

A loud sigh escaped his lips as Alex made his way into his home, fatigued beyond belief from the long day he'd had. He'd been working on the same project for the past few weeks, twelve to fourteen hours on average, though it was more like sixteen this day, and it was hardly to be the last long day as much as his supervisors were getting impatient by his lack of progress. Of all the foolish reasons for pushing his research... at least the money was good, and Alex was hardly in a position to complain, given the economy as it was. But it was tiring, tedious work, and he could hardly imagine himself having to do as such for the next few weeks and months.

The idea of bringing back animals from the dead, long extinct, and genetically dormant species like dinosaurs, seemed all but impossible. Even using extant animal species to plug up gaps in the code would be impossible with real-world sciences. Still, with even the most remote chances of finding a preserved DNA strand from a dinosaur, his research was funded, likely by some foolish wealthy donor, and he was well employed, even if the work wasn't the most exciting or fruitful.

Yet, his fatigue had been getting the best of him in recent days, to the point that he forced himself to eat in the lab, something that was extremely taboo. Even going as far as to not realize he'd spilled something in his salad until he'd taken a bite, one of the samples he needed to sequence. He was powerfully ashamed and didn't bother to report the incident, as much as such was protocol. So, he tried to put it out of his mind, figuring that so long as the chemicals weren't in too high of concentrations, he was sure to be fine and able to laugh it off.

The sensation of something being off came to his attention, however, as Alex made his way home. For one, he was *starving* to the point of dizziness and could hardly think of anything besides needing to satiate that consuming hunger. The other was that he had developed a rather odd pout of gassiness and bloating. The first thing he did after opening the door was let out a loud burp as if he had just drunk a liter of soda. Not that helped calm his stomach much as he kept letting out rather frequent belches, and even a little bit of gas that felt strange and unnerving. Still, he had a hard time equating it with the accidental ingestion of the chemicals in the lab, more focused on needing to feed himself out of his house and home only to be rid of the hunger that was clouding his judgment.

Not having much in the house, Alex decided to order out, feeling the need to do so from several local restaurants, all vegan or veggie-friendly dishes. Though he was not vegan, the idea of any meat or processed foods suddenly made his stomach turn. It took what felt like an eternity for the food to get there, and Alex started to worry he might faint, eating whatever he could find in the pantry to try and stave off starvation. When it came, the ordered food was quickly devoured, one dish after another, until Alex felt his belly bloated and opened his mouth to belch a few more times for good measure as his body digested its big meal.

Fatigue soon getting to him, Alex decided to go to bed without a shower, a strange scent hanging in the air as he did so. It was more than just his flatulence and belching that caused the odor, as though a sweaty musk was hanging in the air, something in his sweat that he found particularly arousing. Even as tired as he was, Alex found the energy to rub one out, not caring that he was getting cum on his chest or bothering to clean up afterward. It took him no time to reach his release, getting out a loud moan as he did so. With the musky scent in the air and how he felt from his release, there was no energy in him for a shower, the scents of his heavier body heavy in the air as he passed out.

The sound of the bed creaking under him eventually roused him from his sleep, leaving him feeling heavy and bloated, as though he'd eaten too much. His skin was itching as well, as though he was overcome with a rash. He was barely able to get out of bed with the heaviness he felt, feeling as though he'd put on hundreds of pounds the night prior to the point the bed could hardly take it. He cared little, however, as the intense hunger came back to overcome him. His stomach almost screamed to be filled. He never felt hungrier now than at any other point in his life. Something he needed to deal with lest he be unable to focus on anything else.

Alex had enough awareness to put his clothes on, though it was harder for him to manage, as though he had grown significantly in the past eight hours. Yet, his stomach was not bulging out as it would with fat. Rather, it was as though he'd grown all over at once. Such should have been impossible, though, in the moment, Alex could hardly be brought to care, given that dressing was but a prelude to filling his stomach as much as was required.

Soon, however, Alex found an obvious problem as he went to prepare himself some breakfast. The notion of eating meat still did not sit well with him to the point that anything in the freezer was ignored. With that in mind, Alex was still sorely in need of sustenance, and without sufficient greens to get him going again, he decided to head out and hoped that the nearby grocery store had enough greens for him to quell his insistent stomach.

It was all he could do to make it to the store without fainting. Alex found himself being unusually gassy and let out some rather loud belches throughout the drive. Getting into his car in the first place had been rather difficult, his body now bigger than what the seat could hold, and his tighter clothing making it a struggle regardless. The scent in the car was proving to be rather pungent, though the more he breathed it in, the more Alex found he didn't mind it and was able to stand it clinging to him as he made his way to the store, mouth-watering at the scents of greens on display for him to purchase.

Yet, something went wrong the moment he entered the store, his mind fixated only on quelling the hunger burning into his belly. The food he quickly reasoned was there for the taking, and this was no reason in his staving mind why he needed to purchase any of it to take home

with him. Particularly given he was just going to eat it on the spot. Without thinking, he reached down, grabbed some greens, and shoved them into his mouth with no regard for his surroundings. The food simply tasted too good, fresh and damp, filling that ache in his belly that needed satisfying more than anything he could imagine.

Over the next several minutes, Alex went down the produce aisle, gulping down whatever greens he could get his hands on. While onlookers express disgust at his actions, Alex simply didn't care. All that was important to him was to fill the empty void in his stomach. It was clear as he went feasting that his belly was growing and swelling out, making his poor shirt raise on his body. At the same time, his pants were getting tighter and pressed up against his legs.

Eventually, it took several managers as well as a bylaw office to finally kick him out, which took Alex with a sense of shame not from his excessive eating of the produce but from the fact that he had been caught in the act, so to speak. He hadn't done anything like that before, made even worse by the fact he could hardly respond to the management through all the wet belches his body was prompted to let out. Worse of all, he then let out a rather pungent fart just as he got escorted off the premises, turning several heads in disgust. It should have been, by all accounts, the worst experience in his life.

Yet, all he could think about as Alex headed off to his car was that, while the hunger in his belly was momentarily satisfied, he had no way to feed himself should he get hungry again. Especially the amount of food he seemed to put down. Sure, he could go to another grocery store in town, but what if he was tempted to do the same thing with the same outcome? Anxiety flowed through him, not sure exactly how to deal with the situation and knowing it carried even more urgency than his job. For how could he even work if he was constantly so damned *hungry*?!

A tingling around his neck prompted him to reach up along the rash he'd felt the other night, and rather than raw skin he felt something smooth, separated into odd bumps and ridges the likes of which he'd never felt on his neck before. Pulling down the mirror for a closer look, Alex was rather perplexed to see a pattern of leathery brown skin over his neck and presumably down his back, though he couldn't yet tell. Nothing he'd seen, not even cancerous lesions, could account for the altered skin, leaving Alex to wonder if it had anything to do with the pains in his gut and the bizarre hunger that had its hold on him in the past twenty-four hours.

Pulling back in his seat, Alex was made aware of something else wrong with him as he seemed to crush a bump at the back of his pants that should not have been there. Reaching down, it seemed as though a thick, bulbous lump was sticking out of his back and pressing into the seat, originating from his tailbone. It should not have been there, leaving Alex more perplexed until he

reflexively belched again, and the car filled with the scents of his recently eaten greens. Enough to make him hungry all over again...

Looking around, Alex was almost tempted to eat at the branches of the trees around the city, though such would likely draw the ire of the residents, much as the trip to the grocery store had. So, he was forced to drive, thinking about where he could go to properly fill his belly. How he was able to pack so much of it away and was still hungry, Alex had no way to say. But with the raw hunger assailing him, it was so damn hard to think!

As he drove, the sensation of his gums aching almost brought him to reach up to rub them when the unthinkable happened. Having not lost a tooth since his youth, it was a little jarring to feel the sensation of one falling out, spitting to the floor, and bouncing around as though a rock. Such was alarming enough, but soon more teeth fell from his mouth to the point he was worried he was going to lose them all. Stopping the car, an exploratory finger discovered just that, his touch alone enough to loose some of his teeth from their sockets. He didn't want to lose them all, but worse than that, he didn't want to choke on them as they fell from his gums!

Within the next ten minutes all his teeth, even molars, had fallen from his mouth, and Alex was scared to look in the mirror and see what he would find. However, to his surprise, he was not to be toothless for long if the sensation pushing at his gums was any indication. The teeth were smaller, further apart, and peg-like if his fingers could be believed. Alex didn't want to look in the mirror for fear of what he would find, but he was certain the teeth within were not human, as much as the changes were making him so hungry and bloated.

Yet, the panic over his newest dentation was hardly enough to cease the gurgling in his belly or the need to fill it, something that burned into his mind as soon as he had new teeth to use. He was starving, and there was nothing to eat in the tiny cab, smelling only of him. Looking around outside, toward the edge of the road he was on, Alex spotted some rather tasty-looking green leaves, though they were too high on the branches for him to even bother with. The fact he was staring down trees at all should have been a little concerning, but Alex could hardly bring himself to care with the hunger burning into his belly as it was. All that mattered was the need to eat, and soon, the gnawing in his belly getting rather insistent.

As he got out of the car and looked up and the branches for options, Alex became aware of a few cracks and pops in his neck that made him dizzy, as though he had added a few inches to his height. The branches, as much as he could tell, were a little closer to him, and reaching up with his hands, he could touch the closest ones to him, pulling him down and making the scent of the leaves waft into his nose, enough that he began to salivate. Even the aches and stiffness in his fingers were not enough to stop him from pulling at the branches, eyeing the leaves, and even

opening his mouth to bite into them. And his teeth were the perfect shape to bare down and pull them into his eager belly...

Like in the grocery store before, Alex felt there was a period of time where he blacked out, lost in a feeding frenzy. His shirt was tight to the point it felt it would tear off, exposing his firm, distended belly bloated from how much he'd eaten. This time, he didn't get caught, or stopped, as much as he'd noticed. Still, there was some embarrassment in what he'd done, the lower levels of the local trees clearly stripped from the branches and likely in his gullet if the internal churnings were any indication. And, the same was the case for several of the other trees in the area, some from branches that should have been too high for him to reach. Even with the added height he'd just gotten... Was he growing bigger?

Looking down, Alex was made aware of just how much tightness had formed within his clothing, far beyond anything he should have been able to get on his frame and far too small to pull off without losing them entirely. His shirt was taut around his pecs, exposing a distended belly covered in the same leathery skin he had seen on his neck and back. His pants, too, were tight against his waist and the buttons of his legs, to the point there was no getting them off intact. He was clearly changing, altering from his humanity into something else, as impossible as it was. And, perhaps worse, what was the endgame? Other than to eat and eat and grow and change...

In a daze, Alex made his way back home, still hungry but ultimately more concerned with what was happening to him. Nothing he could fathom could have caused the changes and not even the possible ingestion of a contaminated substance in the lab could make him so bulbous and hungry. And gassy, given the scent of his belching as well as the sweaty miasma only served to make him hungrier, as well as a little erect, but Alex wasn't sure he had time to rub one out with how hungry he was. Despite the fact his neck looked longer, with what he could only perceive to be a leathery covering of scales, it was only the need to eat that came to the forefront of his thoughts.

In the brief moments of lucidity between bouts of gas and his feeding frenzy, Alex's mind moved back toward the DNA samples he had been working with over the past several weeks. It made no sense, but the fact he was so inclined to eat greens as well as the growth and the scales seemed to draw his mind to dinosaurs and their habits. He was working with unknown samples, after all, not meant to be ingested. But shouldn't such a change be his doom, if not toxic outright? Yet, why was he so damn *hungry*?!

Feeling heavy and bloated and covered with dirt and torn clothing, Alex moved back into his house, fatigue taking over and making him nearly pass out as he stood. His massive body sent tremors through his floor as walked back to his bed. The bed creaked as he lay on it, and with the

growth in his body, it was a wonder he could even get on it without falling off. But he did, barely aware of his flatulence and gassiness as he passed out, the heavy musk of his weighty body lulling him into a deep sleep.

It was the sensation of the bed giving out from under him that roused him some hours later, the heavy cracks of the structure parting under his weight and making him hit the floor. Alex tried to rise, body feeling very too heavy as he did so. Even in the dark, he could tell he was far too large for the room, hitting his head on the ceiling and feeling flexibility in his neck that should not have existed, though it was still heavy against his body. He had to duck a little, body heavy as a pressing need in his bowels made itself known, and it was harder for him to feel concerned about the changes with that primal need. It was as though his mind was lulled into a more simplistic state of animalistic desires, the instincts to deal with his immediate needs stronger than his human ability to care.

Again, it was the sound of the ceramic bowl breaking that alarmed Alex back into reality, having done his business but too large for the human device to deal with. Getting out of the bathroom in a panic over the smell, Alex was well aware he was too large for the building he was in, the floor shaking with every step. He hadn't bothered to turn on a light, though his fingers felt stiff and restrictive, and his stature made its location on the wall a little difficult to discern. So he was prompted to stomp through the room, the lights from outside sliding in and giving him an idea of what he looked like.

Even under that dim light there was no denying the saurian features. Alex was massive, neck undeniably large enough that his head was hitting the ceiling. It was not just that to add to his height with the size of his torso and legs, though some of it was clearly the neck, definitely more than 10 feet tall now with what he knew from the dimensions of the room. Although he could not discern the color of his skin, it had run down most of the size of his belly by this point, as bulbous and inflated as it was. And, raising his fingers to his hand, it seemed as though the mass of his palms was swelling up between the digits, leaving little of the bone structure left and even less ability to flex them. Perhaps the weirdest of all was the swaying of the growth at the back of him, able to move now that he focused on it. Alex could only refer to the growth as a tail of sorts, which lends credence to the notion he was really turning into some kind of plant-eating dinosaur.

Yet, as before, a hearty belch followed by the scent of his digested meal in his nose brought the hunger to his mind once more, something he needed to quell with expediency. Any thoughts of terror over the change, fear for his humanity, or future, and scientific rationale of what was happening were brushed away, thinking he would have the ability to contemplate such once he had eaten. Even if it took him some time to eat, to fill his belly properly, it mattered little, the desire to feed more of a drive than anything that dictated his actions before.

With no food in the house, Alex felt no other recourse than to move outside to hope he could find the proper nutrients to satiate the hunger burning into his being. He was naked, having not pulled off his clothes but knowing he had torn out of them now, the rags around his frame, Alex figured there was no point trying to don new ones. To his embarrassment, there was a prominent erection on his groin, be it the thick musk or the stench of his own body, he was clearly turned on to the point he needed to rub one out. That was after he had filled his gullet first!

With the size of his body and difficulty in getting out his own door, there was no denying he was turning into a dinosaur, his body heavy but not of fat as he might have worried. He was packing on fat, for sure, but some of it was muscle, too, allowing him to move without too much trouble, if not for being too large for the building he was in. He had to push his way through the front door, and that was after his stubby hands struggled to open the knob. And with his top-heavy body, Alex was almost sure he would fall down the stairs as he made his way outside, the clean air making him a little sad that he wasn't still only drinking in his own musk. Still, he was rank and sweaty, and his nostrils, which seemed a little scrunched up on his face, were still able to pick it up, keeping his erection at bay.

The cool evening air made him more aware of his scales, running up his neck and down his chest and back. They were even starting to move down his legs now, and the growth sticking out of his spine. He could tell the skin was brown and green, mottled in some places, as though the covering of a being that had not existed on the planet for millions of years. Under normal circumstances, he would have loved to study himself, never seeing a dinosaur and ever steadily gaining those features from his humanity.

Yet, no matter how much he tried to muster an iota of care for the state of his body and the changes he was going through, Alex just found he was too hungry to care. He was outside in the middle of the night, and there didn't seem to be anyone else out there to stop him or even question his presence. Alex wasn't quite heavy enough to stomp the ground, but he was large enough to feel that top heaviness making him want to get down on his hands. There was a forest near his place, though it was some distance, and he had to lumber alone, drooling and looking around the street for something to eat. Here and there, Alex found a few trees he could reach up and munch on, but it was hardly enough to sustain him. If he really was turning into a dinosaur, a herbivore, no less, then surely he would need far more than what he could manage here.

Mouth watering, it took a painfully long time for Alex to make it to the woods and a series of trees that would surely be enough to satisfy even his hunger. It was almost impossible for him to think of anything else than the need to feed as it burned into his very being, making him moan and growl enough for him to reach the trees needed to satisfy a being the size he would

soon become. It mattered very little what the end result of the changes would be if he were robbed of his humanity and altered all the way to a prehistoric being. In the here and now, he needed to feed, to fill the empty void in his stomach and the ever-growing expanse as he continued to grow.

Thus, Alex started to munch down hard on the nearby trees, their branches gently blowing in the wind. Letting out a low bellow, Alex ravenously clamped down on one of the lower branches, his molars making quick work of the bark and leaves. And so he went about on another feeding frenzy, biting down on nearly every succulent branch he could reach with his ever-longer neck. It felt good to put down so much food. It helped to alleviate some of the stomach pains he had been dealing with of late, not that he was currently paying much attention to that.

It was sometime later when a hearty belch rocked his being, enough so to bring him out of the feeding frenzy. Alex was a little shocked to note how much damage his feeding had done to the local flora, the large gaps in the lower branches, as well as the taste on his tongue enough to assure him of their fate. He was hardly, too, heavier, a miracle he was still able to stand as he was with his body so top heavy. He was getting larger and larger, as evidenced by the increase in the treeline from how much further up his neck was able to manage.

That was hardly the only change to overtake him, much to his chagrin. Trying to move his fingers was a futile affair, and looking down at them, even in the dull light of the moon, was enough to know the layers of fat and muscle had swelled enough between the digits to render them immobile, their nails thick and dark and almost all that remained on his stubs of hands were the blunted nails from former fingers. Trying to wriggle his toes yielded a similar result as he realized ankles and heels had altered to support his mammoth weight. Surely, he was close to a thousand pounds now, and still had so much further to grow!

Whatever flexibility he no longer possesses in his digits was made up in his neck, long enough and flexible enough that he could sway it back and forth, looking down on his body with some shock. It was enough that his mouth could reach the lower branches with ease. Looking down, he realized with some trepidation that the only thing that could equate to the flexibility of his neck was his tail, so thick at the base that it seemed to have pushed his rectum underneath. It was almost fascinating to feel such a growth moving back and forth, swaying with some insistence as though irritated. He certainly felt that way, given his lack of noticing the changes over his feeding frenzy, and whatever series of events led to this deplorable outcome. He couldn't have wanted this, to be this massive, hungry beast, that had to

It was the sensation of his penis descending, as though it was being kept inside him somehow but now engorging, that was so foreign, so alien, that Alex hardly noticed the need to



urinate. He had little time to react before his bladder let loose and a stream of hot piss hit the ground, some of it splattering on his scaled legs, though he could barely perceive it with the condition they were. It felt like gallons of urine were being unloaded, though how his body retained that much water without having drunk any was confusing to him. There was likely sufficient water stored in his vegetation, but it was a moot point with the relief he felt, even over the stench. It was so nice to relieve himself out in nature like that, he barely noticed his cock entering within a single hole, one that clenched the moment he became aware of his anus from the bout of flatulence his greeny diet had caused.

Yet, none of it mattered with the hunger that made itself known once more, and Alex was starting to realize he needed unimaginable quantities to sustain his growth and change. It should have killed him over and over to grow without the biological fuel to sustain the transformation, though he was thankful he only needed to constantly eat to the point of nearly blacking out. Hell, even when he was fully changed, Alex figured most of his waking hours would be met with feeding. But it was a moot point with how much he was starving and how little ability he had to think beyond filling his greedy gullet.

The more he grew, the more Alex, in his brief moments of lucidity, knew that there was little chance of the process halting or reverting to the point that he figured he might have to live out the rest of his life as a dinosaur. Though such should have been an unwanted outcome, there was an increasing part of his mind that didn't seem to object to the notion. It was more peaceful, and relaxing to eat and grow and revel in his bodily functions without any care for anything else, expanding toward the massive herbivore he was to become. It was a simpler life, one without endless work or any of the stressors that had plagued him for the past several years. And one that was starting to become more and more appealing.

With that, all his human worries, concerns, and responsibilities melted away like the sweat from his form, his pressing concern being eating enough to continue to fuel his growth and change and take on the dinosaur physique that he longed to possess. A part of him figured it was ironic, being the one to research a method to bring back dinosaurs only to have his own body used as the specimen. But that thought was quickly lost as he continued to reach up to eat, moving from branch to branch and devouring mouthfuls of leaves at a time with his peg-like teeth, perfectly modified for eating large quantities of food. He happily kept at it, belching every once in a while to clear his belly.

All around him, a heady musk wafted over his form, that once spoke of his flatulence and belching, but also of sweat from the exertion of changing, from a being that had not persisted in the world as he knew it. The smell, though pungent, proved to be rather pleasant, as his nostrils flattened and flared. Alex was barely aware of it, though the bridge of his nose was flattening, smushing his nose into what was slowly becoming a blunt muzzle. It felt bizarre,

though it was only anticipated as his sense of smell seemed to increase as his face cracked outward and allowed him to pull at more branches faster and faster.

The aches in his next were only to increase in relation to his growth, though the only concern he possessed was that he was the food had further to travel before it made its way into his belly. But it was a moot point, given that he would have to eat regardless, and, besides, the aches were a small price to pay with the added length allowing him to eat from higher branches. He was starting to get top-heavy at this point, and he was sure he would be down on all fours soon, so the added size was preferred when the other option was to step forward and fall over uncomfortably.

It was soon to be an inevitable fate as the swelling of muscle within as well as a shifting bone structure made it necessary to get down on his front limbs to maintain his comfort. He allowed himself to fall forward, his hips slowly shifting to a better position for such a lifestyle. His arms and hands were already in the proper shape to absorb the impact, but the force of the fall was felt like an earthquake, something that would surely attract the attention of nearby humans. With the rising sun, there was little chance of him remaining hidden, but it mattered little with the sheer size he possessed now. What could they possibly do to hurt him like this?

Body covered in musky dinosaur hide, the skin was able to expand to allow the hundreds of pounds of muscle to continue to add to his girth, as well as the thickening bones rearranging within. His chest was massive and barrelled, and his arms were being pulled underneath him as the hip bones flattened and his shoulders were forced forward to solidify his stance, making him stand more erect while still allowing him to reach his preferred branches. His belly distended as well, allowing more room for the food he required to fuel his changes. Hips, too, took their proper saurian position, allowing him to move forward with ease, even as the earth shook with each step he took, his bulk pushing smaller trees to the side while his seeking neck and head moved toward his next conquest. He was getting massive

Once more, a series of flatulence and the digestion of plant matter forced him to lift his tail and he relieved himself. He cared little for the mess he made, realizing it was a natural act and not able to smell himself regardless of the sheer distance he was from his waste. It was the thick musk wafting off his form, as well as the smell of his wet belches, resonating all the way up his longer neck as he continued to eat that was the focus on his olfactory abilities. It was the only thing to pause him from chewing and swallowing, but he cared little, the smell of which was enough to stir his hunger further.

Perhaps of all his changes, the growth of his tail was the most exciting, something he delighted to swish as it grew thicker. It was getting impossibly long by this point, with multiple points of articulation as the tip thinned and thrashed back and forth like a whip. Though it was

hard to focus on playing with it too much, still fixated on his feeding frenzy, but in his moments of awareness, it was pleasant for him to tease its growth, focusing on it and delighting that he possessed it now.

The aches of change were still plaguing him, perhaps growing worse as his changes kicked in faster, but the more he ate, the more Alex felt he was easing the aches of growth and change. He was impossibly large by this point and yet still had some growing to do if he was to reach his adult saurian height. Already, he was able to reach branches that he could not meet before falling on all fours. That was all that truly mattered to the changing man, however, being able to feast to his heart's content, no other pressing goals for him to reach. It became pleasant for him to have no other concerns, not even the loss of his humanity and ability to fit into the modern world could not dissuade the contentment that came with a forest of lush greens to sate even a sauropod-sized appetite. So he kept eating, stuffing his belly with leaves. All the while, the beast couldn't help but belch every so often, commonly accompanied by a loud bout of flatulence.

Given the stench of his musk and gasses, a steady arousal had been playing over his sex all the while, though not enough to spur his penis to erection. Yet, as the changes started winding down, and his form started to settle in, the arousal grew to the point where he could feel his member coming out from the merged orifice he now possessed. He was now more aroused than at any point in his life, and the size of the member snaking under his rounded belly surpassed his expectations of the thing. It would need to be, he figured, though it was a moot point without another being to use it on. The size of the thing nearly touched the backs of his front legs, leaking copious fluids and taking enough blood to knock a smaller being unconscious. And it ached to be pleased, a notion of being a dinosaur more potent and attractant than anything he had ever experienced thus far.

Yet, there was an obvious problem with his scenario, given the lack of fingers on his massive feet. They were much more suited to holding up his weight on the ground than masturbating himself, and there was no obvious way for him to get off with his current predicament. Part of him wondered if his neck would be long enough for the task, though he was quick to find that was not the case. Frustrated by the lack of relief, Alex stomped his feet, bellowing out in a voice that carried no human intonations. However, with some effort, the slapping against his belly seemed to trigger a tremor through his loins, enough to give him an idea of how to achieve release. Didn't animals do something like that? There was no reason not to try...

Rocking back and forth, Alex could feel the ground shaking under his feet as his cock slapped against his belly, sending responding waves all the way into his prostate and making him bellow out his relief. It wasn't much, certainly no substitute for having something to insert his

member into. But it was certainly close enough to cause the tip to leak and build up constant pressure, prompting him to continue. His member was massive, even in relation to his current size, and possessed the sensitivity to boot. Be it the scent of his bodily functions or the sheer elation of saurian freedom, Alex felt more aroused than at any time in his life. And it should not take him long...

With a mighty bellow, the beast that was once a human man felt the onset of orgasm taking him over to the point where he nearly whited out. Internal testicles spasmed as he unleashed literal torrents of sauropod cum, spilling onto his belly, legs, and the ground underneath him. Far longer than seven seconds, the orgasm seemed to last an eternity to the still-human parts of his brain, enough that it was hardly possible for him to focus over the release. And even after he did come down from orgasm, his mind seemed free, at peace, the concerns of the past even further away with an entire forest to feed his massive appetite...

Sometime later, as the sun slowly lifted over the horizon, Alex was aware he was not alone. There was no hiding his presence from the human world, after all, not that they could do much to him. He could still understand their words, though they meant very little to him. Something about getting him a habitat where he would be safe, as well as allowing people to come to see a creature that should not have existed in their century. Yet, their words had some merit, and Alex allowed himself to be led away, going to wherever they had in mind for him. After all, they would provide him care and sanctuary, he being too valuable a specimen. Besides, Alex could hardly muster concern for his future, so long as they had plenty of food for him...