

“Alright, that's it! Remember to have fun, enjoy the show, and don't get too invested in the guests! You aren't going to...Ummm...see them again, after tonight,” my new boss said, making me a little suspicious. What, weren't some of these guys regulars? How else did this place get any publicity?

After months of applying for my smart serve and never quite passing the bar, as it was, I was delighted when my efforts finally allowed me a job outside the county where credentials weren't needed. It was a temporary job, to work as a bartender at a resort called 'Pleasure Island'. The name was a little on the nose, but it seemed fine once I'd looked into it. An all-inclusive weekend for the wealthy. The kind of trip I could never afford, given my meager savings. But it was out of US jurisdiction, and the usual laws didn't apply. Booze, weed, and maybe a few harder things were all a go at the resort. It thus caught the attention of a lot of rich guys, most on the underside of thirty, it seemed. No one was underage of course; that was a very specific requirement, and I was thankful for it. Also, it was supposed to be only men allowed, which was an odd requirement but not one that seemed to deter the forty or so odd men on the boat with me. Likely they either wanted to get away from their wives and girlfriends or were more inclined toward the same sex. Either way, it would certainly be a sausage fest!

Though I was not told much in the way of specific details, something about the interview made me a little apprehensive. I was sworn to secrecy about anything that happened at the resort lest I be privy to serious legal repercussions. Part of me was worried that I was being inducted into some sort of trafficking ring, but I eventually decided that it wouldn't be all limited to guys if that were the case, right? So, I agreed to the terms, thinking it to have to do with drugs or some other such legality that I wouldn't be able to discuss to get the job. And, in the end, I really wanted the work. College dropout that I was bartending seemed like the only decent-paying job within my skill set. And failing that...I was happy that I'd gotten the job, let's just say.

The resort itself was rather impressive, I had to admit. Cabins around the waterfront, a bar and restaurant in the center, and some more...private areas where I was sure people could indulge in more criminal activities. I didn't want to ask, figuring the less I knew, the better. To each their own, of course.

Still, there was one thing about the whole affair that had me a little confused. I figured I wouldn't be able to drink on the job, that was standard practice. But I was told in no uncertain terms that I was not to drink anything over the weekend. Hardly the only bartender to be employed here, I figured I would be allowed to at least indulge in something during my off-hours. My boss didn't say no, not outright, at least. Just said it was in my best interest to abstain if I knew what was good for me. I figured it was strange but was sure it wouldn't be too big a deal so long as I didn't go all out like the other guys would. A little drink here or there couldn't hurt, right? I needed *some* in to be able to rub elbows with those rich fucks, right?

Though I'd failed the tests for my liquor license on the mainland, my skills in pouring and mixing were top-notch. Though, admittedly, I may have been a little biased, So what if I couldn't take tests for shit? I was good at what I did and every bit as capable as anyone who had passed their tests. Besides, my skills spoke for themselves. I was eager to put them to the test as I started my shift!

To my relief, the booze came included with the patron's packages, so I didn't need to check IDs or keep track of any payment. It was just about pouring drinks and making sure to follow the guidelines to the letter. I had to say the drinks were a little more than generous with the amount of alcohol applied. In no time at all, the first couple of drinks turned a party of well-dressed, well-to-do men into loud shouts of various talking points, boisterous laughter, and even a couple of guys dancing. It was an impressive start to a party, I had to say.

"Hey man! Mix me around one of those amazing rum and cokes! Wait, make it a double! Wait, no! Nope! Bad idea!" One guy sauntered over and declared, handing me his empty as I took it behind the bar to wash.

"Sure thing, bud!" I said a genuine grin on my face as I did so. It was really nice to see how much fun the guys were having. Made me wish I could join them, but something like this was only for the rich. I was only here for work, to serve guys who were better off than me. Ah, well. Such was life.

"I'm Eric, by the way," the man said, holding out his hand for me to shake. I smiled a little broader as I reached out to take it. "Jules," I said by way of greeting.

"You want to join me? Looks lonely over here," Eric commented, taking a sweeping look at the bar.

I followed his gaze, immediately thinking that it was indeed. Everyone around seemed to have their drinks already, playing pool or chatting or lounging around outside on the deck near one of the outdoor pools. There wasn't anyone in need of a refill, at least at the moment. I had nothing better to do, no reason to say no. Except...

"Wish I could, dude. I don't want to get fired or anything. First time in the job and all, and it seems like a great work environment," I replied, not wanting to get tempted. I mean, it was a pretty chill environment here. But my bosses were pretty adamant against me partaking in any beverages. Not a good idea to tempt fate.

“Oh yeah?” Eric inquired, and I was prompted to give him a little rundown of my journey. Failed college, failed smart serve. Failed chance of getting anything above min wage. I would have lamented, but I didn't want to give the dude a bad impression. Besides, his nods of attention seemed to give me the hint that he was interested, sob story aside.

“Yeah, those tests can be pretty bullshit, I know. Glad I never had to pass' em either!” Eric replied, taking a big swig of his drink.

“Yeah, can't take a test to save my life!” I said, with a little bit of a laugh. I didn't want this obviously more successful guy to judge me, but it was what it was. He was going to regardless, of course.

“Dude, I like you! you're not like the rest of the staff around here, they're all stiffs! You're down to earth, more, real? You know what I mean! That deserves a drink, even if it's just a little one! I'll buy!” Eric declared, reaching for his wallet. Though, I didn't think I needed any money. And, besides, it would just be one drink, right? Lightly mixed, I was sure it wouldn't hurt.

“Alright, you've convinced me!” I declared, pouring the booze a little less liberally than I had with the rest of the guests. I didn't want to make a silly mistake and get caught for being buzzed myself, after all.

“So, what brings you here?” I asked, taking a sip of my beverage, enjoying how perfectly I mixed it. I really had a talent for the bar life, written tests be damned!

“The fake answer? Just heard this was the place to party and could use a weekend to relax,” he replied, taking a liberal swing of his own beverage. “The real answer? Well, I've already said too much. You better keep those drinks coming if you want to know that, bud!” Eric said with a laugh, downing the rest and handing me the empty glass. I figured he wanted to tell me soon enough, and I poured him another of the same, taking a swig of mine and coughing for a few moments. Fuck, I had made that a little stronger than I intended!

“Doing OK there, bud?” Eric asked me, and I simply grinned, downing the rest of the drink as a show that I was alright. But, truth be told, I could feel the booze hitting me right away, as though it had made it a double or a triple. Damn, if the lightly mixed version of the drink hit me that hard, how was it that any of the other guests maintained a modicum of sobriety with what they had drunk so far?!

“Yeah, perfect!” I said, reflexively pouring myself another one. I didn't realize that I shouldn't have until it was in front of me, and I simply picked it up and tipped it in Eric's direction before I took a big swing, Eric following suit as he downed his new drink in one go.

Buzz hitting me harder, I looked back at Eric, grin on my face at the fun I was allowing myself to have. Yet, as I did so, I found myself doing a double-take. He was...*damn*. I wasn't into guys, never had been. I could appreciate a good-looking guy, sure. But...*damn*. That scruff of a beard, those piercing blue eyes, and his perfect white teeth almost made me melt. It took me a few seconds to realize that I was indeed staring overtly. By that point, Eric had a confused expression on his face, though it quickly turned into a giggle as he realized what I was doing.

"Like what you see, buddy? I know there aren't any ladies here, but I'm not quite looking to let off any steam with the gentlemen folk if you know what I mean," he said as a polite way of turning me down. "But, I have it under good authority that some of the other guys are down for some 'fun' after, maybe when you get off shift," he said like it was the most casual thing in the world.

"Oh, no, no, me neither. Just...*damn*, these drinks are strong! Kinda spaced out there," I said, hoping that he would believe me. Eric didn't seem offended, at least, just passed me the glass as I went to pour him another. I couldn't help but chastise myself regardless. Damn, I really had been staring! It must have been too long without getting any, I reasoned.

Still, an awkward sensation in my pants made me question that as I realized my cock was getting more than a little erect. Fuck, why had looking a guy in the eye made me hard? I didn't ever get that way around women, so why should a man do that to me? Trying to be nonchalant, I tried to position myself behind the bar in such a way that he wouldn't notice anything was amiss. But I was sure that the expression on my face gave away my shame.

I wanted to try and convince him that I had other clients, even though the bar was empty, But, as I did so, something caught my gaze that surprised me. Everything about Eric's features had seemed normal when I'd taken the first glance. But the second time I looked, I noticed something...off, something that I couldn't quite place. It took a careful glance out of the corner of my eye, but I could swear that something was moving that shouldn't have been. Was it his...ears? Were they twitching?

I had to say something lest Eric got the wrong idea. "Hey, cool trick with your ears. Could you always do that?" I asked, really focused on the ears now. They were pointed, about an inch longer than I felt they should be. And they were twitching, flexing back and forth without any obvious intention. There was something strange about the sight, though it was hard to put my finger on it. Damn, two drinks in, and I really was buzzed!

Expecting him to be eager to show off his elf ears, I was a little baffled by the look of confusion on his face. He reached up, running his fingers over the growths like he was expecting

them to be a lot shorter. I watched, perplexed by his expression, though I thought it rude to ask. He must have been too drunk as well, I figured. Either he had forgotten his ears were that big, or...

Giving a little laugh, I turned around to get back to cleaning some glasses when my butt accidentally rubbed against something sticking out from behind me. I yelped, and something in the back of my pants *twitched* as though it had been injured by the interaction. I went to reach back, not realizing that I had something protruding out the back of me, moving in irritation from the contact. I stopped just shy of it, confused for a moment. It felt like I'd hit my tailbone, but...this thing was an inch out the back of me, twitching in my shorts. What the hell...?

I didn't have time to think about it as some of the guys finally came back for refills. I tried to keep the expression of concern off my face and smiled as they were laughing, downing their drinks in a couple of gulps, and asking for more. It seemed as though the buzz was wearing off for some of them, and they were eager to get it going again. That notion made me smile just slightly. After all, I was the one in charge of enabling their fun, and it was something that I took pride in to make sure they were drunk and having a good time, though not letting them get *too* drunk!

Looking around the room, I tried to take in my clientele, as I usually did, in an effort to eventually make some small talk and earn some extra tips. The guys had been pretty generous thus far, I had to admit. They were all rich fucks, given the likely price of this all-inclusive trip. They could afford to tip! Yet, as I looked around, I started to notice something odd from the gathered guys. More than one guy had longer ears than I would have expected, ones that were twitching this way and that. Some seemed an inch or two long, same as Eric's had been. Though some dudes seemed a little perplexed that their ears were twitching of their own accord, most seemed largely unaware, more focused on their own conversations than any alterations to their anatomy.

For my part, I was starting to find the whole thing a little off. Though, given the widespread impossibility of such changes, I figured there were only two possibilities. One, all of the guys just happened to have elf ears, and it was a coincidence that they all showed up to this party to twitch them. Or, two, those drinks were stronger than I thought, and I was pretty buzzed. Given how dizzy I already felt, I decided to assume the latter.

Yet one thing I could not deny was how...*hot* it looked to see each of the guys with pointed ears. Fuck, I was sure I shouldn't be so thirsty, but it was hard to deny that the sight of well-built, white shirt and short-clad men drinking and chatting and slapping each other on the shoulders and ass was doing it for me. It was all I could do not to show my bulge by staying as

close to the counter as possible. How were any of the other dudes handling things? The whole damn atmosphere was horny!

Wait a minute. How *were* they handling it? Sneaking a glance down at their groins, I was both shocked and elated to see that I wasn't the only one sporting wood. A few of the guys closest to me were showing obvious bulges, their source as clear as the one that was tenting my own pants. But the level of embarrassment I felt was...largely absent. A few guys, sure, were blushing and trying to turn away. But most dudes? Hell, some of them were even grabbing each other's bulges, teasing each other! I knew some of the guys were probably gay, at least bi. But this was like...80% of the dudes in the room acting kinda gay? And most of the others were sitting by themselves, looking awkward and adjusting their shorts from the sights. Hell, in the state I was in, I couldn't blame them!

Much to my interest, it was not only bulges at the front of pants that had them interested, it seemed. Most of the gathered men had something sticking out of their backends, even thicker than their cocks by the looks of things. They were only an inch or two long, but, like their ears, were wriggling in excitement. Some guys were even grabbing each other's growths as though making some kind of game out of it. What in the world could they be? I had no idea, though seeing them made my own bulge twitch. I clearly had the same growth from my backside, though it was hard to think about such things at the time, boned as I was.

Lost in thoughts of bulges and horny dudes, I hardly noticed when one of the guests came up to me, requesting a refill on his martini. "Hey dude, can I hAAAAWWVve another one?" He asked, voice coming out in a bit of a droning tone. I had to stifle a laugh, not wanting to make fun of one's accent but still shocked by the sound. Did that guy just bray?

Yet, the sound of his voice, raw and bestial as it was, sent a shiver through my body that made me need to pause before I could get him that drink. I had to hide my boner, which was now leaking into my pants and causing me to cross my legs. But the more I thought of it, the more the sound of his voice really did it for me. Did I just get hard to a dude braying? If so, fuck it! It was really fucking hot, no matter how much I wanted to deny it!

"Hey dude, how's it hanging? You enjoying the show?" A familiar voice said as I looked over to see Eric with an empty glass.

I tried to avert his gaze, pouring him another rum and coke before getting another earful about my sexuality. I was still coming to terms with my own shit and didn't want to get another's opinion. Still, I couldn't help but catch a glance at his ears again. They were definitely longer, even from the last time I'd looked. Hell, his weren't even the longest in the joint, not by a long shot. But they, like everyone else's, were a far cry from being human, and their flexibility was

beyond anything I'd seen. To top it off, they were coated with a fine layer of gray hairs, different from the brown that sat atop his head.

“Dude, you really are checking me out? You interested?” Eric asked, bringing me out of my stupor. I couldn't deny that his ears looked sexy as hell. Fuck, maybe I was interested. I couldn't be, but he'll, everyone else in the joint seemed to be. And we were all consenting adults...

Yet, there was something else in his expression that made me do a double-take. It took me a moment to process, especially since his mouth was half-closed in a grin, him waiting for me to respond. But his pearly white perfect teeth seemed...thicker? Yellowed? I needed to ask him something to be sure. Or, at least respond to his question.

“What if I am?” I replied, looking at him with a quizzical expression. Part of me wanted to know if what I saw was accurate. But another part...well, I hated to admit it, but he was right. I did find it hot, and I wanted to see it again!

“That's HAAAWWWWT!” Eric said with an equine bray that exposed his buck teeth in all their glory. They were indeed now massive and yellowed, pushing the rest of his teeth aside. And his face seemed a little...bloated? Was that right? More room for the thicker teeth, my buzzed mind reasoned.

My cock was rock solid in my pants the whole time, of course, though I was in no position to tend to it. Still, enamored as I'd been by all the guys and their odd additions, I was clearly in need. More so than I was prepared to admit, as I was about to discover.

The moment that my erection tapped the back of the bar was the moment that a shooting wave of pleasure erupted through my loins, making me nearly fall backward. The potent contact was enough to send me into orgasm, having apparently been just on the brink of cumming the whole time. It took everything I had to keep the expressions of orgasm off my face, lest I gave away what had happened. Worse, it almost seemed like my release stopped, pumping more cum into my pants than a simple jerk-off session could account for. Damn, I was either that pent up, or that turned on by the sight of guys!

Eric gave me a quizzical look, and I tried not to return it directly, lest it gave away what had happened. He didn't seem to notice, or, at least, didn't comment. It was a good thing that the bar was high enough to cover the stain in my pants. It had to have soaked through by now, I reasoned. I could feel the fluid cooling over my pants and underwear, my cock sticky with my own fluids.

Still, I didn't have much time to reflect on things with Eric posing his next question, still fixated on the first part of the conversation. "Well, WHAAAWWWT about it?" Eric said, as though in challenge.

"About WHHAAAWWWT?" I responded, barely noticing the strange inflections coming out of my own lips.

"About you thinking I'm HAWWWWT?!" Eric said, as though a little impatient. I got the impression that the guy didn't often take no for an answer, though it was one of those subtleties that I'd gleaned from my tenure as a bartender.

"I THAAWWWT that you didn't like guys?" I said, feeling defensive. It was only for my own sexuality, but his own, I quickly reasoned. It was one thing for me to be obviously questioning whether my body was acting of its own accord or not. But to be turned away so rudely, it certainly burst the air out of my tire, so to speak.

"I THAAAWWWWWT so too, but, when in Rome, right?" Eric replied, giving me another look at his buck teeth. I had to admit, with the ears and the bulge at the back of his pants, I was more than just into it. I wanted to do things with this man right here, right now!

Still, I couldn't get over the obvious embarrassment of what I'd done in my pants. My cock was a little sticky against the fluids on my crotch, and my boner wouldn't go down no matter how much I willed, making me uncomfortable. Anyone that saw the stain would think I either pissed myself or worse! I was just thankful Eric wasn't close enough to smell it.

Wait, was he close enough? I could see him sniffing the air, a glazed-over look on his expression as he did so. I wished I could get away to wash up, though that was impossible without someone seeing my shame. And it seemed it might have been too late if Eric was smelling what I thought he was smelling. The acrid scent of semen wasn't lost to me, either, so I had to assume that was what he was smelling. His honking nose was certainly up for the task, it seemed like! The whole thing appeared twice the size it should have been, the skin raw red as though it had stretched recently. Surely, it wasn't the nose that he'd come here with!

Still, I couldn't really find the care to bother about how he was smelling me when it was clear he was. He didn't need to say anything, not with how close his nose was getting to the table. I wanted to try and pull back, embarrassed as I was. But there was something about his expression that kept me from moving. He was clearly interested, sniffing the air with an eagerness rather than any disgust. The smell was clearly doing it for him, whether he knew he was smelling cum or not!

It was more than his expression that had me convinced of his interest. I only had to look down for a moment to see the obvious stain on his own crotch, his cock evidently at full attention. The sight of his erection made my own cock twitch as it tented my pants against the cool fluids of my ejaculation. I couldn't believe how horny the sight was making me. Part of me could, I supposed if I forgot any feelings I'd had before today about men or my sexuality in general. But damn, at the moment, it was so hard to really *think*.

It was at that moment something behind me started to twitch again, and I reflexively reached back to grab the thing that was irritating me earlier. This time, I dug my fingers into the waistband of my pants until they wrapped around an appendage that shouldn't have been present. It stuck two inches out of my backside, thick, ropey, and warm as the rest of my flesh. There was no mistaking it for anything other than a part of myself. Worse, the damn thing *moved* as soon as I touched it, as though trying to escape the uncomfortable contact. What the hell was it? I had no idea, save for that its presence scared the fuck out of me!

“Oh, you hAAAWWWVE one too!” Eric said, turning around and showing me the bulge in the back of his own pants. I nearly jumped out of my pants when I saw the damn thing. Seeing it sticking out of his backside, the two inches of twitching flesh looked exactly like what I might expect would be a tail!

How?! How the hell did he, or, me, for that matter, have a tail?! There was no way a mere buzz could convince me this was real. But, there was no denying the sight of the twitching thing in front of me, or the irritation in my own backside. We had goddamn *tails* sticking out above our asses! Just like some sort of...

“WHHAAAWWWTS got your tail in a twist?” Eric asked me, as though having a tail was the most normal thing in the world. I went to respond, but then my eyes caught sight of all the other guys standing around us. Not one of them was without a similar bugle in the back of their pants. Hell, a bunch of the guys had theirs out, playing with them like they would with their dicks. And it certainly had the same effect if the stains on the fronts of their pants were any indication!

It was more than just that commonality I was seeing around the gathered guys. Teeth were bucked and yellowed, ears were long and pointed, and everyone was braying out every few words like a jackass. I realized I had never actually heard a donkey bray or anything of the sort in person. But it was the first thing that came to mind whenever I actually heard it. With the tails, the teeth, and the ears, every guy here kinda looked a little bit like a jackass, actually!

Through the absolute impossibility of seeing something like that in real life, I still managed to find myself staring more in reverence than concern. The sight of men with donkey

ears, tails, and teeth...fuck, I was tenting in my pants more than I had recalled ever feeling. And, best of all, was whenever one of the guys gathered brayed. Fuck, that was *hot*. I couldn't imagine being more boned than right now, listening to guys bray!

Even if I wasn't into the bestial appendages and sounds that had come over all the guys, I certainly was into the show. The gathered men were acting more than a little perverted for being out in public. There was still some crotch-grabbing, of course, that seemed to be a free for all with hands that weren't currently holding drinks. But it was lewder a scene than that. Some of the guys were dancing with each other, some mix of pop and techno that I couldn't quite recognize. But that wasn't important. What was important was that some of the guys were grinding on each other, asses teasing cocks or cocks frothed against each other still clad in white shorts. The sight was enough to make me nearly cum again right there! I certainly felt better about having messed myself up, given the scent of cum in the air from some of the guys that had clearly already finished.

A sudden twitch from my ears made me reach up, surprised at the warm expanse of flesh that met my touch. I would have been shocked to feel that my ears were in such a state had I not seen every other guy in the room with a similar set. Mine seemed to match the show, twitching back and forth as I rubbed them, curious to explore my new anatomy. They came adorned with a soft coating of fur, it seemed. Not that I minded, all par for the course, it seemed!

Something else caught my attention as I rubbed the area around my ears. The texture of my hair was a little...off. Though I'd showered and washed my hair before my shirt, my hair didn't feel smooth or fluffy like I expected it should. Rather, the hairs were shorter just above my ears. Running my fingers through my hair, I was a little surprised to feel that it seemed to be thicker in the center, though shorter around the sides. It gave me the mental image of...a mohawk? Damn, I wished I had a mirror to be sure!

As it turned out, I really didn't need one. Looking around at the gathered guys, it was clear to me they likely sported similar cuts to my own, thick patches of hair that were running down the backs of their necks and even behind their shirts in some places. They were thin, clearly mohawks, as the rest of their scalps pulled in the hair around them. Some of them were longer than how the guys kept their hair short-cut, making them all look like some sort of '80s punks. But I couldn't deny how damn *sexy* it made them all seem!

I was getting more than a little aroused by the sight of them, given the tent in my pants. So were some of the other guys, moving in to rub their hairs and ears, the mohawks giving them plenty of space to stretch up the sides of their heads. Most were at least 3 inches now, more fit for a barn animal than a group of men. But, I couldn't deny how *sexy* that sight was and how

much it was doing for me. Damn, I wanted to get in on that action, but I was stuck behind the bar...

It seemed that I wouldn't be there alone for much longer. The thump of something hitting the ground behind me made me turn around to see that Eric had leaped over the table to join me, standing there with his tail waving back and forth, sticking up out of his pants. It was covered with a thin layer of gray fur to match the hair he carried on his ears, which themselves were twitching. He, too, sporting a rather fetching mohawk, bristling all the way down his back and under his shirt. His grin was a little wide, nose red and flared, and sniffing the scents of booze and likely cum from my pants.

I blushed furiously at that, unable to hide my shame or my boner. Even given the state of his own cock, not to mention nearly everyone else's, I still felt ashamed of the erection tenting my pants. I didn't want to be seen in such a compromising position, especially in front of another man! Even a man as sexy as hell, just like Eric...

"So you do like what you see, eh? Figured I'd give it a shot! Seems to be going around! And, sides, you're damn cute!" He exclaimed, making me tent my pants even more as my face turned red.

"Thought you said you weren't gay?" I shot back, chastising myself then and there. I wasn't either but...fuck it must have been the overabundance of testosterone and booze. I needed him in the worst way!

"That doesn't matter to me if it doesn't matter to you!" He retorted, approaching me with clear interest. It was apparent that he was feeling amorous, as was I. And even my brief bit of hesitance couldn't discourage his advances. To my embarrassment, I didn't want to deter him. I wanted...

Before I knew what he was doing, Eric was on me, giving him a look directly in the eye as he reached out with one hand to take his. I reciprocated, feeling his smooth fingers in my own as my heart started to race. More excited than any time I could recall being about this type of situation, I took the initiative, leaning in and giving him a peck on the lips before he could protest. I wanted to ask if it was OK, but he was reaching over for a deeper kiss. I could feel the warmth of his lips press tightly against mine, and taste the booze on his breath. His tongue pressed out and I went all in, kissing him back and feeling my heart race all the more. I was kissing a man, and I was in heaven!

The erotic contact made me squirm in my pants and I wanted to reach down to alleviate the lust building up. But my hands were currently occupied exploring the man's chest, one

curiously reaching up and running under his shirt. Dude was *hairy*, the texture against my palm coarse but rather pleasant. I sensually stroked the hairy skin, making him shiver as I kissed him roughly, speeding his breaths as we embraced.

A questing hand reached under my own shirt, and I shuddered at the feeling of his cool hand against my burning skin. Gently, nimble fingers teased up my belly, making me shiver and lean into the man's lips. It seemed as though the man's digits were catching on something, like I had my own carpet of thick hairs. I wasn't the more diligent of man scapers, but I was sure that such body hair couldn't exist on my form even on a good day. And the heated skin he was teasing seemed to be a little thicker, like I'd added a couple of pounds when I wasn't looking. Yet, at the moment, I could only be excited that there was more for this new man to explore, which he seemed to be doing eagerly!

Though I was eager for more of his touch, the needs in my crotch were starting to become more insistent, flaring up from how eager this man seemed to hunger for me. Part of me was tempted to reach down and undo my pants, though there was an obvious lack of privacy, even behind the bar. Still, despite having creamed myself not moments ago, my penis was throbbing like I hadn't had sexual contact in months. I felt a few strokes would bring me to the much-desired orgasm once more. Though, given my current lip-lock with the sexy man, I was hardly in a position to break it, even to tend to such an obvious need.

Eric seemed to have the solution to our mutual problem, however, as his hips suddenly thrust forward, our bobbing cocks connecting even with the barrier of our clothes in the way. His turgid girth caused enough friction to stimulate my penis, bringing me closer than I could have expected from such contact. My own hips soon started thrusting against his, trying to match his tempo as we continued to kiss, moaning in each other's mouths and eagerly rutting our hips together. I felt I was going to cream my pants against them without even touching myself. The contact was amazing!

Yet, I couldn't cum just then, not like this. Even with how boned I was, I wanted, no, *needed* some more intimate action. Even kissing this dude wasn't enough for the new gay proclivities that seemed to creep into my mind, making me dizzy and clouding any rational judgment. It couldn't have been the booze; there was no way I was *that* drunk! But, still, it was impossible to deny the sheer force of arousal making out with this sexy man was doing to me!

Before things got too heated, I decided to pull back a little and figure out what the next step was. At least, I wanted to ask Eric where he thought things could go. Though I didn't want to get fired from my bartending job, there might be a precedent for taking a break back to his bedroom and seeing where the evening took us. But the sight of his face gave me pause. I couldn't quite place it, not at first, anyway. But I soon realized that my lover's nose was big and

red, nostrils flared as it almost stuck down to his upper jaw. More than that, his lips seemed larger, too, darker from what I could tell. It was almost like his face was more than a...

Eric looked at my confusion for a moment with a look of puzzlement of his own. I couldn't help but ask, "Why the long face?" as though it was the most normal thing in the world. Too late, I figured it might be offensive if it was a condition that he had been made fun of all of his life. I was powerfully ashamed of the reality that I had said something so rude and brash!

Yet, the look on Eric's face wasn't one of offense or anger. Rather, it was something akin to confusion, like he had no idea what was on the end of his face or how it had gotten there. Reaching up, questing fingers brushed against a facial bone structure that didn't seem to register with his awareness. Yet, instead of reaching down to pull out his phone to check or anything of the sort, Eric just stared ahead at me, a look of curiosity, then amusement crossing his features.

"You're one to taHHAAAWWK!" Eric said, grinning widely and revealing those larger, blocky teeth to me.

Only momentarily distracted by the equine bray coming from his lips, I was prompted to reach up, curious about what he had been talking about. My own fingers brushed against lips and cheeks that were wider and thicker than I was used to. The warm skin was somewhat hairy when I was sure I had shaved that morning. I would have pulled out my own phone to see what had become of my features, but I didn't need to, not with what was likely a perfect mirror right in front of my face!

Before I could react, Eric had reached out a hand and pulled me eagerly forward, a little roughly. But there was an excitement in his motions that had me going along for the ride. I had no idea what he was up to, though the motion excited me more than I was maybe expecting. It took him a few minutes to get me out through the crowds of tassel-tailed men to the center of the room, as a decent melody picked up over the speakers. He wanted me to dance with him!

The fact that the only bartender was not working behind the counter was not lost on most of the patrons, who chastised my absence. I knew I should pull away and serve them, not wanting to be fired. But before I had the chance to, Eric yelled out to them, telling them to "Pour it yourselves, it's all paid for anyway!" Afterward, there were no complaints, the guys going behind the counter to pour their beer or mix their hard liquor. I really wanted to stop them but soon figured so long as there weren't any broken glasses it was fine. Besides, I was experiencing something new, *someone* new, and I didn't want to lose a minute of it, career opportunities be damned! I chuckled to myself, figuring this guy was rich, anyway. But that was certainly jumping the gun!

Eric's insistent tug on my arm was enough to distract me, pulling me around and lowering me under his arm in a sort of twirl. I allowed him to sweep me up in the motion, having no real idea how to dance. Eric, as it turned out, had more than enough experience and was eager to teach it. He guided me across the floor with eagerness, yet slow enough that I was able to keep up. He was a patient teacher, too, making sure not to point out my missteps but simply guiding me into the proper motions. In my drunken state, I was barely able to keep up without stumbling, though, somehow, I managed!

Part of me was thrilled, my heart fluttering as I was taken in such an intimate way with this man that had me so excited. Though, the other part was nervous as hell, not really sure what I was doing and terrified of what I was about to do next. Yet, looking into his eyes, I found myself lost in the browning orbs, letting myself go into the moment. It was wonderful not to have to think, to truly live in the moment in a way that had escaped me most of my life. Exhilarating was hardly sufficient to describe it!

Distracted from my brief reverie, I felt myself being pulled around as a more upbeat tempted melody started playing in the background. The men gathered around us came into my periphery, and they, too, seemed to have switched up their routines, going from dancing in pairs to a more casual, nightclub routine. Soon, dudes were grinding on each other, playing their groins over their asses and tenting even more in already strained pants. I had to admit, it was hot as hell! If only Eric would do the same to me...

No sooner had those thoughts entered my mind did I feel the other man's bulge against my ass cheeks, and I blushed, powerfully aroused and embarrassed in equal measure. I wanted it, to be sure, though was a little nervous about the sudden intimacy. But, it was going around, I was sure. There wasn't a man in the room at this point without some part of his body against another man's. It would have looked weird if I *didn't* let Eric grind against me. And boy, did I want it...

The sensation of warm fluid dripping into my already cum-stained pants made me moan out a "HAAAWWWT!" that sounded more like an asinine bray than anything I should have been able to make. But, at the moment, I didn't care, lustful as I was. I was more turned on than I had a right to be and felt the outline of the man's cock on my ass, allowing myself to get into it.

It seemed my exploits, meager as they were, were more than enough to bring my pent-up friend. A loud 'HAAWWWW!' echoed from his rubbery lips as the sensation of his throbbing member spilling warm fluids all over my pants. It was so thick that I was sure it had soaked through to coat the back of my dress pants. But at the moment I was more turned on than I had ever been!

Turning around to grind against him and get my own much-needed relief, I was met with the taste of his rubbery lips on my own, literally taking my breath away as I struggled against his body. He pulled me in close, and, rather than my hesitance at the unexpected action, I soon was trying to grind against his still semi-erect member, eager for the stimulation in tandem with the erotism from his kiss. Even though his lips tasted rubbery, his breath boozy, and the hair around his lips thicker, the sensation of kissing this man was the biggest turn-on I had ever had in my life! If I wasn't gay before tonight, I was certainly open to exploring the idea now!

I felt like I was embracing this wonderful man for hours, the rest of the world fading away from us as I let myself fall into the sensation. Yet, eventually, an ache in my feet prompted me to break it a little sooner than I would have preferred. I was not the only one that seemed to be bothered with foot pain as many of the other guys seemed to be standing on their tiptoes, struggling with dress shoes and boots and all sorts of footwear. Eventually, they were prompted to take them off, it seemed. What was revealed underneath, however...one toe on each foot looked swollen and bloated, longer than the foot itself. Those unfortunate souls were trying the rub their feet, clear relief on their faces as their toes were allowed to breathe.

I was soon to be one of them as I hobbled over to one of the tables, Eric in my arms as I did so. He reached down, helping me pull off the shoes as I flexed the toes, eager that they were free. The pressure building up from both ends was getting troublesome, and the relief was instant! Yet, wanting to flex them to try and remove the irritation, I was left with toes that didn't quite move the way I had been hoping them to. It was like the joints in the rest of the toes were stiff or absent. And, as large as the middle digit was, it, too, was hardly moving no matter how much I wriggled it. Clearly, that was the source of the discomfort that was plaguing me!

Yet, that was not the strangest thing to befall the tip of my middle toe, the tip swelled as it was. The nail bed had darkened to a thick greyish brown, as though bruised, and had swollen around the tip of the toes, sticking on like some kind of ball. Caught in the strange sight, I tried to rationalize why I wasn't as bothered as I should have been by it. Right, was it because I had long ears and a tail? That made sense? What were these next, hooves? Damn, was I drunk!

Eric went to sit beside me, pulling off his own shoes to reveal feet that were in a similar state of being, what could be considered partial hooves. His toes were even more retracted than mine were, heels stretched as he rubbed at them, as though the skin was irritated. I was surprised that it seemed to be pulling at the skin and even the muscle and bone underneath as though it was physically pliable. I watched, more interested than worried, as his heel was forcefully stretched before my eyes. The skin turned black and several hairs sprouted over the flesh as his heel was raised off the ground. Effective, it removed his formerly plantigrade stance as his bigger toes continued to thicken.

Seemingly oblivious to what he was doing, Eric kept rubbing the skin, pulling at his toes as though he was crafting the flesh with his hands. Though it was impossible that he actually knew what he was doing, the results of his actions were as clear as day. The more he tugged at his toes, the more that they seemed to be pulling into his feet, meddling into the flesh until there was nothing left in them to move. All the while, his middle toe seemed to be expanding, filling up the space that the absent toes soon left. It was soon the thickness of his stretched heel, impossibly stout compared to before. The growth at the tip of his toe seemed to be thickening all the while, wrapping down around its apex. It seemed almost like the toe was sinking to be inside of it as the bottom of the growth rounded and flattened, that hard nail-like substance filling in the gap. If I didn't know any better, I'd say he had a perfectly shaped hoof.

Not bothered by the change that had altered his foot, Eric immediately took off his other shoe, revealing it to be in the same state as his other foot before the changes overtook them. This time, he didn't bother trying to twitch the digits, instead rubbing the other toes *into* the foot, knowing their inevitable end and wanting to encourage it along. No matter the fact that I had just seen it happen before me, I was just as eager to watch the formation of the second in a set of animalistic hooves, matching the donkey ears and tails we already had. I was sure they were donkey appendages now, the matching features indistinguishable from anything else.

Yet, despite the obvious loss of his feet, Eric only had a wide grin on his features, seemingly more excited with the new appendages "No need for these anymore, eh, bud?" He said, throwing his shoes into a nearby wastebasket. I had to admit it almost made me envious. I wouldn't mind losing my feet if I could have a new pair of shiny hooves, too!

It was no surprise for me to see that the other gathered men were going through the same thing, obviously taking off shoes to reveal feet in the same state as our own. Some were nearly fully formed, while others were in the early stages of change, prompting people to sit down to rub their feet into the hooves they seemed to crave. Everyone, drinks in hand, seemed to be happy with the new developments, as though losing their feet to hooves was the most normal thing in the world.

Distracted by the changes occurring in everyone else around me, I was barely aware that I was losing my own feet, the shiny hoof wrapping around my center toes as they pushed inside them in equal measure. I was glad I had taken mine off. Though I didn't need them anymore, especially if my feet were to stay in such a state, I didn't want to rip out of them and damage the footwear. Some guys did not have the foresight to do so, and the sides of some dress shoes were popped and torn to reveal the shiny black hooves within. I laughed at them, knowing that they were foolish to try to keep them on. We didn't need shoes with these wonderful hooves, after all. Though, given the erections in their pants and the stains that followed them, maybe some people

were more turned on by the loss of their shoes to have their hooves burst out of them! To each their own, I supposed. As long as they all still liked other men! *That* was hot!

Part of me wondered if I really wanted the hooves I had been granted in lieu of the feet that I had lost. Yet, as I tried to stand, using the already standing Eric for balance, I soon realized the advantage of my new feet. After all, I would never need to use shoes again if my feet stayed in this state! Though I had never pondered it before, the more I thought about it, the more the notion of having hooves made sense. They were far more practical than my own feet had been, after all!

Though walking took a little time to master, given the stretched state of my heels, I soon learned to manage, though not without almost falling over several times. Still, once I got my balance down, it was hardly an inconvenience to walk back over to the bar, though not without giving Eric a deep kiss on the lips before I did so. Some of the patrons were getting restless and thirsty, and I was still on the clock, after all. It was my job to pour the drinks, something I did eagerly! In my buzzed state, I felt as though I was moving faster than I could have expected I would be, making sure there was not an empty hand in the place as everyone started to group up and chat.

Bartender than I was, I was more focused on the state of the gathered men than the casual observer. It was a gift, one of the reasons I enjoyed the profession so well. And, given my newfound interest in men, I had more motivation to be checking out the gathered guys enjoying their drinks and the new appendages they were sporting with reverence and excitement!

By now, there was not a shoe present on any of the black hooves that every man seemed to possess. Everyone had bulges in the backs of their pants, though enough of the several-inch-long growths were pulled up out of them for me to know for certain that they were asinine tails. And ears were even longer, twitching this way and that in reaction to the laughter and the back-patting and rubbing that seemed to be the norm for the gathered crowd. Swollen faces and buck teeth shone through grinning, rubbery lips as widened nostrils drank in the potent cocktail of musk and booze that perforated the room.

At this point, shirts were being unbuttoned, a lot of the guys overheated and needing relief. I could tell how hairy the men were, almost inhumanly so if my eyes didn't deceive me. Certainly more hair than I would have expected on normal men. But these were donkey boys, through and through. They should be covered with hair, damnit! Thick, hairy pelts, like the one I hoped Eric had so that I could run my fingers through it and enjoy the texture....

“Hey, sexy, hope you didn't forget about me so soon,” came the familiar voice, and I hardly had time to turn around before Eric's lips were on mine. Soon, we were kissing deeply,

me almost dropping a glass I had been holding in the moment of passion. Careful of what I was doing, I set it back, smiling for a moment as I quickly realized my hooves wouldn't be so easily cut by glass. Still, they weren't damage-proof, and I didn't want to get fired. Sure, I would almost certainly be sacked for fraternizing during my shift, but...damn, my thoughts were going a mile a minute today!

I took my hands and reached under his shirt, loving the coarse texture of fur that met my fingers. It seemed as though his belly had swollen since the last time, and I found that his shirt had ridden upward on his features somewhat, though it was hotter to feel his warm, chubby belly than the chiseled man he had been about an hour or so before now. I could almost feel the veins throbbing under the skin, pumping blood across the skin as his belly expanded even further.

"Come get another drink with me, stud," Eric offered, and I accepted, pouring each of us one before sitting down on the bar with him. Occasionally, another guy came up to get a drink of his own, but I was able to balance chatting and drinking and working, much to my pride in my skills.

"So, ready to tell me what brought a rich, handsome donk-man to a point where you're interested in a bartender like me?" I asked, the booze giving me a boost of confidence that I hadn't been expecting to come out of my lips. I mean, I knew he was interested in me, there was no doubt about that. But to just assume he found me the most interesting guy in the room...

"Like most complicated problems in life, my friend," Eric started, taking a sip of his drink before seeming to ponder his next words. "It has to do with my ex-wife."

"Women. Say no more!" I replied, cheers to forgetting about women altogether. Hell, while I'd never been married, I had my own share of ex-girlfriends that had fucked me over in their own ways, and I didn't think that even with all the booze I'd had, it was warranted to keep the conversation on that track.

Eric, it seemed, had the same idea. "Yeah, so I need to get down and have some fun! And, fuck it, I didn't think I'd be having some fun with guys, especially not hot ones like the bartender, but damn if it ain't the best weekend I've ever had!" Eric finished, and I couldn't help but blush at that. Not only was this rich, sexy man looking to have some fun with guys, but he found *me* to be handsome! I know, there was a little cliché about doing stuff with the bartender, but, hey, when on Pleasure Island, right?

Naturally, it led to some impassioned making out, our mouths meeting and tongues entwining as we began to kiss with gusto. The taste of booze on Eric's breath, the sweaty stink of cologne and donkey, and the heat coming off his hairy body were absolutely intoxicating.

Nothing I had experienced from a woman before could meet with the sheer excitement I felt being with this man right now. If this meant I was gay, than I wanted to experience things to the fullest with this man, wherever that took me. I was sure it was going to take me to his hotel bed later tonight, at the very least...

Lost in thoughts of what the night would bring and the sensation of making out with this sexy man, I was remiss for not noticing that my front teeth were getting a little thicker in my gums, pushing the other teeth to the side slightly as they did so. I could feel the numbing sensation grow with intensity as we made out, as though our physical contact was a catalyst. My gumline tingled as though it was thickening, pushing the rest of my teeth to the back of my mouth. It was almost like they were expanding, which should have been impossible for all intents and purposes. Then again, excess body hair, tails, and donkey ears were hardly par for the course either, so who was I to judge?

Still, the strange tingling was almost enough to distract me from our intense make-out session and actually open my eyes, maybe get to a mirror. It seemed the ache I was starting to feel was like extra teeth growing in to fill the gaps left from my swelling incisors. It was akin to having a new pair growing in, but that seemed to make sense to my booze-addled mind. I needed them to compensate for the extra space and the distension of my canines, which seemed to be sinking into the gums themselves.

Almost, that is. Distract me from making out with my man that is. The pleasure of my pounding cock against his was nearly enough to make me nut again right there, though I resisted the urge, at least for now. Building up our lust slowly by kissing and stroking each other's hairy chests and arms was plenty enough for right now. Hell, the fact that I was able to get hard again after such a short amount of time and so much booze was a miracle in and of itself!

Things weren't made easier by the continued numbness extending out towards my lips and nose now, making them feel bloated and distended slightly. It wasn't just me, either; Eric's facial features seemed to be matching what I felt was happening to mine if the change in sensation against my lips were any indication. There was an itching that almost felt like a beard, though I was certain that Eric's handsome features had been clean shaved before now. Even with the extra body hairy, coarse like that of a farm animal, some bristled hairs seemed to stand out. And if the itching on my own face was any indication, I was surely forming such a thing on my own!

Still, the increasingly rubbery, leathery sensation of our locking lips was hardly a deterrent to our impassioned lip service. We continued making out like teens on a bluff overlooking the lights of their small town. The excitement of the sexual acts, my past experience

with the newness of doing these sorts of things with a man for the first time, was potently arousing. Fuck, I was hard and hung and having the time of my life!

Naturally, the two of us couldn't resist the lust building in our loins for too much longer, though there was nothing wrong with that in the grand scheme of things. We were going to get off sooner or later, that was the point. Our hands, stiff as they were, started to reach down to grope for each other's bulges, feeling the damp stains of precum present. Our trembling, stiffening digits soon pulled down zippers to allow cocks to hang out in the warm air. We groped for the eager flesh of our members, the hardening skin more sensitive than anything the two of us were prepared for.

Larger, too, even than what we had seen over the evening. I wasn't sure just by feeling alone, but my modest 5 inches were larger than that, closer to 10, if the sensations were any indication. And, fuck, was I thick! The tip was leaking like a facet, too, the flesh moist and smooth and hardly hindered by our multiple orgasms. I was powerfully erect and excited, and even if the penis I had wasn't close to the one I'd come to work with, I didn't mind. Certainly not with the size, especially when my man's was just as large!

I wanted to look down, but I was lost by the sensation of being teased by Eric's skilled fingers. It was a little awkward, as though his fingers weren't working as well as they should have. I couldn't blame him for that. Mine were having a little trouble flexing as well. It was getting to the point that it wasn't really doing it for me, as horny as I was. Likely, it wasn't doing enough for Eric as well, and I found myself wondering how else we could get off. The sights of the men around us, either making out or getting on hands and knees, were certainly giving me ideas...

It seemed that Eric was getting ideas as well. Eventually, he pulled back, letting us both look down at our dangling dongs. They were...certainly larger than they had been, that was for sure. And the color was far redder than anything I could imagine without pain or discomfort. The skin was firm and slick with precum, the heads were thicker, and the rods seemed to expand slightly towards the center, staying uniform in length towards our groins. Our shafts were shifting in tandem, with the same inhuman shape. But, neither of us seemed to mind if the throbbing veins under the surface were any indication. That, and the inch that they seemed to grow just by our watching eyes alone!

We were in time to watch the continued alterations to our cocks, which was a sight to behold, to say the least. The heads were staring to crown, tips flattened until they appeared flared, giving the whole head the shape of a mushroom or something similar. Was this what donkey cocks looked like? It was sure possible!

Though both of our foreskins were present, that was not to be the case for long, at least in their current state. The reddening shift started to peel backward somewhat, as though a banana, exposing reddish skin underneath. They seemed to pull down around to the base, pooling there as our cocks grew even more turgid in tandem. It was scary how much in synch our changes were, but then again, it just increased my lust for this changing man before me!

I had to admit, the sight of the shaft I possessed was sexier than I could have imagined. Despite the inhuman shape of the thing, I wanted to reach down and stroke it. More than that, I wished to touch the one that my lover was sporting, maybe go a little further. Surely, sucking him off wasn't out of the question. Not since some of the other guys were so eagerly doing the same!

For now, I grinned into my lover's bulbous face, cheeks and face stretched out further than they had been. His teeth, too, were yellowed, thicker, and blocky as I assumed my own to be by this point. I didn't mind the sight, though. In fact, his handsome visage made me all the more erect for him, and I plowed into him, letting out cocks froth against each other as we had earlier. Only now, asinine in their shape, it was impossible for us to keep them up between us. They were simply too big!

And my need was growing more and more intense, as I assumed Eric's was. Taking the initiative and knowing Eric would love it, I got down on his knees, allowing the equine tip of his cock to rub against my longer face and rubbery lips for a moment. I wanted his thick, musky fluids to sit on my skin so I could breathe it in even once we were done with our sexual escapades. I mean, I would have precum stained on my face for the rest of my shift. But that would hardly matter given the current working climate and clientele. Besides, part of me didn't think I'd be making it back to the bar regardless. Despite the risk of losing my job and my license, I was too excited to see where *this* was going!

Tentatively, I reached out to tease the tip with my tongue, the tangy flavor making me shiver. It was thick, sticky, and salty, more than I was expecting. Yet, hardly being too intense for me to handle, the musky flavor was somewhat pleasant, enough that I could get down on it. At least, I tried to, the head too thick for even my blunt muzzle. Wait, muzzle? Yeah, that word seemed to make sense to even my drunken, musk-addled mind. And I didn't care, large on my face as I could see it was. And, besides, I would do for a larger one if it could mean that I could suck his cock the way I wanted!

It seemed I was soon to get my wish as the tingling in my mouth started to intensify, my face stretched out ever so slightly. It was followed by a series of pops that resonated through my head, but they were only briefly uncomfortable. I was more than eager to feel my muzzle starting to push forward if it allowed my mouth to open just enough to take the flared donkey cock!

Thankfully, my lips were already swelling enough that they could get around the fat cockhead, and eventually, I was able to maneuver it into my mouth. The salty taste was even more intense now, but the thick musk burning into my nose made it more palpable as I started to suck with enthusiasm. It was more than I could have asked for, and despite the size, I forced my growing muzzle around it, determined to take as much in as I wanted to. Enough to make my jaw sore, but I was remiss for caring at the time! Not with my desire to pleasure my mate and the curiosity of experiencing the contours of his mutating cock in my muzzle!

Eric was rubbing my hair all the while, and I could feel some of it falling away at the sides. Though his touch only seemed to make my bristling mohawk grow longer, running down a neck that was starting to thicken as much to match my increasingly bulky head. I could feel the bulging of the veins in my neck, supplying the necessary blood to fuel the growth. But, none of the sensations could bother me, and none of it deterred me from the singular goal of sucking this donkey-man's penis to completion!

If it was even possible, I felt the cock in my mouth start to swell as though enlarging and preparing to blow a thick load of cum inside my muzzle. My own penis was clearly swelling even more with sexual excitement, and I could barely contain my new friend's cock in my mouth as it throbbed and swelled and prepared to fill me with his salty load!

Eric's stiff fingers were still rubbing my head the entire time, causing the itching to intensify as more hair/fur started to grow in to make up the balding space of my scalp. The itching was spreading over the back of my neck now, but I could hardly be bothered by such an inconvenience. I was focused only on making this stud in my mouth cum, and what it would be like to taste another man's load.

As it turned out, I would not have to wait long. The throbbing in my muzzle was getting more and more intense, and the hands on my head started to move faster, holding me in place as he mouth fucked me. His hips were thrusting powerfully in my muzzle, but with the changes to my head and neck, I was in a position to take it without complaining. His balls were even slapping against my chin, but I could hardly care with how horny I was and how much I wanted to drink down his cum. And, *fuck*, did I want to hear him bray as he did so!

“OHHHAAAWWWWWW!” Came the words I was waiting for as the cock in my mouth started to spasm wildly. It was all I could do to keep my lips around it as he shot his semen down my throat. The consistency of his precum rapidly grew more intense, and part of me was worried that I wouldn't be able to take the load that was coming. But, the flavor had been growing on me the entire time, and it turned out to be hardly an inconvenience to take the sheer

volume of semen blown directly down my throat, so much so that I could barely experience its taste and texture.

Eager to both please my mate and taste the fruits of male lust, I swallowed every bit of cum that my lover offered me, not even gagging at the sheer quantity. The flavor was somehow even better than before, and I licked my larger lips, eager to swallow every ounce. I didn't stop until the equine phallus in my mouth finally ceased spasming and until he pulled it out, the stimulation evidently too much for even his equine stamina.

Turning my face to look up at my lover, I was instead distracted by the sight of the penis I'd so eagerly sucked. 12 inches and not even fully erect, it hung there, looking more fit for the barn animals we were starting to resemble. Its contours were shaded in mottled pink and black, and even the center must have been at least four times as thick as even the best-hung porn stars. Damn, that monster had been in my mouth!

“You like whawwwttt you see, buddhheehaawww?!” Came the eager bray from my man, and I looked up at Eric's increasingly equine visage. Though, I wasn't disturbed at the few inches of muzzle I'd given him with our sexual escapades, not when I'd developed my own in order to suck his monster off. Besides, he was handsome as hell and getting more so the more he resembled a donkey!

“You wawwwhhhatt a blow job, stud?” Eric brayed, and I felt my own donkey cock pound erect. Sucking him off had brought me close to the point of cumming as it was, and surely it would only take mere moments to bring me the rest of the way. Besides, who was I to deny him that when I'd so relished having a donkey dick in my own muzzle?

We traded positions, me standing up awkwardly while Eric got down at level with my member. It was a little hard to balance, I soon found, like my spine had extended into more than just my twitching tail. My hips, already tight in my work pants, seemed even larger and something inside them ached as though loosened by our sexual escapades. If this kept up, I laughed to myself, I might end up on all fours like a real barnyard beast! Not that I minded too much, in the moment...

I was distracted by the sensation of rubbery lips on my flared cockhead, with enough force I almost fell over against the man that was keen to take my cock inside his mouth. My entire body was trembling, eager to have his muzzle over my penis, taking my length in his muzzle. Though, with the size of the cock I sported now, I hoped he was ready for it!

Of course, he was. As much as I had been eager to take his penis in my mouth, Eric took my penis in his, but not before lovingly kissing the tip and downing any precum I was able to

spurt. Despite my evening of sexual escapades, it seemed to have no hindrance on my libido. Any part of my being that might have chafed at the changes was gone with the promise of the sheer amount of sex that it seemed that I could partake in!

Soon, at just the perfect time, in my opinion, Eric moved his muzzle up the length of my shaft, and the bulbous head popped into his mouth before he crawled down past the ring of flesh in the center. I could even feel the head of my cock teasing the back of his gullet as Eric deepthroated me as far as he evidently could. I started leaking profusely at that, wanting to cum down his throat as much as he had down mine. And who was I to deny him that?

Reminded of the sensation of the rest of my human hair being removed from my scalp, I reached up to do the same to Eric's. It came out rather quickly, rubbed away for the donkey pelt starting to pepper its way across his skin, as much as it was on mine. It gave room for the bare skin to form the rest of the asinine mohawk that I found so damn hot on him. Damn, the mere sight of it made me leak into Eric's muzzle, my own cock pulsating from the mere thought. I wasn't going to last very long, and there was no point in doing so!

My increasing arousal certainly wasn't helped by the fact that other features of my lover's face were starting to alter. I could see the veins pulsating under the skin as his muzzle stretched another inch or so, taking more of my cock with it. His forehead seemed a little more sloped, more of the mass moving into the growing muzzle. And his nose was wider, slits up the side as he breathed in what I could only assume was my male musk and all it had to offer. All in all, he was so damn handsome, and more so the more his facial features altered before my eyes!

Feeling my cock start to reach its end, Eric looked up at me, a smile in his eyes as he prepared to suck me off to conclusion. They were brown, and the pupils seemed a little off, more rectangular than I was anticipating. But I could tell that he was eager to take my cum, smiling as much as I had and eager to pleasure me as much as I did him. That level of companionship, more than I had experienced in all my life, made me relax into the sensations of my penis preparing to blow its load.

“Oh...Eric...PLEEHHAAAWWW! HHEEEHHHAAAWWW!” I brayed as the pressure in my penis grew to its crescendo, and I felt myself going into orgasm. My cock was throbbing like a piston at this point, but the muzzle sucking me off was large enough that he could take it like a champ. Balls slapping against his chin, I felt my cum shooting through my cock, sloshing and spurting through the head and likely down his throat. But, like my own release, it didn't seem to bother him to drink down my load, and he did so eagerly, audible swallowing heard with my longer donkey ears.

“Damn, you’re HAWWWT!” I commented as Eric awkwardly stumbled to his feet. It seemed that he had the same difficulty standing as much as I was. Though, I was starting to think it wouldn't be so bad if we ended up on all fours. After all, we would certainly be closer to each other’s cocks for a variety of purposes. Priorities, am I right!?

Though, at the moment, my buzz was starting to wane a little, and, given my decision to forgo my job, I figured it was warranted to get a few more in me before I was officially fired. I tried not to think of the future and what would happen to me after this weekend. I knew my new beau was loaded, but I didn’t want to rely on what would happen after this night. Though a part of me wanted whatever happened to move past this night. I could only hope that he felt the same way about me...

“Wahhhawwwa get another drink with meehaaawww?” My friend brayed, though it was harder to make out the words. Still, I could tell enough that he wanted to drink with me, to keep that buzz going. I wasn’t one to disappoint, and I simply nodded, not sure if my own brays would be interpretable.

The two of us made it to the bar area, which was largely desolate at this point. Most of the guys were making out, sucking each other off, or doing even more lewd sexual acts in front of everyone still present. Maybe half of the guys that had been on the floor to start with were still present, and I had to assume that most of the guys had paired off and gone to their respective rooms. Still, the sight of what people were still doing in front of us was more than enough to spur my cock to life all over again!

Moving towards the back of the bar, I wondered if I should bother to take the station at this point. It seemed that everyone had a drink at this juncture, and were more than happy enough to go with the flow. There wasn’t much left for me to do, even if I had been inclined to resume my duties. Still, I mixed what was likely my last drink of the evening, cheering with Eric as we partook together. I was sure I didn't need any more assistance in performing whatever lewd acts he had in mind for us. Drinking, at this stage, was simply a formality to slow down between our oral escapades and the penetrative sex that I was sure would round out the night.

The sound of a loud bray took me from my reverie, and, looking over I could see one of the men still in the room falling over, landing hard on his hands. Eric went to help, but I put my hand in front of him, wanting to see the display. My penis was getting tight in my pants again, far too stiff for the garments to stay on. I wasn’t sure what was turning me on so much about the asinine display. But, the man certainly didn’t seem hurt or distressed. In fact, everyone else seemed eager to watch him, to see what he would do. All with bulges of their own, I couldn’t help but notice!

The force of the fall seemed to tear at the back of his pants, his swishing tail pushing at the fabric as it expanded from the base. The rip tore down the seam of his pants, exposing underwear that was pulled tight over what seemed to be a protruding anus. His backside was *hairy*, too, enough that I could hardly see the skin. The force also seemed to pull at his shirt, which seemed increasingly tight over a barreling belly and expanding back.

It was more than just the fall that was affecting his clothing, that was soon clear. It appeared as though the bones and muscles were visibly rippling under the skin of his backside. His hips seemed to flatten before our eyes, as though the fall was a catalyst for their expanded alterations. His back stretched further, hips widening and butt cheeks parting to show the rest of his puckered asshole without deterrence. A series of wet cracks and pops echoed into our ears as it seemed his anatomy was altering in such a way that he wasn't ever again getting back up on to legs.

Yet, that reality hardly seemed like a determinant to the donkey-man, who seemed eager to get the rest of his clothing off as well. Though, in his current state, it was much easier to buck and kick, trying to kick off the pants that had already torn in several places from the force of the changes. His shirt, too, was being shaken from his frame, though much more difficult to do with his body's current stature. Of course, his shoes were as gone as the rest of ours were, replaced with shiny new equine hooves.

A series of sharp brays echoed in the room as the rest of us stayed quiet, simply eager to watch the show. Yet, far from being distressed over the situation, it seemed more as though the man was liking it, happy to buck and kick and bray with his new anatomy. His cock certainly seemed erect, slapping against his belly like any farm beast. In fact, the pungent smell of semen was quickly followed by a spray as his hose-like cock shot out a modest load. Now free of his pants, the mostly donkey man awkwardly trotted on two hands and two hind hooves. He was damn proud of his body!

More than one of us was excited, it seemed. Not a single man in attendance didn't sport an equine bulge, and many were rubbing them and taking off their pants. Hell, a few more were starting to get down on their hands and knees, trying to trigger the changes that would put them down there on all fours like the rest of the beasts. Fuck, it was almost enough for me to want to get down there, to see what was so fun about being on all fours...

Yet, the sensation of rough fingers on mine brought me out of my temptation and towards something even more enticing. "WanHHAAWWW get out of here?" Eric asked me, and I reached back, kissing his rubbery muzzle with my own. Damn, how could I say no to such a handsome stud?

Taking one last look at the bar, it seemed as though my services would not be needed. No one was drinking now, or rather, had finished their drinks to be discarded onto the floor. I knew I should maybe get over and pick up after them. But there was time to do that later. Besides, I would be in the middle of what looked to be the start of an orgy. Even if there was a risk of being fired, the equine ecstasy in the center of the room was almost too tempting a prospect to entertain if I was to get closer!

But thoughts of my job were quickly put out the window as fingers gripped my hands and pulled me along, seemingly towards wherever Eric's room was located. I had been in my own earlier but assumed it was meager by the standards these guys could afford. I was more than happy to see it first hand, or, at least, get a better view of that donkey pucker that I was sure lay just under the man's pants!

Still, I had to take in one more sweeping glance of the bar room. There was something entrancing about getting down on all fours and joining the obvious orgy that was going on in the room. Half the room had their pants down by this point, the others straining against them and hoping to burst out of them like the rest had. Some were stroking their cocks, while others on all fours already started to walk towards them, licking the equine shafts and eliciting nickers and brays from their partners. Some were spraying the donkey men with streams of cum, all the while braying and licking their muzzles clean. Tails swished, hooves clopped on the floor, and brays of lust echoed all over the facility. Fuck, it was the brays that were making me horniest of all!

That was hardly the lewdest act I was to bear witness to. The first man to fall, while sucking off one of the men jerking off to the sight, was approached by another man, less asinine but no less erect with a slapping donkey cock of his own. A blast of hot breath on his nethers made the first man raise his tail, showing off a puckered, equine anus. Eagerly, a donkey's tongue reached out and started rimming him, almost taking the first donkey from sucking the delicious cock before him.

Almost. A series of brays from his bipedal benefactor signaled that he was close to creaming the donkey's muzzle. He, too, was changing, back spasming and arching as he prepared to fall to all fours. Clothes were being pulled taut to the breaking point as his shoulders stiffened and his hips widened. It seemed as though the donkey was eager to bring the changing man down to his level, barreling his chest and belly and making sure that the man wouldn't be getting back on two legs anytime soon.

Lost in his sexual performance, he was hardly prepared for the head of an equine phallus to push against his pucker, and he almost let out a loud bray that sent the cock falling from his own muzzle. Though, as the man started spasming and falling forward of his own accord, a cum

and saliva-coated cock soon loosed itself from the donkey's muzzle, freeing him up for the buggering that his asshole was about to receive. A loud bray followed the polishing of donkey cock into his rectum as the other beast mounted him, preparing to fuck the asinine changes into them as they prepared for their final descent into donkey-dom.

They were not the only ones performing penetrative acts. One guy pulled down the pants of another, who proceeded to lift his tail and expose his anus for a proper fucking. The moment he was penetrated was the moment the man fell to all fours, thick fingers holding him up as his back started to spasm and his hips pushed violently against the remnants of his jeans. A pair of guys were making out as two men on all fours sucked them off, their muzzles all pushing outward in unison. One guy got down on all fours, pulling his pants down to entice a man almost fully changed into a jackass, likely hoping to complete the changes to himself.

Yet, in the end, I decided to say screw it. The sight of some of the other guys bucking and kicking, braying and fucking, while hot as hell, could not hold a candle to the lust I felt for this man. My man, I was starting to accept and love. I didn't know why I felt such an attraction to him after so short a time. But it was more than simple lust for him at this point, and I wasn't able to deny the urges for him. I could only hope he felt the same way, more than just lusty for me as he pulled me along the hallway like two college students sneaking back to a dorm after a party.

Even in the barely lit hallway, I couldn't help but think that there was something off about his fingers. He was struggling to hold onto me, as though the digits were stiff and immobile. And, they seemed shorter, too, though I might not have noticed if the middle fingers weren't so long. I had to say, I was a little perplexed, especially since I could make out that the tips were somewhat thicker, though it was hard to say in the low light. It was almost like something was stuck to them if that was possible. Much like our middle toes had been before they became hooves, I quickly recalled.

The sight drew me down to my own hands struggling to hold his own. My fingers, too, were shorter, or, my middle digits were longer, I wasn't quite sure. Either way, when I tried to flex them, the response I had been expecting was a little lacking. It was hard to really hold on to my man, but I was determined!

Thankfully, I didn't have to wait too long for him to get to the room. Not wanting Eric to notice, I tried rubbing one hand with the other to work out the stiffness. But, to my disappointment, both hands were in a similar state, with thickened fingertips, shortened fingers, and palms that seemed to have stretched like putty. Yet, rather than be fearful of the changes, I was only slightly disappointed that I wouldn't be able to hold on to my lover's hand. Not a problem when they were hooves, and we were down on all fours, muzzles at height with puckered assholes...

The sound of a cork popping broke me from my reverie, and I looked up to see that his complimentary champagne had been opened, Eric pouring two glasses that had been provided. It made a smile cross my muzzle as I realized the owners were prepared for their tenants to bring a lover back to the room for some romantic refreshment. Since the resort was only for guys, it was presumptuous, though not inaccurate, to think everyone would be taking a same-sex lover that night. And, from my personal experience, that was certainly the case!

Handing me one of the glasses, Eric tried to tip his own to his face, though ended up only spilling it on his muzzle. Pouring another one, a blush showed through in the areas I could still see the skin. This time, not caring that he was acting the animal he nearly was, Eric's muzzle opened and started lapping at it, getting it everywhere but at least enough that he was able to taste it. I would have laughed if my own face and muzzle weren't in a similar state!

I tipped my own glass to my muzzle when a crack resounded through my fingers, and I dropped the glass with a surprising start. It fell to the carpet, spilling all over the pristine material. I wanted to reach down and try again, pour myself another glass. But the changes in my hands were such that I knew I couldn't get them around the glass even if I wanted to. They were less than half the size of their former counterparts, and they were so stiff that mental efforts to move them ended up useless. I didn't mind, though, not really. I wanted to drink more, but, really, I was already buzzed enough. And, more than that, I wanted hooves, rather than hands, to hold me up when I got down on all fours, damnit it!

Still, I considered asking Eric to pour me another, at least before we started to make out. But, no sooner had I opened my mouth than Eric's muzzle was on mine, taking me into an embrace of boozy breath and rubbery lips. I kissed him back, glass forgotten on the floor as we started to make out with gusto. My cock immediately tented impossibly against my pants, almost painful against the fabric. With my hips as wide as they were, my pants were starting to tear in a few places, anyways, just around the fringes for now. Still, the notion of being big enough to burst out of them made me almost as excited as the stud kissing my lips!

Reflexively, I reached out with my hands to hold his own when the clack of keratin or keratin shocked me. The numb tips of my middle digits seemed wider, though it was hard to tell with the stud's massive head before me blocking the view. They did seem rather weighty, as though something had been glued to the surface. Something large enough to clack against the growths on the hands of my lover and cause a surprisingly loud sound that I wasn't used to.

Eric seemed just as concerned at the sensation, pulling back to raise up his hands for both of our inspections. Stunned, I could see that the rest of the fingers were only nubs, ones that he seemed unable to even wiggle. Though, the space they once occupied seemed to be comprised of

one thick nail now, the digit stiff but still somewhat motile. The more I watched, the more that the palm stretched, the single finger making up the lower part of his arm now as the skin around it seemed to thicken and spout minute hairs, thick enough to obscure the darkening skin as it spread slowly up his arm and under the taut shirt sleeves. By the time he stopped rubbing the upper parts of his limbs, he was left with pristine shiny donkey hooves, nothing left of the human fingers, and looking fit for a farm animal.

The bizarre pulling and tugging on my own hands made me reach to move them up in time to see the same things happening. I couldn't move my fingers and thumb as they were pulled into non-existent nubs until it appeared like I'd never had any present at all. I could barely feel the tips of my fingers in the hooves, but it was a dull, numb sensation, the outer keratin covering likely barely able to detect the ground under my feet. The bottoms were wide, and, as I watched, a series of depressions formed in the center, the outer casing protecting them as I developed what I assumed the underside of donkey hooves looked like. It was fascinating, though would have been more interesting seeing it happening to someone other than me!

The only thing that really bothered me at the moment, however, was that I had no way to scratch the irritating itch of fur growing up my arms, getting thicker on my chest and back as well. I reached down with my mouth, able to rub the skin with rubbery lips. The sensation was exquisite, making me nicker with relief as I quelled the irritation. Even better was the sensation on my back, rubbing through the back of the tight shirt and playing over the ends of my mane. It was hard to mourn the loss of my hands with how much pleasure the grooming gave me!

Yet, Eric seemed not to share my sentiment. "CAWWW'T hold hands, Jules," Eric said, a little sad. It had been a nice, romantic gesture and I, too, would miss doing that with him. But, in some ways, the sensation of grooming was more intimate, more personal than anything I had felt before. If that was the trade-off, I would gladly take it!

"WEEE can always just fAWWWWWK!" I said, a little more brashly than I had been expecting to even come out of my mouth. I wanted to tell him I cared about him. I wanted to express my feelings for him and my desire to explore further. But, I had to admit, in the heat of the moment, I wanted, more than anything, to *fuck*.

I was not anticipating seeing Eric get off the bed, balancing on all fours as though his arms were extending to match his four-legged stance. His ass was somewhat elevated, pulling his pants tighter than should have been possible. But, to me, it was perfect to see his puckered anus through the fabric, rubbing against it and making him nicker slightly from the contact.

Staring for a few moments, I hobbled around to his backside, wondering how to go about it. I was sure he wanted anal, that much was obvious. But, without hands, how was I to get his

pants off and see the object of my desire? I could pull off his pants with my rubbery lips, I soon figured, and I regarded him for a moment with curiosity, wondering how to stage my plan of attack. I needed to find a spot where I could sink my squared incisors into and pull...

My opening was soon to be granted as a tear started down the back, the force of his shifting ass evidently too much. The teat began in the center, pulling down from both ends as the fabric parted for the ass within. He was already impossibly large for them, though it seemed as though his will to change was pulling them either way, underwear, too, stretched to the breaking point. The greater the tear became, the faster it spread over the pants, other tears forming around the inseams of the jeans and exposing tufts of fur in their wake.

Sticking my big thick nose in, I breathed in deep, drinking in the heady donkey musk and nickering in excitement. Seeing the stretching of his underpants, inhaling the scent of anal glands, and glancing at the promise of the pucker beyond prompted me to grasp the backs of them and pull, feeling the elastic band tug away from me. With a sudden *snap*, the underpants parted, and Eric's donkey tail lowered, smacking me in the face with its tasseled tip. But, that hardly deterred me from the sight of the donkey anus in my face, massive and puckered and eager to be fucked. It was everything I could have wanted and more, the rank equine smells making me impossibly horny!

Getting down on my knees, I wasted no time giving in to the instincts crawling into my mind. I wanted to lick that donkey donut, pleasure my mate and get him ready for the fucking that he so desperately craved. Yet, I was distracted by the changes he was undergoing, the obvious shifting of pelvis and hips forcing him down on all fours, likely forever. His hips widened, flattened into his flanks as his belly started to barrel, tearing at his shirt. It was getting more and more obvious that his chest was altering, making him more into the donkey that he longed to be. And, it seemed that my tonguing was changing him faster, sexually stimulating the donkey into him the more I licked.

Yet, there was no way that I could stop my work, eager as I was. I was prompted to pepper his pucker with kisses, moving down and giving his perineum long strokes with my thick tongue. Pulling down the rest of his clothing as it slid down his thinner thighs, I had to back up briefly to allow him to buck and kick, pushing the pants the rest of the way down. Stepping over them, I watched as his barreling chest and the shirt tore down the back, and with a few quick shakes, it was off, leaving him completely naked. To my delight, every inch of his body that wasn't already covered with fur soon sprouted its own spreading coat. He really was almost a jackass at this point and eager to be one if his body language was any indication.

“FFAAWWWK KK MMEEEHHHAAAWWW! HHHEEHHHAAAWWW!”
Eric brayed, shoving his backside into my muzzle and teasing my nose with his pucker. I sneezed

over his backside before pulling back, feeling my cock poking out of the band. it was powerfully confined and I started to realize that I had no way to get my own clothes off. I brayed a little, panicked by the pressure in my backside and the pain in my cock as it was confined.

Eric seemed to get the idea why he wasn't being bred, and he turned around, grinning with that silly muzzle as he pulled his lips back, exposing his teeth in a decidedly equine gesture. He then walked behind me, struggling with my work pants as I flared my hips, trying to put rips in the fabric. Like I was willing my changes into being, I could feel the flesh expanding, almost painfully tight to the point that the fabric of my dress pants could not hope to hold.

The pressure instantly abated as my pants ripped from the force of my growing bulk, the warm air teasing my sweaty anus. My cock surged forth, snapping my underwear as it flopped down like a fire hose full of water. I soon swelled to what must have been 15 inches of erect donkey dong, leaking profusely all over the fabric as it dangled there, almost slapping my belly from the force of it. Though I could feel the fusion of the base of my foreskin with my groin and belly, the effort served to position my cock in a way where I could easily fuck the backside of an equine, exactly what I needed in the moment.

The obstacle to his breeding gone, Eric was content to turn around once more, wafting his equine stink into my flared nostrils and making my cock pound. I needed to fuck, needed to breed, and I had such a willing mate before more to take my member. Nothing else mattered at the moment, and I was remiss for not caring about the final alterations to my form, so long as that would make me into a donkey like this former man, exactly what I longed to be.

This time, I didn't bother to lick his anus, my still-drying saliva all I needed as lube. And with the sheer amount of fluids my penis was leaking, I figured it would be a non-issue to find my target. Though I had no experience in such things, either with a male or a jackass, I looked it over, wondering how to proceed. My hips seemed altered to the point where I wasn't sure if I could manage to fuck properly. Not quite equine, but not in a position that I could use them as my brain figured I should be able to.

“I NEEEHHAAAHAWWW HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW...” I tried to speak, though, like Eric, my words were failing me. Though, they sounded strange to my altered ears, not like something I should have been able to shout. Shouldn't I just be braying? I certainly wanted to hear my mate braying!

I wouldn't have to wait long for the alterations that would allow me the mating I so desperately desired. The air served to accelerate my own changes, though with the lust I felt for my nearly fully changed friend, I wanted only to be on all fours, a beast of burden to alleviate my own burdens. My hips snapped wetly, my pelvis shifting as my ass expanded and my hips

flattened into my belly. The aches of change radiated into my chest, causing my ribs to extend, my chest to barrel, and my spine to extend. Meat and fat swelled from my belly as my cock was pushed down slightly from the force of it. My shirt was torn, though, some of it was stuck on the back, the last vestiges of my humanity, though not something I care about in the moment.

Even through all those changes, however, I was more powerfully turned on than at any point in my life. Though I had not been concerned about the alterations, it was getting difficult to conceive of why I even would be, aroused as I was. I needed to fuck, needed to breed, and here was this male jack so close, so eager and willing to give me his body.

Yet, there was something else in the back of my mind that took precedence. I needed to tell him something, something that had been so important to me just moments ago. It was more than just the need to breed him that had captivated me. I wanted him to know, hoping he felt the same way about me...

“I LLAAWWWWVE YOUUEEEHHHAAAWWW!” I called out as I got on his back, resting my front hooves on his flanks while my cock danced around his backside. Eager to find a hole, I was a little disappointed when my cock could not find purchase, my tongue having done too good of a job. But, I was determined, eager to breed him just as much as I wanted him to understand the words coming out of my mouth. After all, it seemed like a final thing I needed to do, one last thing before I could let my thoughts for beastly pursuits...

“HHHAAAWWWW HHHOOOOHHHAAAWWWW!” Came the reply, one that I couldn't make out, one that sounded foreign to my devolving mind. But, even my sinking intellect soon realized that it didn't matter. He meant the same to me as I did him, and right now, that urge was to breed and be bred.

At that, I let myself go and immediately felt my cock tip touch the edges of his puckered anus. Eagerly, I thrust forward, my cock hard as a log so that the hole before it could give way to my leaking head. Eagerly, I shoved into it, though the virgin rectum I was plowing into was tighter than I ever could imagine. It gripped my cock like a vice, and it was almost impossible for me to thrust forward, impeded by the tightness and how inexperienced I was, working entirely on instinct.

A series of sharp brays escaped my lover's lips, either in agony or ecstasy, I had no way to know. In the moment, however, I was remiss to care, needing to bury my shaft as deep as possible in this donkey's rear. His pain or pleasure was second to my own, and with his shaft gripping on my penis like a glove, there was nothing I could do but shove it in towards my medial ring, hoping simply that he would take it.

I had nothing to worry about, it seemed, when I rested for a moment, allowing my cock to sit inside of him as I got up the nerve to fuck him. As soon as I stopped, he started thrusting his hips back against me, looking to take more of me inside of him. Could the fucking really be that good for him? It certainly felt like it would be for me!

Even as I tried to find my pace inside of him, I couldn't help but notice the expansion of his skull that was surely indicative of the final asinine changes to take away his humanity. Yet, I had a hard time struggling with those thoughts even as my own changes were encroaching over my head. Weren't we always donkeys, males? Even if we weren't, did it matter when we were in the throes of bestial passion?

Still, I did enjoy the sight of his skull sloping, cranium compressing as his muzzle cracked wetly outwards. As his head altered, the corners of an equine eye stared me in the face, seeming to carry a gentle expression. There was little to denote there was anything more in the countenance than just an animal, except I knew him, knew the bond we shared, as herd mates. As lovers...

The now-familiar tingling started acting over my own head, and the cracks and groans resonated through my form as my muzzle pushed its way outward. I nickered and brayed with that, trying out my fully equine voice as the bones in my head swept forward. I was a little jolted when my eyes widened, the irises likely equine and robbing me of clarity in vision. Though I could still make out the shaded backside of my mate with focus, and I was remiss to care for the loss in clarity with my nose and ears as acute as they were in discerning my surroundings.

It was the compression of my skull that made me nearly pull out, a sudden snap in my thoughts that carried with them a moment of perfect clarity. I couldn't help but fuck him at that, plowing into his backside with the fervor of a horny beast. Which I was, though I hardly retained the cognizance to contemplate it further. Though there was no lube, my thick donkey cock had leaked more than enough inside of him that I could pull in and out without too much resistance. Though, his tight ass was enough that I was gripped like a glove on my cock, squeezing every inch as my balls slapped against his own.

Reflexively gripping his flanks harder, I started to pick up my pace, the sensations of pressure on my penis far better than anything I could even conceive of experiencing. It was hard to think, though, in some ways, my mind was more precise than it had ever been. There was a crystal clarity of certainty that washed over me then, only needing to live in the moment, to feel the sensations of his ass on my penis, my swelling balls slapping against his. The sounds of his cock slapping against his belly as the slick sounds of my precum sucking within his ass was more than I could bear, and I brayed my pure ecstasy, crying out to the world that this was my mate and that I was about to take him and claim him as my own.

My thick muzzle was in a position to reach down to his neck, and some growing instinct in my mind prompted me to bite him, gently enough that it did not hurt but enough to show my dominance over him. He would not be getting away until I spilled my seed, not that I assumed he wanted to, mind! There was a feeling of ownership, of companionship, different from the love I'd felt but just as powerful. There was nothing wrong with it, of course, animal that I was and at the whims of my desires!

With that, I felt my orgasm start to build, and I reflexively increased the tempo of my thrusts, wanting to spill the load that had been building in my balls. But, it seemed even the lack of direct stimulation to my mate's penis was enough to make him blow first. I could hear the slick slapping of his cock against his rounded belly and the subtle nickers that preceded his oncoming orgasm. But, it was the sensation of him gripping down on my penis reflexively, and the sharp chorus of brays as the scent of semen hit my nose that made me elated my anal escapades made him orgasm!

The tight grip on my cock was more than I could hold off against, and, the ass that I was, I didn't want to. My cock spasmed against my will, and I let myself go into pleasure, waves shaking me to the core as my cock shot its load through the shaft. So much semen blew from my cockhead that I could feel it covering my cockhead and all the way to the end of the shaft, the backwash leaking out as I was forced out by the sheer clenching on my rod.

The sheer amount of semen that dripped from his backside prompted me to reach down and start licking at the offering, not caring that it was leaking out of his rear. The taste was spicy, pungent, yet familiar, and I lapped it up eagerly, my tongue coating the hairs on his rump. He nickered softly and reached back with his flexible neck, teasing the fringes of my muzzle lovingly. He was thanking me for cleaning him, for caring about him. Never before in my limited recollections had I felt this way about another being, and some reduced human rationale was made aware this was the thing that I had been looking for, beyond simply bestial sex now that those needs had been quelled!

With that, the two of us nuzzled and groomed each other, lipped our heads and necks, and sent shivers of pleasure through our bodies. Though I could scarcely think about anything other than the moment, I knew we loved each other. Though the bond we felt was much deeper than that, powerful mating bonds that only animals like ourselves could feel. But, it was perfect, more fulfilling than anything my dwindling intellect could fathom. The sex we'd had and the orgasmic afterglow were certainly beyond anything that I'd known!

Yet, the needs in our body, beyond the sexual ones, were starting to get pressing at this point, particularly a rumbling in our bellies. We had fucked and drank all night without even a

morsel of food, and our bodies were far more expansive than they had been as humans. Wait, human? Was that right? Hadn't we always been a mated pair of jackasses? It was harder to think about such things, and the more I tried, the more my head hurt. I didn't bother to try after a fashion. All I knew was that there was nothing for me here and that the two of us needed to leave, thankful that the door was able to be opened simply by pressing a button on the inside. A few jackasses made it into the hall from the rooms as well, and we made our way back to the main area, wanting to be with the herd. Though we were bonded, there was something about being with the rest of our kind that felt powerfully relaxing to our changed psyches. The smell of the beasts, though strong and pungent, was relaxing and reassuring.

Yet, another scent in the room drew us forward, awakening the rumbling in our stomachs. It smelled of grass or hay, and elicited thoughts of food and feeding in our minds. There were some other smells as well that hadn't been there before, scents of humans, other than the changed jackasses that were finishing their bestial transformations.

Still, I cared little as my wide eyes took in the sight of the men present, standing around and sweating as though they'd done hard labor. I could smell the hay on them, and part of me put two and two together, how they brought in our meal. But hunger struck me hard, and all I could focus on was the scent of food as the two of us walked over in tandem. The moment my pliable lips pulled up the hay into my mouth, I was in heaven, yanking up as much as I could and chewing my meal into a slurry before swallowing greedily. It was the best thing I had ever tasted, and there was more than enough to fill our expansive appetites.

"Hey, what happened to the bartender?" a human voice asked, and the sound of several men approaching me made me flick my ears in that direction.

"Looks like he didn't heed the advice and took a drink. Shame that. It's always hard to get one to stay after watching the changes," another voice said.

"Yeah, that's his shirt on the back of one of the asses," The first said as he approached me. Yet, I didn't care. There was something comforting about the man's scent that made me feel safe. These men weren't going to hurt me. They were here to feed and take care of us, as much as I would be taking care of my mate from now on.

"Meh, he's probably better off as an ass. Looks like he had some fun with this one," the second guy said, slapping Eric on the rump where my seed was still drying on him. Though Eric didn't mind, eager to eat and swish his tail, the sensation on his skin likely barely felt.

“Naw, I wouldn’t want to be a stinking, gay animal myself. Poor sods. Oh well. Rich fucks have it coming. More money for us and more money for the people underneath them, for once!” A third said, and they finally walked off, leaving me and Eric to eat in peace.

“At least we don’t have to pay ‘em!” One said, and the others laughed at that.

“Let’s get them all rounded up before they start making a mess,” said another as they went down the hall into a back room, presumably to get something to round up my new herd.

Yet, the thoughts left my head as soon as I’d had them. It was as though I could still think, still rationalize in human terms. But, ultimately, I didn’t *care* about the thoughts sliding out of my head like the semen from my mate’s rump. I had certainly deposited quite a load in there, enough to mark him as mine, the way that both of us wanted.

And, it seemed, he had the same idea, heading behind me and nosing my tail with his thick muzzle. I raised it reflexively, turning my massive head with hay still falling from it as he reached behind me to take me in a kiss of sorts. I kissed him back, knowing what he wanted and not needing words to communicate with him. It was far better to touch and groom without muzzles, anyways!

Besides, even if he was unsure of my desires, the scents of my anal glands and the sight of my cock coming to life would be all the signal he needed that I was ready to be fucked. Raising my tail up and to the side, my thick donkey pucker was on full display for him, protruding just slightly and clenching open and closed in an effort to take his dick. My mate started to sniff my backside, breathing in my anal scent glands and clearly being excited. I firmed my stance, having never taken cock before and wanting it almost more than to fuck my mate’s own anus. My jack licked it a little, the sensation making me whicker and stamp my hind hooves. The flesh around my rim was far more sensitive than I had anticipated. And that was only his lips that were doing anything to me! If the tonging felt so good, then what would being fucked feel like?

I didn’t have very long to find out. Eventually, my jack stopped, pulling back before rushing forward, getting on his hind hooves and raising his chubby donkey belly over my back. I was momentarily stunned by the weight of him and the pressure against the base of my tail, but soon he got into a more comfortable position, and his size of him was easily held up by my own bulk. Yet, better was the prodding against my backside, his thick cocktip struggling desperately to find my own donut.

It took him many thrusts, having drooled over the entirety of my backside and slipping up and down. I held firm, stiffening my stance and making sure that his target was ready and able.

With the sheer size of my anus, it took no time for his cockhead to brush against it, and it seemed to open up around him, enveloping the head and pulling him inside. Eric did not waste the opportunity, pushing forward and popping inside with a slick sucking sound as his cock opened me up in a wonderful way. I was about to get fucked and I was elated!

Part of my dwindling intellect figured that a dick that size would pain me, especially as it pushed into my inexperienced rectal cavity. Yet, the further inside me it went, the more I was opened up and the greater the waves of pleasure pounding my prostate. My dick slid all the way out of my sheath, brushing the edges of my sternum and starting to slap against it in the rhythm as he began to pull out. Eric went slow at first, though it was hard to know whether it was due to inexperience or if he was concerned about my comfort. Assuming the latter, I started to push back, eager to let him know how desperately I desired to take him.

Once the thrusts started up in earnest, I matched the tempo against him, eager to be fucked. It was almost better than being the top, my mate doing most of the work as our combined efforts forced my cock to slap against my belly in a rhythm that made it impossible to hold back against. I was already leaking, thick strings of precum flying everywhere as I did so. I could feel the same warm precum being leaked into my bowels, the consistency thickening as I was fucked hard and fast by my asinine mate. It was taking all the resistance I had not to cum right there and blow my load from the sheer ecstasy flowing over my body. And, why should I hold back, beast of burden that I was? I was a jackass, an animal, one that gave into temptations of the flesh and embraced them with vigor.

My ears were filled with sounds of brays as the other donkeys finished eating and started to rut once more. The sounds of bestial braying, of jackasses fucking, made my cock almost as hard as the mushroom-shaped head currently plowing my backside, getting ready to blow its load inside me. As a bray escaped my own lips, my penis spasmed, slapping against my belly, and blew a load all over the ground. I cried out my ecstasy as Eric filled me with donkey sperm. A strong ‘HHHWEEEEHHHAWWWW!’ erupted from m lover’s muzzle and in response, even more semen shot from my still erect cock. I got *damn* hard when guys brayed!