

Despite the late afternoon heat and exertion from a good workout, Mike still stormed stubbornly forward, rage fueling his tired stride. He had gone for his weekly swimming training and felt relaxed for the first time in days. Yet all it took was a single text to piss him off. It had been a fucking *month* since Mike had bothered to ask for the 500 dollars still owing, though, with work and life, he'd become distracted. But now, staring at a screen of excuses and promises, his rage returned with a vengeance.

Mike was certain that Greg had pseudologia, and despite the myriad of chances he had given his former friend, nothing had changed. Ever since they were little, Mike was always loaning his friend money. Greg likely owed him twice that amount throughout all the years. Certainly more from the stress and possibly years Greg's actions had worked off from Mike's life.

For too long, Mike allowed himself to be taken advantage of, always falling for the looks of sympathy and ignoring the excuses and lies. In truth, part of him wanted to keep the childhood friendship alive no matter what. But as Greg's life steadily declined, much of his own obvious making, Mike found it harder and harder to stay within his circle. Part of it was in the vain hope to get his money back, but Mike's caring heart ended up loaning that asshole even more funds with the broken promises of future repayments. It was a trap of his own design that Mike could not escape.

This time, however, Mike had finally decided enough was enough. He wouldn't let Greg make a fool of him anymore. He spent the entire walk home, thinking of how he might obtain vengeance on his deadbeat former friend. It felt far too insufficient to simply get the money back, as unlikely as that was.

Lost in vengeful thoughts, Mike was hardly aware he'd taken a wrong turn. Reorienting himself to the surroundings, he managed to find a path down an older street that was certain to lead to the main road and his trip home.

Mike's attention was drawn upwards to take in the sights of the new street. In particular, one well-colored sign caught his attention.

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Mike had never seen the store, but a quick look in the window piqued his interest. It seemed to cater to memorabilia from various pop culture movies and tv shows. Being a consumer of many such forms of media, Mike decided what the hell and headed inside, seeing it had not yet closed for the day. He could use a distraction from the shitty thoughts that had been plaguing him!

A quick glance inside made him certain he would not be disappointed. He quickly floated from one display to another, a literal treasure trove of items greeting his eyes. A TNG Starfleet communicator signed by Brent Spiner. A pair of Michael J. Fox signed Back To The Future Air Mag Sneakers. A set of Freddy Krueger gloves signed by Robert Englund & Heather Langenkamp. Dozens of photographs from all of Mike's favorite shows and movies, all signed by the actors and bearing certificates of authenticity. Mike could spend hours in here and still find new things he would wish to purchase!

Yet sadly, most of them were too expensive for Mike to simply buy on a whim. Thankfully, he lacked enough money in his wallet to tempt him. He made a note to return, however, wondering on the off chance that if Greg paid him back, Mike could spend that currency here.

As he was leaving, a collection of elegant stones in a display next to the cash register caught his attention. In particular, one appeared as an exact replica of the glass rainbow wishing rock from the 2009 movie 'Shorts'. Feeling guilty due to lack of purchasing anything under the shopkeeper's watchful gaze, he decided to inquire about it, using the excuse that he would eventually need to pick up something for his godson's upcoming birthday.

Yet to his surprise, the shopkeeper seemed hesitant to give him a figure. The argument was that it was the actual prop from the film, and he did not intend it for sale. Mike held onto his annoyance that it was on display, yet not for sale. It was a film that he and his godson had viewed together and would make the perfect thoughtful gift.

After what felt like hours of insistent haggling, the shopkeeper, somewhat reluctantly, agreed to part with it. He did, however, request a sum that Mike would not have paid had he not spent all that effort trying to obtain it in the first place. As the shopkeeper wrapped it up, he made an off-hand comment about the stone, that it could grant him only three wishes, unlike in the film. Mike simply chuckled at that, telling him his godson would enjoy the present. Yet there was no hint of jest in the man's tone, which made Mike feel unnerved. Did the guy actually believe that? Mike simply smiled and bid him a good evening as he put the stone in the pocket of his green hoodie.

Trying to put the unnerving experiences of the day behind him, Mike took a shower and sat down to some evening TV. After a few minutes of channel surfing, he settled on a rerun of CSI: Miami. He recalled it was from season two, featuring the murder of a paparazzi for snapping photos of two cheating lovebirds in the act for blackmail.

At this, Mike's gaze settled on his Lumix SIR camera, gathering dust on his shelf. It had been a few years, but Mike was likely still proficient from his prior photography courses. Provided he was given the opportunity, he had a very good idea of how to get his vengeance. Mike was well aware that Greg was bisexual, and given his perchance to boasting, had drunkenly let Mike know about a little affair with a man named Shawn. As far as Mike was aware, Shawn's wife was oblivious to their actions. Therefore, if he could catch Greg in the act...

Mike spent the rest of the evening going through old texts that Greg had sent, too vague to use as proof by themselves, but with Mike's in-depth knowledge of the situation, enough to piece together the timings of their rendezvous. It seemed as though Greg's mother was never home until late Friday nights, and Greg himself had the time booked every week for a "guy's night." If only Shawn's wife had any idea what really went on! A quick text to Greg to meet tomorrow was met with "other plans," making Mike certain that those plans would entail a hot fuck.

Mike began prepping for his plan, making sure his camera was in working order before heading to Greg's place, the most likely spot for their rendezvous. He decided to bring his green hoodie once more, just in case. As a recent acquisition, it was unlikely to attract Greg's attention if the event that he was seen. And so far, it seemed to bring Mike luck.

A quick walk around the neighborhood allowed Mike the chance to carefully judge where it might be best to take photos from without attracting unwanted attention. Fortunately, on a Friday night, it was unlikely anyone would be home looking out for foul play. Most of the windows had curtains, but certain ones lacked sufficient coverage and would likely make good spots for at least one incriminating photo!

Mike decided to leave and wait until Greg was likely inside. Thankfully, by that time, it was dark, yet not too much so that he couldn't get a picture. Getting himself set up, Mike looked for a spot where the lights were still on, assumingly for the two lovebirds to make contact when they did their nasty. The living room curtain was closed, but Mike could make out two figures, sipping wine if the shadows on the walls were any indication. Thankfully, it had been hot those past few days, and Mike could clearly hear Greg's voice coming from an open window. This was his chance!

Mike wasn't particularly interested in the activities themselves and paid them little mind as he snapped his photos. It looked as though Greg was down on his knees, sucking his lover's rather large

cock. They seemed to move in sync, as though they'd been at their adultery for months, which was accurate given the timetable.

Greg got up to kiss his lover, and although Mike tried to readjust the angle, he was unable to catch their faces. Then Shawn got down to return the favor, and Mike finally got several shots of them in the act. Yet afterward, they moved their activities back to the couch, out of view of Mike's hiding position.

Mike was feeling hopeful, having snapped many photos in rapid succession. Yet a quick glance of the shots revealed they were a little too blurry to be useful. And worse than that, almost all of them were of Greg's face, coming down on a cock belonging to a man difficult to prove as Shawn. Mike went back and forth through the photos as many times as he dared, but could not reasonably conclude that any would serve. Thus, he was left with one course of action.

Carefully creeping up to the door, Mike turned the knob and went in, closing it slightly behind him. The slick sounds of sweaty skin and low moans of lust could be heard from the other room, but it did not sound like he'd been discovered. He knew it was against the law, but since the door wasn't locked, he didn't think he could be charged. It would be impossible to leave without getting caught, but what did it matter if Greg knew or not? Mike would have the photos and his vengeance, and two naked men weren't going to chase him out of the house to stop him!

Mike had to stifle a chuckle when he heard an asinine cry that wasn't Greg. Shawn sounded like a fucking animal during sex! "Ha! Shawn's about to make an ass of himself! I wish he knew what it was like to be an ass before he met Greg! Otherwise, he'd never have landed in this mess!" He muttered under his breath as he slowly crept forward. Unbeknownst to him, a warm glow emitted from the stone in his pocket as he finished muttering the words.

Mike crept slowly towards the living room, hoping to all hope that they would be in the midst of the act in time to snap a photo. Yet to his luck, both men were facing away from the entrance, deeply invested in their carnal pleasures. Mike was able to duck behind an armchair with sufficient view to take pictures to his heart's content, and maybe even get out unseen!

Shawn was currently ass-deep in Mike's former friend, his balls slapping against Greg's as they fucked doggie style. Both men were moaning, bestial sounds that made Mike's ears burn. Still, as much as he didn't want to see such an intimate moment, he had his revenge to take and raised his camera to snap several photos. He wished he had his cell for a video, but the pictures would do nicely!

Yet as he snapped his photos, something rather bizarre happened, making Mike take a double-take. Lost in their pleasure, it was obvious that Shawn hadn't noticed. But as Mike watched, the man's ears started wriggling of their own accord, stretching up the sides of his head as they sprouted luscious white fur. They continued to grow, looking very out of place on the man's head as they moved far above his scalp and started twitching. They almost looked...like the ears of a jackass!

Mike stared in horror as the man's head continued to slope, wondering what the fuck was happening. Was he high? Yet suddenly, Mike was reminded of the words he'd spoken not moments ago. He had made a comment about Shawn being a jackass, hadn't he? But that was...

A warmth in his pocket momentarily drew Mike's gaze downward, enough to see a strange glow emanating from within. He reached in and pulled out the stone, just now recalling he'd had it. Its glow reminded him of the actual stone in the movie when a wish was granted. It was a neat addition, but as near as Mike could figure, it was an actual stone, with no battery or any other mechanism present.

A bestial bray drew his attention back to the rutting Shawn and the continued changes to his visage. His nose was growing bulbous as it lowered to merge with his lips, which themselves looked a

little black and rubbery. Though it was difficult to see from his angle, it appeared as though Shawn's teeth were yellowed, sticking out of a mouth too small to fit them. His beard was thickening across his cheeks, turning white as it rose to cover his chin and face, even spreading outward to cover his prognathous jaw as it continued to wetly crack forward.

It was obvious to Mike that Shawn was changing into a donkey. The coincidence was too obvious to ignore. What exactly had he muttered? 'I wished Shawn knew what it was like to be an ass!'

"Holy shit! This is insane. Shawn is really changing into a fucking donkey. Is the stone doing this, or what? Hmmm..." finished Mike, contemplatively. As bizarre as it was, there was no other explanation!

Mike continued to watch, more fascinated than anything as Shawn continued to change. His hair was stretching atop his head, becoming coarse and bristly as it ran down his thickening neck. His face expanded, and his thick tongue rolled out of his mouth. His lusty moans became thick and guttural, the occasional bray becoming clearer the more the changing beast fucked his male mate. He was worried for a moment that Shawn might be able to see now that his eyes were forced farther apart on his asinine head. Yet the donkey-headed man seemed only to be focused on rutting the man underneath him.

The more Shawn changed, the more his demeanor seemed to match his animalistic appearance. What had been a gentle, steady pace was becoming more forced, thrusting in and out with a bestial disregard for his mate's pleasure. It was as though Shawn was changing in mind as much as in body. The pleased brays and placid expression seemed to indicate such a fate!

Mike wondered for a moment how it was possible for Greg to be enjoying Shawn's cock while his partner was growing heavier and changing above him. He'd specified wishing Shawn would know what it was like to be a jackass *before* getting involved with Greg. Did that mean Greg now knew his lover had been an actual donkey, and his thoughts were changing to accommodate the wish? The stone really must have been powerful!

Shawn was still changing all the while, both men still evidently oblivious. Mike could hear a wet crunch of bone and sinew as Shawn's ribs pressed out, his shoulder blades cracking forward and compressing his chest along with them. Pepperings of white fur spread over his ballooning flanks as the bristly mane ran down his neck and his spine popped up above his back. It seemed as though his spine was lengthening, making him reposition himself several times to keep his cock deep in his mate's bowels.

Shawn's hands were having a more difficult time gripping Greg's shapely ass as his shoulders forced his arms into a limited posture. The fingers themselves seemed to lose their grip, all but the middle ones twitching and shrinking into thinning wrists. The bones within his middle digits seemed to lengthen beyond his former palms and wrists as they slid up his mate's back in an attempt to hold on, desperately grasping at Greg's sides.

Mike watched, entranced, as Shawn's nails seemed to darken, forming around the entire tip as they swelled with girth. They seemed to be thickening with shiny, black keratin that started to take on a curved shape, beyond the size of his thinning wrists. Soon two, large, hooves were all that remained of Shawn's former digits, barely able to hold on to his mate. It looked like Shawn was on his way to becoming a total ass!

The more Mike watched, coming to terms with the power of the wish, the happier he became. This was a far better vengeance than anything he could have hoped for, pictures of his former friend being fucked by an animal. He raised his camera a few more times for good measure. He would wait for the change to complete, as well, but part of him wanted evidence of the bizarre transformation. No one would believe him without pictures of Shawn mid-change!

Yet the more he watched the display, the more Mike wondered if perceived bestiality was sufficient punishment. Could the stone do something far worse to make up for all the past transgressions and agony Greg put Mike through? He decided to kill two birds with one stone, as it were.

"Let's make this fun. Greg uses people for his own gains and just treats them as things. I wish that Greg learns to get used by becoming Shawn's huge black donkey cock, ready to fuck a jenny or mare whenever Shawn desires it. And make sure he feels and remembers himself while being aware of everything Shawn does with him."

Mike felt the rock heating up in his hand, and the glow emitted from it was visible around the room. He stared with bated breath at Greg, wondering how the changes would begin and wanting to see his fall from both humanity and autonomy.

Greg was gripping the sofa's arm, enjoying the sensation of being fucked as the donkey's ballooning belly pressed painfully against his back, threatening to crush him. Mike watched with excitement as Shawn's hips started to flatten, and his cock started to grow within Greg's ass. The girth of the penis swelled to encompass Greg's insides, sticking to his inner walls as it did so. Mike was certain that Shawn's penis must have been altering to become a urethra inside what was soon to become his donkey cock.

Much to Mike's delight, he did not specify that Greg had always been Shawn's penis. Instead of Greg's previous compliance with the changes, at the sensations of something swelling and fusing to his insides, Greg started to panic. But even as he came to his senses, Mike knew it was far too late for him, already stuck to the soon-to-be donkey above him.

"W...what's happened with my ass? Why can't I move away?" He moaned, struggling as he gripped the couch, tugging with all his strength. But even if he didn't have a massive donkey humping away and crushing him, his ass was now tied to the cock inside him as he prepared to become much more intimate with it!

Mike wanted to reveal himself but wasn't ready, just yet. He wanted as much time as possible to watch Greg suffer before Mike let his former friend know that he was the source of it all!

Mike suppressed a giggle as the bone and muscle in Greg's feet seemed to dissolve away with a satisfying sloshing sound. His toes were drawn into his feet as his boneless knees started to bend in unnatural ways. Greg's hip bones melted away as his thighs swelled up with fluid, growing rounded and bulbous into what Mike could only assume was the beginning of equine balls!

"Oh, God! What's happening with my legs? Heelp!" Screamed Greg as his legs continued to warp into heavy black donkey testicles. Mike wasn't sure who he was calling to. No one would hear him as he turned into a donkey's cock!

All the while, the bones in his body made a disturbing sloshing sound as they started to dissolve. Mike envisioned Shawn's former cock fusing with the remnants of Greg's spine, holding him up as his legs continued to balloon with donkey cum. Greg's own cock shot out a modest load of seed, making him moan in release between panicked cries. The remnants of his cock sank into his former groin, pulled upward along with his testicles until nothing remained except for a smooth surface.

By now, the skin of his former legs had turned leathery and dark. The black flesh was beginning to spread all the way up to the man's chest. The crunch of bone dissolving resonated from Greg's trunk as it started to expand, its contours fading into the darkening flesh. The overall circumference grew rounded, thinning from its former human size, and Mike was certain all the internal organs were shutting down as they broke into a much more simple urethra. The muscles of Greg's hose-like body had been changed into

corpus cavernosum and corpus spongiosum tissues. His spine had also regressed into a simple deep dorsal vein, branching into dorsal arteries.

Greg finally released his grip on the couch, knowing he could no longer pull himself forward. Instead, he tried tugging at his torso, in an attempt to free himself from Shawn's body. But it soon proved to be a mistake. The instant his arms touched the flesh, the bones in Greg's arms melted away, and the entire limbs were pulled inside without fanfare. With a slick, sloshing sound, his arms lost any mobility they once had and were formed to add mass to Greg's trunk.

"Oh no...Not my arms! They're stuck! Make it stop! Pleeese..." Greg whimpered in vain. But it was no use as his former arms merged seamlessly with the rest of his body.

With each pathetic whimper, Greg's body continued to shrink towards the dimensions that Mike assumed would comprise a donkey's penis. His neck fattened to the width of his body, making him unable to turn around to view his changes. His flesh was mostly black, mottled with pink patches as bulging veins sprung along the surface and grew engorged with blood. His shoulders hunched, rounding into a preputial ring as the bones and muscle all dissolved away.

Shawn, meanwhile, was growing larger, as though Greg's lost mass was fueling his continued changes. Shawn had moved his way off the couch, his hips and legs hunched to match his upper frame while Greg hung awkwardly in the air. Shawn's ass raised up as his heels extended, the bones in his foot pushed upward to accommodate his thickening toe bones. The surface of each middle toe thickened with a ballooning nail as the rest of the digits regressed into his heel. His cracked hips merged into his ribs as his pelvis flipped forward, lowering him down into a quadrupedal stance as his calves bulged with muscle and diminished into a proper asinine length.

Finally, Shawn's spine started to bulge as a growth burst forth, wagging of its own accord as the white hair moved to cover it. Thick fur erupting from the tip seemed to irritate it as the ropey tail swayed back and forth. Mike was granted a rather embarrassing perspective of Shawn's backside changing, his pucker thickening with muscle as his hips receded and left him with an exposed donkey's anus. Shawn was now a full jackass, save for his cock with its still human head. Yet if the current rate of change continued, it wasn't to last long!

Greg's panic intensified as the full reality of his situation was starting to sink in. "Nnno....sssstop iht...Ahhh! Don't....wannna....bee...a fouckin...cock!" He cried, helpless against his regression into a simple bestial appendage.

Greg was unable to move or even shudder as a thick, warm muscle played over his head. It was the donkey's muzzle, intent on feeling its pleasure and bringing it to orgasm! Greg was disgusted while the remnants of his hair falling away as the donkey licked away his humanity. Worse, however, were the feelings of pleasure that radiated from his sensitive flesh, and the taste of hot, salty fluid building up in the back of his throat!

"Herrlgllp Mmeeeggllle!" He tried to gurgle, but his mouth involuntarily let out the first bits of donkey precum. He tried to cry out once more, but slowly lost the ability to move his lips as they condensed into Shawn's new piss-slit! His face was flattening, its features diminishing as his mouth was lowered as it prepared to release the ejaculate that was rising in his former throat.

Mike was no longer able to hide his laughter at the fate of his former friend. Greg had spent his entire life fucking people over, and would continue to fuck, though for the rest of his life, only jennies or mares! Mike wondered if he should eventually turn both men back, but he had plenty of time to decide that.

It was time to make himself known before Greg lost his eyes. He walked in front of the donkey, whose attention was taken by pleasuring his long thick cock. Despite the presence of the muzzle in front of him, Mike could see Greg's eyes bulge in fear from the sight of his former friend's face.

"Ha! you shouldn't have fucked me so bad Greg! Now you can fuck whenever Shawn gets horny! I wish I could see your cocky face when your jackass tries to fuck a big-ass broodmare in heat!" Mike laughed, finally getting the satisfaction he'd been craving for years!

Yet immediately after his statement, he covered his mouth with both his hands, realizing the words that he had uttered. He'd made a careless wish!

He hoped to all heaven that the stone did not hear him. Yet there was no denying the warm, now-familiar glow from the stone in his pocket that signaled his wish would unwittingly be granted.

"SHIT! What have I done!" Yelled Mike through his hands, but sadly it was already too late for him. There was nothing he could do now that a spell was invoked, but wait and see the consequences of his words.

Carefully, he took his hands away from his mouth, waiting with bated breath to see what would happen. Suddenly, a crack resonated through his wrists, as though the joints had snapped painfully. Though they could still move back and forth, they seemed to flex better in the opposite direction now. Mike winced as he saw his middle fingers bulging as had Shawn's, the tips of which thickened with a shiny, hoof-like nail.

He quickly shucked off his clothes, not wanting to get trapped in them lest he cause himself pain. And part of him knew that he would no longer need them once the curse took full effect. He had just enough time to remove their burden before his fingers lost their functionality, staring down in vain at his green jacket, holding the cursed stone that had done this to him!

Mike panicked, trying desperately to twitch his fingers and keep them moving. Yet they relentlessly marched up to his flattening wrists, pulling into the skin as though they never existed. His middle fingers continued to bulge as the bones in each extended well beyond their human counterparts. Soon each nail began ballooning outward rapidly as they quickly reached the circumference of his former palms. Yet it escaped his notice that his hardening oval hooves were facing in the opposite direction of his hand. The painful snapping of his elbows did not make his attention either, or at least the fact that the same change had not occurred in Shawn.

"Please! I wish I hadn't made that last wish!" He yelled, frantically, believing that the stone would glow and reverse the grotesque transformation that threatened to take his human form. He couldn't reach for the stone anymore, not with his hoof hands. But it was clear the glow that signaled the stone had heard his wish was absent. He had forgotten the shopkeeper's words, that the stone granted only three wishes, and he was just given his third and final one!

Mike was overcome by stress emanating from his tailbone, likely the start of an equine tail. His shoulders were bulking up, forming large masses of muscle and fat as they swelled beyond the confines of his neck, steadily absorbing it into their flesh. His shoulder blades seemed to be contracting, even as they rotated backward, and the blades grew thinner.

"No, no, this can't happen to me too!" yelled Mike, hoping that somehow, someone might be able to help him. But like Greg, there was no one to spare him from this horrific fate.

Mike felt his ass cheeks pulling apart, and was certain he was soon to grow an equine's ass. Yet the sensations were much stranger than he could have expected. His anus seemed to be stretching

outward, impossibly large, filling with muscles that started twitching beyond his control. Mike's ass cheeks, meanwhile, seemed to be contracting. His pelvis widened and reversed as each bone recessed into the flanks of his belly.

Mike needed to see what was happening to him. The changes were surely different than Shawn's had been, though it was clear he was turning into an animal as well. Yet he couldn't turn his head back to look, as though his neck was completely gone. He tried in vain, but his hulking shoulders seemed to have swallowed the ability to flex his neck.

Mike reoriented himself toward the window, hoping the reflection of the glass might be sufficient. As he did so, he could feel new, strange muscle sticking out of his ass as the cheeks recessed further. The entire surface prickled with the growth of fur as what felt like a hole opened at one end, and then soon two more erupted from above it. The entire protrusion was moving now, the larger hole opening and closing in a way that terrified Mike to the core.

The reflection in the mirror was just sufficient to see the horror that was birthing itself from his backside. Sticking out from what used to be Mike's anus was a pseudo equine muzzle, moving and shaking as it gained increased articulation. It looked like something out of a Cronenberg movie, the head trying to cry out without vocal cords. The head lacked eyes or ears, but the shape of it was clearly a horse. Mike shuddered as he could feel developing gum lines sprout thick, yellow splotched blocky teeth. A tongue stretched from his anal cavity and lolled up and down, licking over newly formed lips.

Yet, most disgusting were the two bumps above his developing nose that suddenly opened and sent Mike reeling backward. They were EYES, two brown orbs sat upon a flaring nose, and below two points that seemed to twitch into equine ears. In Mike's shock, he was hardly cognizant of his ability to see from them. It was not seeing, not exactly. It was more as though he was aware of the sensory inputs into a second brain that was only now beginning to form. The more he felt the skull sloping and thickening, the better Mike was able to process the information as much as the new beast's brain was.

There was very little of Mike's backside left as the equine head took final form. Mike's penis and balls were gone completely, recessed into the neck of the horse he had growing from his backside. The beast's ears started twitching as they took their proper shape, and his tailbone stretched out into the head as it branched into a new spinal column that fused with the primitive brain of the beast. Mike was stunned when the mouth opened and the horse head WHINNIED, a horrific guttural sound that no man or beast should be capable of uttering.

The changes were not done there, however. Mike's body continued to warp mercilessly as his middle toes stretched much like his hands had, the joints of his wrists reversing direction as all the remaining toes disappeared into his new hooves. Thankfully, his front legs helped in holding up the weight of his equine head and decreasing the strain on his altering body. His belly distended, though was thickening from his chest rather than his stomach, which itself was barrelling out. His body continued to bulk up, and Mike realized with horror that he was losing the ability to move the strange backward limbs!

His skin started itching as the flesh turned leathery into black equine hide. Any place covered by the equine hide was quickly covered by thick, short black fur as his skin began frothing with sweat from the exertion. It spread all over, making Mike regret that he could not relieve the irritation. In his captive horror from the impossible changes, Mike was hardly aware that his face was also starting to turn leathery, his face and mouth growing rough with the same dark skin, though no hair grew from the flesh.

Meanwhile, his expanding rib cage grew from the opposite perspective as his lower ribs lengthened, and his upper ribs shortened. Mike felt extremely queasy as his internal organs reoriented themselves, all while growing into equine proportions. His stomach, intestines, lungs, and liver all expanded at one end and contracted in others as they reoriented themselves for this backward physiology.

A sensitive spot erupted from his chest and started to balloon outward, rounding into flesh blacks with two lumps. Mike was unaware of it, but they resembled black leathery mare teats.

The big mare's head was nearly fully formed now. Its neck was still thickening and itched relentlessly as tickling black horse hairs erupted into a mane all the down to its new neck. It moved on its own, as though experimenting with its newfound existence. Mike could feel the mare licking her lips, blinking her eyes as she snorted through the discomforting changes. Yet Mike was helpless to control her actions. It was as though her brain was her own, and she now had full control over his former body.

But it was the tingling in Mike's human head that was most concerning. It was the only part of his body that was as of yet unchanged. And in his mind, there was only one possibility left for his head. There was no way...but...

Even as the realization washed over him, Mike was aware his leathery head was deflating, pulsating as the bones and teeth all started melting into nothing. He could feel his hair falling away as his skull started contracting into the leathery headquarters of the mare. In its place, his spinal column pushed out of his forehead, wagging of its own accord as it lost connection to his former human brain.

Even as his vision began to ripple, he was still able to make out his former shoulders around him, ballooning up into plump equine asscheeks. There was no denying the truth of his situation. He would see Greg's cock fucking a mare for the first time, from the position of the mare's vagina that was his former mouth!

"Ouch, it hurts...When will this...sshit...finally sstop..." Mike moaned uneasily in his shaky voice. His shrinking brain made it more difficult to form coherent sentences, as it started to dissolve into the beginnings of equine ovaries in his new body.

The pain of his tail forced relentlessly out of his skull as it ran down the length of his forehead and thick equine hairs itched from the surface. Mike groaned as it filled with muscle and sinew, swishing on its own power.

Some of the hair tickled his still-human nose, which itself had begun to change. It was flat in the absence of a proper bridge, and the two nostrils seemed to be pushed together into one hole. The edges were beginning to flare, taking on a rough, puckered-like appearance as the opening expanded. His former nasal cavity seemed to have changed into an equine rectum, moving back to link with the mare's readjusted colon. He could no longer breathe, but no longer needed to from this end of his body.

The hairs tickled him again, and Mike did his best to stifle a sneeze, wondering where the urge was coming from with his degrading throat. Yet the sensation built up, and a disgusting scent hit his senses, one that stank of a barn and of fresh shit. He tried his best to hold back, but the explosion of air passed his nose with an 'ffffttt' that sounded like a horse's fart! He would have blushed in shame if his skin still had that ability.

"Mmmnnhhheelp!" Mike tried to yell with the last of his strength. Yet his teeth were gone, and his vocal cords were closing up, converting into his new mare's vaginal canal. And even if he could articulate the words, the only one who could hear him was the jackass still in the room with him!

His lips were now large and rubbery, a thick whiteish blade shade that matched the rest of his former face. His ability to move them waned as the change continued. He could hardly open or close his eyes, the lids almost non-functional as they moved to either side of his donut-shaped horse's asshole.

At last, his throat and trachea disappeared completely into the internal organs of the mare's vagina his mouth was to be. His Adam's apple had been relocated to form the beginnings of a mare's bladder,

though Mike was hardly aware of it. Both hemispheres of his human brain had shrunk into 3-inch-sized ovaries. Mike should have been braindead, nothing of his human existence remaining in the mare's upside-down body. Yet, somehow, he could still feel, smell, see and hear without a brain or sensory organs. He felt the wish had granted him the ability, much as he assumed it had given Greg.

A sound echoed from the room, and Mike the mare cunt was brought face to face with the donkey cock that was once Greg, hanging in the air as the donkey approached. His mouth was locked in a silent scream as precum oozed from it. He was nearly a complete cock at this point, only his eyes remaining to let him know that it was Mike's face he would be fucking.

Though Greg's body was completely an appendage now, all humanity lost, he could still perceive the world through non-existent senses. He knew it was Mike before him, knew it was a mare's cunt that was dripping wet, winking opened and closed where Mike's mouth once sat. Despite the horror of the situation, he needed to fuck. His sensitive flesh was fixated on the thought of a tight, hot tunnel, being driven back and forth to spray his intestinal contents. His thoughts were dim, as though degraded into the heat and seed that had become of his brain.

Mike was flushed with a similar heat at the sight of Greg's penis body dangling between Shawn's legs. The remains of his slitted mouth started opening and closing of their own accord, dripping a bead of moisture.

Mike was powerless to move away as the jack's head approached, seemingly entranced by the powerful, musky aromas wafting from Mike's slit mouth. He could feel the legs of his mare's body grow weaker, as the mare he had become seemed to respond in kind to the horny jack. Much to Mike's disgust, he could taste both urine and vaginal juices leak from his mouth, though he was powerless to stop his lips from opening and closing in anticipation.

His world was thrown off as his body moved to position itself to be mated. Mike was barely aware of the mare's legs kicking something away, something that felt like fabric. He tried to use the mare's ears to hear the sound of the stone skittering across the room. His one chance of salvation was kicked across the room, landing under the couch and hidden from view.

When Mike's focus returned, he realized, with horror, that he no longer had eyes. But he was still aware of the jack's tongue on his lips, sending shivers through what remnants of his body Mike still had. He could feel his mouth leaking more fluids as it trembled with anticipation of being filled. He was almost disappointed when the warm moist tongue left his lips, but at seeing Greg dangling before him, Mike grew excited once more.

Greg, meanwhile, felt his entire length jiggling as he was hoisted towards Mike's opening. There was a slight sense of satisfaction, knowing that the man who cursed him was getting his own karma, but such thoughts were taken away the moment he felt his head touch the edges of Mike's mouth. Greg wanted to scream out; the pleasure was far too much! Yet he was only able to let himself feel every inch of his sensitive flesh flare with ecstasy as he was shoved mercilessly into Mike's waiting folds.

The sensations of being fucked were like nothing Mike could have imagined. His entire mouth centered around that delicious organ, its girth touching every inch of his insides he had control over. Mike could taste the salty fluids leaking from Greg's mouth, yet they only served to excite him more as his own juices leaked out. He found himself craving more of those fluids inside him, deeper down than even his former throat. There was something inside of him that begged to be washed in donkey semen. The taste itself was enough to make him clench to taste the jack's load!

Greg could feel himself being stimulated all over, but as he was thrust back and forth, a surge of fluid thickened from his former stomach, making him feel the need to vomit. Yet, instead of the disgust of

bile, the taste of his seminal fluids was rather pleasant and made Greg crave to be used, to throw up his stomach contents inside the mare. The closer he got to release, the better the stimulation became.

Greg, the donkey dick, let himself go as torrents of donkey jism shot out of his throat. The salty taste overloaded his senses as it was pumped into Mike's mouth. His opening was filled with so much sticky donkey cum he could no longer taste Mike's sweet feminine juices, but it mattered little as his load continued to work its way into Mike's cunt mouth. He could no longer hear, see, or smell, but he could taste, and for a brief moment, no longer cared that his world was limited to only the pleasures of an equine phallus as he unleashed his load!

Mike could feel Greg throbbing uncontrollably in his mouth as torrents of foul-tasting cum shot into his mouth. Mike would have gagged from the sheer quantity, but he no longer had that ability as he was filled up with an impossible load of equine jism. Yet the taste made him crave the much more pleasurable flavor, finding it preferable than the mare's urine had been. It stimulated his insides and made him feel warm, full, as it settled where his belly once was, coating the sides and being drawn inwards by the design of his form.

At last, the jack moved off his mare, leaving Mike's mouth leaking cum uncontrollably. Mike wished he could wipe it off but was stuck with the taste of cum in his mouth as it oozed out in large dollops. Greg, too, felt more drops of seed dripping from his mouth but could do nothing about it as his body went limp. He felt the warmth of a fuzzy blanket covering him and was drawn upwards into a dark, hot tunnel that should have terrified him. But, lost in the rapture of being enveloped in equine orgasm, he allowed his thoughts to slip as he was pulled upwards into his new home, still covered with drying, sticky juices.

Mike could thankfully still hear through his mare body's ears, though he could not work them with his own power. Yet still, he was aware of the door of Greg's home opening and recalled, dimly, that Greg lived with his mother Nell. A cry of shock, followed by a series of enraged curses hit his ears as Nell's familiar form walked into view. His mare's body was not deterred, however, more focused on swishing her tail over Mike's leaking face. He could hear Nell racing into another room, calling animal control and leaving Mike no doubt as to what his fate would be.

Many months later, the pregnant broodmare that was formerly Mike was grazing on the farm that was now his home. He was still painfully aware of his former humanity and now primarily experienced the world from the opposite perspective. Though disgusting, he had grown accustomed to the daily bodily functions of the mare he'd become. The remnants of his former facial senses were ever-present, the ability to taste and smell from the now bestial offices an eternal hell. Yet, it did him a small comfort to know that Greg, now only a donkey cock, had a much more limited perspective, unlikely to hear or see or taste, save the acidic flavor of donkey urine he experienced several times a day. Mike's own fate was nearly as disgusting, but at least he was not entirely blind to the world from his former ass!

Yet, soon, he was to encounter something new, something which he both dreaded and anticipated in equal measure. He had thus far endured everything that could both enter and leave his anus and cunt. But something unique had been growing in his womb for the past 12 months. Soon his body would give birth, and he would feel a new life exiting his former mouth, just as all those days ago, Greg had entered his mouth to place it there...