

Steve glanced nervously around the open locker room, wishing that he had chosen a larger establishment for his new workout regimen. Unlike most gym locker rooms he had been in, these lockers were all arranged around the walls, with benches in a square in the center. There was nowhere to remove his towel out of sight of the other three guys in the room!

Steve's first workout had gone well enough, he figured. The taste of the protein drink he had been given still hung in his mouth, having almost made him gag upon trying it. It had notes of wheat and grass that reminded him of the worst tasting beer he'd ever partaken of. Still, it had been free with his membership, and he had to admit, he felt more energy during this workout than he could recall from any past experiences.

The locker room had been empty when he'd gotten changed, but now, there were three guys, seemingly taking their time and not giving Steve much of a choice but to disrobe in front of them. Shyly, Steve walked up to his locker, spinning the combination until it clicked open.

Hand held tight on his towel from his post-workout shower, Steve pulled out his clothes, staring at them with trepidation. There was nowhere for him to remove the towel where he wouldn't be seen. A camera sat just outside the hallway to the locker room, and the showers were far too wet to risk taking his dry clothes into. Like it or not, he was going to have to get nude in front of the other guys.

The other three guys gathered seemed to have no such qualms. From the way they talked, they seemed to know each other, workout buddies, most likely. Fuck, their horseplay of slapping each other with the towels was clue enough for Steve to know that they were close!

"Hey man, don't be shy! We're all dudes in here!" said one of the men, noticing Steve's hesitation.

As though in support of their shared nudity, the guy slapping his buddy with his towel let it drop to the floor before turning around. Steve didn't want to look, but the sight of the guy's swinging dong in his periphery was impossible to ignore. It seemed the guy was just as long flaccid as erect! He had to be; any addition to his erection from that state would be humanly impossible.

Steve couldn't help but trace his eyes over what was easily a third leg. The guy was uncut, his foreskin an unnaturally dark shade that did not match his brown-haired, swaying balls. He could easily be a porn star, if not for the exotic, almost inhuman quality to his cock.

Part of Steve's mind made him even more anxious as the guy's meat bobbed up and down, as though partially excited. Steve knew he needed to drop his towel, but what if he was embarrassingly small compared to the other guys? Yet the sight of the man's boldness did seem to allow enough confidence to let his towel fall to the dry floor, forgotten in the presence of the other men.

Hearing a little bit of a chuckle, Steve turned around to an outstretched hand. "Jordan," the first guy said by way of introduction. Steve reached his own out hesitantly, trying to keep his eyes level with the guy's chest.

Yet, Steve's eyes eventually drifted curiously down towards the man's stomach and groin. Jordan, too, was hairy, his stomach firm and flat like he worked on his body regularly. The sight, in tandem with his sculpted pecs, bulging biceps, and tight thighs and ass made Steve envious!

"Like what you see, stud?" Jordan asked, a smirk in his voice that made Steve blush.

"It's alright, dude, relax. You're not so bad yourself," Jordan stated as his eyes swept down towards Steve's groin.

Steve's eyes followed, and the sight of himself almost sent Steve racing out of the locker room. His own cock was at half-mast, seemingly excited to be in the presence of such muscled, hung guys. He'd never been into the sight of men before, and it felt shameful to be discovering himself in such a place!

That wasn't the only thing that caught his attention. It had been a while since he'd last jerked off, but he'd never been that big, even at full erection. It was not nearly the far cry from the other gathered cocks in the room as Steve might have figured. The realization made Steve relax a little, calmed by the notion that he was just one of the guys.

The other two introduced themselves as Quinn, the potential porn star swinging his dick around without a care in the world, and Jake, who had sat down on the bench in the center of the room. To Steve's shock, and perhaps delight, both men were muscled too. Maybe if Steve got to know these guys, they could share their workout regiment with him!

Jake was squirming uncomfortably on the bench, as though something was bothering his backside. Steve's eyes traced towards Jake's bottom, partly to see what was irritating him, and partly to see the man's muscled ass!

To Steve's surprise, a strange growth was poking out of Jake's spine, twitching around in agitation. Steve wanted to comment on the obvious tail but thought better of it. He didn't want to make the man embarrassed. Besides, it looked sexy as fuck!

"So, you guys come here often?" Steve asked, allowing his guard to lower as his anxiety subsided.

"Nope, we never met before this locker room! Fancy that!" Jordan said with a laugh that made Steve uneasy. How were they all so comfortable with each other, then?

It seemed a little more than just comfort when Quinn's hand started tracing its way over Jake's thigh without fanfare. He teased ever so slightly before making his way to the base of the man's penis. Jake's excitement oozed in rivulets down his shaft before his own hand reached for Quinn's cock in kind. Not bothering to take their time, both men started playing over their turgid erections with enthusiasm, moaning and panting all the while.

Despite his preconceived notions of heterosexuality, Steve couldn't tear his eyes from the lewd display. Blood was pounding into his own dick, desires to join them flooding his thoughts. If he was ever going to explore, wouldn't now be the best time?

"Good show, hey bud? How about a jerk yourself? Those balls are blue, man!" Jordan declared, making Steve blush even more. Not only did he have the opportunity to explore, but the guys seemed to encourage him to join!

"Y-yeah... that sounds good..." Steve said dreamingly as he drank in the other man's body. "Besides, it's not gay to explore, right?"

"Does that matter?" Jordan asked, tracing his massive hands over Steve's smaller shoulders. Steve wanted to protest, but the sensual feelings had him enraptured as Jordan's hands traced over his modest pecs, flabby belly, and towards his girth.

Steve's cock burst forth, stiff as a flag pole as Jordan's skilled hands worked him to full erection. Steve looked down for a moment, watching as his normally cut, four-inch cock shot out to six, seven, close to ten inches! The sight had him so enraptured that he hardly noticed how the flesh under his glans was peeling, forcing his formerly absent foreskin to regrow. Steve didn't mind, however. It now matched the other men's cocks to a tee!

Not wanting to leave his new friend unattended, Steve reached down to play his fingers over the man's massive meat. Jordan's fat cock throbbed visibly, its flattening head leaking its eagerness all over Steve's lubed-up hand.

"Hhaawww... yeah... don't staawwpp!" Jordan yelled, and Steve couldn't help but be a little surprised by the bestial grunts. The best part was how much they turned him on!

Both men continued to stroke each other in tandem, other arms traced over bodily contours. Eventually, their lips even met, tongues intertwined in eagerness as they thrust their hips together in kind.

The strange sensations crawling across Jordan's body did little to impede Steve's exploration. The fact that Jordan's body was rapidly growing more hair, or that his chiseled muscle was melting away for a flabby, stretched belly only served to make Steve more turned on. Steve didn't even mind with his hand traced over a thrashing growth, akin to where Jake's was. Was it a tail? How hot was that? !

A pair of sharp brays pierced his ears, and both Steve and Jordan turned to see that Jake and Quinn were frantically rubbing each other's equine-like cocks, thick wads of cum shooting all over their naked, hairy bodies. The fact that their cocks were no longer human, or their entire bodies were in the process of sprouting short, gray hairs soaked in cum was nearly enough to bring the other guys to the edge!

"So close... make me cawwwwwm!" Jordan brayed, and Steve obliged by stroking faster. Jordan responded in kind, the pleasure building to a crescendo as their throbbing black balls emptied their burdens.

"I'm cawwwwwminhhaaww!"

"Meeehhaawww too! Haawwwww!"

Thick wads of rank, yellowed jism shot up into the air, spraying both guys in a shower of seed. Sweaty, furry bodies dirtied with cum, both men shook and rocked from their release, kissing and thrusting until the act was over.

Both took a moment's pause, staring into each other's brown, oval eyes. A curious glance down showed Steve that his cock was no longer human. Its tip was flared and mushroom-shaped, the shaft mottled black and sticking from a sheath connecting with Steve's flabby belly. A far cry from the physic he'd hoped to obtain at the gym, Steve was nonetheless impressed with the thick paunch of belly he now possessed.

Despite still feeling the resulting micro-tremors of an intense orgasm, neither man's cocks seemed to have receded. Steve felt his balls throb, their load still present and in

need of release. None of the other men gathered seemed to have softened, either. It seemed time for a second round! Was this what it meant to explore with other men?

An audible crack resounded through the room, and everyone present turned to see that Jake was hunched over. His back and hips had realigned to a more quadrupedal stance. His barreled chest and sinking shoulders, in tandem with lengthened, thin arms made the stance sturdy. Steve doubted the poor guy could stand up again, even if he wanted!

Yet Steve found the notion of being on all fours exciting, especially from the sight of a puckered, black asshole on full display as Jake's buttocks receded. As though eager to be fucked, Jake backed up, raising his stub of a tail to present his desire to his new friend. Quinn wasted no time getting down on all fours, reaching out with his tongue and rimming the edges of Jake's fuckhole.

As Quinn did so, the contours of his skull started to alter, his lips turning black and pressing outward as a thick tongue slobbered over Jake's needy anus. His ears starched long over his head as his short, blond curls fell out to make room for a bushy mohawk. Nostrils flaring, the flesh around them grew peppered with short brown hairs as Quinn drank in the thick musk of jizz and sweat from their lewd activities. Steve couldn't deny how sexy both men were becoming!

A moist, warm tongue enveloped Steve's cock just then, and he looked down into Jordan's brown, oval eyes as he eagerly proceeded to give Steve a blow job. It started out slow and tender, but as Jordan's lips turned rubbery, and his muzzle engulfed Steve's dick entirely, he dove onto Steve's cock with bestial fury.

"So faawwwking good! " Steve brayed, feeling his cock leak down his friend's throat. His cock seemed to grow impossibly long, easily fifteen inches, the envy of any farm beast.

Steve reached down to rub away the rest of Jordan's brown hair, but his ungainly middle fingers made the task difficult. Staring in fascination rather than horror, a thick black nail covered the entire surface as the rest melted away and the circumference of his new hooves grew to match his arms. His efforts were unneeded, however, as Jordan's hair fell out rapidly, giving way to his jackass mohawk.

Much to his chagrin, the sensations swelling from his cock became too much, and his own stretched lips let out an asinine bray of release. "I'm gonnhaaawww blow! HHHEEEHHHAWW! " Steve cried out, unconcerned about the bestial quality of his own voice.

His cock spasmed uncontrollably as thick wads of donkey jism blew forth and hit his friend's eager throat. Best of all was how eagerly Jordan's muzzle drank it down, tongue and mouth stimulating every inch of Steve's cock.

Smiling, Jordan looked up at Steve with cum stained, yellowed slabs. At the sight of such a sexy visage, Steve reached down to kiss him, but the changes to Jordan's body made it impossible for Jordan to stand and meet his lips. Undeterred, Steve lowered himself as well, feeling his body crunch into place as befit a four-legged beast. Steve felt no pain as his hips widened, his spine extended, and his pelvis relocated as his legs began to alter in length. It was like he was made to be on all fours!

“FFAAAWWWWHHHEEEHHHAWWWW!”

Jake's bray snapped Steve out of self-reverence. It was a cry of need, of desire to be taken and fucked. Quinn's newly developed hooves were on him in an instant, his turgid jackass member inserting itself into Jake's lubricated pucker. Though inexperienced, it seemed Quinn's asinine appendage only required minor readjustment before it was inside his lover fully. Soon, both beasts were rocking back and forth in tandem, Jake's donkey dick slapping against his belly as Quinn fucked him into oblivion.

Steve and Jordan were still locked together, the flavor of each other's muzzles enthralling as their cocks grew to full arousal once more. Yet the kiss lasted only a moment as the needs in Steve's crotch became insistent. Moving his mass body around the other side of his lover, Steve's lips reached out to kiss Jordan's moist, eager pucker. His thickened tongue and wide muzzle allowed him easy entry, teasing the insides of his new mate's anus while Jordan's cock leaked and slapped against his belly.

“MAKE MMEEEEHHAAAWWW HEEHHAAAWWW!” Jordan tried to say, but his stretching muzzle only allowed asinine cries now.

It no longer mattered to Steve as he reared up on his back legs and speared at the meaty pucker he had so lovingly prepared. Given his inexperience, it took some effort to hit the target, but once he did, he savored the sensation of a hot moist tunnel enveloping his slick donkey cock.

As they fucked and brayed, the rest of the changes overtook the small herd of horny, faggot beasts. Hands degraded into hard, pristine hooves. Backs extended and swishing tails grew to full length. Chests barreled, hips widened and bulbous bellies felt turgid cocks slapping against them. Thick, bristly mohawks stretched down sloped shoulders. Muzzles grew

out to full length as ears stretched to the sky, and rectangular pupils sat inside massive, brown eyes.

Lost in the scents of musk and the sensations of an equine rut, Steve's mind was gone, his words escaping him as his massive balls slapped against Jordan's. Yet no human experience made it worth holding on against the potential onslaught of equine pleasures. The swelling in his cock was too much, and he allowed his thoughts to melt into the seed to fuel his equine existence.

"HEEEHHHHHAAAWEEW! " Steve cried as his cock unloaded thick spurts of donkey jism into his new mate's bowels. His flared glans was swept by the sheer volume of cum his thick-skinned black balls shot into his lover. His cries of release were matched when the former human Jordan brayed and blew his burden all over his belly and the floor.

Several loud, echoing brays pierced the air as the other newly formed donkeys fucked themselves into their new bodies and lives. The stench of sweat and cum hung heavily in the small space but only served to make Steve relax. The stench was of his herd, and he had mated and bred with his fellow jacks as a good herd mate should!

Steve was hardly aware when several men entered their space until they presented him and his herd with carrots and apples. Biting into them greedily, Steve barely cared that a bridle and harness was fitted over his form until the men started to guide them away.

Yet none of the newly formed jackasses resisted. The scents of each other's dangling donkey cocks were fresh in their flaring nostrils. Wherever they were led, the herd would still be able to partake in another orgy of asinine sex as soon as their bodies recovered!

“HEEEEEEHHAAAAWWWWW! ”