

“Cheers!” Helen said, raising her champagne as Emily and Rachel raised theirs in turn. It had been a successful hunt, something that was not always the case when they made it out to the savannah. It was amazing to be out on safari, without a care in the world for the next few weeks. Though with jobs and other life hassles being what they were, the trio and their husbands could only make it once this year to what used to be a biannual trip. Still, it was of little concern when they had been so successful, getting a bull elephant on their second day out.

Normally, such animals as elephants were protected, poaching for ivory being in high demand on the black market. But with the millions their husbands made, it was easy enough to find places willing to let them hunt any big game they wished. The permits were pricy, but as they always alluded to, money was something they couldn't take with them, and the trophies meant nothing if they weren't taken from the animals themselves.

The trip to the lodge had been troublesome, and not for the first time. It seemed their plans had not gone unnoticed by the usual slew of protesters, and they were subject to harassment as their jeeps were driven into the site. One of them had the audacity to throw some odd-smelling dirt on them as fragrant as the elephant droppings they had come across fresh. It was gross and didn't even come off after several showers, much to the disdain of the six of them.

But all that was forgotten the next day when they bagged their first bull elephant. Alone from the herd, it was no trouble to take him down, the tusks to make a worthy trophy. The rest of the body would be left to the locals so that it would not go to waste as food, powders, and whatever else they were inclined to use it on. Their husbands were heading into town to meet with several crew to deal with the meat, while the three of them toasted to their success.

Yet, the jeeps had not made it more than the out of sound of the encampment before they oddly stopped, and the distant cries of their husbands resonated in their ears. It was as though they were calling out in pain like they had hit something or had an accident. It was enough to make all three of them stand up, moving toward the window in concern. Yet, as they did so, a feeling of bloating passed through Rachel and Helen as though they were filled with gas. With no obvious cause for such a thing, they were left there to hold their stomachs, not wanting to shame themselves but unable to resist.

Emily, for her part, felt overheated, though she seemed not to be afflicted with the stomach pains that her friends seemed to be. They had all the same dinner and wine, so that was unlikely to be the cause. Still, it was embarrassing to hear Hellen let out a loud fart, followed by Rachel as the pressure building in their guts seemed not to abate.

“Fuck...” Helen managed to moan, the pain obvious in her stomach making her barely unable to articulate the words. She was soon so bloated that her shirt was pulled upward, revealing stretch marks and wrinkles the likes of which should not have existed on her form.

It was soon to get much worse for the poor woman as she bent over, revealing her slowly exposing ass. Emily was left to look on in horror as something started to press out of her friend’s backside, as though Helen had relieved herself. It soon grew to the point that the pants could no longer contain it, and what burst forth from the back of her pants shocked the trio. A long thin ropey tail, complete with a tassel of fur at the end marked it as an elephant's appendage, something that benefitted the animal they'd killed rather than a human woman.

That was not the only thing to befall the unfortunate trio. A sneeze from Rachel preceded her nostrils flaring, cartilage popping and pushing outward as wrinkles unfurled and merged with her upper lip as it did so. Pankced, Rachel tried to press her hands to the appendage, but the efforts were to be for naught as the muscled appendage pushed outward, writhing around till her elephantine truck was almost too large for her head. Trying to scream, she was terrified to hear the sound she elicited was more of a trumpet than her human cry, something she moved quickly to stifle.

“What's happppppppening!?” Rachel called out, ashamed of the beastly inflection, though she could scarcely keep it out of her voice.

There was no denying the aliment continued playing over the two of them as the ballooning in their skin grew worse. Soon, fat and muscle were being pushed against their skin, nearly tearing it before the thickened gray flesh moved to keep up. Assess pushed precariously against her pants as the other two felt the wriggling masses of tails writhed trapped within them. Bellies bulged with the mass of elephant organs swelling within, pulling up shirts as shoulders crunched and tore at the short sleeves. Shoes were too tight for feet seeking within to the point they could not last much longer. Hips were massive, and a tear echoed between them, followed by another as their backsides pushed against their clothes to the point it seemed they would burst out at any moment.

All the while, Emily watched with a mixture of fascination and terror, figuring the same would happen to her at any moment. It seemed not to be the case as the two of them pulled at their clothes, wanting them off to escape the obvious pain of confinement. It was a chore for the two of them as their fingers seemed to stiffen, and the two of them pawed helplessly at their clothes in an effort to alleviate the discomfort. Emily was forced to stand there, wanting to help her friends but scared that such an action would lead to the same thing happening to her, as well.

The more she watched, however, the more that the sight of her friends getting larger seemed to be doing something to her that Emily did not expect. It should have terrified her to the core, and in many ways, it did. However, there was no denying that her loins were lit aflame as though the mere proximity to her changing friends, or the changes themselves were the most erotic things she had ever seen before. The heat was becoming so bad she started sweating profusely, skin shiny with a thick layer as she did so. Pants were soon shed as well, and all that was left was her underwear, trying with all her efforts not to touch herself, something she could scarcely avoid.

Unable to look away from her friends, Emily was privy to the knowledge they did not have the luxury to remove their clothes first before they started to tear from the back, shoulders, and upper arms massive and fat to the point of ripping the material. Previously petit forms were forfeit, bare skin showing the same wrinkles and an alarming graying shade that left all three confused and terrified in equal measure. It was someone evident as to what the features resembled, though such should have been impossible. Still, no hallucinations could cause the wriggling growth at Helen's back and Rachel's nose, not the bare bulbous bellies and the massive asses that were making short work of pants, exposing more of the spreading, chalky gray skin.

Sneezing, Helen was soon cursed with the same extension of her nose, cracks and pops resounding as the growth moved relentlessly from her nose and started to twitch in front of her. It was far too large for her head and weighed it down as she struggled with its girth. Soon, nearly the size of her body, it was clear she possessed an elephant's trunk as much as her friend, unable to speak in more than trumpets that left the two of them powerfully embarrassed.

Tingling in their ears prompted both to raise their hands, even though stubby fingers could scarcely perceive the texture of them. They started to expand from the rims, raising on their heads and extending as the veins and arteries pumped enough blood to allow them their growth. Soon, skin started to fan from the rims, forming what almost looked like blankets on the sides of their heads. It was impossible to support the full width of elephant ears on human heads, and they mercifully stopped long enough for them to manage. Still, they were able to move, likely fanning the heat for their forms and bare skin, which strangely lacked the ability to sweat any longer.

Shivers of fear ran through Emily at this point, terrified that her fate would be the same and she would start growing elephantine appendages. She was still powerfully aroused by the display, her cunt lips aching with the need to be penetrated. There was nothing that prompted it, save the stink of sweat and elephant hide that perforated the room. It was almost maddening that she was so horny, so in need at the nightmarish sight of her best friends becoming elephants. But she was forced to hear their cries of agony and fear as they continued to mutate into horrific hybrid beings.

No matter how much she wracked her brains, Emily couldn't manage to come up with any reason for the changes. Was it the protesters from yesterday with their strange mixture of dirt? How was that even possible? So they had killed a bull elephant. What did that matter?! Animals died all the time. The three of them did little to deserve such a fate. Yet, there was no deity they could curse to, no magician or force that made itself known to mock their fate.

By this point, the arousal Emily felt almost made her feel sick, but she resisted the urge to vomit, turning around and trying anything she could not focus on the changes, but with the sound of clothes tearing, wheezing breaths, and the sounds of skin stretching and muscles cracking were almost impossible to ignore. She was therefore forced to watch her friends changing, thinking that any moment she was to undergo the same fate.

It seemed as grotesque as the rest of the changes had become thus far, were not to end there. Helen had ripped out of her clothes at this point, her belly rounded beyond human proportions. It was almost impossible to see her sex from that angle, something that Emily found herself thankful for. But for whatever reason, Helen thought it fit to rear up, exposing a moist, dripping sex the likes of which should not exist on a human woman. She, too, seemed powerfully aroused, and stiffening fingers were reaching down to play over the flesh, seeming to need to get off as much as anything Emily herself felt. Despite having no inclinations toward other women before, there was no denying how much she needed it now, to the point she wanted to go taste the other woman's folds!

As Emily stared, something started to twitch within, as though a creature trying to make its way out. The comparison was somewhat apt as the thing pushed forward, as though descending from the side of her sex and starting to move of its own power. It took Emily a moment to realize that the thing was attached to her, that parts of her sex both internal and surface level was pushing outward to form a snake-like appendage that swayed back and forth, as though the truck attached to her nose. Large as it was, it seemed to possess more flexibility as it coiled up and down, having gained the ability to do so. The tip possessed some sort of opening that began oozing a clear fluid, leaving Emily confused as to what she was looking at. Surely, it had to be part of an elephant, but...

The realization hit her like a ton of bricks. It had to be a...but then, it looked so alien, so...but then, what did an elephant's penis look like, anyway?! It had to be such a growth, and the two of them stared at it in horror as it continued to curl and forth, having difficulty doing so as it became more and more engorged with blood. The thing looked more like a hose than anything, and even as Emily's eyes settled on Helen's closing slit, there didn't seem to be a descending of any testicles, something she hadn't paid any attention to before now but something

she couldn't recall seeing. Were they inside of her? Was it really valid calling Helen a she by this point?

Looking over at her other friend, Rachel, who was seemingly just as aroused as the two of them, didn't seem to be growing a cock. The only thing to appear from her graying skin was a tail pushing at her panties before her hips and ass had swelled enough to pop them off. Eventually, the elastic was torn, leaving her naked as the base of her tail swelled and she was left with a wagging, tufted appendage, as though a show of her irritation. Moving as it was, Emily was able to see the puckering of a rotating anus, far larger than the human she was and leaving a putrid smell wafting her way that spoke of unwelcome flatulence.

With her back to her other friend, Emily was not able to see the object coming until it was too late as the oozing tip of what had to be an elephant's cock started poking for her bare backside. Running over her panties, Emily was prompted to pull them down, the stench of her lust hanging in the air around her and making her moan. She couldn't want the penetration of such a bestial thing inside of her. But part of her needed to be fucked, like she had been overcome by a sort of animalistic heat. The elephant's cock, even from the sight of it in memory, was far too large for her cunt lips. But nothing around could equate to the needs in her vagina, and Emily was too confused by her disgust and lust to try to move away, even as the slimy cock started probing for her moist lips.

“HHUUUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” Helen called out, as though she was trying to apologize. No words could be understood from her trumpet, though it mattered little, given the lust they knew they felt for each other.

“Ohhh...OOOHHH!” Emily called out as the tip of the elephant's cock started tearing her labial lips, looking for a way to penetrate and enter her. Emily was wet and ready for the intrusion, though as it slipped past her folds, the size of it was almost too much, making her cry out from the agony. “No...too big! TOO BIG!” She called out, the undulating tip almost seeking her insides. Passing toward her uterus, the cock seemed to be pushing in further than possible, the tip touching as far as it could possibly go and further still. The stimulation turned her on like nothing she had felt before, though it was far too much for her to bear, especially with as much as it could move, prehensile organ as it was.

Emily waited with bated breath, thinking that Helen would start thrusting at any moment. And there was likely a chance for that, as much as only half the cock was within her. Yet, it didn't seem to be the case, hilding inside her and making her lips ache from the force of it. It was far too large, too much for her to bear, and she called out with a “Stop, it hurts!” even as much as her body craved the stimulation. It was as though another force entirely was taking her over to

the point that she had no control over her inhibitions, and was forced along for the ride as the cock continued to open her up in both the worst and best possible ways.

Eventually, the movement of the cock within her stopped, vibrating slightly as though the tip had gotten stuck somewhere within her. Thinking it to be the oozing fluids that prompted it to stick, she was powerfully confused when more of the elephant cock was pulled inside her. Thinking it had nowhere to go, she was surprised as Emily as she needed to pull closer without kinking her cock or opening her up any further. Certainly, the size of the member within her was larger the closer she grew to Helen's groin. But it was impossible as more and more was shoved inside of her, as though it was being dissolved and added to her insides.

With renewed desperation, Emily tried to pull away, hoping that she could ebb the discomfort she felt from being so full. Yet, the more she tried, the more she realized she was stuck, unable to pull away no matter how much she tried. Such should have been impossible but nothing about this made any sense. She tried to escape, but it pained her to do so, as though tugging at a part of herself.

A series of thick wet cracks preceded by a yell prompted Helen to tip over, almost crashing atop Emily and crushing her with the hundreds of pounds she had put on. Though with how she was stuck to Helen's groin, she was thankfully pulled back enough to avoid being flattened by her massive belly. Though her arms were largely human, if not enlarged with muscle and fat, she was able to put them in front of her, enough that she didn't entirely fall over. Hips as large as they were, they seemed to thicken into the flanks of her belly to the point the skin attached to her knees, and there was little chance of her ever getting on two legs for long again.

Fear of being flattened subsided for the moment, Emily was left to scrape the floor, unable to get any purchase though unable to lose the penis stuck in her vagina. It seemed as much a part of her as anything, and each moment drew her closer and closer to the base of Helen's groin. By this point, her ass was only inches from being hoisted up in the air, and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Yet, to what end?

Though she was hardly aware of the changes to her other friend, a loud trumpet prompted Emily to look up in time to see that Rachel, too, was being forced onto all fours, the same changes taking place over her anatomy. Her trunk thrashed in irritation as her fingers and toes splayed, arms and legs hardly able to support her ever-growing bulk. Though, at least for now, Emily didn't see the formation of a cock on her frame. If anything, Rachel's perky breasts were swelling with fat, sagging boobs being pulled toward her stomach rather than situated on her chest. Gray skin continued to encroach over her flesh, making it seem almost impossible to tell it was anything that wrinkled elephant skin. Naked now, even her shoes were forfeit, toes thick and popping against the bonds, though they were so fat it seemed they were to be part of her trunk.

The same thing happened to Helen as she desperately clung to the floor, pulling with fingers that were reduced into nubs, the nails thick and dirty as they drew even closer to being reduced together. The same had already happened to her toes by the time they burst from her shoes, leaving elephantine trucks bubbling with fat and muscle to support her ever-growing bulk. She was over a thousand pounds now and growing still, creaking the weight of their cabin, something obviously not designed to support the weight of an elephant.

Lengthening legs in tandem with a retreating connection threatened to lift Emily up in the air, her screams of terror hardly a deterrent to the process. It hurt to be changing as she was, yet the connection between cock and body was pulled precariously taut until the tip of her ass touched the surface of elephant skin underneath. The heat only intensified, and she was sweating profusely, the stink of not only her body but from the groaning guts of the other two making her want to retch. But stuck as she was, there was no getting away, forced into whatever fate had in store for her.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” She called out, wanting desperately to be free from here, to be human and normal. But that was not to be the case as she was drawn to the hilt by the elephant’s cock, with no partition between her sex and Helen’s groin. She was sure Helen had no control over the process either, save for giving into the lust the two of them shared. But it mattered little with the fusion between them.

Lost in fancies of flight, Emily was almost unaware she was starting to stiffen, as though the penis within her reached up to her neck and was forcing blood through her. Though, to her shock, Emily was sure she could no longer feel the penis within her. It was as though the organ had fused within her insides, and the elephant Helen was becoming was no longer thrusting. She was forced uncomfortably rigid, arms, legs, and body unable to move as a series of soft cracks and pops resonated through her tissues. She wanted to call out, but was only able to gag, coughing and sputtering as drool ran down her lips.

A strange numbness started in her toes as they were forced straight back into the elephant’s groin, touching the skin and seemingly sucked inside. Within moments, Emily was unable to feel them at all, as though they had never been part of her anatomy. Her legs were following suit, pushing against the skin even as her thighs started to bloat and something started to form within, like a bubbling that sent waves of queasiness through her form. Though it was hard to feel what was happening with the persistent numbness, she could almost perceive the bones turning to jelly, being taken over by whatever fluid substance was forming within. Even if she was able to turn around, however, Emily was aware what was left of her legs was being absorbed into the elephant’s groin, their eventual fate unknown.

The stiffening over her body was only to intensify as though blood was being pumped through her, squelching audibly in her ears. Worse than that, the heat that had been plaguing her seemed to intensify, though for some reason she no longer had the ability to sweat. Rather than being reddened by the effects, however, Emily was able to perceive that her skin was turning pink, colored from her former hips and down her chest and belly, spreading over her as much as the graying skin over her other two friends. She had no way to understand what was going on but was growing increasingly frightening as more of her human form was taken from her.

Trying in vain to scream out, Emily was scared to realize her voice was muffled, and she reflexively drooled, the viscosity of her fluids much higher than she was used to. And the taste was all wrong, carrying with it a musky flavor that made her wish to gag more. Emily could not conceive of the flavor, though thought it was familiar somehow, like something she had tasted with her...husband? Was that right?

Emily was taken from her thoughts by the sensation of something caressing her flanks, the massive still-growing elephant woman swaying back and forth as she continued to grow. Feeling her sides brushing against Helen's thickened knee made her shiver all over, as though her skin was far more sensitive than it had the right to be. It was like an arousal, only far more intense, and no longer focused in her loins. In fact, the area of her cunt lips was gone, as much part of the elephant's mass as her legs were. Hell, she couldn't even feel her anus anymore! It was almost as though...

The changes were coming faster now, too much for Emily to fully focus on what was happening to her. A feeling of bloating played over her form, in particular around her neck and belly. Breasts were forfeited as much as she could perceive was happening to Helen's own, no longer needed for her male form. She wanted to touch them, but her arms felt like lead, and the moment they pressed against the skin, Emily found to her horror she was unable to move them away. They weren't melding into her chest, not yet, but that series of soft wet pops in her shoulders seemed to be making that a possibility. It was almost as if the bizarre contortions in her form were making her more uniform, and smaller, though she was too focused on her own changes to perceive the enlarging pillars all around her, too fast for the elephant's growth alone.

Of course, both elephants were still changing all the while, not moving as though unable to fully control their bodies, or perhaps too stunned by the realities of change. A heavy crack prompted Emily to use what little energy she had to look over in time to watch two massive white spears sticking from the sides of Rachel's mouth, head now large enough to take them but still looking out of place over the human proportions of her head. Her skull was pushing forward, however, ears flapping as hair fell from her head all over. A thick neck, barreled chest, and sunken shoulders had her looking more as though she'd been born an elephant rather than the human woman she had lived as. As the remaining human skin was robbed from her, it became



obvious that she was fated to be an elephant, a cow to Helen's bull. Though with cock lodged inside Emily's body, there was no chance of them mating. Unless, of course, Emily was...

The sensation of her hair falling out was enough to distract her for a moment from the terrifying reality, itching down her sensitive cheeks as they continued to bloat. They passed her ears for a moment, though it was soon obvious that she no longer possessed them, and the sounds of panicked elephantine bellows soon faded from her awareness. She was only mildly aware that Helen's hair was being shed as well, though it was harder to see everything happening to her from her particular vantage point. Still, she had to assume the same tusks now adorned her face, and that her changes were nearly complete as well.

Though her ears were gone, her sense of smell was intact, and the rank stench of elephant flatulence was soon dialed up to an eleven, something Emily now had no sound warning for. Not that she could escape anyway, though the putrid aroma was getting to her, making her wish to retch. There was nothing to be done about it with her neck stiffened and her face forced forward, though the position seemed natural now that it had happened. But the smell was to grow much much worse, and even from her current range of view, Emily was able to see the elephant's tail reflexively raise and massive balls of shit rolling out, as though she was the animal in mind as much as body. After what seemed like several minutes, she finished, though not before ejecting a pungent stream of piss behind her as well, the putrid stench burning into Emily's diminishing nose. She had no way of knowing if anything was left of Rachel's mind, or if she was simply prompted to drop elephant dung as much as any animal. In truth, she didn't want to know.

Thinking that things could not get worse, the putrid stench of waste only got more intense as she felt her body tense for a moment before the elephant she was stuck to did the same. She couldn't hear the dung hit the ground anymore, that ability was robbed from her. Nor could she see it, but she could certainly smell it, and it was obviously closer than her other former friend's waste. It was far worse from this angle, and Emily felt she might suffocate, had she the ability to. She was forced to breathe it in, nostrils still working and body still shaking and shivering as it continued to bloat in odd places and altered into a form beyond her understanding.

It was then a pressure within her brought Emily's attention to her body, the parts of which were no longer visible, but still connected to her limited awareness. It was as though she was far too uncomfortably full to the point she felt it needed to be expelled. And it seemed it was to do just that, though its motion and effect on her were largely outside her power. She felt her insides opening up easily, as though her digestive tract had been melted and reforged anew, though it did somehow not kill her. Whatever remained of her insides, was being pushed open by the force of fluids, making her feel like she was about to vomit. The taste coming up was far worse than any heat burn or vomit. It was acidic, for sure, almost like...

Emily felt her mouth open wide as her senses were hit all at once by the acrid taste of what she could only call piss as she was forced to vomit up what seemed to her like liters. It pervaded her nose, and mouth, and even burned into her eyes and more urine was forced through her than she thought possible. It made her sick, yet Emily was slowly aware she no longer had the stomach or gag reflex from which to vomit to escape the grotesque experience. She was therefore forced to experience every volume of urine expelled from her, being used by Helen's formerly human body as though Emily was no more than a...penis.

Realization of her fate did not come to her until only a few rancid droplets were left on her tongue, and she was forced to swallow back what could only be elephant's piss. It was repulsive, yet she had no control of the action. Nothing about her body was within her power anymore, not her ability to move, not her arms, nothing. Her arms were swelling into the growing mass of her body, even as she was shrinking and thinning in equal measure. Her neck was the width of her torso now, and with her hair gone and the pinkish flesh encroaching over her, she looked more penis than woman. How she was still alive and aware in this horrid state, she had no idea. But either way, she was more disgusted than at any point in her life!

With that, her ability to breathe was taken from her, and for a blissful moment, Emily thought she might fall into blissful unconsciousness, thinking this nightmare to be over. But it seemed that conscientious thought did not require air flow or anything but the blood pumping through the mush that remained of her humanity, steadily be converted into erectile tissue. There was no escape as her bones turned to jelly, the muscles repurposed as her organs shut down entirely, only needing blood from the host organism, the elephant that had been Helen. Emily was sure she could feel a semblance of breathing, though it was coming from the massive beast she was a part of, rather than herself.

Thinking herself insane, Emily allowed herself to submerge into the sensations, not sure what else to do. Her body was still compressing on itself, thinning and elongating as she shrank, growing toward what she perceived to be the contours of the cock Helen possessed prior. She had no way to know for sure, unable to turn her head now that her neck was altered. Be it a blessing or a curse, she still possessed a tongue and eyes, though her teeth were dissolving as well, gone from her anatomy as her head continued to taper. Surely her brain was gone at this point, compressed and absent at this juncture. Though be it her cursed fate, Emily's intellect was intact, and she was fully aware of what was happening, even though she had no control over her body.

Mouth flaring, Emily was aware that her body was now flexible enough to coil, flaring in and out as she'd seen Helen's elephant penis doing prior. It was bizarre to feel her form doing so, but figuring it to be a bad dream, she went with it, the being she was attached to obviously aroused. Emily could feel it in her body, every inch flushed with the need to be touched. She

could of course not move to touch herself but the need was present to the point it was almost maddening. She would have cried out but she lacked the vocal cords to do so. Only eyes persisted at her tapered mouth, still able to see the area in front of the elephant's penis.

Sawing back and forth as she was, Emily was privy to the vibrations of the elephant moving, stepping over his own mess, and moving toward the other female beast. Emily was thankful her swaying length did not touch the mess but figured there was little matter regardless. She could smell still, nose not robbed from her as another scent entered her nose. Her awareness of it sent ripples through her form, growing far more turgid than she had ever known. It was obvious to her that the elephant she was a part of was looking to mate the female, and that she, being nothing more than a penis, would be penetrating her cunt. Emily couldn't imagine doing something so abhorrent, though had no choice in the matter as Helen moved toward Rachel, who seemed prime and ready if the scent wafting from her cunt was any indication.

Eyes still present, Emily's world shook as Helen reared up, forcing Emily forward and making her feel ill. As turgid as she was, there was something within her, closer than the feeling before she was shot full of piss. It was as though her legs, or what remained of them, were filled with something, a substance that filled her with immense pleasure. She wanted to be touched, be stimulated, to feel the pressure that was being up be released, and even her formally female mind had some understanding of what was going on. She wanted to fuck, her penis body needing it more than she could understand. She was literally along for the ride as she was thrust forward, eyeing the object of their mutual desire.

The moment she was thrust inside the warm elephant's cunt was the moment that Emily was sure her eyes were robbed from her, the world turning into literal darkness around her. There was no way any light could get in here regardless, but that wasn't the point. The putrid smell of elephant vagina was robbed from her as well, though she could still taste with the fringes of her urethra, and the flavor was equal parts repugnant and erotic. She wanted more, the stimulation the taste gave her sent rigid shocks through her entire being. Even better were the walls closed around her, milking her for everything she was worth. It was like being pleased all at once, every inch of her skin stimulated and just as sensitive as her cunt lips had been. Lost in the euphoria, Emily was sure she was at the final breaking point, subsumed by the member she had become and prepared to lose herself to the pleasure.

That, however, was something that did not come. It seemed as though the wonderful, musky tunnel was closing around her, pleasantly squeezing her but almost to the point where she was pushed outward. It was confirmation that she could not see, only taste and feel as her hanging length coiled back and dripped fluids which Emily could still perceive on her body and tongue. She wanted more, all she could get in her current state to the point it was her entire being.

Little was Emily aware of it, but Rachel was changing as well, finally altering in gender as her friend had. A massive, equally large elephant cock pushed out of her vagina, leaking in lust as much as she had been turned on by the stimulation to her cunt. Her body cracked forth with further growth befitting the larger bull elephant form she was to take on. Breasts deflated into her chest, and with the swelling of her, now his, internal testicles, he was as much a male as Helen had become, save for his submissive stance and the need to take the elephant's cock in his other orifice.

Emily would begin to perceive this, however, as her cock body was being moved towards something that stank, as much as she still could smell. She was being pushed around the edge of something that seemed a lot tighter than the previous orifice, and dirtier, too, the rancid taste and smell making her scared for what she was being exposed to. It was becoming more and more likely she was being used to fuck a different hole, one that she had clearly seen being used for waste disposal. And to her detriment, her limited senses could not escape the repulsive taste as she was shoved inside, her purpose realized. Emily had no way to know why it was she was fucking this elephant's ass and not her cunt, but the reality of the situation was not lost as she was forced further into this tight, dark, dry tunnel, tasting the waste all the way.

Thankfully, what would have come as burps before brought up what had to be an elephant's precum, disgusting to think about but better than the elephant dung on her urethra. It was coming faster now, thicker, and as the pressure started to build against her body, Emily was overcome with a sensation of pleasure all over, feeling her sensitive body being stimulated into what had to be an oncoming orgasm. She wasn't sure what it would be like to be used for her other purpose, but she was soon to find out, and whatever was left of her ability to be functional in the world wanted to know, to have even a modicum of sensation as she was fucked into a little cock.

The pressure, once more, started building in her former legs, what had to be an elephant's testicles now as they started to swell with their burden. Emily was impossibly turgid now, her head the most sensitive of all though her entire body was feeling the pleasure. It was all-encompassing to the point Emily nearly lost her mind, awash in the sensations and wondering how she was vomiting up so much precum she would have drowned in it had she her lungs or esophagus. But, for better or worse, she retained enough of her awareness to experience in full before her other purpose was realized.

All that once, the pressure exploded, and Emily could feel her body vibrating violently as a thick viscous fluid started forcefully ejaculating through her being. The musky, semi-sweet taste of cum was on her former tongue before it violently shot from her mouth without any ability to control it. It was the most pleasant thing she had ever experienced, not even caring she

had no control over it as she blew a massive load of elephant semen through her entire being. It was so much so that the backwash covered her in sticky fluids and she was pulled out, her body starting to go limp from the post-coital letdown.

With that, Emily felt her body being retracted into what she was coming to understand was the elephant's insides. Though she felt her consciousness should have died from at least the final release, she was left alive and aware, even without eyes to see, or any other senses, save for taste somehow. Still, she was exhausted, her purpose spent, and leaving her to allow the rest needed for her being. She was aware of the warm air on her skin, though the more she was retracted, the more the warmth of the elephant's insides relaxed her. It was comforting to be in this heat, surrounding her and making her feel content in a way that defied her expectations. Within the elephant's body as she was, her testicles were kept at the proper temperature, and it lulled her into a blissful sleep faster than she had time to lament her new lot in life.

While Emily was unconscious, the two elephants that had become of her friends were desperate to get out of the cabin, moving out into the field beyond, confused and covered with cum. Helen had some awareness that Emily was a part of her now even though she could feel it as her penis as much as Emily likely could. She had no way to know Emily was alive, though thoughts were muddled with the elephant's instincts to be out and to freedom.

The scents of the other male's body were powerfully arousing, and though she was likely bisexual, the male Rachel had become was just as attractive. She, now he, would surely mate as soon as he was ready to, sexual stamina better than what he expected a human male's would be. Yet, it was another scent in the air that drew his attention, one of the males that reminded him of...their husbands? That same human scent that clung cloying to Rachel's flesh came from them, one familiar enough that even human recollections knew it to be Dylan, her love. At least that was how she was to know which of the two changed beasts was his love. The other reminded him of Rachel's partner, though the third, Emily's was missing. Perhaps he had been turned into a cock as she had, or, worse, the elephant's anus, though she had no idea where that particular inclination had come from.

With Rachel mounting the one that had been his former lover, Helen took his own, ass open and ready for him. It was then Emily awoke, coming to full arousing and able to taste the dung on the backside of the elephant that told her she was about to mount. Emily was scared and excited in equal measure, not wanting to do such a thing but aroused by it nonetheless. What she could not have known was that the rear of this elephant had been her former husband, Peter, sat on and taken within the elephant's insides before it was transformed to meet that purpose. He was subjected to feeling his limbs melting, the digestive tract becoming the interstitial lining as his mouth opened forcefully to become the pucked anus of his former best friend. His last

screams had come with coughed-up flatulence, and he was able to taste the dung on his dissolving tongue as Mark uncontrollably relieved himself.

He was to get a modicum of pleasure from rectal stimulation as Emily was pushed inside him, both able to taste the waste at first but were soon overcome by the sheer volume of precum Emily was coughing up. Both were treated to the building sensations in their bodies, Peter wanting to taste her cum as Emily prepared to vomit within him. The former married couple was used for the elephant's pleasure, but in the moment of lust, both were granted a reprieve from their disgust over their new lots in life.

Emily had no way to pass the time as she was left to her existence as an elephant's member. With no eyes, no ears, and a phantom sense of smell, she persisted in what she perceived as its flaccid state within Helen's body, warm and content and relaxed in a way she did not understand fully. The boredom of her existence was conflicted with the contentment she felt without anything to do, warm and safe without worries. It did her best for those times not to think too much when not in use.

And there were many instances of use per, much to Emily's chagrin. The periods between one piss and another were relatively spaced out, though Emily hated the sensation, akin to vomiting as elephant urine was forced through her shaft. It was akin to being awakened from a deep drunken sleep to vomit. The taste was something she never got used to, though was something he had to tolerate as much as she hated the notion of doing so. Though, just as frequently, perhaps even more so, was when she grew erect to be used for her other purpose. She had no idea how often per day Helen mated, though it seemed to be as many as she had to piss. The tank taste of the male's rear would have disgusted her once, though it was something that hung around her form to the point she was used to it. It was the sensation of her body, the powerful sensations of thrusting, and the taste of elephant in her former mouth that really did it for her, almost to the point she no longer regretted her lot in life, if only for a moment...