

## **Burnout Bros**

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There was a certain track to life... Birth, school, college, career, family. It had been clear for a long time that Jacen and Kyler had gone off the rails. High school had come to an unceremonious end, though both had scraped by with their diplomas. No college wanted to touch them with a ten foot pole. Kyler had gotten a job as a night clerk at a gas station convenience store, part time, while Jacen was supposedly still looking. The scrutiny from their parents had let up once they had hit graduation, though it was no doubt going to shift to employment before too long. Still, they probably deserved a break.

The duffel bag of possessions slumped on the throw rug that spanned the hardwood floor of the bedroom that Kyler had spent almost as much time in as his own. Jacen's family was slightly better off than his own. Maybe that's why they weren't as urgent that their son got a job. The home was a ranch style home in the periphery between the modest neighborhoods and the slightly well to do. Kyler's beat up rusted out Honda looked a bit out of place, though the neighbors had come to expect it.

The interior of the house was clean, save for Jacen's room. In many ways Kyler found it a bit sterile. There were clearly some social gaps in Jacen's family. He'd had to teach the poor kid how to boil an egg when they were in high school. Still, it was a home away from home. While the rest of the house was a bit too clean for Kyler's taste, Jacen's room was an oasis. There were old posters of Linkin Park and Slipknot, skateboard decks hung from the wall, precarious stacks of CDs and other esoterica from their upbringing. As Kyler turned and caught sight of himself in the mirror, there was a little thrill of the man he'd grown into.

High school Kyler would have killed for the black mustache and chin fluff that his twenty year old self now sported, even if it was wispy. His hair was thick and bordering on shaggy, maintaining an extra volume thanks to his Asian-American heritage. He wore a purple and gray tie-dye sweatshirt and black jeans with the knees blown out. His skate shoes were so worn that the rubber was almost gone on the inner edges and the canvas-leather hybrid smelled perpetually like gasoline.

Kyler threw himself down into the beanbag chair in the corner of the room, his legs splayed out, his hands slipping into the marsupial like pouch of his sweatshirt. He looked up as the door opened to admit the room's permanent resident. Jacen was a stereotypical bro. Jacen wore a sleeveless red tank top that showed off his biceps, a battered black vans hat and baggy green cargo pants. His ears were stretched by black gauge piercings and his head was crowned in a loose shag of chestnut brown hair. He had a perpetual playful grin that tended to make his green eyes light up.

"Dude, I'm so psyched!" Jacen grinned, "I can't wait to show you what I got..."

"What you got?" Kyler parroted back. Even with his modest job at the gas station, neither of them had money to buy much of anything. While younger teens were cruising the town, they were having a sleepover like they were still in middle school. Jacen's enthusiasm was undeterred as he opened the lowest drawer of his desk, reached in reverently and extracted a dusty glass bottle. The bottle was old, the glass quite thick and tinted an apricot tone. The contents were expectedly liquid. The label was faded, silver on white and illegible.

“Peach wine, dude!” Jacen grinned. Kyler’s dark brows furrowed a bit.

“I have so many questions...” he murmured.

“You don’t question fate, bro!” Jacen countered. Kyler reached up to rub at his goatee.

“I question fate all the time. You got that from your dad’s inventory, didn’t you?” he asked. Jacen nodded.

“And I kept it aside for six months to make sure he wouldn’t notice it when it was gone.” Jacen replied.

“He doesn’t even drink, he uses them for trade. When he goes to trade it, he’s going to murder you.” Kyler said. Jacen grinned a little more, setting the bottle on his desk before he reached in and brought out a small wood box. As he lifted the lid, it revealed four long, thick, plastic wrapped cigars. They were expertly wrapped, at least as far as either young man could tell.

“If he’s going to kill me, might as well make it worth it, right bro?” Jacen asked. Kyler couldn’t help but grin.

“And you said they’re gone all weekend?” he asked. Jacen nodded rapidly and eagerly.

“So we have the whole place to ourselves.” Jacen all but purred. Kyler shook his head.

“You’re a bad influence on me, bro.” Kyler said. Jacen grinned wider.

“Good, then you’ll be right there with me when the shit hits the fan.” Jacen smirked. Kyler rolled his eyes, though he couldn’t wipe the grin from his face. They might not have made it to college or even out of their town, but if life wasn’t for having those moments of joy, then what was it really for?

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While Jacen’s house wasn’t exactly to Kyler’s taste, the back yard was. It was terraced with a deck and two levels of diminishing altitude. The middle level was a modest garden and the lower level was a lawn, a few old trees, and a trampoline. A vast fence with green privacy slats segmented the yard off from the small city park beyond. The sun had set and dozens of small solar garden lanterns had snapped on, casting a pale glow across the blades of grass. The stars were out, barely masked by the light pollution from the city. A shooting star shot overhead. Kyler stood on the deck, hands in his pouch, head inclined to look up at the sky as a gentle breeze played with the tuft of hair on his chin.

“You ready to rock, bro?” Jacen asked as he emerged from the house. The deck chairs had been set out, a table loaded down with the humidor box and the bottle of wine. Jacen had obtained a corkscrew for the occasion, though he’d opted for red plastic cups rather than his parents’ wine glasses. Somehow it seemed less likely to leave evidence.

“You think this is what it’ll be like when we’re on our own?” Kyler asked. Jacen grabbed the bottle and the corkscrew and set to work.

“I think we’ll be able to afford real booze.” Jacen said thoughtfully as he worked the corkscrew into the stopper, sinking it down lower and lower until he had a good anchor to start pulling.

“No, I mean... Being at peace, beneath the stars.” Kyler said. Jacen looked up, admiring his friend.

“You’re really a romantic, bro.” Jacen grinned, “You’ll make some himbo very happy someday.” he added. Kyler blushed faintly, not responding. Kyler had recently, and with great reluctance, come out a few months ago. He’d played it low key, but he’d been very relieved that Jacen had been so supportive. In many ways he owed it to Jacen given that he had nonchalantly declared he was queer when he was fourteen. There was a soft and subtle pop and a half muttered curse as Jacen nearly dropped the bottle, recovering it just in time.

“Dinner is served.” Jacen grinned, tipping the bottle. The liquid inside wasn’t quite as bright as the bottle, taking on a faint rosy orange hue. Jacen filled the red cup three quarters of the way full before doing the same with the other. He looked back at the bottle, considering.

“What do they say about letting it breathe?” he asked. Kyler bit his lower lip.

“I don’t think it’s going to go flat, but it might evaporate?” he asked. Jacen murmured. That was a good enough reason to return the cork to the bottle, at least loosely. Jacen raised the cup to his friend and Kyler accepted it. Jacen then raised his own and they gently tapped the cups to one another.

“Bon appétit.” Kyler said before he lifted his cup and Jacen did the same. The aroma was tart, sharp, and decidedly fermented. It was, after all, wine. There was a faint botanical sweetness that Kyler could only hope was peach. The cup hit his lips and he tipped it back, taking a sip. There was a little watering to his eyes, a puckering of his mouth. Alcohol was an acquired taste, or so people said. He let it swish over his tongue, savoring the flavor - or at least sampling it. After a moment he swallowed, letting it slip down his throat.

Glancing up, he saw Jacen take a sip, then a swallow, forcing himself to slow down. They smiled at each other, lingering in the moment. Each was barely lit by the ambient glow of the lawn lanterns and the stars above, unaware of the faint shimmering on the apricot bottle. The foil label had started to glisten as the silver foil spread outward again, restoring itself from age. Wrinkles flattened, gloss returned, the paper became more vital. As the foil raced around the edge of the label, it began to sprout and spread into letters that had faded decades prior. The letters were somewhat recognizable but the language was not. As the bottle shimmered, a very plump assed creature appeared, dancing in a forest and playing a pan flute. The creature was a satyr and the art depicting it presented its posterior as two hemispheres so plumb and round that they resembled the peach that the bottle was themed after.

Jacen had moved onto a second gulp and Kyler did the same. The flavor was richer this time, more potent and sweet, like liquid summer. He murmured a little, his throat bobbing as he swallowed, his skin feeling warm all over. He enjoyed it far more that time. Was that how it was an acquired taste? Had it already grown on him? Kyler looked up to ask Jacen a question, only to realize his friend was chugging his down. One gulp, three, five, and then gone. Jacen gasped with relief and lowered his cup. His cheeks were rosy, his eyes bright, and there was a faint glint of light off the invisible vellus hairs on his cheeks. Kyler let out a soft whistle as he reached up, caressing one of Jacen’s cheeks.

“Looks like I might have some competition soon.” Kyler said. Jacen had inhaled at the touch, meeting eyes with his friend, unable to look away from Kyler. They shared the gaze for a long moment before Jacen finally looked down at the deck.

“You want to try the cigars?” Jacen asked. Kyler slowly brought his hand back and nodded.

“Sure dude, whatever you want.” Kyler said. Jacen nodded, moving to extract the cigars from the humidor. Kyler slowly lowered himself into the deck chair, setting his wine to his side. He looked out over the night garden and the empty park. He could hear the squeak of the trampoline springs in his memory, the growl of skateboard wheels as they raced down the hills. It sounded so different to the crinkle of the plastic as the cigars were extracted. Kyler didn’t ask Jacen where he’d found a clip, but Jacen clipped the end of each cigar before handing one to Kyler. Kyler brought the long, thick cylindrical shaft to his mouth, bringing his lips over it.

There were a few flicks of Jacen’s hand before his lighter lit and he drew the flame back and forth across the end. Kyler puffed a little, drawing in while reminding himself not to inhale. The cigar flickered in the night, turning from red to orange and then white. A fruity, nutty flavor began to build in Kyler’s mouth. He held it there, letting it play across his tongue and mouth before he exhaled a small puff of smoke.

“Damn that’s sexy.” Jacen said, watching Kyler puff away. Jacen sat himself down again, preparing his own cigar before he puffed on it a little and relaxed back. There were only a few moments of silence between them as Jacen got used to the flavor, his fingers finding the thick cigar oddly comforting to hold.

“You really think it’s sexy?” Kyler asked. Jacen looked over, seeing his friend puffing away on the thick cigar. His mustache and goatee seemed to compliment the cigar, like some sort of punctuation designed to draw one’s attention right there.

“Oh yeah, dude.” Jacen replied with full honesty. Kyler looked at his friend smoking as well. He held his cigar in one hand, using the other to lift his red cup. He tipped the peach wine back and took a swig before he gasped. His head was swimming, spinning, swirling. He felt light and heavy, like feathers and molasses. The sensation slipped away as fast as it had hit, leaving him lightheaded but otherwise fine.

“Whoa...” Kyler murmured. Jacen looked up.

“Are you alright?” he asked. Kyler nodded.

“Yeah, I guess I must be a lightweight.” Kyler said.

“There’s no rush, dude. We got all night.” Jacen said, removing the cork from the bottle before he grabbed it and took a swig right from the source. As he gulped down the wine, his body seemed to slink and shift in the patio chair. His throat undulated as he consumed, but his shoulders sank. At the same time, though, he seemed to be rising up higher in the chair? At first Kyler thought it was just a shifting posture, but after the third or fourth inch, he couldn’t help but notice.

“Jacen?” Kyler asked. When Jacen lowered the bottle back to the table, he panted for breath. His eyes were dilated, obviously dizzy, but his ears... had points! They stuck up above the edge of his hat, counterbalancing the gauge piercings.

“Yeah bro?” Jacen asked. Kyler was unable to speak, looking at Jacen. His friend grimaced slightly, moving to adjust his position in the chair before he almost fell over. “Shit!” he exclaimed before jumping up from the seat as if it had bit him. He looked around uncertainly before setting his cigar down on the edge of the table with the lit end free of any surface. He reached back with both hands to cup his own ass.

“What is it? What happ-” Before Kyler could complete his question, Jacen yanked his pants down, revealing lime green underwear. Kyler wasn’t unaware of the bold colors his friend wore under his pants, but he was quite surprised at just how plump, full and round Jacen’s ass

was. He knew, deep down to his bones, that Jacen had always had a flat ass... But now they were so big and round, a perfect balance to his over-enlarged biceps... In fact, they were so big and meaty and full that Kyler wanted to hold them, to squeeze them, to grope and manhandle and knead and-

"Oh fuck, Kyler, your head..." Jacen whispered. Kyler looked confused, his brows knitting together. When they did, though, he felt a painful pressure on his forehead. He held his cigar in one hand and reached up with the other, finding a bump on one temple, then an equal bump on the other. He winced, feeling something sharp beneath the inflamed skin.

"What's going on?" Kyler asked.

"Maybe the booze is drugged. Maybe it's not peach wine... I didn't really get a good look at the label, I-" Jacen trailed off as he picked up the bottle and saw the big assed satyr on it. The satyr was coyly looking over his shoulder, eyes twinkling. Pointed ears, curly hair, horns, a big ass, hooves... He was clearly having a great time. The letters began to shimmer, throbbing and pulsating on the bottle. Jacen couldn't read them, but he could feel them deep inside his soul. They sang to him, welcoming him. He was to drink deep and be merry, to follow in the footsteps of pan. He was to fuck like a man and be fucked like a slut in heat. After all, that's why he had such a juicy ass, wasn't it?

"Jacen!" Kyler shouted as his friend tipped the bottle back, chugging its contents. He sprung to his feet - feet that felt stiff, solid, unforgiving. He stumbled slightly, his head swimming again. His heart throbbed, his lungs burned. His tailbone ached. Kyler stood there for a moment, breathing in and out... but the air felt so plain, so bland, so imperfect. He brought the cigar up to his lips, letting the thick column plunge in just enough before he took a long, long drag. The end glowed bright and hot. When the cigar came away from Kyler's lips, he exhaled a thick plume of smoke. The silver tendrils of smoke curled around him, dancing across a mustache that was growing thicker and darker by the second. The smoke trailed down, spiraling around along strands of black hair that descended from his chin as more and more hairs joined the originals.

Kyler's eyes glazed over slightly as he took another puff, and then another. A strange grin crossed his lips even as searing pain came from his forehead. The flesh there grew puffy, irritated, inflamed and swollen. The bumps were growing dangerously large until, at last, relief. A pinprick of serous fluid escaped just ahead of a dark black horn. It broke the skin, pushing out and up, curving like a wicked blade. The other mound of inflamed tissue likewise broke on the other side. Freed of the torment of confinement, the skin began to settle down around the new sharp black spikes coming out of Kyler's forehead.

Jacen panted as he lowered the bottle from his lips, having gulped down a good half of the bottle. The fingernails coiled around the neck of the apricot glass were dark now, shades of brownish black. The invisible hairs on Jacen's cheek had taken on a rusted brownish red hue, spreading down across his jaw line and climbing up around his mouth before coming together on his upper lip. The invisible hairs on his forearms had gotten thicker and darker as well, although Jacen felt something strange brushing against his arms. At first it felt like wind, then as if something was brushing against him, and then finally like a strange long snow. He looked down to see tufts of his hair flaking down to the deck.

The young man reached up and took his hat off and was rewarded with an unceremonious flurry of his hair as it slunk to the ground. When his hand found his scalp, it was smooth and well toned. His fingers traced the edges of his skull before finding the thickening

hair on his cheeks, his jaw, his chin. Everything he had lost on his head was coming back through his face. The hairs were thick, bushy, curled in a way that made it impossibly dense. His youthful face was subsumed in a masculine, mature rusty brown beard. He murmured softly. He should have been terrified about losing his hair, but somehow it was liberating. He didn't have to care how it looked. He was manly, masculine, even a bit of a daddy...

There should have been concern or panic, but between the wine and the smoke and years of friendship, there wasn't. When Jacen felt a hand slip around his waist, he knew Kyler was there, with him. Kyler held the cigar in his lips as his hands tugged Jacen's lime green underwear down. The bright cloth revealed dark fur coating the roundest, fullest, plumpest, juiciest ass Kyler had ever seen. There was even a nub of a deer tail sticking up above the great valley between the cheeks. Jacen's pants poled around his legs, but he didn't care.

Kyler made short work of his own pants, peeling the fly of his jeans open to reveal black fur that started at his navel. No matter how far he peeled back the jeans or lowered his underwear, every revealed bit of flesh aside from his cock was covered in black fur. His cock was rock hard and radiating heat as he gave it a few good strokes, lining it up. Kyler couldn't resist the urge to use his friend's ass as a hot dog bun for his sausage, sliding up and down a few times... but they weren't there to toy with one another.

Inching back just a little, gravity tugged Kyler's cock down until he was lined up. They hadn't even started yet and Kyler's cock was swollen larger than it ever had been before. The head of his cock had to be the size of a kiwi, backed up by a pillar of a cock. Kyler eased forward, pushing into his friend. Jacen grabbed onto the guard rail of the deck with one hand, still holding onto the wine bottle with the other. Braced and ready, Jacen pushed his ass back as Kyler thrust forward, sending half a foot of cock deep into him.

"Fuck yes..." Jacen murmured. Kyler only puffed on his cigar harder, flares of smoke billowing out of his nose and across his magnificent mustache. He held onto Jacen's hips as he began to ram forward and back, in and out, thrusting harder and faster. There were hot, lewd, vaguely wet sounds as Kyler plap-plapped into his friend. As he went at it, Jacen was moaning and writhing, throwing his head back as the bumps on his forehead burst. Unlike Kyler's, his horn nubs were ivory white. They curved up from his bald head, almost looking like they glowed in the ambience of the solar lanterns.

Kyler did everything he could to drive his friend mad with lust. He thrust fast and hard, slow and deliberate, even changing angles to increase friction. As he maneuvered around, Kyler kept shifting his own weight. The changes in positions made him aware that his shoes were getting more and more uncomfortable. He grunted, trying to kick one off. The skate shoe toppled loose from a hoof, the inside of the shoe cut and torn. Kyler's toes had fused, allowing the skin to stretch and mend them together. When the toes had unified, the keratin that made up his toenails had spread out, making a frothy covering to his hooves before they hardened into jet black extensions of his already furry legs. His pants began to sink and sag slowly; hugging his legs far more tightly than Jacen's had.

A little black flag of a tail twitched above a respectable but not over the top ass. Black furry balls swung forward and back, slapping against furry thighs. The pants had come down to reveal the fur, but as the cool air hit the legs, it became apparent that the first coating was little more than thick hair. Now, unhindered, both young men felt rivulets of silky, thick, warm fur curling out of their legs. The fur swept from their hips to their knees, coating their calves and

ankles. The fur only tapered off as it came to their hooves. Jacen was catching up to Kyler, his own shoes splitting out as the bovine tips of their feet spread out too wide to be contained.

The apricot bottle sloshed as Jacen hoisted it up, taking a quick swig. As he gulped it down, his mustache curved over his upper lip, obscuring it from view. The heft of his beard continued out and down from his face, curving and billowing, filling out. He looked like a thirty year old lumberjack with horns despite his actual youthful vitality. Only the thick gauges in his pointed ears hinted at his contemporary mortality. Kyler, however, had harkened back to his heritage. His long black hair brushed the nape of his neck while his long goatee hung down to his collarbone. His mustache was curved and elegant, though traces of silver had crept into his mustache and goatee. They were but tiny slivers, hints of what would come in the next few decades... but the cigar seemed right in his mouth, as vital and as manly as he was.

Kyler kept fucking, his cigar half gone now. His shaft was long, plumbing the depths of Jacen's ass well and deep. The fact that his butt was so big merely meant there was that much more depth to achieve. The two men gave muffled grunts around their comparative oral fixations, unable to yield. Jacen was clearly drunk, and while cigars didn't make one high, Kyler was certainly saturated with testosterone. Sweat beaded hairy chests and soaked their pits. Baby fat had melted away and muscles had firmed. The biceps that Jacen had worked so hard to perfect seemed almost over the top now, along with bulbous forearms that rippled with muscle.

Kyler looked at his friend's bald head glinting in the moonlight, the glistening of his big beard, the heat radiating off his broad and sexy back. Kyler clenched down, biting the cigar, his breaths shallow and rapid. The already vigorous thrusting he'd been doing got faster and harder, rapid, uneven, wild. He tried to hold on until, at last, he gave one final push. Kyler buried himself as deep as he could get and reached around to grab onto Jacen's cock. Jacen was surprised - both by the fact that Kyler was starting to jack him off, and also that he hadn't thought of it sooner. His prostate began to throb as a hot, wet flood of semen filled the passage that butted up against it. Kyler was unleashing his load and doing his best to help his friend follow suit.

Jacen looked over his shoulder, moaning as he saw Kyler there. His friend looked like a sexy, handsome demon... He had been a bad influence, and his lover had never looked hotter. His lover? Yes, Kyler was his lover... More than a friend, more than a bro. Jacen wanted Kyler with him, in him, forever. He wanted Kyler to be his husband. That rich and complicated question bubbled up and Jacen let out a goat-like bleat of pleasure just before his synapses fired, his cock spasmed and a pearly jet of sticky cum launched out into the night air. Splutter after splutter, he came and he came. Kyler milked his cock until there was nothing left. Jacen began to slump and crumple, barely managing to set the bottle of wine down. Kyler's cigar had gone out, little more than a butt now. Still, the two remained entwined, their furry lower sections grinding and rubbing well after their orgasms had subsided.

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The summer sunset had shrunk until it was a crimson ribbon staining the horizon. An inky night had fallen where even the stars didn't dare to twinkle. The harsh buzz of fluorescent lights showered down from the boxy roof of the gas station cover, while the lights inside the

convenience mart were a calmer combination of LEDs and incandescents. The coolers hummed with almost three hundred different flavors of beverages while the aisles were filled with rainbows of jerky, candy and chips. The counter of the convenience store was loaded down with enough tobacco to be a head shop in its own right while shelves hanging down from the ceiling had been loaded up with countless energy drinks.

In the midst of the midnight cornucopia stood Kyler, his black and gray gas station uniform complimenting the black horns that rose up from his head and the long glass spike earrings dangling from chains in his ears. His mustache was like a crescent moon hanging down over either side of his lips while his goatee was long and straight. It had taken a few days with trial and error to discover just where the line was on what other people perceived... He didn't seem to need shoes, no one saw his hooves. They didn't see his horns, either. He did, however, require pants, even if he wore them slung low so his goat tail could flick around behind him.

He'd nearly lost his job, calling in sick so often as he continued to fuck Jacen over and over again all weekend and into the week. Jacen's parents had seemed oblivious to most of the changes, though they had been a bit shocked that he shaved his head. They had, however, complimented how nicely his beard was growing in. Testing their luck, they'd smoked cigars every night before bed and no one had said a damn thing. Kyler grinned to himself, reaching down to rub the bulge in the very, very baggy pants that covered his woolly legs. He just had to make it a few more hours and he'd-

A clip-clop came as hooves came down on the hard cement floor. Kyler looked up, his mouth dropping open a little. He'd seen bikers and truckers before, though he wasn't sure which particular one this was. The man had long, thick brown hair that trailed into a cascading, bushy beard. His leather jacket had spikes on the shoulders and his pants were weighed down by countless chains. What drew Kyler's attention was, however, the thick, ribbed, curved ram horns that spiraled around the man's pointed ears. The man had made it almost all the way to the beer cooler when he stopped, tilting his head slightly. He sniffed a few times before his head turned, revealing golden eyes with horizontal goat slit irises.

"Faun..." The man murmured, turning back toward Kyler. He strode toward the counter on hooves that were the size of dinner plates. Kyler took a half step backward until he felt the counter press into his lower spine. The hairy, burly man reached over the counter, catching Kyler's goatee with his fingers. He gave it a slow, deliberate stroke. Kyler was both intimidated and turned on. The man grinned, his golden eyes almost glowing. As he did, Kyler grunted, feeling a pressure build in his head until his black horns began to creep up taller and taller, thickening at the base.

"Wh-Who are you?" he panted. The man slowly let go of Kyler's goatee and grinned.

"Every faun knows me, at least around these parts. If you don't, that means you got the gift from somewhere else. Who are you, kid?" the man asked.

"I'm just a burnout, I'm nothing special..." Kyler said. A low, deep chuckle escaped from the older satyr's lips.

"Oh you're far more than that, id... You're a satyr prince that's got no clue just how lucky he's about to become." The satyr smiled a smile that was hungry, depraved, ambitious, and even a bit envious. All Kyler knew was that he hoped Jacen would get there soon - although he wasn't sure if it would be to save him, or join him in whatever was about to happen next.



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It seemed strange to Jacen how different public transportation felt between afternoon and night. During the day the bus was anonymous. Sunlight shone off the screen printed advertisements that covered the windows and the passengers were a quiet sea of people. At night, however, the light on the inside of the bus broadcast outward as if it were some illuminated display case for the wandering souls. Normally Jacen didn't mind being seen, but after turning into a satyr, he was a bit less certain. Still, the ride was more comfortable thanks to his fat ass and he'd spent nearly the entire ride running his hand over his bushy rusty colored beard. He'd gone back to wearing his baseball cap, though he'd sliced holes in it so his horns could stick up through the material.

The bus lurched and squealed as it rumbled to a stop at the street corner next to the gas station. Jacen sprung to his hooves and clattered down the aisle, carefully descending down the back stairs. The double doors parted and Jacen stepped out onto the sidewalk, only to immediately feel a huge, powerful dark hand come down on his shoulder. Jacen gasped, turning as he looked eye to nostril with a bovine head on a man's body. The cow head was covered in black fur, glossy obsidian eyes boring into his. Long, wide white horns clashed with the fur and a thick, heavy gold ring hung from the beast's nose. The creature's body seemed muscled and refined, perhaps Polynesian or Pacific Islander? It was hard to tell in the dark.

"Jacen!" Kyler exclaimed. Jacen tore his attention away from the minotaur to look at his lover. Standing next to Kyler, however, was a very large, very mature satyr with long hair and a long beard, wearing a sort of motorcycle leather getup. His ram's horns were quite impressive, as was the bulge in his pants. Even coiled up, his dong had to be colossal.

"New friends?" Jacen asked. The elder satyr chuckled.

"Plucky, kid, not bad... But two fauns? All on your own? That doesn't bode well for business. The boss is gonna want to see you." The satyr said. Kyler shook his head.

"We're not going anywhere with you. We'll tell you what we know and that's it." Kyler protested. The satyr made a tutting noise with his tongue.

"Oh no no no, my boy, I think this satyr is one the boss will want to hear in person. To ensure compliance, I think we may have to incentivize you." The satyr said, pointing a finger. The minotaur reached into his pocket and withdrew a gold ring. He drew calloused fingers along the edge until a gap opened up. In one swift movement, he slid it up into Jacen's nose and let go. Jacen yelped in surprise and pain, though the yelp died unfinished on his lips as his eyes stained solid black. A dopey, pleased, drunken look of pleasure crossed his face even as his mouth began to push out forward, broadening and widening. His hat wrangled and wrinkled, riding up until it popped off of his bald head.

His horns were pushing apart, migrating to the sides of his temples. As they maneuvered and reconfigured, they began to grow thicker, heavier and longer. The rust colored hair of his beard spread down his throat, around his neck and up his skull. Pointed, pierced ears began to droop and take on a teardrop shape. Bones popped and snapped. So too did his belt. Once more, Jacen's pants sagged down as his jockstrap, newly purchased, gave out. His shlong unfurled itself, throbbing and aching as it began to swell and grow... and grow... and grow... and grow. Kyler gasped as he watched Jacen's dick double in length, then triple. It was thicker

than a summer sausage and longer too. It ached and throbbed, pulsing as the foreskin seemed to stretch and slip over the plump head. Jacen's lower body had already been covered in brown fur, but his balls seemed to become more apparent as his sack swung lower, bloating out larger and larger until it was big enough to hold two grapefruit.

Despite his change and growth, Jacen's bushy beard remained long. It seemed fuller now, stretched over a cow's head. It blended in invisibly to the fur that covered his face, the mustache sinking in around his cow nose. It remained long and bushy and thick along his jaw, descending down in a curved curtain. The dark minotaur reached over appreciatively, massaging Jacen's overpowered biceps. As he did, they seemed to swell and balloon in response, bulging outward to obscene proportions. His triceps followed, then his forearms, then his shoulders. His pecs wobbled as they filled in and defined abs rose out of his stomach like a chain of volcanic islands in the sea.

A few more inches of height crept into Jacen's legs, though his ass was just as huge and rounded, but his tail flicked and swung behind him as it stretched out longer and longer, taking on a bristled tip. A long, wide, flat tongue slurped at his lips as he looked around uncertainty. The dark minotaur turned his muzzle and leaned in, opening his maw, giving Jacen a taste of his pierced tongue. A soft moo escaped from Jacen as he not only kissed the minotaur but grabbed onto his head, holding them there as they tongue wrestled. Yellowed, feral cum began to drip from Jacen's cock onto the sidewalk. Kyler nearly fell to the ground.

"You can have your slut back after you meet with the boss. Besides, if you like him like this, you can keep the ring. I know they're fun to play with." The satyr grinned. Kyler turned his head, sneering.

"You won't get away with this." Kyler growled. The satyr merely smirked, tipping his head to indicate a rather large wheeled four by four truck. It seemed Kyler had been off on his assumptions in every regard. Gathering his composure, Kyler looked back at Jacen and the minotaur making out, fondling one another's muscles. "Let's get this over with." Kyler amended, hoping to stop his boyfriend from being fucked by the bull if they moved along swiftly enough. The elder satyr snapped and the dark minotaur extracted himself obediently, trotting after his master. Jacen let out a soft moo and followed as well, tail swinging back and forth over his perky, furry butt.

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While the drive had not been free of stress, Kyler had been gratified that Jacen had been too bundled up in his seatbelt to continue making out with the other minotaur. Their journey had taken them to the outskirts of town where an industrial neighborhood had spread without restraint. There was a different feel, an area without permanent residents. Most of the agencies and buildings were dormant at night. A few would pick up at ungodly hours of the morning to begin their manufacture and logistics. Tucked away at the edge of it, though, was Bacchus Brewing.

The building was built almost like a Step Pyramid with terraces and landings. The exterior was covered in an orange stained hardwood. Every flower bed was meticulously maintained with rich red bark dust surrounding the plants and there seemed to be some sort of plant for every season to ensure an eternal bloom. The truck slipped into the private lane,

driving down the length of the deceptively long building. When it came to a stop, the dark minotaur all but burst from the passenger side door. He opened the narrow door next to Jacen, hiked the chair forward and unstrapped him. Jacen tottered out obediently, seven feet of subservience.

Kyler removed his own belt and got out, relieved that the elder satyr hadn't locked him in, but he still wasn't sure what his next move would be. The quartet of nighttime goers made their way to a side entrance where the satyr swiped a card. The door unlocked and they stepped into the building. While Kyler had never been to a brewery, he had anticipated something more clinical or sterile. Instead he was met with a faintly humid aroma of a greenhouse. There were raised planters at hip height full of fruits, berries, vegetables and other flowers. The center of the room was lower and wider, boasting larger plants and even trees. The faint stars twinkled through a glass ceiling above. It smelled like nature concentrated... and it also smelled as if there was a whiff of tobacco. A slight glowing ember flickered in the distance, followed by a plume of smoke. Kyler unwillingly felt himself getting aroused at the aroma, his horns aching and his chest tingling.

"So, these are the feral fauns that you tripped over at the watering hole?" A deep voice asked. It was heavy, full of grit and gravel. The elder satyr that had been full of so much bravado seemed to lower his head.

"Yes sir, out in the open, unbidden." he replied. Silence followed, along with another long drag of a cigar. As Kyler and the others approached, the man became barely visible in the moonlight. A long braided hung down from the man's chin, snaking its way down his abdomen before coiling at his hip. It was anchored by a chinstrap beard, the man's upper lip bare. Sleek, black and silver hair was pulled back into a tight, sharp ponytail and his pointed ears were adorned with six silver earrings each. The horns on his head jutted straight forward and then up like single tines of a pitch fork.

"Who turned you fine boys?" the man asked, sitting on a chair that might as well have been a throne. Kyler looked him squarely in the eyes, or at least where his eyes would have been in the dark.

"We turned ourselves... You all seem to make it sounds like a hard thing. All it took was some peach wine and some cigars." Kyler replied. The man leaned forward, his face coming into view. His face was flecked by freckles, tattoos covering his throat and chest. Heavy rings hung from his nipples and the fur covering his legs was twice as thick as Jacen's. His hooves were enormous, so large that his legs almost had to angle out from the chair.

"Not just any wine! Ancient, enchanted, imported at great cost!" The man bellowed.

"And all it took was one burnout to sneak it away and hide it for a special occasion for all this to unravel?" Kyler asked. The man snarled, betraying sharp teeth.

"You think this is a game?!" he asked. Kyler actually let out a snort.

"I'm not the brains behind this. You turned the ringleader into a bull." Kyler said. The larger satyr's eyes widened in surprise. He pushed himself off the throne, taking a long drag of his cigar. He strode across the greenhouse towards them.

"We carefully select human couriers... Boring, dull, drab, unimaginably pedestrian souls that would never be tempted... The idea that one might be interesting enough to have a family..." he murmured, coming to a stop in front of Jacen before he took a long drag of his cigar. The embers burned bright, his cheeks filled with smoke before he turned, leaning over to

kiss Kyler. He expelled the potent smoke and it billowed out of Kyler's nostrils and spilled from the kiss.

Kyler pushed off of the crime boss, stumbling back. He didn't cough, though. The smoke escaped his nose in swirls of silver and metallic blue even as his goatee thickened and dark stubble began to creep across his cheeks. His horns thickened as well, growing wider and taller. The crime boss reached up, removing the ring from Jacen's nostrils. In moments the fur began to pull back, his horns sweeping forward again. Bare flesh appeared on his smooth scalp as his nose shrank back to its little button point. His rusty red beard remained full, however, and his broad muscles worthy of a superhero remained.

"Whoa..." Jacen murmured, his head swimming. He looked over at the two men around him, then Kyler. As he saw his boyfriend ensnared in a haze of cigar smoke, his massive minotaur cock rose up to full attention, quivering and dribbling. "Dude, are you alright?" Jacen asked.

"Me? What about you? You just got... de-evolved or something." Kyler replied. Jacen reached up, scratching at the back of his head.

"Actually, the only part I didn't like was being dumb enough to go after anything that came near me. I just want to be with you, dude, but I'm so horny..." Jacen said.

"And you're the one that stole the wine, and the cigars?" The crime boss asked. Jacen's lips tightened. He slowly rose up to his full height, putting a bit of presence behind his shoulders.

"Yeah." Jacen said defiantly, "What of it? I wanted to carve out a little pleasure for my friend. We don't have any prospects. No college wants us. We're nothing special for any career. We're just burnouts. We have to find joy where we can." Once again the crime boss was quiet for a long moment. He took a long drag of his cigar, looking at Jacen and then at Kyler. He seemed to consider for a long moment before he nodded to himself.

"Maybe not in the human world, but I think you've got something... a spark." he murmured.

"Paun!" The long haired satyr said in shock. The bigger satyr raised a hand tipped with black claws to silence his middle man.

"Do you know how many cigars it usually takes to turn a human? Or how many bottles of wine?" Paun asked before he chuckled, "Not to mention the fact that you saw them in the first place. I'm sure by now that you've noticed that humans can't see our kind as they are, at least not without a little prompting." Paun said. Kyler's glowering glare softened a little.

"What does that mean?" he asked. Paun grinned, moving over to reach out and give the young man's long black goatee a stroke.

"That means that there might have been a bit of fate, of destiny mixed into this. It's a rare spirit that's free of the shackles of humanity, seeking out pleasure without forcing their course... Go with the flow, but still that flair of the devious..." Paun said. He grinned a little more, "I think there's a future for you boys with my establishment, assuming you'd like all the booze you can drink, leaf you can smoke, and head that you can give and receive." Paun said. Jacen looked over at Kyler.

"Bro, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get us into this..." he said apologetically, still sounding young despite the fact that he was still over six feet tall and weighed nearly two eighty out of fine chiseled muscle. Kyler ran his tongue over his lips, thinking of how his knees and feet had

ached at the gas station, of how he'd smelled like gasoline, of how he'd been barely able to afford more than the basic petty cash splurges when he got his check.

"You pay money too, right?" Kyler asked. Paun's grin brightened wider and wider until he slung an arm around Kyler's shoulders and pulled him close. He took a puff of his cigar before he handed it to Kyler. Kyler accepted it, bringing it to his lips. When he inhaled, the end glowed a bright purple. He held the smoke in his mouth, feeling it burn and tingle, his teeth growing sharper as the smoke played across them. When Kyler removed the cigar, he let out a thick column of smoke. Paun all but purred.

"You are going to be my crime prince. I'm going to teach you everything I know..." Paun growled happily.

"What about the big guy?" the middle man asked.

"Oh, he's mine... And no one touches him unless I give my approval." Kyler said. "No one messes with the prince's trophy husband," he added. Despite himself, Jacen grinned, his heart fluttering. The idea of being Kyler's husband was incredibly appealing. He moved forward and knelt down before Kyler, his furry knees sinking into the soil. He reached up and unbuttoned his lover's pants, fishing out his master's cock. It only took a few strokes before he was sliding his lips over the length, sucking and slurping. He bobbed his head down lower and lower, taking in more into his mouth and his throat. Kyler stood there, taking another long drag on the crime boss's cigar, letting his eyes sparkle before he let the smoke spill out. Life wasn't in the habit of handing out opportunities. When it did, maybe it was time for him and Jacen to finally show a little initiative.