

Looking down at the potion in his hand, Todd resolved himself, not sure it would work but figuring there was no sense putting it off. It had been silly, he knew, to spend so much money on what was essentially snake oil. But even as a placebo, Todd was in desperate need of something to give him the extra push he needed. And if the end result worked out to his liking, then wouldn't a far larger sum be worth it?

Of course, it all came back to a crush, though not one a younger Todd would have thought he'd be into. It was the first guy he'd ever been interested in, unsure of his sexuality for some time and not sure where to place a label on it. Still, his past luck with women had not been fruitful. With his thoughts and desires toward a friend he'd made at the gym, Todd was sure it was a crush he felt for the man, regardless of what he had thought about his sexuality before now. As far as he knew, the man was single, and there was an impulse within him that made him sure his crush was inclined toward men as well. Or, perhaps Todd himself, if all went as planned.

Of course, the reality of magic working was dubious at best, least of all a potion he found on the internet. The ingredients weren't poisoned, as far as he was able to tell, though that was the least of his concerns if he was being honest with himself. Having never made a move toward a man before, let alone one he couldn't determine if he was into other men or not, Todd lacked confidence in himself. It was beyond his confidence to even fathom attempting, and only something as 'foolproof' as magic would allow him to succeed. Thankfully, he only required something that belonged to the man, easy to acquire without suspicion from just going to the gym at the same time. A strand of hair he knew was from his crush, Shane, was all he required. With that, while a little gross, would make him the perfect match for the man, as much as such was possible.

Todd hesitated for a few more moments, perplexed with the whole affair. There was no real explanation for what drinking the potion would actually do for him. It was supposed to make him the ideal lover for his target, though such a statement was nebulous at best. Would drinking it make him smarter? Funnier? And how long was it supposed to take to kick in, anyway? He wasn't really sure what the end goal was supposed to be, other than a confidence boost thinking that whatever he had would be enough. But even with all the trepidation he felt over the idea, there was no reason for him not to drink it now that it had been mixed. With that, he held his nose, tipping the cup to his lips before downing it with one go.

Thankfully he had done so without taking a proper sniff, Todd felt himself gag from the flavor of it, like nothing he had ever experienced before. The remnant scent of it was rank, reminding him of something primal, beastly, though nothing he could bring himself to readily identify. Todd found himself coughing wildly, as though his body was rejecting it outright. He wanted to speak, though there was something else in his throat that seemed caught, and the sound

he went to make as a result was far from intended. In fact, as he went to cry out, the noise he made was almost indistinguishable from a...

“HHHEEEHHHHAWWW!”

Todd sputtered and gasped for a few moments after, unable to rationalize how such a bestial bray had escaped his lips. It sounded like what he might equate to a donkey's bray, though he had not heard such in person and could not be certain. Still, with the rank taste in his mouth and the sound still ringing in his ears, Todd had a hard time denying that something had come from drinking the potion, even if not one he could immediately identify. He was left confused, and a little disgusted, but there was nothing he could do now that he'd consumed something so repugnant. What was done was done, and Todd could only hope he could overcome the initial disgust and find something within him that might attract the man of his dreams.

Eventually, he went to bed, the odd taste of the potion in his mouth still lingering despite the use of toothpaste and mouthwash. It was almost enough to prevent him from proper sleep, though he did, and vague images danced through his mind, ones that made little sense to his waking mind the morning after. Fields and grass and swishing tails made little sense to a man desperate for physical love and attention. Had he the ability to reflect on it further, all Todd would be able to assume as it was associated with the random, bray he'd made upon consuming the potion. Worse, perhaps, was that the notion seemed to trigger some interest within his mind, something akin to arousal. Its source remained perplexing, though was impossible to deny as he eventually awoke, belly grumbling and leaving him unable to think of anything else.

Not one for having a hearty breakfast, Todd couldn't deny the weakness that his belly left him to the point it almost left him crazed. Not having much in the way of breakfast food in his pantry, Todd was drawn toward any raw cereal he had, devouring the contents of the boxes without the need for milk. A generous helping of water was all he needed to wash it down, though, by the time he finally felt full, the contents of the bins were entirely empty. It was at least a week's worth of food, though the moment he tasted it, Todd felt his concerns falling by the wayside. It wasn't until the contents of the bins were emptied that some sense returned to him, as he let out a hearty belch from his meal. It was a little much for him, though Todd had a harder time finding fault with what he was doing with the relief it gave him.

Heading to the bathroom to get ready, Todd found his reflection a little strange, pausing for a moment to figure out what was off. His beard, something he had shaved the night before, seemed a little thicker, as though several day's growth. It was a little bizarre, and as Todd reached up to feel it, the texture was strange, not as bristly as it should be. It was almost...soft? Curious, Todd continued to rub at it, a little confused through finding the texture rather pleasant otherwise.

Brushing his teeth, Todd found it a little more annoying to notice a darkened shade in his gums, something akin to dirt that he couldn't brush away. It was annoying, and even as he brushed with all he had, the discoloration did not go away. Not wanting to bloody his gums, Todd stopped, though was also a little annoyed that his own teeth seemed a little yellowed as well. He made a note to change his toothpaste as he went to get dressed, finding, to his dismay, that his shirt was a little tight, and it was hard to hide away his belly. Rubbing it a little, he was a bit disappointed to discover it bigger than he was used to. Firmer, perhaps, but still more bulbous. It was worrying, especially with all the energy he'd spent working on his body. Instead of becoming more attractive to a potential crush, Todd felt himself sigh, feeling less confident than ever.

Making his way to his steady office job, Todd sat down, booting up his computer for the day to come. Much to his dismay, the tightness around his belly made moving a little difficult, a sign he had grown a little more than he had wanted to. And as much as he would have liked to hit the gym after work, there was no denying how sore his body seemed to feel, as though he had just done some intense workouts and needed a break. Worse, perhaps, was the ache in his backside, as though his spine was slightly distended. Rubbing it a few times, Todd was sure there was a lump there, though it was hardly as painful as he figured it should be, leaving him concerned. Still, having to adjust himself in the chair several times to relieve the aches, Todd hardly managed to get any work done, much to his chagrin.

Thinking it might be getting sick, Todd's concerns were reinforced by his running nose, something he had to stop to blow several times. Making it to the bathroom, and keeping his mouth closed so as not to see his dirty teeth, Todd was drawn toward his nose this time. It was far larger, the nostrils flared and red like he was ill. His nose somehow seemed a little *too* large in relation to his face, though as inflamed as it was, he couldn't say for sure.

That was not the only thing that looked off to his eyes, with a similar warmth playing over his ears. Todd reached up to play his fingers over them, curious. They were oddly warm and malleable, though it was the points at the tips that left him confused. Were they larger, as well? None of the aches and pains made any sense, though Todd's thoughts were drawn back to the drink he'd downed last night. Had it done something to him? It was supposed to give him a confidence boost, but making him sick was hardly the thing to do that trick!

In his irritated state, he was inclined to talk back to his boss, not really having the confidence before and sure he would be fired. The man had come asking him about reports, and Todd simply replied, "They'll bbeeee done when they're done!" The man looked at him as though he had something to say, but eventually left, leaving Todd to his desk. A stubborn streak

was not becoming him, and Todd was generally inclined to do as he was told. Where had that outburst come from? Yet, Todd couldn't help but settle such was justified, and left it there.

At the end of the day, Todd made the unfavorable decision to head to the gym that night, despite the aches playing over his body. In truth, he felt too self-conscious about the added weight to leave it be for a night. That same strange stubbornness crept into his thoughts, determined to lose the weight and not caring if it was ill-advised when he set his mind to the singular goal. Stripping down in the locker room, he was a little alarmed to feel the growth above his ass was a little more distended, hard to conceal under his gym shorts. Fuck, what had happened to him?! Todd was more than a little concerned, given he would likely have to go to a doctor over it. Worst, perhaps, was that he would have to admit to drinking something he'd bought online, something wrapped with shame and silliness. But if that was the cause of his ailments, then there was little choice for him to inquire about it, as embarrassing as it was.

Yet, all concerns were thrown out the window as his crush, Shane, walked into the locker room, giving him a friendly smile of greeting. Todd was barely able to squeak out a greeting himself, though the sight on his friend's face made him nearly melt. Shane did him a confused once over before a slight grin crossed his lips. It was as though Todd was being checked out, and much to his surprise and delight, it seemed that Shane liked what he saw! Todd grinned back at him, too late remembering the state of his teeth. And they had been aching in the last little while as well, as though they were a little large for his mouth. How could he be so stupid!?

Rather than being disgusted by the sight of his teeth, however, Shane blushed a little, as though enamored by the sight. "That's cute," he said, sincerely, though seemed a little embarrassed the moment the words left his lips. With that, he moved by quickly, and Todd found himself leaving the door just as fast. Had his crush called him...*cute*? Where had *that* come from?!

It was nearly impossible for him to focus on his workouts with the possibility his crush was in him as well. More than just enamored, Todd couldn't help but feel a little aroused, not even caring he was in public and anyone watching him too closely would be about to see the outline. The possibility was enough to spur him on, running on the treadmill, lifting his weights, and doing squats, all with the hope of making himself more appealing. He was hell-bent on showing off, like any eager male trying to attract a mate. Sweating and sore by the end of it, Todd figured he'd done well, and was deserving a reward when he got him!

Todd's ever-present boner was starting to get to him as he made his way home, almost straining at the bit to be tended to. It was almost enough for him to nut in his pants, as much as such would be embarrassing. It wasn't the first time Shane's sexy body was the motivation for his masturbation, of course. He had never been with a guy, not yet at least. But he had certainly

read up on the subject and had lots of ideas of things he wanted to try. With Shane, preferably, but the idea of being with a man was powerfully erotic on its own. Hell, it was almost enough he wanted to tend to it at the gym, though a modicum of restraint allowed him to wait for the privacy.

With Shane in mind as the target of his affection, Todd quickly started browsing some porn he had saved, hoping to get some inspiration. Yet, for as many videos and images he had saved, there was something about the sights that were lacking. Maybe he had just viewed them too frequently as of late, but the material he had saved wasn't really doing it for him. The more he watched, the more his mind started to draw the men within to suit his needs. For some reason, the idea of them being covered with more hair, kissing and rubbing their naked bodies as they got off together was stronger than usual. The notion had him rubbing down his own naked body, wishing he had more body hair. There was some memory that perhaps his body wasn't always this hairy, not only his chin but his chest and belly as well. And the notion of gaining more was powerfully attractive...

It was more than hair that appealed to his seeking mind as Todd focused on all the times they had met in the gym. The smell of the man's clean sweat did it for him as well, as much as he would never want to admit that. But rather than the odor he was used to, a strange desire flooded his thoughts just then, making him quiver and burble out a bit of precum from the head of his cock. A bestial stink, one that belonged in a barn seemed to appeal to him, and Todd reflexively sniffed the air, as though seeking it out in real-time. The phantom scent seemed to waft into his nose, its nuances almost reminding the man of the inside of a barn. Yet, there was a sense of comfort, of familiarity, that such was his place and belonged to him and his fellows. In his moment of need, there was no denying the effect it was having on him, so much so that he wished to be drinking it in from his male mate. If only Shane was here in person!

Lost in his fantasy, Todd was barely aware his face was jutting out just slightly, lips pulled back for teeth that were a little thicker than he was used to. It ached a little to feel them pressing against his wider gums and the teeth around. Todd couldn't bring himself to care, lost in the fantasy of being with a musky, stinky male. He was willing to get down on all fours now, the proper place to be fucked as he'd secretly desired. It had never happened to him, of course, but the mental image was pervasive. Hell, he would take it on all fours if he could, waving his hips and lifting something he had no name for out of the way. Then his pucker would be exposed, and a thick, glistening cock could properly enter his insides...

Moving toward his bedside drawer, Todd moved to pull out a dildo, a rather recent acquisition but something he enjoyed using. With as horny as he was, it was all Todd could do to get to the bathroom and prepare it and his ass with some lube. He loved the idea of anal penetration, and using the toy was only a prelude to what he might experience if he was able to

catch his beau's eye. And with as aroused and relaxed as it was, it was easy for him to sit back in his chair, leaning back and inserting the dildo gently, letting it sit in his bowels for a moment before eagerly stroking off.

Being taken and bred was powerfully arousing, Todd closed his eyes and got into the fantasy now. Nothing he could look up online could hold a candle to what he needed in his moment of lust. Taking a massive cock within his bowels, feeling it grow and flare within him, and the weight of a male on his back was almost more than he could bear. The dildo was a fine stand-in, but hardly what he needed to fully enjoy release. At least in this case, he had a hand free to jerk himself off. With his imagined four-legged stature, Todd somehow felt he wouldn't be able to jerk off as he was doing right now. But in his imaginings, all it would take would be the cock within to press sensually against his prostate to make him cum and cum again hands-free. As much as he was stroking now, in his deepest desires, four sturdy hooves would be best suited to holding up a male's heavy weight, a thick flared cock bringing him to the edge and making him...

"HHHEEEHHAAWWW!" Todd cried out, the sound startling him even as his orgasm washed over him. Several thick ropes of rank yellow seed burst from his cock, falling onto his carpet and missing the tissue he had set out completely. Still, with the intensity of his release, Todd was left to shiver, hardly able to bring himself back to the presence. If only his dream was possible in real life, then he would...

Coming down from his release, Todd was slow to recall that, much like the sight before, he had let out a rather asinine bray, one that he shouldn't have been able to make. It was weird for it to happen at all, though perhaps more so that it had happened twice. And why it seemed that to accompany his orgasm was impossible for him to really understand. Calling out as he came certainly felt right at the moment, even though such had only been the case since he'd had the potion. Then, maybe...

Unable to formulate any coherent link between the two, Todd eventually elected to get cleaned up and get to bed. He had been tired as of late, and the soreness in his body was unlikely to help matters. Still, he was able to pass out rather readily, his release calming his mind and allowing his dreams to flow toward sexual pursuits. At first, he was able to picture Shane in a position of dominating him, but as the dreams carried on. Todd was sure it was a furry, stinky male beast that was breeding him, shoving a massive inhuman member into his bowels over and over. Such should have been repugnant, but there was no denying how much pleasure the notion seemed to grant him. Todd was left spilling his seed several times in the night, staining his blankets with rank ejaculate. The smell of which stuck to his skin, and came from testicles that were noticeably larger than his human equivalents. Something he would be slow to realize even as he awoke and started his day...

The first thing Todd noticed as his work alarm went off was the rank scent of sweat wafting from his bed. It took him a moment to recall where the smell had come from, perhaps in his imaginings from his mental play but not having smelled it in years in person. Why it was an animal that did it for him, Todd had no way to know. It was a far cry from anything he had been interested in prior, he was sure. Again, the only common denominator was the potion he'd drunk, but surely that lacked any such properties. Then what was making him feel so out of sorts? More to the point, why did such feel so normal?

"Damn, I stink like a donkey!" Todd muttered, thoughts turning to the beasts with how he had brayed like them the night before. Such was confirmed as he lifted his armpit, hit with a heady wave of bestial reek. It escaped his notice for the moment, but the previous bare skin of his underarms had erupted with a thick bush of hair. It served to trap the stink from his sweat, and as much as the rank scent should have disgusted him, something about it seemed to turn him on. As much as he needed it, Todd hardly had the time to deal with it right now before work. Yet, the more he reflected on it, the more that stubborn streak flashed through his mind, and it became almost impossible not to rationalize *why* he was forgoing his sexual needs. It was all he could do to ignore them, the compulsions stronger than anything he had thus far experienced.

Making his way to the bathroom, Todd let out a disappointed sigh, his belly clearly larger than even it had been last night. He had been eating better, hadn't he? Hell, yesterday he was eating entirely vegan! And he had gone to the gym to boot, though upon closer inspection it seemed it was simply his arms to show some improvement. In fact, as he went to flex them, Todd was surprised to note his arms had bulked up rather significantly in the past few days. Damn, he really hadn't been paying much attention to his body, it seemed!

It was more than his upper arms to show a change, as much as he felt a little abashed by it. His beard seemed to have thickened beyond what he was used to, making the idea of shaving a precious affair. Rubbing it assured him more of that strange texture, almost soft compared to what he was accustomed to. And it had moved up his sideburns, even reaching toward the edges of his hair, preparing to alter in condition as well. Such drew his attention to his ears, Todd sure they were larger and more pointed than he'd seen before. Surely, he was imagining things in the early morning, but then why were his eyes continually drawn to them? And Todd couldn't help but reach up and touch his nose, the reason his body odor was getting to him so intensely. His nostrils were significantly larger, the skin at the tip browning, and breathing in deeper than he was used to. The configuration made so little sense, yet there was no way he had ignored them all his life before now.

Moving down from his face, the effect of added hair growth was quickly realized in full. The hair over his belly and chest was thicker than before like he had undergone some sort of

rapid hormone influence. The hair tracing toward his armpits was thicker as well, and with the prickling against his back as he put on his tighter shirt, even the skin there was not spared. Nothing he could imagine could cause something so rapid to change him, save for something that didn't exist in his understanding of the world. Surely, the potion couldn't actually have an effect on his body, right? But the reviews made it seem like it worked in whatever capacity that meant. Maybe he was becoming something more appealing to his crush, with a beer belly, thicker hair, and a more beastly smell. Was the man into bears? Was that the right term? And, more to the point, what did he think about it? Surely, it was worth anything to get the attention of his crush, right? Once he did, then Todd would be sure...

With the scent of his body odor stinging his nose, Todd went to take off his shirt again, knowing a shower would be necessary before heading into the office. Pulling off his pajamas, his seeking fingers were once more drawn to the lump above his spine. Thinking he had imagined it before now, he was a little shocked to feel its contours, larger than even what even a bruised tailbone could equate for. Having no idea what could cause something like this, Todd figured there was little point in calling a doctor unless they were a practitioner of magic, that was! And there was no time to book off work to do so, even if he didn't care risking revealing what he had consumed to make the changes thus far.

Trying to put things out of his mind, Todd got in the shower, looking down at his flaccid cock with a rather impressive stare. Even in its flaccid state, he was impressive, at least six inches when before it was little more than three. Another sign of change, this one was welcome, and perhaps not a surprising one, if that was what his crush was into. Todd could certainly get behind that, and it was all he could do to finish his shower before getting hard and jerking off. It was troublesome, given the added body hair and how his luffa kept getting caught in it. It was something he would have to get used to if he was to be the ideal partner for his crush. Hardly the worst prospect if he managed to catch the man's attention.

Todd was rather late for work, not only because of his time spent in the shower. He was ravenous as well, and nothing from a chain fast food place could satisfy it. In the end, he went to a grocery store, buying some premixed salads, though the size of them left something to be desired. It took several of them, consumed quickly in his car, to quell the ache in his belly. The toppings and dressing were sour as well, and Todd found he only wanted to consume the greens. He was tempted to head back in to get some more for lunch, though didn't want to embarrass himself by being seen doing so. He figured he could head back at lunch once it was busier and he wouldn't be obvious.

The work day passed as painfully as the day before, perhaps worse with how uncomfortable he was in his clothes. His arms were larger, and his bulging belly made things troublesome to allow his shirt to cover it completely. And the itching under the skin was almost

maddening, as though his already thick body hair was steadily spreading. As much as he loved the idea of being harrier for his crush if that was what he was into, the process was painfully slow. He supposed he should have been thankful for that, given such a drastic change would be jarring for anyone who saw. But with his aching muscles and copious hair growth, he couldn't wait for it to be done!

Worse, perhaps, were the bulges at both ends, the former making it hard to adjust himself in his chair. While it didn't reach up over the back of his pants, it was still growing, as though his spine was continuing to distend. No amount of questioning could lead him to a cause of the growth, though aside from his irritation, he figured it was OK, for the time being. It was the bulge at the front of his pants that really concerned Todd, however. Be it the growth from his spine, the itching of hair growth, or the stinky musk that even the shower didn't fully eliminate, Todd could not let his boner down. And it was clearly tenting in his pants, larger than he should have been but exciting to own. He was certainly thankful Shane seemed to have a thing for well-hung guys!

In the end, Todd had little choice but to head to the bathroom and rub one out lest he creamed his pants at his cubicle. A part of him wanted to do it right at his desk, and he had to fight a little with his stubborn instincts to even do that much. Getting into the bathroom, Todd chose the furthest stall, larger so that he could get down on his hands and knees. Unsure what it was about wanting to bend over and be bred, there was no denying how much the desire was doing for him. He had always fantasized about gay sex and anal in particular, but recently it was all he could think about. Part of him wished he had his dildo, but something in his mind was sure it wasn't big enough for what he craved. As he jerked himself off, he was sure he couldn't reach behind himself to fuck with the toy. And if he was being honest, he wanted to be fucked, a male on his back and taking him by force. One that was looking less like Shane and more like a...

“HHEHEEHAAWWW!” He brayed out once more, spraying his seed over the toilet without thinking. The sound of the door opening surprised him, and he was almost embarrassed to have done so. A man's voice asked him if he was OK, and he weakly replied everything was good. It was all he could do to get the cum stains off the toilet and get out before his absence was missed.

The rest of the day passed slowly, and not without incident. With somehow larger nostrils, he was able to breathe in the scent of his semen strong on his groin. The stink of his body was stronger, too, sweating from the warmth in the room. Someone walking by commented on the stink, and Todd found it a little embarrassing. He didn't mind the smell, but the idea that it would bother someone else was a little shameful. All he could do was put it out of his mind, ignoring the gurgling in his gut and the persistent itching. It was his neck and shoulders that really bothered him now, and reaching back reported hairs that were almost thick and bristly. He

had always wondered what longer hair would look like, and he had to think it was part of the appeal. Damn, Shane had very specific tastes, it seemed!

After a rather embarrassingly long time in the bathroom, likely due to his green-heavy diet, Todd was rather embarrassed to note how much his ears looked out of place. They were clearly longer, so much so he wasn't sure they were human any longer. They had to be one of Shane's kinks, but what sort of endgame was he growing into? And he was almost sure he could move them a little if he tried, not much but enough he hadn't had the ability before now. With his thicker, blacker nostrils and the heavy beard over his face, there were certain parts of his face that didn't look...human? That didn't make any sense! And yet, there was no denying that nudging within his mind that made a note of pride in his appearance. If Shane would find it attractive, then it was worth it. And the more Todd looked, the more he was starting to think he looked good, damnit!

In the end, Todd couldn't wait to get out of the office and head to the gym, changes be damned, it figured seeing Shane, assuming he was there, would help him understand what was going on. And perhaps get him closer to his ultimate goal, the mere thought of which almost enough to cream his pants over it. It was almost impossible for him to hide his boner, though he didn't let it deter him as he went through the halls. The rank stench from his body seemed to bother some of the men he passed, though it was harder to find embarrassment over it. He rather liked the smell, avoiding the shower as he donned his clothes and went to the main room. It was *their* problem if they didn't like it, damnit!

Starting his reps, Todd was rather excited to discover his stronger muscles allowed him to do so with ease. He was even able to add significant weight to the bars, something that delighted him. He was almost able to forgive his bulbous belly, and the stiffness over his form as he went through the motions, grunting and drooling from the effort. So lost in the action, Todd didn't even realize how much he was lifting, before he struggled with the final rep and let out another joyous bray.

“HHHEEEHHHHAAAWWW!” He called out, not realizing what he was doing until he looked around to see he was gathering stares. It was more than embarrassing, and he ended up getting up and heading to the locker room. Some of them looked familiar, and it was almost enough for him to wish not to go to this gym again, at least for the next few days. If his crush hadn't been a regular attendant there, he might consider such. It was all he could do to curse his luck, and hope Shane was at least there the next day. As much as he wanted to change for the other man, the alterations and actions that came with them were a little perplexing. And yet...if they were natural, then why did he care so much about what everyone thought of him? He was handsome, damnit! Surely, they were simply envious of him. That had to be it!

Getting into his car, the gurgling in his guts beckoned him to the grocery store for the third time that day. He was drooling, his teeth feeling a little too large in his mouth and leaving his lips to hang open a little. But it was hard to think about such with the hunger burning into his being. It was all he could do to stop shaking as he went inside, and the scents of greens almost brushed his inclinations aside. Before he knew what he was doing, he was hunched over the carrots and celery, eating them with his mouth and chewing down without regard for his surroundings. At the moment, nothing else mattered more than to fill his stomach!

In the end, Todd was reprimanded by the staff for the act and had to promise not to enter the premises again. Even paying the bill was not enough, though it did help to keep him out of trouble with the law. Such should have been powerfully embarrassing, though Todd could hardly think over the need to fill his belly. Why was doing so such a crime? He was starving and needed to eat, and social convention felt so irrelevant. Todd found himself unable to worry about such things as he got into his car, hotboxed by the stink of his body. It was something he figured he would be accustomed to by now, but the more he drank it in, the harder his penis grew within his pants. It was almost enough for him to rub one out in the car, but there was hardly enough room in the car to do so.

Driving home as quickly as he safely could manage, Todd found it harder to think over the heady musk and his need to masturbate. It seemed as soon as his belly was full, his lust came to the forefront, making it impossible to focus on anything else. There were other issues as well, such as a sudden tightness in his shoes, as though his toes were pressing against the front. His heels, too, seemed somewhat longer, as though his shoes were suddenly a size or two too small. Pushing down on the gas or brakes was harder than it should have been, and even when he returned home and walked up the stairs, Todd found the numbness in the tips of his toes made him nearly trip a few times. Still, it was the ache in his cock that took precedence, and he was eager to get inside to jerk off.

Kicking his shoes off and moving to the computer, Todd was quick to pull up his familiar porn sites, the urge of seeing a bottom taking it up the ass at the forefront of his thoughts. Yet, even as horny as he was, none of his familiar videos seemed to do it for him. Even his attempts to look up new videos were for naught, most behind a paywall and nothing seeming to do it for him. It was as though something from the videos was missing, and he couldn't for the life of him place it. Even as he tried to jerk off with the most stimulating thoughts his mind could provide, nothing could serve to bring him sufficient pleasure. If only he was able to put his finger on what it was...

It was the stray thought of his previous brays that gave him the idea. Looking up donkeys and their husbandry practices, Todd found something about the beasts that seemed to trigger something within him. Not that he was bestial, that was hardly the allure. Rather, it was the sight

of the beast on the bottom that triggered something within him. Rather than a needy jenny, however, he wished to possess his own engorged equine member. Nothing in his rational mind could comprehend what was drawing him to this sort of media. Yet, the simple sight of it was enough to stir his loins, feeling it might be the singular missing piece that had been eluding his orgasm. If only the beast on the bottom was another male...

It took some careful searching to find what he was looking for. There weren't as many videos depicting male-on-male equine sex, least of all donkeys. It was certainly natural in the animal world, though was rarely filmed, and likely not for the purposes that Todd intended to use them for. It was more than confusing why this mental image was stirring his lust, and Todd found himself resisting the notion, hoping something more natural might bring him the release he desired. Yet, in the heat of the moment, it simply felt too amazing to deny. And no matter how much focus he tried away from his disgust, the temptation drew him back, making it feel right in a way that defied his understanding. In the end, his mind simply decided if that's what he wanted, he should take it, convention be damned.

It was a video of two jacks going at it that opened the floodgates. The bottom donkey's dick was waving there, partially erect from the presence of a male behind him. He was eager to raise his tail, only in his case only with a black, puckered anus to show off. It seemed that was the perfect thing for his suitor, whose cock was as hard as the invitation he might receive from any willing mate. And it was just as easy for him to mount, spearing the smaller target but still managing it. The relaxed jack on the bottom sturdied his stance, and within moments, his dom was thrusting within him, the two beasts braying their burden as they coupled together. It was as natural as any mating act he'd seen. And as much as it should have been removed from any inclinations, Todd couldn't deny it awakened something within him. It brought him more pleasure than anything to imagine himself as the jack on bottom. To be fucked and bred by another donkey, to bray his lust as he was filled with the other male's seed...

Lost in his lust, Todd was hardly aware of the changes to his member, save for the added pleasure that it gave him. It was getting larger, its shape within his hand significantly different than he was used to. The texture of the skin, as well, was a little rougher than he was accustomed to in his grasp. Perhaps the strangest change was how his foreskin seemed to regrow, a fleshy bit of skin that he managed to tug down as he jerked off. With how slick his rod had become with precum, however, Todd was barely aware of the strange alterations. The fact his cock was more sensitive than imaginable made up for any discrepancies, and he was eager to stroke himself off to completion, whatever form that took!

With the pressure building in his swollen balls, Todd felt there was little in the way to hold back. A thickened foreskin, lengthening dick, and throbbing head made him all the more aroused, as though his member was slightly shifting to match the images on the screen. And his

mental self fantasized about being a bottom jackass, there was only one thing he felt was appropriate to do as his cock went into release.

“HHHHEEEEEHHHHHAAAWWW!”

A powerful bray escaped his lips as his cock went into orgasm, shooting his load without regard for his surroundings. Having forgotten to grab a tissue or the like, Todd felt his cock blow like a geyser, blowing cum onto his keyboard, his chest, and some on the floor. It was far more cum than had ever left his balls, and the force of such left him sweaty and panting. The pungent farm animal stink rang in his nostrils, relaxing him to the point he was barely aware of the growth in his pants as it moved against the chair. His ears, too, were twitching of their own accord, though there was something peaceful about that, as though they were supposed to.

Not bothering to go clean himself up, Todd simply got in bed, body awash in his pleasant musk. His body odor didn't bother him at all, rather filling him with contentment at having cum. More than that, he wished that Shane would come to sniff his musk, surely to be just as turned on. As much as his cock felt strange, especially as it seemed to retreat into a recently-grown foreskin, Todd couldn't find any fault with it. Things felt so peaceful, so right, even if it wasn't becoming the perfect partner for his crush. If this is what felt to allow the potion to do its work, then he was happy to let it happen to its conclusion...

Wanting up in the morning, Todd was a little alarmed as he moved off the bed, feeling his firm, hard-packed gut weighing heavily on his body. He had to admit, it made him look more of a beast of a man. The thicker brown fur over his belly, even his sides and back now, was welcome as well, especially with how well it held in the scent of his body odor. As much as it should have repulsed him, Todd was enamored by the smell, thinking it to be a part of him. It was annoying that his belly, and in turn his ass, seemed larger than before, but it was a small price to pay if this was the body type that his crush enjoyed.

Musk burning into his nose as it was, Todd didn't think there was any need for a shower. He did struggle quite a bit with his workshirt, not able to get it down over his gut. And the bulge annoying the back of his pants seemed to twitch in irritation as he pulled them on, making him wonder what the hell it was. With the way it was sticking out of his spine, Todd was sure it was some sort of...but that was impossible, wasn't it? Nothing about it made any sense, as much as he wanted to avoid the reality. Some of the changes were rather pleasant, he had to admit. But the full scope of what was steadily happening to him wouldn't be clear until he talked to his crush, hopefully, tonight at the gym. That was unless the man wasn't horrified by what he saw!

The work day went by painfully slowly, not helped by the chewing out his boss gave him. Todd was disheveled, sure, but in his mind, he hadn't been in that bad of shape. Still, when his

manager pointed out the ill-fitting clothing, messy bristly hair, and above all, the smell wafting off his frame, Todd soon found he had no leg to stand on, as it were. While the smell wasn't something that bothered him, he had gotten a few complaints from coworkers and was threatened to be sent home if it happened again. Yet, Todd could not bring himself to care, not figuring there was anything wrong with the way he smelled. If he ended up being the perfect man for his crush...and tonight, he would find out!

It was all he could do not to ask to be sent home, unable to focus on his work. His body was sore, his clothes were ill-fitting, and the lump in the back of his pants started twitching in frustration, not having enough room in the seat. The itching was maddening, Todd left grunting and groaning to the annoyance of his coworkers in the cubicles close by. And perhaps worse of all was the persistent erection in his loins, brought on by his fixation on heading to the gym tonight, and the persistent stench of his bestial body odor. Being at work was insufferable!

Rather than call out for the day, however, Todd found himself browsing the office computer, trying to go incognito, and signing into his porn sites. Again, the images of men fucking didn't quite do it for him. While he didn't want to look up bestial mating videos again, there was no denying that nagging in the back of his mind. It had turned him on beyond belief, even though the implication of such was lost to him. Had he been more inclined to focus beyond his lust, he might have equated his urges and changes to something he had not known about his crush. But in the heat of the moment, all he could do was focus on what the perfect porn would be to satisfy his lusts!

Trying various keywords, Todd found himself on social media apps, 'transformation' and 'donkey' leading him there. It wasn't the donkeys doing it for him, but rather the fantasy of being one. And being bred by another man changed over his back was the chef's kiss, bringing his larger cock to bear. It seemed he was not the only one with such inclinations, there were a myriad of content with men bearing donkey ears and tails. Many were in sexual situations, or sporting erections made to look like donkey cocks. And it did not escape Todd's notice as he pulled down his zipper, exposing a member that, while not quite, seemed to bear some resemblance to those on screen. That, more than anything, left him hard and leaking and ready to jerk himself off with no regard for his surroundings.

That was not the only part of him excited, as the growth in the back of his pants continued to twitch. Todd had to lean forward in his chair so it wasn't crushed. That wasn't enough to stem the ache as the growth tingled intently. It was clearly getting tighter in his pants, and if he focused on it, it seemed more and more likely it might burst forth. His thoughts were not aided by the many photomanip images of donkey tails bursting through his pants. If he focused just enough on his own, it was able to part the fabric, pushing over his underwear and

exposing itself to the world. And in the heat of the moment, nothing he could imagine was more erotic.

“HHHHHHEEEEEHHHHAAAAWWW!” Todd felt himself bray as the fabric violently parted and a massive surge of growth played through his growth. Like a true donkey tail, it soon burst forward and slapped against the back of the chair, eager to be birthed. And the feeling of it bursting through his pants was enough to send his cock into orgasm. Largely confined, his copious load shot under the desk and carpet, spraying more than even the night before.

Naturally, his impromptu bray drew some unwanted attention, and an email from his boss informed him to stay home for a few days without pay. Such wasn't unwelcome, given the circumstances. He was sure he would be fired when they found the drying cum over his desk, but that was hardly the worst concern. It was almost impossible to hide what was several inches of donkey tail swishing over his backside. It seemed to have a mind of its own, though if Todd tried to focus on it, he could move it, something bizarre on its own. The significance he possessed such a bestial appendage was not lost on him, but trying to rationalize it came up short. It had to be the potion, but why was he growing animal parts? Was that what his crush was into? Was it donkeys themselves, or the idea of turning into one? Did it matter with the fact he was changing, and had no idea what the end goal was? And, more to the point, why the hell did he *like* it so much?

While a part of him knew he needed to stay home, unable to hide his donkey tail, Todd had already made his decision. He had to get to the gym, confront Shane, and try to figure out what was going on. The fact he might be more attractive to the man was not lost to him, and the more he reflected on it, the more appealing the reality became. But with a literal jackass tail sticking from his spine, the priority had to be finding a way to reverse the potion. He did not forget to send a message directly to the website, but there was little in the way of a customer service line for a magic site, and he wasn't willing to hold his breath in that regard.

Looking into the mirror before heading out, it was obvious a tail was not the only thing that had changed in the interim. The size of his ears made him do a double take, and the moment he focused on them, they started to twitch of their own accord. The pointed tips were sticking up past the top of his head, and their backs were covered with a fine layer of fuzz. The texture of which was akin to his beard, which itself had spread up to cover his sideburns. He wanted to shave it, but instinctively knew it would simply grow back. Besides, his ears and beard were hardly the only offputting features on his face. His lips felt a little thicker and rubbery, and pulling them back a little bit revealed massive incisors, thick and yellow and rather disturbing. And his nose, while much larger than before, had never been so dark-skinned, clearly out of place on his features. He looked all the more like a...donkey? Why a donkey?

It was enough to make him freak out, the notion he was turning into an animal more alarming than he was prepared for. And yet...the fog of stubbornness was ever present, making Todd wonder why that was a bad thing. He was supposed to look more appealing to his crush, right? And if it was an asinine face that did it for him...More to the point, the more Todd stared, the more the nose, ears, and hair really did it for him. If he was looking more like a donkey, he was certainly a handsome one! It was as though this was somehow his true face, that being a donkey sat right with him in a way that defied his humanity. Such caused a fair bit of mental conflict, but he couldn't deny that feeling of rightness that had escaped him for all his adult life. Potion or not, he made a damn fine donkey!

Yet, in the end, there was no other choice by to try to visit his crush. Todd tried to tell himself repeatedly that it was to find out his fetish and see if he could find a way to reverse it. But there was no denying his need was deeper than that, still wanting to be taken and bred. And if he really was turning into exactly what his crush needed, then surely, Shane would...

While it was a little early to get to the gym, Todd needed some time to get ready, not sure how to hide his tail. He didn't have a hat to hide his ears, sadly, and had to play it off as a costume prop of sorts. He was able, albeit barely, to get his tail into a larger pair of gym shorts, but with how large his ass was, there was no hiding the outline. He wouldn't be able to change in the locker room, and he had to hope that Shane was around and he could get him alone. What he could possibly say to the man to explain his situation, Todd had no idea. Hell, this kind of change went far beyond anything a sane person would stand around for. And yet, no matter how much his mind played over the scenario, his rational self could find no fault in the approach. It was all he could do to keep his cock in his pants, deluding himself into thinking it was simply a way to change back. And nothing else...

Walking into the gym, Todd's state of dishevelment did not go unnoticed, though no one said anything directly to him. He could see the stares and wrinkling noses that came with his passing. Still, with goal in mind, Todd was determined, walking past the locker room and toward the gym, sniffing the air. There was little he could detect with the heady scent of musk in his nose, but it seemed as though he was instinctively seeking something. Perhaps it was another effect of the potion, but a whiff of something both potent but familiar caught his attention. And it was recent enough that Todd was sure the man was here and receptive to his advances. Todd couldn't deny how badly he wanted to get fucked by this man, unable to help his cock getting hard and his tail twitching in his pants. He needed it in the worst way!

Heading out onto the main floor, Shane's eyes settled on him with a moment of recognition before his features changed to ones of confusion. Surely, he was not expecting the presence of a half-changed man to walk toward him, cock getting hard in his pants and the mere

sight. And his smell was amazing too, charging Todd sexually as though the potion had made him particularly receptive. A quick breath was all he needed to know that Shane was aroused by the sight, whether he thought it was real or imagined. And with how much promise came with their encounter, it was all Todd could do not to bray out his need to be mounted right there!

A moment of shame crossed Todd's mind as his presence gathered stares from some of the other patrons. Such a situation should have been deeply shameful, especially for someone with a religious upbringing who had been taught restraint. But with the feeling of fabric against his cock, there was little he could do to bring him out of the mood. He'd longed to be fucked and taken, to be bred and made the jackass he was starting to envision himself as. And there was nothing he could do to hold himself back as he let out a glorious bray!

“HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!”

It was all he could do to keep his cock in his pants and Shane ushered him into a side room, locking the door and hoping they hadn't attracted the attention of any staff that might halt their fun. As much as Todd's nose was able to tell him, Shane was just as turned on by the situation as he was. It didn't make much sense for a man to be this enthralled by an impossible fantasy, but then nothing about the potion or its wishful properties made any sense. And with his face in an expression of rapture, Todd could only hope that finally he could be topped by the sexiest man alive. Be it his own inclinations or a facet of the potion, Todd could barely hold out until Shane made his move.

The next words out of the man's mouth nearly made the changing donkey man melt. “Fuck, I've had my eye on you for a while but...I've never seen a man so fucking *hot!*” Shane exclaimed before he moved in to kiss Todd's rubbery lips. Todd barely had time to blush before Shane was on him, and Todd's massive nose could already smell the man's arousal. It was more than he could have hoped for to have happened in real life. Now that it was, Todd's massive cock was nearly thick enough to break through his pants. Shane's hand was down there before Todd could move, taking his massive member and having it rub against his modest human one. It should have been stifling for the man to be breathing in so much sweat and donkey musk, Todd unable to control his body and powerfully aroused besides. But it seemed that Shane was all in, even if Todd was sporting body hair, long ears, slab-like teeth, and a swaying tail. Hell, it was like the asinine features were the sole reason Shane was into him, his donkey fetish brought to life by the potion's magic.

Eventually, lust at its peak, Todd pulled away before getting down on his hands and raising his massive tail out of his pants. A resounding rip echoed in the small space as his growing ass tore a hole down to his underwear. It was little effort for Shane to pull down his taut underwear and expose the musky pucker within. A look of confusion crossed Shane's features,

lost in the fantasy but not sure what to think about its reality. Yet, with his lust at the forefront, Shane could do little but shove his cock in, both men moaning their lusts as he did so.

“I want to fuck you into a donkey...I want to fuck myself into a donkey...hawwww!” Shane called out, and Todd found himself a little confused. Surely, such was impossible but so were the changes besides. He couldn't have been changing into a donkey, that shouldn't have been the end game. Yet, at the moment, if that was what Shane wanted while he gave Todd the fucking he so desperately craved, then he was all for it!

Anus clenching, Todd found himself growing a little nervous, not sure what to expect from his first time with a man. Yet, as Shane's rather impressive shaft worked its way into his meaty donkey pucker, Todd could only whicker his lust, the pleasure moving through to his prostate. It set his cock alight, growing beyond its previous proportions and leaking furiously down his shaft. Even as the head started to flare, thinning right below the head that was crowned with small nubs, Todd could hardly find fault in it. His wider piss head leaked copious fluids, flaring wildly as Shane jerked him off in time to his own thrusts. The pleasure was almost too much from both angles, surpassing his wildest expectations and leaving him to bray wildly. Surely, the sounds would attract unwanted attention to their escapades within the enclosed space, but in the heat of the moment, Todd could hardly find fault in it.

“Oh fuck...this is too hot...fucking change, man...become a donkey...change me too...I want to bray like that...please...make me cum in you...” Shane moaned, and even the sensation of Todd's foreskin tugging at his cock could not deter his lusts. His penis was almost too large for Shane's hand now, but the touch was sublime. It seemed the leathery skin around it was far more sensitive than anything had a right to be, exciting Shane as he used Todd's ample precum to stoke the changing man's cock. Fingering of his foreskin or the weighty testicles below his groin was the icing on the cake to bring Todd's orgasm.

It seemed the changes were not enough to confuse Shane either, enraptured by his fetish being realized in the real world. And it was obvious as he continued to pound Todd's donkey ass, even going so far as to slap it, he would finish in Todd's donkey anus. In the moment of heat, Todd couldn't imagine wanting anything more than to be filled with the man's seed. It was almost surreal to be experiencing his own fantasy, and the pounding against his prostate was nearly orgasmic on its own.

“Oh fuck...be a donkey...cum and bray for me...I'm going to cum too...hawww!” Shane called out with a false bray as his cock went into orgasm and filled Todd's rectum with a small, warm load. He wouldn't have thought he'd been able to feel it, though the skin of his asshole seemed hyper-sensitive, and the man's load was surely larger than he'd ever let loose before.

Todd's hungry anus was eager to milk it for all he was worth, pleasuring his crush and happy for whatever changes to his body were needed to accomplish such.

“Ohhh...HHHAAAWWW! HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Todd let out a real donkey's bray as his own cock went into orgasm. His release was somewhat larger, shooting donkey cum all over the floor, and wall, and getting over the man's hand. Shane seemed eager to jerk Todd off to release, his pulsating cock buzzing as sperm shot through it. It seemed to go on forever, Todd was left floating in bliss from the most amazing orgasm of his life and the realization of his deepest imaginings coming to light. Todd felt his consciousness whiting out from the pleasure, the strain more than his body to take and nearly causing him to fall over.

It was the sensation of the other man pulling from his rear that finally brought Todd back to reality. While his deflating cock felt amazing on its own, it was the sensation of the skin retreating into a newly formed sheath that left him confused. Moving to reflexively rub his member, the bizarre sensation of leathery flesh led him to panic. It was a far cry from even the penis he'd touched the night before, more bestial and matching what he'd seen on screen. And the reality of owning such a member was not lost on him, even in his lust-duced haze.

As though his latest orgasm finally brought with it a moment of clarity, Todd was truly brought to the reality he was changing, his body was far more like a donkey and was continuing to become so. Without looking at his crush, Todd did his best to pull up his pants, though their remnants could hardly make it over the swaying jackass tail he now possessed. With a panicked bray, Todd tore out of the gym, gathering stares from the patrons and unable to hide his shame. It was a wonder his cock wasn't on display, though it mattered little with how embarrassed he'd become over his shameful action. It was all he had to get into his car and drive away, asinine features making it all but impossible.

Todd could not get into his bathroom fast enough, terrified about what he would see but needing to know all the same. The donkey features were still there, more pronounced even, as though sex with Shane had been a catalyst. A bulbous, brown nose, thick slab-like teeth, and massive twitching ears were a drop in the bucket to the changes he had incurred. And be it a facet of the magic or his fantasy carrying all of his focus, Todd had simply let it happen as if becoming a donkey was natural, desirable, even.

“Hheeeellp meeehhhaawww!” Todd brayed his panic, reaching up to shatter the mirror so that he might no longer have to see his mutated features. Too late, he realized the shards of glass might sink into his fingers. Yet, each one seemed covered with a thick layer of keratin, the glass not angled in a way to injure him. It was of little solace as thickened fingers marked a sign of further change, and how much further he had to fall to lose his hands in the process.

A sudden ache in his spine caused him to bend down, and Todd's panic only rose, fearing he was stuck that way. Frantically, he tried to get up, shoes slamming against the bathtub and tiles as he rolled around. The action reminded him more of kicking and bucking like a beast of burden and served to make him aware of a pressure building up in his shoes. He wanted to pull them off, though most of his fingers seemed stunted, and the pressure was growing too great besides. It was as though his middle toes were swelling impossibly large, numbness at the base a sign they were forming the same keratin as his fingernails. Its hardness was enough that it did away with the inside of the material, and with a flurry of rips, Todd was left to stare at the fragmented remains around two thick, keratin hooves. No amount of trying to move the remaining digits elicited any response, making Todd sure they were robbed of his form. He was changing so fast, only having useless hooves to show for it!

“HHHAWWWW! HHEEEEEELLPPPAWWW!” He tried to bray, though no human words could be heard as he bucked and kicked in his panic. His hard hooves hit the side of the tub with a jarring force, dislodging some of the porcelain and sending it flying. Several heavy kicks sent pieces of tile scattering as well, mingling with the glass and making a mess of things. With his wild, frantic kicks, the toilet paper, towels, and soaps were scattered around the room. No amount of mess could calm him, terrified about the beast he was becoming and having to reprove but act the part.

“SHHHHAAAAAWWWWNNNEEE!
HHEEEEELLPPPMMEEEHAAWWW!” Todd called out to his crush, not sure who else to turn to. Though it had been Todd's action to order the potion, it was Shane's transformation kink that was making him change like this, and surely, only he could stop it! Yet, the changes were coming much faster now, and Todd didn't think he had much time before he was a beast of burden no different than the ones who had enamored him so much from the videos. Or the one that Shane wished him to become....

It only took the mere notion of his crush to become aware of the heady musk in the air, his sweat and donkey stink burning into his larger nostrils. Despite himself, Todd could feel his cock coming to arousal, leaking fluids to mingle with the dried ones still within his sheath. It ached to be touched, his arousal having risen beyond anything he could resist against. As much as jerking off came with it a bestial appeal, Todd was still compelled to stand, albeit barely. The mere touch against his rod caused it to throb wildly, though his thicker fingers couldn't perceive the leathery texture he recalled from before. It didn't matter, however, Todd was convinced nothing could allow him to formulate a plan until he had achieved release. Like when he'd been at the gym, Todd realized the equine inclinations were too strong to cloud his reality. And besides, if release felt so good, then who was he to hold back against his impulses?

The stiffness within his fingers drew some urgency as he rubbed his rod, already leaking copious fluids that burned into his nose. A few soft cracks in his jaw implied its growth, and with it, more capacity to draw in scents. His maleness was a powerful turn-on, second only to being in the presence of his crush. He longed to call out for Shane, but there was no way he could get in contact with the man, and he was left to recall his smell as he jerked to completion. It took both hands to work the rod he possessed now, and recalling the sensation of his prostate being pounded in tandem was beyond his ability to hold out. With a sharp “HEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Todd felt his donkey testicles spurting out a copious quantity of semen, squirting through his cock and leaving his body awash in orgasmic bliss. With the heady stench of semen and donkey sweat in the room, Todd had a nearly impossible time finding anything wrong with his situation, passing out as his eyes fluttered shut and bestial dreams pervaded his being...

The sound of a knocking at the door roused him from sleep, and Todd called out with a confused “Haaw?” Not sure who could be there. Reflexively, his ears twitched in the direction of the door, the sounds of someone out there familiar and exciting. He went to open his mouth to speak once more, though the potential bray was stifled by the sight of his massive nose taking up a rather sizable part of his field of vision. Memories of the night before were hazy at best, but surely it hadn’t been that bad when he’d gone to sleep the night before!

“HEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Todd brayed, panic flooding his thoughts once more. Recalling what he had done to his bathroom, Todd was tried to get up so as not to cause the same amount of damage. Yet, the stiffness within his back left him hunched over and barely able to stand. The heavy clop of his hooves on the hardwood floor startled him into falling over, and all he could do was look on helplessly, tears brimming in still-human eyes. He couldn’t imagine being seen like this no matter who was at the door, the prospect more terrifying and embarrassing than he could even imagine!

Yet, as the door opened and filled with Shane’s familiar features, Todd felt a sense of calm falling over him. He hadn’t expected to see his crush, and something about the man’s scent was both familiar and reassuring. He wore an expression of confusion, but also wonderment, and to Todd’s delight, the man was clearly sporting an erection in his own pants. “Damn, I thought it was real but...last night felt like a dream. It was like you came just for me, you know,” Shane confessed, and Todd calmed somewhat, glad the man wasn’t freaking out. He had no idea what Shane would say if he found out the reason for the changes, that he had been the catalyst of Todd’s donkey transformation, willingly or not.

“How did this happen? I’d never have thought this kind of thing could be possible in the real world,” Shane questioned, and Todd replied, forgetting much of his voice had been lost to him. “There WWAAWWWWSS A SSSHHHAAAWWWWPPP that SOOOHHHAWWW! HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Todd struggled, though his further

attempts were moot. In the end, all Todd could do was to take him to his computer, struggling to walk as Shane helped him along. The man's scent was powerfully comforting, drawing out Todd's arousal despite himself. It was sensual to feel his cock sliding from its silky home, hitting his belly and leaking a thin stream of precum. It was all Todd had not to beg to be fucked right there, and such a reaction did not go unnoticed. Still, he was determined, and Todd managed to work unruly fingers over the keyboard, bringing up the site and allowing Shane to read all that it promised.

"Magic...no shit," Shane muttered, seemingly willing to suspend disbelief. "None of this makes any sense, and I don't really get it, but...if it makes someone into the perfect partner for their crush...I don't tell this to anyone, mind, but even since I can remember, the idea of turning into a donkey has always really done it for me. Turning into one with someone else, fucking as we cry out and bray, then being peaceful, remembering who we were but living a simpler life...it's a silly fantasy, I know. But that has to be what's happening to you. Damn, I can't believe you would go so far for me! If you had asked me...I always did find you really cute," Shane admitted, and Todd blushed furiously. If only he had the courage to do so, then maybe he might have avoided this fate.

"Oh, damn..." Shane said after some minutes, browsing page after page. "There's nothing here...wait! It says if the other person falls for the real you, then you just have to drink the other half of the potion...where is it?" Shane asked, and Todd moved toward the desk by his bed, where he'd left the package. The meaning of Shane's words didn't escape him, in order for it to work, Shane would have had to fall for him and would accept the real him. He would get everything he wanted and more, and no longer be cursed to be a donkey. And yet...

Todd stood there for a moment, as though conflicted. He wanted to be human and wanted to be with this man. No way could he want to be a simple beast, damnit! All his lust and desire for the form had to do with the effects of the potion and would fade if he changed back. But the lust Shane felt for the asinine form was real, as much as he could feel it through their fucking. There was something primal there, something simple yet fulfilling, and the more he thought about it, the harder it was to ignore. And the way Shane had called out to him, to beg to change into a donkey as well...what if there was another use of the potion, one that would lead to a different, if not more desirable outcome?

Cock sliding out of his sheath, Todd couldn't deny the arousal the notion gave him, even as it started slapping insistently against his belly. Shane was well aware of its girth, his own cock tenting in his pants from the sight of it. Without hesitation, Todd moved toward Shane's groin, sniffing and licking at the forming stain. Even going so far as to grip with rubbery lips, Shane eventually relented, pulling down his pants and exposing a cock that was rather impressive by human standards. It meant little when compared to the donkey-sized member Todd sported, but

in the moment of heat, Todd was fixated only on pleasing the stud before him. It took only a few licks to bring the man to full arousal, and Todd's pliable lips worked their way expertly over the man's rod, eager to please him. Happy for the attention, Shane reached down to rub his suiter's hair, feeling the human hair changing to the start of a bristly donkey's mohawk. It seemed the changes were coming faster, perhaps the fulfillment of Todd's desires as he changed. Either way, Shane was there for it, unable to hold back against the pleasure of his deepest fantasy come true.

“Oh fuck Todd...make me cum...I want you to be like you...I want to bray!” Shane called out, his testicles spilling a modest load into Todd's growing muzzle. Todd was eager to taste him, loving the flavor and the sweaty sheen his efforts worked over his crush's skin. And even if that meant changing him faster, Todd was there for it, finally understanding the fascination with transformation and wanting to see it through to the end.

A series of cracks and pops over his back were barely registered as Todd pulled back, leaking strings of cum as he looked up, a massive grin on his face. Reflexively, he tried to get up, though the changes to his back prevented such. It mattered little, he figured, especially if Shane took the potion for its own purpose. After all, while Todd wouldn't have thought the perfect partner for him would be a larger jackass, now in the process of change as he was, he couldn't imagine wanting any other male. The idea of Shane's cock turning equine, a massive mottled donkey cock rubbing against his pucker was more than he could bear. It would be the perfect partner for him, a man with stiffening fingers getting on his back to grip them around Todd's flanks. His scent changing from human to beast, a thick asinine tail bursting from his pants...and being fucked into form as a larger jack...there was no dental in Todd's mind that such a man was now his perfect partner. Even if Todd was changing, becoming a dumb, horny animal, he was failing more and more to find any fault with that future. So long as the man of his dreams took the form of a donkey along with him!

Shane looked down at his changing crush, seeing him suited to his donkey body and seemingly pleased to be so. The sight drew Shane's envy beyond reproach, wishing more than anything he was down there changing with him. Todd seemed to tremble a little as his skin darkened, skin erupting with a coat of grayish-brown jackass fur. He had not bothered to don any clothing, and no longer needed any as he stood there, feeling his guts gurgling and his body expanding with a series of wet cracks and pops. But other than the persistent hunger in his belly, Todd could find little wrong with his body, heading out to get something to eat. While his fingers were fully hooves yet, the ache at the tip of the middle digits was a sign they soon would be. And they were already thick enough to handle his weight, allowing him to walk, albeit awkwardly out the open door and graze on the lawn around his building.

Shane was not inclined to follow him, at least, not yet. It was of greater priority to take the potion to join him, and the changing jack left plenty of hair around the room that he could use

to make the potion work. Adding the hairs to the potion as a catalyst for its effects, Shane waited for only a moment as he downed the thing in one go, hoping he would change right away. He hadn't been sure when Todd had taken the initial dose, but it had to have been at least a couple of days, right?

Yet, given the lust the beast had for him, Shane was glad to feel the effects of the potion right away. Ears starting to ache, Shane reached to the bathroom mirror, watching in awe as they started to rise upward, pointed at the tip and itching with the growth of a thin, velvety coat. The process took only minutes, and Shane rubbed them with reverence, sporting a half-chub at the notion despite the fact he had just cum. The implication was not lost on him, that he would turn into a jackass, fucking himself away, likely forever. He was literally giving up everything about his humanity for the chance to live out his dream for what might only be a few hours of his awareness. And yet, it certainly felt right for him at the time!

An ache in the back of his pants drew his fingers in eagerness, figuring out what it was but unable to hide his excitement. Eager to rub it into existence, Shane pulled his pants down, even his underwear, hit with a wave of cum and musk that made his head swim. But it was the noticeable lump at the end of his spine that rose his elation beyond anything he could imagine. Reaching both hands to rub at it, Shane was elated to feel it growing, adding inch after inch as the bones split and extended his spine within. The feeling of spreading fur was erotic on its own, as was the formation of a bristly tassel at the end. But it was when the thing moved at his touch, a shooting sensation through his spine that Shane felt the euphoria wash over him. It was everything he could have wanted and more and was only a drop in the bucket for what was to come.

Todd, all the while, was in the back of the apartment complex, pulling out mouthfuls of sod. His landlord had been somewhat lax about mowing the lawn, and Todd was there for it, thick lips and slab-like teeth pulling up chunks and leaving patches of bare earth in his wake. It was harder to think about much more than filling his belly, though it mattered little given he had everything he wanted. He stank like a donkey now, body rank with sweat and cum, but that only served to settle him in the body he was growing into. As his belly continued to distend and push outward, Todd finally felt full enough that the needs in his penis came to the forefront of his being. Feeling his mane itching down his neck and flicking his head a little, Todd made his way inside, loving the sounds of his hooves clapping on the concrete. Still, he was eager to see his mate, sexual needs at the forefront now as he'd eaten.

Shane, meanwhile, had pulled his pants up over his tail, feeling its growing length becoming painfully confined. Not that he wanted to feel the discomfort of its entrapment but naturally he possessed the fantasy of a tail bursting out of his pants. He was a little disappointed to discover firsthand that such was difficult to achieve through normal material. Yet, he was not

expecting the sensation of thick teeth griping his pants, hoping to release his tail to the world. Bracing himself, Shane allowed the force of the donkey's muzzle to do its work, tail finally bursting out and hitting the changing donkey's muzzle in the face. The action was almost enough to cum on its own, though Shane still needed a moment to recover from his previous release. And his cock, while still human, didn't carry with it the promise that his equine equivalent.

Todd, for his part, was nearly intoxicated by the odor of donkey musk wafting off the changing man. His cock was straining at the bit, slapping at his belly and flinging precum all over. Naturally, the man's cock wasn't in a state to fuck his equine pucker, though that was likely not to be the case for long. Todd was therefore left to sniff and lick at his lover's body, fur and hide seeming to sprout wherever his tongue managed to touch. Shane couldn't help but giggle, loving the attention and sure that he was well on the path of becoming a donkey himself!

"Well, it wouldn't hurt to make sure I have enough donkey in me...and I've always wanted to do this with a changing man," Shane admitted as he got down, hit by a pungent whiff of donkey musk. The smell leaking from Todd's cock was almost too much for him, but he forced himself down, wanting to try this for the first and only time. The size of the member before him was far beyond what his mouth could take, he was sure. But maybe if he tried...

For now, all Shane could do was to lick the tip, the salty donkey pre-cum pungent and offensive. He was determined, and the more he lapped at the tip, the more leaked out. Todd's donkey dick was frantically thrashing against his belly, and it was all Shane could do to hold onto it. He managed to, licking the tip and rubbing the shaft up to the head. His lover was throbbing wildly at his touch, and it didn't seem like he had long to go. Even the mere action of licking the tip was enough to bring his own erection to bear, but now it was time for him to focus on his lover. He wanted to make the man change, to cum, and to take his load so that Shane might join him on the road to donkeydom. Any consequences were damned the moment he took the potion. He was willing to throw away anything in his humanity for the one moment of pleasure. It was enough to know he was really changing and about to undergo the experience of his dreams!

As before, sexual action seemed to trigger changes to Todd's body, but by this point, he had committed himself to becoming a donkey in body. While the shape of his cock was clearly asinine, it still had some room to grow, expanding to the point that there was no way a mere human mouth could manage it. His fingers, while already immobile and reduced, were steadily subsumed by his lengthening wrists. The thickness of his front hooves had some ways to go, but it was already enough to support his larger weight. The taste in his mouth was a little offputting, and it was discomforting to feel his muzzle being forced outward, nostrils flaring and breathing in their heady stink. There was very little left of his humanity, errant patches of skin covering over with hair and hide, and belly continuing to barrel to jackass proportions. Yet, even as his

skull started to compress and his thoughts started to muddy, Todd found little fault in that, wanting to allow himself to fall into bestial bliss.

Before he reached ejaculation, however, the tingling within Shane's lips allowed him the ability to sample the donkey's secretions in the way he'd been desperate to. Lips felt numb and rubbery, but it was a steady ache in his jaw that left Shane eager. While it was a struggle to manage to work his expanding lips over such a massive cock head, Shane did so gladly, wanting to at least take the donkey's load before he changed. Such oral fixations would have the rest of their lives to be explored, but there was something about doing so mid-change that left the man elated. And as his jaw cracked slowly outward, meat and muscle allowing the distended bones to stretch properly, Shane was able to do just that, albeit barely. It was enough to grant him his desire, though the configuration of his teeth made such a little annoying. They were getting thicker, incisors thick and slab-like while his molars were pulled back with the size of his muzzle. It mattered little as with every inch he was able to take a little more donkey cock. It made him impossibly sore, though surely, the beast couldn't last much longer.

“HHHAAHHHEEEEEHHHAAWWW!” The beast brayed his lust as his thrashing cock blew wad after wad of donkey jism into the face of his crush. The force of his orgasm was too much for Shane to handle, cock shaking and working its way out of his newly formed muzzle. Shane was able to taste a fair quantity of donkey semen, the flavor actually somewhat pleasant now that he'd gotten used to it. But the drying goo over his face was satisfying as well, having made the beast cum and triggering his own changing.

“OOHHHAAAWWW!” Shane went to call out his elation over their sex. With his altering muzzle and shifting vocal cords, the actual bray from his throat wasn't intentional, a sign he was turning into a jackass and wasn't dreaming. It was enough for his own cock to come to erection, though, in the heat of change, a certain fatigue washed over him. Todd, nearly fully changed at this point, moved to curl up, and Shane saw no reason not to join him. He didn't want to miss the changes, coming steadily as they were. But he would have to sleep soon, and spooning against his donkey lover was a better way to do so than anything he could imagine...

Shane wasn't sure how long he was sleeping, though when he awoke, the sun had moved significantly across the sky. It was a wonder they hadn't been encountered, the door to the apartment open. Shane didn't want to be seen by the human world as he was any longer, he wished to change into the jackass he longed to be. And given the rate of changes, he would get his wish by the end of the day. To his delight, he was still against the donkey's warm, soft body, the beast sleeping and snoring and sexy as ever. There was little left of the man in the beast, but that had been the goal, and Shane couldn't help but be excited for the time he was to join him.

As much as he could see through the window, the sight of his nose in front of his face was enough to give him pause. It was already massive and brown, and breathing in awoke him to the heady musk of their donkey bodies. The still-drying semen wafted off their forms as well, making Shane's cock push at his pants. It was a wonder he still kept them on, and as much as the idea of bursting out of them was appealing, he figured it was for the best he took them off. But of first priority was rubbing his new nose, wanting to feel the velvety texture for the final time.

Yet, he was not expecting the sensation of thick keratin against his nose, something that his finger could hardly perceive. The rest of his fingers were still present, but Shane could do little with them, steadily losing their joints and preparing to be removed from his body. His other hand was slightly better, though the nail had still encompassed the middle digit, which was larger than the rest. Slowly, carefully, he went to get up, not wanting to wake his new lover until it was time for them to mate once more. His stance was wobbly, and a numbness in his feet left him sure he would soon be gifted with equine hooves. Thankfully, he had a tail to balance, but it was obvious his shirt was pulled up over his belly, exposing brown fur that had spread past his treasure trail. His belly was bulbous as well, and even though his shirt, Shane could tell that he no longer possessed nipples, at least around his pecs. His steps were slow, and he was sure it would soon be time to make it down on all fours. Even imagining the sound of such was enough to make him hard!

With that, he was left to move to the bathroom, a little panicked at the sight of destruction. Todd apparently had a hard time with it, and Shane felt his heart pour out for the man. But he had made his choice, and Shane was eager to join him, breeding them both into jackasses as had his fantasy been for many years. Soon, it was the sight of his visage in the mirror that drew him, even through the shattered glass. His nose and muzzle had pushed out significantly from his face, and opening his jaw, the sight of thick, yellowed slab-sized teeth served to push his cock nearly out of his pants. His eyes remained human, though his hair was long and bristly, and his full-changed ears stood on his head, twitching wildly. There was little of his humanity left, only a little more to go before he was left to live out his dream. And all Shane had to do was to fuck it away, something he didn't want to waste any more time.

The sound of hooves clapping against the floor made him race toward the front door, though the numbness in his shoes was too much. Shane tried to take them off, though the pressure of his growing middle digits made such troublesome. It was harder for him to bend over with his barreling chest and bulbous belly, but he managed, kicking off his shoes and socks for what he was sure was the last time. By this point, his middle digits were thicker relative to what had become of his hands. Each digit was tipped with thick nails, though none more than the middle, where the nails were beginning to thicken into the beginnings of his hind hooves. And with the way his heels were stretching, he found it harder to balance. Using his tail helped a

little, but the ropey appendage was not equipped for such. Still, he was able to make it outside to join his equine lover.

Belly grumbling, it was obvious why Todd was grazing, having moved beyond the lawn toward a marsh nearby, finding a lush field for feeding. It didn't seem there was anyone around to disturb them, not that being seen was a deterrent to living out his donkey fantasies. Still, it was perfect for him to be alone so that he might act like the donkey he was becoming as the instincts settled in. In his excitement, he hadn't noticed the bubbling of equine instincts below the surface, much as Todd had been subject to. But as he watched Todd lowering his muzzle to clip at the grass, Shane found himself eagerly doing the same. It was harder for him to manage on his hands and knees, though he did so, fingers stiffening as he forced them underneath him. His neck wasn't quite long enough to reach, and his taste buds found the grass bland and unappealing. But the more he ate, the more his mind started to relax, and the actions seemed natural. Standing there, flicking his tail, the scent and heat of his mate near his body...this was what he'd been hoping for since first having his donkey fantasies...

It was the sensation of tugging on his pants that left Shane to yell out, but only equine brays left his throat as he did so. Todd was working to pull off his pants, and Shane went to help. Yet, he was only to discover that his fingers were immobile, and his hands, not front hooves had been holding him up. His body was much heavier as well, and with the pops of growth to his neck, Shane hadn't realized how much more equine his form had become in the half an hour or so since they'd been grazing. He was changing so fast! Yet, as his pants and underwear were torn away, and the back of his shirt tore from the force of his barreling belly, Shane figured such was for the best. It was everything he wanted and more to lose himself to the beast, and nothing left for him in the human world to hold to.

The scent of equine musk slowly burned into his nose before Shane looked up from his stupor. A thick, meaty black equine pucker was staring him in the face, sweat and sexual odors burning into his being. Reflexively, Shane felt his donkey lips pulling back, braying in a flehmen's response to the male's offering. It was everything he wanted and more to have an equine mate presenting to him, and Shane felt himself go fully erect, still-human cock at its apex. He wanted more than anything to fuck himself into form. And while his member hadn't altered yet, it would only take a moment before he was granted the equine phallus of his dreams. The sight of Todd's own and the memory of its taste was enough to push Shane's lust to new levels, and with a surge of blood, his penis started to engorge beyond belief, preparing for the mating to come.

Moving to lick the donkey's exposed pucker and balls, Shane could feel his own cock swelling, the tightening proceeding a welcome growth to make him into a true farm beast. Even before the head swelled, the skin peeled to form a sheath, and a ring of flesh rippled within the

center of his thickening meat, Shane felt his thoughts lull into bestial contentment. Thick testicles swelled within his leathery ball sack, hanging under his groin and filling to the brim with seed. It was all he had to resist mating and tease his mate first. But with the way the other jack was stamping his hooves, Todd was getting insistent. And the beast Shane was devolving into saw no reason to hold back.

Rearing up on his back legs, Shane was just barely aware of the cracks in his pelvis that set him to all fours forever. It only made it easier to mount as his now-fully formed front hooves gripped his flanks. Thankfully, the swelling of his hind hooves allowed his stability as his fattening dick sought for Todd's virgin donkey pucker. The fact his cock was a little small for the donkey's rectum helped him hit his mark, pushing in with an equine grunt. It still had room to grow as he forced his penis in to the hilt, feeling the donkey's thrashing tail teasing his sides as he did so. The grip against his penis was exquisite, and it was all Shane could do to hold onto his awareness as he started to thrust, mouth open as he brayed to claim his mate. Surely, the sounds would attract unwanted attention, but as his face slowly pushed out and his skull compressed on his brain, Shane found it harder to care. He would likely not lose himself, as much as the gleam in the other donkey's eye was a sign it was not the end. But his being was overridden with donkey needs, and in Shane's mind, it was everything he ever wanted to and more.

Of course, the mating act was giving him everything he wanted as his body cracked and muscle and sinew popped before forming into new shapes. He was literally fucking the donkey into him, and his devolving mind couldn't keep track of all the changes. All he knew was that his body was growing, his position over his mate more comfortable. His body was rank with frothy sweat, lips pulled back as he humped and brayed. A shift in his field of view and the loss of clarity and colors gave him some pause but were not enough to deter him from his bestial breeding. His muzzle was the last thing to tingle, but it was welcome, Shane was compelled to reach down and nip the donkey on the nape of the neck. And with that, he blew his load, and with it, his humanity.

Getting down off his mate with little regard, Shane felt himself wobble a little, unsure of his four hooves. He was vaguely aware his mate's slapping penis had ejaculated as well, cum dripping from his belly as much as from his rectum. But it mattered little as the other jack moved toward him, hitting him in the face with a tasseled tail as he moved to meet his muzzle. The rubbing against his nose and lips was welcome, though when the other jack pushed forward with his lips in a semblance of a kiss, Shane was taken aback. Yet, a part of him that was human welcomed the gesture, and he was just as soon to return it, breathing in the other male's scent and essence. They were mates as much from a herd mate perspective as well as their human inclinations. And though neither could have expected it, both found their deepest desires satisfied, happy to move forward together.

While the two of them were content to stay there and graze, their presence could not go unnoticed forever. A passerby contacted every local farm and shelter, but without hearing back, it was decided the pair would be taken to a rescue operation that took care of wayward animals. The shelter was rather well-staffed, and while they didn't have other donkeys at the moment, their barn space was sufficient for their use. And while there was some concern for their loneliness, it was soon discovered the two had a penchant for each other, a bonded gay pair who mated often. Sleeping and eating together, the pair were never apart, something the staff found heartwarming, vowing to never part them. They were intelligent as well, making good subjects as the face of their establishment, as well as fighting against the myths of homosexuality in animals. Yet, to the formerly changed people though, all meant little so long as they were allowed to remain together, breeding their lusts away and reveling in their passions for each other.