

I felt nervous as hell walking into the doctor's compound for the first day of my new job. I knew it was cliché to feel that way, but this career would be life-changing, and in more ways than one. This compound would likely be my home for the rest of my life. Assuming I didn't decide on some other form of permanent lodging during my time here while such decisions were still in my hands. I had several weeks to decide on my permanent residence if my understanding was correct. But, that was neither here nor there, as the saying went.

Either way, I knew that I wasn't going to be leaving the facility of my own free will, if I wanted to or not. Not that I wanted to, mind. And I certainly would be leaving it on two legs, not with the choice that I had made for the rest of my life. But, strange it as sounds, that suited me just fine. Bipedal life wasn't suitable for me anymore, and I was eager to get down on all fours as soon as I figured it was time. Again, neither here nor there. But, still, something I looked forward to with an excitement that was beyond my understanding, especially when I had learned that such things were possible.

My brief interview with Doctor Johnathan Barr earlier this week went well, naturally, or else I wouldn't be here. He was more than happy to accept my application, once he confirmed that I really wanted what he was offering. And I had wanted it, more than anything in my life. Naturally, given the 'legality' of what he was doing here, there was always the fear that such an intern that had prior knowledge of what he was doing here would try to bring some bane to the business. Though, given the sorts of forums that those people used, it was highly unlikely that someone would want to bring ill will to the facility. All part of the intake process, I was assured!

Though I was skeptical at first, the Doctor was understanding, knowing that his work was on the cutting edge and that it was necessary for it to be seen to be believed. Naturally, I hoped that would be the case and that it was exactly what I hoped it would be. To be given such a low-hanging fruit only to have it ripped away from me would be devastating to my inner mind. But, not something that I had to worry about, I was soon to discover. This facility would be everything that I hoped it would be and more! Truly, the opportunity of a lifetime, though not something that most people would walk into willingly. For me, it was everything I could have ever imagined and more!

Quickly I found out that what he was doing was not only possible but performed regularly. It only took a brief tour of his facilities to learn that everything I was witnessing was not only possible but currently happening on a wide scale. The process was long and drug out, and not all the participants were like me, willing ones. But, it was a moral scruple that I had to put to the side to eventually work here. In the end, I said fuck it. I knew it would be a little shady, and besides, I was in too deep now, even though ultimately it was exactly where I wanted to be!

I couldn't turn him down, not especially since I had the option to work in any sector of my choosing. A brief intake was followed by an overview of what I would be doing in the interim, and I had the job. My final job, though one that contained a lifetime of benefits and the best retirement plan with someone of my particular proclivities. How could I say no?

With that, I started my employment. Over the next few days, I was given a thorough tour of the facilities and where I would be working. Currently, he didn't have any other assistants working here, to my disappointment. The most recent two had retired to join the sanctuary already. But there were plenty of other subjects going through their transitions and lots of examples of the doctor's work for me to admire. That was the reason that I wanted to work here before 'joining' the sanctuary myself, which would be the end goal eventually. The idea of seeing others transition before my eyes was powerfully arousing, the ultimate tease to my own eventual transformation.

Of course, the doc spent ample time explaining what he would have me do in the weeks leading up to my transformation. It was all menial jobs, how he would have me help to feed and clean up after the animals as they transitioned into their new lives. But, one that I was more than happy to do for the promise that he made to me! I didn't mind getting a little dirty with the animals if I was soon on the path to becoming one myself, after all.

I think my favorite part though was seeing where my new home would be. It was a massive outdoor establishment attached to the compound, just before the stables. More than enough for the body of my dreams to live a comfortable life. I spend almost an hour just exploring it. In fact, my cock was already starting to get a little hard from the prospect. I couldn't wait to move in, though not like I needed to

Thankfully, Dr. Barr gave me a couple of days to get my affairs in order before moving myself here. The doctor had ways of helping to make people disappear, intentionally or no. I, for one, was to willingly sign over all my assets to one of the many shell companies that he had influence in. Then I would be free to come here and live the life I had always dreamed of. I only had the clothes on my back as I entered the facility for the last time as a human. Yet, despite the loss of everything that once made up my life, I had no regrets. There had been some friends, of course, some distant family. But even if I couldn't tell them what new journey I was embarking on, I hoped they would understand. The chance to give up my human skin and be an animal, the fulfillment of my dreams was too enticing to give up, even if my human self would be missed.

Then the moment of truth. I was soon shown the process the Doc used to change his subjects into a completely, totally animal body. Most of the science was beyond me, but that wasn't important. A mix of chemicals, nanotechnology, the science well beyond anything

available to the public, it had to me. I found it amazing that the Doc could gift people with animal bodies in this way. In just a few short days or weeks, depending on how easily they gave in to their desires, the subject would fully turn into an animal of the doctor's choosing. Or, their own, if they were so lucky as to be someone like me. Though, the Doctor was not cruel with his choices. Many of the subjects were willing, and even those that were not were fit to form. Most of the species on display were commonplace, and desirable for those that, like me, had transformative desires.

My change would be a little different than most subjects that found their way on the premises. It would be slow, taking months for me to finally lose the ability to help the Doc in any meaningful way. That was, of course, only while I wanted to maintain enough humanity to assist with the facility. I always had the option to change completely whenever I desired it. But, I fully intended to help the doctor as long as I could before the urge to embrace my bestial existence became overwhelming. Whether that be days or weeks, I wouldn't know till I was in the thick of it, so to speak. I laughed at that turn of phrase. Being 'thick' would soon have meaning for me in more ways than one!

I was injected soon after that, of course. The doctor never kept blank specimens on-site for very long, even if they were to be working there for some length of time as well. I could almost feel the serum flowing through my body as soon as I was injected, preparing me to change into the form of my dreams. It would take a few hours or days to see the results in any meaningful way, the change was dialed back for my personal experience. If left unchecked, it would take literal months before I was inhuman enough to operate within that world. But, I was more than happy to get started at my job while I waited.

Afterward, I was directed to the cafeteria to start studying up on the daily meals for some of the doctor's residents. Other staffers were hired to stock inventory and prepare meals for all the animals. Yet, they never made it into the actual compound, as per the doctor's strict instructions. I assumed if they ever found out what was really going on within the sanctuary, they would be subject to become its newest residents. Of course, the services of staff who were unaware of the doctor's procedures were likely a necessity. I was sure it was troublesome finding volunteers who wanted to help and eventually become an animal, like myself. It was only a short position unless that person only wanted to become partly animal, I supposed. Myself, I wanted the whole one-way trip, and I was soon to get it!

As an assistant, I wasn't responsible for all the animals in the doctor's care. He took care of the rest in those times when there were not any assistants available, though it did take away from his work and his ability to enjoy the process fully. The Doc suggested that I primarily work with herbivores since I was becoming one myself. I supposed that made a sort of sense. Part of

my changing brain would likely be uncomfortable being in proximity to animals that wanted to hunt or eat me, even with how massive I would eventually become. And it seemed logical to be with creatures who were not alarmed by my presence in turn. I wanted to see every animal changing and that had been changed, of course. But, there was precedent for observing them during my off-hours, of course.

After studying up on the procedures and exploring the facilities and residents I was given a tentative daily schedule, with time in between for...*personal* activities. The doc, for his part, was certainly keen on allowing his subjects to partake in pleasures of the flesh in the presence of his creatures. Nothing hands-on, of course, unless it was time for one to join with a particular individual animal or group, or the participant was willing an initiated the exchange. His only rule, which I was willing to abide by. I would certainly get sufficient jollies simply by watching! And, as someone who already masturbated several times a day on average, the increase in sexual stamina provided by the changes would be more than enough to make my day full of endorphins! Not that I expected to be asked to join an orgy, or the like, mind you. Still, if the opportunity came up...

I couldn't help but jerk myself off that night, eager to experience what it meant to be an animal. I had a bed for the night, before being taken to my habitat once it had been prepared for me. The last time I would ever sleep in a bed, though I could hardly bring myself to care about such things any longer. I wanted to be in my own pen, in a cage like the animal I was to become. Still, all things in good time, as they say. For now, I was free to enjoy my carnal delights before it was eventually time to sleep.

Naturally, even one day into the change, I was eager to explore whatever alterations came over me. I wasn't expecting them to be much, mind you. The process was dimmed for me, so I would only change no more than 25% of the way until the doctor gave me an agent to allow the rest of the process to happen. Though my humanity was forfeited, over the course of months, I wouldn't convert in the expected amount of time until I desired it to happen. And, I wanted it more than anything, once I had experienced all the pleasures of changing with the other residents into animal life.

I kept the light on, not caring that there was a camera in the room as I pulled down my pants and started jerking off. The doctor was watching us all the time, liking jerking off to the changes as much as I wanted to. Not that I could blame him, of course. I would be too, if I had his genius and ability to alter bodies into new and better forms. But, if my changes or the work I helped to complete helped him get off, I was more than happy to oblige!

Pulling down my pants, I was greeted with an unexpected sight. The size of my cock was...off, maybe? I jerked myself pretty often, enough that I was sure what I looked like in the downstairs department. And I was certain the texture was a little strange, too, as though I was getting a pins and needles sensation whenever I touched myself. It was a little strange, but enough to know that it was altering if only slightly. And was that a discolored patch of skin, there? Oh, god, was I changing?

With the eagerness I felt for the changes, it was all I could do to hold back even to the point of getting to full erection. I moaned, not caring that the doc was watching me as I creamed my pants, cumming all over the fabric and my hand. The force of ejaculation was more than I was expecting, and I couldn't help but let myself go into the moment. My first elephantine orgasm...the first of many...

Only one day into my 'internship', I was excited to learn that I would be working with changing subjects already. While it was interesting to observe animals in their new lives after their transition, the entire reason for my volunteer stint here was to watch others transform. The notion of physical transformation had always been fascinating to me, arousingly so. The ability to observe it firsthand, for weeks or months at a time before allowing myself to experience it in my own body was the chance of a lifetime! And one that I was not planning on passing up, in more ways than one!

The first thing on my list for the day was to feed a troupe of soon-to-be gorillas. I'd been told they had been a frat house of some kind who all volunteered to become animals. Evidently, they were all failing their term reports and their frat was in danger of being shut down. All five of the guys were obsessed with working out, and, secretly, transformation, though the rest only learned that after many nights of binge drinking. Quite the coincidence, if you ask me. When one discovered the Doc's services on a dark web forum, the notion of forever being the muscled male specimens of their dreams was powerfully attractive to all five, and they quickly signed on for a lifetime of ease!

Interestingly enough, the frat members were all either already gay or content with being that way. Not that it would matter in the long run, of course, given the doctor's proclivities. Personally, I admired the effect of the doctor's formula on the developing animal psyche. In particular, it always seemed to provide a strong sexual attraction to the same sex. I, for one, didn't mind that the process would make me almost exclusively gay. I never really had a strong preference for men or women, preferring to tend to my own pleasures on my own time. Still, when I was to be fully changed, the thought of having another massive bull to breed my asshole

got me more than a little excited! In my new body, I could be free to explore things that the human me could never have imagined, and I would be fully inclined to do so when the time came!

Still, these were introspections for the future. The Doc would eventually need to find a suitable mate to change for me, preferably someone who shared my particular animal fantasy. Eventually, of course, when my time came he would simply choose someone to add to my pen if none presented themselves. I felt a little sad at that. I didn't want someone forced to be an animal with me. I didn't know who out there would share in my depravity and darkest desires, but I still held out hope that he would find someone willing! He was at least offering the role to would-be transformation enthusiasts, so that was something.

Stepping out into the warm humid air, I walked over to the elevator that would lead to their habitat. From what I understood, this outdoor habitat was designed specifically for volunteers like them. It wasn't as heavily monitored as the internal habitats, due to the fact that there was simply a reduced chance that they would try to escape. Being in their preferred habitat and all that. Not that escape was really possible, not from the changes and the new sexual urges that came with them and served to propagate them. Leaving the compound, as I'd been told, would trigger a full transition from human to animal in a time span that any contact with the outside world would most likely result in finding the animal in a fully feral form, unable to communicate its transition to that state or perhaps unable to remember being anything but that animal at all. And, of course, the doctor could add any 'unfortunate' soul that saw his work mid-transition to the menagerie if he was so inclined.

But still, the doctor preferred to keep his subjects in a position to not be distracted by such things as escaping or regaining their humanity as they became accustomed to their new forms and sensibilities. For this reason, I found it unsurprising that much of the uptake of the compound was automated, including cleaning, feeding, and temperature/energy regulation. Naturally, he would need to perform maintenance tasks, and there were teams that were brought in to work on new habitats, during downtimes when no one was actively transitioning. The use of an assistant like me was likely largely unnecessary, and more of another long-term study of its own. One I was happy to participate in!

The facilities I had been shown were rather large, all things considered. About twenty or so indoor habitats as well as the add-ons outside that the doctor spent most of his free time working around. Most of the people who came through the facility were in transitory positions, and I mean that in more ways than one. Some were kept here for long-term study or of their own volition. Any willing volunteers were given the choice, though the doctor had a variety of

behavioral studies to perform in the long term. And he certainly had the space to keep a wide variety of specimens!

The whirl of the elevator's motors filled my ears as my eyes fell over the troupe of changing men. They had been here for about four days, relatively recent additions. The doctor liked to bring in several subjects at once over the course of a couple of days, and was still in the process of doing so, hence his preference to have an assistant. Those periods in between which people were actively transformed were spent finding suitable habitats for subjects and setting in motion some of the long-term research he would do. Then the cycle would begin again. So many were being granted the gift of a bestial form, as many as he could possibly handle!

This group, as I'd expected, was well on their way to becoming gorillas. They were naked, of course, with thick black-gray fur obscuring most of their already darkening skin. Most of them had massive, sloping heads covered with black fur. Two of the apes have flattened and thickened nostrils and several had thick canines poking out rubbery lips. The other three all have extensive protruding bellies and broad chests. All of their arms were huge with bulging muscles under the surface, ending in thickening fingers. It was obvious that they were more than half changed, and had been here several days.

One aspect that was uniform on all of them, however, was the thick-thumbed feet above their leathery soles. Their large toes were stretched up the surface of their feet and looked just as flexible as a human thumb. I almost envied that, how amazing it must be to explore a level of tactile sensation unknown to humans. Likely, it was a deliberate action for them to be given such an inhuman element early in their changes. Something for them to explore while they were still human enough to appreciate it, I figured. It was the main reason I was looking forward to my eventual trunk!

The group was currently engaged in carnal acts, which was unsurprising, given the proclivities granted by the doc's procedures. One was behind another fucking him in the ass while his cock was being stroked from behind by his dom. The other three were sitting around in a circle, their feet wrapped around each other's cocks in a bizarre sort of circle jerk. It seemed amazing that their toes were so flexible yet so gentle. Enough to expertly bring their lovers to climax. It did not escape my notice that their cocks were a bit larger than their human counterparts. Gorillas had smaller cocks than humans, and from the sight of them, I could only conclude that it was a physical attribute custom made upon request. It was a reasonable request, I thought. I would ask the same if I was not expecting my own cock to be massive someday soon!

Still, I had to break my gaze from them and get to work. There were other habitats to tend to, after all. I wheeled the tray over to them, not wanting to be too loud lest I distracted their fun.

Over the evident pleasure and hoots of release, however, it seemed largely unlikely. The tray was lined with a variety of fruits and veggies that actually made my mouth water. But these were for the animals and needed to be left here. I could still get my own food for now. Even though I would soon need to eat literal tonnes of it...

After a few moments of hoots and shots of cum from eager dicks, they did finally sniff the air and detected the presence of their lunch. The largest male, who had been breeding his mate from behind, pulled out with a rush of semen to walk over to my offered spread. Neither he nor his mate seemed to care about the cum still staining his backside, the bottom only stooping enough to rub some semen out of his hair. The dom, meanwhile, picked up an apple with his foot and gave it a few cautious sniffs before biting into it, devouring it in one gulp, and letting out a hoot of excitement. It was amazing that his feet were so tactile that he could achieve such a feat, and I couldn't help but watch with reverence.

Evidently, he was the troupe leader, and his shouts were enough to elicit a reaction from the rest, who all came over and started digging in. I watched with fascination as they ate, admiring the changes in their bodies, the subtle human features hidden beneath the spread of their new gorilla forms. It was so fascinating to think that less than a week ago they were just as human as I was. But now, they were on their way of change to what would be their eventual new forms, and I couldn't be more excited for them, save only for the excitement I felt for my own changes!

The scene was having another effect on me, causing my cock to tent in my pants from lust. The sight of other people changing did it for me, just as much as I thought it would! I should have been a little embarrassed, and, in truth, I was. Though such sentiments were human, and so few of the residents of this establishment were. I would shed them soon, along with my human skin and all the remaining humanity from my body.

One of the gorilla men, the leader, finished eating and walked over to me, giving my sweaty flesh a nice long whiff. His flattened nose stopped on my damp crotch, and he gave it a careful lick which sent shivers down my spine. Did he really want to...? And, despite my very erect state, did I...?

All at once, his hands were on my pants, pulling them down to expose the stained underwear. I stood still, save for my hands which were trailing exploratory over his thickening brow. My hands pulled him in closer, as though encouraging him onward toward the goal he had in mind. I smiled at the implication. The doctor had encouraged me to explore any carnal acts that came over me in my time here. Of course, such participation with the other subjects was not out of the question, be they willing. The gorilla man before me could certainly consent, even

with the changed mentalities that were being bestowed on him. The chance to freely explore sexuality without boundaries was one of the most exciting aspects of allowing this change!

I looked down at my now-exposed cock, a sudden sense of pride filling me. There was no way that I'd been that hung before! I had only been a modest 4 inches before the beginning of the procedure, but now I had to be, what? 7, maybe 8? I was double my size! And I still had so much more growing to do. I would far dwarf the other animals here I was certain. Not my primary goal, but not something that I shied away from!

I gasped as I felt my long cock being played over by thick, rough hands. I was glad its slightly altered skin was far more sturdy. Otherwise, the rough animalistic hands might have hurt! But this changing man was surprisingly gentle as he played over my cock, reaching down to tease my balls and even as far back as my taint. Every touch of his rough hands sent tingles of bliss over me. As a thick finger rose up to insert itself into my eager anus, I felt all control of my facilities slipping. It felt so wonderful to let myself go like this!

Before I knew what was happening, the rest of the troupe had joined us, playing over my body like some sort of toy. My shirt was ripped away while thick-fingered hands played over my hairless chest and nipples. A thick rubbery muzzled jaw fell over my human lips and before I knew it I was kissing one of the gorilla men. I closed my eyes, feeling many sets of hands and even toes covering every inch of my body. I was in heaven, my body receiving more sexual attention than in the rest of my human experiences combined!

Yet nothing compared to the sudden sensations of something warm and moist playing over my erect cock. I couldn't look down, not with the changing man kissing me as he was. But it was obvious to me what was happening. Their skilled leader had taken my length into his changing maw, sucking me off like an expert. His thick tongue played over my cock head as he took my entire rod towards the back of his throat. Every inch of my sex was stimulated all at once, and it was impossible to stifle my moans of ecstasy. I continued working my hands over his head, feeling his skin and muscle writhing under my touch. It was as though his actions were forcing him to change, which in turn drove his lusts. What an amazing process of change and arousal!

I wasn't going to last long like this. And I didn't want to. The thought of cumming with these males was more than enough to bring my cock to release. I moaned into the mouth of the man on my lips as my pleasure grew towards a crescendo. A passing thought played over my mind as I went into orgasm. I had already changed a little without being fully aware of it, and I was likely to change more after the process. This was the first of many orgasms I would experience in this bestial existence and I was excited to be baptized into my new life!

“Aww...Fuckkk!” I yelled as my penis throbbed and shot a thick wad of jism into the gorilla’s maw. Waves of release flowed over me as I felt a simultaneous splash of wetness over my form. The scents of sex and lust flowed over me and made me moan in contentment. Even though this would not be my forever home, the delectable male scents left me with a sense of warmth and belonging that I had not met anywhere in my human life.

Just as soon as it began, it was over. I wiped the remnants of our lust off me as best I could, using the torn remnants of my uniform to remove the sticky seed. I wanted to lick it up but thought better of it, I wasn't sure what effect it would have on my own programmed changes, but I was certain that wouldn't be an issue with the doctor's process. The troupe had given up on me, going back to their own orgy to revel in their latest changes. I was content to be left alone for the time being. I had a different future waiting for me, and many mouths to feed and changes to observe before that time.

Gathering my torn uniform and my empty cart, I made my way back to the elevator. Honestly, I didn't give a damn about my nudity. The doctor, in his infinite wisdom, only smiled at me as I entered the common area to get a new uniform. He didn't ask me what I had done, and I didn't find it prudent to tell him. He had already shown me his vast collection of screens that he used to keep an eye on all of his subjects. Nothing that occurred in his pens escaped his notice. And besides, I was sure what effect watching it had on him. A stain on his trousers told me all I needed to know.

Content for now, I made my way out towards the horse stalls next. The stables were in another area off the main compound, evidently built rather recently. Dr. Barr had told me that they had become a necessity with the number of people that had chosen to be equines, a popular species it seemed. It also allowed him to perform several long-term studies, including the effect of herd mentality and dominance struggles within a stud herd. I found myself excited to work with the beasts and figured that I'd be spending all my spare time out here watching the horses living their new lifestyles. They weren't quite leading the same kind of life that I would be, but I was still aroused at the thought of watching them.

This particular enclosure wasn't barred off like the rest. For all intents and purposes, it was an actual farm field. I found myself wondering how any new additions were kept in check while they still had hands and could potentially escape. Perhaps it had something to do with the herd mentality that equines were known to exhibit. Maybe one of the first things to change was the mind, forcing any new recruits to crave contact with their new herd mates before they lost their ability to open the gate. I made a note to ask the doctor about it later, though it was more a personal curiosity that I would no longer harbor.

Even from a distance, I could see the herd I would be looking after. There were five horses, all clear stallions, surrounding a still very human-looking female. The discomfort on her face was evident. She was not a willing participant. She was clearly naked, though black fur covered much of her body. And she had a very erect stallion's cock sticking up from her crotch, a sign of her changed gender. She wasn't really moving, just sitting there as the other stallions pranced around her, each of their erect cock's leaking onto the grass of the pen. Even if she wanted to, the stallion's impressive bodies and the effect that their scents and presence had on her kept her rooted in place.

As best as I could tell, all of them seemed intent on welcoming her fully into the herd. Some of them were licking her head and face, while one had his brown rubbery lips poised to engulf her cock. Their muzzles and leaking cocks were covering her head to toe, as though they were encouraging more black fur to sprout from her developing hide. The main stallion seemed intent on experiencing all her changed horse cock had to offer. His rubbery lips sank down and his powerful muzzle made the woman cry out as her massive length was fully engulfed.

I recalled being told the doctor's explanation about this particular herd and the dynamic they had. Three of the stallions had been here a long time, just a few months into the doctor's initial research. The other two had been a male and female couple, though I wasn't sure if they had been willing participants or not. And the woman still changing was a reporter who the doctor had found infiltrating his compound just a few days ago. It seemed he was curious as to how she would fit into the herd as a stallion, given her love for horses.

Another aspect of the doctor's work was made evident to me as I watched the display. It seemed that the doctor had a preference for male victims, or rather male animals, even if they were once female. I can't say I was complaining from a personal preemptive. But it was interesting how quickly those who changed genders took to the sexual drives of their new bodies. It was indeed a service for those who were not born into the desired gender or even those who simply wanted to experience life from the other side of the fence. Just another way to showcase the doctor's amazing work!

I was distracted from my thoughts as the woman suddenly cried out, a not entirely human sound as her massive cock twitched and shot a thick creamy load into her suiter's rubbery muzzle. The other stallions began licking up the remnants of her lust like a fine wine, cleaning her off and encouraging her changes and her newfound masculinity. I wasn't sorry to say that the view gave me as much of a boner as the show with the new gorilla troupe. Even if she wasn't willing now, I was sure she would be, especially with a cock the size of the one she now sported!

I smiled a little as the herd rose from their fun to come over and investigate the cart of delights I'd brought them. They were given ample fodder and grass to chew on within their enclosure, of course. But on my tray were apples, carrots, and sugary treats, enough that the herd was more than a little interested in what I had to offer. There were a few more veggies for the woman as well as her digestive system wasn't quite changed enough to handle the riffage that sustained the other horses. Though, I would have to fight off the fully changed stallions in order that she got enough to eat!

The woman crawled forward, sore from the oral ministrations on her cock. I took a few moments to observe her, soon to be his, changes more fully. She had a fully developed horse cock where her feminine genitals once sat. Her ears were a little pointed, her lips a bit brown and rubbery and her body was spattered with patches of black fur. She had a long way to go, but I felt I would be happy to watch her transition over the next several days into another stallion of the doc's herd. Judging from what I'd seen so far she was to make a fine addition!

Next, I sent to work cleaning out the pen while the horses ate. Their habitat was rather sizable, with a wide flat field and sturdy barn. The stable had an open area for the horses to stand or sleep, covered in soft somewhat dirty hay. I figured this was present in lieu of individual stalls, as the herd was more likely to desire to sleep with each other or be free rut when the need arose. A watering trough ran the length of the back wall, and several large bales of hay were stacked nearby. I needed to get them down to replace the straw in the stable. Yet it wasn't too much of a task for me. I was a really strong guy before the serum and as the weeks went on I figured that I would only gain more and more muscles. It was an exciting prospect to see on my human body before I started allowing the change in full!

The smell of manure took a little getting used to, but I forced myself to work through it. It was something that I would have to deal with regularly over the next few months. Besides, my own leavings would soon be much larger and worse to clean. And some other unfortunate soul would have to deal with the products of my digestion daily. It gave me a bit of disgust and guilt for what I was to become. But it would hardly bother me once I was an animal, I figured. Animals do what they do, after all. And zookeepers knew the jobs they were given. Working in such conditions often spurred thoughts of contentment with bestial experiences. Anyone who cared for my basic needs would likely harbor thoughts of such things and thus have the chance to join me in the doctor's ongoing experiences. It was a gift in its own way, I concluded.

The rest of my shift went by quickly, and without too much in the way of *distractions*. There were a pair of male rhinos, fully changed, that needed to be fed and cleaned up after. They were a friendly pair, having just finished rutting when I came in there. I felt a certain kinship with them and wondered about coming to see them in my off-hours. There was also a trio of

bison, three males of course, that were busy grazing when I entered. Yet, the asses of two of them were dripping with still-drying semen. The doctor told me that one of them had been willing, but the other two were added out of necessity. Still, they all seemed happy in their new lives now, if the frequent breeding sessions were any indication. And, I had to help prepare some new pens, the doctor wanted to try some aquatic forms eventually and needed some help moving things within the habitats. He didn't have the spaces built yet, but from what I understood, he would get getting the contractors to come in to dig a massive outdoor aquarium, and likely have the contractors join as the new species!

Still, I had some time to mull over what it had been like for those who had been less willing, to see them getting used to new surroundings. It gave me an appreciation of what the doctor did here, and what his serums could do even for the unwilling. And, above all, it made me less anxious about getting a pen mate that might begin the process unwillingly, knowing whatever happened they would come to love their new life with me. I hoped that my enthusiasm would play a big role in welcoming a new cage mate properly. Or, two!

There was one other thing in my mind all day as I worked, though not something unexpected. The urges to touch my cock were getting more and more insistent the more I observed bestial rutting. Even though I had achieved orgasm with the gorillas earlier on, I was still more than a little needy. I contemplated meeting my urges with some other changing patients but thought better of it, tempting as it was. They wouldn't know me and it felt wrong to put them in that situation, especially since they weren't destined for the same fate as myself. And of course, I had an entire habitat to myself to get off in, with the privacy to enjoy it.

It seemed that I wasn't the only one entertaining beastly thoughts by the end of the day. Getting off shift, the Doc smiled as he gave me the keys to my new habitat. He'd encouraged me to spend time and get off in there as much as possible, to preview the bestial delights that were to become part of my daily life. And, given my inclinations, I was more than happy to take him up on his offer!

As I turned to leave, he called out to me one last time. "You've done great work today, Jeff. You'll make a wonderful pachyderm one day, whenever you chose it to be your new form completely!" He mused, expressing nothing but admiration for my work. Though in large part I assumed he was happy I'd made the decision to join what he considered such a worthy enterprise of my own volition.

"Thank you, sir!" I said as he patted me on the shoulder. I couldn't help but notice a tent in his own pants but I chose not to comment. I held this man with such reverence. He was a league above the rest of us, a man to be praised and even worshiped!

With that, it was time for me to settle into my permanent home. It was a large enclosure built just for me, and I made it clear that I wanted to live there for the rest of my life. Though I'm sure that there might be some other places that could happily house a beast that I was soon to become, I wanted to be as close to the doctor's work as possible for as long as I would live. And since I was to be a rather long-lived beast, then hopefully that would be for many years to come! It would be a strain for whoever was charged to tend to my needs going forward, but the Doctor assured me that such was not something to concern myself with.

My own area was outside as well, a far walk, especially with my raging boner demanding I stroke it. It was powerfully arousing to think that I would soon enter the space where I would slowly turn into an elephant. But, somehow, I managed to hold off till I got there. The area was cordoned off with a large concrete barrier, though elephants were not known for being great jumpers, so it was relatively low. There was a human-sized gate to allow a caregiver to enter and exit, though would hardly fit the beast I was to become. That was also fine; once I was large enough to exit I would be staying put for the rest of my life, anyway. Not that I would ever want to leave, habitat as large as it was to be!

I smiled, looking out into the pen that would soon be my home. The place was massive, with lots of room for me and my eventual male mate. It consisted of a wide field patterned with trees, particularly around the perimeter. Two deep impressions dotted the center, one with clean water and another with dirt and mud for when I would eventually need to clean or cool down my gray hide. A feeding station with some hay in the corner for sleeping completed the habitat. Not the most suitable habitat for the human I was, mind you. But I didn't want to live like a human any longer. It was everything I would eventually need for the rest of my life as an elephant!!

Yet, even as enamored as I was with the sight of the place, the Doc's words echoed in my mind. I was horny as hell and needed to get off. I stripped naked then, no longer needing to cover up with human illusions. This was my space, my private sanctuary to be the beast that I'd always dreamed I could be. I immediately traced my fingers over my erection, shivering at the level of sensation even the slightest touch would bring. My cock unfurled to its full girth and I groaned audibly, not the least bit ashamed that I was doing such a thing in the open. I was an animal, a beast in my habitat, and I had needs to tend to!

The cock that my fingers were tracing over was not the same size as the one I'd had this morning. It was easily double the length, stretching out past ten inches and twice its previous girth. I smiled at that. The Doc, of course, was more than willing to give me an elephantine cock early on on the change, one that I could use to stroke off as much as I wanted before I lost my

hands into the tree trunks that I would soon acquire. It was already so massive, but yet only a small fraction of its final size!

My fingers played lightly over the still-human tip, causing thick rivulets of pre to roll down the surface and coat my hand. I had no idea what it would look like when it was finished. I made a mental note to research my new penis shape once I had some off time tomorrow. And, naturally, masturbate to the images!

The waves of ecstasy flowing from my rigid dick made it hard to focus on my future. And that was the point, wasn't it? Beasts only lived for the now. And here I was, stroking my mammoth cock and messaging my weighty balls, bringing myself closer to the orgasm that my animalistic body craved! It was coming fast, and though normally I would have slowed down to enjoy the sensations I saw no need here. I was an animal, a beast that reacted to the needs of his body. There was no reason to hold back at all!

“Yes! I'm an animal! A fucking *elephant!*” I screamed at the top of my lungs as my cock blew all over the ground, jets of jism that coated the straw and my pudgy belly. I was certain I had never cum so much in all my life. And this was only the tip of the iceberg. Soon I would have a massive trunk long enough to play with myself whenever I needed it. And hopefully, a mate to fill my ass while I did so. No human sexual experience could ever hope to compete with such a thing!

With that, I slowly drifted off to sleep, hoping to be filled with bestial dreams. Never before in my life had my true desires been so close to my grasp. Though as much as I wanted to truly revel in them, I still had some things left to do in my human form. I had to remember my promise to the doctor, after all. He needed someone to help him bring over others to our bestial way of thinking. And I was more than happy to extend my stay watching others change, knowing every day would raise my anticipation of becoming the elephant I'd always wanted to be.

The next week passed eagerly as I started to get into the habit of my new job. It was mundane work, all things considered. Hardly glamorous, to clean up after animals that could not clean up after themselves. But, I could think of no better job for me to get ready to be an animal myself. After all, it was to be my new lifestyle, and it was to be a prelude to my fate to take care of the doctor's other subjects. Say, if I had to stay and work at a desk while slowly turning into an animal, how could I possibly focus on the things that were based only on the human world? In the world of bestial pleasures that I was now a part of, I could relish what was to come while enjoying living in the now, which was perfect for me.

In the times when I wasn't looking after the doctor's subjects, I spent my time in research the doctor's long-term projects. The doctor's past subjects were of principal interest to me, the subjects that had come and gone, so to speak. They were all alive and well, as best as I learned through some digging. A small handful, about 25% percent of the total subjects that had come through this door were permanent members of the facility. The horses, some lions and a tiger, a pair of bears, and a pack of wolves were among those that were still on the premises. They were either part of his first experiments or past assistants like myself and their new mates that were given room to stay.

Though, given the size of the facilities and their limited space, it was a wonder that the doctor could keep as many animals as he did. There were dozens of past subjects that had all been rehomed to zoos, sanctuaries, and other places where they would be well treated for the rest of their lives. The doctor made sure to keep tabs on such places, and was even in financial league with most of them, though whether or not those associations knew his secret plans were left up to debate. I didn't bother to ask, it being of little concern to me or my new life.

It was a fascinating list of those that had changed already, to say the least. Some snakes, four sharks, rams, goats, bison, and others had once been humans and had lived here at the facility. Some had no idea what they would be losing, or gaining, as I saw it, upon their arrival at this facility for the last time. The thought of seeing them change, giving into their new lives was powerfully erotic and made me need to but more than once at the mere notion. I could only wish to have been present to see the changes firsthand! It made me excited to see what new species would be added to the facility in the coming days and weeks. The Doctor had a full schedule of work on his plate, some new species, and more unique requests that I was sure to find appealing.

As it turned out, that was largely unnecessary to wait to see all the species changing firsthand, or to lament my absence from seeing the past residents changing directly. The Doctor had an expressive library of video footage of the animal's transitions, all marked easily with their activities. No one was ultimately changed alone, each given a same-sex mate as matched their eventual proclivities. All male/male and female/female pairs, of course, the sexuality configurations in the change were something that fascinated me still. Though it fit well with my personal inclinations so I wasn't one to complain.

Needless to say, I spent most of my off hours choosing footage for my viewing pleasure, having run out of one of the rooms in which to do so. My sexual stamina was beyond reproach, to the point where it was normal I got off at least four times a day without any ill effects on my body. It was amazing to me how effortless it was to jerk off, though I could cum multiple times a day without any repercussions to my flesh. I did have to use some topical creams, but my

changing skin was made of sturdier stuff, it seemed, and it was of little problem to masturbate as many times a day as I could. That turned out to be upwards of ten, I was soon to find. Honestly, it would have been more with all sorts of sexual stimulation present for my particular proclivities.

As time went on, I really started feeling like I was getting to know the animals I was caring for, even as some of them continued to change. The gorillas were soon to be fully changed, within the next couple of days as far as I could tell. Mostly because of the frequent orgies, ones I liked to watch but didn't partake in a second time. There was some precedence in doing so eventually, but I wasn't really in the mood to get a lecture from the doctor. Though I was sure he saw the first display, he didn't say anything and I was content to leave it at that. Besides, they had each other, and I would eventually be changing into an elephant and getting a mate of my own.

The horses, I found, were something I reflected on often. I was out there working with them often, and the woman was changing more and more into a stallion those first few days. She was starting to give into her equine habits, but she hadn't wanted it in the first place. The morality of which was something that bothered me in part, though it was hard to really blame the Doctor. Well, I mean it was his fault, naturally, but there was something about knowing the subjects would be given a good life and would learn to love what they had been given, so it was hard to really say. The one time I brought it up to the Doctor, he told me not to worry about it and focus on the work and my upcoming changes. I felt, in the end, that was the best I could do.

A pair of rhinos, in particular, were my favorite to watch. Though I was not related to them genetically, or would eventually be, they were probably the closest to living a life like I was. They weren't going to be here long, though I hoped they wouldn't be forced to mate with females if that wasn't their preference. Which, of course, they wouldn't be, not with the way that the Doctor's process worked. But their sperm could be collected to inseminate some females, as was the job I was tasked with one day, much to my delight. I would be making sure to place a condom-like device on the penis the next time I was able to catch them in the act.

So, I spent a lot of spare time in the cage with them, waiting for my chance to stick on the condom. They were smelly at this proximity, gassy like herbivores were, though it was to be a non-issue, given how quickly I was getting used to it. Hell, my own diet had me weaned off meat within days of being injected. And with it came different bathroom habits. And, eventually, I would live a life where I would frequently drop pounds of elephant dung. Worth it for the body I was to possess, and something I would get used to, as much similar things through life. So, the smells of the rhinos, to my relief, were something I learned to manage, knowing that it would soon be me dealing with the same sorts of scents.

It wouldn't take long to catch them in the act that first time, as it turned out. They took turns mating, and I wanted to get several samples from each of them. Mating usually allowed both of them to cum, the prostate stimulation enough that the one on the bottom reached climax as well. The challenge, I would learn, was to deal with my own hard-on dangling within my uniform as I watched the pair of them mating. Their cocks were star-shaped, much different from my own soon-to-be tapered tip. It was fascinating to watch them mate, their massive bodies trotting forward and rearing up to mate with skill and precision that did not match the stature of their massive bodies. That, and they seemed to come to climax rather fast, which wasn't necessary given their lack of predators in the wild. But, their sessions were frequent, about twice a day on average, though often three.

My own cock got in the way as I got under the bottom beast, placing the collection device on his cock as it slapped against the other's belly. It was hard to move with the damn thing painful in my pants, but I managed to ignore it for the task at hand. I was a little worried that it might be one of the rare times that he didn't cum from the direct stimulation, but that was largely a non-issue, given their track record. Hell, the device wrapped around his cock likely stimulated it with added pressure, something that would surely be welcome. To my delight, he even came before his mate, likely amplifying their own experience, though it was obviously a struggle for the one on top to stay inside.

Watching the massive beasts mate, naturally, made it impossible to hold back from my own pleasure. More than once, I found myself getting in on the fun, not directly, of course. But enough that I felt like I had a mate of my own. My penis was steadily the same shade as theirs, and it would be longer by the time I was done. It was fun, waiting to blow my load at the same time they did, knowing that my asshole would soon be stimulated by a massive gray male of my own soon-to-be species. Only, I would have the luxury of having my extra limb to jerk myself off, a tuck long enough to deal with a penis the size of the one I would soon possess.