

“All right then, boys! Let’s get you settled, and then I can show you around!”

Patrick smiled, breathing in the fresh country air as he jumped off the back of the pick-up. He’d been looking forward to this summer for some months, the stifling atmosphere of city life getting to him. Getting a summer job living and working on a farm seemed the perfect choice in between semesters. Besides, he was built, liked the heat, and didn’t mind being dirty, so long as a few beers followed the workday, as they promised to!

Leon had similar feelings towards the work, having grown up in the country himself. He loved the outdoors and was eager to explore the surrounding woods for hikes whenever he was off-hours. He was smaller than his coworker, though no less built in relation to his stature. He, too, had his share of outdoor work on his resume, though this was the first time he had ever attempted farm work. Still, he was excited by the prospect of spending the two months on the property and working closely with the animals!

Having not met each other until today, the two had spent the ride to the farm chatting about their college courses, sports teams, and the usual stuff that two men might need to get to know each other before a summer working together. It didn’t take the two of them long to figure that they would get along well in the coming months, having several shared interests.

They were not going to be there alone, of course; the farmer had regular hands hired from the townsfolk. But he also employed students from the nearby university in honor of the owner’s son, who had gone missing with one of his buddies after a night on the town. It was tragic, but it had been a few years since. Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, both Patrick and Leon had applied and had gotten the position for this year.

They had to ride in from town in the back of the pickup; their boss, Stephen, didn’t have anything else. Though a little unsure about doing something obviously illegal, out in the boonies, no one would give them a second glance riding on the back of the truck like that. It did make trips into town somewhat of a luxury, but the farm was relatively self-sufficient for the most part. Well stocked with food and beer, Stephen promised!

The farm mostly raised livestock, focusing on an egg operation with several hundred chickens on site. There were the other odd farm animals, like bulls, pigs, and a couple of horses. The two boys would mostly be looking after those animals, which was fine by them.

The boss had spent a fair bit of the trip chatting about the operation and their place in it for the summer. One curious aspect did come to light as Steven talked about the animals they would be looking after. He was given two bulls for free a couple of years ago, in the hopes of

branching out into some cattle ranching. But, something about the animals made him hesitant to look into purchasing any cows.

“Now, there’s been something queer about those bulls, but don’t worry too much about it! I got them dirt cheap, in the hopes to get some cows to go with them. But they ain’t got any interest, not even with pheromones. Tried to borrow a couple of cows to get them to stud, but they, well, came up dry. If you catch my meaning.”

Given the confused expressions on the young men’s faces, they obviously did not. “The bulls prefer the company of each other, no interest in cows,” Stephen stated, making both men nod. They were unaware that homosexuality was common among bulls, though found the notion more interesting than distasteful. Many animals partook in pleasures of the flesh for more than reproduction, of course. But bulls?

More interesting was how often each bull partook in each other’s bodies. It was common for bulls to mate often with cows in season. But, in this case, the two bulls seemed to mate every day, prompting more than a few workers to be uncomfortable around them. Hence why the two young men would have to do the deed of looking after them.

“Don’t wanna turn them into beef or nothing. Couldn’t bring me to do it. Not since I got them right around the time that... well, it was a hard time back then, and then these bulls came into my possession... I don’t know what it is about them, but I just can’t see me making steaks out of them, you know? Been using them for semen collection, anyway. At least that’s some profit!”

“Besides, the two bulls are kind of queer, in another way, I mean. They are smarter than most, you see. Sometimes I could swear that they can understand me when I speak to them, not that they always cared haha! Still, even though it bugs me sometimes, I go out and talk to them. Nothing too sentimental, mind you. It’s kind of... anyways, I’m rambling on too much!”

“Don’t you worry none about looking after them! They are the friendliest bulls you’ll ever meet! They wouldn’t hurt anything bigger than the flies on their assess haha! You don’t have to worry about getting them spooked or pissed off or nothing! They should be a breeze to work with! So long as you don’t mind the smell haha!”

It took about twenty minutes more for them to make it to the farm, a vast expanse of land that impressed both of the men. It was a decent-sized operation, after all. They hadn’t gotten to see it before being hired, given the town’s remote nature. But it was obvious they were impressed by the size of it, much to Stephen’s amusement.

“This isn’t even the largest farm around! We’ve got a few smaller ones for miles around, but one or two that are about the same size or larger. Keeps a lot of the townsfolk employed, at least. Though, there’s always a bit of competition to see who makes the most money! But it’s all in good fun!”

Both boys were given the rest of the day to settle in and get their stuff put away. They were provided with a decent-sized room filled with bunk beds to share. Most of the staff traveled from their homes to work the fields each day. But, they usually stayed for supper. Stephen, as it turned out, was an amazing cook, and everyone was provided the luxury of being fed every day after work.

Sleep came difficult for each young man, not used to the new environment and excited for the day to come. The next morning arrived all too soon, neither man quite on the proper sleep schedule for the day’s work. Naturally, their sleep-deprived states earned the jeers of their older peers, but it was of little consequence. With a generous helping of coffee and a hearty breakfast, the two boys were ready to start the day!

First, they were taken out towards the bullpen, shown where all the equipment was housed and what the beast’s schedules were to be. The work was simple; mucking stalls, disposing of soiled hay, and replacing bedding straw and feed. The bulls were let out in the mornings and brought back in the evenings, save for days of inclement weather.

The two boys started their work, chatting all the while as the warm morning sun beat down on them. It wasn’t too hot at the start of the season, thankfully, though they did need several breaks to down water and rest in the shade of the barn. They were soon taken to the horse stalls, required to do much of the same, though neither minded it. The afternoon consisted of general farm labor, though more spaced out due to the increasing heat.

With that, the day was over. All that was required, after an equally delectable supper, was to bring the animals back in and close up for the night, a task that both undertook eagerly. Though the work had been dirty and strenuous, the day did go by rather quickly, and both were tired and ready for bed. After their beers with supper were joined by one or two more, of course!

The two roan beasts stood just outside their pen, as though knowing it was time to go in for the evening. Much to both boys’ relief, the bulls seemed to know it was bedtime, raising their tails to relieve themselves of manure outside the barn and saving their caretakers some work in the morning!

Looking out into the golden reddish sun setting on the horizon, Leon found himself filled with a reverence for the land that had escaped him until now. One too many times as of late, the

familiar cityscape of his home filled him with a sense of anxiety, of shame. He was a history major in school, and although was close to finishing his degree, he had chosen it on the basis of interest rather than career advancement. What was his future going to look like? There was so much pressure out there to succeed, to be someone, to be anyone able to be self-sufficient and not have to rely on either the system or parents.

But out here... Leon wasn't sure how to put it. Things seemed... simple here. He knew that wasn't the case, of course. Farmers had to compete with each other, the costs of labor and the low market price of their goods, as well as struggle with a lack of government aid for their essential services. Gone were the days when farmers were self-sufficient, relying only on their own produce and trading with nearby families to make ends meet. Farm life was a far more difficult prospect now than even finding a career in Leon's chosen field!

But standing out here, listening to the lowing of the bulls, the clucking of distant chickens, the sounds of crickets and birds, it was impossible not to feel a sense of calm that city life simply lacked. Regardless of how difficult the lifestyle was here, the animals, at least, had it easy. The chickens and pigs seemed well cared for, despite their eventual fates as food. And the bulls would never be eaten, as best as Leon was aware. They simply lived a carefree life, grazing in the companionship of each other. In more ways than one, though Leon hadn't noticed any amorous behavior thus far!

"Hey man, you coming? Grab a beer with me?" Patrick asked, already starting to head back towards the house and the cold brew that awaited him.

"Naw, I'll be about twenty. Gonna stand out and enjoy the view!" Leon called back to his new friend, staring out at the setting sun with that same reverence.

A mutter of "Can enjoy it just as well from the porch" played over his ears as Patrick made his way back into the house. Leon supposed he had a point, after all. And a cold beer would be tasty right now.

But, there was just something about being here, so close to the animals, that brought a sense of peace to Leon that was difficult for even him to understand. He didn't want to get back to the house yet, even if it was just his coworker and boss. Being out here brought with it a certain sense of calm that Leon was remiss to explain.

After a few moments of contemplation, Leon decided he would enter the barn and check out the bulls. He wasn't sure why this particular compulsion had overcome him just now. He had heard so much about them before coming here yesterday and had hardly seen them at all,

given his other chores. It just felt right to spend some time with his bovine charges before going to bed!

Entering the barn, Leon was hit with the now-familiar scents associated with it, though he'd acclimated well in the past few hours working here. And the space was as clean as they could make it in that time. Still, it smelled heavily of animals, especially in proximity to each other within the enclosed space. Leon had to breathe through his mouth for a few moments to get used to things.

Eyes scanned the room for a moment before settling on the beasts in the corner, standing one behind the other. He'd expected them to be chewing on some of the grains that had been left for them, perhaps lying down for the night. Imagine his surprise at the sight of the mammoth red erection hanging from the underside of the massive beast!

Leon had recalled that sexual acts were common among the bulls and that they were a mated pair for all intents and purposes. Still, he had not expected to see the larger roan bull sniffing at the backside of the other, both sporting massive hard-ons and clearly interested in each other.

Leon's first compulsion was to leave; after all, he didn't want to disturb such an intimate act. Yet, the bulls seemed to have no concern for his presence as the larger bull licked his lover's backside with obvious intent. And, besides, they were just animals, right? Animals cared not for human notions of morality.

In the end, curiosity won out, and Leon found himself wanting to watch. Leon normally had no interest in animals and their mating habits, but something about the display seemed to keep him hooked. The notion of watching such a rare event seemed to sit well with him, leaving Leon wondering just how two male bulls copulated.

Thinking it impossible for the male to find his much smaller mark, Leon was shocked to see how easily the larger bull penetrated his same-colored mate. It was like a practiced dance, the two of them rutting with more ease than a bull mounting an eager cow. In no time at all, the barn was filled with the sounds of balls slapping together, a cock slapping against a belly, and heavy huffs of lust escaping the bull's nostrils.

Leon felt that maybe he should leave, that the sight wasn't really that interesting after all. The thick stink of musk and sweat was starting to overcome him, making him uncomfortable to be in the presence of such beasts. Yet, Leon found he couldn't quite pull himself away from the sight. He was enraptured by the steady peace the two beasts seemed to keep up as they fucked and grunted together in their lusts.

In no time at all, the rank scent of ejaculate hit Leon's nose, threatening to make him gag. The smaller bull bellowed his release, unconcerned for the presence of the small man as he took his pleasure in being bred from behind. The bull's cock started to shake, blowing a load all over as it spasmed uncontrolled

The sheer orgasmic force seemed to fling cum all over the room, much to Leon's disgust. Too late, Leon could taste something rancid and salty on his lips that made him retch and gag. It took him a few moments to realize that the trajectory of the bull's release was such that it had hit the stall doors, the walls, and, worst of all, had hit the prone man in the mouth!

Leon started coughing, trying to rid his mouth of the terrible taste. Yet, the rank flavor was far too pungent to be relieved so easily. Remembering there was a hose outside, Leon bolted outward, forgetting to close the door in his haste. Turning the water on, he gulped greedily, spitting periodically and trying to rid himself of the rank flavor. It took several minutes, but finally, the taste in his mouth started to fade enough that Leon could think straight.

How had that happened? He wouldn't have expected such rotten luck in a million years to have that stuff in his mouth. What had he been doing, standing there like a dope while two male bulls fucked? What was wrong with him tonight?

Leon trudged back to the house, the notion of having a beer to fully rid the taste of semen from his mouth a wonderful prospect. "Hey, you get into a fight with the garden hose?" Patrick called out to him, making Leon wince.

"Yeah, something like that. I need that beer!" was the reply as Leon went into the house, soaking wet. He didn't even care that he was dripping if he could get a nice brew and try to rid himself of the memory.

The drink did help, though he was still a little stunned by the event itself. Leon didn't say much as he drank with Patrick, the other man seemingly aware of the awkwardness and not saying much himself. Leon just wanted to get to bed after the drink, trying to play the whole thing off as a bad dream as he crawled up into the top bunk.

To his delight, sleep came easy for him as he passed out to his buddy's snores. Though he'd been trying to focus on anything other than the events he'd witnessed, his dreams seemed to center in on the farm, and, much to his chagrin, the bovines that he'd seen rutting. Leon had never been one for self-aware dreams, but it was impossible to deny his awareness of this one!

The sun was beating down on him like it had that last day of work, only this time, he was out in the field instead of the farm. The air was warm on his skin, although there seemed to be no ill effects of the sun on it, as though he possessed a hide as thick as the bulls. He could see the two bulls out there in the field, close by and grazing, swishing their tails over broad backsides. They seemed oblivious to his presence as they went about their day.

Yet, something felt wrong, something that Leon had difficulty comprehending. It felt off for him to be standing up, as though he'd be more comfortable on his hands and knees. Getting down, Leon did, in fact, notice the immediate comfort of being on all fours, face closer to the grass and all its luscious delights.

Before he knew what he was doing, Leon had lowered his mouth and was pulling up handfuls of greens, chewing them down with the same level of obliviousness that the bulls exuded. It was peaceful, eating his fill, swishing flies from his backside as he wandered over the field. It took him some time to realize he was naked, but it was quickly of no consequence to the massive hide he seemed to now possess.

Something else seemed to catch his attention, and, turning a head far more massive than he recalled, Leon was greeted to the sight of a dark red bovine phallus as one of the bulls swiftly mounted the other. Soon, the two beasts were in rut, thrusting their powerful bodies with a synchronicity that had Leon captivated. How had he not noticed it the night before? The beasts were beautiful as they boasted their burden.

A heavy weight on his crotch was the only thing sufficient to distract Leon from the bulls in rut. Looking down, he was shocked to see his regular penis replaced by one that befit the two beasts fucking. Yet, it did not disturb him to realize that he was like them. A powerful beast. One suited to join their mating dance as he started to thrust his hips, feeling his massive phallus slapping against his belly...

The distant call of the rooster roused Leon slowly from his dream as he opened his eyes, a smile plastered on his face. Unlike his usual mornings, the memories of the dream did not fade away as they might normally. Rather, he recalled every moment just grazing in the field, peaceful and content in a way that surpassed human experience. It was almost a little sad to find that he had awakened to his familiar bed and human body!

A sweet smell entered his nose, one that took Leon a moment to identify. It was familiar, yet not something that he'd scented in recent memory. Notes of it carried memories of the barn yesterday, of the rank bovine ejaculate that had coated him and even gotten in his mouth.

It wasn't until he pulled the thin sheets down did he realize the source of the odor. The sheets were stained with what looked like his jism, as though he'd shot his bolt in the middle of the night and coated himself and the sheets. The smell was so potent it would be impossible to hide it from his roomie.

Waiting for Patrick to get up to relieve his bladder, Leon did his best to wipe down his sheets, embarrassed about the wet dream he hadn't experienced since he was a teenager. Leon didn't know what was worse; shooting his load in his sheets like a kid or the fact that it was a dream about ejaculating bulls that promoted his arousal!

Without looking too suspicious, Leon was unable to wipe out much of the stain, hoping that the smell wasn't too strong and that Patrick didn't notice. His coworker was already heading down to breakfast, and it would look bad if Leon didn't join him. All he could do was pray that no one noticed his shame as he tried to get dressed and head down to eat.

Pulling over his work shirt roughly, Leon was surprised to feel how tight it seemed on his frame. Though he'd expected that farm work would help him bulk up over the course of the summer, he didn't expect that a single day would give him enough muscle that the loose-fitting clothing would be a struggle to put on! Chalking it up to the hearty food and a bigger gut, Leon forced it on, hating how the edge seemed to ride up as to not cover his belly completely.

As he headed down the stairs to breakfast, Leon couldn't help but scratch at his skin, noticing that his hair seemed to irritate him through the fabric of the shirt. Thinking it was an allergic reaction to the detergent, Leon would not have been bothered so much, had it not been for all the other strange occurrences afflicting him this morning. He kept quiet during breakfast, trying not to focus on the irritation that felt as though additional hairs were poking from his skin to rub against the fabric of his clothing.

The day went surprisingly quickly, to Leon's relief. His muscles felt a little sore, but lifting and dragging and the myriad of other actions seemed to loosen him enough that it wasn't too much of an issue. He even forgot about the odd dreams or the experiences of the day prior, able to get into the work rhythm and allowing his thoughts to simplify. It was almost akin to his visions of being in the fields with the bulls, though with much more work on his end. The damn bulls had it easy!

Though he had obviously cum in the night, Leon still couldn't suppress a twinge of arousal at the sight of the bulls as they went out to the fields that morning. He found it disgusting, really. Yet his body seemed to have a mind of its own as his erection pushed insistently against the fabric of his jeans. Leon tried to turn away, to focus on the tasks at hand.

Yet, the images of bull cock from his dreams kept him fixated on the erection straining his pants, until the point that Leon thought he would have to sneak away to the bathroom and rub one out!

Fortunately, the heat of the morning and the list of chores for the two of them were finally a sufficient distraction to limit Leon's bestial erection. He could only hope that Patrick hadn't seen anything amiss with his demeanor this morning. His work buddy hadn't said anything, so Leon figured he was in the clear.

The two of them worked through the morning, Leon finally able to relax a little from the bizarre sequence of events. When signing up for the summer working here, he hadn't been entirely sure what to expect, but it certainly wasn't this. Thinking bestial thoughts, being sprayed by bull semen, having wet dreams, and unwanted erections. It was almost too much!

Leon almost dreaded the end of the day when they had to return the bulls to their pen. It was an unnerving prospect to get an erection once more, maybe be unable to hide it from his coworker. Even the slightest thought of the powerful animals sent twinges of pleasure through his loins. It was a challenging mental exercise to think of something, anything else, especially with the beasts so close to him!

"Hey, man. You OK? You've been acting really off today. Everything good?" Patrick asked, bringing Leon out of his reverie.

"Y-Yeah man, no worries. Just a lot on my mind," Leon replied, trying to keep the nervousness out of his voice. He hadn't even noticed he was sweating, straining to take his mind off his cock. Even turning around and staring in the opposite direction of the incoming beasts had little effect on his arousal. It was as though he could smell them from memory, view their actions from the night before, and from his dreams in vivid detail.

It took every ounce of willpower to take his thoughts from the events of yesterday and focus on other images. He would have taken off if he could, and, too late, wondered if he could still use the excuse to use the restroom.

Yet, the moment the smell of the beasts hit him, Leon was stuck. His cock was at full mast, straining to get out in the air, begging to be touched. The mere presence of such magnificent beasts was almost more than he could bear. The longer he stood there, the greater the chances of being caught in the shameful act. Yet, it was a near-impossible task to pull himself away from the thick musk that the beasts exuded. It was everything he could do to prevent himself from masturbating right there!

“Dude, you don’t look so good. Head on in, and I’ll join you when I’m done, OK?” Patrick offered, giving Leon the out he’d been looking for. Leon almost took it, even thinking of the possibility of going to touch himself away from the bulls that were causing his arousal to skyrocket.

But, to his chagrin, the sight of the bulls entering the barn had his full attention. Leon could not pry his focus away from them now that he had them in his sights. They were the source of his deep-seated needs, and nothing else mattered but getting inside and relieving the pressure in his prick. Preferably to the sight of the bulls in rut themselves!

Leon took off like a bolt, rushing into the barn from the side door and closing it behind him. He didn’t want Patrick to see; that would literally be the worst thing he could fathom. Yet, the siren song of the bellowing beasts had hold of him now, and it was an impossible task to even conceive of pulling away.

The heavy footfalls of the beasts followed him inside, and, although the main door was open, Leon had his zipper open and was stroking his leaking head. At that moment, he didn’t care that he could be seen. He desired to see the bulls fucking, and needed to jack off to the sight of those massive red cocks!

It would seem that he was to get his wish as the smaller bull this time started sniffing at his partner’s backside, pulling back enough to allow the larger bull to raise his tail and relieve himself. It was of little deterrent to his smaller mate, who went back to sniffing, his turgid erection already bobbing underneath as he prepared to mount.

Leon had his underwear pulled down just enough that he could see his cock as his fingers encircled it. It seemed as though the shade around his cockhead was darker, though he had nary a glance as his focus was all over the bulls about to fuck. He wanted to stroke himself off to the sight of their rut, and it seemed as though he would get his wish at any moment!

“Hey, wh-what the hell man! Geez!” Patrick exclaimed, leaving Leon to blush his shame. Leon could see the man silhouetted in the smaller door and his heart sank. He needed to get off, but not in the presence of another man!

Yet, as the smaller bull got on the back of the larger roan, a powerful need overcame Leon just then. It was an overwhelming lust to take someone or be taken in the same manner. Looking at the two breeding bulls was arousing, but even better would be to have a mate of his own that he could get off with! And, in the room with him currently...

Leon stumbled forward, as though drunk as he made his way towards his friend in the doorway. It was almost as though Leon was in a trance, thinking the whole thing to be a dream, much as he had dreamed about being with the bulls the night before. And dreams had no repercussions in the real world, right?

Before Patrick had the chance to move, Leon was on him, wrapping his arms around the larger man. Patrick was momentarily stunned, though still had the wherewithal to try and push the smaller man off of him.

Yet, in his possessed state, and with muscles that did not befit his stature, Leon held on tight, making Patrick momentarily panic. In his trance-like enchantment, Leon seemed not to care as he raised himself, looking at the man in the eyes before reaching with his mouth and taking the man in a sloppy kiss!

The sensation of the man's lips on Leon's was sublime; never before with his past girlfriend had he been so excited. He could taste the beer on his buddy's breath, the familiar flavor making him more enamored. It seemed as though Patrick was trying to yell for him to stop, but the moment the man's lips opened up, Leon's tongue was inside of them, taking the other man in a French kiss.

Leon didn't know what had overtaken him at the moment. Part of his mind told him to stop, that he didn't want this and neither did Patrick. But as the bulls began their fuck behind them, Leon's boned-up state knew nothing more than to take the other man in a passionate embrace. His partner willing or no, Leon had little control over his actions at the moment!

Patrick, meanwhile, struggled to get out of the man's grasp. His entire body flailed about as he pushed away from the lips that were on his own. Patrick tried to keep his mouth closed, but the other man was just too strong, too determined to allow him the needed escape. Patrick could only continue to fight in vain as his mouth was assaulted by the deranged man's tongue.

A bellow from the bulls stunned Leon out of his reverie, their activities evidently coming to a head. Leon pulled back enough to see that the side of the barn was again splattered with the bottom bull's cum. He could smell the seed leaking from his rectum as his mate filled him up. Never had he seen something so erotic! The sight set his loins alight, and despite himself, Leon started rutting against Patrick's pants, leaking fluids onto the other man.

Patrick took the inch given and pushed the other man off him, the taste of the guy's saliva in his mouth disgusting and uncalled for. Leon tripped and fell backward onto his ass, a dazed and confused look on his features that almost left Patrick feeling sorry for him. But, the smaller man had all but tried to rape him. What the fuck was wrong with him?!

“Get away from me, you fucking fag!” Patrick yelled, immediately ashamed of the slur he’d used. Still, the other man’s action left him so enraged that he couldn’t restrain himself from social convention.

Pissed off beyond belief, Patrick stormed back to the house, leaving the prone Leon to contemplate what had happened. What had he tried to do? Why had he gone to kiss another man, much less one clearly unreceptive to his advances? What the hell was wrong with him? Leon had never been a ‘fag’, leaving him to question his sexuality now.

Now that the action was over, Leon was overcome with a shame that made him shiver. He had all but raped the other man in his fit of lust. Why had he done that? He couldn’t believe himself. No amount of arousal was worth taking something by force. And Patrick clearly wasn’t into him. How could he ever approach the other man again?

With nowhere else to go, Leon trudged back to the house, waiting to receive his now-former friend’s ire. Yet, Patrick wouldn’t even look him in the eye as he sat on the porch and drank his nightly beer. In some ways, the silent treatment was worse. If Patrick took his rage out on the other man, it would be over and done with. Leon felt he had no place to say anything as he made his way into the house and up to the bed.

Despite his shame and self-flagellation, Leon still managed to fall asleep before Patrick came up to join him. Patrick was a little drunk at his point, not really knowing how else to deal with the situation. He knew it was a bad idea to do so on a workday, but given the events that transpired, he was inclined to overindulge to take his mind off things!

In his alcohol-infused stupor, Patrick had no problem falling asleep, his snores enough to rouse Leon from his own slumber. Leon soon fell back asleep, even though irritated by something in the back of his pajamas that made him rearrange himself in the bed a few times. The events of the day simply left him too tired and drained to remain conscious for long.

Both men had beastly dreams that night. Leon’s were much the same as the night before, of being in a field, naked, relieving himself in the open, and generally grazing without a care of the world.

Yet, he and the other two bulls were not alone. There was a fourth bull there, a massive black beast that made Leon’s cock slide out of his sheath. He wanted to be rutted so badly, but the other bulls had each other, after all. They had no need for a third. But this beast was lonely, and just as horny as Leon was by the sight of his massive red prick. Leon realized with certainty that he could help the other bull. That he wanted to, more than anything.

He snorted, walking towards the other beast, and licked his lips, taking him in a sort of messy kiss. Though the action was largely akin to the act he had performed with Patrick last night, this time, the bull did not respond negatively. Rather, the other bull leaned back into the kiss, taking Leon willingly. He seemed to be loving the taste of sod and the sweet qualities of the other man's breath that left him himself breathless.

Patrick found himself in the same scenario, only he was the black bull. It was as though the two were sharing the same dream, where Patrick was being willingly kissed by a brown beast. Why he saw himself as such a beast was currently beyond him. Why he was turned on by the sight of other bulls mating escaped him. Why the taste of this other bull's tongue was so wonderful eluded him. And how did he know for sure that it was Leon as the other bull? Either way, Patrick had never been more turned on in his life.

The sight of the other bulls, one atop the other, started giving Patrick ideas. It seemed impossible that he should want something so depraved as to fuck another male, let alone a bull. But, he was a bull too, right? And a horny one, if the massive red erection dangling under his belly was any indication!

It took little prompting to have his mate turn around and show off his stained backside to the eager bull whose body Patrick was inhabiting. A few sniffs told Patrick all he needed to know about the bull's virility. Not even caring how dirty his mate was Patrick lapped with excitement, wanting to prep his mate for the inevitable fucking. He was so horny, he felt he could blow his load just by slapping his cock on his belly! In fact, it was too good, being this close to a massive, musky male, needing to cum as badly as Patrick did...

Patrick rose rapidly, hitting his head on the top bunk and letting out an annoyed "ugghhh!" that woke Leon from sleep as well. The images from the dream were too vivid in his mind to even conceptualize. How had something like that turned him on? What the fuck was wrong with him?!

"You alright, dude?" Leon asked, as though last night's awkwardness was a dream and that they were still on speaking terms.

"Fuck! Yeah, fuck..." Patrick muttered, lying back down to try and ignore the pain. He had risen up with such a start to try and erase the disgusting dream. It had certainly worked!

Yet, despite the pain radiating through his body, there was no denying the sensations in his cock that the dream seemed to have elicited. Though he had hit his head while on the edge, he was not in time to stop of cock from blowing its load into his underwear. His member coated

himself in his own spunk without even having had touched himself. Not only had a dream about being a fag aroused him, but it made him prematurely ejaculate!

Too late, he recalled the ill-fated kiss that his friend had tried to plant on him. He had never been gay and didn't plan to have any 'self-explorative' experiences this summer, no matter how eager his coworker had been. The guy seemed nice and all, but Patrick would have to put up boundaries. Either that or else break the contract and find some other summer lodgings. At least, there were other farms that hired, right?

Feeling pissed, Patrick stormed out of the room, not caring that his half-chub was quaking in his stained underwear as he did so. His goal was the bathroom and a shower to wash off the cum before Leon could get any ideas. He was sure his coworker could smell it, but that was of little concern. A cold shower was just what he needed to get his mind out of the gutter!

Leon rolled off the top of the bed, letting out a rather pungent fart that he'd been holding in. He'd been unusually gassy this morning and didn't want to piss off his roomie any more than Patrick likely already was. His stomach felt massive and bloated and patting it made him fart even more. Thankfully, they weren't too loud, but man, did they reek. Leon thought he felt something twitch upward as he released his gas, but was too distracted by the smell to give it much mind.

The touch of his bare belly drew Leon's attention to how hard and firm it seemed. It was clearly protruding from under his shirt, even more bulbous than the day prior. But the flesh was far from flabby. It felt like hard-packed muscle under there, much more than Leon's modest frame could support. He really needed to cut down on those hearty meals, or perhaps get to hiking on one of his days off!

The other thing that seemed off was the sheer amount of hair that coated his belly. It was soaked with sweat and cum from his nightly ejaculation, but that wasn't the odd part. He'd only had a light peppering on his belly prior to today, but now he sported a thick treasure trail up to his chest and down his groin. Brown hairs covered parts of his belly around it as well, even obscuring his skin in some places. Weirder still was that his own was normally dirty blond. Where was the brown shade coming from?

Ignoring the ache of something on his backside as he tried to get his pants on, Leon headed down for breakfast. He did his best to take his mind off the events of the past few days. It was far too bizarre to think he was losing his sexuality, and more than that, to be turned on by the rutting acts of a few animals.

Patrick, meanwhile, was still in the bathroom, trying to will his cock down. He had made a mess over himself already, but for some reason, he was boned as hell. No matter where his thoughts tried to focus, he couldn't seem to remove the erotic images the dreams had bestowed upon him.

Knowing it was silly but needing to clean up the cum all the same, Patrick opted for a morning shower. He'd be sweaty and dirty in about ten minutes after his work shift started. But he couldn't go out there with his cock at full mast and reeking of cum, could he?

The cold water was just the thing he needed to finally quell the burning heat of his loins. In his quest for relief without touching himself, Patrick had to remove such questions as to why that kind of dream could bring him to arousal. Surely, it wasn't the kiss, was it? He wasn't into men, and certainly not bulls! The forced dream only increased his contempt towards his 'buddy'. Who did he think he was to do such a thing so brazenly?

Much to Leon's disappointment, his friend had nothing to say to him as they started their workday. He wanted desperately to apologize, to mend the fences that he had so forcibly broken down. But, there was little chance of that, wasn't there? What had he been thinking?

He hadn't been thinking, at least not with his brain. Why had he been so horny lately? Was it those damn bulls? Something wasn't right with them. But, it wasn't something he could easily identify. He was far too ashamed to bring it up with his boss. And even if they did have internet service out here, looking up his situation online would lead to more awkwardness than he'd care to admit. He didn't want to know what people around farms got up to regarding horny bulls.

The damn thing in the back of his pants kept irritating him every time Leon had to bend over. It seemed even bigger than even this morning if such a thing were possible. He found himself wondering if he had simply slept wrong, or if he had bruised the bone some other way that he had just failed to remember. It was hard to explain away, especially why he could swear the damn thing was twitching every so often like it was long enough to do so!

The extra hair itching over his body did little to help matters. It seemed like he had a carpet covering his distended belly now, making the poor man sweat profusely. Leon wanted desperately to take off his shirt; such a thing was socially acceptable on the farm, after all. And they were both guys. But, given his actions the day prior, Leon figured he had lost those rights.

Patrick, meanwhile, had to stop a few times to rub the top of his head. He was sore from where he had banged it. Yet, he didn't recall hitting his head in the two spots on his temple

where the pain seemed to be ringing from. Rubbing the surface reported bumps that were raised and harder than they should have been. He made a note to check them out in the mirror later.

Patrick did his best not to talk to Leon all morning, pissed and confused as he was. It was bad enough he was still stuck working with the guy. How would he break the contract? Would he even want to? Could he get his buddy fired, instead? That would be better, wouldn't it?

The day passed in silence, Leon working about half as fast due to the persistent pricking that was causing him so much irritation. His slowness seemed to cause Patrick no end of irritation if the constant groans and sighs were any indication. Yet, Leon couldn't help it. His body was bloated beyond belief, and it was everything Leon could do not to take the rest of the day as a sick day.

Patrick, himself was starting to feel the wear of the day on his body. He was stiff and sore all over, as though his joints and muscles were struggling to move in familiar ways. It was more than just the aches he'd grown accustomed to from heavy lifting. It was as though the flesh underneath was shifting slightly, just enough to make an already shitty day even worse. And the damn itching was maddening!

Both men felt a strange trepidation towards the bull barn from the moment that they had stepped towards it to allow the bulls to pasture. The mere scents of the beasts were enough to send a wave of lust through their loins that made both uncomfortable. It went unspoken between the two of them that they were to work at opposite sides of the barn, staying out of sight of the other as best they could. The eagerness in their groins only amplified the longer they were in the barn, increasing the awkwardness between them to uncomfortable levels.

The end of the day came slowly, with a little irritated help from some of the other farmhands. Some jeers were muttered at supper, though their boss simply asked them if everything was OK. Stephen seemed more concerned than angry, having praised the boy's work in the past couple of days. Both men muttered something along the lines of being a little tired, but that the weekend's rest would do them good. Stephen chuckled and had them get out to do the rest of their chores. Farm work waited for no man and all that!

All that was left to do was to bring in the horses and cattle. The boys opted to leave the bulls alone until the last moment. It was the sight of their mutual embarrassment, after all. "Hey, man, I'll get the bulls by myself. You go in and rest," Leon offered, as a sign of truce. Patrick muttered something akin to "Thanks" and walked back to the house, not bothering to give the other man a second glance.

With some trepidation, Leon walked into the barn, the heavy scents of the bulls washing over him once more and making his knees weak. It was everything he could do not to pull down his pants and start stroking off right there. Everything from the stench in the barn to the excitement of being in the presence of the beasts made Leon rock hard and eager for whatever would happen!

The bulls, for their part, were licking at each other's cock this time, a different position but no less erotic or tender than their previous mating. Instead of their usual method of slapping their balls against each other for self-pleasure, they stood still, allowing each other's muzzles to wrap around eager rods. They both seemed content to suck each other off with expert synchronicity that did not befit simple farm beasts.

The strangeness of their behavior did not go unnoticed. Leon found it impossible to conceive that bulls would ever act this way. Even the evidence before his eyes was not proof enough to suspend his disbelief. Surely, they had to be something more than simple farm beasts.

But, at the moment, Leon found it difficult to reflect on further. His cock was throbbing in his pants now, as though pleading with him to be touched. Every iota of information his senses were receiving fueled the eroticism in his loins. Nothing before could create more need than what he was seeing before him now!

Before he had made the conscious decision to, Leon's pants were off, and he was stroking himself, pre-cum leaking all over his hand to make his thrusts faster. His only focus was on the masturbatory act, how good it made him feel, and how hot those bulls were as they sucked each other off!

His other hand was exploring his body now, playing over a belly that was more bloated than he recalled even this morning. His sticky hand ran over damp body hairs, making more seem to spring up from his touch. It was as though his body was bulking up from the sheer force of will as he tried to bring himself closer and closer to the edge of a glorious release.

Yet, the entire time, his focus did not leave the bovine beasts as their muzzles were filled with each other's cum. Slick red penises fell from their maws, thick white fluid dripping from each other as they drank down each other's seed with purpose. Both seemed to relish the pleasure of the other, not simply their own needs as one might expect.

The sight was more than Leon could bear. Not only did he want to cum to such a lewd sight, but part of him wanted to join the bulls. The display of companionship was almost more than he could stand. He didn't want to be with them in a bestial way. Rather, he wanted to be one of them, to join their herd and partake in their pleasures as equals. Just like in the dream...

“Hey, I-what the hell!” a voice yelled as the barn door slammed open, Leon’s hand came away from his cock then, the spasms of orgasm shrinking away as the shame of his thoughts hit him full on.

Leon stood there, speechless, as his cock started to retract at the sight of his coworker standing there, seeing Leon in all his glory. Yet, Leon made no move to cover himself. There was no point, anyway. And, part of him was still turned on, even after being caught. His cock still bobbed there, half erect and leaking clear fluids.

Just then, the wind from outside blew the scent of Patrick’s sweaty form towards the masturbating man, and Leon breathed it in with nostrils that were perhaps a little wider than they were this morning. There was a quality in the odor that he had not detected this morning, one that spoke of a deeper need. Under the sweat of the day was a sweet musk that reminded him almost of the bullpen. Though not as nuanced, it still carried the same qualities he’d found so arousing from the bulls themselves.

Upon that realization, Leon’s cock sprang to full arousal again, and he reached down to start stroking it, unaware that its shape was starting to change at his insistence. The cleft started to meld into the head, merging seamlessly until the shaft and the head looked almost like one. Where his foreskin once sat began to peel downwards, exposing more of the red flesh that was spreading over his former human shade.

Yet, Leon did not look, even with the obvious sensation of changes to his member. His eyes were fixated on Patrick, who was staring at him the whole time. His own eyes rolled back in his head, as though taking in the scent of sex in the room. He wasn’t sure where all the erotic odors were coming from. It felt as though he was swimming in them, and there was little chance of him holding out in their presence the closer he got to release!

Patrick should have been disgusted by the sight of the other man jacking off. He should have been the least bit disturbed by the sight of semen leaking from both of the bull’s lips as they went back to eating the feed that had been left for them. He should have yelled, should have run, should have done anything then what he was about to do.

Certainly, he would not have expected himself to unzip his own pants, letting them fall to the barn floor as he reached into the waistband of his underwear. He could not have anticipated that his own cock would have been rock hard from the odors in the room and the sight of the inhuman penis sat on his coworker’s groin. The feelings of lust were more than he could handle as he started to eagerly stroke himself off, matching his buddy’s tempo as he did so.

Even the tinglings of change did little to deter him from the eventual goal of ejaculation. The fact that his cock was growing longer and his foreskin regrowing from the head, was of little consequence to the eventual goal of release he craved so readily. The dark red shade was sexy as hell, reminding him of the bulls in the pen with them. At the moment, it was impossible to come up with a reason why it was strange to be growing a bull's penis. It was simply pleasurable beyond belief that he had one!

Patrick tried, in vain, to resist the urges playing over him a final time as he grew closer and closer to ejaculation. It was impossible he was turned on at the sight of his buddy, who not twenty-four hours ago had kissed him against Patrick's will. Yet, how could he deny the urges in his member? He was so close... he was going to cum... What if Leon kissed him again?

"Ugghh... UUUGGGHHH!" came Leon's release as the splash of his cum on the straw echoed in the room. It seemed impossible that he could have so much jism in his balls that it would make a sound. His buddy was nutting like his cock was a garden hose!

The sight of it was too much for the already boned-up man. "Oh fuck, I'm... can't... ugghhh!" Patrick moaned as his own cock rid his balls of their burden. The scent of the combined spunk hit his nose, making him jizz even more. It seemed impossible that he was spurting so much. Yet in the moment of release, it was impossible to think of anything other than the waves wracking his body from the most intense orgasm he'd ever had!

The realization only returned after several moments as Patrick came out of his haze. Leon was already putting on his pants quickly, wiping the excess cum on them. He seemed nervous, as though finally becoming aware he was in the room with Patrick and feeling immense shame from acting out in the presence of another man. Or, rather, he was shamed from the anger that he would incur from Patrick's wrath.

Leon caught Patrick's gaze, shying away the moment he caught the other man's glare. "Hey, dude, I..." Leon started, hoping to coax at least a word from his friend. Clearly, he was ashamed of himself for the way he'd acted yesterday, and just now.

Patrick did feel a modicum of sympathy, having the same urges himself. "Look, dude, don't-don't say anything. Don't talk to me," Patrick muttered, not really sure how to respond. In truth, his anger was more directed at his own apparent homosexuality than his buddy's actions. But, he was in no mood to try and articulate it.

Sleep came roughly for the larger man, lost in dark thoughts as he was. It seemed that damn barn was the cause of some sort of shift in his sexuality. When Stephen said that the bulls were queer in more ways than one, he really meant it.

Was it common for dudes to get hot and heavy over the bulls? He couldn't dare ask his boss. That would be the most degrading question he could conceive of. But, then, what else could he do? Stay away from the barn? Make Leon clean it? Patrick didn't want to pop a boner every time he saw those damn bulls. What if someone else saw? The thoughts plagued him well into sleep.

Leon, despite his shame, fell fast asleep, spent from the changes to his junk and the release he felt from pleasuring it. He was once back in the fields, the black fourth bull joining their number again. Grazing beside the massive, muscled specimen, Leon felt a kinship with the animal, not even caring that he was relieving himself in the presence of the beast. They were just animals, and animals acted naturally according to their needs.

And, once the need of his stomach and bowels had been alleviated, it was the ache in his prostate and quaking cock that needed attention. He had no qualms stopping where he was, lifting his tail up to the side, and exposing a gaping pucker. As he'd hoped, the male wasted no time preparing him and rearing on his back. Leon wanted nothing more than to be bred and penetrated. He needed to be fucked, needed that wonderful red rod in his asshole. He needed to be taken by that massive black bull, to be made whole...

Once more, the stench of semen roused Leon from his deep sleep, and a groan escaped his lips as he realized he had cum again. Dozens of questions raced through his head as he tried to force himself awake to deal with the shame of his actions. Why was he gay? Bestial? Why did those bulls make him so damn hard?

Strangest of all, why were the dreams so vivid? It was like he had been a bull in another life, one that he recalled with crystal clarity. Everything felt and tasted and even smelled real like he was recalling a memory rather than a dream.

At the recollection of smell, a growth at the base of his spine lifted, and Leon let out a fart without thinking of it. The stench hit him full force, nearly making him gag. What had he eaten?

Stranger still was the growth above his ass that was twitching of its own accord. Reaching back with a modicum of trepidation, Leon was greeted by the sensation of something long and warm at his touch. The thing seemed to jump from the contact, making Leon wince. It was almost as though he had a... but no, that was impossible. Wasn't it?

As Leon explored his broader backside, his hand slipped down towards something unexpected. Shivering from the contact, Leon reached down to realize that his asshole was right

under the growth, as though it had moved during the night. Rubbing the area reported that his rectum was indeed in a new location. Its surface felt weird, as well. Not that Leon touched his rear all that often. But it seemed... larger? More puckered? Certainly, the fat of his asscheeks was absent, enough that he could play with the gaping hole without having to spread them!

“Aww, dude, what the fuck?!” Patrick said, wafting his hand in front of his face to try and get rid of the smell.

Leon felt that he should have been ashamed of what he had done. After all, he had pissed off his friend even more while already on impossibly thin ice. But he found it troublesome to bring forth any notion of embarrassment. He had just farted, after all. Why was Patrick making such a fuss over it?

Walking out of the room, Leon felt a sudden cramping in his feet, one that made him try to bend over to rub them. But, with how top-heavy he had become over the last few days, it took a decided effort. Still, rubbing the skin provided some relief. The flesh was unusually warm, and he was sure his heels were stretched if such a thing was possible. Moreover, the feeling of his toes left the larger man confused. Two of them were swollen, the nails thick and black as though bruised. He hadn't dropped anything on them that he could recall. Besides, he had to wear steel toes for work!

Leon went about his morning ritual without giving it too much thought. Though, he was a little disturbed at the state he'd left the bathroom in once he'd finished. He had to go so much that it would barely flush! Perhaps worse than that was the smell, reminding him very much of the bullpen.

Trying to wipe made him more aware of his tail, having to move it out of the way lest he stained it. Yet, rather than be frightened, Leon couldn't help but feel elated that he had such a bestial appendage, and that it seemed to be still growing. It brought him closer to the bovine beasts in the barn, the ones that he admired so much. The ones he imagined himself as in his dreams...

Leon hadn't realized that he was stroking his junk until it was already halfway out of its new home. He looked at it, the sight of its animalistic state more than he was prepared for. It was clearly not the penis of a man anymore, red and tapered and sliding out of a foreskin that had grown to attach to his groin. It looked like the cock of a bull. A large, sexy cock, that someday he could use on...

The mere thought of being a bull made him jizz from the slightest touch, spraying his load into the toilet. It was hardly enough to quell his lusts, but it would have to do, for now, Leon already being late for breakfast.

At the mere thought of being barely bovine, Leon only grew more excited. It was akin to the feelings of a kid at Christmas, knowing that he was to get a great gift in a few short days. He had the makings of a farm beast, and Leon could only look at the idea of further changes with anticipation!

Patrick, meanwhile, was in the middle of pulling his pants back on, not happy about the state of affairs. The stench in the room was bad enough. But it was the odor of his spunk that was really getting to him. The embarrassment of cumming in his bed every night like a teen was driving him nuts. Not that there were any girls around, or even privacy to let off his steam. But still...

The dreams Patrick was sure he was having were truly disconcerting. He was sure he was a fucking bull, grazing and shitting in a field like the beasts under their care. Worse than that, however, was how the other, clearly male beasts seemed to get a rise out of him. He had no inclination towards bestiality, but he couldn't deny the impact of the dreams on his physical state of being. Besides, he felt deep down there was something different about the beasts, something more to them than met the eye.

Doing his best to push it from his mind, Patrick tried to put on his clothes, noticing that his shirt was much too high on his belly for his preference. It was as though he'd gained twenty or thirty pounds since he'd started working here. That wasn't possible, was it? Surely the lifting and work would have some effect on him, but not enough to make his clothes tight! Yet, it felt like he was wearing the shirt of a man a few inches shorter than he. Patrick simply reminded himself that such a shirt, though impossible to remove in the heat, would at least keep his exposed belly cooler as he worked to tend to the animals.

Going to take a piss, Patrick was reminded quickly of the changes to his cock from the night before as the spray of urine flew upwards and nearly hit him in the face. It was as though his cock was being angled upward, catching on a flap of skin that had not been there prior. More carefully this time, Patrick decided to sit on the toilet to finish his business, hunched over lest he had to add to the mess he had already made.

Both had mixed feelings about entering the barn that morning to allow the bulls to graze and to perform their cleaning. Leon could hardly keep it in his pants, eager to cum and make his mark on the barn as he would soon occupy full-time if the changes continued. It took everything to come up with a reason not to pull his pants down and jerk off, maybe convince his buddy to

join him again. Yet, now was not the time. Leon had some changes to go before he could give in to the urges plaguing him. The anticipation of what was to come was nearly worth holding back for now!

Patrick took to the work with a different mindset. He didn't want to feel aroused by the scents of sweat and shit. But his cock was poking at his waistband, making him uncomfortable. It was difficult to focus his thoughts from the bestial dreams that seemed the source of the intrusive impulses. Still, he was able to manage, getting the cleaning done as quickly as possible so he could leave the wretched place behind.

The workday proceeded slowly as it had the previous one. Both Patrick and Leon had other things on their minds, after all. Leon kept wanting to strip and check his body for any further changes, hoping to confirm his theory that he was to be one of the bulls in the pen, the completion of his dreams. Patrick, meanwhile, was simply worried about what was happening to him, unable to get the bizarre sight of his cock from this morning out of his head.

The work was made especially slow by how little it seemed that Leon could move in his current state. It was as though his muscles were stiff and sore all over, seeming to writhe and crack under the skin every so often. Leon chalked it up to the changes that would eventually put him on all fours as the farm's newest bull.

Worse was the sensations that were assaulting his feet, intensifying the longer the day went on. It was as though the tips were numb, all feeling against the inside of his sock or boot gone. His toes felt incredibly stiff, impossible to move no matter how much Leon struggled. Two of them seemed swollen, though it was hard to tell with the lack of sensation they gave him. And it seemed as though his heels were longer, making him have to raise his stance just to keep his feet in the boots.

Leon found himself hoping that it was the beginning of hooves that were adorning his former feet. It would be so much better just to shed his human trappings, hardened hooves all he'd need for protection against the rough ground and his own waste. It was just another sign that he was becoming more the bull that he wished to be. He was elated!

Still, he didn't want to give his position away too soon. As much as he would love to be on all fours, grazing and taking bull cock whenever he desired it, he was obviously not ready. And, though a new bull to the farm would be a topic of discussion, it would at least eventually be welcome. Finding one of your farmhands turning into one would likely lead to a life that was not one of contented grazing and fucking!

Patrick, too, felt that his body was a little less responsive than it should have been. It was as though he had a fever, without the chills to accompany it. A few cracks and pops could be heard as he seemingly put on even more bulk, raising his shirt higher on his frame no matter how much Patrick wanted to pull it down. Patting his belly revealed that not all the bulk was fat, at least. His belly, though bigger, was at least muscled under the layer of flab that his new farmhand diet seemed to be giving him.

Thankfully, the work was made easier by its repetitiveness and their diligence even in their present states. It became easier to clean up after animals once they were used to it and had done so the day prior. Not quite done, some of the other hands came over to help them later in the day. If they noticed something off about the two boys' bodies or the speed at which they were working, they said nothing. It was a small consolation, but one nonetheless.

To his dismay, Patrick kept being assaulted by unwelcome thoughts all day, especially in the presence of the other men. It shouldn't have affected him to think about their muscled bodies, sweating in the mid-day sun as they showed off the fruits of their farm labors. Having never had any inklings towards men before, Patrick found such notions of attraction revolting. But, it was impossible to deny how often he kept looking toward his fellow farmhands as they worked.

Yet, it was the sight of his work buddy that really got him going to the point of needing to head out back to rub one out a few times. Patrick found himself staring at Leon's ass as they worked. It seemed plump, big and thick, and barely hanging in on jeans that seemed to be a size too small for the larger man. The idea of tearing off those pants to get a whiff of the pucker inside was nearly more than he could bear. It made his cock tighten in his work overalls, sliding out of that same weird flap of skin that had been giving him so much trouble this morning. Strangest of all was the obvious bulge that Patrick could swear was a bull's tail. Yet, the realization only made him want to rip them away and see what was inside, maybe go further...

Worse was the pain in his head, presumably from where he had hit it the day prior. It was as though something was pressing at the insides of his temples, trying to breach the surface. Thinking they should have been filled with pus, Patrick was disturbed to realize that they were instead hard, as though bones were trying to break free and crown him with... what? Horns? No matter how much he tried, Patrick couldn't get that particular mental image out of his head.

Finally, evening came, and both boys tried not to let their alterations show over supper. Patrick took to wearing a hat to hide the weird bumps, while Leon kept his boots on, not wanting to show off what he presumed were hooves. It was difficult to keep his tail in his pants, and his ass pulled at them insistently, pressing into the chair as he ate. Leon was only comforted by the

idea that soon he would not need to sit at a table to eat. Not when his four strong legs would support his grazing!

It was time to bring the bulls back inside, making Patrick sweat even more profusely than from the heat. He didn't want to be near the beasts, the other side of the coin that was his bane of mental processes. He wanted Leon to take care of it but was worried about what might happen if he left his friend to his own devices. Would Leon get down and dirty with the beasts? Then, there was the memory of Leon's lovely ass that he might get more of an eyeful of...

Leon could barely keep it in his pants as the bulls moved into the barn, taking the moment to relieve themselves as was the pattern. It was almost human in the regularity of their bowels and the knowledge they would be inside for the evening. It was starting to become more obvious to Leon that if he was changing into a bull, then the other bulls might have been human at some point, too. And he was likely to join them!

Not a word passed between the two men as Leon went into the pen, under the false pretense of cleaning up as Patrick closed the main door. Though he'd been fighting the impulses all day, it was impossible for Patrick to deny the reality that he wanted to follow Leon in there and see where things went. His eyes stayed fixated on the man's ass, particularly the twitching tail that had attracted his attention all day. And the thoughts of what was under it...

The ache in his crotch was getting harder and harder to ignore as Patrick found himself following behind, as though in a trance. The heat and fatigue of the day were getting to him, making it harder to think. It was as though he was in the midst of a dream, following the story to the end rather than making a conscious action. His cock was leading the charge, thoughts of what he would do with that boy playing over his mind and making him leak!

Leon was already bending over, playing with the laces on his boots as he struggled to pull them off. Leon had intended to rid himself of his pants first but the ache in his feet has gotten worse. His developing hooves were getting painfully tight, though it was impossible for them to break out of the protected footwear. Therefore, he was forced to remove them to prevent any potential damage!

All Patrick could stare at was the sight of Leon's ass high in the air, as though a mating display. His tail had come out of the top of the too-tight pants now, raised up and flagged as though in invitation. Patrick could swear he saw the outline of the meaty pucker, throbbing and pulsating with the need to be fucked. Patrick could only imagine what a tight, hot tunnel like that would feel like...

The sound of fabric tearing broke Patrick from his reverie as he watched with rapt attention. A hole was forming in the back of both Leon's jeans and underwear. Clearly, his swelling ass had grown too massive to be contained by mere jeans.

The sight was more than Patrick could bear. Sitting underneath was a patch of brown, sweaty skin, clearly different from the human shade that Leon normally sported. But it was the thick, brown donut, fully exposed from receded hips that had Patrick's attention. It was everything he had dreamed it would be and more. He needed to smell it.

Leon was only slightly annoyed that his pants were ruined, his one covering hiding his bullness away from the world. But it was hard to be mad at the idea that his ass was massive enough to tear from human trappings. He had the backside of a bull now, or at least one that was shifting from his formerly small human frame. It was a sign that he was continuing to change, and Leon couldn't be happier.

Yet he was not expecting the sensation of something warm and moist on his exposed pucker, a wonderful reprieve from the warm air in the barn. It took him a few moments to understand what was happening. But as he realized the thick tongue was that of his work buddy, Leon became elated. Patrick hadn't shown any signs of interest in his body thus far. Now it seemed he was very enamored in the bull-man's ass!

Patrick, for his part, was taking to the prone man's sweaty backside like a thirsty man to water. The taste was off-putting, and not as clean as it could be. But, every slurp of the meaty flesh before him only served to make his cock leak more fluids into his pants. The scent was heavenly, making Patrick moan from sheer proximity. The potent male stink of musk made him hornier than anything in his life. He only wanted to smell it more, to commit the odor of this man to memory before he made Leon his own...

Focused only on the physical actions, Patrick was remiss for failing to notice the sensations his efforts were causing to his own body. As though his constant slurping was a catalyst, the ache of his bumps started to intensify, a light tearing echoing in his head as though something was piercing the surface. He was tempted to reach up and rub them to soothe the ache, but his hands were currently occupied cupping his lover's ass and down towards his weighty testicles. Still, he could not deny the twinges of something erupting from his skin, rising above the bumps and spreading their exit further up from his skull.

That was not the only change to afflict his head, as Patrick's tongue seemed to fatten, allowing more stimulation to his prospective mate. A loud bellow escaped Leon's lips as he was rimmed, a more intimate action than anything he'd experienced. The tongue seemed to fill him ever better, rubbing both sides of his inner walls at once as it pierced his pucker and started

thrusting in and out. It was akin to having a cock inside of him, and a firm rod was the only thing that Leon could imagine was better than this!

Patrick kept up his oral actions, ignoring the itching over his face, indicative of a thickening beard. His ears were burning at this point, seeming to stretch as though no longer made of flesh. He could feel the tips tingle as they grew pointed, the flesh remodeling and itching with hair growth. But it was impossible to bring him out of the musk-fueled stupor that had him rimming his lover's ass as though his life depended upon it!

The changes were also afflicting Leon's body, even as some of the meat swelled up under the skin, pulling it taut before it could thicken into hair-covered hide. Yet, it was the ache in his feet that had him most troubled. His heels were stretched even further, making him cry out in agony. A hand reaching out to cup his bull cock drowned out the pain as Leon struggled to kick his boots away. It became an almost impossible task to stay standing with the other man on his ass as Leon struggled out of his footwear.

Yet, the ease with which his feet were able to escape their trappings was soon increased with a series of loud crunches. It was as though the bones were reshaping, losing mass and thinning as befit the bovine he was becoming. His two toes, though massive, were pliable enough that they pulled out of the boots without question. Soon, one hoof, and then the other was placed on the barn floor, free of the stretched leather as they turned into an animal equivalent of leather on their own!

It was nearly an impossible task to remain standing with the current configuration of his feet. His two toes were splayed, while the other three stayed perfectly still, as though lacking the joints to move. It was his heels that were truly the problem; they had nearly doubled in size, and balancing on them was a chore. Leon had to hunch over, standing on tiptoes to prevent pitching over face first.

Yet, Patrick's grip on his backside seemed to help keep him in place. The larger man had no intention of letting him go toppling over. He was determined to lick as much asshole as he could manage with his increasingly bovine face. His hands were on the man's hips, one fondling Leon's balls while the other one played over the taut bovine cock that bobbed up and down between his legs.

Patrick, for his part, wanted to fuck the poor man, to make Leon his bitch while the other man moaned and moaned. But some lingering thread of heterosexuality stopped him. Tonguing a man was one thing, but fucking him?

Still, the ache in his cock was growing insistent as the tip pushed above the waistband. His great ball sack, swelling with seed, hung painfully in his underwear itching with what felt like hair growth. The weighty orbs within were swollen with cum, the testes nearly pressing against the flesh before it could keep up. The tension was almost more than he could bear, and Patrick would have to stop soon, lest he blew his burden in his clothes.

Yet, his efforts with his friend took prominence as Leon's cock jerked faster and faster. His friend was going to cum soon, and Patrick started thrusting his hips in time with his manual efforts, trying to bring both at the same time. But, to his chagrin, it was to be Leon that blew his burden first.

"Ugghhh... Gonna... OhhOOOOOO!" Leon bellowed, the pressure in his cock becoming too much. Great blasts of jism shot from his member and exploded onto the floor, covering the boots he had once worn.

Patrick pulled back, the force of the orgasm knocking the other man forward, stumbling over his boots and the mass that had become of his toes. He couldn't see them, but his own toes felt massive, thick, and bulbous. The surface underneath was still tender, though the nail bed above them was thicker, spreading out into a point and moving over towards the sides.

It was the sight of the changed man that convinced Patrick that he had done the unthinkable. He wasn't gay, and certainly wasn't into this man! Furthermore, the bizarre tingling over his face had him concerned. He wasn't sure what sort of spell had overcome him, but Patrick knew he needed to get out of there and back to the house before he did something he truly regretted!

Leon was left in the afterglow of an amazing orgasm, lying there prone and wondering what to do next. The sweaty stench of their activities kept him hard as hell, even though he'd ejaculated not moments before. The overpowering bovine odors also served to heighten his arousal. Being jerked off by his friend couldn't have happened in a better place!

The bellowing of the bulls drew Leon's attention as the smaller roan beast was penetrated by his larger lover. It seemed that they had enjoyed the show, or were simply lost in their own bestial rut. Still, Leon was far from done. The aches in his bovine phallus were getting to him once more. He had no intention of questioning it, much as he wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. Or bull, as the case might be.

It took little time for him to cum again, though Leon tried to hold back, wanting to reach orgasm at the same tempo as the beasts. Thankfully, the animals had no thoughts but their own pleasure, and it took them no time to finish their activities as they exploded with a rush of semen.

Some of it got on Leon's sweaty body, but he cared little. He would bathe in the stuff if it meant that he could be more like the beasts that he idolized so much!

It was wonderful to sleep here with the beasts, to allow himself a preview of what his life was to be like. And Patrick would be joining him if the scents and stamina of the other bull-man were any indications. His only regret was that Patrick had not fucked him then and there. But, all in good time. The rimming had been wonderful in its own right, something he hoped to experience again once they were fully bovine.

Thinking it best to head back into the house while he was still human enough to do so, Leon looked at the bulls with longing one more time. Soon he would be living with them full time. The dreams he'd been having each night would soon be his reality.

The ground was a little rough on his changed feet, but Leon didn't care. The nails over his toes were already starting to thicken and spread down the sides, soon to function and proper hooves. His hands, too, would follow suit, allowing him the four-legged travel he craved.

Patrick, for his part, barely noticed the weight of his roommate climbing into the top bunk, lost in bestial dreams as he was. His bovine penis was erect and throbbing, spewing load after load of thick semen the more his animalistic self rutted in the dreams. The scent alone should have been enough to wake him, but Patrick remained passed out in his exhaustion from the changes and sexual acts.

There was a clarity within the visions that followed him to slumber each night. In them, there was no questioning his sexuality or his state of being. He was a bull, he was gay, and entitled to take what he wanted from his willing mate. It was a much more fulfilling existence than the worries of school and the rigors of human life. Even his brief moments of human reasoning found it harder to find a reason why not to give in to the simple life of a dumb, cared-for farm beast.

The stench of flatulence finally roused him from sleep, and Patrick opened his mouth to complain. Yet, he quickly realized from the rumbling in his bowels that it was him who was making a stink akin to the barn beasts! He felt sickened by the realization. Had he changed more in the night?

The reek from his backside was accented by the rank odor of ejaculate, leaving Patrick confused. It turned him on, his red cock sliding out of its new home and pointing upward, eager for attention despite all that he had released the night before. Such feral scents shouldn't have been a turn-on. Yet, Patrick couldn't deny the fatal attraction to the naturalistic existence that he was experiencing more and more each day.

Having been too tired the night before, Patrick was finally reminded of the changes to his visage that his unwanted sexual acts had elicited over his face. He didn't want to look; the sensations and tingles of change had been intense. And Patrick had simply carried on with his sexual actions as though nothing was happening. What had been wrong with him as of late?

Bracing himself, looking into the mirror revealed a state far worse off than Patrick had been expecting. It was his ears that drew his attention first. They were rounded, oval, and set off to the sides of his head as though they belonged there now. And that velvety covering over them... was that fur? It matched the shade that was covering his face, growing in thicker from where his beard once sat. The hairs were black, distinct from the light brown that normally made up his features.

But it was nothing compared to the horns that crowed his forehead, pointed at the tips as they curved upwards from his temples. They were clearly inhuman, weighing heavily on his head. Patrick reached up tentatively to touch them, the warm, hard bony structures clearly meant for a bull.

Even the contours of his face seemed altered somewhat, rounded and thicker. The light peppering of hair looked beyond what he could grow if he tried for weeks. His nose seemed larger, the structure red and raw and oozing mucus even as he tried to wipe it away. While it still resembled some semblance of a human structure, it was clearly not the face that Patrick had brought with him several days ago when he had started work.

Patrick stared in shock for a few moments, the reality of the situation set in. He had tried to play it off as some sort of trick, the bloating and soreness, something that he could perhaps ignore. But it was now impossible to deny that he was changing into something inhuman. If the dreams were any indication, he was on his way to the life of a simple farm beast. Would that be where he would end up if the changes continued unabated?

That was not the only change to afflict him overnight. Reaching down with trepidation, something wiggling against his backside made him afraid for what he would find. Knowing what it was regardless, Patrick was still unprepared for the sensation of a ropey bull's tail to meet his grasp. It was still short, easily hidden in his pants. But seeing the size of Leon's own, Patrick wasn't sure how long that would last.

Patrick flinched as his curious fingers brushed over his backside, just under the beastly appendage. The skin was rough and sensitive, as though his ass cheeks had parted and he was rubbing the skin around his asshole. Reaching back confirmed that what he felt was indeed his

anus, on display as might a bull's be. Just like Leon's own when Patrick had sniffed and rimmed the thing...

Doing his best to keep his changes covered, Patrick headed down for breakfast. He wanted to feign illness, but that would only buy him so much time. Besides, he needed information, and he hoped to coax it out of his boss. Not that the man could really do anything. What if he was the cause of it? Patrick lacked the information to make any kind of informed decision, much to his disappointment.

The large overalls, straw hat, and clean-shaven face were of little effect to hide the fact that he was becoming a bull-man. Still, no one seemed the wiser as Patrick sat down to breakfast, looking at the bacon and eggs with disdain. Was he turning into a herbivorous beast, his four stomachs not able to process meat and grease? He settled on some oatmeal, taking a fair helping and devouring it quickly enough to gather the stares of his peers.

"Your buddy not joining us this morning? He's gotta get out of bed and eat if he's going to work a full day! It ain't yer day off yet!" Stephen said, sounding more annoyed with the pair this morning. Patrick couldn't blame him. He was the boss, after all, and they were doing a piss poor job, slowed as they were by the aches and pains of change.

Still, Patrick wasn't intent on giving away his secret yet. What could he say? And besides, what could Stephen possibly do to halt the changes? Patrick found himself more ashamed than anything and opted to keep quiet about his disability for the time being.

"I think he went out to start work early. Said he wasn't hungry and that he would grab himself a snack later," Patrick said, covering for him. He didn't know what Leon was up to out there, likely alone with the bulls. But Patrick wasn't keen on checking it out. The worst thing that could happen was inadvertently being forced to join in the debauchery!

Eventually, Patrick forced himself from the chair, the need to use the bathroom overwhelming. He knew a bull would just raise his tail to make more room and keep eating. And, certainly, Patrick could tell he was still hungry. But the need to defecate was getting insistent, and he wanted to keep his farting to a minimum while in the presence of others.

Racing to the bathroom, he hardly had time to get to the toilet before he let himself go. The sheer amount almost clogged the porcelain bowl, and the stench was almost potent enough to send even Patrick into fits. But, after more time than he cared to admit, Patrick was able to bring the bathroom to some semblance of normalcy. The fact his leavings looked all too much like bull manure did not go unnoticed as Patrick made his way out to start their morning chores.

Leon stood staring at the barn in reverence at what would soon be his new home. Not yet, perhaps. But soon. If the morning was any indication, the changes were coming faster, either by the process itself or the fact Leon had welcomed them so readily. Either way, Leon looked forward to the time when he would be as suited to live in the barn as the bulls themselves!

Walking out to the barn barefoot was easy with the alterations to his feet. They were now the hind legs of a bull, the hard keratin wrapping around the digits sometime in the night. They easily held his massive weight as he walked out this morning, though they did leave his body pitching forward. He could not don shoes anymore, though he would no longer need to once he finished changing. Walking was a bit troublesome, with how stretched his heels had become, forcing him onto the balls of his feet. But it would matter little when he was down on all fours!

His tail stretched almost all the way to his knees now, covered with the same brown hairs that were steadily encroaching over his chest and back. It was harder to keep it contained from the way it hung over his ass. And, Leon didn't want it to, if he was being honest with himself. Out in the fields of his workday, it was easier to let it hang free swishing at flies just as nature intended. Why keep something so important tucked away?

He had taken no time to get ready that morning, covering himself in the largest clothes he could find. Some of them were Patrick's, the larger man's frame better fitting the beast he was becoming. The overhauls barely covered his fat ass, and the shirt ran up his belly, exposing the brown, distended hairy stomach. He wouldn't be able to wear clothes for very long, but that suited Leon just fine. He wanted to be one with the beasts soon!

There was no covering the changes to his face, however. Not with how much that his horns crowned his head. Though they were not yet as impressive as Patrick's, they still raised the brim of his hat significantly enough they could be seen. A sign of masculinity and virility, Leon couldn't wait to show them off properly!

His altered features made Leon spend long minutes looking at his reflection. His neck had thickened significantly to support a heavier head. His hair was sparse, sinking into the growth that was spreading from his back and running towards his heavy beard. Again, his features were still a ways away to match the bulls that he held in such reverence. Yet, it would get there soon, if the changes thus far were any indication!

Having skipped breakfast, Leon found himself starving, yet knowing that none of the breakfast foods would satisfy his appetite. His changing bovine stomachs wouldn't be able to handle anything of the sort. Instead, he figured it was time to chew the cud, literally!

The scents wafting from in the barn did more than simply arouse him. There was hay and grain that made his stomach, or perhaps, stomachs, rumble with anticipation. Leon was excited to try his new diet. Figuring the grains would go down easiest, Leon started there, sampling from the source.

Far more ravenous than he had realized, Leon continued to eat, the rest of the world fading around him as he gorged. At first, it was the rumbling in his belly that captivated his being, the simple act natural and consistent. Yet, it seemed to spark a greater need than the consumption of subsistence. It relaxed a part of him, the still human aspects that feared the change that he was undergoing. If it felt this fulfilling to simply exist, then Leon was even more excited about the life he was about to lead as his transformation continued.

Against his wishes, his tail raised, and he let out a wet fart, more pungent than anything he had smelled thus far. Leon soon realized he had no time to get to a bathroom but cared little at this point. Animals simply relieved themselves as required, right? And he was in a barn. It was his job to clean up after the animals, even if he was to be one soon himself!

Getting his overalls off in time was a perilous affair, Leon having no inclination to mess himself. But, somehow he managed just in time for his twitching tail to raise and plops of manure to exit his backside. There was no difference between his own mess and that which the bulls left for him to clean on a daily basis. Even his internal anatomy had changed, evidently, filling his distended abdomen with the four-chambered stomach of the bull he was to be. It was far more effective than his human system could ever dream of.

Finally, his tail lowered, Leon thankful his puckered anus left little stain on his rear as he did up his clothes. Oh, how he wanted to strip naked and climb the fence, join the bulls in their morning rut before going back to the fields of graze. Though he was close, it was not yet time. He still had a lot of growing to do before he felt himself worthy to join the beasts!

“Dude wh-FUCK!” Patrick called out, door closing behind him as the stench of fresh manure hit his larger nose. He had hoped that it wouldn't bother him so much, changed as he was. But, somehow, it was currently worse, especially when he realized that it was now on this side of the fence. Had Leon...?

“What?” Leon exclaimed, seemingly exasperated. “Bulls shit. Bulls be bulls, dude. And right now, you and I are turning into bulls!” he finished as if that were the most normal thing in the world.

“I-I...” Patrick started, unsure of what to say in the face of such a statement. They were turning into bulls, weren’t they?

As impossible as it was, Patrick couldn’t deny the changes to his body. And Leon had it even worse! His body was massive, easily twice the size from where Leon had started when they had met. And he was covered with brown fur, so much so that it might as well have been fur. Clearly, he was a little under halfway through a transition into an entirely different animal. Did that mean that Patrick was...

“Come on, dude! The smell, the bulk, the hair. Dudes don’t just grow horns and a tail out of the blue!” Leon said, as though the words actually made sense.

Patrick could only stare straight ahead, letting all of that new information sink in. He knew deep down that Leon was right. There was no denying the facts that were right in front of his larger nose. People didn’t just grow horns and a tail on a whim!

“H-how?” Patrick asked, not sure what else to say. People turning into bulls while working on the farm was hardly an everyday occurrence!

“Does it matter, dude? You can’t deny how good it is!” Leon said, excitement in his tone that Patrick had never heard before.

“Hey, dude. You been having the same dreams as me? The ones where we’re both bulls in the field, just grazing and fucking?” Leon asked, making Patrick freeze up. How had he known? Unless it was some sort of shared dream. Hardly the weirdest thing to happen to the two of them over this journey!

Still, the words came out of his mouth, as dumb as it was to question the obvious. “Y-yeah, I...” Patrick started, perplexed by the whole affair.

Yet, before he could say anything else, Leon was reaching down to lower his pants, showing off that he had not bothered to don underwear. Tail raised, he seemed intent on showing off his thick, meaty pucker, sitting just below it. It was as though he was inviting Patrick to...

Despite himself, Patrick could feel the now-familiar warmth of his penis sliding from its new home, leaking fluids in his clothes as the sight of the man’s invitation got him hot and

bothered. The memories of rimming the other man came to the forefront of his thoughts, getting Patrick's cock hard all over again. He needed to fuck this man, who was turning into a bull.

“Come on, big guy. I know you want to. We're bulls, right? Animals take care of their needs...” Leon moaned, his own cock erect underneath him. Yet, he resisted stroking it, not yet, at least. Frankly, he would much prefer the other bull-man to touch it while he fucked Leon's tight pucker...

Like a man entranced, Patrick walked over to sniff the offering that was freely given. Though stained, the thick, musky miasma wafted into his nose and made the bull-man dizzy. His own cock tip was inching dangerously close to that male-cunt, desperate for a fuck. It was a need greater than anything Patrick was prepared for, resistance all but impossible. They were animals now, right? And animals took care of their needs...

“NOOOOOOO!” Patrick bellowed, the sounds coming out in a tone that shocked him. His baritone was deep, reminding him too much of the bovine beasts that were only now just starting to rouse from their slumber.

Patrick allowed himself to fall backward, the only thing that kept him from fucking the dirty bovine pucker before him. It took every ounce of willpower he could muster to keep his ass on the floor, especially with how sensitive it had become, or how it rubbed the floor of the barn through his overalls. A deep yelp escaped his lips as Patrick began to crawl away, evidently forgetting he had a tail and had sat on it inadvertently.

Patrick was met with a hungry stare as he looked back at the further changed man. He wanted to run. He wanted to get away from this farm in the grim hope that the distance might change him back. He didn't want to be a bull, eating grass and shitting in a field. And he certainly didn't want to be gay.

Yet, it was impossible to deny the sensations that the presence of the other changed man brought with them. Leon crawled towards him, back evidently stiff as the transformation continued unabated. His arms seemed massive, cracking as the bones under his hide seemed to shift. It was all he could do not to burst out of the larger shirt that clung tightly to his skin. Had he any semblance of reason in his mind, Patrick might have noticed that the shirt was his. It didn't matter.

Patrick found himself frozen as Leon got down on his hands and knees, looking at the other man with a reverence that should have made Patrick shiver. Specifically, it was the bovine phallus that seemed to have enraptured the other man's attention, making Patrick sweat. Was the going man going to...?

Too late, Leon moved forward, wrapping his lips around the pointed, tapered shaft still sticking straight up in the air. A moan escaped Patrick's lips as his cock was taken deep into the man's gullet, sucked with such ferocity that Patrick might have been pained if he was still human. But with how tough the new skin of his phallus had become, only waves of pleasure rolled off his form.

Patrick knew that he needed to push the other man off, that he had to try and resist the urges. Yet, every time he attempted to speak, only pained grunts escaped his lips, as though he couldn't formulate the words. A hand was rubbing down his ample black-furred balls now, making the changing man actually moo from the pleasure that was pumping over his phallus.

Yet, part of his mind was inclined to try to save some semblance of his sanity. Reaching out with thicker fingers, Patrick tried to plant the digits on the other man's head, to push with his might. But at the attempt, a sharp crack resonated through his sternum, compressing his arms just slightly, enough to weaken the forward push. Patrick might as well have been shoving away a brick wall as he failed to remove the bull-man sucking his cock.

The stiffness in his fingers was becoming more insistent, two of the middle digits swelling with fat as the nails started to point. Similar pressure was welling in his feet, their growth making his boots slightly tighter. The more he was sucked off, the faster the prickling of change seemed to speed over him. Were sexual acts making them both change faster?

"We have to STOOOOP!" Patrick tried to bellow, but the words were lost in a bovine moo. His cry sounded like it was coming from thicker, more rubbery lips, though it was impossible to be sure without a mirror.

It took crossing his eyes and a series of wet pops for Patrick to realize that his face was starting to change, pressing outward as his nostrils expanded to drink in more of the musk that both seemed to be exuding. It only served to make the pressure in his cock rise even faster, impossible to hold back against as the bovine beast sucking his cock prepared to drink down the bestial load that Patrick offered!

"OOOH MOOOOOO!" Patrick cried out as the pressure became too great and his cock shot like a fountain, throbbing as it filled the other bull-man's mouth and even leaked down his chin. Patrick couldn't believe how much he was coming. The pressure in his penis was too much to bear as he shot spurt after spurt, Leon greedily drinking it down the entire time.

Awareness of the world around him only returned from the sound of slick slapping and steady grunts. Looking down, he realized that Leon had been stroking himself off the entire

time, preparing to blow his own wads of bull cum as he ejaculated. Patrick couldn't deny that urge to get down on all fours, to suck that tasty cock like he had been sucked. The desire to return the favor was staggering.

Yet, it was the sound of the barn door opening that dictated his next action. One of the other farmhands, Alvin, stood there stunned as Leon got up while still stroking off with one stiff hand. Leon's facial features seemed distorted. His skull looked sloped, forehead larger to take in those massive horns he was growing. His jaw, too, had cracked out somewhat, explaining why he had been able to take cock so well. And his eyes had a dullness to them, evidenced by his bestial actions and relatively calm demeanor. There was little of the human left as Leon continued to stroke!

To his detriment, Alvin stared blindly at their naked bodies, as though not sure what to make of the scene. He simply stood there, dumbfounded as the light of the early morning shone through.

The presence of a voyeur did little to deter Leon from ejaculation, having evidently already been so close. He bellowed loudly, his load spewing from his cock with such force that it sprayed everywhere, some of it even hitting the gasping man in the mouth. Alvin stumbled back, gagging and nearly throwing up. Picking himself up, Alvin ran, taking off towards his car and turning the engine on. The screech of tires echoed in the yard, though no one else seemed to notice or chase after him.

Patrick didn't have the awareness to try and stop the man, lost in his release as he was. It was getting harder to panic, the orgasmic pleasure having set a calm over him. It was like he had fulfilled everything he needed to do, as though being satisfied after a hard day's work. No matter how hard he screamed at his mind to care, it was impossible to muster the mental energy.

A huff from the beasts made his head turn, and both Patrick and Leon were in time to see the larger bull rear up on his hind legs to spread the backside of his smaller roan lover. With the scent of musk and cum thick in the air, both bulls seemed intent on bursting their balls!

It was then that Patrick burst out of the barn, his previous orgasm enough to erode his immediate needs. Slamming the door behind him, his twitching ears needed significant distance to avoid the sound of bulls in rut. He wasn't sure if Leon was masturbating or even climbing over the fence to fuck or be fucked by the bulls on the other side. Patrick didn't care. He didn't want to be part of it, regardless of what his body was telling him!

Trying to work was a precarious affair. His body was changed even further, his new contours making it more difficult to hold his equipment. His shoulders had sunken in somewhat,

widening against his chest and belly. He could hold a pitchfork and shovel, but he could only effectively push them with a forward motion that was hardly adequate to do the work required.

Tomorrow was their day off, and Patrick figured he could feign fatigue and muscle stiffness as his reason for being unable to perform today. Still, he was working by himself and at one-fourth the normal speed. He was hardly able to get his normal chores done with the horses!

Naturally, Leon's absence earned the ire of their boss, who, despite everything, failed to notice the changes to Patrick's frame. Later in the day, with Patrick hopelessly behind, Stephen came up to him, cross expression on his features. Had they not been changing, Patrick might have had a fear of being fired. Or, worse, given their state of transformation, being sent to a slaughterhouse to be grilled for steaks!

"Where's yer buddy gone off to? He knows that it takes two to get all 'yer chores done! The day ain't over till the sun goes down on the ranch, you know!" Stephen said, matter-of-factly. He didn't even seem to notice Patrick's face, head down as it was in the shade of his hat and the afternoon sun!

"Err, Leon got a ride into town with one of the other hands," Patrick said, trying to defend the actions of his friend. It was impossible to explain that Leon was naked, sleeping in the barn until his changes were completed and he was a bull entirely. At least the one farmhand, Alvin, he recalled, had gone into town to provide a plausible excuse!

"Tell him that's not how the farm works, and Alvin shouldn't have been ditching early either," Stephen muttered, going back into the house. Patrick almost breathed a sigh of relief, though part of him was worried about continuing to change without Stephen knowing what was happening. Damned if he did, damned if he didn't!

What would happen if Patrick told one of the other men? Likely, Stephen would already know, if the man that Leon had jizzed all over reported the incident. Then what would their lives be? If they fully transitioned into bulls, would they be kept on the farm like the other two, free to fuck until they grew old and were turned into beef? Or would their transformation bring the attention of scientists the world over, to discover how such an effect was possible? Patrick didn't find either of those endings enticing. Ideally, there would be some method to change them back, but maybe that wasn't even possible.

Patrick had avoided the barn all day, not wanting to get back and see how much Leon had changed himself. With the possibility of sexual acts being the catalyst, there was every chance that Leon made himself fully bovine by now. He would be picking up after his buddy, likely until he was too changed to fend for himself and would be cared for by other humans in turn!

Yet, as the day started to wane, Patrick realized that he had no choice but to check on the barn, the biggest cleaning job he had left. If ignored, not only would he be reamed out by his boss, but someone else would check out the barn and see the new bull that had not been there the day prior. Or, worse, see Leon in some semblance of change that would make them wise to the process that was overcoming the two of them. He had gotten away thus far on the pretense that if people weren't expecting their hands to be turning into bulls, it would be difficult to see it. But that wouldn't do much when they were on all fours and fucking each other!

Regardless of what the future held, it was time for Patrick to make his way to the barn and see what had become of his coworker. To his surprise, he found the barn was clean, more well-tended than even the two of them had ever left it. The door was open, the bulls given the chance to graze out in the field. They were long gone at this point to their daily activities.

Left in the barn was a very sweaty, naked bull-man, Leon stinking of sweat and piss and manure and covered in straw. It had clearly been a difficult endeavor to clean it up for the mostly-changed man, but he had managed. It seemed important to him to make this space as clean as possible. Leon seemed eager to join it, after all.

“We’re gOOOna be bulls, man,” Leon said with a dreamy expression. “Just able to graze all day, won’t that be great,” he moaned, his cock coming out of his sheath a little. It seemed like, just as the beasts that were going to be, Leon was on a hair-trigger down there. Easily able to come and cum again if the day called for it!

Patrick could feel his own cock coming out of its home, enamored by the sight of the naked bull-man and the changes he was undergoing. Leon was right, even if Patrick’s body didn’t share the sentiment, his mind certainly seemed to think so. He was erect and eager at the other bull man’s offering and all that it meant.

Still, his recent orgasm was enough for Patrick to come to his senses and at least prevent himself from falling head over heels for the other bull-man. “I dOOOn’t wanna be a bUUUI!” Patrick moaned, hating how much his voice seemed to have changed already. In his eagerness to rut, he could hardly speak without the bovine inflections coming out of his mouth.

“TOOO late!” came the reply, Leon smiling with a mouth that was far larger than it should have been.

Patrick could see how rubbery Leon’s lips seemed to be, obviously eager to take Patrick’s rod in them once more. The urge to stand there and allow him was maddening. Patrick wanted Leon to come and let his body do as it was required to do.

Yet, despite all the forces of heaven and earth that deemed him fit to be an animal, Patrick managed to back away just towards the door and sweet freedom. Thankfully, he had left the side door open. The main door was behind a fence that he could not scale before Leon descended upon him to perform abhorrent sexual acts on. No matter how bad Patrick's body wanted it, he couldn't let himself willfully give it if resisting meant holding onto an ounce of his humanity any longer!

To his surprise, however, Leon simply stopped there, sniffing the air and the thick stench of Patrick's body odor. His eyes seemed to glaze over, drooling a bit at the implication of what proximity to the musky male might mean. Leon's stillness created an air of uncertainty that left Patrick frozen as well. He didn't want to move lest he triggered his potential lover to move in turn. Not that he was afraid of rape, not anymore. Any movement from the other changing bull-man would likely trigger a similar response from Patrick. The need to fuck was so close to the fringes of his mind that it was maddening!

Leon, for his part, was fully ready to embrace a bovine existence. Now, standing there naked and sweaty, Leon wanted nothing more than to take the cock that was waiting for him just under Patrick's clothes. It was beckoning to him, begging to fuck his tight pucker.

After several moments of sniffing the air, Leon fell forward, a series of wet cracks ringing up through his spine as it added a few new linkages. He felt uncomfortable as his body seemed to sag, as though lacking the muscles necessary to support a larger torso and hanging belly. Though his front hands were not yet hooves, he was still able to support himself awkwardly while hunched over.

It took some effort for the changing man to lower himself and move to position, but Leon was ready for the attempt. Patrick, though wearing a frightened expression on his face, seemed stuck in place. That was good. His changes were coming slower than Leon's own, but that was of little matter. He wouldn't be able to hold the bull back for long once he stuck it in Leon's ass!

Like in a dream, Patrick watched as Leon turned around, his backside already broader than even moments ago. How was he changing so fast? Would Patrick succumb if he performed any more sexual acts? How could he even have been thinking about sex at a time like this!?

The answer was as obvious as the bulge sticking out of his groin. Of course, he needed it, with almost two feet of concealed bull cock getting ready to burst from his pants at any moment. It poked painfully against its confinement, swelling against the coveralls and leaving a damp stain to denote its arousal. It seemed as though even slight pressure against his prick would lead him to a much-needed orgasm!

Patrick couldn't allow himself to cum. Anything that his body did to satisfy bovine instincts would damn him to a life on all fours eating grain and hay. And to be gay! Though the sensations hadn't been bad at all, Patrick wanted a choice, damnit! He didn't want such an intimate thing stolen from him without the ability to resist! It was maddening!

Patrick knew he needed to get out of there, that any further stay in the presence of his workmate threatened to damn him. Leon had made his choice, and Patrick truly hoped that he would be happy if he fully changed. But Patrick wanted more than to escape and try to regain his humanity. The idea of spending maybe the rest of his life as a stinky farm animal did not sit well with him!

Yet, the stench wafting from his buddy's sweaty, dirty rear was heavenly, preventing Patrick from moving from his spot. The pungent odor was just enough that his penis kept him rooted with the potential for relief. It ached for fucking. He needed to rut and cum into the beast that Leo had become. Nothing else, not even touching himself would do!

Patrick tried to resist the needs welling up from his pointed penis. He stood there, stopping himself from moving forward, and perhaps giving in to the needs welling in his cock. But, with how horny he felt, it was nearly an impossible task. The longer he stood there, breathing in the stinky muck rolling off the sweaty bull-man in waves, the harder it became to think of why he was being so stubborn. Why didn't he just bellow and rut in that tight, brown donut-like his balls and penis craved?

Leon bellowed his own frustrations, trying to back his pucker towards the handsome bull-man and the potent cock he wanted in his rear. It was maddening how any sexy bull could resist the tight brown donut offered so freely. He could try to suck that magnificent penis again. But, the ache in his prostate called out for something more. The idea of being fucked was more than he could bear. He was a little nervous about taking cock, especially in his virgin, stained rear. Would it hurt? The bulls seemed to like it!

Yet, before he could look back to see what effect his raised tail had on his lover, the sensation of a pointy prick touching his nethers made Leon bellow out his surprise. He didn't think that he would be taken so quickly, let alone without any lubrication!

Yet, his ass was wide open, and the leaking phallus of his bovine lover was just sufficient for it to push its way through, entering his most private of places. The excitement of taking such a cock made up for the pain, and Leon felt himself opening up, curious about how far he could take it and what it might feel like!

“FFUUUCCCKKK MMMEEEOOOO!” he bellowed out in a voice that was rapidly warping. His neck was indeed thickened, more hair encroaching over the hide that was filling up his skin like a pitcher of water.

Leon was aware of the thick sashes of muscle and bulk that were filling in his expanding frame. He had to breathe deeply as his rib cage expanded, needing more air for his larger frame. Twinges of aches plagued his torso as the flesh underneath grew almost too fast for the skin to keep up with. Yet, whatever changes were overcoming his form seemed determined to keep him alive and well as he was fucked towards a bovine existence.

Patrick, for his part, had little in the way of resistance left as he plunged his cock into the eager hole of his prospective lover. It had been a little like a dream when he'd moved forward, wanting a closer smell of the bovine's back end. He didn't even care about the less palpable scents when the odors of musk and need were so much in the forefront. He just needed to sniff at it!

The mating actions were like a natural progression, the tight hole in front of him puckered and ready to be bred. The needs in his cock overrode any semblance of resistance he might have harbored as it plunged into the bull's backside with little regard for his mate's comfort. Rationalization only returned with the jolt of electricity that came with the pleasure he was feeling. But by then, he was cock-deep into the other bull and couldn't pull out even if he wanted to!

Patrick could feel his facial features stretching outward, his muzzle becoming more pronounced. Teeth took advantage of the situation by filling out into bovine slabs. His pained grunts started to deepen the further than his own chest started to widen, as though the mass was required to rise on the back of his now-larger lover. All over, his massive frame continued to widen, to match the contours of Leon's own bovine stature.

At the moment, Patrick was remiss to care, his pointed cock sticking further and further into his lover's behind! It was only when his anus rubbed tightly against his trousers, his pointed hips tearing at the fabric, that Patrick felt a hint of shame for the actions. His bulbous belly pulled his shirt taut as the edges started to rip away. His hunched back started to tear apart the shirt from the other side, making it impossible to stay on as it tore down the middle with a loud shrrriipp. Worse was the tightness in his boots from the expansions of hardened nails. It felt as though even through the steel his growing toes would be strong enough to part them!

Yet, all that mattered at the moment was the potent musk wafting off his stinking, sweaty body the more it was exposed. The slight itching over his frame or the twinges of muscle growth

over his body was of little consequence. The aches in his skull as his horns grew, or in his mouth as the bones continued to restructure also largely went unnoticed.

The sensations of his mammoth testicles slapping against a larger backside made Patrick moan and tense, the sensations of orgasm rapidly approaching. It took a few tries to reposition himself on his lover's backside, especially as it continued to expand and alter. His fingers gripped tightly onto the sweaty hide as best he could, though it was more and more difficult with the slick sheen of fluids and the larger middle digits that were steadily numbing. Still, he managed to keep up the consistent slaps of his balls against his lover's backside, getting closer and closer to the inevitable orgasm.

It was harder and harder to see any human left in the man that was slowly being fucked into bull-dom. Muscle and fat rippled under the flesh until little was left of pale human skin. His chest had barreled significantly, almost matching his massive stomach as his hips continued to compress and flattened into the flanks of his body. A series of sickening crunches echoed in the barn as his calves compressed and his thighs thickened to inhuman proportions. By the time the brown beast's alterations had completed, there was little left to denote that he'd ever been human, save his arms, hands, and head!

Yet neither male had much cognizance to realize it, not when a corresponding bellow hit their twitching ears. "MMMMOOOO! MMMOOOOOO!" cried familiar sounds that drew the two of them slightly towards the other beasts separated in the chamber. Having returned to the sounds and scents of rut, it seemed as though they had gotten ideas from the sights that it was time to breed!

The scents of sweat and semen made it impossible for both changing beasts to hold back. The ache in his cock forced its way to the hilt of the quivering male bull cunt he found himself in. The tight grip forced his balls to expel their semen, to travel up the great shaft, and make Patrick cum with more force than any experience before that!

"GOOOONNA CCCUUM! MMMMOOOOOO!" Patrick bellowed, no regard for his humanity as his balls tensed and his cock throbbed violently inside the tight rectum he found himself in. The tight grip around his penis seemed to peak at the same moment, forcing all of the seed from his balls at once. Patrick wasn't ready to feel the sensations of his lover's pucker clenching on his rod as the other bull-man was brought along with him!

"MMMMMMOOOOOO!" Leon bellowed, all bull in his cry as his cock shook against his much-larger belly. The stench of cum hung heavily in Patrick's nostrils as Leo's load blew all over his belly and the barn floor.

Patrick felt himself nearly pass out on his love's back, the sensations of release nearly more than he could bear. But the aches of change, the sloshing of internal organs, and the stretching of skin finally roused him from his stupor. He was still changing! He had fucked himself towards bull-dom, and was still doing so every second that his buddy's ass was tight around his cock!

Afraid for his humanity, Patrick crawled towards the room in the house, thankful that no one was around to see his approach. He wasn't passable as a human any longer, and no longer fit into the clothes that were torn off his frame. But he couldn't bear to take them off, not wanting to see more of the bull hide that clearly covered his form. It was better than nothing and it was all he could do!

Leon had no such inclination of leaving the barn, however. He didn't protest the absence of his lover, at least not in his current state. The thick stench of musk and cum made him pass out, eyes drooping as his body lowered of its own accord. The other bulls had already bellowed their release, collapsing in a heap with each other to sleep. Part of Leon wanted to join them, wishing he could be part of their pile. Another part still wished that he could have his mate with him. But, exhausted from the rut, Leon had little time to care before he eventually passed out.

Patrick crawled into the lower bunk, his weight making the bed creak; it was clearly not designed to take something as large as the bull he was becoming. But that was of little reprieve for the poor man that did not want to weigh so much. He could not affect the changes that were playing over his form, as desperately as he wanted to.

Thankfully, burned out as he was, sleep was quick to take him. Dreams assailed him once more, of bulls and breeding and feeding. The more vivid images played over his head, the harder it became to fight the urges they were giving him. It was as though he had been asleep all these years, and the dreams were finally the equivalent of being truly awake. Never before had Patrick ever felt so present. It was like all the cares in the world were being wiped away, leaving only contentment and peace. In the dream, he already was the bull and had no fear of becoming one. His humanity, his hopes, and dreams were all washed away, leaving a simpler mind, one content to exist as he was meant to do. It became harder and harder to escape the reality that he was the best, and that he wanted to remain so...

Sunlight streamed into the barn as Leon woke up, thoughts feeling fuzzy. He tried shaking his head a few times, but he could not lift the fog that was playing over him. Did that matter? He was content in the knowledge that his hole was filled, that a male had taken him

forcibly. Male? Was it... why couldn't he remember the man's name? Was it a man? Or a wonderful bull like he was? Did that matter? It certainly didn't matter at the time!

A nagging feeling in the back of his mind kept Leon from fully rousing. The nearly-full bull stamped his hands, feeling a pain on the floor as the still-human skin was forced onto the floor with all of his weight behind it. Leon moaned from the pain, willing his digits into the powerful hooves he needed to fully support his weight. Why weren't they hooves to start with? Why did he still have these useless appendages?

As though responding to his wishes, Leon felt his hands stiffen and crack, his thumbs pulled up with his stretching wrists. Two of his fingers were tucked behind his retraced palms, which themselves soon lost all sensitivity. The other two were massive, the nails wrapping around them as they, too, thickened into a pointed tip to match his hind hooves.

Happily, Leon wagged his tail, feeling his weight settle on his new hooves. His body was rather heavy, almost matching his bovine brethren in the stalls beside him. A fleeting thought had Leon wondering if he had been that big before going asleep. But he must have been, right? Had he not always been a bull?

As to cement the thought in his mind, his tail lifted, and a messy spray of bull manure plopped out onto the floor. Again, he cared very little about the act, rather more concerned with his bowels being relieved and his belly now empty. With no regard for his modesty, Leon walked over his mess and turned to binge on the oats that had been sat out later. Vague memories seemed to recall him doing so the other day, but it mattered little in the feeding frenzy that soon ensued. Little else bothered Leon, save for swatting the flies away from his dirty backside as he ate in blissful contentment.

The other bulls were just waking up, cocks erect and ready for fucking. Leon looked at them with a sense of longing. There was a barrier between them, preventing Leon from moving towards them and rubbing against their bodies while they rutted. But Leon knew that was all he could do. Those two bulls had each other, and there was little need for a third in their herd. If he had a fourth, perhaps...

Memories entered his mind of a too-human individual whose scents were still present coming from his ass and the barn in general. But, that individual was on two legs, right? Then how could he be the dominant bull that Leon needed? The conflict in his thoughts was maddening!

Yet, the smells in the barn, in tandem with the odors of the beasts in rut, made it hard for Leon to focus on the conflicting thoughts. A slight irritation of his skull pushing in on his brain

made it harder to think. It was much easier, much more fulfilling to just let his thoughts go and to allow his cock to bob against his belly, preparing for orgasm...

Patrick, meanwhile, was still lost in the dreams that had lovingly played over his mind all night. He was grazing, smelling his spunk wafting off of his brown-furred lover's asshole. Lust in his cock satisfied, for now, Patrick was simply grazing, eating beside his mate, and enjoying the warm summer day.

Without any regard for the other beasts around them, the brown bull's tail raised and he released a messy spray of manure, plopping behind his legs as he swished his tail in contentment. Feeling relaxed enough to do the same, Patrick raised his tail and opened his bowels in a reflexive effort. It felt natural, right to relieve himself in such a manner. It didn't bother him that the smell was still present in the space. Not even when it began to intensify, even after the two of them had walked away, swishing their tails to spread the flies from their stained rears. It was almost as though...

Patrick woke up suddenly, the stench in the room too much for him to bear. To his horror, he realized the sensations from his rear. His tail was lifting, manure dropping from his backside. Panicked, Patrick forced every ounce of his willpower to stop the process... But it seemed as though he had no more control over his bowels than the animal he was becoming.

Control returned only until he had left a pile of manure on the bed and the floor, a mess that was almost impossible to clean up. There was no hiding his bestial nature from his boss now. He needed to go to him, to try and beg for help, or at least some reprieve from the consequences of being a man-turned bull.

The stench of shit in the room, though unpleasant, was starting to at least become tolerable as Patrick tried desperately to fit into any piece of clothing on him in the dawn's early light. In his panic, he hadn't even thought to turn on a light, instead of looking for anything that, in tandem with the rags still adorning his form, could cover him to allow him to speak to Stephen. His clothes were still in a suitcase, and he struggled to find it and find something, anything that might fit over his hide.

The moment that his hands hit the fabric, however, Patrick realized how screwed he truly was. Trying to pick something up only now made him realize that he no longer had the fingers to do so. Not only were the tips covered with hard-pointed nails, but each digit was immobile no matter how much Patrick willed the nerves to move. He could scarcely tell that two of the digits

were much larger, his thumbs nearly gone and the other fingers wrapped around his palms as dewclaws.

“NNNOOOOOOOOOOO! *HUFF*” Patrick cried out, slapping his useless hands against the material. The rage at having changed so much seemed to flood his thoughts. He knew deep down that he should try to curb the impulses, try to think of a plan. Yet, the frustrations over the loss of his hands couldn’t be restrained as Patrick crashed around the room, bellowing his anger at the transformation that had taken so much from him.

The force of his stumbling was finally directed at the bedroom door as it came off with a crash. Patrick felt his ears perk up at that. Surely, Stephen would hear what he had done and come help. Yet, no noises came to his ears. Somewhere, deep down, Patrick recalled that Stephen was at the other end of the house, and might be in such deep sleep as to not ever hear his rumblings.

Stumbling with a top-heavy body, Patrick tried to get down the hall, bellowing for his employer to come help at the top of his lungs. All fear of being seen as a half-man, half-bull were gone with the very real apprehension that he might change all the way. If he did... would anyone even recognize that he had been human? Any of the previous fears of tests or research from being caught mid-change faded under the reality of a bovine life that he was slowly growing towards.

Yet, the moment he reached the front door to get to Stephen’s side of the house, Patrick stopped. The aromas wafting in from the screen door made him pause for a moment. The scents were succulent, stirring up a hunger in his belly that ground deeply on his psyche. It was as though he had never eaten before in his life, and was given access to a feast. The maddening hunger was so intense that it erased the fear and even the desire to even get help to return to his human form.

It was getting harder to think as Patrick moved outside in almost a trance. The sweet scents of hay and grass hung heavily in his nose, even as it grew larger, more bulbous on his expanding features. Patrick snorted, the delectable odors eliciting hunger from his gullet as he wandered towards the grassy patch near the house that he had not yet been mowed. There was a decently long patch of grass there, making his mouth water.

Getting down on all fours, his growing maw started pulling up thick clumps of grass, desperate to satisfy the hunger that had been bothering him since he awoke. The act of grazing finally allowed his mind to ease, knowing that he had all the food that he could eat until his needs were fulfilled.

Control over his body only returned after what felt like hours of grazing, his belly bloated and finally full. Or, was it perhaps 'stomachs' plural now? Either well, the intense hunger had finally abated enough that Patrick was able to regain his faculties. He had also raised his tail to leave his calling card, though this time it felt much more natural to do so. He hadn't even felt any embarrassment about the action or the smell this time!

Lost in his feeding frenzy, Patrick hardly had any realization that he had continued to change. His backside had torn off any remnants of his clothing, the rest strewn around the ground and back in his room. His flicking tail played over his puckered anus, hipbones pronounced though the flesh that had not quite put on sufficient fat or muscle. His hips had sunk into broadening flanks, and his knees had extended with a flap of flesh that now connected them to his belly. Though he had not realized it during his grazing, his four-legged stance was much more comfortable than it should have been.

Finally remembering his original goal, Patrick went to stand, to get back into the house and maybe get some help. Yet the moment he tried to rise was the moment that Patrick fell over, nearly missing his hoof hands as he did so. It was as though his hips were too large and disjointed, and his backside had reoriented so that he couldn't stand even if he wanted to. Further attempts allowed him only to rise up a little bit, but without the support, he quickly fell over again, bellowing his frustrations. He seemed forced to stand on all fours!

The urge to run about to smash things with his massive head was almost all-consuming. Never before had Patrick been so angry. It was impossible for him to think clearly with the urges rising in his head. He wanted to charge, to aggress, to take out his ire on the world for being down on all fours like a simple beast. Never mind the irony that he was acting more of the bull that he was becoming!

In his rage-fueled stupor, Patrick hardly noticed that he was getting closer and closer to the barn that housed the other bulls. It wasn't until the musky, heady scent of bovine beasts hit his nose that he began to calm at last. The odors of his bullish brethren beckoned him, making him stumble towards the barn. It was like a siren song that prompted his cock to slide out of his sheath in eagerness at what their presence would mean. Belly full, Patrick soon became overwhelmed by the other needs of a virile male such as himself...

In his rush to leave last night, he had thankfully left the barn door open so that entering was easy in his current state. Though his body was a little large for the human door, he somehow managed to squeeze inside, though only just.

The sight that he came into was not what he had been expecting. Though vague recollections recalled Leon's presence last night, he was not expecting a fully-formed brown bull

to be present. Well, perhaps not fully formed. Its head was visibly shifting as he ate, growing larger, muzzle thicker as lips chewed half-digested cud. At the sight of Patrick's presence, however, the beast seemed to look up, food dropping out of his muzzle as he regarded the other bull with a sense of longing. His own cock was hanging from its sheath now, eager to have his mate in his presence once more.

“MMMMOOOOOOO!” Patrick cried out his protests, but even his voice seemed absent by this point.

He wanted to scream, to call out against the urges that were assaulting his mind. He wanted to fuck this man, who had fully changed into a bull. He needed that dirty rump in the worst way. Nothing before had something ever called out to him so intently. It was a need more tempting than air or water or even his very humanity. No man could resist the temptation so near him with the needs in his loins so present.

Yet, it was more than the simple desire for sex that caused the black-furred bull to move forward, licking snot from his lips as he sniffed at the filthy backside of his would-be mate. There had been a terrible conflict in his mind from the moment that he had woken this morning. The desire to be human and escape a beastly fate was playing over his mind. But, did he have to? Couldn't he just be the animal quell that burning panic that desperately tried to force him to cling to something that was clearly no longer present?

Already, it was getting harder and harder for Patrick to think in human terms. He could feel the heavy sloshing that signaled his head was getting larger. It felt like his entire cranium was expanding in every direction, destined to make it larger to compensate for the size of his massive frame. Thickening neck muscles pulled his head high as his horns grew more pronounced and his muzzle popped and cracked to its properly beastly length.

Yet, despite the size of his massive head, there was little room for human reasoning. His skull was collapsing in on his cranium, taking with it his higher functions. Enough remained of his intellect to know that he had not always been a bull and that there had been another, less fulfilling life. Yet, it became harder to reason with that other mind, not with the instincts to mate and breed so prevalent in his psyche. The bestial need to fuck was all-consuming, so much so that it even overrode any desires to return to the much more complex and stressful human form. Why be a meek, weak, scared human when he was already a powerful bull with an equally powerful mate to quell his ever-growing lusts!?

Dulling thoughts were no longer disgusted as he reached out with an eager tongue to prep the willing fuck-hole before him. His lover's tail was raised to the side, giving Patrick perfect

access to the object of his desires. Nothing else mattered than the taut pucker that would soon envelop his length and give Patrick the sexual stimulation needed to cum!

Leon, for his part, knew somewhere deep down that he, too, had been human. Yet, it mattered little to the beast he had become. It was so much more fulfilling to be this animal, this horny, powerful bull. It had been the fulfillment of his desires ever since he'd been splashed with the gift of bull semen. And as human thoughts sank beneath the waves of lust, Leon couldn't imagine anything better!

Patrick, too, felt any semblance of resistance fading as he raised his slightly smaller body to rut with his willing mate. Though he was not the larger of the two, currently, he felt a sense of dominance over the other beast, knowing that their difference in stature was not to last. The aches and twinges of change that played over him as his pointed cock tip sought the tight pucker of his lover only served to assure him that he would be the dominant bull in the end!

“OOOHHH MMOOOOOOO!” The last semblance of a human sound escaped his fattening lips as Patrick allowed himself to give in to the beast he was becoming.

The final bits of doubt or resistance faded like semen into his testicles as he allowed himself to rut in earnest like the beast he was becoming. It simply felt good to act like a beast and to rut and cum in his lover. No matter how much his mind seemed to scream at him, those thoughts were quickly lost under an onslaught of pleasure that his new form was giving him. He was literally fucking himself away and could not muster even an iota of care.

Vaguely aware that the other bulls were in rut, the black-furred bull fucked his now-smaller brown mate into submission. Though there were still the odd dull aches of change and growth, the black bull couldn't be bothered to care.

With the power in his form and the eagerness in his body, there was little hope of the black beast holding off inside his brown-furred lover. The pressure against his cock was so tight, so sublime that the bull could feel the pressure growing in his bouncing balls. He was going to cum, to fill his smaller lover and make the beast his for the rest of their lives!

“MMMooooooooo!”

“MMMooooooooo!”

The black bull unloaded what felt like torrents of semen into the backside of his mate as the two of them rocked together with their release. The pungent scent of spunk hit his nose, which, in tandem with the increase in pressure on his cock, made the black bull sure that his

lover had cum with him. Part of him was glad to know that his herd mate had ejaculated as well. The two of them relieved, it was time to be content grazing or resting in the field, their two herd mates not far behind as they, too, finished their rut.

Getting down off the back of his lover, the black bull began lovingly licking the cum from his mate's abused hole. He wanted to clean as much of the leaking mess off the other bulls as possible, and not just because the taste was sublime! There was a desire to bond, to clean each other, and make their partnership more complete. At the same time, the other bull was turning away, reaching down with his massive tongue to tease the fringes of cock slowly sliding back into his black-furred lover's sheath.

The two fully formed bulls turned their heads at the sound of a barn door opening. A human was yelling, saying something that neither of their minds could quite comprehend. The panicked sounds seemed like they should have triggered something inside of them both. Something important, something that was once urgent. But it currently mattered very little to both beasts.

Instead, the thick cock of the larger black bull came to attention once more, and the smaller brown-furred beast turned around after relieving his bowels to make room. Though he had cum twice a few times in the morning, his bull was still needy, and he was only intense on alleviating his lover's lusts with his tight tail hole!

"Alright, bud looks like they're all strapped in!" Henry said, patting the brown beast on the ass as they were led into the trailer to be taken to the man's smaller operation.

"You'll do right by 'em?" Stephen asked, looking at the roan beasts with a sense of longing. Which one of them had been his boy? It was impossible to say. The smaller one did, on occasion, look at him with a look of knowing, of reverence. But, it was difficult for him to say.

It seemed, as impossible as it was, that the story of a curse some of the more superstitious townsfolk spoke of was true. Of a woman coming into town and changing a pair of farmhands into bulls for their insolence. It would explain the sexuality of the beasts he now had. And how his son had gone missing. And where else could the new beasts have come from, other than from his hired hands changing in the same way? Their clothes strewn about and the stink of manure in the bedroom all but proved it. Had they crossed the same woman, somehow...?

“Yup! Not gonna turn them into burgers, no worries there!” Henry said, patting them once more. “Not for the price that you’re giving them up for! If they produce as much as they look like, then they should turn a mighty profit!”

“Gotta say, though, surprised that you’re giving them up so easily! Something you’re not telling me?” Henry asked, a skeptical look in his eyes that made Stephen nervous.

In truth, Stephen couldn’t bear to stare at the bulls each and every morning, knowing with certainty that one of the beasts was his lost son. Other than making sure that the beast was well looked after, he wanted nothing to do with them once he had found them a new home. Painful as it had been to think his son had run away or died, it was even worse than to know that his son was in the barn, eating and rutting his life away as a stupid beast! Stephen had let them go dirt cheap as soon as he’d found a buyer that wanted to keep them for producing rather than meat!

Stephen, of course, couldn’t let his suspicions slip to the man that was purchasing them. There was little else to say than he’d gotten ahold of two more but had no place for them, having some cows on the way that the bulls would not take to. The cheap price was the guarantee that they would not be processed, an investment opportunity to make sure that only a trusted man in the community would make a point of having them kept as only semen producers.

Stephen took a moment to look at the bulls in the trailer, all seemingly happy in the presence of each other as they absentmindedly swished their tails and ate at the hay on the floor. He felt bad for the two boys, not knowing what to say to their parents or families. He would have to report them missing, having taken off from work with no idea as to their whereabouts. It was a loose thread, and he would likely be investigated. Still, how could anyone assume that they were now bulls on someone else’s farm?

His eyes settled once more on the roan bull that had once been his son. He sincerely hoped that if any intelligence remained in the bull’s mind, that he was happy with the life he now lived. It was a simpler life, to be sure. But, it was with his former best friend. And the two of them seemed a mated pair, despite their previous sexuality. His son was happy. Stephen was sure of it. He had to be to have any semblance of a piece of mind.

“Nope, just feeling sentimental. Didn’t want to lose ‘em, but you know how it is. Needed them to go on the cheap to make room, but wanted to make sure they got the good home you’ll give ‘em, Henry,” Stephen replied, smiling one more time as he closed the trailer and left his son and his herd to their new lives.

Alvin sat in the bathroom, shaking with disgust at what he had just done. The stench followed him, a thick miasma of his shame. No matter how many times he tried to flush, the pungent smell of shit did not leave his nostrils. Yet, it might also have been in part due to the sheer size of them on his features. His nose was massive, red in some places though a spreading brown patch persisted. If he didn't know any better...

But he did know better. He had seen the evidence before his very eyes. Two of the farmhands, those college kids hired for the summer, had been in that barn. Sucking each other off. Turning into damn bulls!

There was no way that should have been possible. But no amount of prosthetics or make-up could emulate the sight and even the smell of their sexual acts. And the fact that the boss had two new bulls with no sign of the boys to denote them leaving the barn all but proved it. As impossible as it was, Alvin couldn't deny what his own eyes told him. Drugs or booze or a gas leak couldn't create memories that vivid!

He had felt off ever since the day he was... sprayed, for a lack of a better term. If only it hadn't gotten into his mouth! Not that he had any way to know if skin contact was also a vector. But, then, how could he know that anything could turn a man into a bull? Let alone an evidently gay one!

He'd been having the dreams ever since. Grazing in a field, swatting flies from his ass, and... fucking other men-turned-bulls. That was the weirdest part. Never mind how much white fur was spreading over his chest. Never mind his shit smelled like manure. Never mind that he had a damn tail sticking out of his rear, and horns on top of his head! He didn't want to be a bull, fucking other bulls! It was bizarre, depraved! Yet, the larger he grew, the more that it was slowly becoming his reality.

Was there any way for him to change back? He had no way to know. He doubted that any college kids wanted to be stinking farm animals, possibly losing themselves for the rest of their lives. They had succumbed to whatever process was affecting them. And there was every chance Alvin would too if there was no way to stop or reverse the process.

Deep down, he knew what he had to do. Those boys, the hired farmhands, were now bulls on someone else's farm, likely a rancher that was none the wiser. With his body in its current state, there was little he could do but try and make it to the other ranch before he changed too much. And the bulls, gay though they were, seemed happy, right...?