

The building itself was relatively unassuming. Its stone was worn, a stark contrast between the relatively newer stonework of the banks and government buildings surrounding it. It was a wonder that it had not been torn down in recent years when major renovations had been made to the city. Yet still, it remained standing, when all its brothers had been torn down and repurposed. Given its state of disrepair, Geoff would have assumed it was derelict. Yet, if the rumors he'd heard were true, then it was certainly occupied, a thriving business that only the blessed few were privy to.

A single wooden door was worn and weather-beaten, though sealed shut. The sign above it had faded, the words nearly impossible to discern. Yet, he knew of its name, and upon closer inspection, he realized he could make out the title he was expecting. It read 'Solutions and Answers'. This was indeed the place.

Geoff regarded the door for many minutes, trying not to look conspicuous as he pondered his entry method. He couldn't simply knock, could he? Surely others had tried that, only to be turned away. How did the proprietors know if the guest came because they believed in the wares within, or were some vagrant or otherwise nuisance to the business? Geoff wished he'd had the foresight to ask his informant!

This was Geoff's first time visiting the city of Chuavine, and he'd taken a few days to accumulate himself to the surroundings. It was beautiful, sat at the banks of a massive lake, and was a center for trade and commerce known the world over. He'd wished to spend some time here, pursuing the markets of supplies and equipment he could use in his own workshop, or things for his own amusement. Yet, the thing he sought today was of far more value.

Geoff had an upbringing in a similar city, working as a tinkerer for a man he'd apprenticed for upon becoming of age. Though he was skilled at the work, in recent months, it gave him little satisfaction. He longed for more in life, perhaps to have a special someone. Despite his position and modicum of wealth, his small size and weak stature made him unpopular with the ladies of his age. He'd done what he could to improve his desirability. Yet, no matter how much he worked on his physique, he could never add more than a few measly pounds to his stature. It was barely enough to aid the labor required for his day-to-day tasks, hardly making him a masculine specimen suitable to be wed!

Desperate, he then turned to literature, researching what he could of more unconventional techniques to bulk up rapidly. Procuring those texts turned out to be more of a chore than he had been expecting. It cost him a fair bit of coin to acquire various research texts. And, even then, the works he had obtained had very little information of value for his goal.

Geoff had been taught all his life that non-scientific pursuits were inherently evil. Most authorities had officially declared so-called 'magic' to not exist, and any research into magical subjects was very taboo. It was considered akin to the dark arts, things that witches and warlocks used to curse or punish unfortunate souls. Any association with such things was only to bring ruin. Yet, there was also the promise that such things could bring the user great fortune. Everything from wealth to luck to physical enhancements was all at one's fingertips, provided the user knew what they were doing. Though, the knowledge to perfect such a craft was out of Geoff's reach, even if he wasn't arrested simply for requesting the available information.

Finding any individuals that could provide any services was another matter. Such a practitioner likely preferred to keep their wares secret lest they be arrested and charged with witchcraft. And their wares were likely to come with a high price tag. But with no other way to use his wealth to charm the ladies, Geoff assumed it would be well worth the effort.

He had come upon this particular information on a whim. One of his sources for his books told him, after taking his coin, of course, of one that might be of greater service. The man had given him a map and the name of a private tavern where he would find what he sought. It did not escape Geoff's notice that the man's head was covered with a cloak, and his hidden features were suspect. Yet the promise of being so close to his goal put his suspicions on hold.

And so, he found himself in front of the door to lead to his goal. Yet, with no clear sign of how to enter, it might as well have been thousands of miles from his reach. Geoff didn't want to draw attention to himself. Nor did he want to stand in front of the door all day wondering what to do. Looking around for a few moments and seeing that the streets were relatively vacant, he simply walked up to the door, knocking loudly three times and then stepping back. Nothing happened. He tried after a painfully long few moments, again, to no avail. He sighed then, walking across the street to ponder his next move.

As he did so, Geoff nearly ran into a short man wearing a hat and a distinct gold mandala. Geoff went to apologize, but the man was reluctant to meet his gaze as he quickly walked away. Geoff closed his mouth, more than a little annoyed at the man's haste. Still, he counted himself lucky that the man had no inkling that Geoff had been trying to explore someplace more taboo.

Geoff turned to walk away when the man's direction caught his attention through his periphery. To Geoff's surprise, or, perhaps delight, the man walked across the street to the side of the worn door. He seemed to press into the stone on the side of where one might expect would be a knob. Geoff stared, stunned, as the door opened from the other side, and the man moved to enter, seemingly unconcerned whether or not anyone noticed his destination.

A little surprised that no flies had entered his gaping mouth, Geoff walked over to the now-shut door. Reaching around to the side, he felt around for the stone akin to the knocker he had been seeking. It took some effort; each of the stones felt as sturdy as the most persistent boulder. But, after a few awkward moments, he felt one of the stones move at his insistence, and the door swung open just enough that Geoff could enter.

A musty, cloying scent hit his nose as soon as he entered the dimly lit stairwell. The stairs were cobblestone, sturdy as he made his way down. A winding hallway led to another smaller door, much less imposing than the one that led him down here. To Geoff's relief, this one had a noticeable handle, and he was easily able to enter it.

At first glance, Geoff assumed he was walking into a pub, albeit a worn-down one. There was only a sparse collection of patrons, all sitting by themselves and shying away from Geoff's gaze as he glanced around. It did not escape his notice that each of the gathered people was heavily dressed in robes and jackets, despite the summer heat. Whatever the reason, it seemed more likely they were concerned with keeping their identities hidden. The underground tavern was cool, but certainly not that cool!

The man he had followed was seated at the bar while the bartender went to work, mixing some sort of beverage. He seemed to shift impatiently in his seat, eager to sample the drink being brewed for him. The man's unusual tremors made Geoff wonder if he was perhaps intoxicated, maybe with something more exotic than just alcohol. Though, he had no way to know for certain, such things foreign to him. If this was the type of establishment for those sorts of earthly pleasures, that was certainly not what he was expecting when he got here!

Geoff just stood there, trying not to feel awkward as the man's drink was poured, and he went to sit at one of the tables by himself. Geoff shyly realized that he'd been sticking out like a sore thumb. Sheepishly, he made his way over to the bar, taking in the sights properly. The shelves behind were adorned with containers of various fluids, running the spectrum of all colors and textures. Some simply seemed to be alcohol, but it was impossible to say with the consistency of other liquids present. More than a few of them looked unappealing, and Geoff couldn't imagine drinking any of them!

"What brings you to my establishment today?" The man behind the bar asked, rather presently.

Geoff felt the nervousness dissipate slightly from the man's warm demeanor. Yet he still wasn't sure how to respond. All the hours he'd practiced this moment in his mind failed to help him say the proper words.

Yet the man seemed to recognize the fear as understandable. “It’s alright. You can be frank here. That is what you are here for, isn’t it? You want something specific. The sooner you tell me, the sooner I can see if it is within my abilities to assist you.”

Geoff pondered the man’s words for a long moment before speaking. “I want some, um, help with the ladies. You know? Some added beef. Like, muscle? I’m not very um...” He finished, not sure how to feel now the words were spoken aloud.

To his surprise, the man went to work without a word, taking several of the bottles off the shelves and pouring them into a clean mixing bowl. To Geoff’s relief, he didn’t use any of the more grotesque fluids. Still, the resulting mixture had a brown, almost black color, and the syrupy texture was a little off-putting.

Seeing Geoff turn his nose, the man took out a glass and poured half of the contents into the container. “Don’t worry, friend. It goes down smoothly. Some find the taste a little peculiar but not outright offensive. In fact, many find it grows on them after a few times.”

“Do many people order this...um...? Geoff asked, confused. His request had been so vague. Yet, the man likely had a relatively general concoction prepared for whatever people asked for. It was impossible to say if there was any difference in the jar’s contents beyond what was on the surface. Geoff started to find, perhaps for the first time since he’d made the journey, that this might be a scam of sorts.

“More people than you think. And no, this is not a generalized mixture. It is specifically tailored for those who are wanting to increase their physical strength and attractiveness towards those you find sexually appealing. Many of the formulas I’ve studied have similar effects on muscle mass, but from what you’ve told me, this is the one you want,” he said, inviting Geoff to take a drink.

Geoff found himself fixated on the man’s words. There was not at all what he’d been expecting. The notion of discussing his desires openly was alien to him. How often did the man receive such requests? And, more to the point, how often was he successfully able to grant them?

“What sorts of things do people ask for? Like, maybe them?” Geoff asked, drawing his gaze towards those gathered. The notion that he was getting in over his head was not lost on him. Geoff wanted to ask the other patrons directly, but it seemed obvious that neither man in the establishment was eager to converse with him.

“They, like you, are seeking to gain something rapidly, or something that is otherwise unobtainable. The gentleman before you, for example, wished to be more productive. He has

been coming here almost daily, happy with the level of productivity my services have provided. Isn't that right?" He asked, and the man nodded nervously before downing the rest of his viscous fluid. The beverage had a whitish shade that reminded Geoff of milk as he drained his glass.

"That one, a newer client, has wished to be happier with simpler desires, having lost all of his financial gains in a rather serious bout of overindulgence," The bartender continued, regarding the man at the far corner, who seemed to be out of earshot.

"And finally, this man had requested my services to aid in coping with the overwhelming burdens weighing on his back," he finished, pointing to a larger, skittish man nearer the door.

The man shifted uncomfortably in his seat, adjusting his long, unkempt hair before standing up to leave. "Y-yeah, it's been so much easier now..." He muttered, blushing in embarrassment before moving to the door.

"Pay their reactions no mind. Many are shy about indulging in any formula that might provide enhancements to meet what were previously unattainable goals. It is their own private affair, and I only care that I provide them with the perfect assistance to meet their desires. And, if you will allow me, I would like to present you this brew that will aid you on your journey to self-actualization".

Geoff went to take it but then stopped, recalling the potential price of such a thing. "How much coin does this require?" He asked, trying not to keep the skepticism out of his voice.

The man reached out with his hand and pushed the glass even closer to the confused man before answering. "This sample is on the house for a first-time customer. The raw ingredients are not that costly. Though I will caution, it may take more than one dose to achieve the results you want, depending on your dedication to your goal. And your dedication is great, is it not? It must be, to have found my establishment,"

"And what will additional doses cost?" Geoff said, eyeing the drink with apprehension. He had no intention of becoming addicted and losing his entire wealth to a snake-oil salesman.

Looking around once more, the sight of the few gathered patrons made Geoff all the more apprehensive. The man from before had finished his drink, standing up a little woozily as he made his way to the door without a sound. The man rubbed his belly a little, as though uncomfortable. An audible belch echoed in his mouth, and he blushed in embarrassment as he rushed out of the room. The faint scent of dairy hung in the air in his wake.

“Do not worry about that now, my friend,” the bartender replied as Geoff continued to stare at the drink. “This is no price tag you need pay until it is certain that we’ve found what you are looking for. And my wares are fairly priced. You need not pay your entire fortune for what I offer.”

“I only ask you to allow me to offer you stay in my lodgings for the night after sampling my brew. As you've come so far, surely you could use a place to stay, and I’ve been told my modest accommodations are quite comfortable.”

“It will also give you to sit with the effects of the potion. Though I am certain it should give you the requested results, I am always studying more about the subtleties of my brews. I can perhaps accommodate the brew to your specifications and feedback should it not be to your specifications.”

“Potion?” Geoff asked, a little dumbfounded.

“Oh, were you not aware? I go by the name of potion master, though only within the circles I travel. I am a bit surprised that whoever recommended your presence here did not speak of me by that title.”

“Oh, well, my name is Ge-” Geoff began, raising his hand in greeting. How had that pleasantry not occurred to him before now?

The man raised his hand to stop him, however. “It doesn't matter. Given the nature of my profession, I don’t deal with names nor give my own. Your business with me is private, not to be discussed beyond these walls or those of my home.”

Geoff went to speak again but thought better of it. That made sense, didn’t it? Such things were taboo, and to speak of it beyond this space would invite misfortune, if not outright consequences. Better not to know the man’s name, in case he was caught later.

Staring down at the murky beverage, Geoff took a cautious sniff. The aromas of wheat and what he assumed were hops hit his nostrils. Pinching his nose, Geoff took a swing, worried about the flavor and texture in his mouth. To his surprise, the mixture was rather bland. It went down smoothly, and even the bitter aftertaste of wheat didn’t seem to bother him so much.

The potion maker watched with a smile as Geoff downed the drink, even tipping the glass upward for the last few gulps. “There, not so bad now, is it?” He asked, to which Geoff only replied with a smile of his own.

Feeling the tingling of the drink in his belly, Geoff waited a moment, wondering how long it might be to take effect. Even when it did, how would it manifest itself? Why didn't he think to ask?

Noticing the look of puzzlement on his client's face, the potion maker proceeded to explain. "The potion affects each user in different ways, influenced by your desires. If you truly wish for strength, then it will become yours. If you wished for virility, you might feel the potion's influence in...other ways."

"I'll leave it to you to explore the effects later on today. For now, I'm ready to close up shop. How about I take you to my home? I invite you to stay one night, at least. If you require supplies for your journey home, I'm eager to provide them. If you wish to stay longer and work with me to achieve your goal, then we can discuss recompense. Either way, I welcome you to come with me now."

Geoff considered the strange man's offer for a moment before deciding to take it. He had walked several days to get here, not having access to a steed. He had hoped to find a relatively cheap inn to rest for the duration of his stay in the city. But a free offer of lodging was too good to pass up. Besides, if he trusted the man enough to drink his strange concoction, then staying at his home was hardly a risk!

Geoff was led a few streets away toward where the potion maker had stored his wagon. When he showed concern for the safety of the man's supplies, Geoff was assured that no one would disturb the wagon or horses hitched to it. The area was relatively devoid of the populace, making Geoff thankful that he was not spotted on the way out. He was sure the potion maker went about his vocation inconspicuously each and every day. Yet he could not shake the feelings of unease now that he was involved with such a business.

The heavy smell of horses who were standing in the warm sun hit him as the beasts softly whinnied at their presence. Geoff had never been this close to livestock and found he was a little off-put by the odor. More nerve-wracking, however, was the sheer size of the beasts. If the horses had a mind to, they could easily trample his much smaller frame!

Yet these horses seemed relatively tame, even as Geoff approached to climb on the wagon. The potion master joined him, pulling at the reins to urge the beasts to begin to move. Though Geoff's knowledge of equines was rather limited, he did note that they seemed unnaturally eager to move forward at their master's whims. Evidently, they were well-trained.

Geoff couldn't help but gaze at the backsides of the beasts as they moved in tandem toward the outskirts of the city. Both were obviously stallions, their sexual equipment on full

display. To Geoff's chagrin, the animals seemed overly relaxed, even in the presence of their riders. Each stallion's shaft was hanging out of furry sheaths, as though they were prepared to urinate as they walked. Yet their stiff pricks remained at half-mast, as Geoff might have expected them to be in the presence of an eager mare!

The potion master laughed at the look of disgust on Geoff's features. "Animals are whims of their baser instincts. I find it almost enviable in a sense. What a life that must be! When hungry, to eat, when the need to relieve one's self arises, you complete the act with no shame. And, of course, when the urge to experience pleasures of the flesh comes about, then animals have no qualms about mating with any willing partner!"

Geoff listened to the man's words with distant attention. He didn't care much to talk about the animals and hoped he wouldn't need to spend much time around them on the trip. At least not any more than necessary. More of his focus was spent on the potential effects of the potion he'd drunk. It was an immense task to resist touching his body and explore any bit of growth that might be playing over his form. To do such a thing in front of the potion master seemed distasteful. Geoff hoped he would have the opportunity to have some time in private. Phantom tingles played over his form, but Geoff had no way to know whether they were his own imaginings or the potion's properties at work.

The trip itself was rather long, the Potion Maker's lodging evidently far outside the city. Did he make such a pilgrimage every day? Still, the country air was rather refreshing, and Geoff allowed himself to relax for the first time in days. Though he didn't know what the potion's effects might be, he was possibly in sight of his goal, should they work at all!

In the distance looked to be a series of wooden structures, all reminiscent of barns and other animal lodges. They sat in the center of a vast field, filled largely with wheat, though Geoff could tell there were evidently other crops being grown as well. He saw no signs of any field hands at work, even though it was still light outside. Surely, the potion maker did not tend the fields himself!

Still, the remaining daylight was waning by the time they reached the structures. Getting off the wagon, the potion maker unhitched his horses, who, much to Geoff's surprise, made their way toward one of the stables without prompting. "Ah, my charges are rather intelligent, and they know their home and purpose well enough that they no longer need my guidance!" Responded the potion maker with a chuckle.

"Now, let's get you settled! I'm afraid with the sensitive equipment in my house, I can not have you inside for supper, though I will have something brought out to you. All of my potion ingredients are grown here, hence the need for secrecy in my home. As for your lodgings, I think



that the far barn over there will suit your needs well,” he finished, pointing in the direction of a barn spaced apart from the others.

“There is currently no one else on my premises, though I often invite those who sample from my wares to my property. Some like to immerse themselves in my process in seclusion. Their stay is as long as they so choose. It has the added benefit of giving me a chance to modify my potions to suit their specific needs,” he said, and Geoff only nodded, trying to take in his surroundings.

“For tonight, I invite you to stay in the solace of the barn, among a few of my cattle. It will give you the privacy you need to experience what I can offer you to your heart’s content. You are welcome to stay here as long as you like, though we can discuss things further in the morning. For now, I bid you goodnight!” Said the potion maker as he headed into what appeared to be the main building.

Geoff took his meager belongings towards the barn, thankful to spot an outdoor bath on the way. It had been a few days' travel, and he needed a good soak. He hadn't been told not to, and the potion maker seemed more intent on getting back to his work than to show Geoff around. Geoff seemed to have the run of the place, save the potion maker's house, and the contents within.

The heavy odor of cattle hit Geoff's nose upon entering the barn, and Geoff coughed a little, unaccustomed to the stench. Yet the place was surprisingly clean, the hay organized, and the wood floors scrubbed clean. The scent came only from the beast's hides and their continued presence in their home.

There were several stalls off to the side, currently housing a pair of cows and a single bull. Geoff was reluctant to get close, but even from this angle, he could tell that their stalls had been recently mucked, and they had fresh hay to rest on. The stalls themselves opened into a larger pen where the animals could rest side by side if they so wished. A swinging door seemed to sit at the back, leading out into the pasture beyond. Yet Geoff was surprised to notice that no fencing was present. If the cattle had free range of the indoor and outdoor areas, how were they prevented from escaping?

The bull was currently asleep, resting his massive head on one of the cows. The other was standing off to the side, munching some hay while her tail swished away flies. That, too, seemed odd. Geoff knew very little of animal husbandry, but his assumption was that bulls were generally kept from cows, save for breeding times. Yet both cows seemed comfortable in the presence of the male.

Geoff took the time to set out his meager belongings, then tested the comforts of the clean hay in the corner he assumed would be best for his rest tonight. It was surprisingly soft, and Geoff decided it would be a suitable rest stop for the night.

After about twenty minutes, his supper was brought to him, a meager offering of soup and bread. He was surprised that though the Potion Maker had a farm with livestock, there was no meat offering with his meal. Though, looking at how comfortable his roommates seemed to be, he couldn't stomach the thought of eating their kind, at least not at the moment. And the meal was good, surprisingly very filling.

The setting sun finally provided him the privacy to head naked to the bath, heating the water and filling the bin before allowing himself to sit inside. The water was a little warmer than he preferred, but the soak was nonetheless welcome. Cleaning himself off quickly, he allowed himself to sit in the warm water, the cares of the day drifting away.

A strange tingling in his groin made him reach down to scratch absentmindedly through the water. Forgetting any potential effects of the potion that he'd consumed, Geoff was surprised to feel his modest member at full attention. It had been ages since he'd allowed himself to indulge in the pleasures of the flesh. Geoff was relatively average for his small frame, but the contours of his body left him more ashamed than not. With no luck with the ladies, he never really did use his assets to their full advantage.

Yet, the needs in his loins were coursing through his body now. He moaned as his fingers carefully caressed the tip of his cockhead. The slight tremor ebbing from his dick was surprisingly pleasant, and Geoff found his fingers tracing the edge of his member, craving more.

Just then, a gently lowing hit his ears, and Geoff looked up shyly to see that the bull from before had exited the barn, sauntering in his direction. He did not seem to mind Geoff's presence as he went about his business. His male stink blew downwind towards Geoff's tub, making Geoff wrinkle his nose slightly. Yet after being in the barn, the smell of sweat and hide didn't seem to bother him.

Geoff's fingers raised quickly from his cock, ashamed of such an intimate action near the creature. He tried to allow himself to relax; the bull was an animal, after all. Surely he had no qualms about breeding his cows whenever the need arose. He wouldn't give two shits if a tiny human man touched his cock while sitting in water a few feet away.

To Geoff's delight, his erection did not seem to subside, though he wasn't inclined to continue to pleasure himself in the bull's presence. Yet the need was still present, and it gnawed

at the fringes of his psyche. Geoff found himself wishing the beast would move on and give the poor, boned-up man some privacy.

He found himself looking at the massive beast, tempted to call out to him but not sure what sort of reaction that might invoke. In doing so, he found himself admiring the handsome animal. Geoff hadn't really given himself the chance to notice before. In contrast to the state he'd seen farm animals in the past, this bull was not unkempt. His hide was pristine, his backside and hooves immaculate. The bull was perfectly proportionate in all the rough places, a sign of his virility and proper care.

Geoff found himself staring in reverence at the chiseled perfection of the beast. It was everything he wanted in his own form but could never hope to achieve. The beast's flesh rippled with each step, the muscles underneath powerful. The animal was moving at a slow, carefree pace, but Geoff was sure he could take off and knock down the barn with his charge if the bull wanted to.

What would it be like to feel such power from his own frame? The human equivalent of such a powerful animal? He could easily lift those hay bales and throw them across the barn, leaving them perfectly stacked. He could work the fields, harvest wheat, and grain in the summer heat with no effort. And if he had a cock to match...the size of his bulge would surely attract any future wife to his side!

The tremors of pleasure ebbing from his groin were hardly noticed at first. Yet the greater his need grew, the more the tingles increased in intensity, and it became impossible to ignore. Even in the presence of the beast, Geoff found he wasn't able to let go of his dick. The idea of what he could achieve with a new form was a potent aphrodisiac, and it would take a powerful shock for him to remove his presence from his dick at this juncture!

A slight mutter escaped Geoff's lips as he continued to stroke his member in reverence. It seemed as though the dimensions of his penis were larger than he'd ever recalled, though he did not take the time to study his anatomy often. Yet, it felt like his hands were playing over a cock befitting the man in his fantasies. The mere idea made fluids leak from his cock even more!

A seeking hand reached up to touch his upper arm, curious to see if his body matched the form of his imaginings even slightly. Geoff could not have been prepared for the feeling of something crawling under his skin. His previously weak flesh was twitching, as though the muscle underneath was being stretched in a way that he'd never thought possible. Was he growing?

It was impossible to tell for certain with half his body underwater. Even with the privacy he had, Geoff had no intention of standing up and exposing his nakedness in front of even an animal. But the tinglings running over his body were reflective of the feeling of his expanding arms. If Geoff didn't know any better, he would swear that his entire body was expanding, the tremors of his muscle stretching at his skin just enough to imply he was getting bigger!

There was no way this was real, regardless of any concoction he might have consumed earlier in the day. Yet real or not, there was no denying the effect it had on his maleness. His cock was straining under his touch, desperate for the contact that might bring him release. Nimble fingers found a rhythm, causing his cockhead to leak a steady stream of precum, the texture of which was visible on the water's surface.

Having been pent up for many months, the slight swelling of his balls built up rather rapidly. He wasn't going to last long, but that was OK. Still, his skilled hands had some time to continue to explore the surface of his flesh before he was done. With each touch, Geoff wished it would cause more muscle swelling under the skin, to bring him even an ounce closer to his goal. If he didn't know any better, he might say that each surge his cock sent through his body was adding a little more mass to his frame. Best of all, it seemed as though his cock was getting longer, the tip reaching to pierce the water's surface.

With a soft moan, Geoff's modest load spilled from his cock and into the water, making his entire body tremble with the waves of relief. The force caused the surface of his bath to ripple as his body went limp. It was hard to imagine any release being so potent. Nothing he had experienced could compare with an orgasm that might, beyond all hope, give him the body of his dreams.

A thick, wet muscle against his face made him open his eyes and move back in shock. Lost in his release, he hadn't even noticed the beast had crept up upon him. The bull was licking at his face and lapping at the water a little, much to Geoff's disgust. He suddenly felt nervous and ashamed. The beast was obviously attracted by private activities.

Geoff sat in the cool, dirty water for what felt like the better part of the evening, waiting for the beast to leave. The bull, much to his chagrin, seemed intent on continuing his affections well into the evening. With the level of attention it was showing, Geoff had no intention of giving him access to Geoff's naked body before he made it to the barn again.

Eventually, the bull seemed to give up, evidently wishing for the companionship of his cows in the barn. Geoff took the chance to rise quickly, still wet as he ran back towards the barn, lest the bull return. His feet were dirtied once more, but Geoff paid it no mind as he finally

allowed himself to dry and don some appropriate sleeping garments. The evening was hot, but Geoff found it uncomfortable to sleep nude in the presence of the beasts.

Sleep did not come easy. Geoff's arms kept tracing the contours of his arms, wondering if what he'd felt in the tub was real. His arms did, in fact, feel larger than what he was accustomed to. It was impossible to tell for sure, however. It was just as likely a placebo brought on by his heightened hopes. Yet, the sensations gave him the sliver of hope he'd been craving all of this time.

Eventually, Geoff did drift off, his thoughts swirling with images of what this quest would finally bring him in body and in confidence. The imaginings of his mindset the course of his dreams, becoming the centerpiece of the evening as he finally allowed himself to enjoy the future possibilities.

The warm sun played over him through a patch in the roof as Geoff awoke, unsure of his surroundings. It took him a while to get his bearings, the stench of animals and their morning activities bringing him to the awareness of where he was and what he was doing there. Though, despite the pungent smells, it was a certain peace to waking up in a barn, once he got used to things. A break from the bustle of city living and a reprieve from other people. That, and the gift that was promised him should he continue his stint here...

There was something else that came to the forefront of his thoughts, recalling what had happened already after one dose of potion. Rubbing his arms slightly, their warmth, even from having been under the sun, was rather surprising. Geoff had simply been sleeping, save for the minute chance he'd slept-walked. It was almost as though his skin was warm from illness, and Geoff did detect enough of a strain that could denote his body was not agreeing with the consumed potion.

Still, much to his elation, the feeling of his skin and the tone underneath were not the familiar sensations that his fingers usually reported. Familiar with the sensations of his own body, Geoff was pleasantly surprised to discover the presence of muscle tone under the skin, something that had not been present on his body. Not confined to one part of his arm, Geoff excitedly ran his fingers down the skin, loving that it seemed to possess a light layer of tone that he'd been trying to acquire for years with little effort. And it had only taken one dose of the potion in order to work!

That, of course, was not the only part of his body that the potion had promised to change. Already slightly aroused, Geoff could not help but pull down his britches in hopes to discover enhanced maleness. It was hard to tell, as he had never been much to play with himself. Still, he was hopeful that his penis was larger, maybe a little thicker. Certainly, something that might

please any future wife. And if it wasn't now, surely it would be soon so long as he kept up the potion regiment!

Before he could explore himself too much, the sound of the door opening made him pause, and Geoff looked up to see the Potion Maker approaching him with a plate of breakfast. Ravenous, it took Geoff everything he had to try and maintain some semblance of manners as he ate his vegetarian meal, not something he normally partook in but some of the best-tasting produce he had never consumed. It seemed that their operation was truly superior here, a testament to the necessity for the best ingredients for his potions.

“No need to hold back, boy! Eat as much as you want! There is plenty here for my guests, and the work does build up a ravenous appetite!” The Potion Maker said, seeming to smile and Geoff's insistence. Geoff felt somewhat embarrassed but allowed himself to get into his breakfast. He was indeed starving, unable to recall the last time he was able to eat so much in a single sitting!

Afterward, he was asked to tend to the animals there, the cattle in particular. Though Geoff had little experience with farm work, the tasks were simple enough and he was already aware of the potion's effects on his physiology. That, and the work would help the potion take effect. Of course, he was given a healthy dose of the liquid, the flavor of hay on his breath as much as he could smell the dusty grains all around him.

Seeming to notice his confusion, though just as likely needing to inform him of that anyway, the potion maker continued. “Hay is a key ingredient of the formula I have you on. The idea is that if it's something that bulls consume, eating some yourself will help you build strength. The other ingredients, well, you don't need to concern yourself with those. Just keep working at it, and the ingredients will bring out your natural strength and stamina. Oh, and eating some hay from the source, while not the most palatable thing you might think it to be, might help you achieve your goals even faster. Feel free to try it if you wish!”

With that, the Potion Maker's horses pulled him into town, and Geoff was left to tend to the beasts, mucking stalls, moving hay bales, and, to his surprise, brushing and washing the beasts. He didn't think that the animals would be cared for in such a careful manner, but it was obvious that his benefactor took great maintenance over his animals. They were friendly as well, giving him licks of appreciation and sniffs of curiosity, much as they would one with their own herd. Their intelligence was unparalleled, Geoff noting they were moving to aid his work, getting out of the way while he cleaned their stalls, and generally cooperative. The bull, for his part, wasn't even protective of his herd, rather treating Geoff like a member of it rather than a threat.

Though the work started out more difficult, Geoff's smaller body tiring easily, as the day went on, he felt some degree of invigoration, as though the menial tasks were translating into pure power pumped directly into his muscles. Geoff's only breaks were taken to rub his skin, trying to figure out if he indeed had added on muscles and mass. He was certainly harrier, too, so thick in some places it was harder to move his hands through the skin. Though the speed of the changes should have disturbed him, Geoff could not help but feel elated, that the Potion Maker's machinations were indeed working, and he was to get the body of his dreams!

The smell he could do without, barnyard odors seemed to seep into his very skin and make him reek of the beasts he was trending to. Though, towards the end of the day, the smells were more palatable, enough to the point where he could stand them even coming off his own form. He figured it would be a small price to pay for the rewards he was gaining. Besides, it would only be for a few days and weeks, and the rest of the work was rewarding enough that Geoff was finding himself almost in enjoyment of it.

Though it had been on his mind for most of the day, the notion of actually eating cattle feed wasn't the most palpable conclusion for his daily activities. Even if it would accelerate the process, he didn't want to put himself down on that level. Then again, would it really be so bad? Geoff wrestled with the prospect. He figured it would be so bland and tasteless that it wouldn't even matter. And, if it really would help him out, to make him change faster, then why wouldn't he try it!?

Eventually, he took a few strands of hay and put them in his mouth, salivating profusely to try and chew the thick grasses. The flavor was bland and offensive, though the more that Geoff let them sit in his mouth, the less repulsive they became. Eventually, he was able to chew them up enough that he could swallow, and they went down smooth enough, though made him cough a little as he tried. Feeling emboldened, Geoff reached down and pulled up more than a handful of the stuff, and, salivating profusely, he bite into them, not as denigrated by the taste as he assumed he might be. The fodder was dry and dusty but not offensively so, though he still carried a pitcher of water to help quench his thirst over the bizarre meal. Still, if it was in the name of gaining muscle mass then there was little other recourse than to eat his fill, as much as he could manage without straining his innards!

The sound of the door opening brought him forth from his stupor, and Geoff looked up with some embarrassment to see the Potion Maker returning, it evidently having been late enough in the day. "Well, I see you are indulging me! I assure you, stud, that you won't be disappointed with the results!" He said, clapping.

"Yes, it's not so bad..." Geoff said, wanting to spit out what he had in his mouth but decided it was best to force a swallow.

“Oh, I have some news for you that might excite you! Your charges will increase by two more in the coming days. I have a cow coming to join my numbers, and, hopefully, if all goes well, she will be followed by a bull soon after! I’ve been looking to increase my herd and I’ve finally procured two worthwhile specimens! I’m sure you won’t mind the extra work in tending to their care, especially as my serums start to take effect! And, I must say, stud, they already seem to be doing just that!” He finished with a little bit of a chuckle that made Geoff blush a little. He wasn’t inclined to the fancies of men, but had to admit the compliment was welcome nonetheless!

“How are you enjoying the effects of my potions, by the way? You've been coming along so nicely from an outsider's point of view, as best as I can tell. And the workload I've had you taken on this far is more than a man with your previous stature could manage. Tell me, stud, is this the level that you hoped to reach, or are you still willing to work with me and reach the pinnacle of possibilities? I think I already know the answer, but I would like to hear it from you,” the Potion Maker continued, seemingly eager for the words to come out of his mouth.

“I want more...” Geoff said, almost entranced. Though the Potion Maker was likely biased, it was everything he wanted and more to hear that the potions were having a noticeable effect on him. Geoff wanted more than anything else to gain stature and get status. And even in the short period, he had been here, it was working!

“Good, good, my lad!” The Potion Maker clapped, leaving Geoff without the pressure to say anything further. Geoff felt immense relief at that, not able to properly voice the pleasure that he took in gaining the body of his dreams.

“Though I should warn you, there might come with some...side effects, though nothing that will result in more of an inconvenience. Rather, I simply wish for you to be aware of them, so you are not surprised by the reactions. As I've been told, this particular concoction comes with it a certain degree of headaches. Minor, I assume you, nothing that could manage you any real pain. Do keep from rubbing your temples, as much as the urge persists, however. It will only make things worse in the long run,” the Potion Maker suggested, as though it was a common side effect.

Geoff intended to heed the words, replying with only a nod. At the moment, he was willing to do whatever the Potion Maker required of him, so long as he could keep taking his prepared brew. There was no denying the immediate effects, and surely, true to his word, the potion would make him, even more, the man he wished to be.



With that, the Potion Maker left, allowing Geoff time to rest after dinner and his latest dose of the formula. Geoff, rather than feeling fatigued from the day's endeavors, was energized, feeling he could go all night if need be. Though there was little precedent for that, given the chores of farm upkeep he would be working on tomorrow and throughout the week. So, he even decided to forgo a bath, not seeing much point and not bothered by the stink he had accumulated over the day's labors.

Unable to sleep, Geoff's attention was drawn to his charges, left alone in the pen, and allowed to do as he would. With little to occupy his mind, the most entertainment he could was to watch the actions of the beasts, even if it was mostly feeding with occasional bouts of flatulence or defecation. He would be in charge of cleaning the mess in the morning but was not bothered by the notion now after a day with the beasts. Rather, there was a certain kinship with them that he could not deny. It was more in line with their stature and comparing Geoff's own growing one. They, particularly the bull, were massive, muscular specimens, and there was some degree of envy in Geoff's disposition towards them. Not that he would want to become an animal, mind. But the bull certainly had everything he ever wanted in a body. Massive, powerful, and lucky with the ladies if this beast's promiscuity was any indication!

It was the sight of the bull rutting into one of his herd that prompted Geoff's own arousal. Though such a sight should have, for all intents and purposes, done nothing for him, there was nothing to be done for the raging erection he was faced with. Never one for pleasures of the flesh to this degree, he figured it a welcome side effect of the potions he was given. After all, sexual stamina was one of the perks he was to gain for his troubles, right? Figuring that he was alone and that thoughts of power and vitality, not of bulls, were fueling his arousal, Geoff stripped down and started stroking off, leaking enough within the first few minutes that it was hardly an inconvenience for him to feel any friction. Though, even in his eagerness to touch himself, Geoff was hardly the wiser about how it felt, too eager to get off.

However, something soon came to the forefront of his thoughts. Though he was not as accustomed to the size of his member as many men would be, the girth that met his touch was not the size that he was accustomed to. It seemed bigger, if such was possible, though he highly doubted the possibility. Then again, the potion was to make him larger in all ways, right? Certainly, it had the capacity to increase his mass in the downstairs department. Though he hadn't specified it so overtly, Geoff wasn't going to complain!

The realization of what was happening to his member was all Geoff needed to explore it, moaning audibly as his penis unloaded onto his hand and groin. Though rather rapid, the pleasure was immense, and sent Geoff shivering, unable to stop himself from making noise. Though, his lack of concern was warranted, given the presence of the cattle and no one else.

However, he was soon to realize that was not the case. “Bravo, stud! It seems you're taking full advantage of my potions! A perfect trial, indeed! We are going to do marvelous things together, no doubt! You'll get the body of your desires and I can perfect the next batch of potions to help dozens like you!”

Though the potion maker seemed not to care about witnessing the depraved act, Geoff was powerfully ashamed. He was a private person before now, having never been with a woman or man in such an intimate way. And to be viewed in such a personal action, all while the voyeur stood there silently and looked on approvingly. Though the Potion Maker was a scientist by trade, likely using the display for his own observations, it was not something that Geoff could simply brush off to be seen in such a manner!

But the Potion Maker was all smiles as he walked away, declaring the results of the work. Just wait there, my boy! I have something for you before you sleep! Knowing that last brew did the trick, I think only a slight variation will be needed! It should only take me less than an hour!”

Though unsure, Geoff decided to take the man up on his offer. Even the embarrassment of being caught in such a situation started to fade under the promise of what might follow. After all, he was a far more impressive male specimen than he had been before taking the man's concoctions. And it was something that he'd wanted to show off, even if it was only to a potential suitor. What did it matter if someone caught him in the act? That was the point of him being here in the man's care, wasn't it?

By the time the Potion Maker returned, Geoff was eager and ready to take what was given him. The flavor of the drink was far more reminiscent of the hay that he'd eaten earlier that day, though he was used to it by this point, and drank it down almost greedily. Geoff wanted nothing more than to experience the results as quickly as possible, and, more than that, wished to receive more of the man's praises. The Potion Maker seemed happy with the results, even ruffling the man's hair a little as a show of affection. Geoff couldn't help but think of the man as some kind of mentor, even though they had only known each other over the course of a few days.

Getting to bed, it was a little hard to sleep on his back as Geoff was accustomed to. It was as though something was sticking out of his tailbone, and lying that way was putting pressure onto it, enough that it made him grunt from the ache. Reaching back didn't seem to find the source of the ailment, nor could he think of any activity that day that might have sprained his tailbone. Still, the ache faded as he rested on his side, and Geoff was able to sleep, peaceful dreams of cattle and of fields whisking him off to his head.

Waking in the morning, Geoff soon became aware of another pain, one akin to a hangover, something that he had not often experienced but was faintly familiar with. Reaching

up, twin lumps on his temples met his touch, and Geoff wracked his brains, trying to recall a time when he had hit his head over the course of his work. Nothing came to mind, and for a moment, he wondered if he had been assaulted over the night or if perhaps had something fallen on him that failed to wake him. No matter how much he got up to move, the aches persisted, and he wished he had something to view his reflection, thinking to ask the Potion Maker for such when he came in. Still, he refused to touch them once more, recalling that the man had told him to ignore such things, that they were a common occurrence and not to be worried about.

As was his usual run, the Potion Maker returned with breakfast soon after, and, seeing the concern on his patient's face, was quick to comment on the alterations. "Don't worry about it, my boy! You like your new body, don't you? And don't worry, there is more to come! Some aches and bumps will result from it, I'm sure, but in the end, you will have all you've wished for and more. My potions usually work wonders, if I may be so bold, but with you, the progress is astounding! Of course, you'd be wanting a mirror, silly me! I'll have one brought out for you! Enjoy your day and your work!"

With that, it was time to get to the day's activities. Geoff had to admit, he did enjoy the simplicity of working with the cattle and cleaning up around the barn. There was something rewarding in the work that passed his usual stressors with his practice and trade. And, he loved the power that his new body seemed to possess, easily able to throw hay bales that were a struggle for him to move the day before. The smells and more disgusting aspects of farm life were soon accustomed to and almost missed, as though nuances existed within the scents excited that had him more curious. Flaring his nose a little, Geoff found himself wondering if he could determine which cow he was smelling if he really thought about it. If the beasts were in the barn with him, he was sure he would be able to detect minute differences in their odors, though did his best not to worry about it, for now, almost forgetting about it in his eagerness to get the work done.

Part of him, an increasing part, was eager for the praise that the Potion Maker seemed to dole out in droves. It was something that was lacking from his own parents, and he delighted in how much the Potion Maker seemed to take an interest in his own prowess. It was no substitute for what he was missing, mind, but there was still something that spoke to his inner child, something that he had not known he'd longed for until it was before him right now. He wanted the man's approval and was excited about the legitimate joy that Geoff's progress was giving him. And nothing he could think of would please him more!

The work day, though quicker than the previous day likely due to an increase in size, was halted by an ache in his hands. He had to stop multiple times to work out the stiffness in the digits, as though he'd spend all day working with them. Even his previous job did not require as much discomfort in his hands as this seemed to. The weight of his tasks was barely felt, though it

was harder to get his fingers around the strings as he moved his bales. It was powerfully contrasting, to have to stop every twenty minutes or so to twitch the fingers, yet be so much stronger that he could pick up and throw bales into place with ease. Still, he figured it was best not to worry about it, ultimately a non-issue in getting along with his work.

It was the power in his body, and the excitement of the words of praise being reflected upon, that caused his arousal to peak midday, and Geoff had to stop, knowing he had the privacy and figuring there was no reason not to give into his desires. Pulling down his pants, he was a little surprised to see how deep red his penis was, and how much the urethra had moved down towards the base rather than in the center. Though the shape should have given him some level of concern, it was largely forgotten with the sheer size of the shaft, much larger than anything he could have imagined on his frame. With a cock that big, it would be impossible for any woman he was interested in to resist him!

Yet, it was not the thought of human women that seemed to pervade the forefront of his notions. Rather, it was the images of the bull breeding that seemed to hold his interest. Having seen the bull mate in front of him without any regard for who was watching was powerfully erotic, the epitome of what he was trying to achieve. Looking after his two cows, the dominant beast in his herd, was a goal to be achieved, rather than a simple animal doing simple things. And that reality, more than anything in the human world, was what had Geoff's arousal towards its apex.

Mental images of bulls and cows in mind, it took no time for Geoff to reach his climax. With a bellow, trying to imitate the bulls at rut, Geoff came in his hand, spilling his seed onto the hay with no regard for his surroundings. The scent of which was thicker in his nose, and he breathed it in with some excitement. It was nearly enough to bring him to arousal once more, though he decided, for now, it was best to get back to work. Still, with how dirt he was, there was no reason for him to clean up, wiping his hand on his pants and getting back to mucking.

Keeping up with the chores, Geoff felt that, aside from the intense stiffness and the thicker nails that kept getting in the way of holding his implements, he was proud of the work. Even trying to race his progress of the previous day was not enough to keep him satisfied. Though eventually, the chores were done, and Geoff was left bored, waiting for the Potion Maker to come back and offer him more brew. Even with all the muscle already building in his body, Geoff couldn't help but want more, and as fast as possible!

Waiting in the doorway, Geoff figured it was best to try chewing some more hay, deciding that if it would truly accelerate the potion's effects then it would be worth it. And the idea of standing there, chewing some grass, seemed to appeal to him in an odd way. Though, figuring new impulses were par for the course when it came to such drastic alterations, he

allowed himself to pick up some handfuls of hay, chewing it as long as he could before swallowing. Standing there, allowing himself to chew and swallow, felt somehow more relaxing, more fulfilling than anything he was expecting. And he had all the time in the world to let the day slowly go by, living in the moment more than any time he could recall in recent memory.

Eventually, the scent of his own body odor, though pleasant, was enough for him to take stock of his form. He was dirty, covered with sweat and dirt and other things that would have made him wretch just a few days ago. His shoes, in particular, were rather tight, as though his feet had swollen up within them. Not caring that he was standing on the bare barn floor, Geoff struggled to get them off, finding immediate relief in letting them breathe. Though he was a little surprised to see how long and pointed his nails had gotten, and the two in the center were oddly swollen, far beyond what any injury should have allowed. Though he was still able to wriggle them a little, he decided, for now, that he would keep his boots off.

It was the sight of his muscles, however, as he pulled off his clothes, that really did it for him. The skin was thicker, stretched from the muscle underneath, and the texture was pleasant, a further sign of increased vitality. He rubbed his arms lovingly, the dips and grooves having never been present on his frame before. And, although he had no implements to measure himself, Geoff was sure that his arms were larger, much beefier than before. Maybe his clothes were a little tighter, too? Geoff really wanted to peel them off and really see his body!

Yet, before he could, the sound of the barn door opening in front of him made him jump, and Geoff felt a momentary bit of shame, not wanting to be caught in the act of seeing himself nude. Yet, like before, the man seemed to have the intention of praising his acts, as open and as voyeurism as they were. “Bravo, Bravo! So large already, and we’ve just begun to get started! I knew you were the perfect subject for my potions. And I’m so happy that you’re getting exactly the results you want to see! Why not give in and explore all the facets of your new body? Go on, stud!”

With those words, Geoff took off his shirt, almost tearing it off with the power that his muscles possessed. A few rips did occur, but Geoff was remiss to care, realizing how tight it had become and how much larger he had become to make it so. And the sight of his chest and stomach, complete with a whiff of heavy musk, was more than he could have ever imagined! For the first time, Geoff was aware that his belly was bulbous, beyond what his former frame could support. Though, rubbing it, he was soon well aware that the flesh underneath was far from flabby, firm-packed muscle the likes of which could only form with years of testosterone and hard work. It looked a little out of place on his frame, but as it matched what his frame was growing towards, it was hard to feel too ashamed of its presence on him. It was obvious that the changes were working, and left Geoff powerfully excited to know that was the case!

“Marvelous, Marvelous progress! I think you’ve come along so well already! But, we can do better, can’t we? I have another gift for you! Go on, try it on!” The Potion Maker declared, producing a small metal object that left Geoff curious.

Walking over to view it, Geoff was a little surprised to see a rather sizable nose ring, glistening in the light streaming from the roof of the barn. He was sure that it would pain his nose if he were to don it. And, yet, there was something entrancing about it that drew him forward. After all, everything the Potion Maker had offered him thus far helped transform him toward the muscled form of his dream. Anything he suggested, Geoff was interested to try!

Without questioning it, Geoff took the ring and pressed it against his nose, closing the clasp hard against the skin and waiting for the pain to hit him. Though, much to his surprise, the ache of the ring was largely dulled, as though the skin of his nose could hardly be bothered by the presence of such a thing. It made him smile to don such an implement, that which only a beast would wear, a beast whose physique was getting admired more and more with each passing day!

Much to his chagrin, Geoff felt himself getting hard at the prospect of such power, and, looking down, was embarrassed to see he was sporting obvious wood. Wanting to put his hands over it to hide his shame, the Potion Maker simply smiled, as though not embarrassed that his charge was reacting to the gift in such a manner. “No worries, stud! You take all the time you need to enjoy yourself in any way you see fit! I’ll leave you to it!” He said, smiling as he turned around and exited the barn.

Hardly waiting until the sounds of shoes against the walkway were far enough away before starting, Geoff pulled down his pants and started stroking off, feeling the ache from his cock the moment that it was exposed to the air. The reddened shaft hung heavily on his groin, and the sheer size of it took his awareness away from the present, dizzied from the volume of blood needed to fuel it. Though it was hardly a deterrent to his continued pleasure, the pointed tip already leaking and covering his hand with sticky fluids. The scent of his secretions only served to bring his arousal to a premium, rising faster and faster the more that he explored himself.

With the lust in his loins and his eagerness to both change and please the Potion Maker, it took no time for Geoff to cum, spilling his seed all over his hand and the barn floor. A deeply powerful groan escaped his lips, more masculine than anything he thought he could manage he was powerful, a muscled being of his dreams, and getting more so each and every day. There was no denying the potion was working, and nothing could get in the way of the enjoyment of what was happening!

Yet, there was something uncomfortable about the whole affair, a fact that was made clear to him as he went about his evening chores. The sight of the bull breeding his charges, while always arousing, had a worrying effect on his libido as Geoff felt himself tenting in his pants from the viewing. It was not just the power of the bull that had him enamored, but rather the sight of the mating himself. He wanted something under him, like the cows, to worship his strength. Something that he could protect and take whenever he wanted. He wasn't bestial, he didn't want the cows themselves. Though the idea of bestial breeding was more and more appealing, to the point that he was already rubbing himself through his pants...

Trying to remove the intrusive thoughts, Geoff thought it prudent to heat some water for a bath. Though part of him was accustomed to his own musk by this juncture, the intense arousal he felt for the bovine body made him sure that he needed to wash himself in cold water to try and get himself out of the thoughts. It was not that he wanted to be bestial, no. Rather, he thought himself a male specimen worthy of such a harem and wished to distance himself from the notion. After all, he was a man, he wanted a wife from a series of women that would line up to see him in all his muscled glory...

Lost in his thoughts, Geoff hardly noticed the presence of the bull until the beast's breath was on his chest, and Geoff opened his eyes to see the massive bovine staring at him. Geoff shivered, unnerved by the proximity of the beast and confused as to how it had gotten up here without his notice. Stealthy as the beast seemed to be, it was no matter with his presence right in front of him. And, the masculine stench of the beast did little to help lower his erection, even as it stood proud from under the water.

Without missing a beat, the bull's tongue reached out and started lapping at the man's dick, making Geoff moan from the surprisingly sensual contact. He wanted to pull away, needed to get away from what should have been a depraved act. Yet, two things kept him rooted to the spot, moaning from the massive tongue on his cock. The first was that the beast itself had initiated the action, something no dumb bull would ever think to perform. The second was that the beast's tongue felt simply divine on his member, to the point that there was no resisting, even if he was inclined to...

Barely cognizant over the pleasure that the practice was giving him, Geoff still had the wherewithal to look down and note that his cock, while not nearly the length of the beast orally pleasuring him, seemed to be not as far off as he might have thought. It stuck out several inches from the water, Geoff not needing to reposition himself at all to properly receive the pleasure. And there were other confusing signs as well, the color, for one, seemingly darker to match the bovine's penis. And, the tip seemed more pointed, as befit a farm beast...

Yet, there was nothing to be done for the concern as Geoff was taken to the edge and beyond, letting out a bellow that was more reminiscent of the beasts than anything he had ever made. Streams of semen burst from his rod, making him vibrate in the water from the sheer force of orgasm. The bull, for his part, was not deterred, seeming to use his massive tongue to lap up any errant cum that got on his nose. The only fleeting thoughts he could muster were ones of pride in the size that his member had taken. He had wanted a much larger cock, to befit the stature he also desired to have. And even if it looked a little different, it brought him so much pleasure...what woman wouldn't want to partake in that?

Barely remembering getting out of the bath and moving towards his bed, Geoff instantly fell asleep, the powerful orgasm making him extremely fatigued. The beast, having had his fill, trotted away, moving towards his cows presumably to deal with his own lusts. Geoff did dream, the dreams that pervaded his mind were beyond his understanding, as vivid as they seemed to be to his mind. Instead of the muscled man he wished to be, Geoff was like the bull in the field, massive, furred, and bestial. He had a massive, swinging cock to match his suitors and an inkling that he might share not only the cows but each other's bodies. Still, no matter how much he tried to think of reasons why he should resist the impulses, there was no denying how contented he was. As if being a bull was the true epitome of existence, especially raising his tail to take his new mate whenever he requested...

As he had the past few days, Geoff woke with a raging erection, the fleeting memories of the dream still on the fringes of his mind. He wanted to resist, not liking the mental images that were pervading his thoughts. Though, there was no denying the potency of the dreams and the need to touch himself. Not to mention that his muscles, sore as they were, were indicative of how much he had grown already, how much the work he had done was having an effect on him. Though it took some effort to get out of bed, especially with the pounding erection which he did not want to tend to just now.

Yet, that was not the only thing Geoff became aware of as he tried to stumble towards the downstairs area to greet the Potion Maker. His stance was awkward, as though his heels were somewhat longer, and his legs had altered in length to match. Putting on his boots was a chore, especially given how swollen the middle two digits were, making the shape of his boots all wrong. He figured it might be prudent to ask the Potion Maker for some new ones, or at least a ride into town. Was it something about the potions working in unexpected ways that were making his feet swollen? Geoff wouldn't be able to get them on at all if that kept up!

Stumbling a little as he struggled with a body more top-heavy than he was anticipating, Geoff's hands found their way to his backside, rubbing against something at the top that left him startled. It was a growth of protrusion, one that moved as his fingers brushed against it. A shiver ran up his spine, as though it was previously unaware of the growth on his body and was



struggling to understand the extension of his spine that he now possessed. Running his hands around it, the shape and warmth of the thing had only one designation in his mind, as impossible as it was. Unable to turn around and view it, there was no denying that he was in possession of a bestial tail, a bovine one unless his suspicions were unwarranted!

That was not to be the only sign of his downfall, however, much to Geoff's detriment. An ever-present ache in his head, one that his sensibilities had been able to keep at bay before now, came to the forefront of his awareness, and raising his hands met two bumps that felt almost calcified. Terror washed over him at that; these were not the protrusions that any physical contact could manage. It was as though horns were protruding from his forehead, like those of his bovine charges. How such a thing was possible, he had no way to say, though there was no denying the reality that even a dream state could not explain!

Panic turned to rationalization and turned back to confusion, as Geoff paced his bed above the stables, not wanting to look down at the cattle lest he be given foresight of his fate. He had to tell the Potion Maker, to let him know the possible side effects of his machinations. Yet, how could he? It was embarrassing to be put on the level of such beasts. Wasn't it? Hadn't he spent the last few days admiring the strength of the bull and desire for his cows? Was that normal? Geoff could hardly wade through the swamp of conflicting thoughts assailing him.

There was little time before the sound of the gate opening and the Potion Maker entering with breakfast. Geoff briefly considered trying to hide but knew there was little point in a move such as that. After all, where else would he have gone? And, even if the Potion Maker somehow knew that such was possible, there would be nowhere else for him to turn. Had this been the man's plan all along? An unfortunate side effect? No matter the conclusion, there was nothing for it but to confront the man and determine what might become of him.

It seemed as though the Potion Maker was already well aware of his questions just from seeing Geoff's expression if the swishing tail and the horns weren't already an indication. "Aw, I'm so sorry to find you in this state! Such was something that could happen, no doubt, given the bovine extracts used in the potions! I would have warned you sooner, but there was a low chance of this being the outcome, given the study groups used in the past. My deepest apologies! You can be assured that the physical discrepancies will be fixed in the next few batches! You have my word!"

Geoff, having been full of fear over the state of his being, was perplexed by the state of affairs. The doctor knew about this being a possibility, but didn't say anything? The Potion Maker had simply applied this to happen, as part of his own experiments, using himself as a test subject, of some sort. Though the more Geoff tried to rationalize it, the more it made sense. He *had* partaken of the formulas of his own accord, after all. No one had coerced him. In fact, he'd

practically *begged* to be part of the man's experiments! How could he possibly denounce the man knowing full well it was as much of his fault as the Potion Maker's own?

"Are you sure that...it will pass?" Geoff asked, not wanting to bring voice to the horns and tail that he possessed. He was worried they wouldn't; after all, his goal had been not only to be given a body to work but to be a hit with the ladies as well. What woman would want a beast of a man like he was evidently becoming?!

"Rest assured, it shall! The potions work differently with different people, so I've observed. It takes some time to get the formula right, and, in most cases, physical circumstances like this never occur! I should have warned you, I'm so sorry! But, you have to admit, I'm sure, that the rest of the results have been exactly up your alley, no?" The Potion Maker asked, and Geoff had to admit, there was truth in the words. After all, Geoff thus far loved what was happening to him. There was no denying that he'd doubled, tripled his physical prowess in so short a time. And, there was a modicum of relief, knowing that if bovine essence was used in the potions, that would explain his bestial admirations as of late. It was another side effect that would pass, surely!

"Y-yes, they certainly have..." Geoff said, with some embarrassment. It seemed like a worthy sacrifice, especially if the Potion Maker was to fix things for him, after all. Such was a stepping stone for his goals, and hadn't Geoff been willing to do whatever it took to achieve them? Physical alterations were hardly anything abnormal for what he had been asking. Even if they were almost debilitating, what did he really have to say in the face of what they promised to grant him? And, so long as they could be reversed, then...

"Didn't you want this, stud? I can't speak for you but I can see how much you've loved what we've done thus far! And once I alter the potions...well, won't you continue to work with me, stud?" The Potion Maker asked, as though a little bit more hopeful for the answer.

Thinking it over for only a moment, Geoff found he could only come up with one solution. After all, he had wanted his goal of growth and power more than anything. So what if he was borrowing that strength from a beast? The horns and tail he could do without. But, it was impossible to find fault with the Potion Maker, to think the man lying or having anything but his best interests at heart. And, deep down, he desperately wanted more of the man's words of praise as he grew larger, stronger

"Yes, of course! I want it!" Geoff declared, not caring how desperate his voice sounded in the moment of passion. There was no denying that desire for what could come from their relationship. After all, what did he have to go back to? His smaller, meeker body? A life alone, never to be attractive to a member of the opposite sex? That was not to be his fate, Geoff stole

himself. And, what were a few more bizarre alterations, when they were only transitory, right? The Potion Maker would be able to remove them for him. Right?

It took some time before his breakfast brew was prepared, and Geoff went about his morning chores with some trepidation. Still, even with his beastly additions, the work went even faster, as though they came with them an added boost of strength. Eventually able to ignore the twitch of his tail and the persistent ache of horns, Geoff felt some pride in the work, to the point that even his prior fears were allayed.

It was when the Potion Maker returned, brew in hand, that Geoff was given a rather peculiar task, one that he had not expected, given his beastly features. "I want you to come to town with me, stud. I had a lot of supplies for my shop, and your powerful muscles would do just the trick to help me move them," he asked, reaching up and rubbing Geoff's rather sturdy muscles. Geoff blushed, despite himself, even tenting in his pants a little. How could he possibly say no?

After downing his brew with a quick gulp, Geoff donned something a little more suited for being around other people. Though his body odors and the scents he'd accumulated from his morning chores made such a trip a sufferable one, Geoff was assured that he would not be bothered, and would be coming into contact with few people. Geoff reluctantly agreed, especially after hearing words of praise about his stature and power. The masculine odor from his body only made the trip more appealing!

The long trip made Geoff antsy, though mostly with anticipation as to his ability to show off from his benefactor. It was all he could do not to get off the wagon and offer to pull it in the stallion's stead! Though, a few words from the Potion Maker, about how powerful he was, how he could indeed pull the cart soon, with the Potion Maker's further machinations, of course. Geoff felt elated, almost begging him to take them back if only that he might chew some hay while waiting for the next batch to be brewed!

Still, the town soon came to view, and with it, a sense of unease that Geoff found unfamiliar. It was more akin to belonging in the rural farmland as he had the last few days, rather than the city where he had lived all his life. Having been anticipating a shopping trip for new shoes, Geoff rather felt that he would rather go back to the farm without, as quickly as possible!

With some kind words from the Potion Maker, however, Geoff was calmed enough to do the job of unloading the wagon. Able to lift several crates at once, The Potion Maker reached in to rub Geoff's biceps and shoulder several times, relaxing the man and filling him with a sense of pride that surpassed all expectations. All trepidation about being seen and scented in his current state was allayed with the potent prowess his body was able to muster. Never before had he been

prided on his work to this degree, and with that encouragement, it took him no time for him to unload the wagon, leaving everything stacked neatly in the stock room.

Far from being done for the day, however, Geoff had the option to spend the next few hours organizing the room while he served his brews to the usual clients. Geoff found this to be acceptable and not wanting to surround himself with who he had considered the other day to be strange clientele. Not that he was much different, now, perhaps. And, even though proud of his power, there was something about keeping his prowess to himself, at least for now. Not until the Potion Maker's brews had made their final alteration to his physique, and it was time to show off to the world!

Yet, as he worked, something in the air made him powerfully confused as he worked the stock room, prompting him to stop and sniff. It was faint, though noticeable over the scents of dust and must in the room that he had grown accustomed to. Not the first time that a strange odor caught his notice in recent days, but it was still rather startling to be so enamored by a scent, one that his mind and recollections had no immediate name for. But the more he worked, the more the aroma seemed to seep into his senses, distracting him to the point it was impossible to keep his pace.

To his surprise, the scent seemed to have a rather unexpected effect on his physiology, bringing his cock to attention and making him tent almost painfully in his britches. Try as he might, Geoff could not bring himself to bring the erection away. It seemed as though the scent, however minute, was the source of the arousal. And no matter how much willpower he mustered, he could not will himself out of the moment and into some semblance of normalcy.

With the now pungent stench firmly entranced in his nostrils, Geoff saw no reprieve but to leave the room, not inclined to rub one out then and there. Though there was little to be done for it, he figured that, as the area around the establishment was fairly desolate, the space behind the shop would be the best place to tend to his needs. He didn't want anyone walking in on him, after all...

Yet, he was not expecting to leave the establishment by the wagon to come across a man outside, doing just what he was doing. Back turned, the man had a cock rubbing an erection that was bobbing up and down on his groin and making strange noises that Geoff could not readily discern. Obviously, it was bizarre to see someone masturbating in a place where he might be seen even though Geoff was preparing to do the same. Though there was something about the man, even in the shadows as he was, that gave Geoff pause. His features, as best as Geoff could tell, were clearly not human...

First of all was the very inhuman size of the man's erection, something that even the bull at the farm would envy. Geoff could see it hanging down from the man's groin, the tip flattened and leaking even as the man grunted and stroked himself off. The length itself was impressive, though it was the girth of the thing that really had Geoff's attention. It seemed as though the circumference was half that of the man's leg, not that he had a way to measure it. It was impressive, though not as much as the fact he was still standing while jerking off a rod of that stature!

The more he stared, the more Geoff was overcome with a pungent stink, one that reminded him all too well of the horses pulling their cart and their sweat. It was as though it was coming off the man himself, rank and randy and easily recognizable. Yet, there was something about the aroma, though different than the one detected in the storage room, that had him enamored. Though if he wasn't already packing, even a whiff of the equine stench would be enough to bring him to the necessary arousal to make his head spin!

With the sensations of lust flowing through his form, it was a wonder that he was able to stand there stiff as he was, taking in the changes to the man that made him less than human. For one, pointed ears sat in between long, scraggly hair, more consistent with the texture of a mane rather than human hair. The skin of his exposed legs, though cast in shadow, seemed to be coated in a fine layer of hair, spreading even as Geoff looked on. And, his exposed ass sported a long, thick tail, one that rose with his masturbatory efforts, rising to expose what could only be described as a puckered donut, the sight of a horse's anus now familiar with the man after spending as much time as he did coming back into town towed by the beasts.

Huffing and panting as he stroked himself, with equine snorts and grunts coming from his lips that were decidedly inhuman, it took some moment for the changing man to turn around and see him. Geoff was shocked to notice a nose that was thick and flared, eyes wide and fearful, and a mouth large with thick yellowed teeth. The sight of which was more frightful than anything Geoff could have imagined, though there was something about the beast that had him enraptured rather than frightful to know that such a foul being could exist in the living world. Yet, there was something about the sight that had him enamored rather than frightened him. He couldn't look away, couldn't stop himself from staring. And, perhaps worse of all, couldn't will his raging erection down...

"Pleeeeeeeiise...fuck meeeeiiggghhh!" The man said, bracing his stance and flagging his tail upward, exposing that dark equine anus. The man was desperate, it seemed, wanting whatever stimulation he could get to aid in the oncoming orgasm. Desperate as he was, Geoff wasn't sure what would happen if he were to run. Would he be hunted down by the changing beast? Surely, Geoff couldn't take the risk. And yet...

The more that he stared, the more the arousal in his loins started to burn towards his brain, as though the sight of the equine offering was really doing it for him. Geoff shook his head; he liked women, of course, and certainly not beasts! He should have been able to resist the man's request, taking part should have been beyond him. Though, frozen as he was, the scents of equine sweat and musk, in tandem with his own arousal, made him contemplate taking the changing man up on his offer. Yet, how could he...?

Before he understood what was happening, Geoff was on the man, pulling down his pants with fingers that were largely uncooperative. Though it seemed to take a painfully long time for him to remove the barrier to the anus before him, eventually, Geoff's long, reddening phallus was hanging there, dangling dangerously close to the object of his desire. It seemed as though Geoff was on the precipice of doing something unsightly, something from which he could not return. Though there was nothing to be done for it with the lust that was burning through his veins. He wanted to fuck this man, powerfully aroused by the offering before him. He had needed to fuck prior, painfully aroused. Though he had never bedded a man before, or anyone for that matter, the primal need to perform such tasks was burned into his brain at this juncture, to the point that there was little holding him back from shoving his taut rod forth into the waiting pucker before him.

There was little resistance from the opening orifice as Geoff shoved his way in, the pucker parting to take him as though like a glove. Though a little forceful in his intrusion, the other man held his position fast, stance firm and muscles strong and able to take the other man strongly. No matter how much force he used, the stallion man held firm, grunting only slightly against what should have been a rather painful intrusion. Eventually, Geoff's much longer, thinner cock managed to make it all the way toward the end of the man's rectum, and he sat there for a moment, feeling the muscles clenching on his rod and making him grunt out his own beastly bellow.

Though, given the sheer force of lust the man felt, there was little to be done for it than to start to thrust, pulling out as far as he dared before shoving his way back in. It should have pained the horse man, though, for his part, only a few thick grunts were heard as the man's hips even moved into the thrusting, as though eager to be fucked and bred as much as he had begged. Geoff couldn't tell if the man had any experience with anal before but it was hardly to matter with the skill he was displaying in the action. He seemed to be taking in an impossible length of cock within him, almost begging for more with his desperate whickers.

All the while, Geoff was plagued with intense itching of hair growth, familiar now from all the changes but not from the intensity. Loving the manly treasure trail and grown hair he now possessed, it was soon to become more than that, covering his chest and sides with the coarse brown coat. The skin underneath, too, seemed to be changing, looking crisp and coarse and all

too inhuman. Though it was hardly a deterrent to the fucking, his need to get off at the forefront of his thoughts. Never before had he wanted to fuck so desperately, and Geoff almost didn't care it seemed to be with a man. Especially since he was so willing and eager! Still, there was some guilt about the acts with another man, something he had never contemplated before. Even trying to rationalize his desperate need, the man's own, or some external source could not justify what he was doing. He was sure that wanted a woman, wanted a wife to call his own. And yet, in the moment of carnal pleasures, he could not manage to pull out of this man's asshole no matter what he felt about the action on a deeper level.

“Ah, there you are, stud! What a good stud you are! I see you've met Jeremy, one of my other clients! Both of you have needs, I'm sure, and it's good to see you getting them out! Go ahead stud, finish in him and give him what you both need!” Came the familiar voice of the Potion Maker, who had apparently stumbled upon them in the midst of rut. Rather than being embarrassed about getting caught in the act, however, the Potion Maker's words of encouragement dialed his libido up to an eleven, forcing Geoff to hilt the man he now knew as Jeremy, and bringing them both to climax.

The equine-sounding whinny escaping the man's lips was hardly enough to deter Geoff's own orgasm, his massive balls slapping against the man's backside, their sweat and musk burning into his nose and bringing him the release he so craved. The bovine bellow that escaped his lips also went largely unnoticed in the moment of release, filling the man's horsey rump with cum and pulling out the moment he finished with a spray of semen. Both men were panting, the exertion of their rut enough to prevent either man from really thinking of what they had done or what the repercussions were.

Eventually, Jeremy was offered another brew of his own and left, hiding the equine tail with some clothing as best he could. He was walking with a limp, and likely not due to the fucking he received from an inhuman cock. It was as though his hips were larger, backside puckered and pelvis shifted so that walking as he was used to was precarious at best. Still, Geoff was not in a position to wish him well, still embarrassed about what they had done together. Even with the words of encouragement from the Potion Maker, Geoff couldn't shake the disgust at himself for giving in so far. It was more than he was prepared for when he had allowed himself to be taken under the Potion Maker's wing!

Yet, even with the repercussions at the back of his mind, Geoff could hardly say no when he was offered another batch of the stuff. His sex-addled brain was all in on the changes, feeling the power and virility flowing through him during the fucking, and, despite his shame at the action, he wanted more, to become more masculine and perhaps take the interest of a woman this time. “This should be perfectly tailored to your present state,” he said, Geoff nearly leaping to grab the vial from his hands. It took everything Geoff had to stand there and listen to the man's

explanation before downing the drink. Despite the implications of the drink and what they were doing, Geoff was hooked and wanted more. He was already so much bigger than he had been, and with the promise of further growth, there was no way he could deny the man's machinations.

The moment the brew touched his lips, Geoff was sure he was getting stronger, muscles building under the skin and preparing him for the final form he was to receive. It was a fictitious sensation, of course. None of the Potion Maker's brews had worked that quickly. But it became to the point where the promise of power made him desperate. He had fucked a man's ass, after all, with a cock the size of a farm beast's. He had both the start of horns and a tail, much like the bovine that his master's brews were based on. There was little else it could take from him that Geoff would not endure to gain that he had been promised, with the proof of it already in his body!

The flavor of the potion was earthy and hearty, and Geoff belched before the Potion Maker laughed and had him continue his work. Geoff was sure he was stronger even as he helped the Potion Maker around the shop, lifting and stacking, and sorting supplies while the Potion Maker dealt with other clients and made his brews for them. Thankfully, he did not encounter any more of them, though the needs in his cock were sated to the point where he thought he wouldn't actually be tempted. It was something he tried to keep his mind off as he continued his work, feeling the familiar soreness creeping through his muscles letting him know the fluids were having the desired effects. Even through the pain, he was sure he was getting larger, stronger, and closer to his eventual goal. The impossible was really becoming possible!

So powerful by the end of his shift, Geoff was almost sure he could pull the cart all the way back to the farm itself. And he wanted to ask, though with the horses present such was silly. Still, the Potion Maker seemed to sense his eagerness, offering to hook him up to a plow the moment he got back. Geoff could hardly wait to see if he could, to the point where it was all he could focus on during the way back. And when he was there, Geoff could feel himself chomping at the bit to prove just how strong he was!

It took no prompting for Geoff to be taken over to one of the plows, the heavy, worn metal looking far too large for him to pull. Something a farm beast could manage, but certainly not a mere man such as himself. And yet he was already so large, so powerful, and feeling like he could lift the world on his back. And he was large enough that the most compacted setting of the ropes could wrap around his shoulders. Thinking he would struggle to pull it at all, let alone across the fields, the moment he pushed forward was the moment the gears turned and the machine was pulled with him, a little bit of effort but not something that was impossible for him. In fact, the more he pulled, the less strained he felt as he turned toward the field, eager to expend all the pent-up energy and power he'd been amassing these past few days.



As he did so, Geoff's mind started to blank a little, thoughts of what he'd done today, of his goals, and the strangeness of the scenario all fading at the simply bestial pleasures of pulling, of lifting, of showing his strength and giving his all for a single-minded task. All he needed to do was to pull, to feel his muscles popping and bulging under the skin, the ropes tied to his upper arms as each rotation of the gears was made easier and easier, as though his strength was increasing with every inch. It would have carried with it a sense of elation, though Geoff was left with a deep-seated contentment at the action, a purpose beyond even his future goals as he pulled with eagerness.

It was the sensation of something tearing at his backside to bring him out of his stupor, the pressure aching him past anything that pulling the machine could muster. It started as an ache up through his spine before the sound of tearing reached his ears, prompting them to tear. He had felt the growth all the while, of course, something he had played off as a figment of his imagination, and then a byproduct of the bovine serums coursing through his veins. But there was something about the force of its size that made him worry, bringing him back to the present. The bovine features were supposed to fade with future potions, right? Why were they getting worse? But, could he hardly blame their presence, being such a small thing to pay for the power he had been given? Even their current state was not enough to bring down the fear it had previously.

Though his newly birthed tail slapped eagerly against his pants, no longer straining against their insides as they had before, the tears were not to stop there. It was as though his ass, his hips, and his upper legs were growing as well, straining and preparing to burst forth of the confines. He was far too large for the things anymore, and besides, they were in the way of him fucking the other man. He was straining to put them on, and he wanted to see the firm skin and hide that was playing over them. And, besides, it was hot outside, the sun beating down on him. He was sweating from the exertion of what he was pulling. Why did he need pants, save to hide the shame of his strength and his bovine assets? And the longer he had them, the less shame he possessed over their presence. He wanted to look like this, right? He could do without the horns, but they would not be permanent, of course...

"Ah, finally rid of those things, stud?" Came the familiar voice of the Potion Maker, who had come with his plates of fruit and veggies, what Geoff had come to expect as his dinners. Geoff realized he was starving at this point, having worked himself into a hunger, unlike anything he was familiar with. Salivating with hunger, it was all he could do just to devour everything on the plate and then all of the grass and wheat he had been plowing.

But there was something else that took precedence as he stepped forward, thicker thighs causing the tears to run down his legs, and the pants forfeit. He would have taken them off right then and there had he not been out in the field and in the Potion Maker's presence. But he

needn't have worried, the man seemed happy with his progress. "Ah, you'd do better to be rid of those things, right? They are far too small for a stud like you!" He said, and Geoff, eager to prove his strength, reached down and ripped his pants off with a mighty flex. Keeping his underwear on for now, Geoff stood there, sweat running down his legs as he enjoyed a blessed coolness without them on. Why was he wearing these things in the first place, when they were so cumbersome?

It seemed that with the exposure of his skin, Geoff could feel the muscles in his legs swelling, calves seeming to contract as his already strained feet pushed upward, making it harder to stand. Geoff managed it, making it over to the plate and shoving his face in it, the Potion Maker almost dropped it. Getting the hint, he put it down on the ground, and Geoff lowered himself, aware of his fingers feeling oddly stiff once more as he stuck his face down into the plate, not even bothering to use them. It felt natural to eat like that, lower toward the ground and just devouring his meal without taking much time to chew. He was hungry as hell and it would take a lot longer than that before his belly was satisfied!

Eventually, he did stand up, rubbing grass from his sweaty shirt and belching heartily. It took him a few minutes to come to his senses, as hungry as he had been. In his stupor, Geoff realized he'd eaten a sizable chunk of the grass around the plate as well without any regard for his surroundings. Why he'd been so hungry, Geoff could hardly say, to not even notice what he'd been eating. But there was no denying how much better he felt after he'd done so, belching again and testing the grass once more, to his pleasure.

The Potion Maker, rather than being disgusted by his animalistic act, seemed to carry his usual look of approval. "Looks like you were hungry, stud! Go and get some sleep, you've got a big day ahead of you tomorrow!" He said, and Geoff did just that, moving to the barn without bothering to collect the plate or any of the discarded clothing he'd left. At this point, only boots and his shirt were clinging to him. There was little point in gathering what would no longer fit him, and it felt nice having a swishing tail behind him, slapping against his upper legs and teasing away some of the flies attached to his sweat and smell.

The pressure in his shoes was starting to become more insistent the more he walked, as though something pointed was driving into the front of them and threatening to tear at the bindings. He felt no pain from his toes, as though they were covered with something that wasn't so easily strained. Reminded of how they looked at the onset, Geoff was a little worried about what had happened to them, not really wanting to see but figuring the choice would be taken out of his hands sooner or later. The force of it seemed to peel away what was left of his boots, revealing thickened slabs at the ends of his toes. Wriggling them was nigh impossible, and even the illusion they were muddy or dirty was not enough to detract from their obvious bovine features. It looked like he had a pair of cloven hooves had been glued onto the tips of them.

Some of them were shorter, and with his heels in their current state, it was easier for him to stand on their tiptoes, the balance easier for the extra muscle that he now possessed. He was able to walk, only just as he made his way back to the barn to pass out for the evening.

The smells of his own flatulence, as well as the calls of bovines in rut, roused him this morning, taken from blissful dreams of swishing tails and male rumps and long hours grazing. It had been wonderful, peaceful, and Geoff was sure his evening's activities had spurred them on. The sticky sensation from his groin made him sure that he had cum a few more times in the night, but that was nothing new for the results of the potions he had been drinking. He was stiff and sore as well, more so than at any point in his training here at the farm, but that, too, was to be expected given all he had done. It was a wonder he hadn't torn any muscles and was only dealing with this dull aching as he got up, trying to flex his muscles and being unable. Were they actually that big already? How much had the changes affected him even overnight?

Despite having clearly cum several times the night before, the sight and scents of the bull's mating brought his inhuman cock from its sheath, bobbing there and begging for release. Not wanting to let out his lust from seeing the beasts, and confused as to the source of it, Geoff figured it was time to get out of there. Not bothering to don any clothing, figuring it was a moot point given his change in stature, Geoff descended the ladder, moving out of the barn and hoping the Potion Maker was not present to see his nudity. Though it was hardly something he should feel shame for at this juncture, part of him was still shy, thinking he should be proud of his being but afraid to show it off. The conflict in his mind and his loins was maddening indeed!

The thick, heady aroma of cattle hit him the moment he moved out into what should have been the fresh air outside the barn. It took little time for Geoff's flared nostrils to move in the direction of what he perceived to be a man walking toward him, wearing a heavy cloak to hide his features. There was something heavy on his belly like he had the gut of a king or well-fed lord. And he was walking precariously, much like Geoff himself had been, as though his feet were thinner, stretched up from elongated heels and nearly tripping his top heavy body. How he had gotten all the way out here with such a posture and no horse-drawn wagon, Geoff was hard-pressed to say. But he was here now, and there was a peculiar scent wafting off him that had Geoff entranced. And something he found himself moving toward without any of his own accord.

The closer he got to the man, the more he came to take in his altered features, something that until now, Geoff had only seen on his own. The man wasn't wearing any shoes as best as Geoff could tell, and his feet looked dirty, as though muck had been plastered on the tips of them. Despite having the same thing on his own feet, it took Geoff a few moments to really understand what he was looking at. They were nails, thick and cloven and pointed like the hooves of a bull.

Further along than his own, there was no denying the similarities and the real possibility that if Geoff imbued more of the wrong potion mix, his would look the exact thing.

The man's flab, too, seemed to sit lower on his frame than what even a pot belly could manage, and was swaying back and forth as he walked. It seemed to be having off what appeared to be another large belly above it, though not nearly as flabby. The sight of it, even from this distance, was interesting, something he had seen before but not something he could immediately place. It was like he had a...but that should have been impossible, right? Yet, if Geoff himself had bovine features, it wasn't too much of a stretch to think that someone else ingesting the same potion would have a similar effect.

Eventually, the person pulled his hood off, and despite the sight of his massive, flared nostrils and the larger bovine horns brought with it a familiar visage. It was a man he had seen from that bar, what felt like weeks ago when he had first entered the Potion Maker's domain. The large growth hanging from his groin was something he'd possessed even then, though it was far larger now, more akin to what his charges in the barn held rather than something that should have been on a human. And a human male, no less, but such was not out of the realm of possibility. It seemed the man was changing in a way akin to Geoff's own but was further along, and not only in physical attributes of a bull but that of a cow. Had he lost his maleness as well? Such was certainly possible!

Geoff was starting to understand that might be the source of the alluring aroma that was keeping his cock at bay. Whatever the man was changing into, it was having an obvious effect on his anatomy, more so than even the bulls in the barn could manage. He wanted desperately to go to him, to get more of that smell and bring his penis to bear. He would even be willing to...surely, the man couldn't want such a thing. Yet, if he was smelling Geoff the way Geoff was smelling him, then there was likely nothing he could do to hold back...

As the two of them came within shouting distance, Geoff could see the man's shirt was riding up, exposing a hard-packed stomach, though fat in its own right. The size of him dwarfed Geoff, though he lacked the power and muscle that made up Geoff's physique. His skin was sweaty, though hard to make out with the white and black pepperings of hair over his skin. But it was the hair-covered sack that swung underneath the man that really had Geoff's attention. It seemed heavy, swaying as it was. Though it was still mostly flesh-colored, and the four protrusions hanging from it denoted its purpose as much as the ones that swung from his charges. He had an udder, full and thick and far larger than what he must have been possessed by him the first time Geoff had seen him.

Looking at the man's face, Geoff could see the bovine features clearly now, the way his nose was massive and moist, sat upon a muzzle that was larger than what Geoff would have

expected. Teeth seemed massive and flattened as he panted, and a fat tongue sat inside his mouth. His hair was short-cropped and had a white streak through it. And of course, there were the horns, the sight of them almost made him reach up and touch his own, smaller but no less bovine. Against all his inclinations, Geoff couldn't deny how much he found the sight powerfully arousing...

Seeming to want the same thing as Geoff, the man cow pulled down his pants, as much as he was still able to wear them with the massive size of his thighs and ass. Geoff stared in fascination and excitement, though could not see anything under the massive expanse of fat the udder provided him. Though the sweaty musk of his sex came through, Geoff was eager to breathe it in. In fact, the scent seemed to trigger his arousal even further, cock as taut as ever as though reaching for the object of his desire.

Without the ability to lift his udder out of the way, the man instead turned around, exposing a ropey tail larger than Geoff's own. He lifted it up, hitched to the side, exposing a dirty, puckered bovine anus the likes of which had put Jeremy's to shame from the other day. It was the object underneath it however that had Geoff's attention. A penis was present, leaking slightly in a show of the man's own arousal. But behind it was a massive pulsating slit, one that had evidently drawn in former testicles and left them moot on his form. It was the gaping vulva that had Geoff's attention at this point, the heady scent wafting from it more pungent than anything he had ever needed before. It was taking all he had not to reach down and sniff it. Or maybe more...

"Ah, I wasn't expecting to see you out here so soon, Travis, but I suppose it would happen eventually! Your changes have come along so well, and I think you no longer require any more of my drafts to achieve the productivity you've so often sought out. You've become so much more productive and will only continue to be so at my facilities! Of course, in your current state, you'll need a strong male to help you achieve your highest potential. Now, we already have a male here that can fit your needs, or..." He said, gazing with a hint of excitement in Geoff's direction.

Geoff felt himself blush at that. He didn't want to be seen in a compromising situation, not again. But it was taking all he had not to take the man cow right then and there. And, the Potion Maker's words were of some concern to him. The man had wanted to become more productive, right? And a cow certainly was productive, more so than a human with all the wonderful uses for milk. But cows were more productive when they had been bred, of course. And for that to happen, the man would need to change all the way into a cow. Something that he had allowed to happen with how much further he was changed in comparison to Geoff himself. Was he already past the point of returning to his former self? Did he even *want* to at this point?

What's more, the truth of the man's purpose was finally starting to settle on his mind. Geoff was encouraged to act like a bull, to change into one, and was not losing his bovine features. Therefore, it was more likely he was trying to drive Geoff toward a more bestial fate, getting another bull for his farm, nothing more than a beast. And yet...a beast did embody all Geoff wanted to be, didn't it? A powerful physique, luck with the ladies, and an improvement in the downstairs department were all part of a bull's physiology. Of course, such potions could not grant his wishes without some sort of horrible repercussions. And it seemed like the Potion Maker used misleading promises to draw in his clients, a bestial fate for them at the end, it seemed.

Yet, even knowing what the Potion Maker wanted him to do, it was hard for him to resist what was before him. He wanted to give in, having found a female of sorts to mate with, former male aside. The heady aroma of her need was wafting in his nose at this point, making his eyes sting and leaving his thoughts to fog. It was impossible to fathom any idea why he shouldn't just plunge his penis into his newly birthed folds as the man cow so desperately desired. Even if he was giving into the Potion Maker's machinations, it really was everything he wanted and more all at his fingers tips. All he had to do was to take it...

"Please..." The man muttered, and the husky voice was all Geoff needed to push forward, taking his long, red throbbing rod and rubbing it against the outside of her virgin folds. An inhuman wail escaped his lips, pushing back against the rod as his slick folds opened like a flower and welcomed Geoff inside. Geoff had no recourse but to push within the former male, opening up his sex and rubbing the expansive vagina behind. Even sex with the horse man earlier could not compare to how warm and inviting his altered genitals were. With the deep heavenly scent of cow lust in the air, it was impossible to deny this was anything more than absolute perfection, and Geoff started thrusting with eagerness, lost in the carnal sensations.

"Not only did you find strength and a viable mate, but it seems that you have the potential to be productive as well!" The Potion Maker said, obviously enjoying the show. Geoff barely heard the words, however, lost in lust as he was and panting from the exertion of thrusting in his mate. The aches and pains in his body seemed distant and Geoff took his pleasure from the man cow, both changing bovine beasts grunting and panting their bliss.

There was no denying his need to rut away and claim this man cow as his own and Geoff continued to thrust, all the while being encouraged by his benefactor. "Just give in Geoff, doesn't it feel nice...yes...you're getting everything you want, aren't you...?" He muttered, and the approval was all it took to eliminate any trace of resistance from his mind. Geoff was powerful, a horny, virile beast, and it was his right to take his mate as his own, to rut and cum as much as he desired. And the best part was that the man cow needed it as much as Geoff did!

Even the tingling of what he understood to be changed played over him, Geoff was not inclined to stop, needing it as much as air or water and unable to resist the man cow's need as much as his own. He could feel his muscles warming, aching with the growth that he had come to know and relish. He was getting bigger, each thrust making him grow into the being that he wanted to become. Even though the actions were obviously a catalyst of change, it didn't deter his thirsts, burrowing his cock deeper and deeper into the man cow's cunt lips, further than he figured was possible.

Slapping against a much larger ass at this point, Geoff was barely aware of the ache in his own that caused it to extend, growing fur in its own right. It soon played over his backside, running over the skin of stretching legs. Only dull aches were felt as his legs altered, thighs thickened as calves compressed as heels stretched, making him alter his stance to push further into his mate. It was as though his cock was seeking her vagina as far as it could go. Already inhumanly long, it was continuing to grow impossibly large, the blood to fuel it almost making Geoff dizzy, a beast lost to rut.

More changes plagued his form, the sexual contact bringing him to the body of a worthy mate for the man cow. Ass cheeks receded, allowing a puckered anus to kiss the air as his full-length tail swished over it. His belly felt bloated, as though sucking in air. Rumbings in his torso made it feel like his skeletal structure itself was shifting, Geoff hunching over the man cow so as to cover him. The cow's back seemed to broaden in kind, and Geoff finally gained an understanding of what the bull felt taking one of his herd. If it was this elating to fuck as beasts, then it really was the fulfillment of his dreams. He was so big, so heavy and powerful, though it was but a drip in the bucket to the size of the cow underneath him. Had he not been in the throes of bestial passion, he might have noticed the changes were coming faster, but there was little cognizance left for such realization.

With no inclination to hold back, it took little time for Geoff to reach his end, bellowing out with the cadence of a bull as his semen splashed against the walls of Travis's uterus and the man cow's cunt lips milked him dry. The slick slapping of fluids as well as the mammoth testicles he now possessed rang in his pointed ears. They twitched in excitement, eager to hear the resounding bellows from his mate, obviously in the throes of his own potent orgasm. More so than that, however, was the stench of their musk and sweaty hides, drunk in by nostrils that had expanded more than twice their former size. They were easily visible in front of his nose now, and Geoff drank them in readily, head swimming from the potent musk. Better than anything the rutting bovines in the barn had let off, Geoff allowed himself to get into it, thoughts fading into the post-orgasmic bliss of their mating.

Lost in a sea of scents and pleasurable sensations, Geoff hardly noticed his hands moving until he felt the warm, fleshy sack of his mate's udder. Pleasured moans escaped the man cow's

fatter lips, and with that encouragement, Geoff reached out for the nipples, loving the effect it was having on his mate. The other man, Travis, had reached up to rub his own nipples, though his arms seemed stiff, as though his shoulders had rotated forward and made such efforts moot. He was therefore appreciative of the pressure on his udder, having expanded in the breeding and sloshing as though full of fluids. Geoff, lost in the gentle moos from his bovine mate, wasn't sure what he was feeling unlike a warm splash of fluids oozed from the teats he was rubbing. It was milk, something that came with the territory of dealing with cattle. The warmth of the fluids and the sweet scent of the milk encouraged him on his ministrations, and soon, both his hands and Travis's belly were coated with milk, the contented moos all Geoff needed to know that he liked the attention.

However, it seemed as though the man cow needed more, the milking only tipping the scales of his needs. Eventually, he got up, dizzy as though his hips and top-heavy body made such a stance difficult. Geoff was thankful for that; his fingers were getting stiff, the same muddy-colored nail encroaching on their surface. The middle two were larger as well, and it was harder to move them from side to side as he was accustomed to. Thinking that Travis's secretions were simply too sticky for his hands, Geoff simply looked at his backside, that same heady scent wafting from his cunt, now mixed with Geoff's own seminal secretions. The scent was more than he would bear, and with the willingness and receptiveness of the man cow, there was little reason to hold back. Even his cock was erect and ready to go again, much to his excitement.

Yet, something about the experience made Geoff pause and wait for a moment, a hint of his rational retuning in a moment of passion. He hadn't wanted to be a bull, right? It was obvious that was his eventual fate if he continued on this path. Even if the Potion Maker did give him all he wanted, the ulterior motive was to have another bull for his farm, right? And Geoff didn't want to be an animal, wouldn't want that, even as much as his body told him otherwise. It was depraved and despicable to give up his humanity. Right?

Yet, everything his body was telling him to mate the man cow before him, that the cow belonged to him and it was his right to take him. There was little holding him back, the ill-suited cling to humanity was hardly a reasonable deterrent with the promise of sexual pleasure before him. And scents wafting from his cunt, the ache in his rod, and the dimming humanity in his mind all told him the same thing. So, then, why was his resisting?

"Ah, I see you've had some fun with Travis already! I wish I could have stayed to watch but I wanted to go grab you your next brew!" Came the Potion Maker's familiar voice, the only thing enough to slow Geoff's advances. In truth, he barely heard the man's words, senses forced on the needy man cow, whose tail was hitched and leaking cunt on full display. But his need for approval from the man left him waiting for the affirmation he received so readily, wanting to please the man in held in such reverence.



“Well, this would be your last brew, if you want it, in truth. I think you’ve reached the pinnacle of strength and sexual appeal, in my mind! One more will cement the changes and make it stick. Though you might not need it, Travis had his final dose to permanently increase his productivity, and the brew sits in the body for a while, likely sexually transmittable. Don’t worry, it won’t affect the results of your brew, rather set things in motion, as it were. But this brew will make things stable for you. It’s so exciting! I love seeing my subjects finally reach their ultimate goals. And you were so willing, so eager that it took such a short time compared to most! Bringing you out to the field was the right idea.”

“I’m sorry I’m keeping you from your conquest and your aid of Travis’s increased productivity. I’m also sure you’re having a harder time understanding me by now, but-”

Before he could finish, Geoff was on him, grabbing the potion with sticky fingers in his desperation. Wanting to feel more of what the previous potions had granted him, he desperately downed it in one go, coughing and snorting as he did so. There was no thought to repercussions as he did so, wanting more of what he needed in the now. And none of the previous potions had really harmed him, giving him everything he had wanted and more. Right?

“Well, that’s impressive. I guess I know for sure what you want, and I’m pleased to be able to give it to you! It’s for the best, given the life you wanted in life!” The Potion Maker said though the words fell on deaf ears as he plowed into his bovine lover, pumping into the man cow’s cunt with reckless abandon. The moment he felt his penis being sucked in by the cow’s vulva was the most that his mind whited out, the tingles and subsequent belches he experienced lost in the sensations of bestial sex.

Given the cloud of lust and the pleasurable sensations that seemed dialed up to an eleven the more he pumped into his mate, Geoff was largely unaware of the effects of his latest and likely last point. He was itching all over, hair obscuring the skin as cowhide encroached on his frame. He was getting impossibly large, cock at its apex, and rubbed to the breaking point. He was massive, growing even larger as his hips started to slosh and his shoulders started to crunch. A series of belches escaped his lips as the gas balance in his larger body was altering with his larger stature. Though such changes should have delayed his progress, Geoff was not able to hold back even if he was inclined to. And he saw no reason to, wanting to cum in his mate and claim the man cow as was his right. And it was so hard to think about anything else...

A truly bestial cry escaped his lips as his cock spasmed in his mate once more, filling him with a potent laid of cream and marking the man cow as his own. In a similar fashion, his mate seemed to squeeze on his cock, likely undergoing an orgasm of his own. A deep-seated contentment washed over him, overriding the tinglings of growth and change that came with the

potion's consumption. He didn't care that he was changing, that his body was feeling stiffer and bulkier in all the wrong places for him to manage like the human he had been. It was impossible for him to care in the moment of passion, the waves of ecstasy washing over him

“Good stud! Yes, that's it, take your mate...he wants it as bad as you do...your strength with his productivity...something the two of you will carry onto your new lives...perfectly suited to your true desires, and best yet, you'll have each other!” The Potion Maker said, and any doubt that Geoff might have harbored was eliminated with the soothing words.

With that, the pair of soon-to-be cattle made their way to the barn, though it was soon clear to Geoff that he could no longer climb the ladder back to his bed in the loft. But the ground was strewn with hay from the cow stalls, and as soft as it was and as large as his body was, he figured it would be fine. The man cow moved in to join him, and Geoff was almost ready to pass out, fatigued as he was from the changes and the multiple instances of sex.

Yet, there was another urgent need in his bowels, something that could not be ignored. Unable to get up toward his privy, Geoff was forced to look for a place to go, something whose urgency was getting more and more intense. Realizing he was only in the presence of cattle, it was easy for him to move to the corner of the barn and relieve his bowels as soon as he was able to. The pressure immediately abated with more ease than at any time in recent memory. Even though his waste was more reminiscent of manure than anything, Geoff found it hard to care, thankful that he no longer felt the inclination to don clothing.

Thoughts were blurry and fragmented from sleep, Geoff not really sure what was going on, though was hardly disturbed by the images. He was a beast in a field, rutting with the other bull and servicing his herd. It was a quiet life, his cattle always his heat and in need multiple times a day. That, in tandem with his needs to graze and sleep, there was little else he needed to concern himself with. The other bull was not competition, rather a co-mate and someone he would work out his excess sexual frustrations on from time to time as well. The two of them were mates, as much able to take their pleasures from each other and rejoice in the power of their forms. It was a life of contented bliss, as much as Geoff was able to comprehend. Regardless, it left him feeling peaceful, a life left behind no missed with all his new future seemed to hold.

The sounds of cattle loosing roused him slowly from sleep, and he was privy to the sight of the cows moving out into the field of their own accord, the gates to their stalls seemingly open. The man cow was as close a cow herself as the other two, making Geoff sure they might have once shared another form in the recent past. There was little left in her form to discern that any longer, however, as he, now she, continued to eat like a cow, grazing on hay and swishing a tail over a stained backside to remove the gathered flies.

Yet, soon, the scents of her cunt wafted into his nose, and Geoff's own attention was drawn to her heat, even over similar scents from the other beasts. He no longer saw them as separate entities from himself, simply more cows in his herd to be bred. Still, there was something about the still-changing cow that had his attention even over the others, and he moved to her, sniffing her cunt and feeling his cock sliding from its new home in anticipation of the breeding to come. Though she was larger than he now, having grown out to bovine proportions, Geoff was still able to make it to her cunt, Licking it despite the taste being offensive, it was laced with hormones, making his mind cloud over with lust. He could taste her receptiveness, her need, and the ache in his cock was all the more prepared to give her what she sought!

Out of the corner of his eye, Geoff was treated to the sight of the massive bull, a sight to be envied, getting up and covering one of his cows. The sight rose Geoff's own aroused to the point he could no longer resist mating his own cow. And to his changed mind, why would he not do as his instincts dictated? He desperately wanted to breed, and this cow was his for the taking. With that, he got up, hoisting himself over the cow's much wider rump, Geoff managed it, his penis already the perfect size for her willing lips. Stretched as she was, it was an easy fit, though none of the pleasure from her grip and the penetration itself was lost as she found his way inside of her and started thrusting, making her backside swell even more. If she wasn't quite the size of her fellow cows, she was certainly going to be that size by the time he was done with her. If he could finish fucking the cow into her, then he would do so willingly and eagerly!

Of course, she was not the only one to change from the action, Geoff feeling his feet stiffen and the ground beneath him rise as his heels stretched and thinned. Toes were unable to move or flex as some were removed from his frame entirely. Sturdy as the thickening hooves were, Geoff was able to find his place in the cow's cunt, thrusting and grunting and drooling with the insistence of a beast. Any errant thoughts were fading, lost in the bovine bliss that came with being a satisfied bull in rut. It was easier to fuck and mate this cow with hooves for feet, and Geoff was remiss to care in the moment of passion!

Though he was barely aware of it, wandering eyes noted the still-human hands braced against the ground, trying in vain to keep her up. With their stiffening shapes, hooves formed from the tips of digits at the ends of fattened shoulders and sturdy lower arms. She could no longer touch himself or her udders at this point, but when Geoff was done with her, she would soon have a calf to feed on her milk, and the Potion Maker would surely have someone come milk her. He cared little for such things in his moment of passion, however, more focused on the pleasures from his bovine rod and how far into the female's cervix he could press it!

Still, it did not go unnoticed that his insistent ministrations were making the cow's face thicken, pushing out with thick cracks of fat and muscle. The wet cracks and slouches of her skin stretched and filled out into a more bovine visage. Each thrust forced more muscle and fat into

her frame, making her all the more attractive to the changing bull man. He wanted a big, fat cow to breed and mate with, to spill his seed in and protect to ensure the growth of his herd. And in the moment of lust there was nothing wrong with such thoughts, the basis of all he needed to be happy!

The cow, for her part, could only bellow out her moos, though human words were absent from the efforts. It made little concern to the bull man, however, not needing words to understand her needs. And she needed to be fucked, bred, and filled with semen to make her fully the cow she desired to be. No doubt of that existed in Geoff's mind as he fucked and bred, slapping balls filling with the tension needed to blow their load.

The effects had their obvious implications for Geoff as well, though such mattered little as he wished to grow into the bull worthy of such a cow. His own horns were getting larger, heavy on his head as his own muzzle started to push out. His body was bulky, and the bare skin was mostly entirely coated with fur and hide by this point. He looked so much more like the other bull in the field than he had been, but it was getting harder and harder for him to remember what that former form looked like, even for him to begin to care.

With little regard for the implications of the action, Geoff felt his end nearing and bellowed out with his bovine cadence as he once more spilled his seed in the cow's cunt, more than humanly possible to the point he could feel the backwash against his cock. It was deeply pleasant, and Geoff felt his thoughts fading, like it was hard to focus on anything above the pleasure. And his final thoughts were of acceptance in that, wanting to live more in the now beyond anything he knew in his life before. Was there a life before this? Did it matter?

Awareness only returned with the sun bearing down on his hide, moving along beside the cow as she swished her tail from the flies that had gathered. She was grazing, moving to crop grass and fill her many stomachs. The smells from her body and sex were soon overpowered as she raised her tail and dropped several piles of cow manure on the ground behind her. Though the odor was pungent, it did not bother Geoff, manure already strong in his nose and part of the odors that covered them at any given time. He stayed near her, grazing and looing in contentment as his sweaty body brushed against hers. Part of him was aware he could no longer get up, but he no longer wanted to, down at the proper level to mate with her should he desire to.

The only thing able to attract his attention and make him raise his head was the sound of the barn door opening and the familiar sound of the Potion Maker's boots on the ground. Curious as to his presence, Geoff looked up, grass blades falling from his lips even as he chewed his cud from deeper in his muzzle.

Unafraid of the massive bull, the Potion Maker came over and started to rub his head, something Geoff reflexively leaned into. “Ah, I’m glad to see you’re awake and getting into things! I’m sure this will be the last time I’m able to talk to you with any understanding, but you don’t want that, do you!? You’ll be changed by the end of the day, having your permanent strength and ideal mate! I feel so happy for you and all I’ve been able to do for you both!” He exclaimed, and while Geoff didn’t really understand the words, their meaning was enough, feeling a kinship with the man that nearly matched that with the cow. He had gifted him this life, he was part of his herd, and he was happy to follow the inclination of the man, still able to understand him and his desires for the bull that he had become.

Right now, however, it was the cow’s dirty rump to attract Geoff’s attention. She was still wet, her scent still spoke of her need. Her tail was lifted, this time not to relieve herself, but to waft her heady scent into Geoff’s nostrils, beckoning him forward to meet her whims. And there was nothing more he could imagine desiring, with his cock sliding from its home in service of his cow once more.

“I take it you’re satisfied with the results? It’s always pleasing to know that I’ve made a customer satisfied by giving them everything they could have wanted and more. Even if it’s something you didn’t know you wanted before, like a new place to live and not one but three mates to enjoy! I’m sure you’ll have a good life here, you’ll give a long time serving your herd with your co-worker. What do you say?”

With some certainly he couldn’t speak, Geoff turned around, sporting a rather massive bovine grin. He could not speak anymore, and even as he did so, the tingling of change played over him, knowing what was happening to him and unable to turn back even if he was inclined to. And Geoff no longer wanted to, if it meant he could get more of this. And as the cow got down on all fours, cunt already dripping Geoff’s seed, a bovine bellow was all he needed to know it was time for one final mating, the one that would cement his bovine existence forever. And there was nothing Geoff could ever imagine wanting more...

## **Epilogue**

Looking out at his new grazing herd, the Potion Maker smiled, happy for the milk production he would get and the powerful males to sire strong calves. It had been something he’d wanted to get into for some time, though he was not inclined to take potential clients against their whims or their potential destinies. It was fortuitous that enough clients had come in such short a time that the Potion Maker was naturally able to grow his herd to a size worth having. And, perhaps to grow it even more with the right clients.

At the moment, his newest bull was rutting his new cow, her already pregnant with her first calf. It was surely his newest bull's doing, though the two males were willing to share their cows with one another. Something that did not occur in most herds, though the males were more than a little amicable toward each other. Sometimes, even with the cows present, they mated each other, as much mates as they were to their herd. Even their pregnant charges were not to be denied of sex, their lusts were present even into the later stages of their pregnancy. Be it part of his potion's design or simply their love of their new lives, the Potion Maker would have it no other way!

The only downside to losing his newest hand for a bovine life was that he needed a new caretaker, one to tend to his herd with the promise of his own potions. The man was interesting, though the Potion Maker wanted to take his time with him, trying to figure out where he might fit on the farm. The man wanted to make something of himself, to produce something of meaning for the world, something he had been denied all his life. Such could be the life of a new cow, or perhaps the start of a chicken coop, but there was plenty of time to decide the man's fate, provided he was still to stay on the land and tend to his latest charges.

Speaking of the bulls, his second beast was just coming out to greet the newest cow, sniffing at her cunt as she took a piss, something that was likely a sign of invitation to his advances. Though it was little matter given their intensity for each other as the bull reared himself up, preparing to take his prize. Though it was as much for the cow, the former male, as it was his former farm hand. The two of them were a matched pair, close friends, as much as they were no mates. It was perfect for them to give into their bestial selves together, making the Potion Maker sure he had concocted the perfect potions to meet their individual needs. Surely, a life of bestial pleasures, giving them the bodies that most matched their desires, was the ideal choice for their lives going forward!

With that, the Potion Maker got ready for his trip into town, hitching up his newest draft horse, another recent acquisition into his personal menagerie. He was quite the obedient steed, and kept quelled with the pleasures of stallion flesh, something his other two horses were eager to partake with him. The trio of males rutted several times a day when left to their own devices, though they were happy to help with plowing, transport, and whatever else he would have of them. The Potion Maker couldn't imagine having better steeds at his disposal!

With the influx of new clients and the usefulness of their final forms in his operations, the Potion Maker was sure he would need to up the size of his operations. Perhaps an apprentice, too, was not out of the question, though he would need something who shared his particular proclivities in order to make it work. Surely, someone out there existed, as much as he could figure! There was so much more research to do, and so many more people to change!

