

“Damn, it’s slim pickings tonight, eh?” Trevor commented, taking a swig of his beer as he gave the room another sweep with seeking eyes. Though save the usual few hotties that came by every now and then, there was nothing that interested his increasingly horny eyesight. And those few women had already been sexual conquests for either man at one time or another, not easy pickings now after they’d struck out. Stuck-up bitches were how the pair regarded them for the mere fact that the men were turned down from trying further advances.

Trevor and Al were both in their early thirties, having been friends nearly since they had graduated kindergarten. Both men were well built, years of farm work and handyman jobs from their teens giving them impressive physiques. Trevor was the smaller of the two, dirty blond shoulder-length hair giving him a cute boyish look that had once attracted all the ladies in town. Al was more rugged, with short-cropped brown hair and a scruffy beard that would have an onlooker guess that the two of them were ten years apart, not men of the same age.

The two of them carried with them a high degree of infamy in their relatively little town. Having graduated high school, but without the funds or grades to move to a college town, the two of them made a name for themselves as the town's defacto handymen. Though their wages were barely enough to scrape by the payments on their trailer and their bar tabs, neither man had much more in the way of aspirations. So, they were content for now to waste their lives away, enjoying more primal pursuits of getting drunk and laid.

However, the former of those pursuits were proving to be lackluster as of late. In their small community, most of the ‘crop’ as they called it, moved away to go to college as soon as they turned 18. Any of the few women who stayed in the community were quick to marry, settling down with husbands who had inherited family-owned jobs that would leave them set for life. Even among those women who were eligible, it took only a little time dating one or both of the friends to realize that both men lacked the appeal for anything long-term. Even the occasional one-night stand soon dried up, and even the level of tolerance for a good lay was lost to the men’s insufferable personalities.

That night, the duo was at the town’s one and only bar, celebrating their steady work on one of the local farms, a gig that would take them long into the summer. With the promise of a reliable paycheck, they allowed themselves the joy of an extended bar night, pulling out ‘the good stuff’ as they called it, though it was little more than simply cheap whiskey in lieu of beer. Al, the more level-headed of the pair, usually pulled Trevor out of the establishment before the pair got into too much trouble. Be it trouble financially or with the ladies, though, again, the latter was a scarcity in the past few months.

“Dumbass, it’s been slim pickings cause you put your prick in everything that moves!” Al commented, taking a shot and waiting for the welcome burn to wash over him.

“Well, you know that some of them girls come back for the summer from college! They’re at least 19 by now!” Trevor argued, taking a moment to look around the establishment again in case his wandering eyes had missed someone.

“Those girls are barely out of wedlock! Do you want to add that sorta thing to your resume?” Al chided, scoffing at his friend’s desperation. He himself wanted someone a little more mature these days, for himself. But he didn’t want to be a buddy to someone fixated on college girls, especially as the pair of them got older.

“Dude, who else are we going to score with? You don’t want to settle down with a wife, kids, and a white picket fence, do you? That would ruin your bachelor’s ways, and we both know how you like your freedom. You’d barely late five minutes settled down!” Trevor retorted, taking a swig of the beer that he’d bought to wash down the whiskey.

“You shut it!” Al replied, though, deep down, knew that his track record was anything but indicative of just what Trevor was saying. He wasn’t ready to settle down any more than his headstrong friend was, and the two of them knew it.

“Hey, check *that* out!” Trevor suddenly exclaimed, though not too loud lest they drew the attention of their evident target. Al turned his head, looking over at the bar at a woman whom neither had seen in town before. She seemed as much in place there as a fish out of water, elegant evening gown, well-done hair, and cool, pale skin that had not seen the years of hard work that comprised most of the women that grew up in farm county. Yet, here she was, sitting there and drinking from a tall glass of wine, likely one that her sensibilities could hardly stomach.

“What are you looking at!? She might as well be as far away as the moon for your ass!” Al said, downing his own beer.

“Yeah, well she might be from the moon but now she’s *right there!*” Trevor replied, turning around and straightening his shirt. Not that it would do much to increase his appeal, beer-stained and sweaty as he was. But, at the moment, it was all that he could think of doing to even bring up a modicum of appeal.

“Aw, shit!” He moaned, his now discovering the beer stain on the fabric. The two were hardly dirty, Trevor thankful that he’d had the foresight to have a shower before they came out tonight. A luxury their modest trailer’s facilities didn’t always allow, it was something he made sure to partake in on these evenings at the bar just in case of a target like tonight. Though it was hardly an expected gift to have such a specimen drop into their laps, it was happening. And, best of all, the longer he stared, the less likely it was that she had the company of a gentleman, or

lady, for that matter, this evening. Over the course of five and ten minutes, no man came to join her company. It was now or never, as it were!

“You fool! You’re gonna get laughed out of the bar if you go over there looking like that!” Al said, though was looking down at his own shirt reflexively.

“What, are *you* going to go ask her out? She’s more your type, ain’t she?” Trevor dared, taunting his friend to make a move of his own. For all their faults, the two of them never fought over women, most in town going between one of them or the other at one point or another, anyway. Their friendship and civility almost came down to a fault, though neither seemed bothered by it.

“You know there’s only one way to decide this, right?” Trevor started, raising his fist in the air. Al, nodded, raising his own.

“Alright, one, two, three, shoot!” They both said, fists almost touching in the air, Al’s flat hand resting triumphantly over Trevor’s clenched one.

“Ah, shit, you cheated! You know I always go rock when I’m drinking!” Trevor whined, defeated.

“Yeah, and it’s your own damn fault that you never change it!” Al chided, getting up and straightening his plaid shirt. He, too, was dressed for a night at a dive bar in a small town, though hardly enough for anything fancier. He carried more of a cowboy look than anything. But, his toned, muscular body was as much a perfect specimen of what men in town had to offer, and if anyone had a chance to woo a passer-through, then it was him.

With the confidence of a seasoned ladies’ man, Al walked over before standing at the chair beside where she was sitting. “Sorry about the wine, ma’am. I’m sure it’s the best they got but I doubt it’s as good as what you’re used to,” Al started, opening line rehearsed a couple of times before he got to her. Buzzed though he was, all it provided him was confidence in the face of rare beauty such as this.

“It’s fine, actually. Are you looking to join and try some?” She offered a slight smile on her features.

“S-sure. It’s not my drink, but-”

“Whatever you’re having is fine. I’m Vanessa, by the way,” she offered, holding out her hand to the rather stunned man. Whatever it was about his demeanor, or perhaps merely his looks, it seemed as though she was interested. He had his in!

“I’ll have another whiskey!” Al called out to the bartender, who gave him a disapproving look. Still, he obliged, though not without giving the woman a word of advice. “Now, be careful around those boys, miss,” He offered, eyes shifting from Al to Trevor, who was facing the bar from their table across the room, though trying not to make it look too much like he was watching.

“Oh, I’ve been around my share of men of all kinds. Your concern is appreciated, but unnecessary,” Vanessa said, that smooth tone that sent shivers through Al’s body. Now, *this* was a woman, the kind that he’d never expected to meet here in a million years, let alone come to talk to him! And yet, here he was, in her presence and getting ready to chat her up and see where the night would go!

Taking another shot of courage, Al tried not to stare down at a woman who was more than he could imagine. She was curvy in all the right places, with legs that went on for miles and perfectly hourglass-shaped hips. But it was her breasts that really did it for him. They were voluptuous, perky yet with enough bounce that they jiggled just slightly with every laugh. He could imagine resting his head on them, excited for the chance to even gaze upon them, even in the very likely event that the evening would only lead to a few minutes of chatting and nothing more.

“My, rather forward to be taking me in with your eyes without even telling me your name,” Vanessa scolded lightly, as though she was talking down to a child, rather than a man that held sexual interest.

Al was hardly able to recover from that unexpected scolding, sitting up straight and looking her in the eye, making a concerted effort to keep his eyes there. “Er, Um, Al, ma'am,” Al said, sticking out a hand for her to shake.

Vanessa regarded it for a moment, before overtly flicking her wrist at him in a gesture of dismissal. “It’s fine, really. I only tease. I’m sure I’m not quite up to your usual fair, am I not?” She asked the question taking a few moments for Al to process.

“No ma'am,-I mean, yes ma'am-I mean, sorry, Vanessa,” he stammered, suddenly not feeling sure of himself. It was clear she was out of his league, and this interaction all but confirmed it. Hell, when was the last time that he’d stumbled so badly in front of a woman? She had shut him down without barely uttering a word!

Figuring it was time to escape with whatever little dignity he still possessed, Al stood up, nodding his head in a gesture of 'goodnight'. Yet, before he could leave, cool fingers brushed against his hand, and the woman tugged on his wrist with far more strength than the man would have thought someone of her stature would support. It was enough to get his attention, and Al sat down again, a confused expression on his face.

"I do apologize, I did not mean to admonish you. I am quite fine to keep your company for a time if you'll have me. I'm new to town, you see, and getting to know someone these first few weeks would be lovely."

"I-sure, Ma'a-"

"And, enough of the ma'am bid, please. I'm sure that you find it quaint but it is rather unnecessary. I am hardly above your station, as I hope you'll get to know soon. Perhaps I am different from most of the women you strike up conversations with, but, I am a woman all the same," She said, taking a long sip of her wine.

"Hey, there, Al, we've got an early morning coming up and miss," Trevor came up, nodding his hat at the woman as though he had just noticed her talking with his friend. It was an obvious, yet tried and true tactic that the pair used on more than one occasion.

"Are you sure? Please, join us," Vanessa said, gesturing to an empty chair on the other side of her.

Trevor looked at Al for a moment, confused. He had come to bale his friend out of what looked to every onlooker as an awkward situation. Yet, he was not expecting to be invited to sit down, when the expression on his best friend's face was that he'd struck out, and hard. But, the woman seemed to be having none of it, and Trevor sat down, a little stunned until the bartender brought him another shot and he took it gratefully.

"Thank you, ma'am," Trevor said, through the burn of the booze. He wasn't sure what to make of the situation, but he could hardly leave now that he was here. Could he? Surely, Al wanted to have his shot, but the woman was insistent, and there was nothing he could think of in his limited social graces to exit the situation.

"And, please, as I already told your friend, no more of the ma'am stuff, will you? I'm hardly older than the two of you, as I'm sure you can see," Vanessa said, making both men flush with embarrassment. Of course, she was. That was clearly evident. Yet, there was something about the way she was talking that had both entranced like they simply couldn't leave without

hearing more. She had them in her power, as it were, and either man would be remiss to mind, given their drunken, horny states.

“It’s, er, just the way we talk around her, Vanessa,” Al tried, straightening up.

“Very quaint,” Vanessa said, draining her glass and denying another as the bartender came over. “No thanks. I don’t think the trio of us will need it, where we’re going,” She said, flashing both men a knowing smile.

Both men stared at each other in an expression of abject surprise. What did she possibly mean by that? Surely, she wasn’t implying that she wanted the both of them to...?

“You seem confused? Surely, you both found me attractive and were the only two in this establishment to come over to take your chance. I admire confidence in men and find your appearance more than appealing. So, shall we? I’ve only just moved in but I’m sure that my lodgings will to satisfactory for the two of you,” she finished, getting up.

“I must refresh myself, gentlemen. I’ll give you a moment to mull over my offer,” She said, looking in the direction of the facilities.

For a moment, neither said anything, unsure of what was in the words and what they meant for the rest of their evening. Eventually, Al, the more practical of the pair, thought it fit to finally ask. “Excuse me, Ma’a-Vanessa. But, while we appreciate your generous offer, which one of us do you, um, plan on showing your abode to?” Al questioned, anticipating and dreading the answer in equal measure.

“Why, isn’t it obvious? Both of you at once,” Vanessa stated like it was the most obvious fact in the world.

“Sorry, ma’a-Vanessa, but that’s not something that we do,” Trevor replied, though not with a note of offense in his voice. It was hardly the first time they’d been asked into a three or foursome, but they had always politely declined. Not that there was anything wrong with that, the pair always told themselves, at least in polite company. But they weren’t gay, and both men wanted to swear to that heterosexuality, especially in the eyes of the town. People talked, after all, and they didn’t want to ruin their already precarious reputations.

“That is rather a surprise. I would have assumed such close friends were a packaged deal. Though that is my only offer, I can assure you. You have a few minutes to consider it, at any rate. I will be leaving as soon as I return, with or without the both of you,” Vanessa said, before

walking off in a whiff of the most floral perfume, the perfect amount to be enjoyed without overwhelming their senses.

Both men stared at each other for what felt like years, unable to say anything at that. It was obvious that they couldn't go through with the offer. Yet, there was something about the way that the women suggested it, that didn't immediately turn them off to the idea. It was most likely the woman's exotic appearance, rather than the notion itself. She was such a rare beauty, and everything that she was, down to the way she spoke, had them both entranced. Without a word between them, the two men knew that, deep down, they would follow whatever she asked of them just to be able to be in her presence a little longer.

Still, there was some precedence to talk things out, while Vanessa had taken her momentary leave. "Don't you think this is crazy? She can't be serious, can she? *Both* of us?" Trevor questioned, trying to keep his voice down so that no one else in the bar could hear.

"I *know*! But she's willing to take us both home. There's no way that we can say no to that! I mean, *look* at her. When are either of us going to get a woman like that again in our entire lives?"

"Yeah, but, *dude*! It's bad enough that I have to sit in the car with you after you eat Taco Bell! I don't wanna see your junk!" Trevor said, lowering his voice to a whisper. "You know she ain't gonna put out if she don't see both of us. And what do you think she wants us to do? You know! To *each other*!"

"I don't know, but whatever it is, it won't count if we're drunk and not into it, right?" Al posed, Trevor mulling that over for a moment.

"Look, you worry too much about the semantics. Here, there's only one way to get you to shut up and get on board," Al said and raised his fist once more, the gesture met with one from Trevor. It seemed that even in his hesitance, their usual way of dealing with any conflict between them.

"Alright, three, two, one, shoot!" The two men said in unison as Al's flattened hand was placed over Trevor's closed fist.

"Aw, damn, I don't wanna see another man's dick just cause I can't even win when I'm drinking!" Trevor whined, maybe a little too loudly for the rest of the gathered bar to hear.

"Here, keep your voice down! And just take another shot if you're so squeamish!" Al said, calling over the bartender who brought them two more shots without asking. Both men

knew that he was keeping clear tabs on their bill, as he always did. At least he took off their labors whenever they had to come in once a week and move kegs, fix piping, and other chores that they did for a fraction of the price of an official contractor.

Taking their shots, the two of them coughed from the sheer amount of booze that they consumed already. Yet, in their current state, neither noticed that Vanessa had returned, looking at them with a sly expression. “Another shot for courage, I see boys? Well, I won’t chastise you for it, simply to say that it won’t be needed. You’ll be fine, I assure you. I don’t bite. Unless that’s what you’re into,” she finished with a note of fun in her expression.

“So, I take this to mean that the two of you are ready for my company this evening? I’m happy to share it with you both if you’ll come with me. My abode is modest, but I’m sure that it will suit our purposes just fine.” she said, reaching into her purse and passing the man at the bar a bill, far too large for the price of the wine and a generous tip besides.

“Yes ma’am. I mean, Vanessa. Sorry,” Al said, correcting himself. A little bit of heartburn coursed through him at that, and he suppressed a burp, not wanting to embarrass himself in front of the woman, not before they took her to bed with them! It was strange to think of the notion that it would be the two of them that had her tonight, but now that the offer to be with her as well was present in the air, how could they turn it down, preconceived notions aside?

“We’ll take my car, boys. I think that you are both a little bit inebriated to handle your own car. I assure you, you are welcome to stay the night. And, I’m sure you’ll enjoy the experience enough that you won’t want to leave,” she said, a mischievous tone in her voice that simply had both men enamored by her all over again.

“I thank you for your hospitality, Vanessa. It’s not every day we, well, it’s mighty neighborly of you, is all,” Trevor said, getting up and trying not to stumble. It was obvious that even the seasoned drinker had a little too much that evening. He just hoped that he wouldn’t develop a case of whisky dick in the middle of their fun!

“I trust you, of course. Your reputations proceed you, I’ll admit, even with the minor gossip that I’ve already heard in your modest town. Though not in a negative way as you might assume. I’m sorry, but I simply can’t fully buy into the nuances of town gossip, not when you two have presented yourselves so politely in our conversations thus far,” Vanessa continued as the trio got up and exited the establishment.

That should have been a warning sign for the two of them just then. Though they were hardly aware of it with their current eagerness, they had barely talked to the woman, who had simply guided them towards the inevitable outcome of the night by offering it outright. She had

all but assumed their intentions outright and had simply gone along with it. The entire situation stank of danger and threat, but being it their eagerness to get laid or their lust for such an exotic beauty, the pair were willing to ignore all the warning signs and go along with it, getting into the back of the car and allowing Vanessa to drive them towards their destination.

Both men hardly shared any glances on the drive toward wherever it was that she lived. The notion of the two of them doing anything in the same room with a woman, no matter how drunk, was beyond anything that either of them had ever imagined. Sure, they had sex in adjacent rooms before and had bragged about each other's sexual prowess with women many times before. But never did they do anything in the same room, and certainly not with the same woman at once! Wouldn't that make them...gay?

Yet, neither one of them found it fit to ask to be let out of the car, as much as the two were becoming more and more tempted to. It was as though the mere presence of Vanessa in the car, especially the floral scent of her perfume, had them in some sort of spell. It was one that they had walked willingly into, and not one either had the power to question now that they were here and ready to score. Hell, Vanessa could have lured them into literal hell at this point, and the duo would have gladly followed her barefoot!

Both men were more than a little buzzed by this point, making it a little hard to focus on where it was they were going. Though they knew the town inside and out, all of its backroads and built trails, and even though the moon was out enough that they could see the road, neither of them could determine where they were heading or even where they had gone. Though, neither was inclined to ask, mostly due to their embarrassment of the situation. Their visibility certainly wasn't helped by what looked like a fog creeping in, unusual for their part of the country though not enough to dissuade their destination. Not when they were so close to scoring!

Eventually, the car stopped in front of an old-fashioned house, one that did not match the homes that were common in their neck of the woods. Its age certainly was, though the style was something more akin to old-world European, something that did not belong in their town. Still, in their state of inebriation, and given the fog and the overall darkness, it was hard to say if it really was as odd as the ambiance would elude to.

With that in mind, the pair went inside, to an equally rustic setting. The entire space was open concept, save for the back where doors for a washroom and likely bedroom sat. There was an old-fashioned fireplace in the center of the living area, and Vanessa, after taking off her coat, headed to the kitchenette and pulled out a cool bottle of wine from the fridge. "I recall you saying that wine isn't your drink of choice. But, in this case, I will have to insist. This vintage will subvert your expectations, I assure you, boys. And make you both more comfortable for our fun to come, I assure you" Vanessa said with that coyness that made both men sport obvious

erections. Still, eyes were kept on each other as they tried to keep themselves straightened up, not wanting to admit to the other their current state of being.

Vanessa drifted towards them in her elegant gown, handing them both a glass of what looked like a rose of some sort. Though the two of them were hardly experts, they each took long swigs, the sweet taste surprisingly palpable. “There, drink up, boys, I’m sure it will help in the festivities to come. I will return in a moment,” Vanessa said as she glided away. Neither man noticed that she did not have a glass of her own, but with their sweet taste and their buzz returning, neither was able to notice or care.

With their hostess apparently out of earshot, the two men finally had a chance to talk. “Dude, this is *nuts!*” Trevor whispered, feeling the faintest bit of trepidation and finally able to express it.

“Dude, I know. But what are we supposed to do, walk back?” Al countered, draining more of his wine. “Sides, you think she’s hot, too! Finish your drink and get in the mood. It's kinda nice to not be the one in control, “ Al said, leaving back on the couch and spreading his legs. Trevor couldn’t help but see that his bulge was even larger in his pants, sticking down more than a third of the way down his leg. Trevor had never seen his friend before, but *damn* he couldn’t deny that Al was hung!

Looking down at his untouched wine glass, Trevor decided what the hell and took a long swig. He enjoyed very much the taste, not enjoying any vintage he’d had before. Best of all, he was able to drain the glass with ease, not feeling ill mixing with the beer and whiskey that was already sitting in his stomach. “Hey, pretty good!” he exclaimed, feeling his pleasant buzz coming back. However, unlike the wooziness that he was accustomed to, rather it was a warmth that moved from his stomach, spreading out over his form and alleviating the apprehension that had been plaguing him since they had left the bar.

Trying not to look at his buddy’s crotch again, Trevor couldn't help but see the obvious bulge that he was sporting, clearly eager for the fun he was expecting to have. The warmth seemed to conjugate in his crotch as well, and Trevor felt his own blood engorging his cock, rising in his pants as it started to leak. Normally it took him some time to get it up, especially as the years of hard drinking caught up with him. But now, he was as horny as a teenager, seeming to have the stamina to match!

“Damn, that stuff hits hard, am I right?” Al said, as though sitting there in front of his lifelong male friend with an obvious boner was the most normal thing in the world.

Yet, Trevor found it hard to find any issue with the sight the more he reflected on it. It felt relaxing, and natural to be here with his buddy in an intimate situation. Though he had thought his lust was mostly towards their host, there was every chance that his desire was starting to gear toward his long-time buddy, maybe to take out a little fun with the two of them later. At least, the notion wasn't entirely being rejected in his mind like it had been when Vanessa had a chance to pose it.

The two of them were interrupted by the sight of Vanessa standing in the entryway, clad in nothing but a bra and panties. They were clearly fetish gear, lingerie the likes that neither man had ever seen on a woman in person. Their effect had both men almost springing up from their seats, staring intently at the woman with wide eyes. Any lingering thoughts about each other's boners were lost with the present promise of pleasure the woman brought with her.

"I take it my form is adequate?" Vanesa said, grinning as both men came towards her slowly. Yet, without her consent, neither seemed eager to jump her right there, rather waiting to see what she would allow them to do. It was a stance that neither of the pair generally took in the bedroom, preferring feisty women but desiring to take what they wanted all the same. This woman, however, was in charge, and there was no denying the power and sway that she seemed to have over them. The steady buzz of the wine in their bellies seemed to sway over them as well, making it impossible to resist her commands even if they were inclined to. Which, at the moment, was something neither of them wanted!

"Your silence speaks volumes. Don't worry. I'm sure that the two of you will enjoy what I have planned. The sight of my body is yours to enjoy for as ever long as you wish to," Vanessa continued, though there was something off about the way that she said the last line. Still, both friends were remiss to notice with their eagerness to see what she would allow them to do with her. For certain, neither would approach her without their permission!

"Follow me, then, boys," Vanessa said, turning and slowly walking towards the bedroom, ass on full display as she did so. Pants leaking, both men followed, erections uncomfortable as they did so. But, the woman was so gorgeous, that it didn't matter to either man that they could clearly see the outlines of bulges in their pants and their obvious arousal. In the moment, everything felt right!

"Why don't you take off those clothes, boys, down to your underwear, for now? And then come join me," Vanessa said as she sat down on the massive bed, covered with a single-furred blanket and a half dozen pillows. The lighting was coming from a series of lit candles, bathing the room in a warm glow. Despite the heat in the room, and their bodies, however, neither man was sweating, their skin warm but not uncomfortably so. Al and Trevor could feel that as they took off their shirts, stripping off their pants and socks without a second thought. Even standing

there nearly naked, neither was bothered, feeling as warm and comfortable as they got onto the bed, up on their knees and waiting for their next command.

Though the pair had seen each other shirtless before, Al's eyes caught Trevor's wandering gaze, staring at his muscled, hairy form with more than just passing interest. A blob of precum leaked into his underwear at the sight, and both men's members bobbed slightly, as though the presence of each ready and eager was more arousing than the woman in the room with them. Though there should have been some hesitance in such thoughts, given their predominate heterosexuality, there was no denying that the sight of each other was doing it for both of them. And, oddly enough, such a realization was hardly a deterrent to their modest erections and the pleasure that tending to them would bring.

"Good boys! So eager and hard. And what specimens! I certainly chose well," Vanessa said, before reaching back and undoing the clasp on her bra. Al, for his part, would have moved to do it himself. But there was something about the sight of Vanessa doing it that was powerfully arousing, and he was eager to sit there and wait for her to give him the order to act, enjoying whatever show that she had in mind for them.

"Yes, I can see you're both quite lusty, aren't you? But not just for me, I gather. Why don't you let those lusts take you? Look in each other's eyes, and do whatever is to your heart's content. Give me a good show, boys!" Vanessa said as she started stroking her bare breasts, rubbing her fingers around the areolas and moaning slightly as one hand reached down to dip a finger into her panties, sending an odor of arousal into the room and making both men moan.

Yet, even with the sight of a woman sexually pleasuring herself right in front of them, the command in their minds was strong enough that the pair ignored it, turning around and staring at each other. Al, for his part, found himself looking at the lean, muscled form of his friend with new eyes, gazing at the hair of his treasure trail and down his chest, pooling above his groin making him drool slightly. His sunburned skin, long greasy hair, and, most of all, the look of lust on his expression was hotter than a dozen women with Vanessa's features!

Trevor, too, gazed at his friend of almost thirty years with an expression of lust that denoted a pent-up desire that had hidden well below the surface. Al was larger, almost as hairy as a bear with his manly pelt, thick beard, and slightly pudgy beer belly was powerfully attractive. He wanted, more than anything, to listen to the words in his head. And, right now, the words were telling him to...

Before he knew what he was doing, Al's lips were on his own, and the rough fingers were reaching around to rub the man's back. Trevor, too, reached around to the hairy flesh of Al's body, allowing himself to be pulled in as their lips locked, the taste of beer and whisky on the

other man's mouth intoxicating. It was better than anything the two of them had ever experienced with a woman before, and both men dove into the act with gusto, making out and slobbering a little from the sheer lust that they felt for each other.

Even as he made out with his long-term friend, part of Al's mind was still apprehensive of the act. He had never kissed a man before, and, despite how much he was enjoying it, there was a voice screaming under the surface that it was wrong, that it was not an act that they should be performing with each other. But, regardless of whatever preconceived notions they had about sexual acts with other men, it was impossible to deny that they needed it so badly. Both men kept up their lip-lock with each other, eager to do what the woman's words had commanded them. And, perhaps worst of all, they couldn't even fight against it, despite their prior lack of interest in the same sex or each other. At the moment, it was impossible to deny how much the action was doing for them!

Even more difficult to deny was the force of their throbbing erections within their tight underwear. Both men were impossibly boned, harder than they had been at any time in their lives. Even the sheer volume of booze they had consumed seemed not to interfere with the sheer force of lust that they felt for each other. Unable to keep their hands off each other, muscled, rough fingers explored their well-toned bodies, teasing forms that they had seen so many times but had never felt a modicum of attraction towards until now. There was a certain sense of excitement in doing so with each other, having known the other so long. Even the trepidation of being with another man could not override the lust they were currently experiencing for each other

The woman, for her part, was slowly peeling off her panties, exposing her glistening, moist sex with a whiff of arousal as she started to play a finger over her slit. Yet, the sight, something that would once be so powerfully arousing to either man, was ignored with the powerful lip lock they help with each other. It seemed as though she was enjoying the show, or rather her power over them than the sight of each as a male specimen. It was all but confirmed when she spoke, words soft yet commanding, breathy with the lust she felt as she played with herself.

"Now, play, boys, explore those desires for me, show me how badly you want each other, have fun and play for me..." She whispered, the words burrowing into their minds as the two of them thought over what it was they wanted to do next.

It seemed like the aching from their loins was to dictate their actions as both men reached into each other's underwear, pulling them down to expose the encased cocks within. Both were decently hung though they had never seen each other's junk before. Al was the thicker of the two, both men uncut but with peeled-back foreskins. But Trevor was decently lengthy as well,

and Al looked at his member with a sense of reverence. He wanted nothing more at the moment than to go down on that cock, to take it in his mouth and taste all his friend had to offer. And, a growing part of himself realized that his buddy wanted the same thing if the look of reverence and lust on Trevor's features was any indication!

Without saying a word, the two resumed their lip lock, carefully encircling each other's cocks with their hands and stroking gently, as though not really sure what to do but eager to do it all the same. Their rhythms soon settled in comfortably for both, treating the experience much like masturbating themselves. Though their minds were much into the pleasure that they were getting from their partner, there was equal enjoyment for the notion they were pleasuring each other as well. It came naturally, like they were seasoned lovers, though the two couldn't help but think that they were getting the best hand jobs of their lives, even better than anything a woman had done for them before!

With such a powerful wave of lust coming over the two of them, it was impossible for them to hold back for much longer. And the sexual energy that seemed to wash over them both dictated that they release their pent-up lusts soon. The pressure built to a crescendo as the two of them kissed and moaned into each other's mouths, the tempo increasing as the two of them drew closer to the promised time. It was all they could do but try to last as long as they did. Trevor fell over the edge first and shot several thick wads of warm jism on his best friend's hand. Al was close behind, shooting his own load from the sheer arousal that making his friend cum seemed to grant him.

"YES...perfect! I knew it!" said Vanessa, more sharply than they were expecting from the normally coy woman. It seemed as though she was pleased with the results, though her words were enough to break both men from their sexually charged reverie.

Al and Trevor pulled back from each other with that, clearly ashamed of what they had done with each other. It was powerfully embarrassing to be witnessed in such a compromising position, one that made both men blush furiously and try to avert their eyes. There was no way that Al could look Trevor in the face again, not with what they had just done to each other. Worse, they would be the talk of the town if the woman was inclined to tell them any different. The realization of the shame they would carry was almost enough to make both of them pass out right there!

"Why the solemn faces, boys? That was quite the show. We're all adults here, after all. And, even if you hadn't ever enjoyed each other from time to time, which would surprise me, there's no shame in it! If you ask me, it was a long time coming!" Vanessa said, with a little bit of a laugh as she continued to gently play with herself, as though she had not just cum.

Al felt himself blush at that, just now noticing that his cock was starting to harden once more. It was as though he hadn't been drinking all night and hadn't just nutted all over the woman's bed and his buddy's hand and dick. Trevor, for his part, was rubbing his hands on the bed sheets, trying to rid them of the errand semen. He, too, kept his eyes off his friend, not wanting the pair of them to have to deal with the reality of what they had done with each other. And, what they still wanted to do, if the pulling at his penis was any indication.

Al, for his part, could hardly fathom how he was still erect after such an intense orgasm and all the booze they had consumed. Worse than that, perhaps, was the build-up of lust that he was still feeling toward his friend. The scent of Trevor, the sight of his body, hell, the feeling of that man's hand on his cock was almost enough to make Al nut again right there! And, surely, Trevor felt the same way...

"Well, what are you waiting for, boys? You clearly need each other. Why not get to the main event? Show me a good time," Vanessa said, slyly once more.

Both men, to their relief, thought it was time for the two of them to play with her, to regain their sense of heterosexuality by having sex with a woman. But, the sight of the woman, rubbing a nipple with one hand while teasing her clit with the other, just couldn't seem to hold their interest. It seemed that the image of the erect penis that the other owned was at the forefront of muddled thoughts, making each man look at the other with expressions of confusion and lust. Not even a beautiful woman could make them lust for anything other than each other!

"Well, well, my hunch was right! It seems that the two of you would rather play with each other. Well, I won't stop you! Put on a good show for me, boys! Take all the time you want! I usually rush these things but...well, you two are a unique catch," Vanessa said, a hint of malice in her voice that was all but missed.

Still, there was nothing to be done about it with the heat of passion that both men were desirous to experience. It was all Al could do not to dive on his friend with the permission being granted him. He wanted to kiss the man who had been his friend of all those years, but more than that, he wanted to...what? See where passions would take them? Certainly, he wanted to suck that lovely cock, at the very least! Besides, wasn't that the logical next step if they had just stroked each other off, right?

Trevor, however, had other ambitions. There was an ache in his ass, one that started as a dull throbbing, that seemed to beckon to him for stimulation. Part of him was vaguely aware that it was his prostate aching, as though he wanted something inside of him to rub against it. It was a foreign sensation, one that Trevor had never experienced before, or, at least, had never been aware of. Even the kinkiest of lovers didn't suggest using a dildo or anything of the sort, Trevor

having never been inclined to take anything up the ass besides. But, now that the idea was implanted in his mind...Al had such a massive cock, what would it be like to have it inside of him...?

There was nothing to be done for it as Trevor leaned in to kiss the other man, a passionate embrace as he reached down to stroke his friend to full erection. Though, as nice as the connection was, it was all he could do to wait until it was time to pull back, a mischievous grin in his eyes. He then turned around, getting down on hands and knees, and pulled his underwear down, parting his ass cheeks as best he could to present his tight anus. Never having taken anything up the ass before, there was some obvious trepidation in performing the act. But, with the need in his ass and the ache in his cock at the sheer thought of it, there was no chance of him backing out without getting the fucking that he craved!

“Fuck me, dude!” Trevor managed to whine, desperation in his voice that scared him to the core. Though it wasn’t normal for him, there was no denying the submissive nature that had crept into his thoughts. He craved it with his buddy more than anything he could have imagined, and he wanted it *now*.

It looked to Al that Trevor simply couldn’t help himself as he got down in a position to show off his tight ass hole. Al couldn’t believe how hard the sight made him, and he moaned, feeling copious amounts of precum leaking from his cock. The prone man couldn’t believe how much he needed it, the sight of Trevor’s rear more arousing than any moist, eager cunt that he had ever been presented with, even the one in the room with him now. Trevor pulled back his ass cheeks, and it seemed that he was open enough that Al would have no problem penetrating him.

“What a lovely sentiment from your friend! Though, I'm not sure that he wants it, not yet. Why don't you beg for it, show him you mean it!” Vanessa said, that sly smile on her features as she did so.

“Please man, fuck me! I need it so bad...I need you inside me!” Trevor said, without missing a beat. The words were out of his mouth before he really understood them, though in the moment Trevor had no qualms about saying them. Be it the woman's command or his own inclinations, Trevor certainly needed to be fucked to get off!

Al, for his part, leaked at the offering before him, cock straining for a tight rectum to wrap around. Still, he hesitated, the cloud of lust keeping him paused long enough to question his situation. He didn't really want to fuck his best friend, did he? Yet, his body betrayed his thoughts. It was physically painful for him to stare at Trevor's asshole, raised at level with his leaking cockhead. He needed to fuck his best friend of all those years, more than he needed to fuck any woman at any other time in his life. It was maddening not to be inside his would-be

lover, to have his cock taken inside and squeezed and made to cum. It looked tighter and more inviting than any cunt he had seen, and, best yet, Trevor was literally begging for it, his asshole clenching as he looked back, a pleading expression in his eyes.

“Ah, fuck it!” Al declared as he pushed forward, leaking cock rubbing around the rim of the tight pucker before the relaxed rectal muscles pulled him inside. Al gasped as his cockhead popped in, the penetration more than he was ready for. A moan from Trevor made him slow, figuring that his decent-sized prick was more than his buddy could bear. Still, the pleasure was too much, and he could not bring himself to pull out, even if it was hurting Trevor’s insides. He barely had the ability to reduce his pace, wanting to give his friend chance to get used to the size but needing to fuck all the same.

“Fuck me, please!” Trevor called out, apparently still needing to beg for it as Vanessa commanded. Though, Al hardly had the wherewithal to think about it further, the sensation of sex more than he could have imagined. As he got to the point of nearly hilted his friend, Al was prompted to start to gently thrust, leaking so much precum that his in and out motion was made simple and gentle.

“Oh yeah, fuck man you’re tight!” Al called out, reflectively slapping Trevor’s bare ass and making the man call out from the surprise. Though, it seemed to make his own cock leak more than he would have ever expected, taking and using a turn out more than he could have ever expected.

Trevor, for his part, simply grits his teeth, the pain of being penetrated anally more than he was ready for. It opened him up fully, aching in his insides that made him want to cry out to stop. Though, with the command of the woman in his mind, there was no chance of him calling out for things to stop. Every time he did, the words came out to beg to be fucked harder, and Al responded in kind, fucking him even faster as he came nearly all the way out before slipping back in.

Yet, the more he was fucked, the more the pressure started to build in his prostate, something he had never been aware of, not really. The steady build-up started to really do it for him, making his cock ache and the tip leak. It was more intimate than anything he was expecting, and Trevor moaned out loud, meaning the words of encouragement the more he was fucked.

“Harder, please! So fucking good, dude!” Trevor managed to moan, just as Al reached down to start stroking him off. The touch of the other man’s hand on his dick was sublime. Al was surprisingly gentle, given his lust for the other men and the intensity for which he was fucking.

Soon, the pair of them started to get a rhythm going, moaning and panting as the slapping of their balls echoed in the room. Neither of them really cared that they were gay, that they were acting against their common interests, and were completely at the whims of the woman in the room with them. Though, even though the two of them would never have started such lewd acts with other men, specifically not with each other, there was no denying how much it was doing for them. Perhaps it was even better than any of their sexual escapades with women before...

Lost in their rut, the two of them hardly noticed that the woman had stopped pleasuring herself. In fact, she had gotten down to pull something out from under the bed, and the two of them paused, slowing their tempo though not really able to do so with the pleasure and compulsions in their minds. The woman, no longer pleasuring herself, turned the pages of the worn text and landed on a page that was adorned with crude drawings of barnyard animals. That was almost enough for each to have a panicked expression, coming out of their lustful haze enough to feel the situation was fundamentally wrong. Images of witches and spells crossed their minds, and Al almost pulled out of Trevor's ass, despite the warmth and desire to keep inside that played over his thoughts.

Their temporary pause prompted the woman to raise her head, a little confusion on her own features. "Don't give me that expression. You both know that the two of you are too far gone to resist at this point. My spell has clouded your minds with lust for each other, though, it only took a little bit of suggestion on that front. With the wine to lower your inhibitions and have you do whatever I want you to do. And, normally, I have my victims do things something more mundane. Never had sex, but I've never had two men at once. And, given how much you're both into it, I've done you both a favor!"

The words made both men a little confused, not really sure what to make of the situation. Knowing that they were being compelled by some unknown force made them both wish to stop, to try and resist whatever literal spell that had come over them. Yet, the more Al tried to pull out of his buddy's ass, the more he was sucked right back in, unable to resist the needs to fuck. Trevor, for his part, could hardly bring himself to expel his friend, needing the penetration as much as Al needed to fuck him. They were hopelessly lost in the woman's spell, and she knew it.

"I'm glad you seem to agree. Now, then, for the second part, the one you might not enjoy as much. Well, perhaps you will, most of my victims do. But then, most aren't in mid-rut as the two of you are! I prefer to make the change rapidly, to take what I want from the humanity of my specimens and rejuvenate myself and my magics. But, with the two of you...well, let's make this slow, and have some fun with it. I've been meaning to stretch my wings a little, and an infection spell is certainly possible, though not something that I have ever attempted before. Such a small farm town is the perfect place to try and initiate such a project!"

“But, I’m wasting my words. The two of you are hopelessly gay for each other, and that way you shall remain, though I doubt I would hear protests on that front one way or the other. But, as for what to make you the rest of their life, I’m sorry to say that my spell takes the humanity from my subjects. Men are deplorable as is, so eager to take me to bed and take advantage of the form I have chosen to represent. So, those types of men make up my usual fanfare. But two at once? Such a rarity. Even better to change your precious sexuality along with your forms, the perfect scenario, I should think.”

“Given your proximity to so much farmland, beasts of burden would be fitting forms. I generally chose to change one’s gender as well, for added effect, but I think that the two of you would be best left as males. Your semen will not only be valuable but infectious to anyone unfortunate to come in contact with it, which will add to the longevity of the spell, though that’s neither here nor there for you. Given the size of you both, I think a bullish fate would do nicely. Yes, big gay horny beasts of burden, to engage in carnal lusts and take the occasional male into your growing herd! It’s too perfect!” The woman, likely a witch, cackled, as she closed her eyes and started to chant, as though the words were in her head rather than on the page she had turned to.

With the motion of her waving hand, the lights in the room started to flicker, and with it, a scent in the air, one that stank of barns and manure and sweat. It was a pungent odor, almost enough that make both men ill, even though they were accustomed to such things when their work brought them to those locales. It was every present, as though washing over their bodies, wafting from them and covering their entire worlds.

Yet, soon, it had another effect, one that shocked both men even through its familiarity. Both pounded erect, harder than ever before as though the smell was an aphrodisiac. Trevor almost groaned from the intense pressure once more on his prostate as Al’s prick came to a full erection. It was almost more than he could bear to be taken by such a staff member, one that seemed even larger inside of him than before. But it turned him on more than anything he could recall before, and Trevor felt his cock growing almost painfully erect, begging for the cupping hand of his best friend’s grip to finish him off.

Al was all but willing to oblige, reaching down and rubbing off his friend as he started thrusting again. It was more than the man on the bottom could bear, the pleasure building in his loins to the point of release. He was leaking like a hose at this point, the pressure almost to the breaking point and sending shivers through his prostate and into his entire body. No oncoming orgasm ever felt this amazing, and Trevor was ready to call out with his release.

“Oh fuck, Al, I’m gonna blow-fuck!” Trevor yelled as his body went into orgasm, the world whitening out from the intense waves of pleasure the act was giving him. It was almost too

much to cum in such a fashion, leaving the body to tighten around the cock in his bowels as the rest of him felt a little limp.

“Jeez that's too good-can't hold it!” Al resonated with his friend's sentiment as the clenching of rectal muscles brought him to the breaking point as well. The pressure in his testicles was more than he could bear, unable to hold back if he really wanted to. And he didn't want to, desperate to blow his load of semen into Trevor's rectum. The release was more than he could bear, and Al collapsed on his friend's back, pulling out with a rush of semen.

Yet, even in their haze, both Al and Trevor were compelled to glance at the naked woman, who did not carry the same notes of lust and desire as she had before the two of them had entered her bed chamber. It was surreal to be in her presence, as though she was a goddess rather than an object of sexual desire. Rather beyond their abilities, if either still carried any interest in women after what they had done with themselves not only moments ago!

A moan from her lips and the frantic rubbing of her clit made it clear to them that she had cum and cum again. Though neither man had any thought of getting sexual pleasure from the act, more interested in each other and the afterglow of amazing sex. “Well, now, what a display you two have given me! I honestly was looking to have a little fun tonight, though, perhaps not in the way that you two were looking for. I do enjoy teasing men with my powers, putting them in their place, as they were. You both seemed the type in need of my punishments and, to a large extent, you are. You see, I feed off the energies of men, putting them in their place as beasts, as it were. But, you were the first two to come as a pair. So, I figured something special was in order for you. And, I have to say, I was not disappointed!”

“Still, the end result must be the same. I can't well let you stay in the world as you are, not when I could feed off your humanity and make you into something far more productive. The process, however, for both of you, will be slow, I think. A few days, though depending on your lust for each other and your ability to resist, the process should be slower. Perhaps it might even revert if you can hold it off long enough, though, with the show that you've put on for me, I hardly doubt that will be the case!”

“It seemed as though my energies summoned a bovine fate for the two of you. In your defense, my subjects generally become swine or asses, though it's a little of a moot point, in my opinion. Perhaps you simply had burgers before coming here tonight? Well, you won't be having them ever again!”

Yet, Al and Trevor could hardly understand the words that she was saying. Cuddled together in post-orgasmic bliss, their eyes were fluttering shut as sleep started to overtake them. There was a powerful need to pass out, wrapped in each other's embrace as they were. The stink

of a barn, though ever present, was comfortable for the pair as they equally enjoyed each other's musky maleness. They passed out, eyes fluttering shut as their dreams turned to more bestial pursuits...

Though Trevor was never one to dream, or at least remember his dreams, the ones to follow were almost surreal, as though he was living them currently. He was in a field, a vast expanse of lush green over a relatively flat land where he could see for miles around. A warm breeze blew over his body, and though he was naked, it felt somehow natural, like clothes would not fit over his frame, that he did not need them. No embarrassment could be mustered over his state of being, not ashamed of his nudity with nothing to hide. He was where he belonged, comforted and relaxed in a way that escaped him in his thirty years.

Trevor was not alone, to his excitement. Al seemed to be present as well, looking confused and out of place as Trevor felt. Though, somehow he was thankful for the company, it made sense to have the other man with him. Though Trevor had no way of knowing that Al was in a shared dream, it seemed as much as he was actually present with him in this field. There was no one he would rather be here with in his place of zen, Al now seeming just as relaxed and happy as he came to terms with where he was and who he was with.

Thoughts turned to his friend, the past they had shared, and how important they had been to each other. To his embarrassment, Trevor noticed that he was quickly pounding erect. The sight of the naked man and thoughts of their companionship was more than enough to keep him waving like a flagpole. Al had the same noticeable erection and made no move to hide it, despite the embarrassment of having it out in front of his friend. They had surely never seen each other naked, but it was hard to hold onto that initial shame as they grew comfortable with the sight of each other's bodies. Neither man had any inclination to keep it hidden with the desire that was flowing over them. And, in fact, it was getting harder to deny that it was the presence of each other that was the source of their arousal.

Still, there was more than just their raging erections that drew their attention. The scents in the air were strong, the odor of grass and fields and fresh foliage that normally did not draw their attention was rather appetizing. Soon, Trevor was getting down on his hands and knees, pulling up grass and swallowing with all the gusto of a beast. Al was only distracted by the action for a few moments before the urge to do the same hit him full force, and he was down on his hands and knees, eating the succulent grass like it was the best-tasting dinner he'd ever had. Relaxing into their feast, Trevor felt annoying biting insects rising from the ground and nipping at his backside, irritating the bare skin. Reflectively he felt something massive on his backside move to shoo them away and found the relief almost immediately. It continued to swish back and

forth, an almost weighty object that reminded him of a...but that wasn't possible, was it? For him to have a...*tail*?

In his confusion, Trevor went to speak, though could only illicit a series of bovine bellows that puzzled him even more. Trying to speak only made it worse, Trevor becoming aware of how massive his body felt, how powerful his stature was. In fact, the more he reflected on it, the more that it seemed to be his natural voice, regardless of what he felt about the whole scenario. Even the sight of his nose in front of his face, the weight of horns over his head, or his heavier body could not dissuade him that this was his natural form, one he belonged in and one that he cherished for his power and virility.

Al, too, heard his buddy's bellows and tried to call out, to the same effect. It seemed as though speech had been robbed from him, that he could only cry out like the beast he was realizing he had become in body. He was powerful, and massive, with thick horns, broad flanks, and a swishing tail. And, as he was starting to realize, weighty testicles and a rather girthy penis that was starting to slide its way out of a heavy sheath, aroused by the power that his new frame seemed to possess...

With that, Al was jarred awake, the dissonance between his form in the dream and the real world too much for him to bear. Reaching up with still-human hands to rub at the contours of his features, Al was relieved to find his face to be normal, lacking the horns or the snout. Where that that dream come from? However, there was something off about the lack of a tail, a pins and needles sensation where he perhaps felt he should have one but was unaware as to why he felt that way. It took him a few minutes to center himself and focus on his humanity and the body he always possessed, though it was a little trying. There was little for it, however, thinking it to be a residual dysphoria from the dream.

Part of him, beyond the dream, was a little confused about how he was back in his own bedroom. Parts of the night were a blur, even more so than the fading images from the vivid dream that he was experiencing. He had been at the bar with Trevor, Al was sure. Not an unusual activity for their Friday nights. But there was something else that seemed missing, a massive hole that had brought them from one experience into the other. Part of him figured it was a simple blackout but the more he reflected on it the more concerned he grew. What had he...?

A warmth beside him caused Al to look down and nearly gasp in shock. The sleeping form beside him was clearly Trevor, and not in his own bed. He was snoring like a chainsaw, enough that Al was sure that had eventually woken him. However, it was the fact that the blanket was off and that his buddy was sporting a cock as thick as redwood that really had him panicked. Al couldn't bring himself to look away, fascinated by the sight and recalling parts of what he had

done with the man and how much it had done for him. And how much Trevor had enjoyed it in kind...

Desperate to reacquire his sense of heterosexuality, Al pulled back, yelling at Trevor to wake up. "Out of my bed, you queer!" Al exclaimed, though more out of his own panic rather than any disgust for his buddy's inclinations. There was a scent in the air, a heavy musk of sweat and something that he was almost sure was sex, though without a woman in bed to explain it. Had he done something with his best friend? Given the ache in his asshole, there was every chance that whatever they had done, even while drunk had been consensual and even enjoyable, to the point that Al couldn't help but question everything he knew about himself and his buddy. Still, what had made him want to do such a thing? He'd never been *that* drunk before!

And still wanted to do with each other, Al was quick to realize. He, too, was sporting serious wood, and not just from the dreams that were still vivid in his mind. The sight of the hairy beast of a man, his breast friend of almost 20 years, was really doing it for him. In fact, the mere sight of the man left him leaking, as though it was his visage the source of Al's arousal. No recollection of his past sexual experience could match his desire for the here and now, and it took everything he had not to jump on the opportunity, seeing the same look reflected on his friend's face and knowing he wanted it too.

Trevor, for his part, got up abruptly, as though stunned to discover where he was and ashamed of what he might have been up to last night in order to get there. Seeing his friend's current state of arousal, there was a part of him that wanted to give into the stirrings of desire that had been awakened by his memories of the night before. Yet, the rationalization of who he was and how he had seen himself all these years took hold, and he was able to resist the temptation. Without a word, he dashed towards the bathroom, slamming the door quickly behind him with a click of the lock. He didn't want to risk Al coming after him, or, worse, him accepting Al coming in and doing something unthinkable. Assuming being gay with his buddy was unthinkable...

Shaking his head a few times to try and remove the intrusive thoughts, the sensation of something twitching atop his head gave Trevor a bit of a shock. His ears had always been a pretty unremarkable feature, not something that ever drew his attention in the mirror. Be in the sleep fog over his mind or his unable to focus through the blood flow toward his prick, Trevor couldn't look away at the reflection of ears that surely looked out of place. They were longer, he was sure, though he'd never measured them exactly. Their ends seemed a little more pointed as well, and reaching to play his fingers over the skin told him they were warmer than usual, even when considering the heat or the rest of his body. The texture was a little off, like a small film of something was poking over the backs of them, though he couldn't quite see them in the mirror.

Running his hands through his hair in confusion, Trevor was shocked when two bumps met his touch, as though he'd been bruised or rammed his head on something. Yet, with hardly any recollection of what had happened, or even any pain as he rubbed them, Trevor couldn't figure out what was wrong. They were short, and even parting his hair didn't allow him to get a good look at them. It did leave him feeling a little frustrated to have such little memory of the night before, given all the little annoyances that he was finding over himself. That, and it was taking forever for his boner to go down, the scent of his buddy still lodged in his nose and leaving those lusty thoughts to persist.

A loud, unexpected fart escaped him before he realized with some urgency that he had little time to use the bathroom. Pulling down his pants, his fingers once more brushed over a bump that he had not been expecting. This one was sticking out of his spine like he'd bruised his tailbone. Memories from the night before were fuzzy, certainly, but surely he couldn't have gotten this banged up from...sex from his buddy. Not something he wanted to think about, but there was no denying his memories, the scent of semen, and his persistent boner, only just now starting to relax with his need to alleviate his bowels.

Another loud fart was followed by his sphincter letting go, waste splashing in the bowel, and reminding him to sit down. He wasn't there very long, but the stench that hit him was almost stifling, nothing that had come out of him before. It stank like a barn, something that stirred familiar memories of the night before, and by the time he was done, Trevor figured there was a real risk of clogging the toilet. It did flush, though barely, and Trevor was left to flush several times, still not able to alleviate the stink from the bathroom. It was powerfully embarrassing, but hardly the worst thing he had done to shame himself in the last 24 hours, so he did his best to put it out of his mind.

Al, meanwhile, forcing himself away from their sweaty bedroom and the stench of sex, made his way to the kitchen, barely able to keep his boxers on from the force of his erection. He, too, let out a rather pungent fart, one that stank more like an animal and made him wonder what he had eaten the night before. But it was the sensation of something pressing into his underwear that caused him some alarm, and he reached back cautiously, not sure what it was. The protrusion that met his touch was a little alarming in its own right, something that should not have been there sticking out of his spine. Without pain, it was unlikely to be a bruised tailbone or the like, unless something more serious made him unable to feel pain. Either way, he was alarmed, confused beyond belief by the minor and major changes he had no explanation for.

It also didn't escape his notice that, while not having the barest of backs, the feeling of hair above his spine was thicker than what he was used to. Unable to see it on his own, his first instinct was to ask Trevor to look for him, but knowing what they had done in bed...it was one thing having to work their job today while trying not to talk about their new inclinations with

each other or what they had done under the influence of whatever had happened. They hadn't drunk too much, or at least not enough to get a hangover. Then what had caused them to end up in bed together? Surely, if they had any inclinations toward each other before now, they would have known and acted upon them already, right?

The bathroom door opened then, and the stink of what Trevor had done in there hit Al all at once. "Damn, what did you eat!?" Al chided, though the smells coming out of his own backside were frighteningly similar.

Despite himself, the persistent boner that had been plaguing Al started coming back, simply from the sight of his mostly naked friend. There was no hiding it, especially since Trevor had his own wood in his underwear. It was getting maddening with the need to touch it, and Trevor turned back around and simply said "Take the bedroom." A small part of him was a little disappointed Trevor didn't want to go further but even with his new desires, how could he imagine actually doing something with him? It was bad enough he wanted to, damnit!

Still, he wasn't going to be able to start their job if he didn't tend to himself, not wanting to bust a nut in the middle of the job. Sitting down on his mattress, Al was all at once hit with the heavy musk of their making, his penis already leaking and pushing against his underwear. Pulling it out, Al let out a moan, not only from the size of his dick, which he could already tell was larger than he was expecting. Used to the feeling of his own meat, he was sure the length was a little off, somehow, maybe by an inch or so. Maybe it could be chalked up to how horny the stench of their musk made him, though Al couldn't bring himself to worry about it for too long. He needed to get off, and the ache in his testicles was coming to a head.

As though his cock was more sensitive, Al found himself getting close with such a few careful strokes. Clear fluid was leaking from his shaft head, flowing over his cock and creating a steady sucking sound as he stroked off. The scent of his pre served to drive him over the edge, and as much as he wanted to think of his previous fucks, his mental images kept focusing on his friend's body, something he had seen every day for the past few years but never saw in such a light until now. There was no denying how much it was doing for him, especially thinking about the bulge in his buddy's pants. Something he wouldn't mind getting another close-up with, especially if he had already done so the night before...

"Oh FUUUUUUCK!" Al heard from the bathroom, As though Trevor had reached his own end. Though at one time Al might have been disgusted that Trevor couldn't hold back, the notion his best friend had cum was more than he could bear. With a thick bellow of his own, Al let loose all over his hand, rocking back and forth on the bed and crushing the growth at the back of his spine. Still, it wasn't enough to stifle his orgasm, and Al was left rocking back and forth,

panting from release and relishing the stink of his sweat and the scent of their previous night's fun.

With a day's work ahead of them, there was little time left to get ready, not bothering to shower even with as bad as they seemed to smell. It would be worse out in the heat of the day, and they would be working largely unsupervised, so it was a moot point if they would only be smelling themselves. That might be dangerous on its own, given their strange desires for each other. But surely rubbing one out before work would hold back any unwanted urges, right?

The two of them drove out to the work site in silence, trying to avoid eye contact or rub the strange growths over their bodies. It went unspoken that they couldn't see a doctor, either having insurance or savings, with what they spent on booze or keeping their truck on the road. At least all their jobs were under the table, but it would be some weeks before they could save enough to afford a second opinion. All they could do was hope the alterations didn't get any worse until then!

The summer heat bore down on them as they worked, putting down polls, spreading wiring, and moving stacks of hay to the barn area. The two of them had been set to work helping to put up fencing around an old barn, something they weren't sure could be refurbished for use but with the steady paycheck, it was hard for them to care. It was hard work, but the two of them were well-toned, and even the current heat wave was generally not enough to slow them down. But aside from the odd twinges of lust or focus on what was happening to their bodies, a series of sharp aches and soreness in their muscles slowed them down significantly. And they were starving to boot, not having enough money for more than leftover pizza in the fridge. Normally that was not a problem, the two were left shaking and weak, eventually having to head back to the truck for an early break, chugging all the water in their bottles and sitting at the back of the cab until they were finally ready to get out there again.

"Dude, you fucking stink like a bull," Trevor commented, the heavy sweat over his buddy reeking worse than it had been in their trailer.

"Man, you haven't been around bulls in years to know what they stink like!" Al said, though, in truth, he'd become used to his smell, trying to put it out of his mind but not really able since Trevor brought it to his attention. He was a little embarrassed, but it was hardly the worst thing on his mind that day. And the smell of Trevor's body, while just as rank, was doing it for him, stirring up something in his loins and making him quick to get back to work before he popped wood. They were out here alone, but that made it worse, didn't it? No social convention to stop whatever came to mind...

The rest of the afternoon passed slowly, though their employer didn't seem to mind, given the heat of the day. A couple of hundred bucks were well received, and as much as the two had bills to pay, with a work day like this, it was hardly the priority.

"Wanna grab a beer?" Trevor asked, and Al nodded, thinking the same thing.

"Not at the bar though. Not after last night. Don't want anyone talking," Al said, Trevor giving him a faraway look as though trying to recall exactly what they had done. They were at the bar, of course, and as usual, they were on the lookout for women...but the idea of women didn't seem to do anything for him. Not like his buddy...

"Yeah, let's go into town," Al said, getting in the driver's seat and trying to breathe through his nose. He didn't want to sport wood just from being in the car with his buddy, nor did he want to leave Trevor at the site alone for the next half an hour. So he tried not to focus on the male stink, arousing him rather than disgusted him. Even the man's unwashed odor did it for him, natural and sickly sweet. Al was slow to realize his nose looked a little larger in front of his face, to the point he could focus on it if he squinted. It was enough to prompt him to look in the mirror, the sight of longer ears and a thicker nose making him uncomfortable. That, and it seemed Trevor was looking more the same, something a little off about his face that made him wonder what he was staring at.

Trevor, not noticing Al staring at him, yelped as he sat back in his seat, forgetting the bump that had been present. In the heat of the day, he'd ignored it, but he was sure it hadn't been that long when he'd touched it. Part of him didn't want to reach back and pull it out in front of his buddy, and as Al asked him what was wrong, he muttered "Sat on the seatbelt," and left it there. Still, he couldn't help but sneak a glance at his buddy squirming in his seat, as though dealing with the same growth.

The two of them said nothing on the short truck ride down, blasting country music in an attempt to try and take their minds off the smell and the arousal they felt for each other. Al ran in while Trevor stayed in the truck, not wanting to get caught sporting wood from being in the small store. It was all he had not to start rubbing himself through his pants, but there were plenty of people in and out of the general store, and being caught doing so in their small town he would never live it down. Instead, he took his time examining his face in the mirror, unable to deny the same things were happening to his own face. It had to be some sort of ill reaction to whatever they had been up to last night, making him wish he could remember. Then again, a growing part of him didn't want to know, especially since it likely ended with him getting frisky with his best friend. And that, as much as it turned him on, couldn't be the right thing for him going forward. They would never live it down with everyone else in town, as soured as their reputations already were.

Al, meanwhile, went into the store, picked up a case of beer, and moved to grab some sticks of jerky before stopping, the look and smell of it souring his stomach somehow. Not really sure what his body was craving, Al moved toward the cash, a few people soon standing behind him while all on their phones. Thoughts distracted as they were, Al was barely aware when the lump in his pants adjusted itself for a moment and he passed gas until the sickly scent of barn animal hit his nose, and the people behind him. It was quite embarrassing, though there was nothing Al could do about it now as he quickly paid for his beer and left, everyone gagging and glaring daggers at him.

Not bothering to tell Trevor what had happened and glad the smell wasn't lingering, Al got back in the truck, driving home in silence once more. It would not have been the first time they'd cracked into the case before getting home, but with their focus elsewhere, it simply didn't occur to them. Thoughts of arousal were desperately stifled with mundane things, and even trying to shift that arousal to past girlfriends or people in town was a struggle. Thankfully the ride was short, and with the smell of their body odor out of the cab, it was easier to finally relax and relieve the tension between them.

Both men opted to take turns to have a shower, as much as the idea didn't really appeal to them. Al was first, taking off his shirt and finding it was stuck to him. More than just sweat making it cling, it was as though his body had beefed up with a decent amount of muscle. Always on the leaner side, though seasoned from hard work, it was a little welcome to feel his skin firming up enough for his shirt to ride a little. He'd be an even bigger hit with the ladies! Or, maybe even with...

That wasn't the only thing bothering him as he explored his naked body, finding his already decent amount of body hair having grown somewhat thicker over his treasure trail and groin. That was not the only place that had found it fit to grow more hair, patching peppering his sides, back, and even some extra on his thighs. The texture was a little off as well, though it was hard to tell with all the sweat over his body. It seemed to trap the smell in, especially around his groin and armpits, though with how accustomed to it Al was becoming, he could hardly find fault in it.

As much as he enjoyed the extra hair, they could not detract from the more alarming alterations he'd grown since this morning. A questing hand teased the back of his spine, alarmed that his touch met something almost an inch long and twitched slightly at his touch. Still unable to turn around and look at it. Al could only guess as he reached around and tried to gauge its size, certainly beyond what a bruised tailbone could manage. The way it was sticking out of his spine, Al might think he had a...but that didn't make any sense. Yet, try as he might to ignore it, he could feel the weight of it on his back, as though it was a part of him now.

Recalling the bumps on his head, Al reached up to touch them, surprised to find them larger than he had expected. Looking in the mirror, he was not expecting to see them parting the hair atop his head slightly, sticking up enough that he wasn't sure if anyone at the general store had seen them. They were firm, like bone, and aside from a reddening around the skin, they didn't seem to irritate or pain him in any way. And then there were the ears...focusing on the longer points, Al was a little disturbed to realize he could move them a little just by focusing on them. Something he was sure wasn't possible before this morning!

Waiting for his turn in the shower, Trevor took off his shirt, hit with a powerful wave of sweat and musk that made him a little dizzy. He, too, was covered with brown hairs, thicker around his dirty treasure trail though spreading around it in thicker patches. The scent, while rather pungent, was somewhat arousing, making Trevor tent in his pants. Heading into his bedroom, Trevor was even willing to ignore the ache in his backside or the twitching in his ears to look at his dick, pushing at his underwear and pounding further erect than he was used to. Surely it was the beer, or perhaps the hard day of work, but he was sure he was longer than even this morning. And the need to touch it was getting intense...

Hearing the sound of the water turning off, Trevor took a moment to get his pants back on, trying not to think about the naked sight of his buddy, something that drew his erection back to the front of his mind. It was all he could do to get it back in his pants, not wanting Al to see it. Al made his way to his own bedroom, closing the door without a word as Trevor took his turn to get into the bathroom. The water was warm, yet the way his washcloth got caught in his extra body hair made him annoyed to wash it. That, and the scents of soap and shampoo felt a little off, making him miss the pungent body odor hanging over him all day.

Doing his best not to play with his cock in the shower, Trevor couldn't help but notice his flaccid shape was a little longer, the flesh reddened beyond what even the warm water could account for. It seemed a little more sensitive, too, even a brief brush leaving him to shudder. He was already close to leaking, though resisted the urge to touch it, if only to hide his activity from Al. Sure, it wouldn't be the first time he'd jerked off in the other room while Al was home. He was a man, after all. But there was something especially embarrassing about doing now, not wanting to be caught in the act...or, rather, not wasting it on just himself...

Eventually getting out of the shower and getting dressed, Al tossed Trevor a beer as they sat down together at their dingy table, clicking the cans after a hard day of work. It was all too familiar, bringing them back into the present and allowing them to forget their troubles, not least of all the feelings of lust for each other or the bizarre bodily alterations. Not that anything was going away, but it soon became a problem for later, and for now, they could drink to their heart's content.

“Man, it’s going to stay a scorcher,” Al said, pulling up his phone and looking at the forecast.

“Glad they pay us by the hour,” Trevor said, downing his can and letting out a hearty belch.

“Hot,” Al said, a common in-joke between the two of them, something that was normally said without thinking. And yet, the moment he did, the moment his barely hidden lust for his buddy rose to the surface, and with it, his cock. It was all he could do to adjust himself in the chair, not wanting to make it obvious. Rather than fear of being shamed, Al simply didn’t want Trevor to get the wrong idea, that being the idea they wanted a repeat of the night before. Yet, if he was being honest with himself, didn’t want to admit he was becoming more and more interested in the idea.

Trevor went to chide him, though a quick glance saw his friend blushing, shifting in his seat and possibly getting aroused by the idea. Against his better inclinations, Trevor couldn’t help but want to see. Getting up while pretending to get something from the fridge, Trevor tried his best to make his pass nonchalant, but there was no denying the focus on his eyes. Reflexively, Al looked up, seeing the same thing reflected in his friend’s eyes and wanting it to. It was all he could do not to make a move, then tension before them palpable in the air around them. It was like no sexual encounter he’d ever had before in that he legitimately felt shy. Always boasting confidence with women in bed, the attraction to his buddy left him feeling bashful, not wanting to upset the other man though unsure how to make the first move.

Catching each other’s gaze, it was all they could do not to make out right there. Trevor found himself leaning forward, sniffing his buddy’s scent, something he enjoyed even under the layers of soap. It was familiar, something he’d known from their years of doing manual labor, though it was far different this time, pungent but alluring. Without realizing it, Trevor had leaned over rather close to Al, and with the distance closing, Al couldn’t help but reach up, pecking his friend’s lips as though such an action was natural. Figuring he would be chastised for it, Al was shocked when Trevor moved in for the same, what turned out as a curious attempt turned into an emboldened passion, and, closing their eyes, the two started getting into it, moaning as their erections tented almost painfully in their pants!

Leaning into it, Trevor allowed himself to fall into the kiss, something that excited him beyond anything he could recall from a sexual encounter. His body shuddered in lust as the two made out, the kiss surpassing their expectations and even their memories of past sexual encounters. It was amazing how good of a kisser Al was, making Trevor a little sad he’d waited so long to try it for the first time. It was akin to a dam breaking, and any hesitation over such acts

with each other was removed as they got into it, neither man able to imagine stopping until their lusts were satisfied.

Yet, Trevor eventually did, a little confused at why he desired his buddy so badly. The contact made him hard as hell, of course, there was no denying that. But then where was this all coming from? Neither had been interested in men as far as Trevor knew, not even beneath the surface. It was bizarre they had been together all this time, only to just fall in lust for each other after a night they could hardly remember. It was enough to spark a memory of the night before through thought and scent. And there is a chance that giving in to desires would bring those forgotten memories to the surface. For better or for worse...

Al couldn't begin to sift through the conflict in his mind, between what he desperately wanted and what he thought was right for his past inclinations. He was clearly hard, and it was nearly impossible for him to think over the veil of lust that had settled over his mind. Trevor was clearly conflicted as well, backing up a little bit even as his cock lanced forward, as though a signal for Al to jump on him. And Al did just that, getting up to kiss his friend once more, even bold enough to reach down and grope Trevor's bulge through his pants. Trevor moaned, coming easily to whatever conclusion his mind was struggling with, and moved to kiss his friend's back, grinding his hips against Al's and moving for his friend's cock, remembering having touched it the night before and wanting to do so again.

The two took only a moment to remove their shirts and pants, something that was a bit of a struggle with the heat from their sweaty bodies as well as a tightness in their clothing that had gone unnoticed before now. Stranger still was that their bodies seemed a little larger, in particular their bellies, as though their years of alcohol abuse had suddenly caught up with them in the span of five minutes. It was confusing, even more so when they accounted for all the hair growth, perhaps thicker than it had been twenty minutes ago when they'd had their separate showers. It was all a little too much, though the excess hair only served to capture the stink of their sweat, something that served to turn them on even further. Hell, it was enough for them to ignore the changes, getting back into their make-out sessions and grinding their bulges together in a bid to get off.

Trevor's seeking hands enjoyed running down Al's back, rubbing the extra hair, and loving the texture. Yet, he stopped for a moment as his hands pressed against something he wasn't expecting or rather had totally forgotten about until now. The growth he had felt over his own ass was just as large on his buddy's back, and touching it made it twitch, much to his shock and delight. He couldn't quite imagine what it could be but was distracted from thinking about it when Al's fingers circled his own growth, making it twitch in eagerness. Trevor couldn't find fault in owning it, especially as Al started to rub the base, sending a sensual shiver through his body. Eager to do the same for his buddy, Trevor made Al squirm from the sensation, and even

as the growths started to tingle, Trevor was sure it was inching further from his backside, though could not bring himself to stop, bleeding it more than anything.

The more Trevor felt his new tail being rubbed, the more an ache in his asshole started to make itself known, awakening a memory from the night before. He was sure he had never taken anything up the ass before now, but with the thought firmly implanted in his head, he couldn't imagine not doing it. It had felt so amazing the night before, and he wanted it more than anything, especially if it was his buddy's cock. And if Al had given it to him the night before, surely he would be up for it again, so long as he presented.

Taking Al's hand, Trevor moved to guide them into the bedroom, pulling down his underwear in the process. Thankful he had showered before. Trevor got down on his hands and knees on the bed, feeling the growth above his ass shifting upward and exposing his ass. He even went to far as to reach back with his hands and exposed his pucker, turning around and whining his need.

"Fuck me, man...please...you did it last night...just like that..." He said, hoping his words would incite the same memory in his buddy's mind.

Staring in stunned silence at the offering before him, Al went to ask his buddy if he was feeling alright, though the moment the scent of his anus and balls wafted into his nose, Al had his own underwear off, his cock at its apex. A flash of memory did cross his mind at the moment, of Al being on his buddy's back and fucking him into submission. And with the mental image so firmly implanted in his mind, he couldn't imagine not doing it, the ache in his cock erasing any hesitation he might have. He was sure that, even with his larger cock, he would be able to insert it easily, bringing them both to blessed release and bellowing out their pleasures...
