

The warm spring air sat well in his lungs as Darren stared out into the lush fields of the farmland he was being driven towards. Though it was relatively remote, that didn't matter to him, all things considered. The rustic location where he would spend the next week suited Darren just fine. He was just as eager to see the European countryside as he was to experience its city life, after all.

Having booked a European trip several years ago with the pandemic getting in the way, things had finally opened up enough that he could travel. Yet, without funds where he wanted them to be, Darren opted to backpack his way through Airbnbs and the like across the country. To his delight, one such option even carried with it a promise of free room and board for a week provided he performed some help on a farm doing manual labor. Darren wouldn't be alone; one other man, Todd, was doing something similar, having responded to the ad at the same time. Thankfully, the owner was eager for two hands, thinking it would make lighter work for the two!

The farm owner, getting on in years, had trouble finding steady work to help around his grounds, as remote as his farm was from the nearest town. Darren, never afraid of a little hard work, was eager to get back to his roots as it were. The other man, Todd, seemed nice enough, and the two of them found they had many commonalities in sports, media, and a general love of the outdoors. Hell, Todd even suggested the two of them travel a little together after their week's stint on the farm, assuming they got along well.

The two were given a quick tour before settling down for the evening. Their week would be filled with mostly maintenance and winter prep work. None of the chores he had for them seemed too difficult for either man, who were both rather hands-on and eager to get their hands dirty as it were. After being shown around, the pair was offered a home-cooked supper, with no responsibilities in the kitchen other than clean up. Neither cared that it was extensively vegetarian, the farmer able to do amazing things with soups and bread bowls. Much to the delight of both men, he also had a healthy supply of local vintage wine, of which he encouraged both boys to drink their fill.

"Don't have any animals out here these days," the farmer said by way of conversation. "It would be helpful to get some work done out here, having a pair of jackasses or the like. But, animals are a rare commodity these days, you know. Still, it will certainly be some help to get some chores done by you nice fellas! These old bones don't work as fast as they used to! Now eat, drink, I've got plenty in the way of goodies! You got to rest up some too, you're on vacation, yes?"

Darren found their benefactor to be full of stories and was happy to hear his tales long into the evening. It was the first time he'd been so relaxed, and he figured even if the work was hard, it would be worth the trouble for the stories shared. Besides, making his way through the

county on couches was one thing, but this man had two beds for them to share, albeit in the same room.

Looking forward to the first day of work, and fatigued from the country air and the healthy serving of wine he had consumed, Darren passed out quickly to the snores of his companion in the bed across from him. Usually finding his dreams to be a little more vivid when fueled with alcohol, Darren was still surprised to realize that his nightly recollections were focused heavily on arousal. His cock was on fire, as though he hadn't gotten off in some time. Yet, to his subconscious mind, simply masturbating would hardly do. He required a mate, someone to satisfy his lusts...

Yet, the mental image he conjured was not what the preconceived straight man's psyche desired. Rather, it was a male, a muscled specimen that earned his attention. Though a small part of his mind was revolted by the notion, his cock was left harder than ever, making him flush from arousal. The dude was muscular, though not from the strain of a strict gym regiment. Rather it was the tone of a working man like someone who performed strenuous farm work. Though thinking the man was dirty for a moment, he soon realized that the man was instead sporting a hardy coat of brown body hair. Never mind the fact that it didn't match the dirty blond atop the guy's head. It was sexy as hell!

Never one to think himself gay, Darren was nonetheless eager to get to know this man in a more intimate way, walking over with the confidence of an experienced lover. Locking eyes and gazing into the lustful expression of the other man, Darren noticed something familiar, as though his mind had created the perfect facsimile of his partner on the farm. But, given the state of mind he was in, it hardly mattered who the man was when the prospect of getting to know him physically was a kiss away!

Locking lips with the man was better than any heteronormative experience could have braced him for. Though there was a part of his mind that should have found the contact repugnant, it was the best kiss he'd never had, and Darren leaned into it, sampling the favors of the man's mouth and the skill at which he performed the act. Darren leaned into the kiss with hunger, eager to experience all the man could teach him. Todd was an expert dance partner, guiding the other man and removing any hint of trepidation still in his mind.

Lost in the passion of the moment, Darren was hardly aware that he was pulling down the other man's pants, a turgid shaft meeting his touch through Todd's underwear. Darren's excitement grew, even as the other man's cock became impossibly hard at his touch. Todd, or at least the dream version of the man, must have been the most hung dude on the planet! Darren felt a little nervous, as though anything he might do was likely insufficient to pleasure such a behemoth. Yet, the man kept his lip-lock on Darren, and he was compelled to do the same,

encouraged to rub the thick beast of a cock, feeling the tremors of pleasure welling from his mate.

However, the sensation against his lips started to alter, making Darren pause and finally pull back. There was something off about Todd's features Darren could not readily place. Though the more he stared, the more the man's nose seemed to brown, his face started to press forward, and his ears stretched above his head. When Todd went to speak, his rubbery lips revealed buck teeth, yellowed with wear. It almost looked like the man was changing into a...

“HEEEHAAAWWWW!”

The bestial sound roused him from sleep as though it was coming from the room. Darren thought he was hearing some sort of farm animal, though quickly recollected that there were none on the property, as much as he had been told. It must have come from the dream, though part of him was certain that he had heard it in the waking world as well. Still, shaking his head did little to remove the powerful images and the disturbing context they carried with them.

A pungent, musky scent hit his nose just then, one that stank of semen and sex. Darren was powerfully embarrassed to realize that he had a wet dream and had nudded in his sleep. The sticky sensation against his crotch and the dampness in his underwear was certainly indicative of that outcome. Darren tried to get up quickly, cock still semi-erect from his mental machinations. He was hardly in a place to realize it, but the outline against his pants seemed somewhat tighter than he was used to. Also noticed was the pungent smell of cum perforating the room in far greater amounts than his own penis could muster. The notion that maybe his roommate might have reached orgasm as well briefly came to mind but was forgotten in the embarrassment and the rush to clean himself off.

It took little time in the shower for Darren to realize something was off about the size of the cock that swung from his groin. Never much of a shower, Darren was surprised to see that its flaccid 2 inches were more like 5 now. Though Darren had to say he was rather pleased with the results as he stepped out, mind clear from the bizarre lusty fog the dream had instilled in him.

Pulling his clothes on and hoping to hope Todd didn't notice the present scent in the air, Darren went down to breakfast, trying to keep his mind on the day's jobs. He had gained some stamina from his week of backpacking, so figured he would be in good enough shape for the labor. Still, after a few hours in the morning sun, Darren had worked up enough of a sweat that he found himself wondering if the deal had been worth it!

The work went faster with Todd there, at least, and although some tasks required them to part, it was nice chatting when they were able to work side by side. Darren found he was taking a

liking to the other man, their similar interests making great conversation. He could see himself doing some backpacking with his new friend if their destinations lined up. Of course, he did try to put the dream out of his mind. Todd wasn't bad-looking or anything, but Darren was still ready to swear himself to heterosexuality.

Still, as the day went on, it was getting harder and harder for him to ignore how heavily the images in the dream had affected him. Worse was the uncomfortable sensation against his pants from a penis that was not its usual flaccid length. Darren didn't know what was worse, the fact he was bigger in the downstairs department or that his mind kept drifting to the other man and sent an unwanted spurt of blood into his cock. Hell, Darren was sure it left a damp stain at some point, leaking his fluids from arousal.

As the day went on, the feelings of arousal seemed only to grow worse, to the point that his cock was getting hard in his pants and hindering his work. It was almost maddening even to focus on simple tasks when the ache in his genitals was so persistent. Had he not been so unsure if he could find a spot, Darren might have made his way to rub one out. Still, something told him that would hardly be enough, that he needed something more urgent, more primal to truly quell the lust overcoming him.

That was not the only odd occurrence to befall their workday. Part of Darren's mind wanted to focus on the other man to see if it was Todd that had been the visage in his dream last night. Or, at least, that's what he told himself. There was a part of him that was simply curious to check the other man out. Still, he chalked it up to curiosity about competition with the man's body type and working speed rather than any potential latent homosexual feelings he might be harboring.

Yet, on one such occurrence, he was met with a blush and a stare from his buddy, one he quickly turned away from. It was clear that the other man had been looking in his direction at the same time, leaving Darren embarrassed about the state of his erection in his pants. Surely, the snake he was packing was noticeable, it had to be. But, the blush drew Darren's attention towards the other man's groin, where he saw something both exciting and disturbing. The outline of the penis in the other man's pants mirrored his own, as though Todd was having the same thoughts. Was it possible that he, too...?

Still, to his relief, Todd decided not to press the issue, and the two of them were able to return to work in silence. Though it was better than confronting the reality of his immediate needs, it gave him far too much time to contemplate the reality of the scenario. He was spouting a boner for another dude, or at least a dream of being with one. Did that mean he simply hadn't explored that part of himself? Was it something he wanted to do?

Darren was eventually distracted from his reverie by the sensation of something wriggling in his pants, pressing against the back of his undies and making him uncomfortable. He was afraid for a moment he'd done something *really* embarrassing, though the sensation was from much higher above his anus. The only logical explanation was that he'd potentially gotten something stuck in his pants like a stick or some hay. Reaching around, however, his fingers were met with something hairy and ropey, clearly attached to him. Touching it sent a shiver through his spine, leaving him powerfully confused. What was...?

The sensation of touching the growth sent a corresponding twinge through his asshole, one that confused him even more than the source of the sexual urges that poised his penis to stay erect. It was as though the edges of his rectum were begging for stimulation like he wanted an object to tease the rim. And then maybe insert itself inside...

Shame washed over him at that moment. He'd never so much as contemplated taking something up the ass, but now that the notion was planted in his head, there was no denying how *horny* it made him feel. It was almost tempting to just...give in. Why not give it a try? He was on vacation, right...?

In the end, Darren opted to ignore the urges playing over his mind. They went to supper, another soup and salad combo that, again, lacked any meat. Given the workday, it was a perfect end, paired with the wine readily offered. Though the chat was lively, there were glances between the pair that seemed to denote they were sharing the same thoughts. Yet, it seemed they were not the only ones to see something amiss. "Those are some nice ears you've got there! Sign of good genetics, that! Bet they can hear a pin drop, useful for being on the farm! Never know when one of the animals will...whoops! Forgot it's been a while since we've had any! This old mind, you see."

Darren was shocked at that, not thinking there was anything different about his ears. Yet, reaching up, his fingers were met with the sensation of something far larger than the lobes he was used to. They were an inch longer, strange wiry hairs present where there should have been nothing of the sort. And, stranger still was the fact that his friend seemed to sport the same changed ears, looking out of place on his features much like Darren's must have.

Darren, feeling dejected, looked down into his salad. He wished he had a hat to cover them, though it was too late now. How they had grown so fast, there was no way to say. But it was impossible to deny their presence. He was certainly aware that they resembled the visage he'd seen in the dream. Though, it was far more than just the ears that had changed on his buddy's features before he let out a bestial bray...

“Now, now boys, I didn't mean anything by it! Ears like those are quite fetching. Just been a while since I seem em so nice! Here, here, have another glass, there's plenty to go around and I don't mind if you need some time in the morning to sleep it off!”

After a few glasses of wine, Darren did find that he was starting to feel better about the ears. Maybe he'd hardly noticed them being so long after all those years? Besides, it was nice to get a buzz on, finishing his salad and heading out for the evening to enjoy the cooling summer air. Soon, they were forgotten, and the conversation moved back to other topics. He didn't even seem bothered by the fact that Todd's were twitching slightly, simply thinking it was neat he could do that, a rare genetic trait indeed.

It was while they were relaxing on the porch, their benefactor having gone to bed for the evening, that Darren's resistance to looking in his buddy's direction became too much of a liability. Though he knew that Todd was doing the same, Darren at least tried to make sure their gazes did not meet lest he earned the other man's ire. But it was with one such effort he was prompted to take a double-take. Not only were his buddy's ears pointed, like an elf's, but they were an inch longer than they had been even less than an hour ago. And if he stared at them long enough, Darren could swear that they were *twitching*, with far more mobility than they seemed to possess earlier.

Darren was looking for so long that he didn't even notice that his attention was caught by the other man, who reached up to rub the appendages that he apparently hadn't been aware of until now. Yet, instead of reacting with any shock, the other man seemed more interested, rubbing their warm surface with a look of reverend on his features.

“You like?” He asked, not alarmed at all by the obviously bizarre alterations to his ears.

Darren wanted to say something, anything to try and dissuade his friend's nonchalant attitude over the whole affair. But, something else about the sight of the appendages made him confused. Far from being legitimately scared, the feeling playing over Darren's mind was...arousal? Was that right?

Without really thinking about it, Darren moved forward, a confused expression on Todd's features being ignored as he sought out his goal. At first, Darren was simply curious about seeing them closer. But, as he found his face in front of him, his desires shifted, not simply wanting to examine them. They were so...*sexy*. He couldn't help but reach out with his lips, taking them in and chewing on them slightly, sending a shiver of delight through his friend.

“Mrrrr...don’t stop bud...” Todd moaned, seeming to get into the contact as much as Darren was. He had to take a glance down; Todd’s cock was clearly leaking in his shorts, eliciting the same sensation from Darren’s own groin that made him shiver all over again.

As Darren eagerly played over the other man’s new additions, something met his tongue that almost prompted him to stop. It was as though he was tasting hair, thick swashes covering the appendage in his mouth as he gently nibbled. The length of the things seemed to be increasing, too, though that of its own accord should have been impossible.

Eventually, Darren pulled back, letting go of the damp ear and staring at what his ministrations had evidently done. The once bare ear seemed covered with a patch of brown hairs, coated all the way to the tip, clearly three inches when it hadn’t been that long before. Wait, had it? Darren was powerfully confused. He considered asking Todd about it. Surely the other man would have felt something amiss as well. Though, he didn’t seem to think anything wrong with the ears with how much the sight of them turned him on...

Darren hardly had time to open his mouth to speak before the other man’s lips were on his own, taking him in a quick embrace. He knew he should pull back, that the contact was unexpected and perhaps unwelcome. But, at the moment, Darren could hardly think of why he should resist when the taste of the other man’s lips was exactly what he’d been craving. The kiss was electric, sending tinglings down his body and centering on his loins. Darren was in heaven!

It took no time for Darren to fall into the rhythm, taking the other man in a passionate embrace and rubbing his back, feeling how scruffy the other man’s hair was. It was nice to feel the soft coat, even though body hair wasn’t anything that had done it for him before. It seemed unnaturally thick in certain areas that he ran his fingers over. Yet, it only served to raise his elation and kiss the other man harder, which Todd responded to by moaning and kissing the other man back.

Even a minor tingling in his own ears was not enough to stop their lip lock, though Darren’s hand did reflexively raise to detect the source of the irritation. Much as he felt Todd’s ears altering with his teeth, his fingers reported the same thing, ears stretching and itching with a coat of hair. Rather than being disturbed, however, Darren was simply excited that he had ears to match his buddy’s. They were so sexy, after all!

Though lost in the moment, Darren’s curiosity won out, and he opened his eyes to the sight of Todd’s own ears stretching even longer, past three inches, then four, and beyond. They stuck above his head, twitching in excitement as the two of them kissed. Yet, even the bizarre alterations only served to force their lips tighter together, and his cock to leak in his pants. It was so damn *hot* to see his work buddy sporting a pair of...donkey ears? Was that right?

Before he could reflect on it further, the sensation of something against his member made him moan into his lover's mouth. It took Darren only a few moments to realize that Todd's confined penis was frotting against his own, rubbing their leaking cock heads together as the two of them reflectively rocked their hips. Both were eager for the pleasure as Darren closed his eyes once more, getting into the moment as the lust started to rise to unimaginable levels.

It took no time for the two men to reach their inevitable conclusions, moaning into each other's mouths as their cocks shook and throbbed in unison. Darren could feel his sperm rushing through his penis like water from a geyser, shooting over the inside of his pants and covering his groin and legs with warm, sticky fluid. The damp sensation and moan from his make-shift lover indicated Todd was undergoing the same release, cumming and cumming hard as his body vibrated and shook from the intense orgasm.

The shock of the release brought Darren's mind into a semblance of his former self. It came with it a sense of shame, a deep-seated embarrassment over what had occurred. Never before had he developed sexual desire for a guy, another man. At the moment, he had needed it so badly. Yet, still, part of him hated that fact, didn't like the notion of his sexuality changing over so short a time. Having been taught such things were strange and wrong most of his life, the internal disgust with himself was all too present. Though, it was easier to take out his ire on his friend, who had gone along with the moment without so much as a word of protest.

"Hey, so...don't talk, OK? Never happened. Not gonna happen again..." Darren muttered before walking away. Todd was quiet as well, obviously undergoing his own embarrassment over the whole affair.

Darren went back to their shared room, hoping to fall asleep before Todd decided to join him. He didn't bother cleaning himself as much as he knew he should have. The heady musk in the room only served to make his cock rise once more, though Darren hated himself for it. He wanted to pass out, to no longer be tempted by the fragrant musk and naughty thoughts of men with strange ears and protrusions from their asses...

On the one hand, he was able to fall asleep quickly, the fatigue of the workday getting to him. On the other, however, the dreams from the night before returned with a vengeance. Todd was there, or wherever his mind thought fit to consider Todd's avatar. But this time, he carried over with him the ears from real life. Though now, there were other alterations to his form, ones that Darren was sure weren't present on the other man's features. His nose, larger. Mouth, bulbous. Hair thick and sticking on his head like a mohawk. Overall, handsome as hell!

But, best of all on the man's features was a thick red and black mottled penis, head mushroom-shaped and leaking clear fluid. It was the cock of an animal, though not one that Darren had ever recalled seeing. Still, the sight was more arousing than anything he had seen thus far. More than anything, he wanted to suck that cock, to stroke it off and bring it to a glorious orgasm.

Before Darren had any inclination to stop himself, he was on the man's bestial cock, licking, sucking, and drinking down the ample precum the man was leaking. The salty fluid was really doing it for him. But more than that, it pushed his face out into a muzzle, prompted his jaw to extend, and his mouth to take the mammoth girth inside of him. Todd's hands were on his head, encouraging his oral ministrations. But, that was ceased with the fingers seeming to fuse, hard slabs that were pressing almost painlessly against his skull. Part of Darren's inclination was to reach up and tease his lover's thick, black balls and thick-skinned pucker. But his own hands had fused as well, and only a pair of fingerless hooves remained for him to use.

Yet, it was of little concern with how much he needed to suck with his thicker muzzle. Todd was leaking copious amounts of precum now, even as he fell down onto all four hooves and nipped at his lover's back. The former man was going to cum, and Darren wanted to take his lover's load. More than that, he wanted to make the other beast bray. Just like a...

“HEEEEEHAAAWWWW!”

The sound of a beastly bray quickly woke Darren from sleep, with a corresponding bray from the top bunk that made Darren hard as hell. He was terribly embarrassed about the sound, something a farm beast might make. Yet, part of it sat well with his mind in a way the man couldn't quite explain. After all, it was a natural sound to hear, especially on the farm...right?

“HEEEEEHHAAAWWWW!” Todd brayed as he yawned, getting up and looking over at Darren's features with a smile. It was a lewd sort of grin, one that gazed down towards Darren's pajamas. Darren looked down, embarrassed to see that a cock that was not the size of the one that he was familiar with was poking from his pants.

“Is THHAAWWWT some wood in your pants or are you just HAAAWWWWPY to see me?” Todd said with a tease. Darren had no idea what to think, given the circumstances. It seemed his words of disgust last night had either fallen on deaf ears or were forgotten entirely. And that wasn't the only thing that bothered him. The inflections in Todd's voice were strange enough. Or were they? Hadn't he always talked like that? Damn, Darren must have been tired this morning from the heavy dreams to be unable to focus on things!

Darren wanted to avert his gaze, but thoughts from the dream got to him before he could think to stop. Glancing down, he happened to see that his friend was sporting a rather impressive bulge of his own. It was all too reminiscent of the mental images that had teased him so much during the night. Surely, it wasn't anything a human could sport, looking at least to be 10 inches and as thick as a beer can. How he was handling so much blood rushing to his penis, Darren didn't know. Then again, he could say the same about himself, given the monster in his pajamas. Hell, there was every chance he would tear through them if his boner kept up!

Still, he didn't want to stay standing there sporting wood in front of his buddy. "Yeah...good dreams..." he muttered, squeezing past his friend and making his way to the bathroom. In truth, the sounds from his buddy's lips and the sight of his cock were really doing it for him. Even though they had sworn themselves to silence over the whole affair, Darren could certainly see himself getting down on his hands and knees and sucking that rod until his coworker came!

Besides, there was no way they could be changing physically in such a drastic way. Had the farmer done something to them? Surely, that was the only explanation. But it was so damn difficult to think, especially with how damn *hard* he was over the sight of the man's phallus. And then, there were the dreams, vivid as they were and making him powerfully erect. More than he needed to find out what was happening, he needed to jerk off, perhaps having his friend watch him or, better yet, partake...

Given the sheer arousal that he felt over the sexy sight of Todd's penis, it was impossible for Darren to avoid masturbating in the bathroom. Figuring it would be quieter if he took a shower during, Darren stripped off his pants to the sight of a cock that was not his own. It was much larger, twice the girth and a few inches longer than he could even fathom on his own frame. Stranger still, it wasn't even at full erection, swelling out another couple of inches as his attention was brought to it. How he had grown such a monster overnight, there was no way for him to say!

Still, be it the sheer amount of blood needed to support it, or the arousal he felt towards his work buddy, Darren had no recourse other than to get into the shower, letting the water run over him and feeling it play pleasantly over his penis. Touching the throbbing flesh, Darren moaned, the skin warmer and more sensitive than it should have been. It was like the mere act of touching it was almost enough to make him cum!

It was hard to tell over the water flowing over his member, but the coloration of it seemed to be altered, pink darkening in some places while turning what seemed almost black in others. The veins seemed more pronounced as well, though the mottled black soon obscured them to the point that Darren could no longer tell they were present. Still, even though the sight should have

disturbed him, Darren was too engrossed in the sensations swelling from his penis to care. He was sure he was oozing copious fluid, though the water was washing it away as fast as his cock seemed to leak it.

It was not just the sensation of his cock throbbing that seemed to be resulting from his voracious masturbatory session. The twitching over his backside started to intensify, and Darren was almost shocked by an electrical charge that shot up his back. Whatever the growth was, it seemed to be triggered by his masturbatory efforts. Still, even with the wriggling appendage sticking out of his backside, Darren was remiss to care, close as he was to cumming.

“Oh...Can't HAAAWWWWOLD it...HHHHEEEEEHHHAWWWW!” Darren brayed as his cock spasmed, and a thick wad of semen was shot against the wall, leaving him to lean back against the shower. Darren was momentarily stunned, the sensation of the tile against the growth on his back unexpected as it twitched from the contact. What the hell was it?!

Given the alterations to his cock and the growth of what he was starting to understand was his tail bone, Darren couldn't help but be overcome by a deep sense of shame. Whatever was happening seemed to correlate with the alterations from his dream. And masturbating was making it worse! Darren had no logical explanation. Even being intoxicated or otherwise unable to process his senses couldn't account for the growth. And why was he so damn *horny* for Todd and the changes themselves? None of it made any sense!

Wanting to ask Todd if he felt the same about the process, Darren felt his nose flare in shock as he walked back to the room, the heady stench of cum coming over him. It smelled rank and present, as though someone had just had sex. Or masturbated themselves into a frenzy, from the odor of things. Yet, he was not expecting his roommate to be standing there, massive dong bobbing up and down as cum leaked out of the head. There was a look of contentment on his features of a man that had been pent up for days and had just ejaculated a massive load.

Naturally, the cock was not one of a human man as much as Darren's own was altered. Darren didn't want to stare and risk his own arousal, even though he had just cum anyway. Yet, he simply couldn't tear his eyes away. It seemed as though the head and shaft had pulled from Todd's foreskin, taut around the base of his length. Its thickness was twice that of what he figured a human's should be and covered with patchy pink and black spots. It was a carbon copy of his own, what he was now assuming was more of a donkey's dick!

Though not wanting Todd to see him, there was no getting away from needing to grab a few of his things from the room. He had least figured that Todd should be ashamed, as Darren was. But the man was currently scooping up some of the cum, licking it eagerly like a sweet summer treat. It took Darren everything he had not to just walk in and help him clean it up with

his own tongue. Still saying nothing, Darren simply tried to walk by, keeping sight of Todd out of the corner of his eye. Though, it was mostly for his own sake, rather than worry his bunkmate would try something. Darren, much to his embarrassment, would have jumped the poor guy right there if he had so much as batted an eye!

“Wonder WAHHHHHAAAWWT we’ll have for breakfast?” Todd asked him, as though getting caught jerking off with his donkey cock was the most normal thing in the world. Darren had nothing to say, simply shrugging as he headed downstairs, sporting a hat over twitching ears for good measure.

The succulent scent of fresh greens wafted into his nose as two massive bowls of salad sat waiting for the pair, accompanied by pitchers of water. To his surprise, there didn’t seem to be any dressing, additives, or the like on their meals. Their breakfast was literally to be chopped up heads of lettuce!

Darren opened his mouth to complain, but then the scent of the greens caught his nose, making him drool a little. Before he could stop himself, he was on the bowl, not bothering to use the cutlery provided. Darren chewed with gusto, barely pausing for air as he inhaled the food. Nothing he could recall tasted better than these plain greens, and Darren could only stop long enough to down two-thirds of the water. Never before had Darren been so ravenous and had the perfect thing to sate his appetite right in front of him!

Though he hardly had the energy to notice it, his roommate seemed equally entranced with the provided meal. Only the sounds of chewing and the occasional grunts of satisfaction made him aware that Todd was eating from his own bowl with as much ravenous enthusiasm as his friend. Still, Darren was remiss to care, as caught up in his own meal as he found himself even licking the bowl afterward, desperate for every morsel he could scavenge.

“Eat up, boys! You’ve got a hard day of work ahead of you! I just hope I made enough!” The farmer said though neither man had much of a care to hear him, lost in eating as they were. “And don’t worry about the hats, those ears and tails are fine by me!” Darren thought he heard the word ‘tail’, though, with the current distractions in front of him, it was hard to focus.

The farmer then told the pair that he was going into town for supplies, leaving them hanging without the chance to ask any questions. Not sure what else to do, Darren found himself working out in the fields, pulling weeds and the like, in somewhat of a daze. He knew he was turning into a donkey, that it had to be the farmer that had done this to him. But why was Darren sticking around when there was no obvious barrier keeping him here? Still, Darren felt he needed to confront the man and demand he be changed back. There was no guarantee the process would stop once he’d left, after all.

Yet, there was one other obvious reason for his continued presence on the farm. Todd seemed intent on working the fields as well, apparently more oblivious to the fact that the pair were slowly turning into donkeys. Perhaps worse, maybe he wanted to change, that he liked the idea. The sexual prowess was certainly nothing to sneeze at, for certain! Still, Darren didn't want to leave Todd to his fate, whatever that may be. Or, at least, that was what he kept telling himself...

In the midafternoon heat, Todd found it fit to take off his shirt, letting it fall to the ground to be coated in dust. Despite knowing what it would do to him, Darren couldn't help but sneak a glance, feeling his member getting hard in his work pants. Dude had been hairy before, but now it was a thick carpet of brown, obscuring the skin in some areas. Despite himself, Darren couldn't help but find the display hot as hell!

Todd, it seemed, felt the same way. His own cock was taking up a significant portion of the space in his pants, and Todd undid the zipper, straining to let it out of his jeans. But, given the sheer size of his donkey dick, it wouldn't even fit through the slit. Grunting, Darren let his pants slide to the ground, soon discarded as well. The member that stood stiff like a flagpole in the air was far larger than even the one that Darren had spotted that morning. Were they really changing so fast? And why was he enamored with the sight rather than terrified by the reality that they were changing in such an inhuman way?

Todd's member hung there, foreskin being pulled down even as its shade darkened to black and itching with the growth of several out-of-place hairs. The tip flared, pisshead moving towards the bottom as the head crowded itself and the rest of its surface thickened with those mottled black patches. It was clearly the penis of an animal, and part of Darren's mind wanted to get out of there, lest those latest changes befell his own prick.

Yet, with Darren staring with an almost hungry look on his features, a strange expression fell over Todd's face. It was one of dominance, of desire. He went to stroke his cock a few times, tip leaking a thick string of pre down towards the ground. The sight had Darren absolutely enraptured, making him drool from the promise of pleasure it would give him.

The thought had already been implanted before Todd had a chance to speak. But, upon his request, there was no chance of him backing down, excited as he was by the prospect. "WaHHHAAAWWWWna suck me HHHAAAWWWWVE?" Todd brayed, needing the stimulation as much as Darren was curious about the act itself.

Having never gone down on anyone, much less a man, Darren felt he should have been nervous. But, in the moment, there was nothing he could imagine wanting more than to take that

cock in his mouth and suck down the delicious smelling precum that the man-turning donkey was oozing. It looked like an impossible task to take such a cock in his mouth, but it was a challenge that Darren felt he was up to!

Getting down on his knees, Darren eyed the equine offering with reverence. It was a mammoth member out of his wildest dreams, and the formerly straight man lost all sense of holding back as he licked the tip, forcing himself to get used to the salty, savory flavor. Spitting for a few moments at first, Darren soon found that the flavor was starting to grow on him, making him crave more. Desperate to go down on his buddy, the daunting size of his task did little to dissuade him. Darren would take that cock like a champ and was eager to do so!

He needn't have worried. The moment he started to struggle over the girth of the donkey dick in his mouth was the moment that his face started to crack forward. Cheeks puffed out, and bones pressed forward just slightly, enough that the size of the phallus in his mouth was hardly an inconvenience. Soon, even deepthroating the equine phallus was no trouble, the warm sensation of sticky seed running down his throat prompting him to bob up and down on the cock. Darren only needed the nickers of excitement from his lover to know that he was doing the skill justice!

Contemplating every possible way to please his lover, Darren reached around, feeling the contours of Todd's body for any newly discovered pleasure centers. Seeking hands eventually found what could only be considered an equine tail, a ropey appendage that started to twitch as he rubbed at it. The contact was not lost on the donk-man above him, cock throbbing into Darren's proto-muzzle and leaking thicker fluids down his throat. It seemed that, in particular, rubbing the base of it at the top was an erogenous zone, making the changing man squirm. Darren was loving the notion of pleasuring this man, pretenses of heterosexuality and fear for his humanity be damned!

A corresponding twitch from his own backside reminded Darren he possessed a similar growth, though he hardly cared in the moment. He knew that he should not have a tail, an appendage fit only for a farm animal, yet, it was getting harder for the changing man to remember a time when he didn't have such a growth. It was exhilarating to feel it twitching behind him, the ropey appendage sticking out over his pants and thrashing against his backside, teasing his puckered anus.

Of course, his hand was on his own penis the entire time, and the remolding of his own flesh was certainly not lost as Darren used his ample precum to stroke up and down his cock. He could feel his former foreskin peeling down, a ring of sensual flesh meeting his touch with every stroke. It was powerfully arousing to feel his penis being played with, even as his head flared, the slit moving downward as his balls swelled with what could only be donkey semen.

Feeling his own rear end parting and his anus puckering, Darren was prompted to reach back and feel up Todd's backside, loving the sensation of the other man's ass parting and his pucker reaching out to meet the seeking fingers. His opening was clearly larger, more muscled as befitting an equine's hind end. It seemed to suck his fingers inside as though desiring to be penetrated and stimulated. Darren couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to feel him open up for his transforming donkey cock, or, have his own anus penetrated but the member he was sucking off so fervently...

Soon, the penis in his lips started to throb uncontrollably, and Darren was aware that his lover was about to cum. He wanted nothing more than to taste it, to drink it down and savor the gift from his lover. Yet, the ache from the throbbing donkey cock in his mouth was so intense that Darren was forced to release it as it, too, released a heavy load of semen. Some of it went down his throat, though most spattered all over his fuzzy face, the pungent male stench coating him and making his own load build.

“OHH HHAAAWWWW!” Todd brayed out, his body literally vibrating as copious quantities of donkey cum sprayed into Darren's muzzle and face. The erotic act was enough to make Darren blow his own load all over his cock, hand, and his lover's clothes. Darren wanted to bray himself, though was currently too focused on swallowing Todd's load, the fluids thick and requiring him to salivate profusely.

Soon, he was finished, rolling up his eyes to gaze at the eager expression in the man changing into a donkey. Todd's brown eyes were dull, rectangular slits that denoted no more intelligence than that of a beast. A short nicker left his lips as he moved down to lick the cum from Darren's mouth. It was a powerful conflict in Darren's mind to try and resist the tender act. On the one hand, it gave a certain sense of camaraderie with his mate that made him feel powerfully relaxed and placid. On the other hand, his friend was acting more like the jackass they were both allowing themselves to become!

The sound of footsteps walking toward them caused Darren to flick his ears in the direction of the farmer, who wore a smile on his face even as he witnessed the erotic acts. “Well now, aren't you two friendly with each other! It's good for the long-term care of my farm if you two have 'healthy appetites' towards each other! If you weren't into each other before now, then it shouldn't hurt you none! Sides, don't need anyone filled with foal!”

“WHHHAAAWWW are you doing to *snort* us?” Darren called out. Todd was seemingly more interested in a smell in the air, one that had not come across Darren's senses yet. Why wasn't the other man worried that he was halfway towards changing into a donkey?! They were both going to lose themselves at this rate!

“Never mind all that! Farm work helps build muscle, but, more than that, character! You’re just getting that hard-working body I need around here! But don't worry about the work now! You’ve had your fun, so why not relax and come have a drink?!” The man replied, and Darren stopped, the scent that had Todd interested. It was the scent of hops and booze, one that made his mouth water.

Darren followed his bulbous nose across the side of the building to a long trough, shallow but lined with enough beer to leave him salivating once again. Part of his sex-addled mind was aware that equines could take some level of intoxication. He moved forward, scooping up some with his hands, not seeing a cup or other such instrument nearby. With that insufficient to drink his fill, Darren decided to deny his dignity and stuck his head in, his larger muzzle downing it eagerly.

Soon, Todd was beside him, drinking down the beer like a straw with his muzzle. It was nice having his familiar scent in Darren's nose, another jack beside him. Part of Darren was aware this was wrong, that he was drinking from a trough like an animal. His bestial tail was swishing behind him lazily as the delicious beer drowned out the taste of semen. But, at the moment, it was hard to focus on anything else as his bloated belly filled with beer.

Lost in his drunken stupor, Darren was suddenly aware of a pressure at his backside, prompting him to lift his tail up and to the side. Though his pants were in the way, it took no time for them to be pulled down, his underwear removed as well. A warm, moist cock head started drooling over his backside, rubbing his protruding pucker in all the right ways. In the moment, Darren was hardly aware that his anus had grown thick, black, and puckered. He needed only to feel his rear end penetrated, the wonderful stimulation to his insides to make him moan!

Grunting, he pushed back against the intrusion, desperate to take such a wonderful appendage inside of him. “Oh, yEAAWWWW!” Darren brayed, so caught up in the moment of passion that he could hardly get his own pants off to enjoy the sensations. The faint taste of hops lingered on his breath as his penis quickly sprang from its home. His own pisshead was drooling, hand encircling it, though almost impossible to manage with only one hand and stiffer fingers besides. Still, the pleasure was amazing, and Darren could hardly hold back.

The seeking cockhead was pushing against him insistently, eager for the contact he evidently so desperately craved. Darren simply pushed again, arching his hips and allowing the rounded head of the other man’s pecker to push into his bowels, making him bray all over again.

“So tight! SO HHAAAAAAWWWWWT!” Todd brayed, and Darren dimly recalled he had been worried about the other man’s humanity. Surely, if he could speak then he wasn’t a full

beast in mind, right? Still, in the moment, it was hard to focus on things other than the thick cock opening him up exquisitely and filling his rump with donkey dick.

Lost, too, was the sensation of his middle toes stretching as their thicker tips filled the head of the shoe and pushed the rest to the side. They seemed to be sinking into the flesh, their sensation absent as he reflexively tried to move them. Numbness was all that was present as the shoes were pushed tightly on one end and from a stretching heel at the other, as though he was being forced to balance on the tiptoes of whatever was left of the middle digits.

Yet, the sensation of being fucked was far too good for him to stop, and Darren desperately stroked his cock, the stimulation to his prostate threatening to send him over the edge at any moment. A series of soft nickers escaped his lips as his hand pulled down his sheath, rubbing the warm flesh of his penis and feeling it leak copious strings of precum. It was getting harder to think about anything over the pleasure, even why he should hold back as his balls throbbed and sent his penis into orgasm.

“HHHAAAАWWW!” Darren cried out with a truly bestial bray as his cock shot all over his hand and even up towards his shirt, coating it in the thick cream. The clenching of his bowels on his buddy’s cock brought the donk-man with him. Warm semen filled his backside, tail swishing over the other man’s penis as it pulled out quickly without fanfare. To his surprise, Darren could feel Todd’s tongue licking at his protruding pucker, the warm tongue cleaning up his own semen and making Darren feel content all over.

Yet, a feeling of shame slowly began to settle over him as he struggled to get up, caught in his pulled-down pants and underwear. He had allowed himself to get fucked in the ass for the first time like it was nothing. No matter how lusty he felt, Darren couldn’t have imagined doing something so shameful in the middle of the farm after waking up. He wasn’t gay; whatever the farmer had done to them was making him act like this without any regard for his shame or sexuality!

Worse was the reality that the changes had played over him, evidently accelerated by the sexual acts that increased his heart rate. His clothes certainly felt tight all over him, belly distended, shoulders hunched, and hips wide. Worse, his shoes were painfully tight, as though his altered feet could burst out of them at any second. It seemed his descent into an asinine existence was inevitable unless he could get to the farmer and beg to be released!

Standing up was a chore, and not only from the bugging his asshole had gone through. It seemed as though the stance of his altered feet were not suited to walking upright, a fact that made him fearful. Still, carefully balancing himself, Darren was able to manage, stumbling towards the house as best he could.

Part of him wanted to try and grab Todd, but deep down, he figured that the other man's mental state might not be sufficient to aid in his pleas. As if confirming his suspicions, Todd had failed to pull up his pants, letting them fall to the ground to lay there, discarded. His thick tail swayed behind him, raising over his thick, equine pucker as he sniffed around, as though looking for something. Without any regard for present company, his donkey dong slid out of his sheath, taking a piss in front of him as though it was the most normal thing in the world.

“Dude, we GAAAWWWWTA get HAAAWWLP!” Darren tried to call out, but equine inflections peppered his speech. Todd seemed to notice, snapping out of it and walking towards the stumbling man. Darren allowed his heart to race. There was a better chance of confronting the man with both of their company, after all.

Darren was about to speak when the other man's lips were on his own, taking him in an embrace. Darren tried to push him away, but the taste of the man's lips on his own made him lose all resistance he had. “Relax...” Todd managed to mumble out, though the effort was strained. Still, he returned the lip lock in full force, and Darren leaned into it, his cock getting erect once more.

It was impossible that the two of them could carry so much stamina, especially with the amount of booze they'd drunk. But, Darren could feel his cock sliding out of his sheath again, bobbing up against the other man's own. He continued the kiss, thrusting his hips in an effort to frot their cocks together and let the pleasure build. Darren was elated; it was far more intimate contact than they had been allowed earlier. He cared for the intimacy between them, his first chance to explore the male form as his new inclinations insisted. Any thoughts he harbored about resisting his new urges were lost with his lick-lock with the other man. Even their eventual equine fate was forgotten, the asinine features the other man sported only serving to accelerate his lust and arousal.

Yet there was no denying the equine features steadily encroaching over their faces. Jaws cracked and muzzles inched forward ever so slightly. Beards itched with the formation of more fur to cover them. Teeth widened, pushing out with the dissolution of canines and the separation of incisors from molars. Though Todd's eyes had already altered into equine rectangles, Darren's were soon to follow, turning brown and widening in his skull even as he kept them closed. Darren was savoring the sensation of lips on his own as the two changing men frotted their cocks together with the virility of rutting beasts.

Eventually, Todd's fingers reached down and teased Darren's pants, and the stunned man pulled them down, exposing his thick donkey dong. Without missing a beat, the man's lips were on his cockhead, peppering it with kisses before moving his proto muzzle over the thick asinine

member. Yet, not wanting to be left out of the fun, Darren pushed him off, crawling down with more ease on all fours as he moved towards the object of his desire. The flavor of semen was erased from his mouth, and Darren desperately wanted it back!

It seemed that Todd had the same idea, getting on his broadening back and repositioning himself so that he could deepthroat Darren's donkey dong as readily as Darren was downing Todd's own. The sensation of being sucked off was barely felt as he enamored himself with the member in his maw, drinking down its delectable flavors.

Seeming to have a mind of its own, the asinine tail that he'd tried to confine in his underwear suddenly popped out with a burst of growth, slapping Todd in the face with its tasseled end. No sooner than he done so than Darren let go of the donkey cock in his mouth, unable to resist a loud "HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!" as orgasm shot through him, blowing a load of semen into his lover's forming muzzle. Not far behind, Todd shot off his own bolt, and, eager not to miss a drop, Darren lowered his muzzle to lick as much from the leaking head as he could. It tasted amazing, of virile, powerful stud, and nothing seemed to sit better with the changing man's mind!

Part of Darren's mind resisted the urge to give up, fighting through the orgasmic reverie to reach his goal. Yet, despite the fear and determination that had driven Darren to seek help, the fatigue from several concurrent orgasms was enough to prompt him to lie down right there. He seemingly only required the grass to rest on and the presence of the warm body beside him. Even the sticky sensation of semen drying over his body did little to deter him or trigger a desire for him to get up and wash. In fact, the heavy stretch of donkey sweat and cum only served to relax his dulling mind.

Though he had no energy to get up and confront the farmer, it soon seemed as though such would be largely unnecessary. The sound of the door opening and footsteps approaching made Darren raise his ears in the direction. The man's now-familiar scent wafted into his nose and mitigated the decrease of vision that came with his oncoming donkey-dom, something he was only just now aware of. Still, the rage he felt was enough to rouse him at least enough that he could hear the man's words.

"You're coming along so well! Won't be long now. Changing you from humans really does the trick, an old spell recipe from the grandparents! Makes you gay, too, but that only keeps you placid and happy, in my opinion! And, the two of you seem happy enough!" The man said a wide grin on his face as he surveyed what he had done thus far to the two men.

"But WHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!?" Darren brayed, the sound rousing his confused friend as well. There seemed to be a flicker of something on his expression, a bit of worry or

concern over his friend's panic, or perhaps, hopefully, fear of the reality that he might be turning into an ass permanently and losing his humanity.

“Why? That’s simply, ain’t it? Gonna need a few asses like you to work the farm. Gettin’ on in years, you know! And that’s a ton of work a couple of smarter-than-average asses can help me with! Best of all, no one’s ever going to come looking for ya! Not with the lack of cell service out here and the fact you were both backpacking without telling a soul where you ended up!” The man said with a laugh.

“Course, that ain’t the only reason I can’t change you back! The potion wouldn’t even work if you weren’t fit fer the role! The more you act like asses, the more that you change in body and in mind. And, you must have really been animals to make it work this fast! Was worried you might not have changed enough before the week was up and you would just leave. But, there’s no chance of that now, and you’ve made asses of yerselves, indeed!”

“But, fer now, I’ve got a nice treat for you! Don’t worry, it ain’t tainted or nuth’in. You’re already set to change fully after that first dose. It’s just my way of thanking ya for coming across my door! I’ll treat you right, no worries! That is if yer able to carry any worries over to yer new bodies!” The man said, producing two solid cubes from his pocket.

Darren went to protest but the scent of the offering hit his nose just then, and he was prompted to reach out with his muzzle, not really aware of what he was doing. The man continued to offer his bounty, and the moment that Darren’s lips touched it, he was in heaven. It seemed to be something sugary, perhaps pure sugar itself. But the flavor exploded on his tongue, making him salivate with excitement over what he was tasting. It was far better than even the beer had been, its flavors as intricate as anything that he had ever experienced before.

Lost in the taste, Darren was hardly startled as the farmer came up to him and started rubbing his bristling mane. Darren had barely felt the itch of it forming, though was made largely aware of it as the man stroked him. It seemed as though the man’s touch prompted it to grow, bristling down over his stretching neck and back in a mohawk of sorts. Yet, the sensation of the thick fingers over his mane relaxed him, the voice telling him to resist far away. Even the reaction of his friend, to simply take the sugar cubes in his muzzle and eat them like the tasty treats they were, served only to relax the changing man. What had he been so worried about, anyway?

Eventually, a drunken haze fell over him, and Darren tried once more to stand, as though in protest. Yet, with a strained bray, he fell over, as though his back was being pressured. Another weak bray escaped his muzzle as he got down, fatigue doing him in. It was easy to allow

his eyes to flutter shut, to dive down into the dreams that kept him so content, those of a blissful beast...

The images came with sleep as much as they had the past few nights. Though this time, Darren did not view the other as a man, but rather a beast as himself. A donkey, a full-blood equine, grazing and fucking in equal measure. One with a bestial cock that hung heavily underneath, erect and at attention. One that he longed to have inside of him, to stimulate his own to orgasm...

A pungent scent hit his nose just then, forcing Darren to wrinkle his nose and realize that it was further in front of his face that he was comfortable with. Opening his eyes, Darren was momentarily shocked to see that the world was largely dull, as though his eyes had been robbed of cones for color vision. But, it was the sight of his buddy on his hands and knees, tail raised and taking a decidedly equine dump, that was clearly the source of the fetid stench!

“WHHHAAAWWWT are you doHHHEEEEEHHHAAAWWW?!” Darren tried to call out, though, given his buddy’s current state of being, relieving himself in the open was par for the course. It seemed they were continuing to degenerate into nothing more than gay farm beasts, as was the farmer’s wishes!

“HEEEHAAAWWWWW!” Todd brayed back at his buddy, no human words discernible. It seemed that the process had degraded far beyond human understanding. It had happened so fast with him that Darren worried too much about all he had lost and how quickly he would lose what was left. He had only a limited time to try and get to the farmer and once more beg that they be changed back!

Yet, trying to stand proved a more futile endeavor than Darren had been expecting. His back had clearly altered during the night, and he almost fell over, body top-heavy and hips precariously deformed enough to make bipedal movement difficult. Darren tried again, aware that his form was too heavy and his hips simply didn't seem to work right. But, a strong determination made him stumble forward, the shape of his legs all wrong but just enough that he was able to take a few cautious steps towards the house and his hopeful salvation.

Yet, his efforts would be for naught as he suddenly fell over, the stance far too awkward for a man in mid-change as he struggled with a series of brays. His barreled chest, distended belly, and flattened thighs forced gravity against him as he fell over, catching himself on his hands. To his shock, it almost felt like bowling balls had been glued to his middle digits, holding his weight ably and causing him no pain as he struggled to right himself. Yet, with his physiology in its current state, getting up was nearly an impossible task, as though he was now a being made for four-legged travel.

Despite the panic he felt at the change, the sensation of hot breath on his nethers immediately allowed his cock to spring to erection. Though it was hardly the time for it, the sheer amount of blood required for its girth had him frozen in place, teetering on the edge of panic and lust. He knew he had to get up and try to get help. But the presence of the other donkey-man was so powerfully arousing, and he was clearly willing to help Darren with those urgent sexual needs...

A soft bray escaped his lips as thick, pliable lips wrapped around his cock and started to suck with such enthusiasm that Darren was thankful to be on all fours. Otherwise, he might have fallen over anyway! The other donk-man was as skilled an oral lover as Darren could have ever hoped. Best of all, his mouth and lips had altered enough during the night that he was able to fully take the asinine girth that Darren now possessed. Darren was elated, eyes rolling back in his head as he was sucked off, feeling his balls slapping against the donkey's chin. It was amazing, over half his length to this newly-grown medial ring was enough to stimulate the sensitive flesh all over. It was getting harder and harder to hold back, and in his lust-fueled state, Darren could do naught but bray as his orgasm washed over him.

“OH...OHHAAAAAWWWW!” Darren brayed, not hearing the sounds in his twitching ears as his donkey cock sprayed down his friend's throat. It was impossible to hold onto any human thoughts with the bestial bliss that erupted from his penis. The donkey man's muzzle was there to lap up every drop, savoring the sticky, salty fluids that Darren had so gracefully granted him. It was heaven, standing there on all fours, his semen being taken by the eager male...

Despite the pleasant afterglow of post-orgasm, Darren suddenly felt a pulse of shame rush through him. The man's taunts had assured him that acting the part of an ass would turn him into one faster. And he had just let himself be sucked off by a man that was by this point more donkey than human. It was taking him everything he had not to just stand there and let him be licked by the eager jack, who had finished with his retreating cock and was now moving to nip his face and mane in a gesture of grooming.

Yet, panic was setting in now, and Darren grunted a bestial groan, trying once more to get to his feet. However, the aches in his thighs and hips were starting to intensify. A series of wet pops, audible to his donkey ears, resonated through his torso, and Darren wobbled a bit, body not working the way he figured it should. A few more efforts left him nearly toppled over, and, to his disdain, Darren soon realized that his four-legged posture might be permanent. He was stuck this way!

“Well, well, looks like you really made an ass of yerself! Ha!” Rang the familiar tone of the farmer, walking over to the prone man while Darren tried desperately to beg for salvation. “HHEEEEEELLLHHHEEEHHAAAAWWW!” He brayed, unable to articulate the words in any meaningful way. Darren tried and tried, though at this point only brays escaped his lips at this point. He could hardly even talk in his present state!

Yet, Todd seemed not to care, more interested in nibbling on the lawn. Darren couldn't help but stare at the other man, who seemed oblivious to the fear of the fates befalling them both. His naked body was nearly covered in donkey fur and hide, leaving little bare patches. Shoes had burst off for hooves, black and polished like the day he was born with them. His back was longer, tail seemingly fully grown and swishing over an exposed, black pucker. Darren found himself enamored by that last feature, his own donkey rectum clenching with the desire to be fucked. Though there was certainly precedent to fuck the other beast's own offering eventually, for now, he wanted to be the one on the receiving end, to be put in his place as the beast that his body was telling him to be!

Darren shook his head a few times, trying to eliminate the intrusive thoughts. He couldn't just give in and act the way that he pleased, especially not with the farmer watching. He had to prove that he was human and deserved to be so. Sexy donkey before him be damned!

Yet, a pressure in his hands brought down Darren's attention in time to see that the digits were cracking, shrinking into stretching wrists. As much as he forced the fingers to stay in the same position, nothing in his power could prevent the pull of the digits into his skin, the middle one stretched into the circular growth on the tips. In mere moments he had only a pair of donkey hooves sticking out from his wrists, useless for anything other than walking on all fours like the beast he was.

A series of wet cracks brought his attention to the other donkey, Darren despairing at how much he was changing as well. A stretched back, bulbous belly, and barreling chest sucked in shoulds and hips. Middle fingers extended and swelled into hooves, and arms stretched to make his four-legged stance stable. A mane bristled down his back, burning a cross into his features as befit a jackass mohawk. Yet, other than the twitching of his skin to flick away flies or the changes in his stance as he grazed, there seemed to be little concern on the beast's features about how quickly he was changing.

“Yup, you two sure are gonna make good asses! Yer probably so gay for yer friend there too, I bet you can't wait to give in to the urges! It's too late now for you to change back anyway, even if I wanted to. Might as well have your way with him and finish things off, or let him have his way with you! Try to enjoy it while ya can, 'cause I've got lots of work for you to do!”

As though still aware of the meaning of the words, Todd came over and started nuzzling Darren's head, prompting him to feel the changes sweeping across his facial features. But, given the already asinine states of their bodies, there was little to be done for it now. And, besides, the other donkey smelled so nice, like herd, like mate. Darren, with his steadily-fading intellect, allowed himself to get into the messy kiss, liping the other donkey back. The sensual contact made his cock dangle out of its sheath once more, a sign of his lust for the other male.

Loving the sensations, Darren was remiss for not noticing that his head was starting to slope, skull compressing against his brain. Mouths extended against each other as they kissed, jaws cracking and necks thickening towards a more asinine shape. With the decrease in cranium size, it was even harder for Darren to think of why what they were doing was wrong. Even more difficult was holding onto any semblance of humanity. Why did he wish to return to that life, that body, when equine existence held so much more promise?

Eventually, the needs in his body grew to the point that Darren could no longer stand it. Breaking the messy kiss, Darren turned around, more adept on his four legs as he mentally altered to match the equine body that came with it so much promise. Raising his tufted tail, Darren wriggled his hips, pucker on full display for his mate. Thoughts of how the donkey's dong had filled him so fully prompted him to rear his hips back, nickering in excitement as the beast's member teased the rim of his anus before forcing it in with little care for his mate's comfort.

In his current state, Darren struggled to find stimulation for his penis, which was erect and swishing underneath him. The pressure against his prostate was heavenly but hardly enough for the newly changed donkey to get off on. Braying in irritation, Darren started to rock his hips, only just now realizing that the sensual slapping against his belly was enough to tease the top half of his cock. Even with the massive donkey on his back, Darren was able to manage thrusting his hind legs back and forth, the motion forcing his cock against his belly in a steady rhythm. Even better, it seemed his mate within him was prompted to thrust as hard as he could to take his pleasure, urging Darren to buck faster in tandem.

The more he was fucked, the more the sensations against his prostate brought the change to its conclusion. A gurgling through his body seemed to indicate that he was adding meat and muscle at an accelerated rate. The intense pressure in his rectum was becoming more bearable to the point that, in tandem with the pounding of his prostate, made the sensations exquisite. It soon devolved into pure animal ecstasy, and as the thick phallus plowed his pucker, Darren felt whatever remnants of his humanity being washed away. Why did he need anything beyond the taste of grass on his lips, the sensation of cock in his bowels, and his own penis slapping sensually against his belly? With his thrusting hips, it wouldn't take long for him to reach the desired release. In some ways, it was as though the remnants of his humanity were to spray from

his penis, though, close as he was, there was insufficient humanity in him left to care about the release.

“HHEEHHHHAAAAWWWWW!” The newly minted beast brayed as the combination of pressure to his shaft and prostate did him in. His equine member jerked against his belly as he sprayed his semen all over the grass, eager to fall into the orgasmic bliss that being a beast in body and mind could bring.

No sooner had his thoughts whited out than his clenching bowels brought his beau to an inevitable end, filling his equine donut with warm donkey cream. It felt wonderful, the sheer quantity almost more than he could take. Some of the backflow leaked out of his rump, leaving the cock inside him awash in the sensations. It forced a few more spurts of semen from his own penis, oozing from the tip without any direct stimulation required.

Feeling the other jack getting off him, Darren flicked his tail, satisfied that he had been filled and to feel his cock sliding back into his sheath. The sensations were pleasant, making him nicker in contentment as he reached around to lip at the other donkey. The two of them groomed each other with a messy series of kisses, teasing rubbery lips and thick slab teeth over faces and manes in a sign of kinship. They were true mates, part of the same herd, and there to tend to each other's sexual needs.

Human thoughts having long since faded, the jackass that had once been Darren turned away, the hunger in his belly taking precedence. Jack beside him, Darren proceeded to graze, allowing his thoughts to drift and the awareness of the world around him to be limited only to his meal and mate. In response to his diminished intellect, the newly-minted donkey lifted his tail and dropped a pile of manure onto the ground behind them, no more aware of the act than the simple beast he was. Shame was beneath the animal that he had become, after all!

“Good to see you’re all done!” Said a male’s voice as the farmer came out to stroke the manes of both asses. Such contact should have caused the simple beasts to panic. Yet, part of him knew that the man was a caretaker of sorts, feeling safe enough with him close.

The donkey cared little for the man’s words content with the cum leaking from his own member and loving the sensual sensation of his donkey cock sliding back into his sheath. There was nothing for him to be concerned about at the moment. The sweet scent of hay was in the air, the sun was warm over his hide. He was full and content and happy. And, best of all, his ass was leaking semen, a sign of his companionship with his jack. The jackass couldn’t fathom wanting any more as the two of them flicked their tails and grazed side by side, entering their new lives together...

Epilogue

The warm fall sun was just reaching its zenith, though not too overheating for the small herd of jackasses that lay lounging in the field. Their number had grown by six now, all-male, usually joining in pairs. Yet, the original two seemed not to mind, happy to meet as many jacks as the farmer would provide. Though they all started as human, the tainted wine soon added long ears, tails, and other sexy attributes that made them perfect herd mates. Most came in pairs, and the curious donkeys were always fond of watching their lust for each other grow as they prepared to join them in bestial bliss.

Most of the donkeys had mated several times already, though the day was still young. Several had the usual stains of semen leaking from their rumps, or on their breaths after drinking down their lover's loads. Though they were often eager to 'officially' welcome newcomers to their herd and experience those sexual delights, once initiated, pairs often stayed together as their preferred rutting partners. Still, mutual grooming, masturbation, and even equine orgies were not out of the question.

It was impossible to deny that any of the beasts preferred their new existence to anything that the human world might grant. Though their minds and sensibilities had been dulled to animalistic levels, the myriad of beastly pleasures, especially those of the flesh, were enough to tempt even the most heteronormative humans into traipsing into the donkey fields. Though the farmer had them work, beasts of burden they were, the jacks were happy to do so, pulling and plowing together with their herd mates. The farmer, true to his word, treated them well, often treating them with sugar cubes and alcohol, much to the enjoyment of the herd.

Of course, as time went on, other animals were added to the farm, all same-sex pairs, for the farmer wished not to have his animals produce offspring. A pair of chickens, some sheep, and even a pair of draft horses had been acquired for his menagerie, each as sexually active and needy as the donkeys themselves. Still, it was always most exciting for new members to be added to their herd, a rare occurrence as the months went by but certainly frequent enough that the beasts knew what to expect when the scents of changing humans came across their noses!

As such was the case today. “-Glad to have the help, you see! Lots of animals now, I've got quite the operation! I'll have you working with the donkeys for the next couple of days! Friendliest bunch of animals you'll ever work with! But you can worry about that later! Come on in and have some wine! Old family recipe, best you'll ever have! Then, I'll get you better acquainted with the herd...”