

“Ok, so it says that all I have to do is drink this, and then I’ll ‘have my male assets enhanced’” Jeremy said, his friend looking at him with a hint of trepidation. Aiden didn’t think it was prudent to actually go through with consuming some sort of literal potion that he had concocted from an old remedy book. But, it was worth a shot, cheap as it had been. And neither had the thousands to waste on the snake oil salesmen that promised ‘natural male enhancement’ from online sources. With no other option, they turned to something far less mundane.

Overweight and nerdy in their hobbies, neither man was really inclined to exercise or change their habits in any meaningful way. Their desires to eventually get themselves into shape conflicted with their preferred lifestyles. Therefore, when the option of a quick fix presented itself, neither man could really say no. It wasn't a market push or a miracle drug or anything of the sort. Rather, an old remedy in an occult book was what had the two men curious enough to try.

Not usually ones to believe in such things, it was the success of other spells that had the two of them willing to try. Simple things like creating fire, turning lights off from across a room, and even breaking down objects into component parts when things should be impossible. While Jeremy was more of a believer, such minor feats seemed flights of fancy to Aiden's ears. But, seeing was believing, and Aiden was curious enough to give it a try. Jeremy himself was more than eager, the muscled body to replace his fat a goal that no amount of gym training or dieting could quite manage for himself.

Transfiguration spells seemed a little more complex to him than simple prestidigitation, but Jeremy was sure he could make it work. It was supposed to be a gradual spell, a ritual to expand their bodies into a more desirable form slowly. Something that warriors used to make themselves larger and more powerful before battles. Not that Jeremy was interested in such things in the modern age.

The idea of getting in shape muscled, and powerful without putting in the effort, no matter the source of such power, was too tempting to pass up. Not that they were to do anything amoral, mind. The rite didn’t require any sacrifices or anything of the sort. It just needed some rather specific items, mostly moss and mushrooms, and other plants they needed to harvest from the nearby woods. It would be gross to drink, but it would surely not kill them. And, besides, with the success of all of the minor spells, Jeremy was sure that this ‘potion’ would be the ticket!

Mixing the solution in a blender, Jeremy opted to take the stuff first, drinking down half of it before Aiden, just in case it didn't work or made him ill. The brownish liquid had an earthy smell that almost made Jeremy gag. But he’d opted to drink a few beers first, figuring getting buzzed wouldn’t negatively affect the results and allow him not to taste his drink. He was a little

tipsy, maybe having one too many beers. Aiden was worried, but Jeremy was confident that he was making the right choice.

“Bottom’s up!” Jeremy said, holding his nose and taking a long swing. He swallowed quickly, not wanting to get a taste before he finished the mixture. A disgusted look crossed his face, and Aiden waited with bated breath for signs that Jeremy was going to throw up. But, after a few moments of bracing himself, Jeremy seemed to be fine, balancing back and forth from the sight of intoxication.

“You OK?” Aiden asked, timidly. He didn’t want his buddy to be ill, after all. And there was no telling what the drink would do to him.

“Yeah, I’m *BUUUURRRRRPPPP!” Jeremy tried to say, but a belch caused the foul-tasting drink to flood his senses again, making him want to sit down. Yet, after a few moments, Jeremy found that it wasn’t too bad, all things considered. The earthy flavor was complimented by the booze, the hops likely containing some sort of similar components, as best as he could tell. Though the taste in his mouth was still hardly palatable, the complementation at least prevented him from the embarrassment of vomiting in front of his buddy.

Still, as he sat there, a warm started emanating from his stomach, as though the formula hadn’t settled probably. Jeremy rubbed his expansive gut, belching a few more times before he finally started to feel better. The potion he’d consumed didn’t seem to agree with him, though Jeremy hadn’t expected it to. All that mattered, in the end, was that it gave him some results. Even a little bit of muscle definition would be well worth it in his book, after all!

“OK. I think I’m going to be OK. Well, for now, anyway...” Jeremy said, holding his chubby belly with some curiosity rather than disgust.

“How long is it supposed to take?” Aiden asked, and not for the first time. Though, he never really understood the process, more confused as to what it was that Jeremy, and, by extension, himself, would really benefit from the exchange.

“I don’t really know...the book was really unclear on...oh...ouch....shit...” Jeremy moaned, as though he was sitting on something. Reaching down, Jeremy’s fingers placed over his backside, where a slight growth met his touch. It was right above his ass, as though poking out of his tailbone. Its presence made him stand up and reach for the source of the discomfort.

Wanting to see what it was, Jeremy did his best to turn himself around, though couldn’t manage with his body shape the way it was. Throwing convention out the window, he turned around, pulling down his underwear so that Aiden would have a clear view of whatever was

sticking out of his backside. Though it didn't hurt, not really, he could feel the sensation of the thing irritating the skin enough that it was a cause of concern. Yet, he couldn't imagine where something like that could have come from, especially without having fallen or otherwise injured himself.

Despite his best inclinations and aware he had no other choice, Jeremy pulled down his pants just slightly, enough that the nub was likely exposed. "Sorry man, could you look down to see what that is? I'm really worried about it," Jeremy whined, unable to keep the trepidation out of his voice as the thing continued to press almost painfully out of his skin, as though the bone within was starting to grow and attempt to escape.

Aiden, for his part, was also afraid to look, not wanting to see his friend's backside but also worried more about what they had done to him. Though a lump of any kind was a terrifying reality, not something that should have happened regardless of the magical properties of the process they had used. Still, he had to bite the bullet and open his eyes, Jeremy needing the information despite the guilt of what he had done to time.

Yet, the sight of the growth was far more unexpected than he could have prepared for. It was a small twitching numb, red with the pressure against flushed skin but darkening the more it sat there. To Aiden's horror, it seemed as though the thing was getting longer as he stared. Worse was the prickling of gooseflesh that soon spread all over it, each popped outward with thick brown hair. They were soon numerous enough to obscure the skin, coarse, thick, and lengthening as the seconds ticked past. Even to Aiden's untrained eye, it looked as though his friend was growing the tail of a horse!

"Fuck...is that a horse's tail?!" Aiden muttered, and Jeremy reached back, hands brushing against it and making the man panic. He had wanted to get bigger, to bulk out without trying, not turn into some sort of animal! Yet, there was no denying the sight the two of them were experiencing right before their eyes.

"What the hell do you mean, I have a horse's tail!?" Jeremy exclaimed though it was obvious to the touch that he had one now, having felt such a texture nowhere else in his life. Despite the impossibility of the situation, nothing else could really explain what he felt behind him, sending shivers through his body at the implication. How was it possible to grow a fucking *tail*?! He hadn't signed up for this, damnit!

Worse was that it seemed to be growing longer the more he stood there, the sensations of tingling and itching growing more intense. It was torture to be growing such a bestial appendage, only made worse by the fact that if he tried, he could move it, the hairs wishing over the back of

his pants and making him moan in disbelief. It was bizarre to own such a thing, making him shiver with the implication.

“Make it stop! I don’t want a fucking *tail!*” Jeremy yelled, rubbing his hands over the thing as though wishing he no longer had it. Though none of his efforts had any effect on its presence, and he was forced to deal with the fact that it was now fully grown, weighty on his backside. Worse was the itching across it that seemed to denote the growth of hair, causing gooseflesh to ripple across it before the hairs worked their way from the skin, making Jeremy moan from the itching of it. He wanted to rub it frantically to alleviate the pressure but didn’t want to acknowledge the fact he now possessed them in the first place.

“Fuck...it itches...” Jeremy managed to moan, the thing starting to move of its own accord and making Jeremy panicked even to possess the alien organ.

Yet, he hardly had time to get used to one growth when that sharp prickling started over his ass, as though the muscle and tissue underneath were starting to expand. Looking down and seeing the flesh move under the skin to the point where the skin was nearly stretched. It was as though his ass cheeks were being pumped full of meat and muscle, hardly the fat that had been there prior. But the fact the fat was fading out for firm-packed muscle was a moot point in the fact that his ass was swelling quickly, far too large for the pants he now possessed.

“OMG...my ass!” Jeremy called out, taking his tightening pants and pulling them down before his ass ripped out of them. It hurt like hell, and it was nearly too late for him to be rid of them before they were torn off his form. And just that, Jeremy had to let go for a moment as a wave of tightening pain ran through him, causing him to stumble back from his failed attempt.

“Help me!” Jeremy called out, standing back up again and trying to get his pants off again, knowing his ass was soon to reach a point he could no longer keep them on. Aiden could only stand there, however, disgusted by the sight and not wanting to jump in lest anything happen to him as well. He didn’t want Jeremy to suffer, but even if he jumped in, what could he reasonably do? None of this made any sense!

Jeremy was forced to stare as his waistband was pulled past the breaking point, leaving him unable to put his fingers between the band in an attempt to get them down. There was absolutely no give in the material all the way down his thighs, which themselves were thicker than humanly possible. He could feel the formerly flabby skin firm up, pulled tight from the material outside of them, though the process was hardly painful. Rather, the skin underneath was so firm, so stuff that even the stretched fabric tightening around it was hardly an inconvenience.

“Fuck..my ass...so big!” Jeremy called out, Aiden able to do nothing but stare as his friend’s ass grew larger and larger, to the point the pants were likely not to last much longer.

That was not the worse of it, as Jeremy was soon to find out. It started as a surge through his groin, something he was able to attribute to the tightness around his backside. Yet, as the moments ticked past and the pressure in his prostate started to grow, it was obviously something else. Jeremy, in his terror, was wrought with a rush of arousal, something that made no sense yet was impossible to deny. Despite the horror of the situation, the surge of energy and change had rushed into his cock, and it sprang to life almost instantly. Jeremy was getting *hard*, cock almost painfully pulled with his underwear and making him shiver.

“Nonono stop!” Jeremy said, drawing Aiden’s attention to the obvious erection sitting from his friend’s groin. Aiden wanted to look away as Jeremy’s cock came to full attention, seemingly pushed almost painfully against the fabric to the point where he could see an obvious stain in his underwear. He wanted to turn around, to hide his erection from his friend. But there was nothing to be done for it, the other side showing an ass that was as likely to burst from the back of his pants as his cock was from the front.

His cock was getting impossibly taunt by this point, leaking more fluids and filling the air with the acrid scent of semen. It was getting hard to think through the ache of his cock and his ass being confined, and Jeremy wanted nothing more than to be free of them to allow his larger stature to be freed. Though neither his cock nor his ass was in pain, per se, cock was impossibly taut and ass firm with muscle, it was obvious his pants would not last on his frame much longer. And as embarrassing as it would be, Jeremy couldn’t deny he needed it so badly at the moment.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” Jeremy called out, his testicles starting to swell within his underwear as well. The stain moved further down his underwear, Jeremy leaking an impossible quality of fluid before reaching ejaculation. Despite his horror over the changes, there was no denying how turned on he was to the point that he needed to cum just to alleviate the pressure. His mind was cloudy at the moment, to the point where he thought cumming his pants would be a good idea, despite Aiden’s presence in the room with him. The pressure against his underwear was getting so intense there was nothing he could do about it. There was nothing he could do to alleviate the stimulation, knowing that he was going to reach ejaculation and that Aiden would be privy to it all.

“No...I can’t...I won’t...can’t...can’t hold it!” Jeremy called out as his balls tensed and his throbbing cock prepared to unleash his load. He moaned incoherently as his testicles unloaded their burden, slick squelching sounds resounding as the wet stain soon increased tenfold, semen leaking into his pants to the point it rushed through, coating his pants in the sticky fluids. Even after ten seconds, he was still cumming, thick globs of semen coating the insides of

his pants and even running down the pant leg, uncomfortable against the skin. There was nothing to be done for it, leaking through the fabric as he huffed and panted from the powerful release.

“Dude!” Aiden called out, though he was as much grossed out as he was concerned for his friend. Such a thing should not have been possible, leaving him fearful for what they had done. What was the endgame? How much would Jeremy change before it was done?

Jeremy, for his part, was embarrassed beyond belief, and tightened pants and squeezed as much semen from his balls as possible, the fluids oozing through his pants and even staining the jeans all the way down to the floor. It was powerfully uncomfortable, and Jeremy couldn't move an inch without the disgusting squelching echoing in his ears. He was forced to stand there, the pressure getting more intense, as though it had paused for a moment to allow his embarrassing orgasm. But not that it had happened, the growth was back with a vengeance, to the point where his pants would hardly last a moment longer.

“Oh fuck, my ass...ugggghhhh...” Jeremy moaned as a sharp tear echoed in the air, the seams in the back of his pants brought to the breaking point. Seams giving way, it was hard to deny that his pants would have to rip off him to be removed, and there was nothing to be done for it, save to simply let it happen, something that was coming faster and faster.

The seams of his pants continued to give way, tearing and splitting and exposing stretched underwear, which itself was fraying as his hips continued to part and outline what had to be a puckered, meaty anus. The sensation of the fabric stretched over it sent sensual shivers through his being, the skin surprisingly sensitive and making him bend over to try to alleviate the sensations. There was little to be done for it, any posture making his anus run against the fabric and clouding his thoughts from sensation and lust.

Further tears and pops ran down the length of his pants, running down to his thighs and exposing his entire massive inhuman ass. The fraying fibers of his underwear started to give out as well, exposing the skin of his backside. The itching of what had to be hair growth covered his backside, peppering the skin and exposing the start of a pelt that matched the tail still hanging from his bass. Lost in the changes, Jeremy had forgotten about the new appendage, and it twitched, swishing over the base hairy skin and making him moan.

Tears were running down his thighs now, any part of his skin exposed seeming to grow its own patches of hair and hide. The tears ran all the way down to his knees, whiffs of seminal stink hitting both of their noses and making them wretch from the pungent aroma. Seminal stains seemed only to part his clothing faster, as though an acidic substance to rid him of the garments. There were soon to fall over, wet plops as the soaked clothing hit the ground from the sheer force of semen he had ejaculated.

Yet, all that was a drop in the bucket of what was exposed the moment his tearing underwear showed what had happened to his rectum. It was thick, black, and leathery, three times the size of its human equivalent. Exposed to the air as it was, Jeremy could feel it opening and closing, muscles clenching with the desire to be stimulated, Underwear gone, he wanted to feel something against it, needing to have it touched and brought his cock to bear. Without thinking, Jeremy's hands started running over his cock, uncaring about touching his own semen as his cock came to attention once more, far faster than humanly possible.

“What are you doing!?” Aiden managed to gasp, not moving from the spot despite the pungent stink and the disgusting sight before him. It was like a train wreck he could not look away from, leaving him stunned and stuck in place.

“Can't help it...it's so big...” Jeremy said, trying to reach back a hand to finger his asshole, but barely able to reach it, the minute touch sending shivers through his body. Jeremy wanted the stimulation but was hardly able to get it himself. Even the briefest stimulation was heavenly, but Jeremy only found himself wanting so much more!

“What are you doing?” Aiden asked, stunned that his friend was keeping up with the lust that seemed to be taking over him. He was sure Jeremy had no control over it, but it was still disgusting to watch him sexually pleasuring himself.

“I can't...help it...so big...so good!” Jeremy called out, rubbing his rectum as best as he could from this angle. With its size the way it was, he could barely reach it, especially as it continued to expand, tearing at the remaining stitches and leaving them to fall off.

Aiden wanted to turn away but was still frozen in place, willing himself to run but was unable to do so. It was powerfully entrancing to stare, not wanting to see it happening but needing it in a way that defied his understanding. The more he stood there, the more he became aware of a scent in the air, one that kept him glued to the spot. It was rank, musky, and pungent, though the more he stood there, the more he breathed it in, finding he wanted more of it. Standing and drinking it in had him captured, though it was harder to think why it was a bad thing the more he stood there. He couldn't bring himself to leave its presence, needing to keep smelling it.

Jeremy, for his part, was starting to come out from his own stupor, unable to touch his anus now from its sheer size and distance from his hand. The lack of direct contact, rather than making him contemplate how to achieve it again, brought him back to the present, wanting to grab his phone and try to find help. Thankfully it was not cum soaked inside one of his pockets, but rather on the table across the room, and he stumbled forward, hunched over from the sheer

size of his ass and hips to the point he could barely inch forward without toppling over. He wasn't sure what exactly he was hoping to find on the device but it had to be better than failing to touch himself and his changed anatomy, right?

Yet, the feeling of warm breath on his ass left him stunned for a moment, as though Aiden had moved behind him, taking interest in his posterior. Reflexively, Jeremy felt his tail raised up and to the side, allowing Aiden to be granted full access to his protruding pucker. He wouldn't have asked his friend to approach him in such a manner, and certainly could never bring himself to ask for assistance. But with the thought that his friend was right there, ready to do something to his needy asshole, left him trying to resist the urge to moan his need. It took him everything he had not to beg, especially as Aiden seemed to stay there, sniffing his ass as though an alluring aroma was wafting off it, the stench of sweat and musk a powerful attractant. He could only hope that Aiden was planning more with him!

"Wh-what are you doing...?" Jeremy managed to mutter out, not really sure what to say, especially as Aiden stayed there, breathing in deeply of his heavy redolence.

"Mrrff...fuck...I can't help it...can't stop...so good..." Aiden managed to moan out, the sentiment true as much as he liked the stench. The thick musk was simply too strong, and the better it seemed to be in his senses, and he moved in closer, almost to the point of goosing his friend's anus.

Before he knew what he was doing, Aiden reached out with a curious tongue, wanting more of that scent and not able to get it even with his close proximity. Tasting it was the next thing his sex-addled brain could come up with, and he almost left back from the pungent taste. It was rank and musky, and almost enough to make him gag. But be it whatever hormones were leaking from his friend's rectum, or the ones that had already burned into his brain, it was impossible for him to pull back, and he started to lick around the rim, needing more of the bizarre rank taste.

More than anything else, Aiden couldn't deny that the action was turning him on, his own cock on fire. It felt as taut in his pants as much as Jeremy's seemed to look before it burst through, but Aiden was remiss to care, the tension in his balls and the stimulation to his cock head was more potent than anything he felt before. He needed it, rubbing his cock against the fabric and making him moan into his friend's rear. Teasing the rim of his buddy's ass had no right to turn him on to this degree, but there was no denying how much it was doing it for him. Aiden had no inclination to stop, fully drawn in by lust and the pervading musk that seemed to have burrowed its way into his mind.

“Ohh...stop it...please...” Jeremy managed to moan, though not from any true desire to have him cease his oral escapes. Rather it was the ache in his already-soaked cock that was spurring him on, making him embarrassed enough to ask his friend to stop. He could no more force Aiden to cease than he could pull away himself, needing the stimulation as much as his friend seemed to need to taste his offering. It was powerfully embarrassing to be changing, to be acting on such impulses. But with the ache in his already-spent cock, there was no denying how much it was doing for him!

Though it seemed like Jeremy’s cock was as erect as it could be, a sudden surge of growth brought him to a level of erection that surpassed anything he had ever known before. Already impossible taut at the front of his pants, it seemed to surge even further, pulling painfully against the damp stained underwear. It was massive, inhumanly so, as though growing to match the rest of his stature. A moan was all he could do, not wanting to touch himself but only just able to resist, cock already leaking from the mere action being taken against his posterior.

Aiden, too, was overcome with an erection that was straining against his underwear, harder than he had ever recalled being in his life. It, too, felt like it was growing, far too hard in his pants to be a human-shaped cock. He wanted to pull down his pants to alleviate the strain, but could not in the passion he found himself experiencing. Despite the already potential sexual experience, Aiden could bring himself to expose his cock in front of his friend, still carrying a modicum of shame as he continued to tongue the man’s decided animalistic pucker.

The pressure on his penis, however, was slowly getting toward the breaking point, and with the sheer size of his cock and balls, it was starting to come to a head. Aiden couldn’t imagine cumming in such a state, but he could hardly muster up the energy to escape his eventual fate and was thus forced to feel the consistent pressure against his penis, soon coming toward the breaking point and beyond. There was little Aiden could do to fight the onslaught of lust that was building toward an inevitable end. If his penis head kept rubbing against the fabric of his underwear like that, then...

“Mmm MMMMM!” Aiden called out as the pressure suddenly build and he was sent into a sudden and almost violent orgasm. His cock spasmed, leaking into his pants to the point where cum shot through, enough that a spalt hit the ground. He should have been disgusted, feeling cum filling up his underwear and running down his legs. So much semen was ejaculated that Aiden was sure his testicles would shrivel and dry up, though he felt just as virile and powerful as ever.

Yet, even as his cock spasmed and unloaded its last bits of semen, Aiden felt his erection had not abated. He did not want to pull down his pants and see, though the warmth from his cock

seemed to intensify as though he hadn't achieved true relief. It was as though his cock was getting ready to cum again, the heat from it signally a change in its shape as it pounded to full erection and pressed against the cum-soaked underwear he still possessed. Soon, it was much larger than its former size, pulling his underwear toward what he figured would be the breaking point. Though he was not able to look, his cock was getting larger, the skin feeling like it was peeling down toward the base, the foreskin regrowing and deepening to an inhuman point. He could only imagine what was happening to it, though it was a moot point given the pleasure coursing through him.

Jeremy, meanwhile, was dealing with an increasingly larger erection of his own, reaching the breaking point as his already torn clothing was brought around the shaft like a flag. Jeremy much have been twice his former size by now and was only getting bigger, the sheer amount of blood needed to engorge his penis leaving him dizzy. It was all he could do not to touch his cock, though even the briefest stimulation to his rear was enough to send sensual shivers all the way to the tip. The stimulation of the rags against his cock head was pleasant, giving Jeremy enough stimulation that he felt he could cum from that alone.

That was not to be the case, however. The waving rags eventually slid off his growing cock to the point where it was exposed, hanging off him and making him moan from the air touching his cock. The sight of the penis hanging from his groin, however, was not what he was used to. It was thick, closer to a soda can as much as it was his normal human length. And it was at least ten inches long, perhaps still growing if that could be possible. And it was hardly to be the only change to assault him...

First, the foreskin started to peel downward, leaving it possible to stick a finger inside if he was so inclined to. It seemed to pull all the way down to the base, tugged down by the force of his rod surging forth. The foreskin seemed to pull every further, moving up on his groin as though the skin was starting to stick together. It was getting to the point where his cock was being pulled upward toward his belly, bobbing up and down from the force of it. Precum leaked from the tip, being thrown everywhere from the way it was bobbing. By the time his foreskin had finished altering, it had stuck all the way up to his chubby belly, looking like nothing a human could manage to possess. Itching started to spread over it, as dark brown fur started to pepper its surface, moving down from his hips, thighs, and ass though darker in color than the rest of him.

“Oh fuck...my fucking cock...” Jeremy managed to moan, the formation of an equine sheath more sensation than anything the change had done thus far. His cock, though deep red as though on fire, was still relatively human, if not much larger than anything he had seen on a human. And it was likely to get even larger, given the changes overtaking him.

Aiden, for his part, was largely unaware of the changes to his friend, too busy trying to rim his rear. His tongue was largely insufficient for the task and even salivating over Jeremy's rear was insufficient to really get in as much as he wanted. It left Aiden struggling, wishing he had a longer, thicker tongue worthy of such a nice ass. And the moment he thought it, the moment his tongue started to tingle, getting thicker and flatter and able to rim the ridges of Jeremy's horse pucker. Feeling emboldened, he was even able to get his tongue inside the pucker, loving the equine musk that Jeremy's rear was exuding and needing it more and more.

The action seemed to force swelling in Aiden's ass as well, and for a moment, he figured he might be undergoing the same changes as Jeremy. Though his ass was tightening within his pants, it wasn't quite enough to burst through, at least not yet. It did bring the fabric taut against his cum-soaked cock, and he could feel its contours growing, changing in ways that he could barely perceive. Though with his position wetly rimming his increasingly equine friend, Aiden could hardly see the changes occurring to his own cock, let alone what was happening to Jeremy's. But he could feel it, and it was not long to remain human as much as he was able to perceive.

Though Aiden was simply guessing from the sensations, he perceived that the cleft of the head was merging with the shaft, a warmth that made his cock twitch with eagerness. The head itself seemed to taper, more pointed than ever as the rounded contours created a bulb of sorts. The rest of the shaft continued to engorge, pulling down his own uncut foreskin to the point of it pooling around the base, much as Jeremy's own. One obvious difference was the massive bulb at the base, one that soon swelled beyond the point of being twice the first of his penis. The force of it pushed his foreskin almost painfully against the skin of his groin before it, too, started to merge with his groin and chubby belly, hitching his massive canine cock against his painfully taut underwear. It itched fiercely, black fur peppering its surface as it formed the beginnings of a lupine sheath.

Jeremy's member was changing all the while, fourteen inches now and almost to the point where he could hardly think over the blood rushing to it. Still, the sight of it shifting was fascinating enough that he was able to look on, panting as the head started to tingle and crown, forming soft ridges around it. Soon, the entire head expanded in comparison to the shape of the shaft. The rest of his head flattened, its skin turning so dark it was almost black. His piss slit moved from the center as well, closer to the bottom and winking with its new size and change. The shape of it was more akin to a mushroom cap head than anything else he could equate it to.

His cock was not to remain in his human configuration either, the shaft turning pink and mottled black, almost looking sickly from the shade of it. Massive and throbbing as it was, the skin pinched up just a little, forming a ring in the middle as two more inches pushed forth from the equine sheath. Growing testicles sat almost weighty underneath him, doubling, tripling, and

growing even further than humanly possible, swelling with what he knew had to be equine sperm.

Still staring in awe at the size of the shaft he now possessed, Jeremy was not expecting the sensation of Aiden's hands on his velvety ball sack, gripping them like softballs as he fondled Jeremy's junk. The pleasure sent ripples of pleasure through his form, making the fat and muscle on his form jiggle before expanding and filling out with powerful muscles. His ass somehow managed to grow ever larger, filling Aiden's vision as it continued to be peppered with fur and hide.

"Oh...EEEEIIGGGHHHH!" Jeremy called out, the equine inflections not lost in his voice as he grunted and swished his tail reflexively over Aiden's head. He didn't want to be a horse, and shouldn't be enjoying the sensations. But with the sensitivity of his equine bits, there was nothing to be done for it, ass disproportionately massive compared to his still human body.

All the while, Aiden was rimming his friend's rear, tongue now hanging out of his mouth like a panting dog. He should have run out of steam and saliva, and have been pained by the efforts to lap at his friend's pucker. But whatever spell had changed them saw it fit to force him to keep him up, Aiden loving it all the while. His tongue was so large by this point that it wouldn't be able to fit in his mouth even if he was inclined to. So, he kept up his oral ministrations, as though a dog lapping up water, loving the shivers of stimulation it seemed to be giving his friend.

All the while, his canine cock seemed to be tighter in the damp underwear, spreading the savory scent of cum deeper into nostrils that might have altered without his awareness. He was sure the fabric was starting to fray from the force of it, not much time left before they were to be forfeited. But it was the ache in his backside, expanding hips, and a strange twitching from above it that made him sure his pants were to stay on. Already taut to the breaking point, a series of rips from the force of it made his fuzzy rump push through. Aiden was suddenly aware his skin had erupted with its own short black coat, the annoyance of it being rubbed against the material making him finally relieved to kiss the air and be free from its confines.

The further tearing jeans of his pants echoed in his ears as his massive ass broke through, and with it, the force of the growth on his backside was allowed to wag its eagerness at being birthed. It swished back and forth, tearing more of the fabric from his pants and underwear, getting longer and thicker and moving behind him like the wagging tail of a dog. Its growing length was peppered with the same black fur as what has erupted over his groin, itching and making him switch it, even more, to try to alleviate the irritation. It was soon a foot long, and Aiden was elated to own one, different than Jeremy's one that was swishing over his shoulder and head.

It was the pressure at the front, however, that took his attention. The size of his backside was tearing his pants to the point that his clothing, too, was hanging from his cock in rags as Aiden rutted into it, feeling an orgasm coming. Rutting into the clothing brought him close, but he was still on the edge, preparing to erupt. As embarrassing as it was to be in such a situation, he couldn't bring himself out of the lust-fueled stupor that had him eagerly eating out his friend's ass. His lupine tongue was certainly doing the trick, now engrossed in the activity and turned on beyond his understanding. It was getting impossible for him to hold back and prepared to blow his load, and he didn't want to.

At the moment of orgasm, however, his twitching cock knocked off the clothes surrounding his lupine penis and they fell away, and the spasming member short its bolt all over the rags of his friend's pants and the stallion fur that had coated his exposed skin. Jeremy could feel the warm fluid running down the back of his legs this time and the acrid scent of semen was breathed in by both their noses. It seemed by this point both of their noses were flared by this point, drinking in the male musk to the point where their arousal was more than enough to keep their pricks turgid.

“OOOHHH...AAARRRROOOO!” Aiden called out, the sounds more lupine than anything that should have come out of his lips. Still, he was remiss to care, humping again at his friend's legs to feel the lengthening equine legs and the muscle and bone they were forming to hold Jeremy's massive ass.

Jeremy, for his part, drank in the lupine stink with reverence, loving the smell of cum and elated that his friend had ejaculated all over his leg. There was some shame in the notion, not of being gay, for he was already that. But it was the notion he was changing, to the point of arousal that made him cum over and over, made him abashed. He was giving into the sexual urges with no regard for his humanity or his friends, and it simply felt too amazing for him to feel his fully realized horse cock slapping against his belly, preparing for another release as well and drinking in more of that horsey musk that had him so elated.

His massive horse's tail swished eagerly, running over Aiden's head as well as his own backside made him whicker pleasantly, his lips feeling numb and rubbery and making equine noises with the ease of a natural-born stallion. Skin prickling from the sensation of his tail caused his backside to grow even more, beyond the point that many horses reached. The tonging he was getting seemed to make his anus grow too, as though the wolf tongue was growing within his rear and pushing it to expand as well. With his intestines and rectum being forced larger, his hips, ass, spine, and backside needed to grow to accommodate, to the point that his massive belly was growing as well, and while they were thinner in response, his legs were powerful with packed muscles large enough to manage the weight.

Though he was already familiar with the prickling of hair growing over his ass and the back of his legs, he was soon to experience it in spades coming all over his legs and chest as the skin started to tingle and the color darkened toward equine black. He could feel it, not painful but enough that it made him want to twitch it in anticipation of the fur to come. To Jeremy's surprise, he could indeed feel it was moving at his prompting, as though in response to try to alleviate the itching. It was pleasant to relieve himself from the prickling, skin sensitive all over from the spreading of horse hair and hide.

It was a drop in the bucket, however, to what he knew was coming. Though he was hunched over, hands toward the ground to stabilize his body, he did not need to touch his horse cock to get off. The intense slapping against his belly was all he needed to get off, it coming faster and faster as his balls swelled further and his anus was stimulated. It was as though his rectum was plugged into an electrical charge, the current running directly into his penis and making him precariously close to cumming. And there was no reason for him to hold back, not with the scent of wolf cum in his nose and the desire to add his own equine stink to it.

“Can't hold eeeeeiiiiiggghhh!” Jeremy called out, thrusting with all he had to accentuate his oncoming equine orgasm. The force of semen unloaded all over his belly, now coated in stallion fur and staining all the way to his chest. Much of it got on his shirt and the underwear that still lay on the floor. He had no attachment to the shirt at this point, knowing that it was destined for destruction as he continued to swell to equine proportions. That, and the powerful shivers of orgasm rocked through his body to the point where it was impossible to think about anything else. Despite his concern over the changes, Jeremy had to admit he loved it!

Some of the semen splashed onto his hands, and Jeremy felt his fingers sticking together a little, the fluids more sticky than he was expecting. It was irritating enough that he wanted to move them, though the more he tried, the harder it felt to flex them, as though weakness had seeped into them. With his horse cock sliding back into his sheath for the moment, Jeremy was inclined to look down at them, gasping in a hoarse whicker at the sight of them. There were shrinking, the relentless pops and snaps of the joints discontinuing echoing in his ears as they were robbed from him. In mere moments, Jeremy found he was unable to move them at all, save the middle fingers, though they, too, were stiffening, straightening out even though they possessed the same number of joints. Those connectors were swelling, even as the rest of the circumference of his finger moved to make up the size of his stretching lower arms.

Worse was the tingling sensation encroaching over the tips of his remaining digits, the nail taking away the rest of the surface area as it started to thicken and swell. Darkening as though muddied, the texture started to alter as the diameter of what was to be his front hooves swelled out into an oval shape. Hands stuck in their current configuration, Jeremy could hardly

perceive the spongy tissue forming within the crevices of the hollowed appendages until their heavyweight assured Jeremy he was in possession of fully functional horse hooves.

“No! Not my fuckeeeeeiiiggghhhh hands!” Jeremy managed to snort out, the equine inflections getting into his voice and making him worried. Up until now, the changes had been sensual, pleasant, as bizarre as they were. But the loss of his fingers was enviable with all the other changes, and it was impossible to retain his composure with the loss of his tactile abilities.

Feeling his friend coming down from his orgasm, Aiden had stopped tonguing him, drool dripping from his tongue being unable to get back in his mouth. It was of little concern though, the sexy horse man in his mind was Aiden's only focus. He was just in time to rub the stiffness out of Jeremy's former wrists, as though encouraging them to grow larger. Despite his better judgment, a cloud of lust had settled over his mind, and he found his friend's stallion form sexy as hell. And he was determined to make him grow bigger and change even more!

The terror over the changes was not enough to stem Jeremy's erection, however, his horse cock pounding erect past 15 inches now, the envy of any draft horse. And it was not quite to be done if the tingling over it was any indication. He needed to cum, the previous two orgasms not enough to stem his lust or pain his cock in any way. Though he was certainly able to slap his belly against his cock once more, the panic over not having hands to touch himself made him whinny, not caring that he was able to articulate anything anymore. It was powerfully conflicting to be afraid of the changes, embarrassed of his lust, and needing the penile stimulation all the same.

The combination of sweat and fear wafted into his nostrils, relaxing him for a moment even though the frothy sweat was uncomfortable on his body. It was comforting in a way that defied his understanding, his scent burning into his nose and marking this as a safe space, one he could partake in his lusts to his heart's content. The tingling over his nose drew his attention, larger and rubbery and visible if he crossed his eyes. Though it was a far cry from the size of a stallion's nose, its abilities were still readily able to drink in their combined musk, something he could not get enough of. The pungent redolence rose his cock to new lengths, 18 inches now and as thick as a beer can. He was far from spent, it was obvious, and without the stimulation to his anus, Jeremy's biggest concern was his ability to get off!

Aiden, too, delighted over his friend's body and lusts, enamored with the size of his cock and the alluring aromas wafting from his body. He started to lick Jeremy's body, especially the areas where fur and hide had not yet encroached on his skin. The tongue seemed to have the desired effect, making more horse fur spring up as Aiden's wolf tongue brought it into place. It delighted Aiden to spread Jeremy's changes, loving the equine odor wafting off his friend's form and needing to breathe in the heady stink. Even his darkening nose and the slits sliding up the

sides were not enough to fully drink it in, though that only made him crave it all the more. And he would have what he sought as he made the former man a horse for both their enjoyments!

Though Aiden was significantly smaller than the horse Jeremy was growing into, he was still able to work his way under Jeremy's belly, teasing the flabby flesh that had not yet grown its own coat of horse fur. Jeremy moaned as his belly barred forth, still fat, though hard-packed muscles were growing within, stretching the skin with marks until they faded into the horse flesh being crafted over him. Though the hybrid anatomy should have already killed the man mid-change, Jeremy still felt his belly swelling and the organs within growing to accommodate them. They soon expanded to match the internal organs altered by Aiden's oral ministrations, though Jeremy was barely able to perceive it, save for some gurgling innards. Cracks and pops responded through his belly as the bones of his spine expanded around expanding organs, keeping them protected within his new anatomy. Jeremy felt a little queasy at that, but other than the stirrings of grumbling inside his belly, he was no worse for wear from a process that should have killed him by all rights.

Already precarious at best, the force of his belly slide his pelvis and hips into place, the bones crunching and sliding against each other before cracking into place for a four-legged stance. Jeremy didn't have far to fall, thankfully, and his legs hadn't lengthened too much that his hooves couldn't touch the floor to support his weight. Aiden was there to help hold him up, walking on hands and knees to match him. Jeremy relished the sensation of Aiden's skin on his fur, even more so as it erupted with its own black fur wolf coat. The soft fur was a nice contrast to his own, and Aiden rubbed his furry body against Jeremy's own, as though encouraging both their pelts to grow in.

By this point, Aiden's embarrassment about the whole thing had largely faded, and the lust he was feeling, something missing from his human self, had taken over. It brought out somewhat of a playful side he hasn't known, a devilish desire to change his friend and make him a handsome horse. He was eager to keep lipping Jeremy's flesh with a flat canine tongue, teasing the changes over him and making him whicker in excitement. He seemed to like it as much as Aiden was, and Aiden started working over his chest now, wanting it to barrel into the stallion's physique that he so wished his friend to possess.

Jeremy wanted to call out, his pleasure and panic in equal measure as his ribs continued to crack and force his chest to barrel, rotating larger upper arms and shoulders forward to match his more equine body. For a moment, the slobbering tongue started to play over his nipples, and Jeremy moaned, an erogenous zone in their own right. They were so sensitive, stretched larger from his growing bulk as Jeremy continued to change. To Jeremy's dismay, however, their sensitivity started to wane, as though they were fading from his form. He whickered his disapproval, recalling somewhere that horses had no nipples, something almost as jarring as

losing his hands. Though there was nothing to be done for it, and his body retained enough of his sensitivity that he enjoyed the process once more eventually.

The effects of Aiden's ministrations did not only have implications on Jeremy's physiology. Aiden was growing larger too, finding it hard to stand under Jeremy's growing horse belly without leaning up. Not only was his ass expanding, his hips broadening to expose more of his own wolf's pucker, but his legs seemed to be getting longer as well to the point that he was brunching against Jeremy's massive belly and dangling horse cock. It was obvious he was turning into something much larger than a regular wolf as much as Jeremy's stallion form dwarfed that of a regular horse.

Much as his tongue had done to Jeremy's flesh, anywhere Jeremy's fur touched Aiden's bare skin erupted with a black lupine pelt, soft undercoat surrounded by longer guard hairs. It spread in a wave over his back, running down his sides as they seemed to expand as his ribs moved underneath. Swelling muscle stretched the skin in places before his wolverine pelt covered it, making him so large he had to get out from under the horse's belly. It was a moot point, given that he had already changed Jeremy's underside.

Jeremy was to grow larger still, however, the rags of his pants settled over his shoes. Legs grew longer as the bones cracked and reformed, the muscle surrounding them and stretching into legs powerful enough to support the weight of the horse he was becoming. Though it was the heels of his feet that added to his overall height, pushing at the back of his shoes and bending the leather and plastic beyond the breaking point. He was well aware of what would happen to his feet, likely going the same way as his hands, and the tinglings in his feet were soon coming to a point. Even knowing the result, Jeremy tried wriggling the toes anyway, finding their ability to do so had been robbed from him. There was little room left from the size of his middle toes, swelling far beyond what the shoes could manage to contain, stretching to the breaking point and beyond. Jeremy felt a twinge of pain at that, though it was hardly the worst thing to befall him thus far, and was fine with his nail covering the front of it, popping through his shoes and kicked away in rags to allow the rest of his feet to change.

They were to follow soon with hairs running down to the base of where his ankle once sat. The itching started to get worse around the spot, Jeremy privy to the sight of thicker white hairs nursing up from them to form what looked like the beginnings of equine fetlocks. They tickled the skin of his heels, thickened and stretching and raising his stance beyond the point he could not stand on all fours the way he was used to. His ass was raised up in the air, Aiden getting under him to tease Jeremy's cock as he did so. Any sensation of feeling from the tips was gone as the keratin hooves encroached over them, forming massive pristine hooves to match his front ones. He couldn't stand on two legs again but was remiss to care, stable as his cock was licked and played over by the eager wolf tongue of his friend.

Sensing he was already getting his buddy close once more, Aiden decided to cease his attempts on Jeremy's cock, satisfied by the changes he had inflicted for now. Rather, his focus soon turned back to Jeremy's ass, reminded of how much pleasure it gave the other man turned horse and wanted him to feel it again. Though it was much higher now, Aiden was able to reach up, only just with his own hips moments away from altering into their own shapes. Immediately, he started slobbering over the wolf's ass once more, tail wagging eagerly as the stallion man started to whicker in delight,

The efforts had an effect on Aiden's own physiology, his want to reach up and tease the horse's anus made his heels stretch. Their thinning contours caused his torn pants to slide off, sticking around his shoes. Thinking his feet were thin with them, the opposite seemed to happen, their width thickening beyond what the shoes are made to hold. They, like Jeremy's, were pushing at the bindings, and an ache from his toenails made him sure they were soon to form blunt lupine claws. But as he continued to slobber over Jeremy's equine rump, the sounds of tearing were hardly heard over the ministrations of his muzzle.

Still, there was no avoiding the sensation of his feet tearing through their bindings, the glue moving all the way down until bursts of black fluff popped out. The force of his claws was enough to burst through, even as his toes stiffened and fattened, becoming stubs of canine toes with no ability to move, thick webbing holding them in place. Tingling from their bottoms preceded the thickening of the skin into pads, swelling over the bottom of his feet, a canine footprint as his big toes wriggled and thinned and pulled into his heel, removed from his anatomy. Heels stretched like putty, and mass and muscle filled them in as Aiden had to lower his stance in order for his tongue to continue over Jeremy's horse rump. Shifting his stance had the benefit of allowing his legs to kick off the remnants of his pants, claws scraping them off in an act of defiance to his humanity.

The effort seemed to pain Aiden's backside, as though it was getting harder to stand. In reality, it was the strain of maintaining his current stance with legs that were altering, hips flattening into flanks as a thin bit of skin merged them together. The bones within were shifting, popping out of sockets before the sockets themselves altered to match the bone structurally more suited for a canine. While it took some adjusting, Aiden's altered posture managed to move in a position to allow him to lap at Jeremy's pucker, loving the integrate sensations of Jeremy's anus and the shivers of pleasure it seemed to provide.

Jeremy was swelling all the while, ass still growing but upper body not much further behind. It was obvious by his size he was a draft horse, but with the persistent tingling, it was not finished expanding beyond even equine proportions. He was firmly on all fours now, belly barrelling, ass swelling, and meaty pucker being eternally teased by Aiden's own growing

tongue, eager to lap at and tease his buddy. Yet, with the pleasure against his prostate and the slapping of his massive horse cock, Jeremy had no inclinations to care, loving the size he was growing and wanting more.

With the swelling of Jeremy's equine body, it was a wonder his head could manage in its still human state. His nose had altered but was still relatively small to fit in a human-sized face. His neck was swelling to match his meaty torso, though it tapered toward his head, making it look powerfully awkward but not possible to maintain. It was the swelling under his skull, however, that would signal the last of his changes, the muscles prepared to attach and move his expanding jaw. Cracks and pops echoed through his lower jaw as it started to press outward, signaling the death throes of his humanity.

It was then as his face started to change, a spark of realization moved through Jeremy's mind, that Aiden's ministrations were accelerating the process. Though he loved the sensual sensations, part of him didn't want to change all the way, didn't want to be a full horse like the changes would force upon him. He couldn't let this happen. Not when so little of his humanity remained. He had to try and preserve it!

“Stooooooooiiiiiggghhhh!” Jeremy tried to call out, though the sounds of his cry were drowned out in equine inflections. He tried to call out again, but there was no articulating the words. That, and his body seemed frozen in place, trapped in the pleasure over his body and unable to get away and escape an equine fate.

The itching of change started with his ears, feeling them rise on his head as their tips grew pointed and their canals widened almost too large for this size on his head. They stayed in the sides of his head for now, the skull not quite adjusted yet. But the muscles moving underneath the skin at their base seemed to rotate them toward his backside, attracted to the slick sucking sounds of Aiden's wolf tongue lapping at his rectum.

It was the scents of their sweat and musk being drawn into larger nostrils that really did it for his cock, prompting Jeremy to slap it against his belly as much as he dared. His nose was massive, skin turning dark and rubbery, and he could see the slits flare up the sides out of the corner of his eyes. Jeremy could tell his face was enlarging, eyes being forced apart to the point he could see his face and even the corner of his flanks in his eyes. He didn't want to be able to see, especially as the corners of his eyes blurred, vision too wide as his growing muzzle took up more of his face.

Nose rubbery as it was, it began pushing against the top of his lips, spreading the equine skin over his upper lips as they swelled with flesh. Trying to move them with irritation, Jeremy found their flexibility was far more integrated than anything he had felt before. He could move

them in several dimensions, almost like a grasping limb in their own right. Cracks of bone pushed his face out further, and with it allowed his lips to expand as well, moving them over teeth that were expanding in the gum line. The taste of his mouth was a little off, but he didn't mind it, having a harder time caring with the pounding his buddy's tongue was doing to his ass.

The taste grew worse as his teeth thickened, incisors larger than what could fit in his larger mouth. They were massive and thickening, and he could almost taste the enamel forming on them with his more sensitive pallet. The weirdest thing was how his widening jaw pulled his canines and molars apart. Jeremy was a little surprised he still had the former. It felt weird to feel with a thicker tongue the space between massive gums, themselves far thicker than he could manage. He ended up making a chewing motion, playing with their abilities for a moment simply at the ability that he could do so.

Still, it was as hard for him to fully engulf himself in equine experience, the pressure on his anus and the slapping of his cock all-consuming as his face changed, eyes pulling even further apart and making it hard for him to see like he was used to. It was far too wide, the area in front of his nose the only space with the clarity he enjoyed as a human. Though with the promise of a prostate pounding, it was all he could do not to relish his equine form as his irises turned brown and the slits turned to rectangles, one of the last vestiges of his human form converted to equine. His mind was still present, however, even as his skull started to expand into his muzzle, while his cranium compressed on his brain.

As a final change toward his impending equine hood, Jeremy could feel his already longer hair thicken, the follicles bursting from the back of his neck and creating a mop of hair that almost got into his eyes. It was coarse and oily, discomforting a little to have an impressive horse's mane running down his neck. Though Jeremy was remiss to care, wanting the sexual stimulation and accepting his equine body if it meant the promise of pleasure that was to come.
