

“Still, I don’t want to have to move, you know? I just got my route all planned and my budget set-hey, are you listening?” Randy said, his coworker looking up and blinking as though she was thinking about something else. “Oh, no, sorry, I have a ton of things...yeah, no, I agree, it’s pretty bullshit!” She replied, returning to what she was scrolling through on her phone. Randy had the respect not to look at it but figured that she, too, had a ton of financial issues to work out. Such things came with moving jobs. Not that such realizations prevented the obese man from complaining about it at every chance he got!

The whole reassignment was bullshit, something that Randy complained about on every occasion. He loved his job working at his town’s history museum, one he had for five years. As annoying as he could be to his coworkers, his knowledge about the exhibits was second to none, to the delight of children and adults alike who came to visit. There, of course, was a penchant for him being labeled a know-it-all, but in his profession that was a welcome trait. Every display, from the dinosaur bones to the hominid history had been painstakingly researched to the point he could rattle off facts in his sleep.

So, it was understandable he would be more than a little disappointed about his reassignment to another facility owned by the same company. The museum he had poured his heart and soul into was closing forever, and he would be forced to work in whatever new establishment they were being reassigned. Not only would he have to relearn all of the skills in the new position, but his status and privilege would be taken from him, essentially forcing the somewhat lazy man to exert himself in starting from the bottom. And then there were all the other issues about moving from one job to another. Bus routes, coffee shops, all the familiar routines were being robbed from him without any choice, stressing the man out more than he was up for. In his mind, all the complaining was justified, though no amount of complaining in the world could prevent the inevitable transfer!

One advantage was that the park would take some time to get up and running, and Randy could live off unemployment, as sparing as that would be. It would at least be some time he could use to get caught up on Netflix and video games, something he was looking forward to. But deep down he knew he would be dreading his new position, whatever it would be.

All he knew about the position was that it would be a theme park of sorts, the details of which had not been given to lowly grunts such as himself. The work seemed silly to him, likely operating rides or stands that would not allow him guest engagement. He loved his position and did not want to trade it for a more stationary job. But there was nothing to be done for it, and it would at least pay more than the usual retail or fast food jobs that would be the only ones he would be qualified for.

And so here he was, complaining to his friend Laura, much to her chagrin. Admittedly had a crush on her for several years now, though the rather beautiful woman had no interest in him. In fact, she often tried to recommend that another coworker, Nancy, might make a better match, but Randy was having none of it, despite noticing the occasional glances she gave him. Laura, for her part, was taking the bemoaning in stride, though it was clear to anyone but Randy that she was tired of it. And so he prattled on and on, Laura looking for a way out but unable to find one, given that no one was visiting the museum today and they had nothing better to do.

At the end of their shift, all the employees were called to a meeting, likely to go over some details of their new job. Everyone was called in from outside of work to a meeting room, and the usual banter was brought forth, mainly focused on what their new job would entail. To Laura's chagrin, Randy moved to sit beside her, ignoring the signs she wanted to sit beside and talk to almost anyone else. So she was privy to whatever bantering came from Randy's mouth, all of it complaints and bad jokes that left her wishing to be anywhere but.

After some time, one of the other employees pointed out the obvious. None of their upper management, the top bosses of the company were yet present. It was at least half an hour after the proposed meeting time, but nothing had started yet. People were starting to get anxious about evening plans being delayed and other such concerns. Surely, management wouldn't leave them hanging for too long, right?

It was Nancy that noticed it first, the larger woman standing up and declaring a rather pungent smell in the air. It was odorous, like a chemical, and even Randy's poor awareness of smells soon detected it/ the more he breathed it in, the more he started to become dizzy, as though taking in fumes from a car. It was getting to the point where he wanted to lie down, barely aware of the same effect coming over everyone else in the room. The term gas came to mind, something anesthetic to knock them all out. But with how sleepy he felt, it was hard to bring any focus on the thoughts about how or why they were being knocked out before he passed into a dreamless sleep...

Sometime later, Randy came too, lying on a hard floor in what looked to be a massive, glass cage with just a filter to allow air to flow in. Waking up slowly, it took him some time to come to terms with what had happened. Even more so was the fact he was naked, his chubby body on display for all the see. Modesty was soon out the window, however, as his eyes gazed around the wider room, realizing that it was rather massive compared to what he was expecting. Several dozen cages of varying sizes were present in the chamber, looking to be some sort of open warehouse. Yet, with various computer monitors around, the pristine, sterile location seemed more like some sort of makeshift laboratory than anything else.

Though still self-conscious about his chubby body, it soon became worse when he realized that Laura was in the cage beside him. She was coming too as well, looking around with bewildered eyes as much as he likely had. Though the rest of his coworkers were present as well, Randy felt his eyes fixating on Laura. He wanted to call out to her, but he could not hear anything coming from his coworkers, so figured such efforts were mute. Though her body was objectively average, to him, she was a goddess, the subject of many a wet dream and masturbatory session. And seeing her naked was like a dream in and of itself, so it was natural for his cock to rise to attention despite the bizarreness of the circumstance. Of course, he felt immense shame, not wanting to be seen as a beast or a prevent in front of his crush. But despite the embarrassment he felt over the reaction of his body, there was nothing that could be done for it, his hand-on not going down no matter how much he willed it.

What he was not expecting was for his cock to start to harden further, pressing against his hand and pushing it outward. Randy had never been impressive in the downstairs department, and there was no way his erection should have been so insistent. But with each passing moment, the blood flowing through him pumped him up to the point of his possible physiology. In fact, it was soon reaching a size that he perceived as inhumanly possible, though it was something he didn't want to look down at. His only concern was that it was getting harder and harder for him to keep his hands over it, exposing his shame and taking any ounce of a chance he had with his crush. Perhaps not what he should be thinking upon waking in a cage naked and trapped. But, he had little control over where his mind went in such a bizarre moment besides!

Yet, the more he tried to cover his erection, the more it seemed as though his arms were having some trouble with it. Like his arms were shrinking, weakening, and it was an effort to keep him down over them. They were trembling with the effort and drawing his eyes over to them, Randy was almost sure that they were quivering, diminishing in size like they were... shrinking? The skin over them seemed unnaturally dry as well, but there was nothing to be done for it, not wanting to rub his hands over them lest he remove them from his cock.

It was soon literally taken out of his hands as his arms were smaller than what could objectively cover his cock. Not wanting to acknowledge his erection, lest he have to admit its presence, there was no denying its insistence, and Randy reflexively looked down to see what had happened to it. Though he was no accurate judge of such a thing, his guess was it was closer to 12 inches than his usual 4, bobbing and leaking as though preparing to fuck at a moment's notice. And something was off about the shade of it, as though it was starting to turn a reddish shade.

Staring in abject horror, Randy was privy to the sight of his cock starting to writhe, as though the erectile tissues were becoming more flexible with each passing second. Foreskin seems pulled away, and the cleft of his cock seemed to melt away. It was taking every ounce of

restraint not to touch himself, just to try to retain some semblance of its former human shape. Though there was little to be done for it, given his fear of touching it would make it real. Without the head present, the tip was left to taper, and with its new flexibility, it seemed to unglute around, as though seeking for something.

What appeared to be the remnants of his foreskin were pulled toward his groin by this point, and it seemed to peel away the moment it merged with the skin. Any errant hair on his shaped privates was left to fall out, leaving the skin bare and void of even the follicles. The remaining flesh started to pulsate, pulling inward and thinning out from the point where the foreskin had merged. The horror of what was to happen escaped Randy's awareness to the point he was hardly able to react to the sight of a slit opening, moist and pulsating as much as his cock was. The opening spread down toward his penis, moving around its widening circumference and encompassing the entire surface.

Even moving down toward his testicles, the sucking sensation of them being pulled toward it was more than he could bare, a wordless yell escaped his lips as they were sucked inside of him with little fanfare. The further his testicles moved within his internal anatomy, the more they seemed to swell, pushing his internal organs around to the point of pain. Though the sensations were numbed somewhat, it was still powerfully disconcerting to feel them reorientate inside of him. It was hard to really fathom what was happening to him, though it didn't have any effect on his erect, having still its place within him. Its widening circumference pressed almost sensually against the interior of the slit, making him moan from the unexpected sensations.

Even if he had the mindset to try to touch himself, the state of his hands would not allow him to. The digits were stiff, pulling together as though seeking the skin of their neighbors. The arms they sat on were about two-thirds their former length now, shoulders stiff as well and weakened, the fat from them seeming to fade. And there was some sort of pressing pulling at the insides of his fingers, something growing within that wished to burst forth and left him with some sense of fear.

It hardly held a candle to the fear he was about to experience as the pulsating in his penis grew to a crescendo. Be it the repositioning of his testicles within him, or the pure arousal of its growth of size and change, he was but moments away from a very embarrassing orgasm. Every effort to keep it in and bring down his inhuman erection was for naught as the pressure passed the tipping point and he cried out in reflex, cock spasming and the stink of semen hitting his nose. Yeet, the waves of pleasure radiating from his member kept him from doing too much, literally frozen and growling and wishing for any bit of stimulation he could get to his cock, the release feeling empty almost. It was as though the remnants of his testicular contents were being expelled from him for something else, Still, the shame he felt over the action was palpable, and

he wanted nothing more than to hide away, anyone watching him privy to the sight of the more embarrassing moments of his life.

Randy didn't want to look over at the cage next to him, but a part of him needed to know if his crush had seen his shameful display. Yet, to his relief, and soon horror, Laura was not looking over at him. Rather she was in the middle of her own sexual display, stroking her cunt lips desperately in the hopes to reach orgasm. Though it was unlikely she was able to last long in that endeavor, given the state of her fingers. They were much longer and easier to notice on her other hand, which was braced against the side of the cage to stabilize her. And there seemed to be some sort of webbing between them, as though sticking them together. Different than what was happening to him, to be sure, though Randy hardly had any perception of such things. He had no basis to understand what was happening to them, but whatever it was defied his understanding of the natural world.

And it was not done with him yet. Another beastly growl escaped his lips as his jaw suddenly cracked forward, pushing out with meat, muscle, and bone to the point that if he crossed his eyes, Randy was sure he could see it in his periphery. He was drooling, feeling as though he possessed some sort of underbite as his jaw inches ever forward, larger on his head and feeling a little heavy and awkward. He wanted to reach up and touch it, though his hands were lacking in their tactical abilities and it was hard to really feel what was going on. The skin felt dry and pebbly, and its texture was spreading over his jawline and peppering his former skin, beard hair falling out in its wake. Whatever was happening was continuing a relentless march over his form, and there was nothing Randy could do about it to stop it.

The sound of a door opening was enough to prompt him to look over, seeing a man walking in with a series of arms guards following behind him in the rank file. He began talking, though was not referring to the prisoners directly. "And here are the subjects in the midst of transformation! The formula works rather quickly, over the course of less than half an hour or so. I hope you're not all prudish; the changes make them rather... amorous. It needs to, we expect to breed pairs of them together as soon as possible to stabilize their numbers. Changing humans is a rather difficult endeavor, and it is hard enough to make an office of employees disappear. They are, of course, expendable, but I'd rather this been a one-time endeavor. Well, two times, if we get another batch of additional DNA samples for the park!" he said, as though turning people into...what, exactly? Was the most normal thing in the world.

"This is going to make billions. A real-life Jurassic park!" One of the men said, and the wheels in Randy's head started to turn in fear. Jurassic Park? Like...dinosaurs? It made no fucking sense! And, yet...

“You can’t drrrroo this! Fuck you!” Randy tried to call out, ignoring the strange inflections in his voice. Though he wasn’t sure if he could be heard, it mattered little, the only act of defiance he was capable of. He wanted to bang against the door, but with his arms in their current state, there was little to be done for it.

Instead, in his terror, Randy looked around the room, eyes settling on the other members of his staff with abject terror. Each one of them seemed to be in the midst of their own changes, each as unique as the last. Calvin was on all fours, a massive swaying tail behind him as his expanding backside started forcing what could only be plates to play up from along his spine. He wordlessly bellowed, reaching back to try to pull at them while the hands trying to do so were still able to. A pained look crossed his features as sharp spikes erupted from the man’s new tail, a testament to what he might be turning into.

Another one of his friends, Ted, was hunched over as well, only rubbing his face as two massive horns continued to push their way through a scalp that was far too small to manage it. He, too, possessed what seemed to be a tail, though his was more stunted than the other’s. A crest of sorts was rising from behind his head, and when he moved his hands, the sight of a beat and a smaller horn where his nose once took up space, gave him a frightening visage.

Linda, the woman who had been sat across from him, was undergoing the most bizarre change he had seen thus far. Her neck was massive to the point she had to bend over to support it, hair having fallen away and leaving a crest of sorts in its place. Her body was swelling, graying skin peppering her form and giving him the notion that she was becoming an elephant or something similar. But she was soon larger than that, on her way to a dinosaur form that would tower over them all if Randy had to guess what was happening to them.

In contrast was Justine, who seemed not to be growing at all, having one of the smaller pens to house the poor unfortunate victims of whatever was happening. Her body had erupted with gooseflesh, feathers popping out and around their exteriors. A long tail had burst from the back of her as well, thrashing as something massive and razor-sharp burst through an expanded bigger toe. Her changes seemed to be coming faster, perhaps due to the smaller stature of her body, giving her the form of some sort of smaller predator of the raptor species.

One last glance toward Laura showed she was struggling with the growth of a beak from her lips, hair gone and agape in either the horror of the change or the lust as she continued to fruitlessly stroke her sex. It had rotated behind her now, legs parted and webbing having grown between them to allow her eventual flight. The fingers were stiff now, no longer present, and she was caught within that threshold of lust and terror as her changes rushed forward. It was obvious she was changing into some kind of flying species, only one of the two former humans to be undergoing such a drastic change.

But there was one other form his eyes seemed to settle on, that of the overweight secretary Nancy, the woman who had an obvious crush on him. She, too, was massive and growing still, with a color pattern similar to the one running over his own. Drool was dripping down her maw as well, and the sight of her sharp teeth brought Randy to the awareness of his own dagger-like dentures. It was like she was undergoing the same changes as he was, turning into the same type of dinosaur. One that was obviously a-

Randy hardly had time to focus any further as the ache of his face pushing out grew to the forefront of his senses. It was clearly visible now, heavy on his face even as the muscles within the base of his skull and neck were thickening to accompany the massive maw he was developing. Pushing his eyes apart, they still managed to remain forward facing, though it was of little consequence with how much it was changing. Nostrils flared as they pushed outward with the onset of the newly grown muzzle. An expanding rostrum drank in the stench of his dino musk and cum, cock still powerfully erect in its saurian state.

With the force of his muzzle growing, Randy was remiss for not noticing the force of growth at the other end, spine creaking out and forming a nub from the skin that started to extend. Randy was barely aware of its presence until it started to twitch of its own accord, sticking it straight back from his spine. Though it started with bare human skin, its surface was soon peppered with the same brownish-yellow scales that were moving up his rounded belly and down his thickened thighs. Its weight was readily increasing enough to balance the size of his head and torso, though Randy was hardly given a reprieve to feel the fact he had a new limb as his body continued to swell with growth toward the species he was becoming.

Randy could not deny he was getting larger all over, swelling with meat and muscle and even fat in some places, though the ratio was much removed from his former human pudginess. It seemed to be melting into the stretching skin of his belly, which itself was growing massive and taut even as it bulged with mass. He could almost feel his pelvis shifting and had to adjust his stance several times in order to make it work. His legs, too, were shocked with muscles, lines drawn across the naked skin as whatever force was changing him saw it fit to continually alter his state of being toward something not only inhuman but something that had not existed on the planet in over 65 million years.

The tingling over his skin continued to persist as scales continued their relentless march over his form. They were running down his legs, thickened over knee caps as they played around the contours of toes that remained out of place and human for the moment. It was covering his skin all over, removing any errant hair follicles in his wake as his back, chest, and eventually, head was nearly covered. Even the hair atop his head was forfeit, left to fall off and leaving him

effectively bald. He desperately wanted to rub the tingling of scales covering his skin, but there was nothing to be done for it with the current stature of his hands.

As though his thoughts were enough to trigger the next changes, Randy could feel the stickiness of his fingers grow intense to the point where he could no longer pull them apart. His thumbs seemed even more stuff, pulling up his wrists as they continued to diminish in relation to his body. He could feel them mushing together, down to the bones as the four digits on each finger were reduced to two. The ache he had been feeling came to a head as his nails fell away for the growth of new talons, pushing out bloodlessly into curved claws the likes of which would have dwarfed his former fingers. Though there was nothing to be done for it, thumbs lost in the stretching of wrists and the sinking of shoulders that left him horribly out of joint with his primate physiology. Even though the smaller fingers with their two claws each made it very obvious what he was becoming...

The ache of changes soon started to settle into his feet, big toes diminishing first into nothing as though not needed for his new anatomy. His smaller toes were pulled up the sides of expanding heels, aching with the growth of a claw on each of them. The remaining toes continued to swell in relation to the size of his feet, getting thicker and fatter with each passing moment. The same pressure built up in the ends of them as three thick talons burst bloodlessly form, the toes clenching from their growth as they got used to their anatomy. The bottoms of his feet were increasing in size all the while, heels stretching and allowing him to pitch forward but allowing his expanding torso to be supported as he stood there, teething on the edge of his remaining humanity and the dinosaur he was growing into.

With his expanding leg length, Randy was privy to a wider view of the room and the others in the cages that were changing along with him. It was past the point of being able to recognize who they had been, most on all fours as their bodies stretched and expanded and covered with saurian scales, or feathers, in the case of the few that were smaller dinosaur species. But it was the woman that had been... what was her name? That caught his eye. Her jaw was as large as Randy's own, panting and drooling as her stature changed and her feet adjusted to allow her upright stance. Even though he could not smell her, enclosed as they were, the sight of her was enough to bring Randy's arousal to the forefront, rex cock bobbing up and down as though hoping she would notice him. Proasta pounding, he wanted to be cock deep in what he vaguely understood to be her cloaca, though it was a moot point with the arousal he felt and the need to quell it.

Thoughts were burning into his mind at this point beyond the fear he felt over the changes themselves. Fears about money or jobs or romances were steadily replaced by simpler, primal needs like feeding, hunting, and above all, fucking, which made it impossible for him to think about why he was so afraid. It was harder to think in human terms, seeing the world in

shades of red as he focused on what was a threat, what was food, and what could be a mate to quell the burning in his cock.

Head devoid of hair now, his skull was ever expanding to match the power he would need for his bite. But the material around his brain was compressing on his cranium, even smaller than the human him even when taking into account the sheer thousands of pounds he was putting on. The mass of his brain was ever shrinking, making it hard to hold on to human thoughts. The part of him that was rex was growing ever stronger with each passing moment, making it impossible for him to focus beyond the simple needs that were firing at his mind.

One thing that both facets of his mind could agree on was that he needed to be out of this confining space, that he was trapped here and growing too large for such a space with the size of the being he was. Large maw opening in an angry roar, he pushed his bulk against the confines of his cage, forcing with all of his might. Barely feeling anything give against his bulk, he pushed harder, a thick smack music to his ears that even his dwindling humanity seemed to detect as a good thing. But he was hardly to be deterred by such a thing, hating the fact he was confined. It was enough that he tried with even more force, bursting against the confines of the prison and expanding the crack enough that the cooler air of the room hit his skin, and, desperate for more, he pushed against his prison, forcing it against his weight and spreading the cracks to the point that another push would make his exit possible.

Yells and screams hit his ears though there was little concern in the diminishing dinosaur's mind. Even the flashes of gun muzzles, something that he had difficulty comprehending where was coming from, mattered little to the growing dinosaur. Whatever they were firing bounced off his hide as though pebbles and Randy was able to take pride in that, not caring about the stings without their ability to actually penetrate his flesh. They were, however, enough to draw his attention toward those who had the guns to shoot at him, and that did provide enough annoyance that he wanted to deal with them. And, he was hungry...

Human morality was shot out the window as he regarded one of the men with interest and curiosity, guts gurgling from the intense change. He needed to eat, needed meat, and his fading intellect knew those creatures below were no longer the same species as he. Therefore, there were no moral qualms when he lowered his maw and closed his massive daggers over the male. Raising him up, the pinpricks of shots hitting his thick skin were barely noticed as he bite down, the flavor of blood divine as he swallowed the man in one go. The annoying screams were soon drowned out as the man's life ended, and the rex felt his gullet settle as the squirming stopped and he prepared to digest his meal.

With that, the rest of the men in the room saw it fit to bolt, and the instincts within the rex's mind were inclined to chase and hunt. However, he was more attentive to the sounds of the

other cages shattering and the various dinosaurs within moved with surprising, speed toward the door. The size and bulk of the beasts were enough to make it through the gate keeping them within the larger structure they were housed. They were clearly eager to get away from the massive predator present in the room with them, the only one of two that were threatening to them. Though with his own gullet filled, and the female biting into another of the unfortunate men, they were not to be the targets of the rex's strength and power just yet. The raptors, for their part, sought to seek out some of the fleeting men for their own first meals as dinosaurs, but it was a moot point to a mind that was thinking more in terms of black and white, food and threat, and mate, rather than anything beyond that.

It was that last facet that came to the forefront of the rex's awareness with a scent in the air, one that spoke of musk and lust and receptiveness. There was a female of his species, and the ache in his cock had never quite gone away from his changes. Though it was harder to think of him as being another being, rex intellect removed from such things, and the lack of memories about a life growing up in his body were unimportant in the face of the present. And, in the moment, it was a female's time in heat that needed to be quelled.

Normally, the two of them would partake in a complex mating ritual to approve each other's worthiness as a mate. But something in the female's need was urgent, and the male was already erect and ready. She bent over, tail up and to the side, her cloaca was throbbing, and it took little effect for rec instincts to take over and for him to get into position, the sensation of his writhing prick touching the insides of her folds more than he could bare. The scent of her musk and the need in his own prick made the mating act surprisingly brief but did not take away from the intimacy of the affair.

Little was left of the human's mind as he rutted away into the cunt lips of the female. He was happy, however, to be giving up that bit of his humanity to be such a powerful being, an apex predator in his own right. And to have his testicles swell and be drained into the sex of a worthy mate, one that would bare his offspring was a testament to the most primal needs in his body. A triumphant roar echoed in the chamber as the male rex unloaded his semen, before dismounting and preparing to exit the building in pursuit of his saurian brethren...

“Our top story tonight, the rampage of what appear to be legit dinosaurs continues, though they have largely moved out of the city. Thankfully, casualties have been kept to a minimum, though several dozen people are reported as missing and possibly victims of the disaster. Law enforcement are building a perimeter around the city to prevent their return, but they seemed to have retreated now toward the forest beyond, where they will be difficult to

recapture. No word on whether these are animatronics or the real thing, but we will keep you updated with all the latest information as it arrives...”