

The sounds of animals and the sight of the sun coming over the rustic farm were the first things the four men noticed as they stood there, naked and having walked out into the field where they would be spending a significant portion of the next few weeks, months, and, for some, years. It was a daunting prospect, something each separately wanted more than anything, though something that created an almost severe trepidation. Longing for a dream most of one's adult life, only to be given all that and more created a surreal feeling, something shared among the four newest recruits. And now that it was time for them to experience the dream of their lifetimes, all they could do was stare at their surroundings with some sense of stunned silence.

The facilities were relatively meager from the outside, all things considered, though their construction was new, the equipment state of the art. Certainly, the funds were there, and the program was backed by not only investors but by people such as they who could pay big money for the chance to experience all the barn had to offer from their ideal perspectives. The program itself was rather expansive, conducting a myriad of studies on the animal residents within the grounds. The grounds were large enough that thousands could be housed at any time, and much of their care and feeding was automated to limit the number of humans onsite. They were all typical barnyard residents, horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, dogs, goats, chickens, and a variety of other animals that made their home in such human constructions.

Their purpose in being there was as varied as the subjects themselves and depended on their mode of entry as well as the needs of the higher-ups in the program. Some were for breeding, of course, used for making offspring with superior genetics and allowing them to be transported to farms the country over. But there were other projects that one could partake in, such as behavioral studies both adapting to a new body and interacting with others that had done the same thing. Regardless of one's interest in joining such a program, there was generally a purpose one could find that forwarded the company's interests, making such cooperation favorable for all who were involved.

One thing that bound all the studies together, however, was the source of the animals that were being used were once human, changed into new forms with the use of very specialized nanite programs. There were a variety of uses for the technology that had nothing to do with changing one being into another, of course. But here, on this farm, physical transformation was the norm, being required by all participants of the program. Each would be changed from their born human bodies into one of the barn's inhabitants, any of the aforementioned species. It was often of their choice, and even in those instances where specific animals were not required, it was often welcome to have any wayward soul sign up in order to provide valuable research data for the duration of their stay. The option to customize their forms to their specifications was part of the package, as was the duration of their stay, some wanting a weekend getaway, while others were looking for something much longer.

There were a variety of people that came to the farm looking to enter one of the programs, with many goals in mind. Some wanted the simpler life of an animal, to eat, relieve oneself, and mate while having all their needs tended to. One thing in common between almost all of them, however, was the intense love of physical transformation, something many had dreamed of partaking in all their lives, and elated to be able to experience such in their lifetimes. Though not always of a sexual nature, the data required often developed around reproduction and mating, and such interest was encouraged, providing the participants chose willing partners. There was hardly a shortage of those, given the lack of consequence for sex, or the encouragement of it, as well as the need for pregnancy among the participants.

Naturally, a fair number of the participants were from the LGBTQ+ community, being more interested in the workings of other bodies, of other gender and sexualities, and in an environment where safe sex with others was guaranteed. Many of the participants were interested in same-sex coupling, something that was encouraged as a way of self-expression as well as the various behavioral data that came from such studies. Particular areas were set up for residents who wished to only explore same-sex exploration, those not able to communicate verbally able to know the interest of the others in that part of the barn.

Though there was a myriad of such breeding programs the world over, offering different forms in different habitats, over a dozen barnyard-themed sites existed in the US alone, needed for the sheer magnitude of people that wished to partake. It was certainly one of the more popular choices for those invested, though the data was most relevant for human convenience, given the close relationship with those animals. So, it was not difficult for the four newest recruits to get their positions, even if it was a little unusual they were beginning their separate journeys together the very same day. The fact they were naked and together, while very human, was a little unnerving, even knowing they would soon be animals and nude for their tenure on the farm site.

Much to the delight of the four current transformation enthusiasts, the process of change was to take several days, during which they would be undergoing gradual shifts that promised not to limit their autonomy too much. None of those gathered would have it any other way, and it was part of their fantasies to enjoy the change itself as well as the experiences of being an animal afterward. And, perhaps, enjoy their bodies with each other or any changing individuals on the farm, feeling a little self-conscious about anything with those fully changed until it was time.

“So, nice weather?” Aaron said, not really sure how to talk to others thinking and feeling the same things as he. It was awkward, though no less so than staying silent in front of the excited group.

Aaron, at 23, was still in college, the president of the frat in which he had lived his tenure at the school. His heavy build and ginger hair had him standing out even among his peers, being rather physically imposing. Though he was decent in his academic endeavors, his secret love of transformation was something that could not leave his focus, especially with the possibility of it happening should he sign up for a program. With the option before him, Aaron was ready to give all he had up, at least for a time, to be an animal.

His choice in animal, a jackass, was born not only from childhood media but also his rather embarrassing undersized genitals, a point of contention whenever he had inclinations toward finding a partner. That, and the fact he was a closeted gay man gave him more desire to try, being turned on by both the transformation itself and the male form in general. In this community, there was little chance of social repercussions for his decision, and he was free to explore himself and all the program entailed.

Luke blushed a little, somewhat shy now that he was out and in front of other naked men. A little surprised at the gathered men, thinking that some would be older, it seemed they, like him, were in their early 20s. His brilliant blue eyes were a little intimidating, something he always lamented given his rather modest demeanor. It was more the sexuality of the men gathered that made him nervous, however, given he was still questioning his own. It was a chance to experiment, and canines, like the border collie he would become, were not confined to stalls. And, if his perceived male inclinations did not seem to work out, he could make his way to one of the other sections and the bitches within.

“It's a nice day to be a jackass! Haaawww!” Andy fake brayed, eager to be here and boisterous about it to boot. He, too, was a rather muscular and hairy jock, one whose brains did not match his brawn. Still, he, too, was a fan of transformation, even if he didn't enjoy the male form as the rest of them. Given his ignorance of the program he signed up for, he wasn't aware that he was joining the male-on-male section of the barn, and perhaps his inclinations might shift as a result...

“I thought about becoming a jackass,” Mack commented, thinking that almost any of the forms that could be granted him would be fun to try. Though his body was rather enviable, a volleyball player's physique, Mack was more inclined to have it change, wanting nothing more than to explore bodies that were even larger, more powerful than anything his lean form could manage. Even his sexuality was something that he would change, thinking perhaps pleasures of the male flesh might be for him in animal form. And even though he had pondered several forms, a powerful black bull, or a very virile gay jackass, he eventually figured a black stallion was the form for him to wear.

Though the four of them had been given some idea of what the process would entail, they were still a little nervous, knowing their bodies were to alter but not the timeline in which to change. And even so, knowing the nanite cocktails were in their veins, and that they would start to change at any moment left each to start the feelings of arousal. Even though they were outside and naked, their cocks were coming to attention, wanting to be touched. Still, for now, they were content with leaving their hands to their sides, wanting to move around the farm and take in their surroundings while they were still human enough to do so.

Yet, hands soon made their way to the injection sites, feeling a tingling itch that possibly signaled the beginnings of change. Though no hairs were present, not yet, it did feel as though at any moment, their coats could start and they would be well on the way to becoming the animals they so longed to be. And that only served to drive their arousal to their apex, given the fact that the idea of change was such a potent erotic stimulus.

“So, uh, anyone down to jack off?” Aaron asked abruptly, taking the other three men by surprise. It was a little unnerving for Luke and Mack, not thinking they wanted to be more exposed to others as their human selves until their animal forms took over and such notions of modesty were behind them.

Andy, however, had something else in mind. “Naw, I’m going to wait till I see some chicks! Well, enough of an animal to show them how much of a beast I am!” He said, taking off with his erection bobbing up and down. The other three stared at him with some confusion, wondering what he was talking about. After all, it was supposed to be an all-male/male group looking to join the program that day, but perhaps they had been mistaken.

Still, with the ache in their erections, it was impossible to focus on anything else than the changes coming over them. “Want to head off? I don’t think I can resist if I watch some other guys changing...” Luke said, a little embarrassed if he did so. Not that it would matter when he was fucking the backsides of other canines, but that was neither here nor there for the moment.

“Yeah, but...is it weird to ask you guys to meet up now and then?” Aaron asked, surprising the other two. “I kinda want to get off and watch you guys change...that might be hot. And besides, I want to wait till I’m further changed to play with the others in the program, after all,” he pointed out, the notion not lost to the others but far less awkward now that it was out in the open.

“Yeah, I think I’d like that...” Mack said, a little unsure though not totally opposed to the idea. After all, wanting to see others’ changes was almost erotic as the sight itself, and even if they didn’t know each other now, what would it matter once they were animals?

Luke, for his part, moved toward the various barns, wanting to get a lay of the land. He would be a dog, after all, and there was not a designated area for his new species to be at all times save a kennel where he could sleep. The idea was for the farm to be as realistic as possible, and most of the humans-turned-animals would be in their own sections of barn, much like their real-world counterparts. The first thing he noted was the strong smells of the animals and their waste and other odors, pungent to his nose even though it was still in its human configuration. It was a little too much at first, and he found himself breathing through his mouth, knowing he would need to get accustomed to it but having difficulty in it regardless.

Soon, Luke realized with some disappointment that he would not be able to escape the smelly animals no matter where he went, their odors hanging heavy in the air as they did on a barn. It was something he thought he'd be aware of it but something he knew would only get worse the more he changed. Or, perhaps better, given the fact that they would carry more nuance and interest to his canine nose than anything else, something that excited and disgusted him in equal measure.

The more he smelled the odors, however, the more Luke started to realize they were indeed more intricate than he recalled, being able to tell the different odors of manure from each other to the point he was sure they were coming from the same animal. As disgusted as he should have been about the realization, Luke couldn't help but be curious, wondering how many distinct animals he was smelling. Something from the scents made him almost certain he was scenting horses, bulls, and pigs, able to distinguish them rather easily. And, all of them were healthy, as best he could tell, as though he was starting to lose his offense to the odors.

It wasn't until he crossed his eyes that the sight of something black came to his awareness. Reaching up to touch it, the moist, cool texture left him elated. Tracing his fingers around it, it seemed as though slits on either side of the nasal passages were present, and he sneezed, not sure about the texture. And it was leaking a little as well, a little irritating but nothing that could diminish his elation. He was really changing! It was happening!

Eager to look for more changes, Luke started rubbing himself all over, wondering what might have happened. There was no fur there as much as he could perceive, no extra hair growth. But playing over his mouth a little, Luke was sure that his teeth were a little shaper, pointier perhaps. And his gums felt a little moist, perhaps a bit gummy, but it was hard to say, especially without a mirror. They were present all over the farm, as much as he'd been told, to allow the residents to enjoy their changes and animalistic bodies at any time. He needed to find his way to one!

Yet, the more he wandered around, the more the ache in his rod came to the forefront of his awareness, bobbing against his groin as though eager to be touched. He didn't want to play

with it just yet, knowing that any sort of intense activity would lead him to change faster, though, for a transformation enthusiast like himself, that knowledge came as a double-edged sword. He wanted to change, to be a dog. But he didn't want it to happen too fast. Did he? There would be plenty of time to enjoy his canine life once the changes were over, so there was certainly no rush. But then again, it felt a little awkward to be a naked human sniffing shit from a distance and getting a hard-on from the fact he was changing slowly into a dog.

With that in mind, Luke figured fuck it. Before he could question himself any further, he reached down and started to stroke his rod, thinking for a moment that he might miss his hands during his tenure as a canine. It would be a moot point with other males to play with, as well as his own muzzle once he gained the flexibility to do so. Excited as much as he wanted to experience those things, now was not the time, and he was happy enough to touch himself with human hands while it was still possible.

As he did so, an added tingling to his cock brought Luke's attention downward to see that his member was reddening slightly, as much as he could tell. It was difficult to discern whether it was just the heat of the day or, rather, the beginnings of a canine rod. But it mattered little, the notion it soon would be exciting enough to bring Luke's arousal to the forefront of his being as he touched himself with purpose.

Only an itching on his upper arm was enough to draw him from the necessary orgasm, and Luke looked down to see the peppering of short hairs against the reddened skin where he'd been injected with the nanite cocktail. It was mostly white, though some brown persisted within, as it continued to prickle at the skin, covering it to the point it was harder to be seen. So far, it was short, but Luke was sure it was going to get longer as the changes went on. He was really changing, he was really going to be a dog-

"Uhhh!" Luke moaned audibly, not caring that he could be heard as he let loose with his burden, spilling his cum on his cock and hand. The waves of pleasure were more intense than anything he could recall, to the point he had a harder time standing there. He didn't want to fall into the muck around him or anything, and after a few moments, Luke was eventually able to catch his breath, the release powerfully erotic. After all, he was finally changing, finally going to be a dog, and nothing he could imagine could bring him more sexual excitement.

With that, Luke figured, while interested in the scents of the other animals, wanted to check out the dog kennels where he would eventually end up. As much as he didn't want to play with them until he was further changed, he figured there was little else to do but to take in his soon-to-be canine lifestyle by watching the other dogs. At least he could start sleeping on his doggie bed, be fed dog food, and watch the other former humans playing and acting the dogs they were...

At the same time, Mack was making his way toward the horse stalls, where the same-sex inclined horses were kept. He was a little nervous, the inclination to try his hand with other males not something he was used to. He figured, as a horse, such notions of nervousness would be eliminated once he had changed. In the interim, he wanted to see where he would be living, what he would be doing, and maybe see some of the other stallions in the act, to give him an idea of what was next for him.

The strong scents of horse washed over him, but Mack wasn't too bothered by it, thinking it to be a prerequisite for being a horse to smell like one and not to mind it. There were seven of them in all at the moment, a variety of sizes and breeds, though all clearly virile stallions. They were currently in their stalls, opening into a communal stall and a washing area in the back. Surely, they could make their way out into the field whenever they wanted, with their intelligence and abilities. And they were free to do so, this program more of a spa or vacation than anything they were forced to be accommodated to. And there were farm workers on the grounds, though not very many, to give them some privacy, to keep them cleaned up after and happy. All in all, the perfect getaway for anyone wanting a more equine life.

All the stallions were eating at the moment, heads down, and chewing at the hay bales that were provided for them. Ears flicked and nostrils flared at his presence, and a couple of them looked up and gave him a sniff and a once over. They were interested, a little, likely to smell the beginnings of the horse on him. Mack really didn't understand what that meant, but he surely would soon enough.

Not really sure what to do, Mack decided that he would tend to the horses himself for a while, though it was a little awkward being naked and slightly erect at the notion he was to change. He took a shovel to their mess, a brush to their manes and tails, and even looked around for treats to give them, not seeing any but bringing the stallions to look at him with a sense of longing. It was nice to get attention in return, the horses responding by lipping at him and licking his face, slobbering over him like he was a long-term friend. Mack was sure he would be soon enough, though, again, found himself wondering how soon they could tell. Surely, the fact he was here and naked was enough, but still, how much of their human awareness did they use in their day-to-day lives, perhaps preferring to think more like the horses they were?

Regardless of the answers to his questions, there was no denying the erection bobbing up and down from his groin to the point it was getting meddlesome not to touch it. Mack wasn't sure about doing such a thing in front of his future herd mates, but it was a moot point, given he would be doing more intimate activities in front of them, former humans or not. So, eventually, his work done and his body sweaty and smelling of horse, Mack looked down to grab his member, a little confused by the feeling of it in his hand. Used to the grip of himself, Mack was a

little unnerved by how *different* it felt, as though it was larger, more engorged. Not noticing at first, there was no denying the difference in his hand, and Mack looked down at it with more curiosity, wondering if he could perceive the differences.

As though looking down at himself was a catalyst for further change, the more Mack tugged on himself, the more his foreskin seemed to pull back, as though loosening from the shaft. The more Mack pulled, the more his skin seemed to part, down halfway from his member now and further down as he continued to play with himself. Though the skin underneath was discolored, its pinkish shade, black in some spots, seemed to be a sign that the skin was shifting, becoming more equine as much as he could perceive from his future herd mates. To his delight, some of them were getting erect at his presence and actions, and he had a first-hand sight of their horse hoods, the same thing that would be hanging between his legs in a few days as the change progressed.

An ache in his spine was the only thing that could cease his masturbating efforts, and the other hand was quick to reach back, reporting a bump that was increasingly thickened with fat and bone and muscle within. The fact it was growing to his touch was most exciting, knowing that touching himself was enough to spur the changes. He was growing his horse's tail the more he jerked off, and Mack couldn't be happier!

Getting close now, an idea flowed into Mack's mind at that, and he moved toward one of the empty stalls as the horses eyed him with interest. "Hope this one's not occupied," he said with some nervousness, though none responded. His cock bobbed up and down as he did so, the weight of it something he wasn't quite prepared for. It seemed to be engorged beyond belief to the point it was leaking, the head starting to flatten and the pisshead widening for the horse load he was to let loose with. And, perhaps best of all, a tingling in his testicles was enough for Mack to know they were swelling, getting larger and fuller with virile semen, something he would implant in the other stallions in short order if he had his way!

"Ohh fuck..." Mack let out, feeling his end nearly far too soon. Yet, with the twitching of the lump on his backside and the size of his soon-to-be equine erection, there was little chance of his holding back for long. And with the stamina he would soon possess, Mack figured why should he, eager to mark this stall as his own. With that in mind, it only took a few more strokes for him to find release, and he grunted as his cock shot over the hay on the floor, getting on his hand and cock but not enough to deter him from emptying his balls.

Panting, Mack stood there, a little dizzy from the blood his engorged member required. He wanted to lie down, but thought better of it, steadying himself for the changes to come. His lump was longer, his sweat smelled horsey, and rubbing himself over revealed the leathery sensation of horse hide closer to his injection site where he figured it would start to cover him all



over. A fine start to the change, he figured, and only a drop in the bucket for what would come next...

Meanwhile, Aaron had made his way to where he'd been told the gay donkeys were housed. It was a little unnerving being out here without a phone to guide him, but there was little need for such a device when he knew he would soon have hooves for hands regardless. It was a little jarring having the prospect of losing his humanity in such a complete and total way, but there was no denying the notion was really doing it for him, erection straining at him the entire time.

The smell of the beasts was strong as Aaron approached, almost too much for the city boy to bear. But he forced himself, figuring it would stick to him soon enough as he started his changes in earnest. With the pungent stench of sweat and manure starting to make his head spin, however, he could only hope his changed senses adapted quickly and he could spend the time with his equine brethren comfortably.

There were 4 donkeys in the herd in all, it being a popular animal for temporary stays but not something guys spend too much time as. He'd been told that once there was an entire frat group, 12 in all, that managed to come here for a week and partaken in a pleasure island-esk fantasy. Aaron found he would love to do something like that if offered, though didn't know such was a thing. Besides, he wasn't changing alone, even if the other guy was straight. Aaron figured he would at least get off watching the other guy's changes.

With no one around to let him know what the rules were, Aaron stood there in front of the pen attached to a barn with some confusion. Part of him figured he should get in the pen with them, but then what would he do? He wanted to jerk off, of course, but it was too soon for him to partake in any other asinine activities. Maybe if that other guy came by, but he proclaimed himself to be straight, right?

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