

“Fuck, great gains, am I right?” Jason boasted, rubbing his arms in the showoff way he enjoyed as of late. Nick repressed a sigh at that, looking down at his own meager muscle mass. He knew damn well Jason was aware of his self-confidence issues, but obviously didn’t give a shit about it, so damn self-centered as he was. Nick was more than fed up about it, but Jason either feigned ignorance or really was that stupid. Either way, with each passing day, Nick's ire toward a former friend grew. The longer this latest bout of self-satisfaction went on, the longer Nick realized the man was always this way, even since they'd met in college. Smaller city that it was, there were few options or gyms, and no avoiding the over-boisterous man, not if he wanted the chance of bulking out himself. Not that much of a chance existed, as desperate as Nick was feeling as of late. Be it lack of effort or unwanted genetics, Nick was no larger than he'd been a few years ago. While, Jason, on the other hand...

Bad enough that the well-built curly-haired man was able to build himself toward the body of his dreams. But did he have to be so full of himself over it? It seemed as though Jason used every chance to rub it in his face, showing off, ribbing Nick, and rubbing him the wrong way each time he did so. It was always just close enough to an onlooker that it looked like harmless teasing between friends. But lately, it was far more than that, enough Nick wished he could do something about it...

“Got a hot date tonight. Later! Best of luck!” Jason called out as he went through the locker room door, firm ass on display. Nick had no idea who it was this time. Dude had at least a dozen lays in his contacts, both men and women. Hell, there was a time in his experimentation that Nick had been one of those men. But he'd wanted something more than a casual fuck, and Jason made it clear he planned to hold onto promiscuity. That, and Jason had put it in no unspecific terms that 'Nick wasn't just his type anymore'. Not that Nick longed for him or anything. But it still stung.

That sting turned to jealousy and lament, not only for the teasing but the fact that the man seemed to have it all but harbored no appreciation for it. He looked down on people, especially his lover's, thinking that those less dominant in bed were 'leasor', something for him to stick his dick in and a little more. And given the fact he couldn't avoid the man during his workouts, Nick found his ire growing with each passing day. Almost to the point he wished he could do something about it...

And today was that day. Not anything mundane, and nothing harmful. Well, as far as his brother had put it, at any rate. Not that Nick really understood Brett's interest in magics and spells. He'd seen their effects first hand, enough to know what he promised was real. And, cruel as it might be to an outsider, Nick was determined in his punishment. A way to give the man a little taste of his own medicine with a spell Brett had recently perfected. Something that would bring the ass Jason was to light...

Closing the door behind him, Jason let out a sigh, his body still trembling from the afterglow. The guy was a good fuck, all things considered, and certainly one of Jason's favorites. Best of all the guy simply liked taking dick, never really worried about anything beyond that. That was the best in his opinion, a guy that wanted a good fuck like him, and nothing beyond that. Jason liked using bottoms but didn't really care for the stereotypical traits they embodied, during sex and outside of him. Besides, taking something up the ass? He'd tried it a few times, but it wasn't for him. Prostate stimulation was great, but all the effort it took to get cleaned out? He could do dozens of games before it was time for sex!

Yet, today, there was something a little off, as though an ache in his backside the likes of which he was unfamiliar. It drew him back to the events of last night, having stopped off at his favorite bar for a drink after his fuck. The single beer he'd partaken in tasted a little off, though not enough for him not to drink it. But it was the dreams he'd had because of it that were a little bizarre, something that was on the fringes of his memories but that he couldn't quite reach. Why he naturally assumed it was tied to the ache in his...asshole? Was that where it was coming from? And what was it he needed to ease it...?

There was no denying the ache for prostate stimulation, something that even pounding pussy or asshole couldn't quite quell. He wanted...something more direct, he was sure. It was bizarre, the ache in his rectum more intense than anything he could recall. What would it be like the penetrate himself in such a state? Once the thought landed in his mind, there was no expelling it, as though a pimple needed to be popped. It burned into his brain, overpowering all his morning routine as he thought about it. Surely, it couldn't have been the nothing he recalled it to be, to leave him so *needy*.

Thinking it over for a moment, Jason recalled having some dildos around the house, hidden away having been left there by past lovers. He would never have entertained the notion of using them, but the urge in his asshole was becoming rather insistent, and there was almost no time to consider heading over to a sex shop to try and purchase his own. So, biting the bullet and hoping they were clean enough, he looked over the collection, finding each intriguing but not exactly the thing he was looking for.

Eventually, his eyes settled on one that looked off, somehow, not like a human cock but rather a smaller replica of a farm animal's. Who he'd slept with that would leave something so disgusting around without shame was a little alarming but Jason couldn't bring himself to look away from it. The size, the shape, and even the notion of it seemed to excite him in a way that

defied his understanding. Of all the toys presented, it was the one that held his interest. The one that he wanted inside of him...

After doing a quick cleaning and preparing himself with some lube, Jason got up on the bed and laid down, ass in the air as he tried to aim the weirdly shaped thing toward his pucker. It was a little hard to maneuver such a thing with his inexperience, but he managed, feeling it pushing against his pucker and barely having to open himself up to take it within him. A moan escaped his lips as it slid in, easier than he might have expected without having the experience. Still, it was powerfully pleasant, enough that he was soon sliding it in and out, the pounding against his prostate slowing building as he pleased himself.

To his surprise, his cock was harder than it had been in some time, even without touching himself. It was a little effort to insert the dildo in and out while stroking himself, but even the briefest stimulation was enough to leave him leaking. He was aching to be touched, but it was the buggering he was giving himself that really brought him pleasure to the point he could cum from simply that alone. And even though he'd had sex the night before, the fullness in his testicles was at its apex, desperately needing to cum and get off. Within the next few moments if this kept up...

One thing caught his attention as his cock prepared to blow its burden and cover his groin with cum. His cock, something he was intimately familiar with, felt a little off in his touch, as though he was thicker than the member he was used to. And the shade of it looked a little off as well, darker, though it could have been a trick of the morning light. Still, there was little time to focus on such things with his orgasm so close, and he allowed himself to close his eyes and fall over into orgasmic bliss.

"Oh...AAHHHHAAWWW!" He called out, the sound of his voice a little more guttural than what he was used to. The sound would normally have concerned him, but the release being more potent than at any time in his life made it harder for him to think about such things. He was left with a feeling of contentment, though a little empty, especially in his posterior, where he couldn't shake the notion that something would fit well within there...

The ache in his asshole seemed to persist well into the night, as waking up seemed to trigger the sensation tenfold. It was more than a little bizarre if he was being honest with himself, but Jason did his best not to think about it, even as he went about his morning routine. Still, the persistent puckering of his rear made him a little concerned, and not just from the notion of wanting to be fucked again, though there was certainly that. It was a little bit repulsive as far as his inclinations went, leaving him conflicted and unable to get it out of his mind as he went through his day.

Eventually, Jason made his way to the gym for his daily workout, seeing Nick already there and struggling as was the norm. Feeling off all day as he's been, Jason was a little shocked to have Nick ask him about his date. "How'd it go last night?" Nick asked a note of expectance in his tone that was unusual for him.

"Fine!" Jason snapped, a little annoyed with the question. Nick simply grinned to himself, the fruits of his spell coming to fruition.

Without his usual taunting, Jason got back to his routine, finding his progress impeded by strange aches and pains plaguing him, as though he'd overdone it over the past few days. It was more than a little annoying, especially given the strange masturbation he'd had last night being the likely culprit. It would take a few days to recover at this rate, and all because he'd indulged in something so... beneath him. Worse was the ache in the back of his spine, as though his tailbone at been bruised or something similar. He didn't recall spraining it on anything, nor could the toy he had taken have injured his spine. By reaching back, it did feel as though it was dislocated, without the agony it should have felt but irritated besides.

That was not the only thing, something he only became aware of as Jason moved to lift the weights, a stiffening in his fingers made wrapping them around the bars annoying. Several attempts to snap them failed to alleviate the irritation to the point that he was almost tempted to leave in a huff, not able to complete his daily reps and already annoyed with the unresponsiveness of his body. He stayed, but only just, trying not to slow down in front of his peers, most of whom knew him well.

It turned out to be the longest gym session he'd had in some time, leaving Jason feeling powerfully unfilled. In the end, even the disgust over the act he'd performed the night before couldn't ebb the ache in his boy hole to the point he was almost desperate to hit up one of his usual hookups and see if they'd top for a change. But most of the men he preferred were of a more twinkly stature to the point it would likely be impossible, if not extremely awkward for them to try.

With that, Jason felt his eyes scanning the men at the gym, the muscled hunks more like himself that would be able, and eager, to give his ass a thorough fucking. Not that most of them were gay, as well as he knew. But his 'gaydar' was generally on point that he could point out a few that would be down to give his ass some love, as much as Jason found himself toying with the notion of such making him less of a man. Maybe one more good dominance fuck to get his mind off anal would be enough to get back into his usual rhythm.

Still, it wasn't long before one of his usual male hookups sent him a text, and Jason breathed deep, trying not to think about getting his ass fucked and instead giving the man a good

pounding that was the reason he was such a frequent hook up in the first place. Going home to shower and tidy up, Jason even felt his cock getting hard at the thought of the man's ass, thinking there would be no trouble keeping up his usual sexual stamina.

The man, Isaac, didn't take too long to get there, and Jason offered him a drink before the two of them got down to business. He was a little smaller than Jason, and Jason loved lifting him, kissing him as they made out in a testament to Jason's prowess and stature. He wanted to fuck this man, loved taking him, even though he was smaller and would be unlikely to fuck him in kind. As much as he wanted to be fucked rather than topping tonight...there were those intrusive thoughts again!

Yet, the moment Isaac returned, ass prepared and lubbed as he bent over the bed to be fucked, Jason found an immediate issue. At the notion of giving his ass a good fuck, Jason found that, much like the twink he loved to rut in, he just couldn't get hard enough to enter. He was eager to fuck, horny as hell, but there was no getting it in the man, no matter how much he tried and how irritated Isaac was getting.

"Want to switch?" Jason eventually asked something that Isaac wasn't down to do. He was a little disappointed, even after Isaac offered blow jobs or the like, Jason couldn't get the notion of taking cock out of his head to the point he was sure any other sexual escapades will be ill-advised. Promising to come over again another night this week, Isaac turned to leave, in a bit of a huff as much as he wouldn't admit it out loud. Jason was disappointed with himself, barely aware of the twitching on his backside as he reached to touch it, as though grabbing something that should not have been there in the first place.

"Hey man, were your ears always like that?" Isaac asked, and Jason felt himself reaching up to play with his ears, feeling their tips longer than they should have been, and pointed as well, something they certainly were not before. He ran back into the bathroom, not caring about the sound of the door closing or his fuck buddy leaving. The sight of his ears in their current state was enough to cause him to gasp aloud, seeming to be more akin to elvish ears than anything. The insides were warped and wrong in a way he couldn't quite place, though a layer of fuzz on the outsides was enough that he was jarred. What *had* happened to his ears?! There was no explaining it!

Figuring he would make a call to the doctor in the morning, Jason resigned himself to bed, not really sure what to do with the rest of the evening. He was still horny, but it was the idea of submitting to another man, sucking his cock, and being his literal bitch as he was fucked in the ass, that really did it. Even over the disgust he once held for such things, there was no denying how much the thought of bottoming was doing it for him. Evidently, it was to the point he could only masturbate to thoughts of being fucked, unable to get it up even in the presence of a tight,

lubed-up pucker before him. No matter how much Jason tried to rationalize such thoughts, he couldn't get the image out of his head!

Despite himself and his worries about the changes, there was little reprieve than to touch his cock, needing to get off from the arousal felt earlier. It was the mental image of the guy's cock that was really doing it for him to the point it was all he could do to hold back long enough to grab a tissue. He was so pent up, it was as though he'd gone weeks without sex, let alone less than 2 hours since his last fuck. Yet, there was no denying how much the mental image was doing for him, let alone the memory of being fucked to the point he could almost feel a cock in his ass.

Jason had the awareness left to grab the dildo again, shoving it up his ass and fucking himself rapidly, imagining a massive, muscled hunk plowing his rear as Jason bucked and jerked off. The rectal stimulation brought him to the edge almost immediately, and it was all he could do not to hold back. The reality was there was no point in resisting the urges in his cock, to allow himself to relax and let it happen...being fucking by a muscled male and having his ass filled with cum...

Yet, there was one thing keeping him on the edge of release, an unfamiliar tingling at the edges of his tailbone that made him wonder what the hell was wrong with it. It ached, though it was a good ache as much as anything of the sort had a right to be. It was as though the bones were popping out and extending, pushing at the growth as it waved back and forth. What started as a nub was growing out an inch, and then two as it continued its journey out of his spine. It itched, too, the surface peppered with hairs and making Jason powerfully confused. He wanted to reach back and touch it, but both his hands were currently occupied and there was little he could do to tend to it. All he could do was feel it flare out as it made itself known against the bed, swaying back and forth as it gained the ability to do so. And there was something powerfully erotic about possessing the thing, almost to the point he could hold back no longer.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...oh ffuuuuuuuuawwwkk!" Jason let out a rather surprisingly bray, finding it weird but only for a moment as the force of the orgasm overtook him. It was more pleasant than such had a right to be to the point he passed out there, covered in sweat and cum with the dildo sticking out of his ass, feeling comfortable letting it state there as he slept.

The glow of the sun through his open window woke him well past the sounds of his alarm, something he realized before he was late for work. Oh well. Jason was used to getting his way, hot white guys often did. He was more relaxed to sit there, imagining a thick cock in his ass after a morning romp. It wasn't too far off, given the dildo had not been pushed out of his pucker, as though a clamp held it within. For a moment, Jason was almost sure he had been taken in the morning, though was left realizing he was unfortunately, alone, and would have to seek out a

date in order to wake up with him. It was amazing he still had such stamina, but certainly not unwelcome, leaving him to ponder his contacts and see who might be up to topping him.

Though the swatting of something over his backside, and the twitching of asinine ears should have alarmed him, Jason could not bring himself to care, focused only on the prospect of being granted carnal pleasures. No one was around that early, so he lounged around the apartment, eating a heart bowl of greens, something he had been trying as of late but ended up being more satisfying than he could have anticipated. He belched heartily, happy to full and content before taking a shower, still not caring about the growth above his ass, even delighting about it swishing over his pucker, something that seemed open more than perhaps it should have. It was weird, to be sure, but as though a haze had settled over his mind, thinking the changes to be normal and instead focused on his lust as of late. And hopefully, during his regular workout, he would find someone to fill him properly, shame at being a bottom or not.

Heading to the gym, Jason thought little of his changes at first, pulling off his shorts in the locker room and explaining his thicker, brown pucker and swishing tail, something that made the other men chuckle at his expense. “How’s it hanging buddy? You got a convention coming up this weekend?” one guy, Darnell chided, though another, Kenny, found the sight of his asinine features rather impressive. “How did you get the tail to move like that?” He asked, though Jason only gave him a look of confusion, not really sure what the man was talking about. It mattered little, his casual gym buddy was hot as hell. Maybe he would be the fuck of the evening!

Nick was already there, doing his reps with the usual struggle as he tried to match his friend’s feats. They were supportive, at least, most of them not making fun of him. Even Jason seemed not to give him the usual teasing that was getting a little too annoying as of late. Enough that the guy was more than a little bit of an ass. Something that was becoming all too true, a result of the spell that was as obvious to him as everyone else. All except Jason himself, the dumb ass that he was!

To Nick’s surprise, Jason seemed to have bulked up a little from his shift in form to the point he was lifting even more than he usually did. It didn’t help matters that he was quick to brag about it as well, much to the ire of the men around him, much less Nick himself. “Dudes, I’m fucking ripped! You can’t go easy on the protein, gotta pound that shit like my ass!” He said something that seemed to make some of the men uncomfortable. Most of his buddies were straight and comfortable enough with the sexualities of their friends, but Jason was going a little too far.

Too far for most, it seemed. It did not escape Nick’s notice that Jason kept staring at the guy’s groins, as though sizing up which one would make a fuck. And of course, he was; Nick had it on good authority that his usual friends, the male ones, at least, were all bottoms and likely

couldn't manage to give Jason the fucking that he likely so craved. And less so since he'd grown the ears and tails of the jackass he properly was. Or was well on his way to doing so, the first of many changes that would take over the man's form in the coming days. The dumb ass didn't even think anything was wrong, or at least, didn't care!

Yet, it seemed as though one of their crew had inclinations that went beyond the usual, evidently finding what he perceived as fake ears and tail rather appealing. More than a little, if the poking of a bulge in his groin was any indication. Either the spell had more far-reaching consequences on others, or this guy wasn't ashamed of showing a boner in public! Either way, Nick found himself amused.

Of course, the guy's interest didn't go unnoticed, even by the jock's diminished mind. He had to squirm in the seat a few times to account for the bulge in his ass, not wanting to crush it. But it was the bulge in the front of his pants that took precedence, straining at his underwear and even causing a noticeable stain. A few men snickered at the sight, though most of them were more inclined to turn away, not wanting to be privy to the man's erection. The best part was that Jason didn't seem to find anything wrong with the action, simply grinning like a fool with front teeth that looked a little too large for his mouth.

Kenny, as much as he felt ashamed of acting in such a way in public, felt an attraction to the man's animalistic attributes in a way that he wouldn't normally admit to anyone. But as a closet furry, the sight of someone being bold about wearing his bestial apparel was powerfully attractive. And the guy was pretty hot, especially with how much he was able to bench. Fuck, he needed to get laid! Surely, the man wouldn't be into him, but maybe there would be a chance to get to know him better, maybe strike up a conversation-

Kenny barely had time to realize what was happening before Jason was on him, taking him in a smoldering kiss. Even Jason didn't know what he was doing until he was kissing the man, feeling his bulge extend almost painfully against his underwear to the point he thought it might burst through. Even more was the ache in his asshole, needing to be penetrated and fucked and seeing the man's interest. There was something about him, like a smell or something he wasn't fully aware of, that was driving him in the direction of wanting to be taken. Yes, this stud would be perfect for him!

Even the cries of "Get a room!" were ignored for the first few moments as the two men kissed, though Kenny was eventually inclined to pull Jason away, moving down toward one of the unoccupied steam rooms. Jason was on him the whole time, chomping at the bit to be fucked. "Man, I've never...fuck...done anything like this....you're a needy one, aren't you? A needy donkey..." Kenny muttered, figuring that teasing the man about his possible fursona if his assumptions were correct.

Jason didn't seem to take to the words, though, with the need in his asshole, there was no reason not to give the man exactly what he wanted if it meant he could be fucked and taken in the way he desired. "HAAWWW!" He brayed, in that same strangely bestial tone he had used last night. Rather than being disgusted by the action, however, it seemed like Kenny was into him, kissing him harder and reaching down to stroke the bulge in his pants. He found it massive, almost impressively so, and certainly the largest he had ever played it!

With his lust burning into his loins, Jason could hardly hold back his need to be bred, getting down over a bench and pulling down his pants and underwear. The nubby tail moved up and out of the way, showing off a pucker that was far larger and darker-skinned than anything Kenny was used to. But he had to admit it was so attractive, the asinine features, and something else that he couldn't quite place. He was a little shocked that the man was so eager, and he didn't have any condoms or lube on hand, not wanting to take the man bare. But fuck...it was an intense and unique situation, one that he wasn't sure he would ever get again. Fuck it, he was all in!

Yet, Kenny was stunned for a moment as the clenching, pulsating pucker seemed to swell even larger, his anus seeming to grow little by little as he watched. It was as though the wrinkling skin was getting thicker, meatier, and looking less human with each passing moment. It was impossible that a prosthetic or the like could match what was happening to the man, but there was no denying the reality of such. Still, with the lust in his loins and the strangeness of the scenario, Kenny could hardly bring himself out of his stupor, needing to fuck and turned on more than anything by the reality that this man was furry enough to wear such bestial gear to the gym and attract a guy such as himself.

Jason could hardly stand the need to be fucked, taken, wondering if any bottoms felt the same way as they begged for his formerly dominant stature. He wanted, more than anything to be used for the other man's sexual pleasure, his own a second to the other man's. The craving even seemed to move to his ass, anus clenching open and closed and tingling as though it was growing in real time. Jason couldn't see it, but the swelling of the cheeks, and the pucker within was enrapturing, enough that it wiped the last traces of Kenny's resistance and he took his cock, rubbing the rim with his leaking precum before shoving it in, getting in easily with the size of it. Thinking it was perhaps a little too loose, it was surprising how much it sucked him in, as though preparing to milk him for all he was worth.

"FFUUUCCKKK MEEHHHAAAWWW! HHHEEEHAAAWWW!" Jason brayed out, easily able to fake the asinine noises and turning on the man fucking his ass to the point he could hardly hold back. And why should he, given he didn't want to be in here too long or that it sat

well with his bestial fantasies? He wanted nothing more than to blow his load, and the way the man was power-bottoming him, there was little reason for him to hold back.

Gripping the man's ass cheeks, there was something else about the scenario that made Kenny a little confused. It was as though the skin was expanding, the meat and fat expanding against the skin as he grasped at it, his task being made all the more difficult. Yet, with lust clouding rational thought, he could only manage to imagine the scenario as though the man was really changing into a donkey beneath him. And such was his biggest fetish to the point there was no holding back, that he needed it in the worst.

Before he finished his own pleasure, Kenny thought it fair to reach down and stroke off the other man's cock, feeling it was larger and thicker than any human member had a right to be. If they weren't pressed for time, he figured he might want to get down and play with it, a member the size of the beast that Jason was acting out for him. It felt a little rough against his hands, and there was something in the center that gave him pause, a ring of skin his hand was getting caught on over and over. It just served to give him a bestial image of what the man's cock might look like, and Kenny stroked with reverence, feeling the tension of the other man's rod growing toward the tipping point.

In Jason's mind, however, he was sure he wouldn't be able to cum unless the man unloaded in his ass first, like the good bottom he wanted to become. It seemed he wouldn't have to wait long on that front, given Kenny's lust for his asinine attributes. With a grunt and a moan, Kenny felt his cock going into orgasm, spilling into his bowels and giving Jason that warm sensation he'd been craving. In the moment of passion, nothing had felt so good!

With that, Jason felt himself going into orgasm as well, spilling his load all over the floor and his friend's hand, leaking down his shaft in a rather impressive display of masculinity. His entire body vibrated, sweat dripping off his form and filling the air with a pleasant musk. It was even better than his previous fucking, something about the scenario doing it for him to the point that he was inclined to collapse, releasing his rectal clamp and allowing the man to almost fall back for the force it. There was a decent trail of cum leaking from his asshole, though the shape of it was a little off, looking more akin to a beast's rectum than a human's. Hell, had the man's ass cheeks been that displayed to the point his anus was sticking out like that? No wonder it had gone in so easily!

Kenny, for his part, couldn't help but look to stare at the monster cock he'd been stroking, a little taken aback by the color and shape. It seemed to be retreating into a foreskin of sorts, something that was snaking up around it as it retreated. With the darkened skin, it did look more asinine than anything on a human. And the makeup or whatever was giving it that color was not coming off no matter how much the man seemed to sweat, which was rather rank, all things

considered. It didn't really bother Kenny if he was being honest with himself, more like an animal than man and something that suited his sexual tastes just fine.

Still, even through his lust, Kenny couldn't bring himself to fully invest himself in the amazing afterglow of sex. The more he pondered it, the more the man's changes didn't sit well with him, as impossible as they were to fake in real time. Strangest of all, Kenny couldn't figure out how the man was able to attach the moving tail or the ears, he had to admit it was the best sex he'd had in recent memory. Even the brays, though a little too realistic, did it for him to the point it was a wonder he hadn't blown his load the moment his cock entered the man's asshole. It was just as well, given his arousal and the fun they had had.

"Damn, you're a good fuck..." Kenny eventually said, slapping the man on the ass and making Jason shudder. Long gone was the shame of being used and fucked, with the pleasure that being a bottom could bring him. Hell, if he had known it would be this good, he would have been bottoming for years! There surely were enough men out there that wanted to take a powerful jock like him and put him in his place. And Jason was starting to understand where his place was and how best to service other men.

Still, the buggering in his ass was making him feel loose and open, something that was a little uncomfortable now that his fuck was finished with him. His backside was massive and bulbous, and even pulling on his shorts afterward was a chore. It was as though the buggering he'd gotten had swollen his backside somehow, to the point he needed something bigger, his current clothing hardly able to contain him. Hell, the sound of a tear catching his larger ears made him a little self-conscious, and he was thankful that the other man had left, giving him a chance to look over the alterations to his form.

Thankfully, the room he was in had floor-to-ceiling mirrors, and it was an easy task to pull down his already too-tight pants and get a look at what had happened to his backside. His ass cheeks were wide and open, muscled and firm, though not able to hide the rather prominent blackened pucker. It was a little bizarre and out of place, though part of him was remiss for not thinking it needed to be to take the kind of pounding that he figured he needed now that he had resigned himself to being a bottom. Hell, he wanted to finger himself a little, but from the size of his abused pucker, he was sure he could fit his entire fist in there!

That wasn't the only thing that was off with his form, something that Jason was quick to discover as he reached down to tease his cock, somewhat aroused by the sight of his blackened anus. At first, something seemed a little off, as though his foreskin was thicker or pulled down over his member, something he had not possessed before. Hell, from the size of it, he could take his whole cock in there, something that shamed him a little more than perhaps it should have.

Part of him wanted to try pulling it out, but he'd been in there for a while now and figured such was best felt at home.

Though he was finished for the day, Nick was inclined to stay behind and wait until Jason was done, wanting to see how well his spell was working. There didn't seem to be much beyond the ears and tail, though his pants seemed more than a little tight and were sufficient for showing off his protruding pucker outlined within. It was far too large for a man that size, though if he was to continue changing, it might fit a more asinine stature. Like the one, Jason was soon to fit into over the coming days...

Walking home, Jason couldn't help but reflect on the fuck, though the other man's confusion at the sight of him afterward did perplex him. Other than the tightness to his backside, Jason didn't find much amiss, though he did receive a few unwanted stares thrown his way as he walked home. It was likely the ears and tail, and Jason did wonder why they found it so bizarre. His ears hadn't always been that long, right? And he never had a...what, a tail? But it felt so right to the point no matter how much he tried, Jason couldn't seem to fault with it.

Still, he resolved to check himself over once he'd gotten home, just in case there was something wrong he hadn't quite placed his finger on. The first thing he noticed upon getting home and getting his clothes off was the stink rolling off his body, much more than the musk of his romp with his new buddy. With his pants stained as they were, Jason hadn't realized he didn't clean up the cum from his anus. It was a silly thing to overlook, and with the size of the backside he now possessed, Jason was left to wonder how little the man had cum. It was like Jason wanted a cock in him that matched the massive ass he now possessed. And fuck, he needed to get laid again, though he had just gotten laid. His lusts were literally insatiable!

With the stench in his nose stinging his nostrils, Jason felt it was time to get into the shower, thinking that it was his suddenly hairier chest that was trapping the stink. The moment the warm water hit him, he shuddered, as though it felt uncomfortable with all the hair that had grown. Still, he forced himself through it, trying to soap himself up and finding it difficult with all the errant hair. He'd never been this covered before, and as much as the idea of it turned him on it was certainly inconvenient!

As his hands reached lower and he started teasing his plump rear and pucker, Jason felt his fingers accidentally touching his pucker, being sucked in as though by a vacuum. The sensation made his sensitive innards shiver, and he was almost tempted to finger himself in the shower. But he was quick to discover that one finger, or two, would not do, that he needed something more to get off. Like perhaps his whole fist...

Before he could try something so big, the sensation of his tail slapped his hand, and Jason was prompted to grab the three-inch protrusion, a little stunned by the fact he had one now. It felt absurdly real now that he was touching it, to the point that he was a little concerned. It was a donkey's tail as much as he was aware, something he should not possess. And yet, there was little denying it was part of him, likely the cause of the stares and the slurs thrown his way as he walked him. Still, Jason could find little fault in possessing it. It was handsome, feeling right on his backside as he continued to swish it back and forth, excited to possess such a thing.

As he anticipated, the presence of the tail behind him turned him on, making him just as aroused as he'd been in the presence of the hot man. Not even bothering to finish with his shower, Jason got out, toweling himself off as his cock bobbed there, heavy to the point he was almost made dizzy. It was maddening to touch himself, though he could only do so with something lodged in his rectum, as much as he was able to find something to fit. The dildo he'd used before was able to go in without any effort, much to his surprise. He hadn't even used any lube on it, and it was all ready to go inside of him, making him moan out as he did so. It was almost too small, as though his insides could take something much larger. Nay, they *needed* something larger within him to the point that it was maddening. Jason needed to get off, and without proper rectal stimulation, there was nothing else to do!

Taking a dollop of lube from the table, Jason rubbed it around his fingers for a moment, feeling an understandable amount of trepidation about what he was to do. Still, with the idea entrenched in his mind as it was, there was no going back as he worked a finger in there, and then two, his anus easily opening for their access. Soon, all four fingers were in there, but a part of the man was craving more to the point he simply shoved his fist inside of him, moaning as he did so. There was some pain with the force of what he'd done, but there was no denying the pleasure radiating through his being as he fisted himself, groaning and braying all the while.

At first, his other hand stroked his cock in tandem, still a little dizzied from the size of it and the effects he was having on both ends of himself. Yet, as he did so, it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep his attention to himself, as though his member was swelling as well, larger than one hand could handle. It was as though his cock was continuing to change, growing beyond what he could wrap his hand around comfortably. The flesh was throbbing at his touch, vibrating felt through the shaft as it started to change color, black in some places creating splotchy patches that left him more confused than scared. Still, with the persistent pleasure he was giving himself, there was little left in his mind to care, loving the sensation pulsating from it to the point he was sure to explode.

Still, there was room for his member to keep shifting, altering, Jason's machinations pulling down the throbbing skin as it started turning black and separating like wax paper all the way down to the base. The skin was warm, and the sensations pleasant, not at all painful like he

was concerned they might be from such a change. The skin seemed to fold in on itself for a moment before starting to stick to his hairy groin and pulling itself upward, like a zipper. Tugging at the hairs hurt in some places, Jason was prompted to nicker his frustrations, though kept stroking himself off not wanting to be pained too much. The only point of contention was the difficulty of stroking his cock with one hand, fisting with the other as he brought himself close to the edge. It was getting so thick by this point that one hand was hardly sufficient!

Even as the head continued to flare, a crown of bumps surrounding the rim and the head flattened into a mushroom shape, Jason could hardly bring himself to stop. His penis seemed to be that of a farm beast, yet with his other changes and the pleasure they brought with them, there was no denying how much it was doing for him. He wanted to be pounded in the ass like a donkey, imagining his fist as a hoof, or perhaps even a cock the size of the one he was currently stroking off. Attached to a male to match...

“OOHHHAHAAWWW! HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Jason called out, braying and cumming as he held his fist within him, rectal walls clamping on it tightly as it sucked him inside almost painfully against his shoulder. Still, he managed to shoot his bolt, spraying all over the bed. It was the most awkward stance he had ever partook in sexual acts with. Yet, even though the aches and pains, he couldn't deny it was the most fulfilling act that had ever resonated with his new desires.

Loving the sweat and stink of his post-coital letdown, Jason simply sat there on his bead, looking at the monster of a cock that was making its way back into a leathery sheath. It was devoid of hair for the moment, though looked like it should be covered with such. Jason figured it would happen soon or later, feeling a sense of pride in his cock, feeling more natural on his frame than its human equivalent. Yet, there was something alien about it that unnerved him, like the tail and ears, that made him worried for what was to come. He was such a hot stud, but these changes weren't at all natural, right?

No matter how exhausted he was, Jason couldn't manage to get the mental image of his new cock out of his head. He wanted, more than anything, to jerk off within the mammoth cock he now possessed. But he couldn't, not only from the fear of further changes to himself but rather from the notion that he needed a man inside him to get off. Even imagining it was hardly enough to bring his member to the turgidness he required to get off. He needed dick inside himself, his rectal walls to be stimulated as he was bred and used and filled with cum. It was almost maddening!

Then there was his reality of the changes that were playing over his body, what had to be a tail making him roll over in bed, ears that twitched, a pucker large enough for his fist, and a cock that befitted a farm animal. He knew he needed to get to a doctor, figure out what was

wrong with him, and cure what had to be impossible changes to his body. But no matter how much he tried to panic about what one would say, he couldn't seem to muster up the worry or concern to do so. It was getting harder for him to even conceive of what could be wrong, especially with how much it turned him on to be a bottom. And if being part donkey made him feel so good, what exactly was the problem with that, anyway?

In the end, he managed to fall asleep, but not before laking fluids onto the sheets from his cock and anus. The smell burned into his nose and left him slightly erect, influencing his dreams in the direction of sexual pursuits. The man from the gym was there, of course, fucking and using Jason for his own pleasure. But something was shifting about the man that made him hornier and hornier to the point that he was able to cum and cum again in his sleep. The stink of equine seed helped him sleep, though with the vivid images in his mind, there was little chance of waking regardless. It was the bestial image of the man changing on top of him, cock getting larger and more asinine within his bowels. Now that was a cock that could give him the bottoming he so desperately craved! And having the body of a jackass was a small price to pay for what he craved more than anything...

“Hhaawwww!” Jason brayed out, waking him up as his cock churned and added another creamy load to the sheets. It took him a little while to come to terms with the disparity between the dreams and the waking world. Shaking there in a post-orgasmic frenzy, it took some time to come down and realize what had happened to him in the interim. Still, it mattered very little with how much pleasure he had gotten from his acts, and especially how much he wanted a cock the size of his own to fuck him...

Tugging in his ears was enough for Jason to reach up and touch them, a little shocked by their movement. Far from simple twitching as they'd been about to achieve the day before, it seemed these ears could move easily, shriveling back and forth as nimbly as a donkey's. Rubbing them, it was obvious they were covered with a fine layer of fur, pleasant to the touch but still unnerving. Hell, part of him was sure he should be covered with the hairs. Wait, was he sure? The dissonance between his perception of himself and reality was staggering!

Still, there was a part of him was concerned with the changes to his state of mind, given that such felt normal to him. Even the ropey tail that hung on his backside could not manage to bring the level of concern over its presence that he figured it should. And there was the ever-present need to be fucked, as though his body was insatiable for sex. Damn, the ache in his asshole was maddening, well beyond the point that a needy bottom would see as normal. And yet there was no denying its effect on him, making it harder to think about anything else but the next male to have his conquest over him!

Moving to call for a doctor as he thought he should, Jason's fingers moved instead through his contacts, all bottoms or women in their own right. For some reason, his fingers moved to Nick's phone number, someone he hadn't called in some time, not since their regular fun had ceased. Yet, there was something about the thought of the man that drew him to call, not really sure what it was but thinking it worth doing so all the same.

Nick, just getting up and sitting down at his computer for the work day, was not expecting to get a call from Jason, seeing his number and almost forgetting he had it on his phone. But the moment he did, the moment his excitement grew. Surely, the man hadn't figured out Nick was behind his changes, but regardless, Nick was eager to lord them over him, teasing him like the bottom he was. The man certainly deserved it, and to turn into a jackass on top of it to boot! The change was supposed to make him rather unaware as well, though with donkey ears, a tail, and who knew what other changes by this point, it was hard to tell how much of that could be played off as normal, spell or no!

Rather than begging and pleading as though he had honed in on Nick as the source of the spell, the words that came out of the man were rather different, almost to the point of being concerning. "Fuck man...come fuck me...I need it...please bud...my ass is all yours..." came the voice on the phone, and before Nick could answer, Jason hung up on him, leaving him fairly confused. There was a part of him that wanted to go and take the man up on his offer if only to put him in his place. He was under a spell, certainly, and Nick wasn't sure how much of a donkey he already was, the prospect unappealing. Still...

In the end, Nick decided to say fuck it. It was too tempting to put the man in his place as he'd always wanted to, a notion that was powerfully erotic on its own. Even if he was half donkey already, surely he was human enough to make it work against Nick's better inclinations. This would be his last chance to do so while the man was somewhat human, at least until Nick reversed the spell and let the man revert. After all, he wasn't a sadist!

Jason, meanwhile, was frantically jerking off his cock, the needs in his loins coming to a head. Though Nick was hardly the right size to fuck him, Jason couldn't think of anyone else in his contacts, save Kenny at the gym, though he had no way to get in touch with the man. Nick likely wasn't going to come, and it was powerfully embarrassing to have asked, not entirely sure what had drawn Jason to him in the first place. But whatever the reason, Nick was the only one Jason could conceive of that might fit the bill. Save the imagination in his head of donkeys with cocks to match his own. He needed a bestial phallus inside of him, and he needed it *now*.

With his mind in flux, as it was, Jason was barely able to call in sick for work, though he managed it, something insignificant yet habit all the same. He was sick in a fashion, unable to work with the sexual desire burning through him. And with the rising tide of lust he was feeling,

there was no chance of holding back, anus literally pulsating with the desire to be plugged. And yet...

No matter how long he seemed to jerk off, Jason couldn't manage to bring himself to orgasm, braying and nickering frantically in his frustrations. It was as though his prostate needed to be pounded to reach the desired release to the point that Jason couldn't see any other reprieve than to take it in the ass. Yet, where would he find a cock big enough? Even the dildo was a little too small at this point, and his body seemed a little stiff to work it as he had the night before Hell, it was almost as though his shoulders and upper arms were a little restricted. With that being the case, there was little other way he could conceive of to get off other than to take a massive equine stud in his ass!

Knowing he would have to go out to find such a stud, Jason went to put on his pants, a little surprised at how restrictive they seemed to be. His ass had grown bulbous, thick with meat and muscle, and straining to manage any pants. And of course, there was the bestial tail in the way, not something he could work into the pants, even if he did want to eventually hide it away. Even his looser sweatpants were uncomfortably tight to the point they would barely do, though they would at least not rip from the force of growth. It was a nice ass, and even as Jason struggled with the belief that he had to cover it at all, wishing for a world he could show off the good for any potential studs to rut into.

The next hurdle for him to overcome was his shoes, and Jason soon became aware of the alterations to his feet, something that had gone unnoticed overnight. The toes were stiff and turgid, and the middle ones of each seemed to stick out far further than the rest as if they had grown while the rest had shrunk. The nails were thick as well, looking comically oversized on the numb digit. It was a struggle to work them into shoes at all, and even when he tried to walk, Jason found he was more inclined to fall over than to be able to walk with his current anatomy.

It would soon become apparent he did not need to walk very far to seek out what he was chasing. Nick's knock at the door almost startled him to the point he fell over, tail flagging and pucker pulsating with the sight of a virile male before him. He looked up, lips feeling numb as he licked them, hoping that even in his current state, the man would find him hot. At least enough to fuck him...he needed it more than anything...just to get the edge off...

“Fuck mMEEEEHHHHAAAAWWWW!” Jason brayed, not caring at all about the donkey inflections in his voice. Gone was the man who would have never been caught dead making such a desperate plea. He had to get off, was powerfully pent up through some mystical means. And in his moment of heat, he only needed stimulation against his prostate to reach release, something only Nick could help him with!

He was not expecting the man to carry such a mischievous grin over his features, as though the state of the man was the funniest thing in the world. “Look at you, you little slut! This is even better than I could have hoped! You really are a little bottom bitch, now, aren’t you! Not that there’s anything wrong with that, of course, except for an arrogant jock like you! All the men you’ve berated for being subs, now look at you! You’re the subbiest little slut imaginable! And for acting like such a jackass toward me...well, you get the idea. Not that you can understand me at this point, or even care if you could!”

Jason could understand the words, of course, though they made little sense to him. The changes felt normal and made him feel good and sexy. So what if he was starting to look more and more like a donkey? If he could take cock in his ass like he wished to, then it was of little matter, given the raw sexuality of his body! And more to the point, why was Nick prattling on like that when he could be fucking Jason’s thick meaty black pucker!?

“Fawwwkmmeeehhhaawwwww!” Jason called out, wiggling his hips seductively and beckoning his potential beau forward, his pucker open and aching with the need for stimulation.

It delighted Nick to no end to see Jason submitting to him without a word, showing off a meaty pucker the likes of which should have been abhorrent. Though rather than being disturbed, Nick found the idea of taking the man rather pleasant, to the point he was erect and ready to go. Part of him didn’t want to fuck this man while in such a state, but there was something about being dominant over the changing beast that really did it for him. Besides, he wasn’t going to get the chance to do so again once the man was a donkey. Well, perhaps maybe when Nick changed him back, but he was content to leave him alone after that, figuring he would be in a better place as a bottom.

Nick was barely able to get his pants off fast enough as his rod honed in on the equine pucker that Jason had prepared for him. Nick was at least thankful Jason still possessed the ability to clean himself out and went in without lube or even a condom. There was little point, any diseases likely moot in the process of mid-change. Nick figured it was worth enjoying himself as he grunted, the equine anus somehow gripping him despite the difference in size.

Yet, Nick was not ready to give it to him, not yet. There was something powerfully arousing about putting his former tormentor in his place to the point Nick could not resist the temptation. “Yeah, you want it don’t you, you slut! Why don’t you bray and beg for it?” Nick teased, all while pulling the stub of a tail and making the changing man nicker his lust.

“Yes, fuaaaawwwwk meeehhaaaawww! Hhheehhaaawww!” Jason called out, wagging his ass and clenching his more flexible rectal muscles in an attempt to prompt Nick to breed him.

Though there was nothing he could do to force the fucking he wanted so desperately, save beg for it as his Dom insisted.

Nick wanted to hold back, loving the sound of the donkey man's cries devolving into brays. But the sight of such was so arousing that Nick could not help but start to thrust, the urge to breed and the need to get off growing too insistent for him to resist. And with the lust in his loins, it would likely not take long for him to reach that end.

To Nick's detriment, the asshole he was trying to fuck was a little too large for him to manage, barely feeling any pleasure again in his cock. It was an equine asshole, after all, not meant to take a cock of his stature. But Jason seemed to be desperate, rectal muscle more flexible than a human could manage. And it was just enough to keep Nick within him. Nick was turned on by the control he had over the soon-to-be beast, holding his tail as he grunted and thrust with intent.

What seemed to be a larger turn-on than he might have imagined, the changes to Jason's body seemed to accelerate, as though being a bottom made him eager to be a beast. His tail was getting longer, thickened, and growing furred as Nick continued to grope it. Nick found it had to focus on the pleasure he was experiencing, but it seemed that the man's ears were getting a little longer as well, inching upward and twitching as he nickered and drooled his own pleasure. And Nick couldn't be sure, but it seemed that thicker hairs were bristling up the man's back, neck, and shoulders forming the start of what Nick assumed to be a jackass mane.

Even the increasing equine stench wafting off Jason's hairy body couldn't draw Nick from the man's tail hole, feeling the pressure in his balls and sensitivity on his cock bringing him toward the brink. His need was becoming so intense that he could hardly think straight, a single-minded drive to mate and rut that almost matched the mindset of the beast below him. He could barely hear Jason stroking himself off, slick slapping sounds resonating in his ears. It was almost like he was under a spell himself, though the thoughts soon faded from his like the semen that was prepared to blow from his testicles.

“Ffaawwwkk me! I wwaaaaawwwwt it!” Jason called out, and Nick thrust faster, calling out with a “Yeah, give me that fat ass!”

With that, there was nothing he could do to hold back as with a cry that faded over Jason's brays, Nick felt his cock going into his release, filling the donkey man up with more cum than he thought possible. Perhaps it was the aphrodisiac of fucking such a submissive beast, but his orgasm went on far longer than what he thought was possible. It was as though every ounce of seed was being drained from his balls and Nick was there for it.

With all his energy on his own release, the sound of a fully asinine bray was nearly missed as Jason reached his own release, thick equine cock spraying over his bed. He, too, seemed to cum far longer than Nick figured was normal. The sensation of his rectal clamp on Nick's cock was enough to make the man white out, falling backward out of Jason's rump as the man nickered and got into bed, passing out.

Rising slowly and looking at the sleepy man, Nick figured it was time to go, that Jason's mind would devolve further and his tormentor would soon be a donkey. Oh well, it was great while it lasted. Nick had more pressing concerns, like where he was going to have Jason sent when the change was done with him. Of course, he would request his brother's magical prowess to change the man back, eventually. Maybe in a month or so. Enough that jackass inclinations would be a permanent facet of his psyche. And then he would leave the man alone as much as their circles would naturally interact.

Jason, meanwhile, roused slightly from sleep after some time, moving toward the bathroom mirror on feet that were stiff and unruly, as though they had fallen asleep. He didn't care, focused on what he viewed as a handsome image staring back at him. There was no denying the asinine features, the ears, the thicker beard, and the bulbous nose. And his hair was thick, bristly, and sticking up over his head like a mohawk or something.

“Hhhaaahhaawww!” Jason laughed the sight of his face like that of a partial donkey was hilarious to him. Still, there was no denying how handsome the features made him, and least in Jason's mind. There was some fear that his face might not be attractive to a dom, or that most doms wouldn't be able to fuck the size of the donut on his backside. Then again, did he really need another dom to breed him if he had Nick? The man was smaller, sure, his cock hardly the dimensions needed to burrow its way into his jackass rear. But there was something about the scent of the man, his presence that made Jason know he was the one who would satisfy all of the changing man's needs. And that, for Jason, would finally be enough...

Nick, in a bit of a post-orgasmic haze, made his way back to his own apartment, trying to focus but unable to manage as though he was intoxicated. It took some stumbling to make it to his desk, but he managed, booting up his laptop and trying to search for a farm outside town that Nick could coerse to take in the donkey for a month as he served out his sentence, as it were. He wasn't familiar with farm country, but that information was surely a few clicks away. He wished his brother was around, surely Brett would have experience with this, given the nature of the spells he practiced. Surely there was a farm animal or two that was placed there from his practices. Not that Nick would ever ask, figuring it was best he didn't know.

Yet, even as he searched map programs and web pages, Nick was soon to find that something was wrong. His fingers kept hitting the wrong keys, as though they were a little

weaker or perhaps unruly. Thinking he was just tired, the more he tried to work out the kinks, the more it seemed he no longer had the ability to operate them in the way he was used to. Eventually frustrated, Nick slammed the keyboard, the tips of his fingers not able to detect the ache of such, as though something was seriously wrong.

Bringing them into the light, Nick felt his blood run cold. It was not just the sight of his middle fingers larger than the rest of them, as though the rest of the fingers were a little stunted. If he focused on them, he could hear a few pops as though the joints were popping within, readjusting to their diminished stature. But it was the thick nubs at the tips of his middle digits that were really alarming, as though they had added layers underneath, swelling up from the nailbed. Almost like the start of...but no, that couldn't be possible, right? Not his hands for...and, besides, he wasn't under the same spell as Jason. Hell, Jason likely had quite a few lays in recent days, and there weren't other donkey men running around the gym, as much as Nick had seen. Then why was he changing?

Though he was afraid of the notion that he was changing, something else soon came to the forefront of his thoughts to the point he couldn't help but think of anything other than the growing tension in his cock. He was powerfully horny even though he'd cum about an hour before. Such should have been alarming, and it was, though the fear over what was happening seemed to fade from his mind as his member pressed insistently against his pants, begging for attention. Still, with his hands in their current state, even getting his zipper down with a chore, and the idea of stroking off was fleeting. Besides, he hardly wanted to, not with the memory of a tight pucker so firmly entrenched in his mind. Nothing would be enough for him to get off, save the tight rump of his friend. It was strange, yet there was no denying his desire to do so. And in the moment, the intense desire was almost all-consuming!

Thoughts of the changing man's donkey rump firm in his mind, Nick struggled to get his cock out, its circumference larger than what could easily fit through the gap. Still, in his desperation, Nick had no ability to get his hands off it, far too eager to ease the aches stemming from his flesh. It was harder, almost impossibly erect by this point, and seeming to swell even larger, head flaring from just the slightest of contact. A strange sound escaped his lips, akin to an equine nicker, though Nick was hardly in a place to care with lust burning into his being as it was. It was a little harder to hold his cock, and not simply from how unruly his digits seemed to be. His cock was swelling impossibly now, aching as veins worked their way across his flesh. It was powerfully sensual to the point he could not bring himself to care about the increasingly asinine dimensions of his maleness.

Far beyond anything a human member could reach, his dick weighted almost heavily on his crotch, leaking as the head started to flatten. Its flesh blackened as the piss head started to dribble, a raised crown forming over its circumference. The head was easily double the shaft as

Nick pumped it, though his rod was no slouch either, prompting him to use both hands in order to get off. The texture was a little off, mottled, and warm, though it was hardly enough to deter his masturbatory efforts, getting off and grunting as his testicles swelled to the point he needed to readjust himself in the chair to make it tolerable. Similarly, a sheath of skin had moved up his groin, reorienting his member closer to his chest rather than straight out. Hell, if it got any longer, Nick wondered if he would be able to suck it...

That was not to be with the increased tension in his member as with a decidedly equine bray, his balls unleashed their load and thick wads of cum splashed his face, chest, and groin. Waves of semen shot from his balls, and Nick was left in such a state his mind could barely comprehend what was happening. "Ohh...HAWWW..." He called out, the most intense orgasm in his life as his equine cock slumped over, finally spent of its burden.

It took some moments for Nick to come to awareness once more, though the moment he did, he was jolted into reality by the size and shape of his member. Having burst through his zipper during his masturbation, it dangled over his jeans, still semi-erect and bobbing there like it would on any farm beast. Had he not seen the same thing gracing Jason's groin earlier that day, he might have taken a minute to place its source, but it was far too obviously a donkey cock, as much as Brett's spell gave Jason one. What the hell had happened to him? Why was he changing, too?

Panicked, Nick got up and tried to look into the spell that had been used to change Jason. Though he had Brett's notes on hand, there was nothing there he could make heads or tails of, having little knowledge of magical affairs. He wanted to call Brett but was sure his brother was out of town, and even several attempts to leave a voicemail were for naught. With that, there was no way for him to determine what was happening, or perhaps more prudently, find a way to reverse and maintain his humanity. What was the point of a spell to punish his bully and exif it backfired and affected him as well!?

Frantically, Nick browsed what little information he had to no avail. As best as he could determine, there was nothing about the spell that should have made it contagious. More to the point, there was no sign of any of Jason's other lays changing, as much as he could discern. Did it have something to do with the fact that Nick was one of the castors? Did magic work like that? What the hell had he been doing, dabbling in something he knew so little about without taking into consideration the consequences!? Surely, if such were to be a possibility, Brett would have alerted him to such, right?!

Things were made far more alarming with the further stiffening of his fingers, middle digits getting longer and pushing the rest of them away, as though taunting the man for what he might lose. It was almost impossible to type, and even sifting through the notes on his desk was a

daunting task. Nick figured that with the speed of the changes, he seemed to have little time to find a way to reverse it, though even that was a little puzzling. After all, the curse he had helped cast on Jason took several days to unfold. So, then why did he already have a fully formed donkey dick and the start of hooves, just after fucking the man? It made no damn sense!

The longer he searched, the harder it was getting for Nick to think, his cock starting to come to an erection once more. Despite it being less than an hour since he'd last cum, Nick was hard as hell, the amount of blood needed for his member making rational thought all the more fleeting. If he didn't get off soon...but then, even the notion of masturbation seemed to do little for him, the ache for something more substantial around his member seeming to beckon to him. And with the thought of the changing man's rump fresh in his mind, Nick was sure with a single-minded certainty that nothing else would do for him to the point it was almost maddening.

Picking up the phone was a bit of a chore with his changing hands, adding to the urgency of the moment. With Jason's mind in the state Nick had left him, there was every chance he wouldn't be able to even answer a phone, but there was still a part of Nick that didn't want to drop in unannounced, for whatever reason. And to his surprise, it seemed that someone on the other end answered, though was unable to distinguish the person's cry from that of a purebred jackass.

"HHEEEHHHAAAWWW! HHHAAAWWW!" Came the cry, over and over as much as he seemed unable to hang up the phone. Nick had no way to know if Jason knew who was calling, or had any ability to form cognizant thoughts at all. All he did was that the sound of a convincing bray did it for him to the point Nick could do nothing more than leave his apartment, hands likely unable to work the door to get back in as they continued to warp. But in his moment of lust, Nick could not bring himself to care. His member was even at half mast, unable to be fully confined in his pants. Thankful the target of his lust was in walking distance, Nick took off, not caring if he was spotted as he made his way to the one being that could satisfy his lusts properly.

Jason, meanwhile, simply brayed into the phone even past hearing the beep of disconnection. He had no way of knowing who was on the other end, but with his mind in its current state, he could only think of Nick, whose cock was the only thing that might satisfy his need to be bottomed. And even the fucking he'd received already was not enough, as though his body required it to change and grow into a form that he was starting to feel was more natural for him.

Yet, there was another need in his body, the gurgling in his belly starting to become insistent to the point he could not think of anything but food. With nothing in the house to appeal to his hunger, the scent of grass outside seemed to call to him, to the point Jason could not help

but head out, seeing nothing wrong with the notion of getting down to eat. There was no one around as the day sank into evening, and he was free to get down, not caring about the grass and dirt on his pants as he did so. A small part of him was a little confused about what he was doing, not familiar with the stance as he reached down with thicker teeth to pull up grass. But the moment the tasty greens entered his mouth, any doubts were washed away, and Jason started to graze with gusto, crawling around and eating his fill.

Lost in the act of filling his belly, Jason didn't know how much time had passed, only stopping a few times to pass gas to aid with the bloating of his belly. His tail lazily swished over his ass, teasing his pucker as he ate his fill. The initial embarrassment was all but erased at this point, and Jason was able to eat his fill and finally feel better. However, there was still part of his aching body that was focused on Nick and hoping he was coming, so the lust could be quelled, and he would finally be able to rest for the day.

As though his nose had already altered somewhat, Nick was able to scent his asinine mate before he saw him. Cock already turgid, the blood rushed into his erectile tissue, making him moan out as he stumbled forward, finding it a little difficult to stand. But he was determined, and it was likely his goal was outside if his scent was this strong, meaning Nick would not have to wait long.

The moment Jason saw Nick approaching, he turned around and raised his tail, glistened pucker clenching open and closed with eagerness from the prospect of taking cock within. Even in his desperation, Jason was not unaware that the cock of the man who would fuck him was larger, more equine in shape to match his own. And that reality left him elated to the point Jason's own rod was being tickled by the grass, leaking and ready to slap against his belly as he was fucked. He could stroke himself off, of course, but something was appealing about taking the full weight of the changing man on his back, putting Jason in his place and only allowing his pleasure once his mate had taken his own.

With the sight of Jason's tail raised Nick couldn't help but want to hump, getting into position and guiding his massive cock toward the protruding pucker. Thinking the head was now a little too thick for his entrance, Jason easily opened up his donkey pucker for Nick's entrance, as though it was designed for that and not waste disposal. Nick pushed in, drooling and grunting as his member was pushed into the hilt, even the size of it not too much for Jason's bowels. His pucker clamped down tight on Nick's penis to the point Nick had no choice but to hump, the only outlet for his lusts before him as he forcefully took his pleasure.

Lust in the ecstasy of bottoming and being filled, Jason was remiss for not noticing the expedited changes to his form. It was his spine that was to alter form, lengthening, and readjusting to allow more room for Nick's equine member. Though he would have drawn Nick's

cock and its precious load regardless of how large it was, Jason was thankful for the increase in space, his body filling out as though being pumped full of change from the donkey's fucking. The action was likely a prelude for him to go down on all fours forever, but that was a small price to pay, and besides, he would be closer to tasty grass and his anus for his mate's constant use, just as any good bottom could wish for.

Similarly, dull aches and cracks shifted from his arms to legs, as though getting longer and readjusting for his new anatomy. The muscle within was being stretched almost impossibly long, to the point they would snap had not the magic within him been designed to keep him functional. Yet, the more he changed, the more comfortable he became to the point his stance was sturdy and he could take the fucking from his asinine mate as he craved to do. With each inch of donkey cock thrust within him, Jason felt his body warping, as though adjusting itself to better take the changing man within him. And in the moment of lust, Jason had no regrets, his being becoming the personification of being a bottom beast and used for his mate's pleasure. Nothing he could imagine could be a bigger turn-on!

With the shifts to Jason's body, Nick found it difficult to stay within his mate, his cock forced out even with the clenching of his firm rectal muscles that so sensually gripped his member. Eventually, however, his brays of frustration were met with Jason's own, and he was able to force himself, Jason's insistent counterthrusts allowed Nick to take his place within him. It was a little difficult to get on the back of the ever-changing best, Jason's broad back and firm ass larger than the human Nick could manage. Thankfully, his cock was longer toward the size of the jackass he wished to fuck, even though hiltling was not an option. The pleasure against his newly formed medial ring was divine to the point all rational thought was whited out and the man started to nicker and bray, thrusting in his mate with desperation.

As impossible as it seemed to be, Nick could feel his cock getting even larger within his mate, as though it had not yet reached equine contours. The sheath hitching it to his chest made him need to stand on his tiptoes, though it seemed as if his legs were able to manage it, stretching just slightly in tandem with his desire. Even if he was off balance, however, the grip on the ass was tight enough that it would keep him in no matter what, as though hungry for his cum. And beast that he was becoming in mind, nothing was holding back as he called out with a fully asinine bray and unloaded his larger testicles within Jason's rump.

Feeling the now familiar sensation of his rear being filled with cum, Jason bucked his newly changed hips faster, cock slapping against his rounded belly and building the tension within to the point of eruption. Clenching powerful rectal muscles against Nick's donkey cock, Jason let up with a bray of release as his own load spilled over his belly and the ground, sending shivers through his being. Having his prostate pounded was almost better than being touched

directed, Jason turned on by the notion he was taking cock and pleasuring a beast of a man, one that finally possessed a cock that could fill up his much larger rump.

Finally, the grip against his cock relented, and Nick fell out of Jason's ass, dropping to the ground as Jason moved away just slightly, blocky teeth cropping more grass as he swished his tail over his cum soaked rear. Nick stumbled for a moment, a little shocked at the sight of the nearly fully formed donkey before him, that had once been his tormentor and ex. It was the fate he'd designed for him, and it would have been hilarious had he not been dragged along for the ride and was changing himself. And as much as he knew such would be the case. There was little to distinguish Jason from the average farm beast, barely able to talk and grazing like the donkey he was. By morning, it was likely he would be, the perfect fit for a farm, even if he tried to get the attention of any virile jacks to pound his prostate.

Looking over his half-altered hands, longer cock, and stretched legs, it was obvious that, as much as it should have been impossible, Nick was well on his way to joining him. It seemed as though the growth over his body, made his shirt and pants tighter and almost uncomfortable as he tried to right himself. As though his heels were impossibly longer, Nick had a harder time standing, let alone walking, and the backs of his shoes had popped slightly to accommodate that. Though he was not sure why sex was a catalyst of change, it seemed his lust had accelerated his descent into donkey-dom. And he had let it happen as easily as any horny beast!

Thankful his phone was in his pocket, Nick tried desperately to reach in for it, walking away from his former flame and leaving the jack outside. Surely, he would be noticed soon, but Nick had no intention of being present when Jason was corralled away to the nearest farm, the temptations of Jason's donkey flesh were too much, and the further he got from the beast, the more likely he would be able to resist. Even if he couldn't move too far too fast, it seemed Jason was distracted with donkey endeavors, allowing him to back from the lawn and call his brother once more.

Yet, the moment he tried to use his phone, the fruits of their mating were made known to him, and not for the better. For starters, getting his phone out of his pocket was a chore, his digits not managing to wrap around it as though they were shrinking. The more he tried, the more it seemed his other fingers wouldn't operate at his prompting. It took placing his middle finger against the screen, catching on the protector, and pulling it up, though it clattered to the ground as he attempted to do so. His other hand, while still largely non-functional, still worked with his efforts, and he was able to lift his phone, thankful for the lack of damage.

That was not to be the only problem, finding one major hindrance to his one vain attempt to get help. Thicker nails had encroached over the tips of the middle digit to the point the screen could not detect their presence. And as he watched with some horror, the rest of his fingers

seemed to be shrinking before his eyes, as though his increased heart rate was the trigger. It was powerfully frightening to lose his digits, even to the point that his phone was dropped once more, this time with no ability to pick it up. In some desperation, Nick tried to turn it over and pressed the call button with a forming hoof, but the pressure was enough to break the screen and ensure it could not be used.

Frantically, Nick wracked his brains, trying to come up with any ideas to get him out of this jam. With some despair, his gaze turned toward Jason, seeing the same acceleration of changes taking his own humanity from him. His backside was even larger than when Nick had fucked him, ensuring Jason could not get up off four legs anymore, even if he were so inclined. There was little to distinguish him from a common jackass, especially as his face started pressing forward with a series of wet cracks. Jason seemed undeterred by the changes, large jaw and bigger muzzle able to crop more grass as he ate his fill. Nick couldn't tell how much of his former flame was still in there, but it mattered little if he couldn't get help and prevent he and Jason from ever being found and changed back.

That, more than anything, was Nick's biggest fear. The spell was designed to make the victim more submissive, a trait that would carry over into his humanity, even once the process was reversed. What impact would it have on him, an unintended target? Moreover, if someone found them as jacks, would Brett even be able to find where they would be taken? Was it even possible to reverse this from the way Nick had been infected?

Jason, with his skull compressing and his mind fading, did not share any of these concerns, rather contented to eat and allow his stamina to recharge. Even as his muzzle pushed out, teeth thickening uncomfortably in his jaw, Jason could find no reason to panic with his sexual needs satisfied. With his jack so close to him, he would have ample opportunity to be bred and bred again as much as his submissive body craved. And with a whole lawn full of fresh grass, what other cares could he possibly have?

A broader snout only had him partaking further of their male stink, something that stirred his cock even though he had cum such a short time ago. It seemed that, while his mind had dulled, there was enough of Jason there to know what he was, what he had been. There was no reason to care however, massive hose-sized cock snaking from his sheath and dangling above the grass, ready to spill his load once more with a jack fucking his backside. More than any concern over the changes, it was his hyper-sexuality that took priority, and his job to tease his mate into giving his now fully jackass body what it needed.

Sacred as he was for his future, Nick could muster no ability to resist as the donkey came to muzzle him, the scent of his musk burning into Nick's own nose and spurring his fully-formed donkey cock to arousal once more. It didn't seem possible for him to recharge after such short a

time, but his cock was ready to go, a facet of the spell that might almost be enjoyable had there not been a chance of losing his humanity for that of a jackass. With the heavy equine musk in the air, and the donkey's insistent nudging and licking the side of his face, it took little for Nick to reach full arousal, cock reaching close to his face and making Nick aware his belly was starting to bulge, preventing it from reaching the man's mouth.

That was not to be a problem with a warm hold readily available, Jason the donkey turning around and raising his tail, exposing the thick, meat pucker that Nick had come to love. It was a little awkward to fuck the fully changed donkey with the disparity in their statures and the lack of hands to guide his cock. But Jason's asshole was persistent and swallowed Nick's donkey dong like a hungry beast as Nick found his place within his equine mate and started thrusting.

Dizzy from the force of blood needed to sustain such an erection, Nick could hardly think of why mating this male was a bad thing. He didn't even bother pulling down his pants beyond what was needed to free his member. Jason opened easily to take him within, his anus already slick and prepared from the healthy dose of cum. His cock slid in and out easily, Jason still a skilled power bottom and gripping his cock like a vice, making his oncoming orgasmic all but guaranteed. The slick slapping sounds resonated in twitching ears, making him nicker and bray his delight.

As he fucked with abandon, a pressure growing in the back of his pants was barely noticed, something twitching within like an extension of his spine. Had he been aware enough of his body, the sight of the twitching tail slapping him in the face might have clued him into the fact that he was developing his own. But only a pained bray escaped his lips as the pressure built beyond what his pants were able to take. A loud rip echoed in the night as his newly formed jackass tail burst forth, playing over the back of his pants as it eagerly twitched of its own volition. Nick was scarcely able to comprehend the implications of such, simply gladly the pressure was alleviated and finding the possession of an animalistic appendage more natural than not.

“Haaawwww!” He brayed proudly, his pants falling free and exposing a puckered anus that would soon match his mate's if Nick continued to grow and change. Nick felt his tail brushing against it, sending a sensual shiver as he continued to rut, free of further distraction.

Tingling in his face was a sign of further change, though Nick could not be deterred by his desperation to mate and cum. Hooves gripped the sides of the jackass, pulling him over Jason's back and forcing him further into the donkey's bowels. The tight grip on his cock was enough to bring him to the edge, and what little of his mind remained whited out as his body trembled and his cock unleashed a stream of cum. The backwash flowed over his member, dripping out of Jason's ass as Nick got down, done with the donkey for now.

It took Nick a few moments to come to terms with what he'd done, even ignoring the insistent licking from Jason's thick donkey tongue. It seemed to be tracing clear trails of fur across his face, welling up around his former beard and making him want to scratch. There was a part of him that knew what was happening, though Nick could hardly bring himself from the attention, rather seeing it as inevitable. Similarly, he barely cared when his ears started to twitch, and the donkey's tongue moved to trace over them, causing them to lengthen and cover with fur. Rather than be scared of their development, however, Nick simply delighted in their range of motion, moving them back across his head as easily as those that Jason seemed to delight in.

Eventually, Jason ceased licking his mate, more interested in the grass at their hooves, needing the sustenance from the final bout of changes. There was no denying the tingling in his face that was a sign of further change, something that prompted him to make his way to a window on the side of Jason's building, not sure what he would see but need to know all the same. Despite the obvious alterations to his visage, Nick had difficulty finding shock with how he looked. It was rather the same as Jason had looked a few hours ago before Nick had fucked him and sealed his own fate. With his face stretched out slightly, front teeth blocky, and nose red and bulbous, it was obvious he would be a donkey soon, perhaps in only hours. The fully formed ears and the start of a bristling mane were icing on the cake and something only a jackass could love.

Jason's muzzle pressing against his side shook Nick from his reflection, the scent of donkey musk pervading his larger nose and turning him on like he had not cum for weeks. This time, however, it was his would-be lover's cock that did it for him, Nick got down on his hooves and knees and wondered if it was a worthy position for him to stay in. There were certainly some advantages to this posture, given his proximity to his mate's ass and the grass that was looking more and more appealing. But for now, it was the sight of the donkey's cock that had his attention, and, thankful for the larger mouth he possessed, wanted to try to suck it.

Sniffing the musky flavor from the donkey's prick, Nick started licking the piss slit and elicited a pleased whicker from his donkey mate. The sensation of his back arching and his hips cracking went ignored as he lapped and sucked, prompting the donkey to leak clear sticky fluid and buck his hips slightly, donkey dong dangling in front of Nick as he did so. Nick could hardly bring himself to care about the aches from his body, loving the flavor and wondering what it would be like to take the beast's full wad. And if he kept up his efforts, he was sure to be granted it!

The confusion in his mind over the changes flowed from his head like precum from the donkey's dick as he sucked. His only lament was that his lips weren't quite large enough to make their way around the tip. As though his desires had an active effect on his changes, his jaw

cracked outward, lips thickening and rubbery as they managed to make their way over the tip. Stronger jaw muscles went to suck, as though coaxing as much of the beast's precum as possible. While it was hard to manage the sheer scope of the donkey's member, Nick's growing proportions seemed to keep up with him, Nick was careful of his larger teeth and thankful for the increased intercostal space to set the cock in.

At that, Jason seemed to let go, cock flaring as he started to thrust violently, almost face fucking the changing man as he took his pleasure. There was something uncomfortable in the act, a domanite streak that didn't meet his new proclivities. But with the insistence that Nick was sucking his cock, Jason was hard-pressed to pull away, getting the soon-to-be donkey to take what he wanted. And even his diminished intellect couldn't find any fault in thrusting, giving himself over to the pleasure.

As though the fucking was instilling the donkey into him, Nick's legs started to extend further, heels stretching and rippling at the cuffs of his pants. Heels were longer, bones were thicker and the meat of his legs was removed for the thinner legs of his jackass self. The pressure in his feet soon faded, the sensitivity in his toes waning with the covering of nails around them. What remained started tearing at the stitching, pulling it apart and exposing his forming hooves to the cool night air. They were heavy on his feet, and Nick felt them digging into the ground, legs pushed back as the donkey's cock when his muzzle continued to throb at an uncontrolled rate.

The only sign Jason gave of his impending orgasm was an equine whicker as his cock started to violently shake. Soon, the flaring within his muzzle was such that Nick was almost forced to push it out of his former muzzle. Desperate as he was, Nick held on, the force of cum being shot down his throat almost making him choke. The flavor was sublime, and even though the texture was a little thick for him, Nick still swallowed eagerly, happy to take control of his former lover's pleasure.

Though forced into a darkening state of sexual ecstasy, Nick was soon prompted to get up, the object of his lust receding into its warm, silky home. Yet, the moment he did so, the pain in his back made it obvious that enough alterations had occurred to make such a difficult. The inconvenience was annoying, though a part of him was content with what he'd done, mouth full of cum as it was. And before he could try to get up again, his jack had already gotten down beside him, his hairy body warm and comforting against Nick's warm skin. With that, it was harder to find the motivation to get up, and with the events of the day and the energy required for change and sex, Nick's eyes soon fluttered shut and he passed out.

The morning sun over the horizon roused Nick from sleep, and he reflexively yawned, before the shock of the equine muzzle in front of his face made him close it shut. All the

memories from the night before came rushing back, but still, even the changes had not accelerated to such a state as much as he recalled it. And that caused him to call out with his panic, only to realize he no longer at the ability to do so.

“HHHHAAAAWWW! HHHEEEHHHAAAAWWW!”

The sound of panicked brays seemed to rouse his mate as well, clopping toward him and nipping at his neck, teeth, and lips grooming his mane and serving to calm him, much to Nick’s relief. Nick managed to rise to all fours, standing a little wobbly on his new stance, body proportions a little off as he let himself feel his new form. Most of his clothing was on the ground by this point, his body having outgrown them in the night. And the hide that was revealed left more of a donkey’s shape than anything his humanity could match. He looked all the more like Jason by this point, and the realization of how far he had fallen sent a terror through him, Nick trying to buck and kick and stand up for a final time.

Even as he tried and tried again to stand, the quadrupedal jack came over to him, lipping and nipping at his neck and face in an attempt to calm him. He was very social, and whether or not it was the human him still within the donkey or the sociability of equines in general, Nick couldn’t say. But with such attention, regardless of who it was from, Nick found it harder and harder to find fault in what was happening. Maybe all this wouldn’t be so bad if he was to change all the way into a donkey, in the same way that Jason had been changed.

The sight of his asinine mate walking over and raising his tail, wafting potently sexual pheromones to Nick's donkey nose, was all the encouragement Nick needed. With his pucker exposed, Nick was far too tempted to walk over to him, moving with ease on his four hooves and altered stature. Breathing in deeply of his mate's musk, Nick reached out with a thickened tongue to taste of the drying cum on Jason's rump. The flavor really did it for him, and Nick licked with vigor, preparing Jason's rear for rutting at the same time.

Unable to resist for very long, Nick soon moved to get on the Jack's back, spearing for his rump and feeling his cock careening off for the first few tries before he finally got it right. As before, Jason’s rump opened up easily to take the donkey’s dick with him, and Nick was able to push in easily, feeling his cock being taken as though it was a natural state of being. He only needed a moment to find his place within his jack before he started to thrust, sexual pleasure taking over as he wrapped his hooves around Jason’s middle to stabilize himself.

Lost in the fucking as he was, Nick was largely unaware of the changes that were cementing themselves in his form. His chest and belly, while already massive, continued to barrel, weighing heavily on the jack’s back, though Jason was willing and able to take it. His lengthening spine and expanding belly made mating easier as he grew toward the dimensions

required to breed such a stud. Nick was hardly in a position to care, even welcoming the hair and hide that coated him from head to toe as the final vestiges of humanity were robbed from him.

With the final changes to his head came a moment of sense, thinking that perhaps it was a mistake and he was literally fucking himself away. After all, little humanity seemed to reside in Jason's head, though Nick found himself struggling to recall even that name. And no matter how much he tried, it was difficult to muster concern with what he stood to lose. The compression of his skull, the shrinking of his brain, and the final developments of his muzzle were so welcome that any hesitation was forgotten with each thrust of his hips, desperate to bury his shaft within his mate's bowels. It was impossible to recall why he was worried, sinking into the beast he was and reveling in his pleasure.

A triumphant bray escaped his lips before he bit down on the other jack's neck, holding him in place as the final few thrusts unleashed his load. The newly minted jack could feel his mate trembling beneath him, rectal muscles spasming as the act of depositing his semen resulted in a corresponding release from the beast below. The smell of ejaculation burned into his nose and sent even more semen surging through his member, the backwash pleasant and a sign of a successful mating.

Legs a little wobbly, the new donkey pulled out and landed on four hooves, a little disoriented. There was something in his mind, something that had troubled him, though no amount of focus could bring it to mind. It was as though a fog persisted in his mind, something a stubborn beast like him couldn't quite shake. Yet, the dissonance was soon removed as the other jack with him, his herd mate, started to nuzzle him. The scent of the donkey, his male musk, was all too familiar as being his own, down to the scent of semen which marked him as a mate. And even that confusion soon faded as the newly minted donkey reached down to graze with his mate, flicking flies with their tails as they nuzzled and cemented their new bond.

It took some time for the pair of newly minted jackasses to be found, their place just outside the city without fences or barriers against regulations. But without an owner to claim them, the pair were quickly relocated to a nearby hobby farm, one where they would be well cared for and allowed to integrate with the few donkeys already present. Not wanting their jennys to be inseminated, their new owners saw it to consider gelding the pair. Yet, soon, it was obvious they had no interest in females, their lust for each other and each other alone obvious. With that, the new donkeys were left unaltered, and given their inclinations for each other, free to enjoy all the lust their bodies could manage.

The pair, for the most part, were beasts in mind as they were in body. There were still fragments of the humans they had been, hints of memories and flashes of previous experiences. But they were largely left by the wayside, save for previous inclinations that specifically translated to equine life. Jason, for example, was always the bottom, and Nick was happy to fuck him whenever Jason presented, as though a consistent effort to put him in his place, one Jason was happy to service. Though Brett, or anyone else that might have known their former humanity, was unable to find them, such was never a thought that occurred to the beasts. Even if they had awareness of the possibility of reversion, the two would likely settle on equine life, the carefree nature, and consistent lusts enough to leave any notion of humanity but a fever dream...