

“Woo! Not bad!” Villam commented, getting out of the car and gazing up at the futuristic-style barn where he and his two friends were to work for the summer. Its sleek design, modern aesthetic, and lack of antiquated farm equipment spoke volumes. It was hardly the traditional farm labor job the three of them had been expecting. A lucky position to land as much as Villam liked to carry on about for the weeks leading up to their stint here.

“It should be if it pays as well as they said,” Fenris mused, thinking about how he would spend that money going forward. Living out here for three months was a small sacrifice for the paycheck they were being offered. Why the company had the disposable income to give them such a salary for a summer’s work was questionable, but hardly enough to concern themselves with.

Sarvak simply nodded, unsure if his lean body was up to the task, though something he was hoping would be fixed from a summer of hard labor. He envied the larger, more muscled forms of his contemporaries and was looking for the chance to gain that build as well. But if the farm was as automated as the outside seemed to suggest, there was every chance their physical prowess would not be put to use. Oh well. They would have time to find all that out in the coming days.

The job advert had been rather plain, though, with the promise of money and the lack of needing to pay for room, board, and food, it was too good to pass up looking into. The advert also made the claim there was further room to grow and for advancement in the company, something that was tempting for the trio going forward. Hell, at worst if it went well, they could use the company as a reference. They weren't the only people working there, of course, though the other group was assigned to another area of the facility. As much as they understood it, they would be working on construction, cleaning, and other tasks that involved preparing spaces for their incoming animal specimens. Something about genetically modifying farm animals for greater production capacity, though it wasn't really for them to know the details of. It was all physical labor, but given the newest of the facility and the money they had to throw away, it certainly promised to pay far more than any other such jobs they had ever seen!

For their part, Villam and Savark were rather quite excited about this kind of summer work. Fenris was a little more reserved, having come along for the ride, so to speak. Still, the money was right, and their living spaces were rather spacious, impressive as was the scope of the place. With their luggage settled, the three made their way to supper, glad to discover a variety of farm-fresh ingredients were used in preparing it. Without animals at the facility already, it was a wonder where the food came from, but none of them were inclined to care, finding the meal to be the most amazing thing they'd had in a long time!

The next day was mostly being shown the facilities, with an afternoon of cleaning and lifting. There was a fair bit to do, though save for Fenris, the others had some experience with hands in work, and even in the heat, the day went quickly. Lots of cold fresh water and lemonade were provided as well, keeping the trio motivated as they went about their tasks, finding the work hard and leaving them sore and stiff but oddly satisfied.

“Fuck, I’m going to be so big...” Fenris mused, already finding his arms firmer than even this morning.

“Not this big!” Villam boasted, flexing and showing off a rather sizable arm. Fenris pushed him in jest, and the two of them started to push and shove people playfully, wrestling in a way they hadn’t ever done but finding it fun to do. Even Savark joined in at once dipping and dodging around them as they giggled and played with each other.

The next couple of days passed quickly, each morning and night filled with hearty food, and the work making the time fly by. It had the makings of a great summer, and the three of them found themselves enjoying living on the compound, the summer sun relaxing and the world passing slowly by without a care other than their immediate work. It was already having a noticeable effect on their muscle mass, something that was happening a little more rapidly than they were expecting. Still, it was welcome, even Savark finding he was putting on sizable muscle to the point some of his shirts were getting tight. The thought of ripping from them, as much as he didn’t want to lose his clothes, was more than a little appealing, as impossible as that would be. If only he could keep it up after the summer was over!

Not all the effects were welcome, however, the hearty food had a noticeable effect on their guts. It was enough to raise Villam and Fenris’s shirts from their bellies, and as much as their stomachs were firm and hard-packed with muscle, their size them were starting to become undesirable. Thinking they would be working it off from all the physical labor, the two of them took to chest and belly exercises despite the persistent soreness from their work days. Yet, to their chagrin, it didn’t seem to help, and as much as the idea of having bigger bellies didn’t appeal to them, there was no stopping their delicious meals, almost addicted to the fresh food as they were.

Even as their bellies continued to bulge over the next week or so, the size of the muscle they were putting on seemed to far exceed any potential weight gain detriments. One of the tech staff commented that such was common for their summer staff, even though they weren’t actively doing bodybuilding. It left them wondering where their bodies might end up by the end of the summer. One thing was sure, at the rate they were steadily growing, they would all need new wardrobes!

Villam's body seemed to pack on more muscle than his friends, something that he was inclined to brag about, much to the chagrin of the others. He would often prompt competitions with his friends, and win in terms of lifting strength and work speed. It was starting to get a little harder for him to move and bend, as though the joints were a little less flexible than he wanted, even if the results were promising on his physique. He didn't complain though, only able to focus on what his body might look like by the end of the summer!

In addition to his own muscle mass, Fenris started to notice that a lot of weight was starting to pack on his ass, much to his embarrassment. It was even getting a little hard to get his underwear on, and the tightness was powerfully uncomfortable. One day, an unexpected yelp startled his two friends, Fenris trying to play it off as seeing a bug that startled him. In truth, it was the bizarre sensation of his sensitive anus touching the fabric when the position of his hips and ass should not have allowed it. Reaching back to touch it later, he was surprised at how puckered it was, though not something he could find too much fault in, as much as he wasn't inclined to share it with the others.

Still, he couldn't help but notice that Sarvak had his own semblance of a bubble butt one that seemed fat as opposed to Fenris's own. Sarvak didn't seem to be bothered by it, even as it grew to the point of almost jiggling as he worked. His formerly smaller frame left it harder for him to get his underwear over it, but rather than be bothered with it, he rather relished the idea of a bigger body, something that had escaped his smaller lanky frame before now. For the most part, he figured it was the hearty food he was eating, and he was surely packing on pounds from stuffing his face, maybe more than his two friends. It was not enough for him to stop or slow down, however, finding himself hungrier and hungrier as the days went by.

One more pleasant change came over them gradually, something they were remiss to notice for a time but something they shied away from once they did. Used to the scent of sweaty bodies from their hard work, it took some time to realize a change in their odor, one that was far more pungent than their human pores could allow for. To much of their embarrassment, it was something that made the three of them all horny in its own way, and while they didn't think it relevant to share with each other, they were thankful for their separate rooms to jerk off their pent-up lusts both before and after dinner, without any chafing over their cocks.

Coming more to terms with the smell, however, it soon became the butt of jokes with each other, especially as it clung to their bodies and clothes even after taking showers. "Ha, you guys smell like a barn!" Villam said, feeling more of a braggart in recent days.

"No wonder you can smell it so well, with that big honking red nose of yours!" Fenris shot back, giggling a little as he snorted from a noticeably larger nose himself. He had to admit,

it was easier to breathe these days, and even the ribbing about his own nose was hardly enough to bother him.

“Yeah, well you two rrrrrewwweeet!” Savark went to say, though the moment the words were out of his mouth, he regretted them. The sound of a squeal made him sound more than anything like a pig!

Such did not go unnoticed by his friends. “You trying to play the part, porker?” Villam said, though figured it might have been a little the moment the words were out of his mouth. Savark had been packing on extra pounds around his gut as of late, more so than his friends. It was still rather firm-packed, he noticed, though the size of it might have been a point of contention. He'd always wanted to be bigger, and surely he had to have been gaining muscle as part of his work. Yet, this extra fat was far more than his body should have been able to support. And getting bigger each day, much to his disappointment.

Laughing it off, Savark went back to work, trying to put it out of his mind. Yet, there was no denying his concern over the words, especially with his discovery a few days ago. While he was able to hide it in his pants for now, the tightness of what felt like a curly tail against his underwear made him sure he wasn't imagining things. He couldn't bring himself to show his friends, of course. But the realism of that squeal couldn't have been merely a coincidence...

Of course, his other friends were undergoing their own alterations from such a hearty diet and hours of hard labor. Villam was the largest of the three by a wide margin. It was soon too difficult for him to wear shirts, all of them torn and sweat-stained over the last few days. This morning he didn't even bother trying to put one on, and neither of the others noticed or commented. The fact that his belly was more barrelled or that his chest was noticeably hairier as well should have alarmed them, though it was hard to recall a time when he'd looked different, so it was quickly forgotten.

One moment of embarrassment came that first afternoon after going shirtless, though Villam was able to hide it from the others. A fit of burping caught their attention, and Villam went to say he was alright, only to find his mouth was full of pre-digested breakfast. He was able to nod instead, reflexively chewing his food again before returning to work. He was coughing almost violently, certainly, but he'd never brought up that much before! It became a trend over the past few days, Villam coughing up his food and chewing it again, as though it was not being properly broken down by his body. His guts had been gurgling as of late, and his belly was bloated as a result. It was as though his organs were larger, and not simply the fat his diet had caused him to pack on. But since such was impossible, Villam ended up putting it out of his mind. Even chewing his cud on a regular basis was seen as normal, and a comment of “you chew

like a cow!” Was met with confusion. Hadn't he always chewed his food twice? It made much more sense, in his opinion!

Fenris was finding changes in his diet necessary as well. Meat wasn't sitting well with him to the point he almost threw up one day, swearing it off. Savark was still enjoying some meat, though Villam, too, found a preference for veggies. The staff was happy to oblige, and soon, they'd stopped serving meat altogether. Even Savark wasn't too bothered, and in the end, they all agreed being vegan was preferable. Why hadn't they switched over before?

Fenris was finding the same difficulty with his shirts as well, and several days after Villam went topless, so did he. It did show off that his belly was much hairier than it had been, gut bulged with hard pact muscle that made him embarrassed. Seeing Villam's own was motivation enough to get over it, and he soon went shirtless with confidence. Even Savark kept up the trend, not bothering to accept the hand-me-down shirts from his larger friends. Hell, with the way he'd been eating, anyone would be hard-pressed to recognize he had once been much smaller than his two friends. As much as the three figured it would be taboo to forgo shirts, the staff didn't have any for them, and soon it became the norm.

With the bulging bellies and steady muscle mass each man was putting on, going without shirts became the least of their worries. Being given the bodies of their dreams came with a fair bit of arousal, something they could not repress even in the company of each other. Surely, the outlines of their erections were obvious to each other, though none of them said anything about it. Time alone was spent mostly masturbating, their cocks hardly chaffed from the efforts and their lusts insatiable. Life became work, eating, jerking off, and sleeping, with little interest in anything else. Even the games, books, and movies they'd brought with them were ignored. Workplace conversation developed into bestial grunts of exertion, each pushing and roughhousing to get closer to the other, the trigger for many a masturbation session later in the day with some privacy.

Their frequent orgasms brought with them further and more rapid changes, though with how fulfilling they were, none of them thought to correlate the two. It seemed as though the more they jerked off, the fuller their balls grew, to the point they outlined their underwear. Though the trio were quick to rib each other over it, it was obvious they were in the same position with swollen testicles filled to the brim with semen. Pants and shorts were almost painfully tight, Villam wondering why he had ever put them on in the first place. Surely, he hadn't been that careless when picking out his clothes for the summer! Yet, there was no way he had grown so much in the past few weeks, was there? In the end, Villam found he was too focused on work to care, the reward of masturbating at the end of the day far too satisfying.

While they seldom saw the other team, it seemed the summer of work had a similar effect on them as well. The trio was not the only one to find shirts forfeited, though for different reasons. One was massive, with a barreled belly larger than even Villam's own making him a little jealous. Villam had noticed the others seemed a little small for clothes, far hairier as well, thick, curled, and more wool-like than Villam's sparse own. No wonder he didn't bother, the heat would be stifling! The third was even worse off, smaller and covered with strange welts and he scratched at, an intense stare on his features that Villam couldn't quite place. There was a part of him that wanted to compete with the other men, though they were working the other side of the compound and their paths crossed only at meal times. There was something about one man that had his interest, especially the sight of the noticeable bumps on his head. They reminded Villam of his own, something he liked to rub in tandem with his bulbous belly before masturbating.

As interesting as Villian found the sight of the others, it was his friends that kept most of his attention, and their bodies and growth were many the source of a masturbation session. Not that he wanted to have sex with them or anything. But the way their muscles accented their sexy bodies did it for him in a way that defined his understanding. It even left him wanting to talk about it to them, both to normalize things as well as see if they felt the same way!

“Fuck, yooou should have seen the load I came his morning, boys!” Villam said one morning, the first time he had discussed his masturbation in front of his friends. Yet, it seemed natural enough he didn't find any fault in it until the words were out of his mouth. All he could do was hope his friends didn't find it too weird. And so what if they did? He was the biggest of the three, after all!

“I could hheeahhaawww you jerking it, so it must have been!” Fenris said. The braying inflection was not lost in his tone, something that had been present for about a week. It had embarrassed him at first but he'd gotten used to it, even giggling at it himself.

Savark chuckled a little, a light chuffing sound so as not to make his usual chorus of grunts and squeals heard. He had hated the sounds the first few times he'd made them, unable to control them especially as he ate. But eventually, his friends stopped making fun of him for it, and he was able to talk without nearly as much shame. Besides, the uncontrolled sounds they were making, in tandem with his own, was a powerful turn-on, especially as he listened to their bellows and brays from his own room as his grunts and squeals followed amazingly long orgasms.

“Welp, let's get back to wwwoouuuulpp!” Villam started to say, though belched up a load of cud that he started to chew without thinking. Such was becoming the norm for him as of late, and he had to admit, the taste of his food coming back up was welcome, giving him something to do during the day as he went about his work. His stomach was becoming so

distended for his organs that he could swear he now had multiple, but if it meant he got to eat his meals twice, then Villam could find no fault in that.

Fenris was used to hearing his friend's frequent belching to the point it no longer grossed him out. This morning he was rather focused on the bulge above his spine, one perfectly visible through an indent in his underwear. He'd been aware of it for some time, painful as he rolled on it in his sleep. Its presence had troubled him at first, though upon noticing similar bulges in his friend's underwear, he wasn't inclined to question it. His was the thickest of the three, and he took some pride in that, trying to reach out and twitch it a little, something he found he was easily able to do.

Savark, too, was aware of the growth in his pants, though was hardly focused on it with the irritation in his mouth. It felt as though two of his teeth were thicker, enough they pushed at the others in his gum line. It did leave a few trails of blood when he'd brushed, though other than the slight ache in his jaw, he didn't mind too much. Still, it was more than a little distracting to play with them he tried to work. That, in tandem with his flatter, leaking nose left some fluids dripping from his mouth as much as he wished that to stop.

Villam was dealing with his own irritation in the form of persistent itching, mostly around his treasure trail and groin, though starting around his back and shoulders as well. It served to trap in his musk, something that heightened his arousal. More than that, Villam was thankful not to have his hair irritated against his clothing, save for his groin, though he was not inclined to remove his underwear, not yet. Some part of him wondered if with his bulge free, he would simply masturbate all day and hardly be able to get any work done!

While Fenris had started the summer off with short hair, that was no longer the case with how long and bristled it had become in the back. Hell, it was even starting to grow down his back and over his shoulders, the itching of which caused him to stop and scratch several times during work. When pressed about it, he would simply say “wwhhhaaawwwt are you guys staring at?!” Which would elicit a chuckle from his friends, though little else. Looking at it in the mirror each morning, Fenris found the look of a mohawk rather attractive, and even the lump in his underwear twitched at the sight of it, eager to express his admiration.

Unlike his friends, Sarvak was not experiencing erratic hair growth, but rather his own falling out. It had started in his groin and underarms, something that wasn't immediately noticed or missed. But when he started to go bald over his head, Savark panicked a little, not liking the bald spot at all in addition to the added flab over his previously lean form. Yet, when his cries of panic quickly turned to squeals, he stopped himself, unable to repress his snorts but only just. It was just a part of aging, after all, and his vitality was still intact, the trade-off being amazingly lengthy orgasms. He could certainly learn to love that arrangement!

As his attraction to his friend's changing bodies grew, Savark found it harder and harder to resist his lust, especially with the length of the orgasms that followed. And that came with its own complications, ones that made it harder for him to work. Along with the pinkening of his skin came a lack of sweat, to the point he couldn't even feel any fluid on his skin, even after a hard day of work. Cool water helped alleviate the heat of the day as he toiled. But somehow, it wasn't enough, making Savark wish he could submerge himself even longer, like all day. And yet, part of him was sure that water wasn't the right medium for him...

As the weeks went by, none of them paid much attention to the subtle changes to each other's bodies, having perceived them as largely normal. Things like bumps in their underwear, excess hair growth, longer ears, and wider noses were seen as natural. Even the way their cocks often rose in their underwear from each other's presence was thought of as natural. Feeling emboldened one day, Villam even pulled out his dick in the middle of a shift, with no one else around but his friends. Yet, at the size of it, both Fenris and Savark blushed, though not for the action itself but rather the size of his member, putting their own to shame!

Not one to give up so easily, Fenris pulled down his own underwear, letting a dark-skinned penis engorge fully and showing a girth that far surpassed Villam's own. "Well, I've got you beat by length!" Villam declared, his own member at least ten inches by sight. Fenris was at about nine, no slouch himself. Savark even pulled his own down, thinner and shorter than his friends, though larger than he had been. Wait, was that right? Surely, his own cock had always been this big...

"Ooooooh yeah..." Villam groaned in his new deep bellowing voice, stroking off his cock in front of them like it was the most natural thing in the world. The sight of his reddening member twitching, girth balls shaking, and his lips trembling was enough for his friends to stroke their own rods. There was no one else around, and such was unlikely to be a deterrent besides. The sounds of grunts, bellows, and whickers echoed in their space and spurred their arousal. There was no reason to hold back, even if the three of them were inclined to. And knowing from experience how quick they were to recharge as of late, none saw it fit to resist, needing to get off and powerfully aroused beside.

"I'm gooooooona cuuuuum first! Ooooooooooooo!" Villam bellowed out, more akin to a bull than any sound he had ever made before.

As strange as it was, Fenris found the sound divine, and despite his trepidation about his own intonations, he was quick to let himself go, if only to feel as much pride as Villam seemed to. "Ah, yeeeeahhhhaawww! Heehawww!"



Fenris followed up, his cock tip flaring and spewing a load over the ground in front of him. Not able to sweat as he was in the heat, Savark took a few moments longer to reach his own release. But the animalistic intonations from his friends made him confident in his own cry, and Savark didn't bother to restrain himself as with a “wwwreeeeeetttt!” he let himself fall into orgasmic bliss. His two friends watched with wide, impressed eyes as his cock throbbed and shot thicker and thicker globs of cum onto the floor, grunting and squealing all the while.

Not bothering to clean up after themselves, each pulled up their underwear, going back to work as if nothing had happened. The workday went slowly, each man focused on their own release and the next one to come. Not wanting to get too far behind, they didn't bother to stop for another masturbation session. Though each was certain in their minds that the experience would be the source of many orgasms in the coming days.

In the next few days, all three found themselves eager to repeat the act in front of each other. Of course, it was Villam to take the lead, bragging about how long his cock was. He neglected to comment on the fact it was thinner, or that the shade was now a deep red. Hell, it even seemed to be pushing out of his foreskin, twelve inches now, and taking a fair amount of blood to fuel. With how much he had grown so far, it was barely enough to slow Villam down, and he was quick to cum, making a race of it with the other two and often winning.

Fenris's confidence was certainly boosted by the size of his own member, even if it wasn't as long as Villam's. It was pink rather than red, and while it was fairly thick around the shaft, it was his head that really impressed him, bulbous and flatter than the tapered shape Villam's had taken on. Like Villam's, his foreskin had pulled back, though seemed more spacious than before. It wasn't enough to hide his cock while flaccid, and it confused Fenris to think that it never had been. It certainly felt right now, and Fenris soon played it little mind, enjoying the pleasure it gave him both alone and in front of his friends.

For Savark's part, the heat of the day made masturbation outside the shower a little more troublesome. He was still able to reach orgasm, and with the length it went on, Savark no longer cared his cock was the smallest of the three. He was getting the most out of it and even enjoyed the fact that jerking off seemed to pull it longer in front of him, if not thinner like Villam's member. The fact that his aroused state seemed to twist his cock just slightly was a little disturbing at first, but since it didn't seem to stem his masturbation, Savark found it harder to hold on to his concerns.

Be it an effect of their frequent masturbation sessions, or from many weeks of manual labor, all three found their bodies becoming stiff and sore as of late, to the point that it was hard to get a day's work done. Of course, all three were packing on muscle, but with its focus on their bellies, shoulders, and hips, their former flexibility seemed to wane somewhat. With thicker

necks and building bellies, it was no wonder it was becoming nearly impossible for them to get their work done. Much of their work for the summer had already been done, barns put up, stalls separated, and various other equipment being set up. But it escaped their notice that what should have been a several-week job for three men had gone on far longer, that their bodies were no longer in a shape to do the jobs they had been hired for.

It seemed their employers were of the same mindset. Rather than scolding them for their lack of progress, they seemed to be excited to see what they had achieved, telling them “You'll get there, boys! You're showing a lot of growth, and you should be proud of yourselves. Keep up the good work!” Even if the words were a little confusing, there was no denying how much pride they took in the praise, something no other employer had ever showered them with.

So their days went on, the three spending less and less time working and more time taking out their cocks and jerking off in front of each other. Even the other staff didn't react when they did so, making the actions seem all the more normal. With the swelling in their groins, it was becoming harder and harder to even wear underwear, and Fenris's bubble butt, in particular, had torn all but the stretchiest pairs he'd had. But even if they tried to question the odd behavior and strange growth, none could find fault with it, as though unable to hold on to their doubts for very long. After all, if it felt this good, then there couldn't be anything wrong, right?

Villam and Fenris found themselves often stopping to scratch their skin, the spreading of brown and gray hair respectively getting far too irritating to ignore. It was more than their chests, their groins, and backs to be covered, much to their chagrin. In fact, it was getting harder and harder to see the skin in some places. Beards and sideburns had lengthened beyond the hair around their necks, but only just. And despite the itching, neither saw much point in shaving any longer, given the speed the hairs would grow back. Even the growths sticking from their backsides had their own coats, wiry at the ends though covered all the same. While Villam's hair had shortened over his skull to match what was moving up his back, Fenris's hair was even longer, thin, and bristling up his back and neck, rather fetching in the mirror even though it itched annoyingly.

Savark was having an even more difficult time with things, despite having hardly any body hair remaining. With the summer heat, Savark found himself sweltering without the ability to sweat any longer. It was getting to the point where he could hardly do any work, needing to take frequent breaks to rest lest he pass out. Cold baths weren't enough to alleviate the heat, and Savark was starting to wonder if he would have to quit for the summer and leave his job and his friends.

Yet, the solution to his problem came rather unexpectedly one day after a rainstorm the night before. The air was still damp and the ground moist, making the other two decide their

morning was better spent jerking off together. But something about the mud-soaked ground seemed to appeal to him, to the point Savark found himself staring in fascination. Without thinking, Savark walked toward it, taking off his shoes before feeling his toes squelching in the mud. The cool earth sent a shiver through his being, and before he knew what he was doing, Savark was down on his chest, the cool earth coating his skin and making him snort his relief. There was no denying how amazing it felt against his skin, even as he used his restricted arms to rub it all over.

Even his friends watching him, taking a break between jerk-off sessions, could not stop Savark from rolling around in the earth like it was a warm blanket. Though a part of him was a little ashamed of being dirty and caked in mud, there was no denying this was the specific thing his skin had been craving all along. Eventually, the two of them left him to his devices, still enjoying watching him jerk off in the mud as much as they had been with each other. Though it was clear they didn't understand it, they were supportive of the aid it gave him in dealing with the heat. As it became his normal, even sleeping in the mud rather than showering, Villain and Fenris didn't bother to question it. Hell, it felt weird enough for them to shower themselves, their bodies smelling wonderful to them and the water irritating their hair besides.

It seemed that as the days passed, the persistent changes to both bodies and lifestyles, while once thought bizarre, were found difficult to reflect on for too long. Of course, all three continued to masturbate frequently, though even the fog over their minds was not enough to ignore the alterations to their members. Still, it was impossible to view them as anything else but desirable and relished in what was becoming of their members. Villam's was still the longest, of course, though it was barely thicker than his humanity. That was fine by him, however, given that its reddening contours could nearly reach past his barreling belly. It was pointed and slid from a fleshy sheath several times a day as needed. The feel of such was sensual on its own, always a prelude for what was to come as he began to leak.

Fenris, too, enjoyed his member and all it had to offer, his not quite as long as his friend's but far more girthy. The color was off, as well, at least with what had been exposed under his former foreskin. The skin was pinker, with mottled black patches that seemed to flare larger each time he jerked off. But it was the head that really caught his attention, having flattened, his piss head larger and glans surrounded with a ring of minute bumps. Even if his orgasms brought with them a chorus of brays, Fenris could not resist, finding the vocalizations rather pleasant and as much a part of himself as any of the other alterations.

Savark had perhaps the strangest alterations to his member thus far, though, in the beginning, it seemed to better mirror Villam's member, at least with its pointed, pinkened end and leathery sheath hitching it up against his groin. Yet, the more it seemed to alter, the more his erection started to curl around itself while erect, as though akin to a corkscrew. It was even more

perplexing to the touch, though the pleasure it gave him was beyond anything he knew. The best was how it seemed to extend his release beyond anything he was accustomed to, leaving the others jealous as his body vibrated with orgasmic release minutes after the other two were done.

With larger pricks and more insistent needs in their loins, their testicles, too, were far too swollen to even wear underwear at this point. Villam was the first to forgo wearing them, showing up at work one day with his impressive package swaying back and forth. Fenris thought to question it, though Villam was confused for a moment, forgetting he was even supposed to be wearing anything at all. Seeing his friend foregoing underwear, Savark saw fit to do the same, finding them uncomfortably dirty in the mud beside. Not wanting to be the only one in clothing, and with as tight as they were getting against his equine balls, Fenris ripped his off in the middle of a shift, and none of them ever bothered to don them again. It didn't seem to bother the staff members, who seemed rather impressed by what they were looking at, to the self-satisfaction of each man.

Though a part of them was sure they had not possessed such maleness before today, there was no denying how much it did for them. Any errant thoughts of concern were quickly erased in the sexual prowess they had gained. Even the various grunts, snorts, bellows, and brays in their speech couldn't persuade them anything was wrong. While once embarrassing, they became such a normal part of their speech that even Villam's taunting seemed pointless, and he stopped altogether. It simply felt too good to masturbate at the sight of their physiques that all thoughts of wrongness were soon quashed, and their alterations seemed natural, desirable, even.

Of course, with frequent masturbation sessions, any further work was put by the wayside. In particular, Savark's orgasms were encroaching on for more than ten minutes and extended with his forming sperm plug. When their boss came to see them one day, the three having just ejaculated together, a sense of embarrassment and shame fell over them, being caught in the act and likely to be fired for a poor performance. Yet, it was much the opposite, their boss applauding their progress and reassuring them not to worry about the physical tasks any longer. They were meant for more important work, after all, something that was shaping up nicely!

Though the trio could not understand the words, it soon came to a head as Villam's ever-growing bulk broke the bed he was sleeping on. He had taken to remove his blankets some weeks ago, uncomfortable against his body hair. But without the bed to sleep on, Villam was prompted to snort his rage, angered that such was too weak for him. What he was not expecting was an offer to live in the very barn they had been helping to build, outside though with plenty of hay for bedding. Though Villam was unsure at first, the first night sleeping in the barn was the best rest he'd had, and Villam decided to make it his permanent residence.

Wondering what it was like to try himself, Fenris left his bed behind for a stall as well, finding the fresh scents of hay helped him sleep, as well. They had long since stopped worrying about masturbation in front of each other, the last thread of requiring privacy. Since they no longer cared for clothing, showers, beds, and privacy, it made sense for them to live in a communal stall. Of course, Savark was quick to join them, albeit in his own stall beside a pen of mud and finally giving him relief from the heat he'd been craving.

They were soon not the only trio to inhabit the barn, as much as they had not seen the other workers in recent days. A man with the horse's cock moved in beside Fenris, leaving him a little self-conscious about the size of his own member. With its similar shape, the two of them often masturbated together, the scents of their equine hide and musk were a powerful attraction and the two of them became fast friends. Even as a ropey growth continued to poke its way over Fenris's backside, the sight of the one flowing from the horse's hind end made him relax, desiring his own and loving every moment of its growth.

Villam was rather enamored by the presence of a goat man, as he'd come to refer to him, especially with his persistent bleating. It was the sight of his horns that had his interest, loving how they seemed to pull from his wool-like hair. The weight of Villam's own made him elated, however, and while his arms were still capable of doing so, he loved to reach up and lovingly rub them. It was something the goat preferred to do before jerking off, bleating all the while. Villam was quick to join him, bellowing as his much larger balls erupted their load. He was always one for competition, be it a facet of his bulk or something he had carried with him before... what, exactly? It hurt Villam to think too much, and usually, he stopped by the time he burped up his chud to chew.

Savark was perhaps privy to the strangest alteration of all, a small man who was living in what appeared to be a chicken coop that had been brought over from their work site. He was child-sized, with no hair, and bumps all over his body, though a prelude to the brilliant plumage he would soon possess. His pointed beak often picked seeds and bugs off the ground, bending down easily with altered legs. Like the others, he was regularly inclined to reach down and rub where his ass once was, jerking to conclusion and cawing like a rooster as he did so. The changes, as alien as they were, did match the trio's own, though they hadn't seen the other three as often, so perhaps their perceptions of each other's bodily alterations were biased.

Though they were largely comfortable with their new lives and bodies, a few last stumbling blocks raised their alarm. With as large and bulky as their bodies had become, work was all but impossible, hunched over frames with arms that didn't move as well as they were used to. Thankfully, they were no longer required to work and assured when the summer was done they would still receive full pay, even with benefits for their good job. That was welcome enough, though the trio worried about what they would do with all the free time. Their games,

movies, and books no longer carried interest, bodies too large and bulky to make good use of them. Without those, there was little for them to do but eat, sleep, and jerk off. Yet, day by day it was harder for them to hold onto such concerns, especially as their lusts required tending to. Food was another welcome distraction, the trio being fed several times a day of their favorite veggies and grains. Savark got a more varied diet, though neither of his friends minded, content to eat what they were given and finding nothing was missing.

“So hhhawwwwnneeehhhaaawww!” Fenris brayed one such morning, mostly asinine inflections having taken over his speech. Still, as the days went on, there seemed to be little need to talk. Even Villam felt his competitive streak leaving him, content to reach down and bellow in his deep. “Oooohrrroooooo!” As he spilled more cum onto the floor, his fur, and his hand, Villam became awash in his power, wishing to become more so with each orgasmic release. A high-pitched “Oooreeeeetttt!” often echoed Savark’s release from the sty outside, though both men were still a little envious of Savark’s stamina, often still writhing in the mid some ten minutes after every ejaculation. At first, they would ask him what it was like, but as the days passed it seemed none had little reason to talk to him, or each other. There was little to say, and harder to distinguish words besides. Smell meant more to their minds, and each was able to tell of the other’s health, mental state, and above all their virility.

Summer was moving into August now, and at first, Villam found himself wondering what he would do with his bonus paycheck at the end of their stay. After all, that had been the point, right? Yet, it was harder to hold onto thoughts of back home when truth be told, he had everything he wanted right here. Meals, room, bored, and a cock that wouldn’t stop! He knew it would cost them more to board here but...how far would their stipends last? Surely, they could stay a while after, right? He’d tried to ask one of his caretakers one day, though the bovine bellows likely made expressing his desires moot, much to his frustration. Yet, a rub against his much larger nose and an extra treat was enough for him to alleviate the worry, and he always figured he could ask later when the time came.

Much to Villam’s delight, the added bulk from consistent eating was not detrimental to his muscle mass, as much as it concerned him while they weren’t working. He was far beyond human clothes and took pride in his nudity, some days imagining he could feel the muscle bulking under the skin in real time. It was all muscle, giving him the towering physique of his dreams. Even though Fenris was envious of his bovine friend or the new horse beside him, he was getting larger in his own right, and his longer ears, ropey tail, and equine cock were enough for him to be content. Savark, as much as he loved his mud and sloth, was much larger, too, with hard-packed muscles under layers of fat that accented his rather fearsome tusks.

Given their added size, it was thankful they were granted the mouths to match, needing to eat far more often than simply three meals a day. The blunt protrusion from his face made speech

all but impossible, but with the large grinding molars that added size provided, Villam was hardly in a place to care. He could eat much faster now, and much more effectively. Even the chewing motions were easily accustomed to, and whenever he brought up cud to chew, Villam was thankful for the added space to do so effectively.

Fenris, too, was thankful for a larger muzzle, a little heavy and awkward on his face though fetching as much as his equine friend's. It was a little weird having an intercostal space with no teeth, the longer the more of his face he was able to see in front of him. Still, he quickly got used to it and was especially thankful for his fattening lips. While they were numb at first, Fenris soon found he could move them effectively with little effort, and they were firm enough that he almost didn't need teeth any longer to grip his food. That, and his brays were far louder now with his muzzle so larger, something he delighted in much to the chagrin of his friends.

Savark's face had not grown out to the extent of the others, though still relatively large in comparison to what he was accustomed to. His nose hung heavy on his features, as well as two prominent tusks, though he felt they were largely unneeded. Still, his moist, seeking nose was a point of great pleasure, helping him locate all manner of things within his sty, and he often made a game of such. Of most significance, however, was how much better his food smelled, and how much the flavor exploded on his tongue as a result. Savark was often ravenous, and being able to taste so many delectable delights gave him something to look forward to, snorting and grunting his elation each time.

It wasn't lost on them that their ability to communicate was more complex at one point in their lives. Yet, any prolonged attempts to worry about it simply faded without the necessity to speak as they once had. Just the sounds of their friends snuffling in their respective pens were enough to know what they were up to. They were given easy access to leave their pens, something they took advantage of often. When one left, the others followed, moving out into the warm summer air and enjoying the lovely weather. Besides, the lawn was full of delicious grass, something they chastised themselves for not tasting sooner. Not as good as their regular meals but giving them something to pass the time. It was a little awkward bending down to eat, though as Villam and Fenris were starting to find, that walking as they had always done was becoming impossible. At least with their larger faces, it was easy to crop as much grass as they desired.

Each enjoyed those pleasant afternoons grazing or slowly walking around the property, though seldom strayed far from the barn. All except Savark, who didn't seem inclined to leave his mud pen, much to the chagrin of his fattening body. It was so comfortable, so cool against his skin, that attempts to rouse him to invite him to the field were in vain. Still, he spent more of his time in his pen, sniffing around and enjoying the cooling mud, and his friends couldn't help but feel happy for him that he'd found his place.

Even after a week and then two in their new quarters, the novelty had not worn off. It was an easy life, nothing to concern themselves with other than eating, sleeping, and masturbating, something they partook in often with their new cocks. However, a new problem soon started to arise as stiffness in their hands made it much more difficult. All three former men were experiencing the same issues, fingers not working as well, and thickened nails that made the familiar tactile sensations less pronounced. Fenris had the worst of it, losing much of his fingers to the middle digits and leaving him the singular way to rub himself off. Still, Villam and Savark were met with their own problems, only two fingers per hand that retained functionality, even as the nails started to curve and point. Though none of the three thought it prudent to talk any longer, their bellows, brays, and squeals of frustration came to each other's ears as their masturbation struggles grew more with each day.

If any of them were unsure of the fate of their hands, their feet were fated to go first as a sign of what was to come. Fenris was distressed to feel all but one toe per foot retreat into his heels, which were stretching longer and thinning and making walking nearly impossible. He did have to admit, there was some advantage in having a thickened nail at the base of his single toe, one that allowed him to carry the weight of his fat ass and bulbous belly. The numbness was something he easily grew accustomed to as well not caring that he no longer had feeling there. With how thin his legs were becoming, it was a wonder he could manage to hold himself up, and with the same threatening to happen to his arms, it almost seemed pointless that he'd gained so much muscle over the course of the summer.

Villam was not a fan of the changes to his feet either, only two toes left as the rest of them retreated into equally thinning legs. His spreading nails were thinner than Fenris's own, pointed with flattened bottoms. He didn't so much care about the lack of motile digits that came with his hooves, rather worried that his front legs would go the same way. Wait, front legs? Didn't he mean hands? Such discrepancies were difficult to focus on, and he frequently found himself grunting in anger over the frustration. And with his stiffening fingers, it was obvious that would not be the case for much longer.

Savark, for his part, was experiencing the same frustrations as his feet thinned, two digits taking a literal backseat on his heels while two more grew their own firm nails, and his big toes were eliminated entirely. He didn't mind, perhaps more than any of them, given that trotters were better for settling into the mud. Still, it was annoying to struggle with jerking himself off with his altering hands, even when Savark had the option to rub his porcine cock against the ground in a way that his larger friends lacked given their massive statures. It was harder to find purchase in the mud, even with the sensitivity of his prick in its altered state. His grunts and squeals were all his friends needed to know he was able to obtain a modicum of pleasure even with his hands and front legs in their altered state.



Inevitably, the gradual changes to their hands were soon to come to a head, finally getting in the way of enjoying their simpler lives. Spending more than an hour trying to rub his cock in vain, Villam's bellows of distress were finally met when one of the handers came up to him, rubbing his bulbous nose and calming him somewhat. It was the scent of the rag in his hand, however, that really did it for the mostly changed bull, and he moved forward, grunting in his pleasure. Being led out of his stall and into the main area, Villam's dimmer eyesight came to settle on what looked like a breeding stand, several, in fact, though one of them looked to be more at level with his bulk. The implication of which did not bother him, rather excited him as his cock slapped against his belly. He was sure the stands hadn't been there the day before, but it didn't matter, given how long he was sure it would take for him to get off by slapping his cock against his belly. Besides, jerking off was one thing, but having a stand to breed, something wrapped around his cock was beyond his ability to fathom!

"It's all yours to use whenever you want! Do you need help?" The aid offered, lifting the pleasant-smelling cloth for his use. Yet, as aroused as he felt over the thought of breeding something, Villam was able to rear up, using his waning fingers to hoist himself up as he took his place on the stand. It took some work for him to manage with his awkward bulk, and still more with his inexperience using such a stand. Even with as much as his cock was leaking, he couldn't seem to get the pointed tip into the stand and grunted his frustrations. It was almost maddening with his need to cum, and the anger in Villam's mind was reaching its apex!

Yet, to his delight, the sensation of warm hands on his cock gave him pause. Before he knew what had happened, his bovine penis was allowed to slide into the stand, and Villam pushed in, feeling the firm grip of the stand massaging his rod. Nothing could have prepared him for the rapture that was having his entire penis being played with all at once. With that, he thrust eagerly, experiencing immediate bliss as his mammoth testicles slapped against the side and he felt his pleasure grow.

It took little time for Villam to reach his end, though he had no inclination to hold back against the tide of lust. The scent in his nose from the rag did wonders for his libido, though with the pleasure he felt from the stand and the frequent arousal his new body gave him, he hardly required any additional encouragement. With a bellow of release, Villam felt his testicles tense and his lengthy rod pump copious amounts of semen into the stand's collection bag. Sweaty and satisfied, Villam dismounted, loving the feeling of the man rubbing his nose, as though telling him he'd done a good job. "The stand is there whenever you want it. Use it as much as you need!" He offered, and Villam nodded his agreement, not bothering to speak since he'd given up human words a few weeks ago.

Seeing how much pleasure Villam had gotten from using his stand, Fenris was eager to give it a go as well. While his hands weren't quite as far changed as Villam's own, there was

something about the way he held himself that made him eager to try it. His own physique was smaller than Villam's, something he had come to accept, but there were several stands available for their use, even one that looked to be level with his body. Already comfortable on all fours, Fenris had more success his first time, not even needing a helping hand. His thick cock head managed to push its way in, and with his lengthy dick and thicker head being squeezed sensually, it took him no time for him to bray with release, as though calling for his contemporaries. Villam was happy for him, Fenris coming back with a shine to him that had him waving his tail.

While each of them was concerned about the reality that they would lose their hands soon, such was soon accepted with the option to get off whenever they desired. For one, their increasing bulk made masturbation as they knew it almost impossible, shoulders restrictive and making touching even their girthy cocks impossible. Stiffening fingers were insufficient to provide needed pleasure to their pricks regardless, especially as heavy keratin slowly encroached over the tips. And breeding the stands was far more fulfilling than simply touching themselves had ever been, smelling sweet and providing penile stimulation beyond their wildest imaginings. As Fenris lost his fingers for the singular thick digit ending in a hoof, and Villam his twin digits for pointed keratin, both came to easily accept the developments. They were much more supportive of their increasing bulk besides, making walking easier. It was hard to recall even having had anything other than their hooves in the end, nor recalling why they had craved such in the first place.

Savark was encountering a different problem, even as his fingers shrank and their tips formed the beginnings of keratin-tipped pig's trotters. He was still able to masturbate, as much as he'd been used to his cock ground against the mud and his girthy belly. It was unfortunate that his formerly minute humanity had given way to a fattening frame close to 700 pounds or more by the time he was done. Though as the days passed and he came to crave the cooling touch of mud against his body, Savark forgot what life without it had been like. Things were so simplistic, and superior, that little could persuade him to leave its cooling confines. Yet, in the end, the brays and bellows of his fellows were tempting enough that Savark ventured into the barn's main area, a breeding stand low enough to the ground for even his bulk. Its sweet scent was far more enticing than anything had a right to be, and its grip on his porcine penis defied his expectations. And to top it off, his orgasmic pleasures lasted far beyond anything the others could match, minutes passing like hours as his body shook and shivered.

Their new caretakers came often to tend to their needs, though other than a steady diet, the trio wanted for very little. Having experience with the stands, none of them required assistance, and there were enough for each to go around, at level with their massive and still-growing bodies. Still, it did not escape their notice at the interest their caretakers took in their masturbation escapes, often scenting the semen in their pants as they ejaculated at the sight of their maleness. Fenris and Villam often made a game of competing to cum first in the stands, a

display that served to provide adequate entertainment for their caretakers. Not to mention the elation they felt over displaying their maleness to each other!

As far as the three of them could perceive, the summer was starting to come to an end. Yet, even fleeting thoughts of leaving had left their minds, simply fragments of another life that meant little in the pleasure and contentment that this one provided. As far as the three of them were concerned, they had always been beasts, even if their still expanding bodies denoted otherwise. As their bodies bulked up and reached a relative level of stability, the alterations were only seen as making day-to-day life more convenient. As the final changes swept over their bodies, it became increasingly harder to recall a time when they had been anything else, not that it mattered with the fulfillment they felt.

To an outside observer, Villam now made a rather fetching bull, thicker all over with thick muscle. He still took pride in his power and welcomed the opportunity to show it off, charging across the field and ramming his massive horns into a stand set up for that purpose. He had relished the thickening of his head and the growth of massive horns, though weighing it down at first, were greatly appreciated once his neck had thickened to support them. Nothing about his altered body invoked any sense of longing, rather enjoying how his flanks shifted and his chest barreled toward a musculature able to maneuver on all fours. A part of him wished to compare his massive stature to that of another bull, to ensure he was the largest around. Yet, in equal measure, he had no desire to compete with another male, even though his only prize, realistically, was the breeding stand. Still, Villam considered it his, and would be damned to let anyone else use it over him!

Fenris, too, came to love his new form as his body contours warped to his own equivalent of the stallion in the stall next to him. He couldn't help but admire the features of the horse, his sleek fur, massive powerful body, and flowing tail. Yet, it was not enough for him to feel jealousy, or lament his own equine body, especially as his flattening hips and barreling chest allowed him to eagerly run outside, bucking and kicking and braying his sheer joy at life. There were things he preferred about his own body, especially his long, ropey tail, something he had more control over and loved to play over his backside. And his face, too, was rather pleasing to look at each morning in the mirror as it pushed out into its final form, or at least was he perceived as such. His longer ears, too, were better at picking up sounds, and his stocky body was surprisingly agile, lower to the ground and less likely to stumble. Perhaps most exciting of all, while his cock was a little shorter than the horse's, it was relatively larger in terms of compassion to his body size and gave him such exquisite pleasure whenever he took the breeding stand. Something he, like the horse, partook in often, and many times the two of them took to the stand together, sharing in their sexual pleasure without ever needing to voice such as they had once done.

From his pen outside the barn, Savark looked out at the world with interest, though not enough for him to join it. Lying in the mud, as lazy as it was, met all his needs in a way that would have confused him at one time but now made more sense. Not that he devoted much time to reflecting on such things, resting and eating as much as he craved to do. While his obesity had once been a source of concern, now Savark welcomed it, recalling his disdain for his formerly skinny frame and weak stature. Under all the fat he now had was hard-packed muscle, even as his belly bulged further and his chest pulled his stubby legs underneath him. By this point, he figured he was closer to 1000 pounds, something he took rather pride in. And when not sleeping, he was curious about the scents in the field around him, low to the ground, and his ability to detect odors enough to almost rival a dog's. Yet, it was his masturbation that really drew his waking hours, spending more time on the breeding stands than any of the other residents and glad he had a stand of his own. His squeals of delight went on upwards of twenty minutes or more as Savark waited to expel his sperm plug, and the aftershocks of such often lasted long after he moved back to his mud to relieve himself of the heat from sex. It was worth it to him, something to make him the envy of all the other residences

As September continued and the tingling that signaled their growth finally waned, each beast settled into their new lives as though they had been born as such. It was becoming harder and harder to recall their lives before living in the barn, and even fleeting thoughts of their pasts were quickly forgotten. Each preferred to live in the now, and while they retained their intelligence and their awareness of the world, it seemed that beastly pursuits became their lives to the point little else mattered. Each former man was massive, virile, and relished in being so as they bred their stand with abandon several times a day. If they had one regret, one desire, it might they for their bodies to become even larger, more powerful, and with penises to match, though such felt like a fleeting dream at best...

## **Epilogue**

It had been over a week down since the changes had stopped and the new farm beasts had adapted to their new lives. Cognitive tests all indicated that they retained some of their intelligence, though could hardly be brought to care about much beyond feeding, sex, and sleep. Still, their remaining human intellect was enough they could be trained and handled easily, eager to do whatever was required after being given treats or masturbation opportunities. Their bodies were far larger than their contemporaries, and more efficient, barely producing waste as much of their food was utilized to fuel their forms. Something appreciated by their caretakers, to be certain!

“Not a bad lot, all things considered,” Marchell said, putting down his shovel to wipe the sweat on his brow. The three of them had been brought in some weeks ago to start caring for the livestock that had once been human. While it was a little alarming to watch them slowly

changing into animals, they seemed happy enough, all things considered. Not that they wanted to have the same fate as well. But that wasn't their purpose, knowing what was happening to the more unfortunate men and knowing their humanity was needed. Surely, the same wouldn't happen to them, especially with the sheer number of nondisclosure agreements they had to sign!

Though the three men had some trouble wondering why the company would perform such morally indefensible experiments, they came to understand the purpose of such. There were numerous advantages to changing people that way, and the remnant intelligence was always welcome, the animals easier to keep placid. Furthermore, it was possible to add additional weight and bulk, such as their genes were already in flux. And, in testing the limits of their process, a tidy profit to be made.

It had been some weeks since Marshall, Norman, and Sean had been brought in to care for the animals in their final weeks of change. Not a glamorous job, but in doing so they were all but guaranteed a high position in the company, one that promised generous benefits and room for growth. And getting on toward the end of summer, the three were called in, to what they collectively agreed was time for that promotion. Being full members of the company was the ultimate goal, and the three could not wait to spend the extra money, finally getting the lifestyles they'd been longing for. And, for them, the sight of their maleness and sexual exploits was a source of arousal itself, as much as they would only admit that to each other.

Yet, they were not expecting to enter a darkened room, not to be hit on the neck with a series of darts. They were unconscious before they realized what had happened. It was sometime later they awoke, the scents of the barn a sign of where they were. The former humans, now a bull, donkey, and pig respectively, had been brought in as well, though largely looked bored. Their presence didn't invoke concern, though it was hard to imagine why they were there in the first place.

"I'm sure you're wondering why you've been brought in here," said one of their employers, walking over with a gloved hand and staring down at the three men with contempt. "Well here's the increase I've promised for you, perhaps not in the way you're expecting but true to my word nonetheless, I assure you!"

"We've been looking for a way to bulk up our animals even further, increasing their virility beyond what was previously thought possible, as you well know. But even our process of transformation has its limits, I'm afraid, and has led us to some rather...unique trials to add to their mass. You'll be instrumental in helping them bulk up, and you'll have no worries for the rest of your lives other than helping them to grow!"

Without further explanation, the man moved to rub some sort of fluid to the backs of each of their bare asses. All three men tried to call out, having no idea what the man was on about, nor could they possibly understand what was in store for them. Yet, regardless of the outcome, they were helpless to resist in their restrained state, at the whims of whatever their employer had in store.

The scent of whatever salve had been applied to their rectums seemed to have an effect on the animals as the three of them moved forward, as though requiring a closer inspection. It was powerfully unnerving to have each animal in turn sniff their backside, their asses evidently a potent attractant. A few deep sniffs were all it took before the three went to mount, aroused by whatever odor had been applied to their rectums. Each man on the stand cried out their pain of being penetrated, their anuses hardly meant to take cock, least of all ones the size of genetically altered farm animals supported.

“What’s going on...?” Marshall managed to mutter, the thickness of the bull’s cock working its way in not as agonizing as what his coworkers were undergoing. Yet, he was unable to stifle his pain as the bull pushed in impossibly far, not taking the man’s comfort into consideration as he found his place inside and grunted in pleasure from the first time truly fucking in his new form. From Villam’s standpoint, the sensations gripping his cock must have been far more sublime than even the warmth of the breeding stand, making him drool and eager to thrust. Marchelle could hardly focus on that, given the pain in his guts, something that threatened to tear him apart.

“Rather than force food directly, however, it seems that the merger of another host should achieve the desired result. Don’t worry, you’ll still remember who you are, as much as our other subjects. Perhaps not as happy as them, with less autonomy, but all our job promised was more room to grow, yes?”

“Merger!?” Norman called out, though was distracted by the thick, wet head of a donkey’s cock plowing for his insides. Thinking his pucker would not relent enough for such penetration, Norman was still shocked to feel it entering, so tightly that he could feel every vein and ridge throbbing against his inner walls. Such felt like might split him in two, though, for the moment, at least, seemed to cause no pain. Such was of little consolation as their boss’s words stung the back of his mind, trying frantically to determine what they meant for their futures.

Savark, for his part, had a harder time getting on the back of his handler, his fat weighing down on him and pushing him painfully against the breeding stand. Sean hated having mud caked against his backside, but worse was to happen to his pucker as the pig’s corkscrew penis worked its way inside. Not as thick as the other two, the motion within threatened to twist Sean’s insides as well, making him uncomfortable and making him wish to weep for his fate.

With each having their respective animal within them, the men moaned their discomfort, thinking that at any moment shooting pain would wrack their bowels especially as their charges started to thrust. Somehow, whatever lubricant their boss applied seemed to dull the pain, though it was of little solace with what the animals threatened to do with them. As their bowels were opened up and bestial cocks were shoved further than what any thought possible, a twinge of pleasure played through their prostates, bringing them unwanted though perhaps not unwelcome erections of their own. It was bizarre they could feel any arousal in such a circumstance, but nothing they could deny no matter how they wished to.

Yet, rather than feel the animals trying to thrust, their cocks seemed to sit within them, as though waiting for something. A warmth seemed to encompass their insides, something flowing within their bowels and allowing them to relax a bit, though failed to alleviate any pressure. It was as though something still persisted within their bowels, though not something they could easily place. The throbbing veiny cocks could be felt, almost as though they really had merged with their insides...

Villam for his part, was frustrated being stuck in his former handler, wanting to cum and being denied. It was a far cry from fucking the breeding stand as he was used to, and though the pressure within his genitals was sublime, there was little he could do to reach desired bliss. His testicles, too, while swollen with the need to be emptied, were nowhere near close to that blessed release. His other two companions were in similar straits, though lacking Villam's rage, were content to stand there and wait to see what happened. He simply grunted, struggling against the discomfort and making things miserable for the poor man attached to him at the ass.

Eventually, a tension in his testicles made Villam bellow out, and he pulled back with a yelp from Marshall, taking the man from the stand. The poor man tried to grip the stand, though the force of the bull's tug left him dragged against the dirty barn floor. Villam couldn't see behind him, though it seemed his testicles had stopped moving, the warmth of skin around them beyond his understanding. A quick look at his contemporaries gave him an idea of what was happening to him, though the scope or implication was largely lost on him. It seemed as though the humans were stuck to their backsides, the skin having merged with their backsides and making their assess moot. Their testicles, too, were sticking to the backs of the human's legs, something pleasant though largely annoying as Villam grunted his displeasure.

Marshall did his best to try and hold on to the stand, but there was little he could do in the face of such a powerful beast. He was stuck tightly, wondering if it was the lubricant that had attached him to the bull. But it hadn't felt particularly sticky, and he was left to wonder about the strange bloating in his belly, and in his hips as something warm and leathery seemed to melt into the skin of his legs. The feeling in his legs soon waned, as much as Marshall tried to move them

he found himself unable. He was left stuck, looking over at his coworkers, and let out a rather uncomfortable belch, one that came with a strange taste that left him unsettled.

Fenris the donkey had pulled off his stand as well, and Norman also tried in vain to pull himself away, though found his arms rather weak. In fact, the energy in his body seemed to wane entirely, taking everything he had to keep himself aloft and breathing. Blood was forced through his being and kept him turgid. His entire body started quivering, bones feeling like jelly as he, too, couldn't suppress a strange belch. The flavor on his breath was a little musky, something bizarre and a little repugnant, though he wasn't able to gag. He was thus forced to lay there, able to touch the donkey's front legs if he was so inclined. With a steady weakness playing into his body, even moving his arms to do so felt like a chore he could not manage to complete.

Sean had the strangest experience, perhaps because he was trapped under a massive boar, feeling like he should be crushed. It was only the slant of the stand that kept him from such, and with the pressure against his dick, he had the unfortunate embarrassment of being forced to cum, though at least no one other than the pig was aware of it. It hardly caused him any pleasure or relief, however, with the pressure on his prostate ever-present. Rather, it was as though his entire seminal load had been released, his penis and balls minute and flattened into the bare skin of his groin. As the pig finally pulled away, Sean was crushed by his massive belly, too tightly against the floor for him to breathe. Yet, Sean barely felt any pain as though his body lacked bones and could be compressed beyond what he was used to. And as he struggled under the weight of the pig, he was thankful for it, giving him an odd sense of comfort even under the post-orgasmic bliss.

By now, none of the three could perceive their legs, hips massively swollen while their feet were minute and unresponsive, as though they were deflating into the bloated mass that had become of their lower bodies. With hips swollen, calves compressed, and toes unresponsive, each felt as though their legs were being robbed from them entirely, left as only messy bloated masses.

"Fuck, why..." Marshall managed to moan, though struggled to do so. It was as though his entire body was weak, held up entirely by the bull he was attached to. Breaths were coming in ragged, as though such took all the effort he had.

The added blood that seemed to be flowing into them suddenly intensified, leaving all three men to gasp as though their bodies would be ruptured from the force of it. The intense swelling was rather pleasant, perhaps far more than it should have been, as though their skin was on fire. All three could only moan, largely unaware of the scents being applied to the stands before them. The animals they were attached to were not so oblivious, the musk was something that always stirred their cocks and led to a quick session with their respective breeding stands.



Yet, with the weight of their former handlers beneath, all three were hesitant, even Villam, as powerful and horny as he was. Even his limited awareness knew his cock was still stuck in the human's ass, as much as he was able to perceive the sensation of the human's skin as though the two had merged. Fenris, while more patient, was in a similar situation, while Savark couldn't even move forward with how much closer Sean was to the ground. So they were forced to wait, though they shared a sense that their time, and their pleasure, was soon to come.

Overwhelmed by the sensitivity of his skin, Marshall was barely aware as his skin started to itch, and the sweat seemed to stick to his back against the bull's belly. Marshall tried to struggle against it, though, with his limited ability to move, there was nothing he could do but feel the skin starting to knit together. It seemed to pull his body uncomfortably toward the bull's belly, angling him in a way that should have pained him. But by this time his bones felt more like jelly than anything, easily able to be adjusted to suit the bull's needs. Worse, perhaps was the realization he was much smaller, as though his body mass was flowing into the bull in much the same way as new blood was fueling the expansion of his skin.

Without the ability to move his neck much, it was hard for Marshall to look over at what was becoming of his friends. Norman, attached to the donkey, was closer, and Marshall was hardly able to stifle a gasp at the sight of his own skin having attached to the donkey's belly. His was matte black, leathery, and left Norman to dangle there in much the same way. Yet, it was the sight of his skin that really caused Marshall concern, the skin looking pale and ill. Splotches of skin were rapidly turning to the same black matte, as had the skin of his former legs. To his alarm, the donkey's balls were no longer present, though, within the swelling of the black skin around Norman's legs, they looked more rounded and swollen, like a bad facsimile of a donkey's testicles. And with his own former legs feeling heavy and swollen, it was likely he knew what their fate was to be. As much as he couldn't imagine the horror of such...

Neither of them could see Sean's state of being, still trapped under the hog. Sean himself could barely comprehend it. It was as though his bones and organs had dissolved beyond the point they were able to sense such pain, leaving his skin powerfully sensitive and almost pleasant to have such persistent pressure against his body. It was difficult to see what was happening to him, though the pressure was rapidly ebbing, almost as though he had shrunk significantly. The same stitching of skin across his back left him hoisted toward the pig's belly, and he could no longer feel the beast's testicles slapping against his legs, swollen as though they had absorbed them. His skin was deep red, torso pulled further outward even as the rest of his body continued to shrink.

All three were frequently coughing and belching, bringing up a strange, musky flavor that none could really identify. Marshall attempted to call out again but a series of belches followed by a wet gurgling brought up a foul-tasting ooze, one that dripped stringy lines and made his

blood run cold. Or rather, the blood being pumped into him from his bovine captor. Anything left of his body was evidently being replaced to integrate him into the beast, the implication of which drew more horror than anything he could imagine.

Having been steadily shrinking all the while, all three were aware it was coming more rapidly now that the changes had begun to encroach across their bodies in earnest. Most alarming was the lack of energy they felt, their arms and necks barely able to flex. As their torsos and necks became bloated, their limbs seemed to weaken to the point they stuck to the sides of their bodies, unable to move. The sensation of former limbs being subsumed was almost pleasant against their altered skin, though the implication of such could not be ignored. Soon, their limbs were only lumps on the sides of their bodies, sinking within to fuel the skin and veins around them. Skin that was largely converting to erectile tissue, drawing in blood and further engorging even as their overall mass continued to decrease.

While it was hard to determine from their current stature, it seemed their animal counterparts were growing around them, perhaps far faster than their shrinking could account for. In truth, Villam, Fenris, and Savark were aware of the intense tingling of change over their bodies, something they had not experienced in some weeks now. While it was larger centered in their loins, which even their limited understanding could perceive were no longer embedded in their former handlers, the muscle and fat over their frames seemed to be expanding as well. It was gradual, though obvious, even having to adjust their stances several times as they grew accustomed to their new girth. And despite the discomfort of having their penises merge with the former humans was becoming less inconvenient, especially as they continued to warp into shapes and sensations that were more natural, Better than such, given the sensitivity of the skin they started to perceive and the promise of pleasure to come.

The three former men were panicking at this point, though no amount of struggle could bring them from their fates. It was alarming since they were no longer breathing, attempts to take in air stifled by more of that musky flavor that they had come to conclude was precum. Similarly, their hearts were no longer beating, though the increased rate from their animal captors rang through their bodies. More and more blood was being pumped through them, raising the tension to the point they could feel their swollen bodies fully separated from what had become of their sheaths. What remained of former skin had become what they could only now perceive as erectile tissue as their purpose set in, and they were forced to lament their fates as their autonomy was robbed from them, and with it, their hope.

Norman's body was perhaps the heaviest of the three, bobbing up and down as it slapped against the donkey's stomach. His body was relatively uniform now, with only an obvious ring of skin around his former torso. He could barely perceive his belly, chest, and groin were gone, as was his penis, though it was hardly a loss considering what he was becoming. His former legs

bounced heavily as the donkey backed up a little, swollen with weight though at least supported. Fluid was leaking down his neck as his hair fell away, ears twitching in their death throws. While he could still see and smell to a degree, it was obvious those senses would soon be robbed of him. Perhaps his mind was as well, but part of him was thankful for that, not wanting to remember all he was while he was reduced to a mere organ. With his chin and cheeks bloating impossibly large, a series of bumps pushing out around the concave skin, there was so little of his humanity left, yet so much more left to lose.

Marshall's body was much leaner than his friend's, though with his neck swelling to match his thinning torso, he no longer had the ability to turn to view Norman. His skin was a deep red now, even his cheeks and head as the rest of his hair thinned out. The sheath that had formed from his skin itched with fur growth, attached at the bull's stomach as his former legs, now heavy bull testicles, swayed heavily below them both. It was bizarre to feel his body lengthen all the while, becoming a long thin tube as the swelling forced him further outward. Even his nose and lips were pushed forward, though he still possessed his ears and mouth for now. Attempts to speak only elicited a wet gurgling, belching more precum and making him wish to vomit. Yet, he no longer possessed that ability and was thus left to suffer the taste, knowing the worst was yet to come.

Standing up grunting as though sniffing the breeding stand for the first time, the others were finally granted a sideways view of Sean. His body, though not as red as Marshall's, was still a pinkish-red shade as he slapped against the hog's belly. He, too, possessed a heavy pair of testicles, squeezed behind the pig's legs as he was drawn further horizontally. Yet, it was the twisting of his body that really alarmed Sean, making him desperate to struggle to right himself but unable. It should have been beyond revolting to feel his body contorting, twisting on itself, and forcing him to stare upward at the pig's dirty belly. He was drawn around once more, body curved around itself, and left him powerfully disorientated. Worse, perhaps, was how well his skin pressed against itself, sending shivers through the hog's being and forcing more cum to leak from Sean's mouth. It, too, was pointed with his nose, cheeks, and chin fading into the tapered point as his hair was removed from his head. Little remained of his human body, more penis than man, and he was about to find out what purpose that entailed...

With a grunt of effort, Savark moved forward, jarring Sean and making him wish to cry out at his fate. Only more precum oozed from his lips as even the ability to move them was robbed from him. His lips started to recede as his mouth became further pointed, the opening more akin to a urethra now as his new purpose sat in. He could still see, though wished he couldn't that his brain would dissolve into cum and that he would be spared this horrid fate.

That was not to be the case as a strange smell and taste played over his former tongue, something he would not have expected but something that was impossible to stifle an elation for.

His body became impossibly turgid as more fluid leaked from his mouth, and both he and his porcine master aroused by the offering. Even as the hog hoisted himself over the stand and Sean felt his body touch the stand, Sean could not manage to hold onto the fear for his fate. He was ready to embrace it, body bracing itself as his purpose came to fruition.

Both Marshall and Norman could only look on with what remained of their eyes as their former coworker was thrust with no regard into the breeding stand, sealing his fate. With their own changes nearly complete, their fate would be the same any moment now, though their animal owners saw it fit to hold back, as though letting their reality sink in for the final time. Such was perhaps cruel in its own way, neither able to do anything about it as they were left to lament all that had brought them here. With a boss as sadistic to turn people into animals for profit, how could they have been so sure such was not to be their fate as well? Or, in this case, something much worse...

Sean didn't need to close his eyes as his entire being was engulfed in blackness, gripped by the sides of the stand like a glove. He wanted to cry out, though only thick wads of precum were released as he did so, and Sean was slow to realize he had no control over his urethra, that it was the hog's excitement making him move. His entire body was vibrating, and Sean couldn't imagine anything more pleasurable than this moment. He was literally the embodiment of physical pleasure, and the sheer overlord of sensation against his skin was almost too much, making him wish to black out.

Something slowly came into his awareness as he was thrust in and out in rapid succession. It was almost as though he could perceive the pig's thoughts in his mind, the primal urges to rut and cum, as well as the satisfaction with his new size and lifestyle overall. It was impossible, thinking that as his changes finished he would lose any sense of himself. But it seemed that not only would he retain himself, for better or for worse, but he would exist in symbiosis with his host. And with their shared pleasure from rutting into the stand, there was little in the way to hold them back.

Without any control of his mouth, Sean could feel the spasming within his former legs as something within was violently forced through his former stomach. He could still taste to some degree, the flavor of semen somewhat pleasant as it shot through his being with force. But it was the overwhelming pleasure that burned through his being, a full-bodied orgasm that became his entire world. And even the initial jolt of pleasure was not to end with a single release, something he was soon to learn was part of his new porcine being.

Norman hardly had time to reflect on his friend's fate before Fenris moved forward, causing Norman's former body to jiggle against his belly. Norman hated the lack of control he had as he was guided toward the entrance, his former head engorging in preparation. His head

was largely flat now, mouth lowered as his eyes started to dim with their degradation. He was clearly the largest of the three, though there was little pride he could take in that as his bobbing body was pressed against the stand with little fanfare. The sensation was more intense than he could have prepared for, causing him to ooze more pre-cum from his mouth as his head flared and darkened. The crown of flesh was fully formed, and as the skin across his flesh blackened, so too, did his vision.

His world would have gone dark regardless as the donkey's aim held true, and his entire world was engulfed by the breeding stand. The grip on his body was sublime, tremors of orgasm over his entire being rather than centered in his penis. He could still taste to a degree, the musky flavor enticing him as much as the donkey as the beast's heartbeat intensified and he thrust with fervor. Strangest still, he could almost perceive the beast's thoughts, the animalistic desire that drove him to fuck. Not only that, but a sense of pride persisted in the former human's mind as well, glad to have absorbed the human's mass within himself, and eager to use his new penis, one more sensitive than his old one. As much as he loathed his lot in life, as much as he didn't want to be an animal's organ, there was no denying in the moment the intense pleasure was enough to, even a little, make it worth it...

The feeling of his medial ring slipping in and out left him quaking, belching up more pre-cum that seemed more vicious as the donkey neared his end. There was little he could do other than ride the oncoming orgasm, the change not merciful enough to rob him of his mind. As ashamed as it was to admit, it felt amazing feeling his testicles slapping against the stand, his entire body quivering, or the tension from deep within as his body prepared to orgasm. The sheer force was almost too much as a torrent of donkey cum burst out of his mouth, his head flaring beyond measure as the erectile tissue swelled to its limit. Yet, as soon as it started, it was over, and Norman felt himself unceremoniously being pulled from the stand, left to hang there and bob against the floor as the donkey panted his release. He couldn't see that his body was being pulled within a warm tunnel, understanding it was his sheath but too tired to reflect on it anymore. He just needed to rest...he was spent...

For whatever reason, the bull seemed inclined to wait until his fellow beasts had finished. His impatient had turned to dominance, wanting to assert himself as the most virile of the three, and eager to feel his body absorbing the man's mass. He cared little for the fate of the former man, rather excited to use a penis even larger than before, even as the man finished his changes. As with the scent of cum in his nostrils, there was nothing to stop him as he moved toward his stand and seal Marshall's fate.

Marshall was stunned by the sight of the donkey's dick, fully changed from his former coworker. The fact it was to be his fate in mere moments was more than he could bear, but there was nothing he could do but feel his body stiffen further as the bull pushed forward and started

poking at the stand. From the size of him, Villam struggled for a moment to get into the stand. But as Marshall's vision went dark, he was thrust inside without any regard for his comfort. It hit him truly how he was simply an organ now, and would be used only as such for the rest of his days.

Feeling his massive length being slid in impossibly long was unexpected, as was the hypersensitivity of his body. With such all-encompassing pleasure, it was hard for him to hold onto his hate and disgust over his fate, at least in the moment. Even the taste of pre-cum on his breath, something he could still taste despite lacking a tongue or nose, was sublime, and as his pleasure quickly rose, Marshall could only wait with anticipation for the full load to come. With the speed at which he was being thrust into the stand, Marshall was sure that wouldn't be long.

As his friends before him, the mental impression of the bull whose body was he part of sat in his mind, a general sense of power and pride that only increased as Marshall's former mass joined with his. He had to wonder if the bull could sense him as well, certain there was something of the humans they had been in the beasts, though such was largely unneeded in their new lives. It mattered little, in the end, as he was simply reduced to an organ now, something to be used for the bull's pleasure and little else. And the time was coming quickly now, the tension rising in his former legs and soon reaching the breaking point as the bull thrust with all he had.

Marshall was ashamed to admit how good it felt, especially as his former legs tensed and a thick wad of bull semen was ejaculated from his former mouth. The pleasure was all-consuming, making him wish to white out of existence. He didn't, for better or for worse as he was pulled out of the stand soon after with little fanfare. Part of him expected to see the world around him as he had before being shoved in, yet it was all too obvious that he would no longer see the world again. All there was left for him was to slide back into his new home formed from his human skin. It was warm and comfortable, and while he would not be robbed of his cognizance, there was little for him to do but to sleep off the waves of pleasure, only to stir for the next time he was to be used.

Sean, for better or for worse, was not to go back into his new sheath of skin so easily. As his former friends were reduced to flaccid tips barely poking from their warm homes, Sean was still vibrating with orgasm, a thick wad of semen plugged into his body beyond the point of his imagining. It went far beyond what he might understand to come from any drug, a porcine orgasm burning through him for minutes at a time and showing no signs of stopping. It felt powerfully uncomfortable to have his former body plugged up with sperm. But there was no denying how much the afterglow was doing for him, leaving him to drown himself in the pleasure and remove himself from the horror that was to be the rest of his life, able to pretend it would always be this good.

Eventually, Sean, too, would be drawn back into his bestial sheath, left until next he would need to be used like the organ he was. Their animal hosts, much as their new genitals, could perceive the thoughts of the other. As much as it should have disturbed them to own former humans as parts of their bodies, what persisted in their minds could find no fault in that reality. In fact, with how much larger and more virile they had become, the merger was perceived as natural, desirable, and more arousing than they had been expecting. Even with all the months their handlers had worked with them, they could never have prepared for the reality that, as their new members, they would be ready to go again after only a few moments of reprieve, all that would compose their new lives...

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His subjects getting down from the stand, the head researcher gave them a once over as their cocks retreated into their sheaths. It was not a fate he envied, though such was necessary to achieve his goals. And it would be three fewer employees to pay, after all, while putting fear into the others that remained. Any move to threaten him would add them to the stocks, as either new animals or their penises. And he was free to use their combined genetic material for use in superior food production projects and breeding stock, something to net his company billions in just a few short years. And it had the added effect of appealing to his inner desires, getting off on the camera footage of their changes, both into beasts or their cocks. Something he was not inclined to share with his employees, though leaving him with plenty of material to enjoy in his off hours...