

“Man, what a bitch!” I declared with conviction, downing my rum and coke as Henry finished his own. He just shook his head in anger, as though he couldn’t believe the shit we just had to deal with. I couldn’t blame him. I was pissed as well. Who the fuck was she to act like that? We were just asking her a question!

It had been about two weeks now since our buddy went missing from his dorm. The cops couldn’t find anything, his parents and family hadn’t seen him, and no one had any clue as to where he might have gone. All they had to go on were some fucked-up reports from a few of his fellow students. His room, stinking like a barn, for one. The stench of piss and sweat and worse things, so I’d heard. A few students saw him on all fours eating grass the day before he disappeared. But what the fuck did all that mean? Was he living in a barn somewhere, eating grass and shitting outside? It made no fucking sense!

Henry and I had seen him the morning before he disappeared. He lived in a different dorm building than we did, but we’d all gone to high school together and still hung out often. Even that morning, he was acting weird. His breakfast was all veggies when the dude normally loved his bacon and eggs. The only relevant thing he had told us was about trying to pick up this chick at the campus bar, a woman he’d been hunting named Mary. He was pretty bummed out about his poor luck, but we figured he’d get over it. Yet now it was concerning, what with his weird behavior and his disappearance the day after. Something had to be amiss.

With no other leads, Henry and I decided to check out the campus bar for that Mary chick, in case she knew something we didn’t. I’d seen her a couple of times and knew who we were looking for. It was a long shot, I knew, coming here with the hopes that we would find her. To our fortune, as soon as we entered, we spotted her at a table with a few friends.

“You saw our friend a few weeks ago, didn’t you?” Henry asked as we walked over, not wasting time. It wasn’t the best tactic, but hey, I had no choice but to go along with it. The other two women looked us up and down before dismissing us outright. I didn’t give a shit, to be honest. It was a big town, and both of our reps could take a hit if we made fools of ourselves.

“Don’t recognize the name. Lots of people come in and out of here,” Mary said, clearly pissed by our presence. In normal circumstances, I couldn’t say I blamed her. It must have been a pain in the ass to have random men talk to her all the time just for having breasts. But despite our idiot friend’s lapse in judgment, he really didn’t deserve whatever happened to him.

Henry seemed to have a lot less patience than the situation warranted. And more than a couple of drinks was enough to spur his enthusiasm. “Listen here, you bitch, you saw our friend two nights

before he disappeared. No one else has a fucking clue where he went. The only person he talked to that's unaccounted for is you! Now, lay off the crap and tell us what you know!"

The woman looked at us with a bemused expression, as though impressed by Henry's brazenness. It was not at all what I had expected. "Bitch? Well, that does sound familiar. A stubborn bull-headed man said the same thing several weeks ago. You, you're just an asshole. Perhaps a couple of assholes, I think?" She said as she glanced between the two of us.

I couldn't help but notice a slight grin on her face as the words left her mouth. A powerful tingle flowed over me then, as though I was going numb. But the sensation quickly passed, and I was left staring at her vacantly until one of the bouncers came over, asking the woman if there was a problem. Henry decided it wasn't worth it, and the two of us walked off, no closer to finding out what happened to our friend.

"Man, women, am I right?" Henry said, downing another beer. He seemed a little pissed, but the drinking was taking the edge off. I was annoyed too, but there was nothing else to do for now. I decided to join him in a few more drinks. It was Friday night after all, and we didn't have classes in the morning.

"Yeah, there's something to be said for gay dudes," I added, finishing my drink and getting ready to order another. What what? Where had that thought come from? I blushed in embarrassment. I mean, there was nothing illegal with being gay, but I didn't want to give Henry the wrong impression.

"Welp, the night's still young, and Boom has a happy hour on Fridays!" Henry laughed, taking a sip of his beer. In truth, the local gay bar, Boom, had great drinks, and it wasn't like we were ever hit on before in an offensive way.

I chuckled at that. I was still worried about our friend, of course. But the slight buzz was making it far easier to think about the stirring in my loins and how it had been a while since I had them quelled with another human being. It was...what? A month already? Damn! I needed to get laid!

I declared as much to Henry, and he and I raised our glasses in cheers. We weren't going to find any women here, not after our public stunt. But being as comfortable as we were, I didn't think we were going to leave for a while.

The more we drank, the more that our words from earlier seemed to resonate with me. I never had any inkling for the same-sex before, but what if I did? I would be getting laid at least twice a

day! And some men kind of looked like women, tight? Shaved bodies and long hair and supple buttocks. Maybe it wasn't so bad, not really. Maybe, I was a little...

I found myself staring at my buddy's face, finding it more and more attractive. He was a handsome dude, sure, but the contours of his jaw, his bulging Adam's apple, and the fuzz of his 5 o'clock shadow were making me more than a little needy. An image flashed through my head, of leaning in and kissing those rough lips. What it would feel like, touching his erect cock as my own got hard...

I shook my head, trying to get those images of my buddy out of my head. A hand moved down to hide my boner from the view. I wasn't a fag, and I didn't need Henry to get the wrong idea!

“Like what you see, stud?” Henry said with a hint of lust in his tone. I knew deep down that he was teasing, he had to be. There was no way he was gay. Hell, there was no way I was either. There was a difference between being drunk and lusty than being gay, right?

“Haha, maybe if you were the only one in this bar with me!” I said as a way of jest. Yet there was something about his words that had bothered me. What if I was attracted to him? What if he wasn't attracted to me? I felt a little down at that.

Henry seemed to notice my dismay and put his arm over my shoulders, bringing me in a little closer to his warm body. The closeness made me smile a little. Maybe he did want the same thing as me?

A powerful odor hit my nose as Henry moved in. It stank like an unwashed body, making me desire to pull back. Yet I didn't want to move away from our closeness. Surely, it wasn't coming from him. Still, I was forced to drink in the thick musk, and my mind started swimming. As I sat drowning in the putrid odor, I started finding that it wasn't too bad. It was...really relaxing.

My eyes fell on Henry's, easily able to see his attention was on the odor as well. He moved in closer to me, his eyes fluttering open and shut as though he was enraptured by it. It was as though he was smelling me. The thought of him sniffing me was powerfully attractive. But why? I wasn't gay, I wasn't some fag. What the hell was wrong with me?

An ache in my cock drew my hand downwards, feeling my pants were now damp from perspiration and lust. I knew it was a public place, and such things were taboo. It was hard to focus on anything other than the entrancing musk and the tension building in my cock. A quick

glance at Henry made me realize that a similar monster was present in his own jeans. The sight made my penis leap up even further.

I knew what I was thinking was gay, that it was against everything I knew about myself, and about Henry as well. Such a question was too brazen. Yet I couldn't help myself. "Henry...do you want...I...need..." I mumbled, the words spilling out through the lust-filled haze.

He didn't respond, and I immediately felt the shame washing over me. Yet soon, his hand was on mine, and he was pulling me up. We were out the door before I was fully aware of what was happening. Whether it was my horniness or the booze, I wasn't sure. Out of the corner of my eye, I was certain that Mary was watching us with a smirk, but we were out of there before I could confirm it.

As we walked out into the cool night air, I couldn't help but notice a protrusion in Henry's pants. And I don't mean the one in the front, though that one was certainly enticing. It was pulling at the back of his pants, moving back and forth slightly as he walked. Feeling curious, I reached around to find my fingers reported a similar protrusion, though not as pronounced. As we entered my dorm room, my recollection was lost in the passion of his lips on mine.

The ensuing lust was difficult for me to recall. It was a mixture of groping and exploration while our lips maintained constant contact. Soon we were naked, our hands going out to lightly stroke each other's erect cocks. I'd never done anything like this in my life before, certainly not with another man. But in my buzzed state, everything felt so right!

I ran my hands over Henry's bare chest, feeling up the thick gray hairs that peppered the entire surface. He was a little chubby, much more than I would have expected. But his thick dad bod combined with the heady musk was a powerful attractant for me. I was oblivious to the fact that the hairs under my touch were increasing in thickness.

A thick hand running over my own chest made me pause. It was as though Henry's hands were catching on hairs that should not have existed on my shaven chest. I wanted to stop him so that I could examine myself, but before I could, his hand was on both my cock and his own. The sensations were all-consuming, removing any lingering doubts or fear.

My hands explored his hairy bod, delighting over his broad hairy back. His hair was thick and sort, and as I played over it, feeling how far up his back that it seemed to spread under my touch. I paused for a moment, confused by the sensation. Sure, he was hairy, unusually so, but there was no way he was growing MORE hair. Yet, my fingers told me a different story. The feeling of hair sprouting under my touch made me aware of a prickling over my own flesh that felt all too

familiar. Was my own hair getting thicker? Surely, it wasn't a surge of testosterone, no matter what I was doing with a guy.

My hands ran lower, excited to cup the muscled buttocks that my friend sported. As I ran my fingers over it, they touched something that shouldn't have been there. I was immediately reminded of the protrusion sticking out of his pants. I traced my hands over it, feeling a thickening stripe of flesh that made no logical sense being there.

"Uuggghhh... don't *snort* stAAAAWWWWP!" Henry shouted, shivering from the feeling of me playing over his most private of places. I couldn't stop myself, not with those sweet words playing over the air as they were!

My fingers played over the extension of his spine, loving the contours that it granted his ass. My exploratory digits lowered downwards, feeling for his lovely pucker. Finally, I reached my target, playing a finger around the rim of his pucker. I couldn't believe what I was doing. It was so fucking queer! Yet from his moans of pleasure, Henry didn't share the sentiment.

Henry's own hands ran down my backside, tracing over my ass even as I felt the flesh swell underneath his touch. I'd always had a bony ass so the prospect of girth seemed appealing. Henry traced over my tailbone, playing over the protrusion that I had felt from earlier. The feeling was far more sensual than I could have ever prepared for. I grunted, encouraging him to run his hand over the growth. I felt it twitch as it seemed to extend from even his gentle ministrations.

As my fingers played over the tough flesh of his asshole, something happened that left me a little confused. The skin seemed to be thickening as his taut opening seemed to widen. I gasped slightly into his mouth as my fingers slipped inside him. I should have been grossed out. It was disgusting, it was so gay! But it gave him so much pleasure. I could feel his entire body shuddering as he was penetrated most unusually. I couldn't believe how much he liked it!

Worse was the thoughts that were crossing my own mind. I found myself wanting Henry to do the same to me. As though responding, I could feel his nimble fingers playing over my own ass, the flesh starting to thicken under his hands. I shuddered as he found my opening and started taking advantage of my relaxation. He was inside me. Oh fuck, he was inside me!

I started thrusting back and forth as his hand reached down to grip my cock in connection with his own. We fell into a comfortable rhythm, both of us playing our fingers in and out of each other's asses as we rocked back and forth. My thoughts started to drift a little as my balls slapped against his sweaty ones. I was so damn needy that it was impossible to hold out for long. The

tingling swelling up from my genitals was rising faster than I could handle. My mind whited out as the pressure grew to a crescendo and sent me over the edge of a waterfall.

“I’m gonna CCAAAAWWUUUMM!” I yelled as my throbbing cock shot a thick load of jizz all over our sweaty chests. The sheer quantity should have worried me, but I was simply lost in the ecstasy of the most intense orgasm of my life. The noise coming out of my mouth should have alarmed me, but lost in the orgasmic reverie as I was, I couldn’t force myself to focus on it.

“Meeee too! HAAWWWW!” Henry yelled as he joined me in a cacophony of brays and added his own rank yellow cum to my own. Our foul-smelling ejaculate covered the room in a heady musk that made me dizzy from both the smell and the fatigue that had overcome my body.

I felt the last traces of cum drain from my balls as my muscles ached from the sheer force of the pleasure I was feeling. I held onto Henry for balance, but his knees too were weak, and we both lowered ourselves into my bed. A wave of fatigue washed over me, and my eyes fluttered shut. Not even the bangs on my door telling us to keep it down could rouse me from the slumber I so desperately sought.

I woke up late that morning, my friend's light snoring ringing in my ears. It was almost pleasant until the realization of what it meant hit me. Oh fuck. What had we done? The putrid odor of male release wafted into my nose and threatened to make me vomit. Yet as I drank it in unwittingly, my cock started to stir once more. I reached down on impulse, feeling something soft and hairy on my fingers. My gaze drifted down to the thick black fuzz that covered my cock. Was that...some kind of foreskin? I had been cut before today. My entire penis was covered in the light black fuzz, save for the tip. Where did this come from?

Feeling a little panicked and confused, I looked up to my mirror to see an unusual visage staring back at me. I couldn’t quite place what was wrong. My beard was thicker, much more so than one day’s growth. And my nose was massive, thick and red, and oozing mucus. Maybe I had caught a cold? My ears were pointed like an elf’s. And my hair seemed...thinner? There was no way I was losing so much hair, given the amount that covered my face and body.

A groan from the bed shifted my gaze to the still-sleeping Henry. He rose slowly and yawned, seeming a little disoriented by his surroundings. After blinking for a few moments while drinking in the stench of our musk in the room, he stood up suddenly. He looked around the room with fear and disgust in his eyes while rapidly donning his stained clothes. He said nothing, but his reactions spoke volumes. I couldn’t help but notice that his facial features were distorted similarly to my own. What was going on with us?

I was more than a little ashamed at the implication of what we had done. I had not been interested in men before today. Then what had I been doing, letting the unnatural lust getting to me? I rubbed my ass, feeling how sore it was from my buddy's intrusion last night. Why had I let him do that to me? Why had I stuck my fingers in his ass so readily?

Henry, I..." I started, unsure of what to say. How could I defend my actions?

"Don't, fuck, just don't man!" Henry yelled. He was clearly just as disgusted by what we had done. Yet I had no way to tell whether or not he was pissed with me, or rather pissed with himself for letting such a depraved act happen between us.

Without saying another word, Henry got up and stormed out, banging the door a little as he left. I sat there for a few moments, trying to figure out what had happened or what we had done. It was...fuck. I couldn't deny how good it felt, despite the oddity of the situation. Was that what it felt like to be with a man? Someone with the same anatomy, who knew exactly what a man would like, just as well as I would?

I stood up to take a further look at the changes that had overtaken me. I was...fuck, I was manly! I rubbed the facial hair on my skin, feeling how soft it was under my touch. My fingers reported the same hair all the way down my chest. I'd normally preferred it shaved, but the sight of it on my own body was powerfully attractive. And I recalled running my hands through Henry's soft hair, how good it felt, how well it accented his always manly features...

My thoughts started to wander a little as my fingers played over my body, exploring my nipples, my hair, and my chest. I had never been pudgy before, but as I played over my body, I could swear that the flesh underneath was writhing under my touch. I noticed I was starting to get a little gut like I'd been drinking too much. Yet the sight was more handsome than frightening, despite the suddenness of the differences.

Eventually, my hands found their way to the sensitive flesh of my groin. Though my member was currently flaccid, a quick flash of events from last night brought my erection to bear. I was...was that my cock? I had only been a modest 4 inches before today. I'd measured on more than one occasion. But now I was...easily twice that. And still growing as I watched.

The temptation to explore my flesh was all-consuming. The lingering scents, the sight of my manly cock, and the memory of our lust were all the insensitive I needed. I shivered as the slightest contact sent ripples of pleasure through my form. I couldn't stop it even if I wanted it. And I didn't want to!

As strings of precum started pooling over my hand I noticed the flesh firming up under my grasp. It was as though it was turning dark, blacking with mottled pink patches. It almost looked like the flesh of an animal. It could have been the light from the window. I couldn't be changing, despite what the evidence was telling me. And if I was...why was the prospect not frightening?

My end was coming fast, and I let my thoughts wander, closing my eyes to drink in the pleasure. Every fiber of my being related the experience to what had happened last night. I felt a sudden panic flooding my memory. It was so wrong, so fast, so...gay. Why was it turning me on so much? I had to stop, but it felt too good. Thinking of Henry's cock against mine last night was so damn sexy!

"Oh FAAWWWWK!" I yelled, that same thick baritone from the last night as my cock shook violently and shot a load over my hairy chest and hand. My mind was blanketed by intense pleasure. It wasn't until another knock at the door broke my reverie.

"Keep the fucking donkey show quiet!" Someone yelled before walking away, muttering something about kinky freshmen freaks. I shouldn't have been able to hear him all the way down the hall, but I could. I reached up and felt my ears, recalling that they were a little misshapen. They couldn't hear any better, could they?

I sat there in my own seed, doing my best to contemplate the situation. What the hell was wrong with me? Did I just bray? I knew I was suddenly hairy, but not like a...donkey? My head was swimming with confusion. It was so hard to think, covering with my own sticky seed and smelling the remnants of my lust.

I decided I needed some work to take my mind off things so I could focus later. I spent the afternoon trying to clean the heady stench out of the room. I'd never been more thankful that I had a single, to hell with the extra cost. The dry remnants of our lust were everywhere. Fuck, we had both cum a lot! The smell was getting me a little dizzy. It was hard to focus on my task.

Eventually, I gave up and took a shower. With a sense of trepidation, I took off my clothes and stepped in. I couldn't help but notice that my belly was a little distended like I'd developed a significant beer gut. I couldn't have been drinking THAT much last night! And the body hair Henry had been touching was back with a vengeance. It covered not only my chest and face but even ran all the way down, giving my legs, arms, and groin a layer of light fuzz. The hair covered my entire body but seemed thicker down the center, almost like a thick manly treasure trail. I cursed myself for not bringing a razor or not shaving more thoroughly.

I lathered myself up despite the myriad of hair that covered me. I used twice as much body wash as I usually did, in the hopes of getting rid of the scent. As I did so, my fingers played over the stiff protrusion poking out from above my ass. I vaguely recalled feeling the thing last night, and something similar poking out of Henry's ass. What the hell was it? I made a note to check it out later and did my best to clean around it for now.

I returned to the room only to have my nostrils overwhelmed with the stench of sex and musk once more. Despite all my cleaning efforts, it seemed impossible to remove. And a similar stench was still wafting off me, despite my shower. I sighed. There was nothing to be done for it right now.

It was impossible to focus on my studies that day. I tried going to the library, but the scent in my nostrils seemed to linger. My damn cock wouldn't stop aching. And my entire skin was itching, as though my clothes had been washed with bleach. It felt uncomfortably warm in the library, causing more of that sweaty musk to roll off my body and remind my cock of the pleasures it had recently given me.

I decided to research some facts about donkeys instead. The notion of seeing more of the animals interested me as much as I didn't want to admit it. The color of my hair seemed a little similar to some of the pictures I was observing. And there was something familiar in my features that I could see in each of the beasts. But that didn't mean anything, right?

As I browsed my computer, I found myself gazing at images and articles about donkey breeding practices. At first, I found myself using the excuse I was just doing research. But the more I saw, the more I thought about the sight of my cock this morning. What had happened to it while I envisioned Henry's own against mine? That sexy tail-like growth about his ass. What if it was a full donkey tail, raised to expose a thick black equine donut for my needy cock? What would it feel like...

Before I could stop myself, I was rubbing my cock through my pants, braying with the excitement of rutting another lusty male. My eager fingers worked my zipper, and with a sigh of relief, my cock flopped out under the table. My eyes were closed as my flat tip oozed cum all over my pants and hands. I was sure people were staring, the sounds of my mutters and brays attracting unwanted attention. But I didn't care. I was so horny!

"Oh yeeehhaaaawww!" I brayed as my semen covered my hands, my pants, and the floor. My entire body shuddered as my powerful balls shot load after load, filling the air with the same rank stretch that had perforated my bedroom. I came and came, creating a puddle under my chair of

foul-smelling spunk. I brayed in triumph from my bestial release, not really realizing where I was. My only regret was that I didn't have a plump equine donut to rut into!

It took the intervention of the librarian to make me realize what I was doing. I had no time to clean up or explain myself. I was lucky that no one had seen the sick imagines of breeding asses I used to spur my arousal. It went without saying I was kicked out of the room. What the hell had I been thinking? Perhaps the worst part was that I knew the spunk hadn't gone unnoticed. I hightailed it out of there as fast as I could to avoid further embarrassment.

As I was about to leave, however, a hand on my shoulder stopped me. I turned around to see some guy I didn't recognize. I wanted to pull away, but his sharp, spicy scent hit my nose. It was sweaty and manly, not as strong as my own but still arousing nonetheless. Was he...horny?

"Heey man...I don't really know why I'm...I don't usually do this but...fuck...your cock...I wanna...can I taste it?" He asked, his eyes full of eagerness and lust. I should have walked away. I shouldn't have replied. Yet, despite having just cum, my cock was already hard in my damp pants. This guy wasn't Henry, didn't smell quite as good. But he would do.

I pulled down my zipper and pants, my thick dark cock flopping out into the air. I knew it was extremely taboo, and I was more than a little disgusted by my homosexual desires. But at the thought of those eager lips on my cock, I couldn't resist. The moment my shaft was out in the air, his lips were on it, nose sniffing at my eager flesh. Having a man suck my cock was the gayest thing I'd ever done! But it felt so sublime, I couldn't stop him even if I tried!

My hands reached out for his head, to rub his hair and encourage him to take me as deep as he could. My cock was far larger than it had been, and there was no way it was easy for him to get his lips around its girth. Yet somehow, my shaft was gently worked further and further down his throat, a little more than halfway inside his jaw. The man reached up and stroked my cock and weighty balls with his free hand as the other kept my shaft in place. Every touch, every action made me leak more and more into his mouth. He was a pro at this!

I was getting so close already. Where was I getting this stamina? Yet the pleasure welling up from my junk made it too hard to focus on such things. I rubbed his head to encourage his ministrations, barely noticing that he was harder to feel against my fingers. I looked down to see my nails starting to thicken, stretching the width of the digit. Yet it made no difference in my ability to pull him further on my cock as he worked up and down my shaft in a steady rhythm. I wasn't gonna last long like this!

“Goon...cuaaaaaawwww! Haaaawwww!” I brayed as my weighty balls exploded another thick load of jism into the waiting gullet of my new found friend. The sheer quantity was far too much for the poor guy's sore lips. My cock head fell out of his mouth, spraying the remainder into his mouth and face, dripping down his shirt as it coated his skin in sticky seed.

My suitor looked up at me with a glassy expression in his eyes, clearly satisfied with the carnal act. I could see the stain on his jeans as my own cock slid back into my already full pants. He stood up and wiped his chin, walking away while muttering about how great it was.

My guts suddenly started giving me agony, rumbling as though I hadn't eaten in months. Ignoring the strange events of the afternoon, I decided to head to the cafeteria to quell the uncomfortable hunger in my belly. There was hardly anyone in line when I went to grab my tray. To my surprise, I was compelled to pile my plate with as many greens as I could find. The scents of meat and grease were repugnant to my thick nostrils today. Somehow, my peculiar cravings reminded me of my buddy's breakfast the day before he disappeared, but in my intense hunger, the memory was lost.

A couple of my dorm mates were eating at the tables, but I didn't bother to join them. My head was on the plate already, chowing down before I even had the chance to sit. I couldn't recall the last time I was so hungry! The entire plate was nearly gone before I realized my dorm mates were all around, laughing at me and calling me out for acting out like my buddy. But I didn't care. I was still hungry, and my tray turned into a second, then a third, despite the teases and mockings.

"Hey dude, nice elf cosplay!" One of my friends jeered as he reached out to grab at my ear. I quickly became aware of how high it was on my head. It felt warm under his touch and seemed to be growing longer and hairier the more he stroked it.

Yet as I finished my fourth plate, I let out a pungent fart, which finally caused him to let go and clear the table. What was his problem? Better out than in! "Fucking gross dude!" "Stupid jackass!" I heard my dorm mates yell as they got up and left.

Finally full, I reached up to touch my ears. They were indeed in a different spot than they'd been this morning, I was sure. And I could swear they were growing a little even as I touched them. I sneezed suddenly, making me aware of how thick my nose had become. I reached up to feel the new contours of my face. Damn, I was hairy!

I made my way to the bathroom to gaze at my altered visage in the mirror. It was as my fingers reported. A bulbous nose, furry face, and long animal-like ears. And I could swear my jaw was extended out at a weird angle. Even my eyes seemed off. Careful inspection revealed a brown spot in the pupal that shouldn't have been there. The fuck?

A gurgling in my guts signaled that I needed the toilet and needed it soon. Part of my brain was confused about why I needed such a place to relieve myself, but given the force of my bowel movement, I was glad that I had. The smell was strong, but it really didn't bother me as much as it should have.

As I cleaned myself off, I was reminded of the growth above my ass. If I tried, I could move it back and forth. I rubbed the flesh, feeling it growing and itching with hair as it swayed back and forth. Was it a tail? Like a donkey's tail?

In my exploration of my changes, I had nearly forgotten about Henry. Was he still changing like me? Despite my shame about what Henry thought of me, I had to see him.

As I walked back to the dorm, I saw someone alone in the quad, down on all fours as though looking for something they dropped. I could tell, even without seeing the bizarre shape of their facial features, that the person was familiar. Was it Henry?

"Henreeehhaaawww!" I yelled out to him. I put my hands on my mouth from the embarrassment of the bray, feeling how strange and rubbery my lips felt. But I needed to get to him. I felt some concern for him, of course, but the lust from earlier flooded back into my mind, and I found myself getting aroused. I couldn't have found him sexy like this. Yet it was impossible to deny the ache in my groin.

"Whhaaaawwwt are you doeeeeeing?" I asked as I approached. Henry didn't say anything, just glanced up at me with vacant brown eyes. Wait, weren't they blue before?

My train of thought was detailed by the sight of sod falling out of his mouth. Chunks of dirt, roots, and grass fell from a jaw that was a little more bulbous than looked natural on a human. His grin revealed teeth that were yellowed and slimy with the remnants of his meal. And his nose...it sat on the edge of thick dark lips, stretched outward as though someone took a hook and drew it apart. The entire surface was black and flared as he breathed in the scents of the meal. He really did look like some kind of mini horse or donkey!

What was happening to him? What was happening to me? His features were so much like mine, yet more pronounced, more asinine. His body was still human, but I could see patches of thick

hairs poking out from his clothes. He regarded me with a dreamy expression, as though content with the meal he was consuming.

"Wwhhhhhaaaawwt some?" He said, reaching down to pull up some more sod with his surprisingly pliable lips. He didn't even seem to think anything was wrong! But he looked like a donkey! Was that what was happening to us?

I tried to shove him, to try and get him to stop acting like an animal. He looked up at me and started to buck and kick at my insistent pushing. He bucked and kicked, trying to keep in place as I desperately tried to move him. He was being such a stubborn ass!

The longer I stayed near him, the more his sweaty stink washed over me. It sent a shiver through my body, reawakening the twinges of lust from what we had done last night. And that wasn't the only smell. The scent of fresh-cut grass renewed my hunger from before. It was far better than the odor of the human-tainted things I'd eaten already. My fat gut was evidently nearly bottomless. And Henry looked so content from grazing. The growth above Henry's ass was swishing back and forth in his pants as he pulled up mouthfuls of grass. It was his tail, and it seemed to be growing slightly even as he mindlessly grazed. In fact, as I watched, I could see his face getting a little darker, his nose flared and flattened as another inch extended from his jaw.

I could feel the changes to my own face, making the scents of the food that much more enticing. Enough sense still lingered in my mind to check to see if we were being watched. As much as my rumbling stomach seemed to desire grass and sod, I knew it was embarrassing for the human me to do so. But even with an audience, I didn't think I could resist the urge to graze like an animal. A thought entered my mind then, of how our buddy was caught doing the same thing before his disappearance. But it made sense if the grass tasted so good! No wonder he had pigged out on it!

I got down on all fours and sniffed the delectable field before pulling up a mouthful with my lips. I was partially aware of how flexible they were but was immediately distracted by the taste. It was amazing!

"So Haaaaawwwgry!" I muttered, before ripping more of the tasty plant matter with my still-human teeth. I could feel them thickening in my mouth, and they felt a bit awkward, as though they were too large. But a crack in my jaw increased the space for them. And besides, larger, thicker teeth made it easier to pull up more grass!

"HHEEHHHHAAAWWWW!" Henry brayed his response. He was still trying to buck and kick his pants off, to make room for his growing tail and his slightly erect bulge. I couldn't help but take a look at it, feeling my own start getting hard once more.

Yet but the needs in my belly took precedence. Before I knew it, I was gulping down mouthfuls, moving around on all fours to get to the better spots as Henry grazed beside me. A putrid odor hit my nose, and I realized that Henry had passed gas, much as I had earlier. But the smell left my mind as I too added to the potent air.

After a few moments, I was uncomfortably full and finally able to stop myself. I raised up on my two legs, feeling a little dizzy. Was I supposed to be on two legs? What, where did THAT thought come from? A grunt from beside me signaled that Henry had gotten up too, stumbling as though his hips were awkward. He stopped trying to buck and kick as he did, evidently confused by what he had been doing.

"What the faaawwwk did we just do?" I asked, staring at his thick asinine lips, still dropping sod. My own mouth with filled with greens, and I spit them out, trying to rid my mouth of the taste. Yet I couldn't deny how good the flavor still remained.

"Dinner," Henry said, before stumbling back to the dorms. He let out another bray, shaking his head as the hairs on his neck lengthened slightly. As Henry did so, the heavy stench of barn animal hit my nose once more. Had he not showered? The stench, much to my chagrin, sent a stirring in my crotch once more. I was immediately embarrassed by the prospect. I wanted to ask him to come into bed with me. But I couldn't do it, not again. No matter how good it had felt, or how hard my cock was. We were turning into jackasses! Gay jackasses at that!

There was no denying the spread of asinine features in the mirror when I got to my room. My lips were thick and dark and rubbery, my nose black and bulbous. And the damn, gray hair was thickening under my shirt. I wanted to see it more in-depth, but the useless fabric was impossibly tight across my chest and belly. I tugged at it with surprising strength, making me rip it off with an audible tear. It was clearly a little small for me, or rather the protruding gut that now adorned my previously slender frame. I rubbed the warm flesh curiously, my fingers reporting a muscled firmness under the skin that made me a little less callous about the fat my body had added. Eating that grass had really added pounds to my frame!

Despite the grotesque nature of the changes, I couldn't deny how handsome I felt. I knew deep down that I was turning into a jackass and how wrong those features looked on my body. Yet once more, I found myself growing hard. My pants were becoming impossibly tight, and with an audible rip, my cock tore apart the seams of my jeans. I stared at the monster cock I seemed to

sport now. It was 12 inches long and thick as a beer can. And the tip seemed a little off, like it was flatter, a more mushroom shape.

I didn't care about the asinine quality. My donkey cock was so beautiful and would give me so much pleasure. My hand was on it right away, stroking the length as it continued to mutate. My other hand reached down to play with my fuzzy balls, feeling the flesh thicken and the diameter expanding ever so slightly. They were plump and full of cum, and I couldn't empty them fast enough!

I needed to cum so badly, from both the asinine visage staring back at me and the thoughts of Henry's body. I could feel my balls churning and my massive firehose preparing to shoot its load. Oh goodness, I couldn't hold it back!

"HEEEHHHAAAWWW!" I brayed, coating the mirror and my gray fur with sticky seed for the fourth time that day. The stench of rank ejaculate hit my nose once more and made my cock burble out more thick, yellowed cum.

Yet the orgasmic release did little to quell the feelings of shame washing over me once more. I was turning into a donkey, a dumb farm beast, and I actually liked it! Each time I came, I thought of Henry. How much of an ass he already was. And how much he turned me on. The next time I saw him, I would have no recourse but to make him mine.

Yet for now, the fatigue of the events of the day threatened to overtake me. I laid down on the bed, my eyes fluttering shut as I drifted off. I was barely aware of my ass sitting on my new tail, what I knew to be a jackass' tail. But I was far too tired to worry about it. I simply moved my body out of the way until I assumed a more comfortable position and rapidly drifted off.

I was vaguely aware of the dreams flooding into my mind as I slept. Images of my time grazing with Henry were at the forefront. The hot sun bearing down on me, a swinging tail swatting flies from my exposed anus. My thoughts were fuzzy, off away in bestial ignorance. The scents in the air, though strong, were rather pleasant, and I felt something long and thick unfurling from a sheath under my belly. My buddy's exposed ass was powerfully attractive, despite the rather rank scents wafting off it. I moved closer, needing a stronger whiff. As I did, my erect cock dragged along the ground, leaking slimy fluids all over the grass we had eaten.

Henry stood very still as I approached, raising his tail to give me better access to his thick, puckered equine anus. His heavy balls slapped up and down, wafting more of that arousing musk in my direction. His own cock slipped from its sheath as he prepared himself to be bred. I rose upon his back, my thick equine cock spearing for his hole. I was so close...

A horrible smell entered my nostrils once I woke up. It was a stench of beast and sweat and seed that made the human me extremely uncomfortable. I looked down to see my sheets were stained where I had evidently released myself in my sleep. This was too much. I was even dreaming like a beast!

I stood up quickly, the contentment from my sleep was replaced by fear. I had just let it happen! The first thing I noticed was how big my body was. I had made quite the indent in the bed, the frame bent from the weight I had put on. My stomach was massive, thick, and bulbous beyond the confines that a human body could support. But I clearly wasn't human anymore. I reached down with my hands to feel the warm flesh, feeling hard-packed muscle under the layers of fat. And I was so damn hairy! In doing so, I became painfully aware of how stiff my fingers were. It was as though the joints were withering away to become vestigial. My middle fingers were much thicker than the rest, with black nails. Was I getting hooves?

Out of fear, I looked in the mirror to see what had become of my face. Though I had prepared myself for what I would see, the visage in the mirror made me gasp. My jaw was thicker, visibly protruding twice the length from my face as it had last night. It wasn't a muzzle, but it was far from the ape that my form had once been based on. Quickly baring my rubbery lips revealed teeth that were a little yellowed and blocky, stained from the grassy meal I'd eaten the night before. I hadn't even bothered to brush them!

My nose was massive now, brown, almost black. It sat upon the end of my prognathous jaw, thick and flared even as it drank in the scents of lust and musk still perforating the room. My eyes were still human, thankfully. The fur had spread over much of my face even beyond the thickness of my beard. My formerly brown hair was dark black, thin, and stretching down my back. It looked a little like a mohawk like a donkey might have. And top off the look, my ears were the length of my flattened forehead, closely resembling the equine animal I was evidently slowly becoming.

I needed to find Henry. He seemed more changed than I was yesterday, even acting much more asinine. Would he be changed more as well? How far was he from becoming a total animal? I shook my head from the fear of such a possibility.

My thoughts drifted back to what we had heard about our friend. He had been seen doing similar things before he too disappeared. Had he started changing into an animal as well? How was this possible? And who had done it? I wondered if it had something to do with the woman our buddy had been flirting with. I had no clue how, but Mary had called us asses. And our buddy had been called bull-headed. She was the only lead I could think of to explain the bizarre turn of events.

I needed to get Henry to help me, changed or no. I walked out into the hall, thankful that no one else was awake at this hour on a Sunday. I was able to make it to my buddy's room undetected. A few loud knocks told me he wasn't there. No way his changed ears couldn't hear me. I tried calling him on my cell once more, but vibration from the desk beyond the door alerted me to its presence in the room. Feeling enraged, I banged my hand on the door, realizing that the heavy clacking was indicative of the hoof-like hands that I'd woken up with.

The sounds of laughter suddenly erupted from outside, muffled by the closed window in the hall of our building. I'd found Henry. At least what was left of him. It was easy to see how much of him had changed to a jackass. He was stark naked! He was still on his hands and knees, thankfully, the position a lot less comfortable than for a natural-born donkey. Yet his body was warped beyond human proportions, covered with dark hide and an even darker hairy coat. His ass was on full display, a thick dark skin anus only covered periodically by his two-inch long tassel tail. And his sex was more fit to be attached to the lower side of a farm beast. His blackened heavy balls swung lazily below to his body, and there was a clearly inhuman cock hiding in a fuzzy sheath attached to his protruding belly.

He was surrounded by at least 30 or so students who were pointing and laughing at the scene. What did they think was going on? Surely they wouldn't be this calm if they knew Henry was really more than halfway changed into a jackass. Yet all of them seemed amused by the sight, giggling and pulling out their cameras to take photos and pictures. All but one. Standing in the center was Mary, the only one who was silent. Was I right about her hand in this?

I had to get out there and help him. Yet as I ran, I realized my back was stiff and a little sore. It was a bit of a struggle to get through the pain, but I forced myself outside into the quad. If I could get to Mary, could I expose what she had done?

The warm air felt good on my skin, and I blushed in the realization that I hadn't bothered to don a shirt. At least I had pants, unlike my buddy! I stumbled out into the yard, feeling a little awkward on my legs. They were changing even as I stumbled forward, my hips swelling with fat as my ankles thinned. How much time did I have left?

"Maaaarrrrryyyhhhaawww!" I brayed, trying to catch her attention in the crowd. As I did so, I became painfully aware of how deep and warped my voice was. I wasn't certain that my words were enunciated enough to be understood. No one seemed to pay regard to my presence with the sight of the donkey-man eating in front of them.

To my dismay, Mary seemed to have disappeared into the crowd. My only recourse was to gather Henry as I tried to shove him, to get his attention. Yet same as last night, he seemed fixated on his meal. At my presence, Henry only grunted a little, sod falling out as he went back to grazing.

”Heeenreeeeraaaaawww!” I yelled, pushing at him out of desperation now for myself rather than for my friend. I knew that the moment I breathed in the scent of the succulent sod that I too would be grazing. In fact, I could almost smell it now...

The minute the sweet grass hit my lips, my mind blanked out. It was as though I had been starving and was given a feast. Once more, my rubbery lips grasped the luscious sod and pulled in edible amounts. I lowered myself, bringing my muzzle as close to my meal as possible. My body brushed up against the sweaty hide of my lover, making me feel content to know he was there. The sounds of jeers and laughter and shock left my mind as I devolved into bestial feeding.

A smell hit my nose as I continued grazing, a disgusting fragrance of waste and decay that stank of a barn and animals. Out of the corner of my eyes, I could see that Henry’s tail was raised, and he was unabashedly relieving himself in front of all the onlookers. Yet soon, the scent left my mind as the needs in my stomach dictated a focus elsewhere. And besides, it added to the musky scent of my virile healthy mate. Why would I be bothered by his leavings?

I was barely aware of the crowd around us as we ate our meal. The sounds were now ones of disgust and the sounds of cell phones going off. One of the sentences I could perceive was alarming, however. Something about calling the campus police, alerting security to what we were doing. In my content grazing mind, the realization hit me like a ton of bricks. If we were slowed down any further, then we might not find Mary before we fully changed. I didn’t want to be a fucking animal!

After what seemed like an eternity, we managed to stand on two legs. Henry bucked and kicked as I encouraged him to stand with me. Honestly, it took a force of willpower not to get back down on all fours and join him. It was getting more and more difficult not to act like a jackass. Somehow we got out of there before any security did show up. Most of the onlookers had dispersed by that point, and I was hopeful that no one had paid attention to where we had gone. Yet, in reality, it was only a matter of time before we were found and questioned.

We stumbled back to my room since it was a little closer. No one was present in the hallways, which was a relief. Yet I was soon to encounter a new problem. Trying to grasp the door to my room, I found that my fingers were far too stiff to get around the handle. I banged helplessly for a few moments, noting that even my thumbs seemed barely functional. They were almost gone! They had retreated up to my wrists and were impossible to move no matter how much I tried.

There wasn't much left to the other digits, either, making me realize that I wouldn't even have those for much longer. The only ones left were my middle ones, thick, long, and black with dirty nails.

I looked down at Henry, wondering why the hell he wasn't opening the door. He had a distant expression on his face, as though he was in another world. The scents wafting off his body told me just that. It was obvious he didn't belong here, and his mind was drifting to literal green pastures. He smelled as bad as any farm beast I had ever been around. It was not a smell that belonged in this world of human things.

"Open thhhhaaaawww damn door!" I yelled, ashamed of the bray in my voice as soon as it left my mouth. I couldn't believe how fast we were changing!

After a few moments, Henry started to get the picture and opened the door. At least his hands were still in working order. We had to get any info on Mary's address, hoping that she might have a cure or take pity on us. It was a long shot, I knew. If she had done this to us, then there was very little chance she'd reverse it even if we did beg. But what other option did we have?

I tried my best to be patient with Henry as he performed the necessary research. His hands were stiff as well, but at least they seemed capable of working a computer. He was able to run a quick google search of Mary's Facebook page, even with some trouble with not knowing her last name. Yet we lucked out in that regard. She obviously didn't have her address as public knowledge, but her family did own a farm a few miles from the college, and that address was on the page. We had no way to know if she still lived there, but it was the best we could do. It seemed like a bad idea, but what choice did we have? We were becoming animals anyway.

The problem was how distracted Henry seemed to be. We needed to hurry but he was clearly taking his time. "HeeeennnnRREEEE! Hurry HHHAAAAPP!" I brayed, not caring how much of a jackass I sounded like. He looked up at me with dull brown eyes that regarded my changes with longing. Each time I forced him back on track, making sure to get the address and directions via Google maps.

The smell of barn was starting to grate on me, yet no longer from how overpowering it was. The damn musk was making my head spin. It was getting harder and harder to focus myself. Much to my disgust, I became painfully aware that my leaking cock was adding to the already present stench in the air. It seemed far larger than such a thing should have been, threatening the already strained confines of my sweatpants. Absentmindedly, I reached down and rubbed at the bugle, grinning as it leaked all over my hooves. Yet the stimulation was far too limited for my tastes.

My gaze lowered to see my buddy's proto-muzzle staring up at me, drooling falling out of his stained lips. "Why are you so hAAAAWWWT dude?" He moaned, standing up from the chair and breathing over my throbbing dick. As he did so, the stink of his sweaty donkey body wafted over me in waves, nearly choking me.

Before I realized what was happening, his hands were on my pants, and pushing them down, trying to expose my taut cock. There was a little spark of pain as I tried to push him off, but my hands were nearly hooves at this point. And the brief brush of his lips on my cock tip was enough to remove whatever sliver of resistance I had.

I moaned as his rubbery lips encompassed my still-human tip, taking my girth into his waiting maw. The warm mouth was far better than any oral I could ever imagine. Within moments my entire length was at the back of his throat as he started sucking with gusto. It felt like every inch of me was taken all the way down into his waiting gullet!

"StAAAAAWWWWWp!" I brayed as the warmth intensified, signally the beginning of a change to my most private of places. The tip began to flare and flatten, leaking even more fluid down his throat. I could feel something catching on his lips, as though my cock carried a ring of flesh. My balls were heavy, swelling with thick hide and plump testicles within. I needed to cum from the massive hose-like dick I was now sporting!

Yet none of the changes to my girth broke Henry's stride. He continued to take my entire lengthening cock impossibly deep without gagging. I reached down with my hooves, trying to hold him in place. The tactile sensations were nearly absent, but I was aware the contours of his face had changed significantly. His jaw was stretching forth, gaining muscle and strength as his thicker tongue played over my girth. I should have been afraid, but the sensations on my cock were just too sublime!

"I'm gonna cAAAAWWWWm!" I yelled, not caring that I was braying. It was simply too good, feeling the familiar bunching in my equine testicles that signaled my oncoming release. I brayed as my dick shot a thick wad of jism into my friend's gullet. No sooner than I'd done so than the tugging in my pants became uncomfortably insistent, and my tail fully birthed itself through my sweat pants. I panted for a few moments, the sensations of my tail now a distant feeling as I came down from my orgasm.

I could feel my buddy vibrating with need, his own end evidently approaching. I hadn't realized it, but he had been stroking his own massive donkey dick, his flattened tip leaking all over his thickening hand. He pulled his muzzle off my dick, my seed dripping from his lips as he panted in preparation for his own release. The stink of donkey cum hit my nose and made my own

member burble out another glob of cum that fell from my receding dick onto my buddy's blackened nose.

As I panted from the powerful orgasm, the realization of what we had done hit me like a transport trunk. Not only had we engaged in homosexual acts, but we had changed even more! My new tail wagged back and forth, playing over an anus that was thicker and puckered in a way that made me fearful for our future. We were nearly entirely beasts now! And it was getting more and more difficult to resist the bestial urges from our changing bodies.

"We HHHAAAWWWWW to get help!" I said, no longer caring about the sound of my voice. It wouldn't do us any good worrying about how far we'd fallen if we continued to fall.

"You sure?" Henry said, staring down at my still semi-erect cock. Yet before I had gotten hard again, I was pulling my pants over it, ignoring the uncomfortable strain of my donkey genitals. Henry got to his feet, the rancid stench of his ass wafting from the chair where he'd been sitting.

We couldn't be seen like this, lest we get stopped and forced to turn into beasts before we made it to our goal. Thankfully I had a sweater and leggings able to cover my buddy's bestial hide. My pants were tight, but they would suffice, though nothing in my wardrobe could fit over my chest. Thankfully, from a distance, my hairy chest and belly could be mistaken for a shirt. It wasn't perfect, but it was the best we could in the situation.

The farm was some distance away, and we likely wouldn't be human enough to make the trip if we walked. And I couldn't drive my car without hands. I had to let Henry do it, despite how much of a jackass he was in mind. But there wasn't any other way. I showed him where the keys were, and we made our way to my car. I knew he wasn't the best driver, even though he had his license, and his mind clearly wasn't in a state for it now. But what other choice did we have?

Henry hit several stop signs as he pulled out of the campus and onto the road. I was thankful it was a Sunday morning; otherwise, traffic would have been terrible, and the police would be bearing down on us within moments. But with the roads bear, it was lucky we weren't seen.

"YeeeHHAAAAAWWWWW!" Henry brayed, clearly unbothered by the implication of what he was doing.

"HeeenREEEEE! WAAAWWWWWtch where you're goEEEEHHAAAAAWWWWW!" I brayed in panic as the crunch of metal echoed in my massive ears. I wasn't worried about the car, not with the state we were in. I just wanted to make it to the farm in one piece! With his

hunched-over posture and still-growing frame, I wasn't sure Henry could make it all the way still human enough to let us out of the car, let alone continue to drive.

It was hard to panic, however, with the knowledge that my mate was in here with me. The fragrant musk in the car made it hard to think of anything else than my buddy's asinine body. He was hunched over, his chest barreling out a little even as we drove. Massive ears swung lazily as his ropey tail slapped on the seat. His legs were stretching, his ankles lifting and pushing harder against the pedals, making it difficult for him to drive. I knew I should be worried about our changes and future. But he was so damn hot!

I rolled down the window, trying to distract myself from the male scents in the car. Yet my efforts had the opposite effect. The odors wafting into the window made my nose flare, trying to drink in as much as I could. The world was alive with scents of animals, foliage, exhaust, and humans. I had no idea what the human me had been missing with my shitty sense of smell!

In a panic, I suddenly realized that I was moving far faster than any donkey should. I was trapped in a tiny box as the fields around me moved by in a blur. I brayed and kicked, trying to get out of the confined space that no donkey should be in. As I fumbled for freedom, my hooves hit the window control, and it rolled up, removing the fresh scents of the world around me. I breathed slowly for a moment, trying to eliminate the panic of what I had experienced. But the heady scent of my mate was enough to relax me once more.

My mind started to wander as my cock tapered lazily in my pants. I wasn't hard, not yet. The musk was thick in the car, but I was simply relaxed. Suddenly I felt something warm and wet soaking my pants. My mind blanked out as my clothes were filled with an acrid-smelling fluid. The dampness was uncomfortable, but I couldn't get it to stop. What was I doing?

Control only returned after I had released what felt like a gallon of urine all over my pants and the car. The smell was awful, and the human part of my mind wanted to retch. Yet the animal was not panicked in the slightest. I needed to piss, so I had. Why was my mind confused?

I was distracted as the car suddenly swerved sharply. I glanced over and saw that although Henry was able to focus on the road, his grip on the steering wheel seemed to be waning. His fingers were barely able to clutch the wheel now as three of the digits, and his thumb was steadily pulling back into his thinning wrists. Henry tried to wrap his middle fingers around the wheel but was unable to control the car with so little effort.

“HEEENNNRRREEEEEEHHAAAAAAWWWWW! HHEEEEEHHHAAAAAAWWWW!” I brayed as our car swerved off to the side of the road. Thankfully, Henry's foot slid off the gas so that

even with our acceleration, the car only rolled into a field and was stopped slowly going up a slight incline.

“WHHHAAAWWWWT?” He brayed, as though confused by what had happened. There was no point in arguing with him at this point. Both of our minds were too far gone to make heads or tails out of such things. Our only hope was to get to the farm while we still remembered we were human. How far were we?

Thankfully, Henry's hoof hands were sufficient to press the button to open the car doors. We hadn't bothered with seat belts. I couldn't have fastened mine if I tried. We both struggled awkwardly out of the vehicle with our changing hips. There weren't any other cars on the highway, which was for the best. What would a passerby make of two men over halfway changed into jackasses?

It was a hot day, and the stink of our sweaty bodies was powerfully strong in the early afternoon air. But still, we trudged on, our overheated bodies surprisingly strong. I did my best to keep my limited cognizance focused on the goal and not on the seductive scents wafting from my own hide or my buddy. Thankfully it wasn't as hard as I'd thought. There was a myriad of stimulation out there to distract my changed senses. The sounds of distant cars, insects, birds, and small mammals drifting into my larger ears took a large portion of my mind. A whiff of farm and animals drifted into my nose, making my thoughts drift towards the pleasures of bestial life.

As I clopped on in a trance, I was slowly aware Henry had fallen behind me. Oh shit. I looked back to see he was stopped by the side of the road, reaching down with his longer muzzle and thicker neck to graze the sweet flowers by the side of the road. His sweater was long gone now, torn off to alleviate the heat that was bothering us both. He seemed blissfully unaware of our goal, chewing down his meal as his lengthening tail swayed back and forth above his ass.

I found myself too entranced by the sweet smells of grasses and flowers that dotted the side of the road. Despite all that I had been eating, my stomach still rumbled, demanding to be filled. Would a snack hurt? We had been walking so long...

Before I could stop myself, I was on all fours, pulling up dandelions with a decidedly equine muzzle. I could almost hear the audible crunching with my long ears as my face stretched further and further, as though desiring to lengthen to devour as much of my meal as I could. My growing muzzle was shoving my eyes to the side. and before I realized what was happening, my vision began to blur, making it difficult to focus on my surroundings. Now I could see the entire expanse of field and road around me, but the detail was dismal. But with the new ability of my

asinine nose, it seemed insignificant. I could clearly smell both my mate and my food. What else did I need?

A sickening crunch radiated through my body as my lengthening spine snapped from its realignment. My fattening hips sank into the flanks of my broad belly. My ankles started stretching outwards, pushing my hind legs further upwards as my middle toes thickened into hoof-like digits akin to my fingers. The powerful crunch of bone and tissue reverberated through my chest as my shoulders rotated forward and sank into my steadily expanding flanks. The force of my growing bulk was sufficient to tear what remained of my tight pants off my frame. I felt a sense of relief as the tattered rags fell around my equine ankles and onto the ground. In no time at all, I felt extremely comfortable in my new quadrupedal stance.

The same agonizing crunches emanated from my mate as his four-legged stance became much more comfortable and permanent. A frightening thought broke me from my peaceful grazing. I tried in vain to rear up on my hind legs, realizing that my repositioned skeleton and top-heavy body were no longer equipped for the task. I was down on four legs, maybe for the rest of my life!

Yet I was distracted by an insistent gurgling in my gut. A fleeting human thought reminded me of the embarrassing thing that my buddy had done earlier. I wanted to get somewhere privately, but before I could move, my tail lifted reflexively. I leaned forward as the rumbling in my guts intensified, and I relieved the pressure in my bowels all over the ground where I stood. The stench of manure hit my nose, but instead of disgust, it brought with it a myriad of informative scents about how healthy I was. The embarrassment of the act soon left my mind, and I started focusing on more important things.

Out of the corner of my wide field of view, I could see that Henry had stopped eating. His cock was hanging out of his sheath. His tail was wagging over his black donut and hefty balls almost urgently. He nickered softly as his face pushed out further, making human speech impossible. I could hear the crunching of bone as both his fore and hind hooves took shape, his massive jackass body bulking up to its proper form.

The scent wafting from his ass was more than I could bear. I lifted my head and trotted over to him, barely aware that my own face was pressing out further to drink in all that he offered. His backside was surprisingly clean, and I licked and his balls and anus, eliciting a soft whicker of his need. The musky scents carried with them an abundance of information beyond what my human intellect could fathom. But I was hardly human anymore. The powerful smells contained his virility and need, and I had little recourse but to quell sexual desires along with my own as a mate should!

Unable to hold back the lust in my body, I raised myself on my hind legs and gripped his flanks with my front hooves as I tried desperately to hit my mark. It was a rather difficult task, despite how open and needy he was for my entry. I thrust until my flared tip finally caught on something rough and crevassed, and a few more thrusts were all I needed to penetrate my mate. With a bray of triumph, I started my breeding in earnest, hardly caring about the resistance that my lover's body seemed to have from the unaccustomed intrusion. It didn't seem to matter as soon Henry grew accustomed to my girth in his bowels and brayed excitedly as his own hips bucked into mine.

As I hilted my cock in his rump, I could feel my spine expanding, allowing my vantage inside my mate to become comfortable. I allowed myself to become aware of all the prickling changes to my form even as the pleasure from our fucking grew and grew. I was growing massive, a powerful horny jackass taking advantage of my mate below me. Though I was fucking him, my clenching asshole told me that I would be just as content taking his own changing donkey dick into my bowels, feeling him spilling his seed in me as my prostate send my own cock into orgasm.

I wasn't going to last much longer, and I didn't want to. Any shreds of resistance I still carried were washed away at the promise of asinine pleasure that my new body could bring. I could feel my massive black balls slapping against my mate's as every thrust brought me closer and closer to that most blessed release. It wouldn't be much longer. I didn't even mourn my lost humanity if it meant even a sliver of the pleasure that my donkey cock could bring me.

“HHHEEEEEHHHAAAAAWWWWWW!” Henry brayed as the pleasure to his prostate sent him into orgasm, and he shot his load all over the grass. The feeling of his asshole spasming uncontrollably over my cock was too much, and a single thrust against the exquisite pressure was all it took for my own orgasm to set in. I started humping widely, desperate for every semblance of pleasure to wash over my form as I allowed my psyche to fall fully into donkey-dom.

“HHEEEHHHAAAAAWWWWWW!” I brayed like the jackass I was as my equine cock shot a thick load deep into my mate's guts. More sperm than I thought I could possibly produce filled my lover as the orgasmic waves ran over my powerful frame. My vision whited out from the sheer pleasure, and I nearly passed out, draped over my mate's back.

As I felt my massive cock sliding out of my lover's ass, the sounds of a car pulling up brought attention to my ears. It was heavy, like a trailer. Like something for horses or donkeys. That was nice...

My human thoughts were drifting away under the afterglow of amazing breeding. I could smell humans coming toward us, but they were far from threatening. I simply ignored them, lowering my head to graze idly while my flanks touched my mate's, loving the warmth of his body and the sweet musk his sweaty body was giving off.

I could make out the words they were saying, though they had so little meaning to me now. "It's a shame, really. For Jenny, anyway. These two won't be breeding anyone but each other. She could use a pair of studs like these to quell the heat she's been in. She always was a needy little slut as a human. But, I think I like the idea of her never getting laid no matter how needy her body is. Artificial insemination makes sure she produces just as well." Said a somewhat familiar voice with a harsh laugh.

"Ya make these two faggots sis?" Replied a thicker, male voice.

"Sure did! Really got off on making arrogant men into faggot animals. They are gonna be faggots for the rest of their lives. They won't breed jennies, but then don't need to, so long as we can harvest their seed. It's a good arrangement I'd say. Putting men in their place as gay beasts and sluts into beasts that can never get laid! It's a good thing the farm has so much space!"

The words quickly lost their meaning to me and I stopped paying attention to them altogether. The scents of my jism falling out of my mate's asshole were much more interesting. I reached up with my muzzle to lap it up, cleaning him off. I was barely aware of the collars being placed around my neck as we were guided towards the trailers to our new lives. But with my mate at my side, it didn't matter where we ended up. Plenty of grass and hay, a warm place to sleep, and my mate's eager ass and cock were all I needed for my new asinine existence.