

“Fuck!” Alex cried out, kicking the tire of his jeep one more time in vain. It didn’t have any beneficial effect, of course. Hell, it didn’t even make him feel any better. But, given the circumstances, there was little else he could think of to help get out of the dire straits he found himself in.

After two years of waiting, Alex had finally been able to book his much-anticipated trip to Arabia. It had been a long time coming, a dream of his for many years to take in the culture and sights. The impromptu drive out into the desert had been a little foolish in hindsight, however. Though it was early morning, he figured that it wouldn’t be too much of an inconvenience for him to drive out and see the desert before getting back in time to avoid the heat of the day. He’d wanted to head out riding on a camel, though the service was currently unavailable, to his disappointment. So, the rented jeep to explore the mapped-out path was the next best thing.

Yet, to his disdain, no sooner had he been about to turn back had his jeep’s engine sputtered and spat and stopped, clearly overheated and older than the rental agency had implied. Alex spat on the ground, swearing at his benefactor though angrier at himself over the foolish acquisition. He was effectively stuck out here, a few hours walk back to town as best as he could tell. Perhaps longer, and through the hottest part of the day, no less!

Checking his phone, Alex was greeted to even more bad news. It seemed there was no cell service out here, no way to call for a tow or someone to pick him up. He would have to walk back the way he came in the hopes that he could grasp at a bar and call for help. Though it was still morning, he would not be expected to return the jeep until sometime that afternoon. Hell, it might even be dark by the time they thought him missing and someone came to look for him. Thus, Alex figured he could not afford to wait in the vehicle, with no food and only enough water for him to carry. Besides he would get back home before night fell, right?

Yet, an hour into his trek, Alex soon began to realize the folly of his decision. The heat was barring down on him, and the water in his canteen was soon empty, the metal now hot and almost making him wish to ditch it. Surely, he couldn’t be that far from the town he had set out from, right? Even following the tire tracks from his jeep left little sign of his distance from his destination, just that he was on the right track.

Without aid or shade, there was no point sitting on the burning sand. So, Alex was forced to keep moving, no matter how parched his lips were, and no matter how tired he was becoming. Thirst was the greatest threat to his safety, though he had no access to water. He would do anything for some lemonade, some soda, or, even the steaming water that had filled his canteen before he had drunk it dry. Why hadn’t he thought to bring more?

The blustering desert sands soon made him lose track of his path, having erased the tracks from his jeep. At first, Alex assumed that he only needed to head in the same direction he had been following. Yet, the further he went, the more that it seemed likely he was lost entirely. Surely, the road had taken some turns on the way here, leaving Alex with ever-encroaching despair that he would be lost out here, dead within days with no help in sight. Fuck, he should have stayed in his jeep!

It was the sight of trees in the distance that drew his attention, palm trees as best as he could tell, though likely not ones native to this area. Still, curious and desperate for some shade, Alex headed towards them, hoping that he could at least rest and think for a bit. He was certain he hadn't seen anything like them on the way here, but now they were just over the sand dune that he was descending.

Better yet was a sloshing sound that denoted the presence of the one substance that he had been craving ever since his canteen had run out. Water! Precious water! Though the notion of an oasis in the desert should have been played off as a mirage, there was no denying the sound of wind overlapping waves, a likely watering hole that the trees kept out of the blazing sun and were nourished by in return.

An odd braying cry hit his ears just then, one that sounded like a wounded animal. Looking up, Alex could see that a lone camel was walking towards the tress as well, likely going to drink. The presence of the beast, though slightly intimidating, was taken as a sign of his salvation. Surely, if a camel was present, then there really was water in that direction, right? Alex couldn't run there fast enough!

The water sitting in the small pond looked more crystal clear and cleaner than any water Alex had laid his eyes upon. Surely it was just the heat compelling him but he was hardly in a position to judge, thirsty as he was. Quickly, he sprang towards it, dipping his hands in and pulling up mouthfuls of water to be greedily sipped. The liquid was cool, more refreshing than any beverage he had ever tasted in his life. And there was plenty of it, enough to sate even his massive thirst!

Alex was barely aware of it, but the camel seemed to have joined him, dipping its head in and sucking it up like a straw with massive lips. Alex recalled something about camels having several adaptations to allow heightened water retention, though knew little beyond that as he drank his fill. At the moment, he could only think what he wouldn't give to have those same traits!

Alex continued to drink until he bleched wetly, as though he had consumed maybe too much. He was no longer thirsty, at least, though a little woozy as he stood. His belly was

distended and bloated, as though he had consumed a big meal. He would have to wait a minute to get his bearings!

That minute soon turned into twenty and then more as Alex sat under one of the trees, trying to figure out what to do next. Staying here was starting to seem like a better option, even in the presence of the beast that was beside him. It was almost relaxing having something else out here with him, making him feel secure that he could survive, too, at least, for a time. Without food, it would be a limited time, for sure. But all the water he could drink made leaving this location a poor choice. And, besides, maybe the locals would know of this spot and come here to check for him?

An hour went by, Alex still feeling tired and bloated from having drunk so much so quickly. The fatigue coming over him felt more like an illness, an infection that his body was trying to fight off. Had there been something in the water that could make him sick? Alex felt somewhat panicked, though decided in the end not to pay it too much mind. There was little he could do about it now, and he needed the water, regardless of what it had done to him.

It was an ache in his back that roused him from a half-sleep, making him reach back to rub the spot as best as he could. It was almost like a welt or pimple was present, though Alex hadn't dealt with back acne for some time. There was clearly a growth under the skin as he reached back to explore with a questing hand. A rather large one, though he couldn't be sure, unable to feel all the way along what was evidently a sizeable protrusion from his skin.

Pulling up his shirt, Alex was surprised to feel it was stuck, as though the growth was enough to hinder its removal. Surely, he had ever grown a pimple *that* large on his back. Even through his sweaty shirt, Alex was sure that some of the resistance was from the size of the growth and was more than a little concerned.

Fearful fingers soon played over a swelling of skin that was far larger than he was prepared for. It was as though a massive bump was sticking out of his back, pushing at the skin and stretching it taut. Worse than that was that skin seemed coarse, prickling with pepperings of hairs on a back that had been devoid of them before now to Alex's best recollection.

The skin there was not only different in texture. It was rather like the protrusion was filled with some kind of fat, not the pus that he was certain would comprise such a lump. Thinking it to be cancer, a parasite, or something equally unwelcoming, Alex was prompted to look back at the swelling flesh, not wanting to know but needing to see it all the same.

His phone's camera function reported a growth that was two inches in diameter, the skin around it swollen and red with irritation. But under that was a darkened hide, peppered with

dozens of golden brown hairs that were familiar, though not on his own frame. The color was similar to the beast that that standing near him, grazing on some of the roughage that had grown around the water hole.

Breathing in rapid, shallow breathes, Alex tried to calm himself. Surely, this wasn't normal. People didn't just grow...*camel humps* out of their backs, no matter how much contaminated water they drank. Surely, he was hallucinating the growth. He just had to rest a little more. That was it.

Alex did manage to pass out a little, here and there, though the ache in his back was getting more insistent as he tired. It was as though it was steadily growing, tugging at his shirt as it did so. Worse was the persistent itching that was playing over the growth. It seemed to be running down his back now, signaling that the hairs were not just confined to the...*hump*...sticking out of his back.

Panic was eventually enough to prompt Alex to get up, fully awake and aware even as the sun made its slow trek across the sky. He wasn't sure what was causing the growth, or even if he could stop it. But staying here was likely making it worse. He couldn't risk proximity to the contamination or the temptation to drink more of it. Throwing away his canteen, Alex started walking away from the watering hole, a little wobbly from the size of the thing on his back. He might have thought of using the camel, though a wild beast would likely not be so easily tamed to ride bareback. Besides, he wasn't inclined to be so near to the beast whose hump looked too much like the one on his own back.

To Alex's bane, the camel hump was not the only bizarre alteration to his physiology. Worse was the sensation of his fingers feeling stiff and unruly, as though they were changing as well. At first, thinking it some sort of phantom sensation, Alex was still afraid of looking at them, lest he was wrong somehow. Still, as the aches grew worse, Alex knew he couldn't avoid finding out the truth, even if was far less than ideal.

It seemed like the middle two were a little thicker, while the others and his thumbs were stiff, restricted like they could barely move. And the nails were all wrong as well, a dark muddied color, far from the translucent pink that he was used to. Worse was how they weighted on his hands from their thickness, wrapping around his fingertips until they created a curved point at the tips. His thumbs were even worse off, feeling as though they weren't even part of his anatomy anymore. He wanted to try to move them but didn't want to admit to himself that he might be on his way to losing them.

The itching down his back was getting worse, as was the swelling of the protrusion over his back. The further that Alex walked, the more he started to realize that it was more than just

its weight that was barring down on him. Likely, his back was stretching, his spine sticking through the skin as it altered underneath. And though Alex couldn't quite reach back to feel it, it seemed as though a bump was present above his ass, sticking out of his pants as the skin grew around it.

The heat of the day was at its zenith now, though it didn't seem to be bothering him as much, as impossible as that should have been. He was still sweating, though it seemed like the bare minimum required to keep him cool. The thirst that had plagued him for so many hours didn't seem to be afflicting him any longer, though at first, he was able to chalk it up to having drunk so much. Yet, Alex found himself hoping that it had nothing to do with the hump on his back or the steady alterations to his form that were making him into something inhuman.

The hump had spread all over his back at this point, pulling on his shirt and making it impossibly tight and uncomfortable. It was taking everything he had to keep going, making him lament the distance that he likely had to travel. And, though Alex hated to admit it, he didn't even know that he was on the right path to civilization. He cursed himself, hoping to get to help before whatever was happening to him would no longer be curable. He didn't want to be turning into this...*thing* and lose himself!

As the sun started to set over the distant dunes, Alex found that his gait was far less than preferable to the speed he needed to get help. His feet hurt; it was as though the same alterations were occurring to his toes as his fingers, like hard keratin nails were forming over the tips and making them tighter in his boots. Worse was the ache in his heels, as though they had stretched, making him hunch over in tandem with his added bulk, was hindering his trek. Thankfully his hands hadn't shifted too much more, but it was only a brief bit of good news in the flood of terrible changes that were steadily encroaching over his form.

As the moon started rising, a thousand shining stars lighting up the night sky, Alex felt the fatigue catching up to him. Partly it was the stress of the day and the other part was the weight of the changes slowly him down. He didn't want to sleep, not when his body was steadily altering. But, even with the moon, he couldn't see far enough ahead to get to his goal safely. And he was going to collapse soon enough anyway if he didn't rest for a few hours.

Thinking that the fear of the ongoing changes would prevent him from sleep. Alex found himself able to easily pass out. He didn't know how long he slept, though his mind was plagued with dreams, most of which escaped his waking recollections. But there was one much stronger in his mind, one that was almost enough to wake him. In it was the camel that he had seen at the watering hole, though he was more surreal in form. And, to Alex's chagrin, his long, thin cock was bobbing up and down underneath him, eager and aroused. Alex knew he should have been

revolted, but the sensations welling from his crotch gave him other ideas. He was impossibly horny himself, needing to reach down to pleasure himself from the stimulation.

Yet, instead of his familiar penis, Alex found nothing there, a bare space that confused him greatly. Not just the lack of genitals which was bizarre enough on his own, but his arousal was still there, perhaps even increased ten-fold. The smell of the beast, his own lusts, and the prospect of what they could achieve brought on a horniness that defied logic. That, and the opening that discovering fingers found when reaching down further gave him a sense of satisfaction, of purpose that...

With a start, Alex woke up, the dream burned into his retinas no matter how much he shook his head. The dreams were beyond vivid, leaving him powerfully confused. Though the arousal, much to his chagrin, carried through, the disgust did too. Why was the mental image of a male camel, an erect one, no less, bringing him such need? It had to be the transformation, he reasoned.

Part of him, a part that was largely in denial, knew that the changes encroaching over his form were making him resemble the camel in the desert. Though such physical alterations should have been impossible, there was no denying the very real effect on his physiology. And it was getting worse if the aches and pains over his form were any indications. If anything, his brief sleep worsened the alterations, as though the rest gave his body the required energy to initiate further transformation.

The first thing he noticed upon waking was the image hanging in his periphery, staring him literally in the face as though his nose had grown massive and bulbous. He wanted to reach up to touch it, but his fingers felt even stiffer, further stretched, and he was inclined to avoid seeing them for as long as possible, not wishing to accentuate his panic. Therefore, he was forced to breathe in with nostrils that were larger than his human ones, feeling almost as though he could fit his former human hands inside of them if they were in their former state.

His view of the world, even cross-eyed, was different as well, as though his eyes weren't as close together as they had been. It did give him a wider perspective of his surroundings, though it was largely marred by a layer of blur that Alex could have done without. The colors, at least, were the same though it was hard to say for certain in the dim light of dawn.

The sensation of something moving under his ass made him yelp a little as he accidentally rolled onto it. Not wanting to reach back, his new appendage registered the touch of his numb fingers, even though they themselves could feel nothing. The thing twitched at his touch, easily an inch or two long but Alex had no way to say. It was a ropey object, far too

flexible for an appendage sticking out above his backside. Alex couldn't see it with his chest as thick as it was, though thought it was for the best.

It seemed as though his chest had barreled slightly, making him uncomfortable as he tried to stand up. Side to side motion of his arms was limited, as though his shoulders had hunched over. His pecs felt flattened into the mass, though he could not rub through his shirt to feel their presence. Worse, his belly was distended, pulling his shirt up along with his hump. The skin was wrinkled and strangely shaded, peppered with those dusty brown hairs that made him want to wretch.

Yet, strangest of all was the sensation of his cock coming to full erection, making Alex feel almost queasy at the realization. He was impossibly hard, in fact, the dream's images playing over his mind and gave him difficulties thinking about anything else. It was a struggle not to reach down and touch himself to the depraved dreams. And yet...

There was no one else around, right? And the ache in his cock was getting insistent. He needed to cum, and cum *now*, whether he ended up touching himself or not. There was really no reason to hold back, given the circumstances.

Even with his awkward hands and the unfamiliar grip, it took no time for Alex to reach his end, having apparently been on the edge the entire time. He bellowed, a strange tone coming from his lips as his cock jerked and spasmed, a larger amount of semen than he was expecting shooting from his member. The orgasm, too, seemed to extend longer than he was anticipating, making Alex moan from the expulsion of what almost felt like his entire testicular contents.

The level of pleasure left something to be desired, the fluids watery and not giving his cock the amount of stimulation that Alex was hoping for. His thick hands strained for every bit of sensation that he could manage. His cock seemed smaller in his grasp, though stiff fingers were not able to tell, and his bulbous stomach got in the way. But, he was able to bend down enough to see that his cock was less than three inches and still reducing. Yet, Alex was compelled to reach down and stroke its last vestiges, desperate for any pleasure that he could manage.

Though he couldn't see it, the sensation of his pisshead pulling open was not lost as something moist and warm encompassed the space. The sensual split was growing more persistent as it peeled down towards his ballsack, sitting on his groin and making him wish to reach down rub the needy flesh. The sensitivity of the opening was beyond anything that his penis could grant him, making Alex bellow out in a bestial voice with the need to touch himself again.

Yet, the fluids over his hand seemed to accelerate their alterations, the nails thickening to the point where there was no tip left, while the rest of the fingers pulled into the mass of his hand. His palms were stretching impossibly long, losing all their distinct creases as the two outer fingers pulled around to the back, leaving nubby points where once were digits. Nothing of his former hands remained in the camel hooves, save his thumbs that were rapidly shrinking into his stretching wrists.

Without the flexibility to lean over and see what was happening, or touch himself with camel hooves, Alex had only the ability to feel the sensations of his sex opening up, his sensitive cockhead a tiny nub that seemed to crown the top of the opening. The slit ran all the way towards his testicles, which seemed to be deflating, pulling into the slit before the sack dissolved altogether. He could still feel the uncomfortable sensation of their remnants being pulled through his insides, as though the smaller testicles were repurposing themselves, though it was impossible to say.

Despite never having experienced anything like this, there was only one conclusion that Alex could reach to explain the bizarre sensations from his groin. Against all possibility, he was likely no longer male. As bizarre as it was, the fact that he was changing into a camel brought into the realm of possibility that he could be changed in gender as well as species. Though, given his upcoming bestial existence, such an alteration was not the worst thing to happen to him today.

Getting over the shock was lighting the proverbial fire under his ass as Alex tried to stand up, knowing that his time was getting short. He didn't have the luxury to sit there and feel all the changes until he became a total animal. Not only was the fear of being unrecognizable as human worrying him, but also the possibility that he would lose his mind as well. What would he do if he had no human intellect left to persuade anyone that he was more than a beast and born so? Alex didn't want to think about all he stood to lose if he didn't get help.

Walking was a precarious affair, his hump too heavy for him to stand erect. With the twinges in his back, it was starting to make more and more sense to get down on all fours and walk on his changed hands. Yet a stubborn streak made such a maneuver less than desirable. Therefore, he was forced to walk hunched over, as the sun started to rise over the dunes, signaling a new day and perhaps the last one of his humanity.

Though the heat was starting up again, Alex didn't feel the thirst that had plagued his trek yesterday. Be it through the tainted water or the adaptations of his new body, he didn't need to drink just yet, leaving him almost thankful due to the lack of water around. Still, he was getting hungry and there was no food in sight. All that appealed to him were some dune grasses, though

he didn't think they would be very palatable. Still, there was nothing else to eat, and he was hungry...

Without hands, Alex was compelled to reach down with his wider mouth, pulling up grass with still-human teeth to try and eat his fill. With the human structure of his dentures, the process was occurring painfully slow for the changing man, though an ache in his jaw seemed to alleviate that limitation somewhat. Even his teeth started to ache, pulled back along increasingly rubbery lips and a stretched jawline. It seemed a little like eating was speeding the process of alterations to his mouth, but Alex was too hungry at the moment to really care.

Still famished, the only other things around were a few lone cacti, ones that didn't look too unappetizing even to the starving beast he was becoming. Yet, recalling hearing something about camels and their ability to eat such foods, Alex tentatively stepped forward, reaching out with a longer tongue and more pliable lips. Thankful that his physiology had hardened to the point of not being inconvenienced by the spines, he started to eat and chew, the taste somewhat better than the simple grasses. Thankfully, the fleshy material quenched the slight thirst that had started to plague him with the oncoming sun.

Soon, he had gotten through all the present greens as best he could, given his hybrid anatomy. Alex tried to stand up, belching a little from his meal. It served to reignite his desire to get out of there, to find some help, and regain his lost humanity. Though, this time, the increased weight of his front half put him down enough that his long arms could touch the sand. Though his legs weren't quite there, it was more comfortable for him to walk that way, the desert sand hardly an inconvenience for his quadrupedal movement.

It was after about half an hour of travel that the ache in his shoes started to dominate his mind. Without functioning hands, it was impossible for him to take them off. He was forced to feel the pressure of the cloven digits to pop through the stitches, thankful that their lack of sensation soon eased the pains of his walking gait. His toes had gone the same way as his fingers for new hard keratin nails that had surrounded his toe tips. The other digits were behind them as well and stretched heels made hiking boots and socks a moot point. With the added pressure from his new gait, it took no time to burst through, his powerful hind legs kicking them away until he was on all four legs like the camel he was becoming.

It wouldn't take long for his new gait to become natural as his hips suddenly snapped forward, making him stumble onto his four legs. His arms caught him, his backside raised far higher without the changes to make his front match the back. But, with the way that his pelvis was adjusting itself, his hips flattening and sinking into the flanks behind his massive belly, there was little chance of him getting back on two legs. Though, Alex was having a hard time thinking

that was a bad thing in the current circumstances. Four legs would be faster than two, and he was already moving faster cartwheeling on his hooves than he had been since last night.

His belly was gurgling all the while as he walked, Alex thinking the organs within likely altering. Part of him feared for his mortality; after all, such a drastic change in species should have killed a man many times over, more agonizing than any conceivable desert fate. But all he felt was a build-up of gas, one that was embarrassingly expelled from both ends. Alex's breaths came in shallow and ragged as his chest continued to barrel, the size of his new lungs and expanding rib cage making the reflective motions difficult.

Though, worse was the force of his shoulders being pushed to the sides, making it harder to rotate his arms in the directions that he was used to. That, and the increasing tightness of his body threatened to rip his shirt from his frame. Though it was soaked through with sweat, making the growing hairs and spreading camel hide uncomfortable, it was getting to the point where Alex wanted rid of the thing anyway. Then again, he might no longer be recognized as human if that were to happen...

Alex was thankful that his tail, that cursed growth above his ass, was free from his underwear, having grown just above it. It was clearly growing longer, flicking of its own accord and making him powerfully uncomfortable. He didn't want to try to move it himself, worried too much about confirming he truly had one. Of all the changes, it was the one that was most *alien*, most bizarre. The one that, in tandem with the hooves and the hump, made him all the more likely that he might stay an animal for the rest of his life.

At that, Alex tried to pick up his pace, not wanting to spend the rest of his existence as a beast. To both his detriment and perhaps his salvation, his arms were getting longer, raising his upper body as his shoulders compressed and upper arms shrank into a bulging chest. His elbows were almost up to his chest now, all the length in his lower arms and former wrists. The skin and muscle were getting swollen around that space, looking more like some sort of knees. Still, even with how thin they were becoming, they seemed stronger in some ways, easily able to hold up his fattening frame. His gait continued to excel, not hindered by the heat of the sun and his altered anatomy as he shifted towards his eventual fate.

It was the bobbing of his head up and down that drew Alex's attention to the lengthening of his neck, making him aware that he could turn his head much more easily. His eyes were slowly migrating to the sides of his head, and with the flexibility in his neck, he was able to easily look back at the hulking beast he was becoming. However, the images of his slowly altering form were horrific, and he could not be spared them as his humanity was steadily robbed from him.

His shirt was being pulled to the breaking point by now, the fabric tearing as he walked. Alex figured that it would have to be let go soon, as much as he wanted to keep its remnants to denote his humanity. His altering hips were sticking through his pants, forcing them to stay up even with his legs as thin as they were. But the strain of the clothing on his ass was getting insistent to the point where Alex didn't think he could stand it. His anus, in particular, was uncomfortable, as though the mass of his cheeks had receded enough that it was kissing the fabric. His cunt lips, too, were underneath it, as best as he could tell.

The more he walked, the more of his bulbous nose came into his vision, forcing Alex to take in big lungfuls of air as he trekked. For a bit, Alex was worried he'd take in lungfuls of sand, that fear made real by the blowing winds. His nostrils, however, seemed to have formed thin flaps, that, in tandem with his nose hairs, kept most of the debris out and allowed normal breathing. Still, Alex hated how much larger his nose was, making his face feel bloated and his lips rubbery and numb. In a similar fashion, Alex was aware from the constant blinking that his eyelashes had grown longer, keeping the shifting sands from his vision by catching the detritus.

Strangest of all was the sensation of something ballooning on his belly, a slight swelling of skin that had no obvious source. He couldn't see downward, even with a neck that carried with it surprising flexibility. It felt overly sensitive, a fleshy sack that slapped annoyingly against the insides of his legs. It was impossible to conceive of what it was, though something sticking out along its surface seemed to tingle with a need that had the changing man confused. Yet hardly the most concerning thing to happen over the course of the change, Alex left it largely ignored.

As the sun slowly moved across the horizon, it was becoming clear that Alex was not to see any signs of civilization before he made it to get help. Still, he moved on, his increasing weight sinking into the sand, though his widening hooves made the trek easier. By this point, his shirt was literally hanging on by threads, the fabric tearing along the back to make room for his massive growth. Covered with hair, the organ seemed filled with fat, giving him a single hump as opposed to two. Honestly, he didn't know what he was expecting, not being an expert on camels. He'd rather not have had this first-hand experience if he was being honest with himself.

The prickling of fur growth was getting more persistent as though hair and hide were spreading faster. It was powerfully irritating to feel every inch of his skin being covered with dirty brown hairs, the itching signaling they were spreading up his arms, over his chest and belly, and down his groin and legs. Soon there was little left of his former skin, every inch of his flesh prickling fiercely with the grown of camel hide.

The sensation of something sliding off his back as the stitches in his shirt finally tore away didn't bother him as much as it should have. His hairs were getting irritated by the garments anyway, and they were far too uncomfortable for his much-larger frame. In similar

fashion, the belt of his pants was pulled taut enough that it finally snapped, his massive posterior pushing them downward with its growth. It was almost impossible to walk with them on, and he bucked and kicked to leave them on the desert sands, though not easily with his increased weight.

The changes were almost done as best as he could tell, much to Alex's chagrin. His head was still getting longer, his dentures aching as they continued to alter. Worse was the slight ache to his head that denoted his skull was sloping, altering into a new form. The real fear of losing himself to the beast was ever-present, especially as his compressing cranium closed in on his brain and threatened to reduce his humanity to nothing. Yet, whether it be a boon or his bane, Alex felt his humanity remain intact. His large form was easy to maneuver, despite not having been born a camel. But inside he was still Alex, still aware of who he was and what he had lost. Given his physical fall from humanity, however, Alex was still determined to move forward, hoping that the fragments of clothing still on his body might tell his story whenever he was fortunate enough to make it back to civilization.

The sudden sensation of his ears twitching made him pause for a moment, looking out in the direction of the sounds that seemed to trigger them. There was something on the wind, something that vaguely resembled the sounds of machinery or vehicles. Still, the feeling of having them move, the notion they were long and pointed on his head, was almost enough to give him pause. He could flick them with purpose, though even avoiding doing so still had them twitch as though they were intent on determining the source of the sounds.

It was then that Alex realized what he was hearing. His nose lit up at what he assumed were people though he was hardly in a position to fully understand the inputs from his camel body. Still, the sounds of people talking met his twitching ears, and he bellowed, trying to speak out to his potential saviors.

“MMMMEEEEEEEEERROOOOOO MRROOOOOOO!” He attempted to call out, but there was barely anything human in the inflections any longer. Likely, his vocal cords had altered entirely by this point as had the rest of him. He couldn't even speak in the end as the jeeps pulled out and the men took a long look at what was clearly a full-blooded camel, and to them had always been.

What he was not expecting was the rope to go over his neck, prompting him to balk and try to raise up on his hind legs to get away. But his body was far too unruly, and he barely managed to back away before he was tugged forward.

The reality of what was happening slowly began to dawn on him as Alex was pulled towards a town, the one he had been walking towards. Only now there was no trace of his

humanity left to draw any help. He was an animal now and was apparently being taken from the wild to be trained as a beast of burden. Though he had no such inclinations of giving in, there seemed to be no way for an animal, even one with a human mind to escape the rope that had him held fast to a post. Some of his beastly fellows were in a pen nearby, though he was not allowed to mingle with them.

The next few days were as much a hell as the change that robbed Alex of his humanity. Being an animal was beyond any horror that Alex could have ever comprehended, worse being one with a human mind. He knew how to operate his form, to walk, to drink, and eat. It was as though he had been born with it, even though his mind was not bestial.

At first, the handlers were kind to him, though Alex had no way to communicate with them. He was given treats of sugar and coaxed to allow himself to be touched. Alex figured it was prudent to give in to their demands. Yet, the sensation of having leather touch his skin made him balk, not inclined to allow himself to be ridden. He wasn't an animal, damnit! Even when several men managed to get him stable, he wanted desperately to kick and fight as one of the men tried to get on his back. Only threats of 'taking him out back' and words like 'untrainable' made him at least try to take the saddle on his form. Though he didn't want to be a camel, he certainly didn't want to die!

Still, having a bit in his mouth, being guided with reins, and having someone on his back was more humiliating than anything Alex could recall. It truly put in perspective how much he had lost and how he was now an animal. A literal beast of burden, one with no purpose than to trek the desert with men on his back.

As the days went past, Alex tried his best to think of ways to communicate that he was not an animal. But with how unruly his front hooves were, even hours of effort trying to write with them revealed nothing legible. Though, it was impossible to know if what he had achieved was really unintelligible or his mind had altered in some way that prevented his comprehension of written language. All he knew was that the men who tried to train him ignored his scribbles, keeping him tied and giving him only dry hay to eat, with hardly enough water to wash it down. If this was to be his life...

Largely, he was kept alone, though the scents of other camels surrounded him. The other beasts were mostly dull, content to stand there and occasionally eat or defecate, evidently not bothered by their state of captivity. They seemed no worse for wear, dumb beasts as they were. In some ways, Alex envied them, too unintelligent to wish for anything beyond the walls that enslaved them. With every ounce of his human intelligence intact, Alex was left to lament his fate as long as he was to remain in this body.

Worse, perhaps, was the sensation in his loins that had no outlet. He wasn't sure what it was, at first. Though it resembled a flush of desire, it was far too encompassing than any erection he had in his life. Alex could determine no source for the lust; not even the presence of the other camels were close enough to justify the sensations. And with no way to pleasure himself, Alex was left to suffer further.

One day, it happened. His enhanced ears heard terms like 'breaking in' and 'mating', ones that made him nervous as hell. He wasn't sure what was going to happen, but whatever it was, he was certain that he would have no control over it. He wished to be free of the bonds so that he could run out into the desert, a better fate than what he thought they had in store for him. But tied as he was to a post, he was at the mercy of his captor's whims.

The pungent, musky scent hit his nose before he saw the visage of the male out of the corner of his eyes. The beast's masculinity was as obvious to his nostrils as was the swelling erection swinging underneath his massive belly. Worse, the scent of the beast seemed to awaken something in Alex, his loins becoming moist and confusing him beyond anything that he could imagine. He couldn't be responding to the male's advances, could he? Damned vagina, damned *heat!*

Body betraying him, Alex's tail reflexively lifted, and the urge to piss overcame him before he could stop himself. Urine splattering on the ground, the male seemed not to be deterred, reaching out with his tongue to lap at Alex's offering. With little control over his body, Alex lifted his tail, up and to the side to allow the male access. Whether it be some unknown instinct or his own notion of taking the male's member, Alex couldn't control himself as his insides were lapped, feeling the heat start to intensify and his need for penetration overcoming him.

Alex was hardly ready for it as the male got up on his back, his weight balancing just behind Alex's hump as the front hooves gripped on for dear life. Reality sinking in, Alex wanted desperately to get away, to prevent the perversion that was about to occur. But, tied as he was, he could only move a few feet before the rope held him fast. That, in tandem with the weight of the beast, made escape impossible.

As the sensation of a drooling cocktip played over his backside, the reality of his situation finally seemed to hit Alex full force. He was going to be mated, fucked by this male, and there was nothing he could do about it. Yet, given the desires in his cunt lips and the heat overtaking him, Alex was slowly coming into the mindset of just letting it happen. Strange as it was, his mind was telling him to enjoy it, a bizarre reprieve from the pain of day-to-day bestial life and the fulfillment of his physical desires.

The sensation of the male inside of him instantly scratched an itch that Alex hadn't even known he possessed. It was as though the long dick was stretching his insides, its contours far longer than anything Alex thought possible. Best was when it started to thrust in and out rapidly, hitting a sweet spot and making the man-turned-camel bellow his satisfaction. It seemed as though his animalistic heat overstimulated every inch of his insides, the pleasure building faster than anything the former man was prepared for.

Alex felt his orgasm coming like an oncoming locomotive, one that could not be stopped. It flowed over him in a series of waves, making his fat belly and fatter hump shake from the vibrations. Instead of feeling the sensations ebbing after seven seconds, it only dipped briefly, increasing once more as the male's cock started to spasm and he spilled his thick, creamy camel jism deep inside of Alex's virgin womb, before dismounting with a rush of semen.

"That a girl...EEEEAAASSSY girl," said one of the men, though Alex was currently in a state of shock. Part of it was the surreal nature of the mating, the reality that he was female and an animal, one kept for riding and to be bred. The other was the satisfaction of the act itself, how much it pleased him to know that his womb was full of semen. Though he was male in mind and not inclined to be pregnant, there was something to be said for the raw pleasure of the mating act, and the fulfillment of the male's cock inside of him. Despite himself, Alex felt that he wanted it back inside of him if such a thing could be believed.

In his stunned stupor, Alex allowed himself to be taken and tied up, not resiting the men this time as his tail flicked over his used cunt. This was to be his life now, and though he could not have possibly wanted it, part of him was willing to endure as much as possible for the chance to take the male's cock again. Even if it was to give in and allowed himself to give in to his captor's demands...

Months passed, and the results of their labor seemed to show itself with the distension of his belly to the point of making him uncomfortable. Though it was hard to live with the realization that he might be an animal for the rest of his days, the daily monotony made it difficult to reflect on such things, leaving him in a relative daze. He had hoped against hope that whatever process transformed in the first place might eventually allow him to revert. But, with each passing day, that hope began to wane towards nothing.

Life as a pack animal was not one that Alex wished to endure for the rest of his being. There was little to do but graze in his time not being ridden and pulled along, though at least his body was not inconvenienced by the weight of the men atop him. That, and his desert life

required little sustenance, making him want for little. It was a pebble in a sea of the travesty that was animal life.

Yet, not every aspect of his future was bleak. The best, and unexpected part of the process, was how much Alex's teats ached with the need to be expelled. Now that he was with calf, the desire to be alleviated of the pressure was almost all-consuming, as though he was already preparing to feed his offspring as soon as it was birthed. Alex wasn't sure how camels in the wild dealt with the pressure. Thankfully, he was not in the wild and had his own more immediate outlet for the build-up of what he was starting to understand was his milk. Apparently, the locals thought it fit to drink his milk, without the contaminating side effects that had forced his transformation, as best he could tell. Still, the reprieve of having his nipples rubbed sent electrical tingles through his vagina. Without the presence of a male and his sex not being stimulated directly, it was the only thing that gave his massive body a modicum of pleasure.

There was one other thing that Alex was looking forward to, at least one reprieve from the monotony of his life as a beast of burden. Though he was not sure the gestation period of his body, sometime in the future, he would give birth to a calf, one that would rely on his nipples to feed and give him better relief than even the men could manage. That, and with his womb emptied, he would enter heat again, the eager males of the herd able to quell that itch in a way no human sex could possibly manage...