed, to be fucked.

His rectal muscles soon relaxed before Tyler felt the dolphin slide underneath him and teased his aching pucker. Somehow, the dolphin had matched his speed, as neither needed to stop swimming. He could feel the dolphin’s probing tongue over Tyler’s traitorous anus, getting him ready for the mating he was soon to partake in.

The aches in his body were gone now, his form evidently finished. He was a dolphin now, likely forever, and stuck in this tank. To his chagrin, that disgusting, fishy stench still carried in the water, amplified from the presence of another male's twitching, prehensile cock. Worst of all, the needs in his cock and anus made him certain he was a *gay* dolphin or at least a bisexual one. He needed to be fucked in the worst way!

With a sudden pinch of pain, the dolphin shoved his slimy penis into Tyler's virgin pucker, making him yell his cute dolphin squeaks as it poked and prodded its way into Tyler's insides. Tyler was helpless as the male buried himself inside, the prehensile member rubbing every inch of Tyler's rectal walls.

To Tyler's shame, he found himself liking the penetration. The dolphin's slimy, agile penis worked his way around Tyler's insides in a way that he had never felt before. His own slimy cock throbbed its insistence, before the male's bulge rubbed against it. Tyler had never experienced something so amazing; his body was betraying his heterosexuality as the dolphin fucked him with fervor.

The mating seemed to last a lifetime, but in reality, Tyler's heightened arousal made it only minutes. The dolphin's flexible tip found its way against Tyler's prostate, making the new dolphin squirm and writhe against its rubbery flesh. He could feel his internal testicles press insistently against his slit, forcing their potent load of dolphin jism into the water as the male filled his bowels up with warm cum.

To Tyler's disgust, he realized he could actually *taste* his own salty seed as it floated away in the water. He wanted to cough and sputter but was forced to sample the salty flavor as the other dolphin pulled out of him to add his own fluids to the mix. It was the most homosexual experience Tyler could have ever imagined, he could not deny the level of pleasure it brought him.

Momentarily spent, Tyler turned to glance in the woman's direction once more. She was grinning at him, hand on the glass to get his attention. "What a good boy you are! You're going to get along so well with all the boys and girls! After all, this is your life now! It's good to know you're going to enjoy it!"

Tyler wished with every ounce of his strength that he could protest the words. Yet, soon, the needs in his cock grew insistent once more. There was nothing he could do. He was locked in this body now, likely forever. He was at the mercy of this woman, who made it her mission to infantilize his new life as a gay, male dolphin. Expression of shame plastered on his dolphin features, he slowly relented and allowed the male to penetrate his pucker once more.



