

The distant sounds of animals and the sight of the sun coming over the rustic farm send shivers of excitement through the four men standing there, looking out into their home away from home for the next while. Standing in the end of the lobby, all four were naked, though such wasn't too daunting a prospect, given how they would be spending the next few days and weeks. They would be joining their peers out in the farm area soon, some there for a brief vacation, some having been there for weeks, months, or perhaps years, depending on the types of programs they embarked on. It was a daunting prospect, though something each separately wanted more than anything. Longing for a dream most of one's adult life, only to be given all that and more, created a surreal feeling shared among the four newest recruits. And now that it was time to join in the program here, they could only stare at their surroundings with some sense of stunned silence.

The facilities appeared relatively meager from the outside, all things considered, though their construction was new, the equipment state of the art. Certainly, the funds were there, and the program was backed not only by investors but also by people such as them. There was a myriad of people who would pay big money for the chance to experience all the barn had to offer from their ideal perspectives. The program itself was rather expansive, conducting a myriad of studies on the animal residents within the grounds. The grounds were large enough that thousands could be housed at any time, and much of their care and feeding was automated to limit the number of humans onsite. They were all typical barnyard residents, horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, dogs, goats, chickens, and a variety of other animals that made their home in such human constructions. The variety gave those who wished to live there a myriad of forms to take on for the duration of their stay. Hell, it wasn't unheard of for residents to choose a form for a few days, only to revert to their humanity and take on additional forms as part of their tenure.

One's reasons for joining the program was as varied as the subjects themselves. Those with money could afford any vacation they wished, though there were a myriad of long term studies within that individuals could sign up for, often without requiring to pay and having all their accommodations provided. Some were specifically for breeding, of course, used for making offspring with superior genetics and allowing them to be transported to farms the country over. But there were other projects that one could partake in, such as behavioral studies both adapting to a new body and interacting with others that had done the same thing. And given the sexual nature of the changes, many of the studies required sexual interactions with others, as many same sex pairs as though who expected to bear offspring. Regardless of one's interest in joining such a program, there was generally a purpose one could find that forwarded the company's interests, making such cooperation favorable for all who were involved.

One thing that bound all the studies together, however, was that all residents were once human, changed into their new forms with the use of very specialized nanite programs. There were a variety of uses for the technology that had nothing to do with changing one being into

another, of course. But here, on this farm, physical transformation was the norm. Each participant was to be changed from their born human bodies into one of the barn's inhabitants, any of the aforementioned species. It was a form of their choice and specifications, save for when a particular subject was required for an ongoing study. It was often welcome to have any wayward soul sign up in order to provide valuable research data for the duration of their stay. The option to customize their forms to their specifications was part of the package, as was the duration of their stay, some wanting a weekend getaway, while others were looking for something much longer.

There were a variety of people that came to the farm looking to enter one of the programs, with many goals in mind. Some wanted the simpler life of an animal, to eat, relieve oneself, and mate while having all their needs tended to. One thing in common between almost all of them, however, was the intense love of physical transformation, something many had dreamed of partaking in all their lives, and elated to be able to experience such with no repercussions. Though not always of a sexual nature, the data required often developed around reproduction and mating, and such interest was encouraged, providing the participants chose willing partners. There was hardly a shortage of those, given the lack of consequence for sex, and the encouragement of it, as well as the need for pregnancy among the participants.

Naturally, a fair number of the participants were from the LGBTQ+ community, being more interested in the workings of other bodies, of other genders and sexualities, and in an environment where safe sex with others was guaranteed. Many of the participants were interested in same-sex coupling, something that was encouraged as a way of self-expression as well as the various behavioral data that came from such studies. Particular areas were set up for residents who wished to only explore same-sex exploration, forming same-sex herds and groups for that purpose.

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

Much to the delight of the four current transformation enthusiasts, the process of change was to take several days, during which they would be undergoing gradual shifts that promised not to limit their autonomy too much. None of those gathered would have it any other way, and it

was part of their fantasies to enjoy the change itself as well as the experiences of being an animal afterward. And, perhaps, enjoy their bodies with each other or any changing individuals on the farm in the process, feeling a little self-conscious about anything with those fully changed until it was time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“See you later, then?” Luke remarked, also somewhat amicable to the idea. It was a little daunting to do so with people he didn’t know. But as far as they knew, the four were the only ones changing at this time, and if they did want to play with anyone mid-change, it would be worth checking in on each other. All they had to do was know in advance, and with the three of them being on one mind as they headed in their separate directions, they were happy to entertain the possibility in the future...

Luke, for his part, designed to check out some of the other areas of the compound, wanting to get a lay of the land. He would be a dog, after all, and while there was a designated place for him to sleep, a kennel, of sorts, he wasn’t confined to it as were some of the other animals for a more authentic experience. And he would be free to visit the other animals and even his new friends as they underwent their changes. It was something he was willing to entertain should his friends be amicable to the idea!

All the while, Luke had been rubbing his body, wondering what would be the first thing to change. Surely, the injection site would soon yield the state of his fur coat, though such was absent for now. Still, with the intensity of the scents in the world around him, he had to wonder if his olfactory senses were starting to alter first. The strong smells of the animals and their waste were already pungent to his nose even though it was still in its human configuration. It was a little too much at first, and he found himself breathing through his mouth, knowing he would need to get accustomed to it but having difficulty in it regardless. Having not been around farm animals for long periods of time, it was hard to tell how much was his own lack of experience and how much might stem from his eventual changes.

Walking around the fields naked, Luke found himself almost wanting to find a spot where the odors wouldn’t be so strong, at least before he had gotten used to things. However, Luke realized with some disappointment that he would not be able to escape the smelly animals no matter where he went, their odors hanging heavy in the air. There were simply too many

animals in the area for their odors to allow him any reprieve. It was something he figured he'd be aware of it while being a dog but something he knew would only get worse the more he changed. Or, perhaps better, given the fact that they would carry more nuance and interest to his canine nose than anything else. As much he figured, it was something that excited and disgusted him in equal measure.

The more he walked around, however, the more Luke started to realize the odors assailing his nose were indeed more intricate than he recalled. As best as he could tell, Luke was able to discern the different odors of manure enough that he knew which came from different animals. As disgusted as he should have been about the realization, Luke couldn't help but be curious, wondering how many distinct animals he was smelling. Something from the scents made him almost certain he was scenting horses, bulls, and pigs, able to distinguish species rather easily. And, all of them were healthy, as best he could tell. It was almost pleasant to look at things from a different perspective. In fact, Luke was almost unaware the odors lacked distinct appeal any longer, rather focused in their nuance.

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

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

The more he wandered around, another need came to the forefront, however. It was not surprising, given his reason for wanting to change in the first place. His cock was fully erect, bobbing against his groin as though eager to be touched. Part of him didn't want to play with it just yet, knowing that any sort of intense activity would lead him to change faster. However, for a transformation enthusiast like himself, that knowledge came as a double-edged sword. He wanted to change, to be a dog. But he didn't want it to happen too fast. Did he? There would be plenty of time to enjoy his canine life once the changes were over, so there was certainly no rush. But then again, it felt a little awkward to be a naked human sniffing shit from a distance and getting a hard-on from the fact he was changing slowly into a dog.

With that in mind, Luke figured fuck it. There wasn't anyone around, and, surely, any of the changed animals who saw him would likely have the same inclinations. Before he could question himself any further, Luke had reached down and started to stroke his rod, thinking for a moment that he might miss his hands during his tenure as a canine. It would be a moot point with other males to play with, as well as his own muzzle once he gained the flexibility to do so. As excited as he was to experience those things, now was not the time. Needy as he was Luke was happy enough to touch himself with human hands while it was still possible.

As he did so, a triggered tingling to his cock brought Luke's attention downward to see that his member was reddening slightly. It was difficult to discern whether it was just the heat of the day or, in fact, the beginnings of a canine rod. But it mattered little, he figured, the notion having the same effect on his arousal. And he was eager to stroke himself off, panting and groaning as his member leaked all over his hand and drooling a thick string of precum down to the ground.

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

"Uhhh!" Luke moaned audibly, not caring that he could be heard as he let loose with his burden, spilling cum on his cock and hand. The waves of pleasure were more intense than anything he could recall, leaving it hard for him to continue to stand there. After a few moments, Luke was eventually able to catch his breath, the release powerfully erotic. After all, he was finally changing, finally going to be a dog, and nothing he could imagine could bring him more sexual excitement.

With that, Luke figured it was time for him to check out the dog kennels, where he would be living for his tenure as a dog. He didn't want to play with them in that way until he was further changed, that was for sure. Still, he figured there was little else to do but to take in his soon-to-be canine lifestyle by watching the other dogs. At least he could start sleeping on his doggie bed, be fed dog food, and watch the other former humans playing and acting the dogs they were before he joined them...

At the same time, Mack was making his way toward the horse stalls, where the same-sex inclined stallions were kept. He was a little nervous, the inclination to try his hand with other males not something he was used to. Yet, it was something he was sure he wanted to experiment with, after comparing the pros and cons of spending time with the mares or stallions. Hell, there was a part of him that wouldn't mind taking the role of a mare someday. For this trip, Mack figured, as a horse, such nervousness would be eliminated once he had changed. In the interim, he wanted to see where he would be living, what he would be doing, and maybe meet some of the other stallions. If he was lucky, he might catch them in the act, so to speak, to give him an idea of what was next for him.

The strong scents of horse washed over him as Mack approached the barn area, but Mack wasn't too bothered by it. He figured it would be a prerequisite for being a horse to smell like one and not to mind it. The barn was rather large, state of the art and almost welcome even for a human, save the scents of hay and horses. Taking a timid step inside, Mack tried not to think about things too much, given he was surely not the only naked man that had walked in on him. Thankfully, he was alone in the barn, safe for the residents, all of whom were inside. There was a vast field outside with a horse track, and some other equipment that Mack hadn't taken the time to look at. In truth, he was on the look out for the stallions, and not seeing any outside, he figured it was worth heading in.

The inside of the barn was rather impressive, all things considered. Numerous stalls sat lined up along the walls, enough to handle dozens of stallions. There were seven of them in all at the moment, a variety of sizes and breeds, though all clearly virile stallions. They were currently in their stalls, opening into a communal stall and a washing area in the back. It was rather nice, a shower and grooming station set up in the back in case the residents wished to. With the doors open to the outside, surely they could make their way out into the field whenever they wanted, with their intelligence and abilities. They would likely be free to do so, this program more of a spa or vacation than anything they were forced to be accommodated to. And there were farm hands on call, it seemed, a device for the horses to call in case they wanted any particular treatment. All in all, the perfect getaway for anyone wanting a more equine life.

All the stallions were eating at the moment, heads down, and chewing at the hay bales that were provided for them. Ears flicked and nostrils flared at his presence, and a couple of them looked up and gave him a sniff and a once over. They seemed somewhat interested, and likely to smell the beginnings of the horse on him. Mack really didn't understand what that meant, but he surely would soon enough. He hoped they were friendly toward newcomers, and he figured they should be, likely to get the odd person wanting to join their number. And if they had signed up for this particular barn, another stallion to the muc would be welcome, right?

Not really sure what to do, Mack decided that he would tend to the horses himself for a while, hoping that wouldn't mind him doing that. He had to admit, it was a little awkward being naked and slightly erect at the notion he was to change while he was looking for work to do. He likely wasn't the first person to had done so, after all, and he figured it would be good to get to know them on this level first. Having never worked on a farm before, Mack took a few moments to get the lay of the land, as it were. There were plenty of farm implements along the wall, used but relatively new as best he could tell. It took him a rather embarrassing amount of time to settle on which was used for what, but in the end, he figured it out that he wouldn't be made fun of by a wayward hand.

Over the next few hours, Mack got a crash course in equine care, finally stopping to rest and take a drink. If he'd been worried about getting used to smelling like a horse, he certainly did now! Had had taken a shovel to their mess, a brush to their manes and tails, and even looked around for treats to give them. To his dismay, he didn't find anything, though it didn't seem to stop the stallions and their wandering eyes. He had to wonder if they knew what he was up and just wanted snacks in addition to the attention. It was nice to experience their admiration, the horses eventually coming up to him and lipping at him and licking his face, slobbering over him like he was a long-term friend. Mack was sure he would be soon enough, as the changes eventually started. He wondered how soon they would be able to smell his horsey odor even over the sweat and stink of the barn clinging to him. He didn't bother to talk to them, figuring he wouldn't be able to from a human standpoint, regardless. Surely, the fact he was here and naked was enough for them to know what would happen to him, but still, how much of their human awareness did they use in their day-to-day lives, perhaps preferring to think more like the horses they were?

Regardless, there was no denying the erection bobbing up and down from his groin to the point it was getting meddlesome not to touch it. Mack wasn't sure about doing such a thing in front of his future herd mates, but it was a moot point, given he would be doing more intimate activities with them if all went well. So, eventually, his work done and his body sweaty and smelling of horse, Mack looked down to grab his member, groaning from the immediately sensitivity. Used to the grip of himself, Mack was a little unnerved by how *different* it felt, as though it was larger, more engorged. Mack looked down at it with curiosity, wondering if he could see the changes in real time. And the sight of his member in his hand nearly made him melt! While he would be averaged sized for a horse, his cock would be beyond impressive, several inches longer and noticeably thick. And while he might be inclined to equate the darkening spots over his member to dirt, he was sure his member was changing in both consistently and color. Of all the changes he could start with, it was his cock to turn equine!

As though looking down at himself was a catalyst for further change, the more Mack tugged on himself, the more his foreskin seemed to pull back, as though loosening from the

shaft. The more Mack pulled, the more his skin seemed to part, down halfway from his member now and further as he continued to play with himself. He couldn't be sure, but it was likely during his work he had failed to notice the separation between shaft and foreskin. And now that his penis had come to erection, the changes were all too obvious and more so as they took hold. The skin underneath was discolored, its pinkish shade, black in some spots, seemed to be a sign that the skin was shifting, becoming more equine as much as he could perceive from his future herd mates. He couldn't help but take a look, a little surprised at the sideways glances he was receiving from the barn's inhabitants. To his delight, some of them were getting erect at his presence and actions, and he had a first-hand view of their horse hoods. There was no denying his excitement that the same thing would be hanging between his legs in a few days as the change progressed!

A surprise ache in his spine was the only thing that could cease his masturbating efforts, at least for the moment. Mack's other hand was quick to reach back, reporting a bump that was increasingly thickened with fat and bone and muscle. If he focused on it, Mack was aware of the weight of it, pulling slightly on his spine as though it was part of him. The fact it was growing at his touch was most exciting, however, the warm, tingling flesh pushing out just slightly as he explored it. He was growing his horse's tail the more he jerked off, and Mack couldn't be happier!

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

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

Panting, Mack stood there, a little dizzy from the blood his engorged member required. He wanted to lie down, but thought better of it, steadying himself for the changes to come. His tail lump was longer, his sweat smelled horsey, and rubbing himself over revealed a strange texture in his ears, as though they, too, were the next things to alter. A fine start to the change, he figured, and only a drop in the bucket for what would come next...

Meanwhile, Aaron had made his way to where he'd been told the gay donkeys were housed. It was a little unnerving being out here without a phone to guide him, but there was little need for such a device when he knew he would soon have hooves for hands regardless. Now that he was here, it was a little jarring having the prospect of losing his humanity in such a complete and total way. Still, there was no denying the notion was really doing it for him, erection straining at him the entire time. And he figured it was best to get the lay of the land, a peak into the life he would live before taking on a body to match.

The sight of the donkey barn in the distance made him shiver a little, sure he was in the right spot and his future herd mates would be waiting for him. The smell of the beasts was strong as Aaron approached, almost too much for the city boy to bear. But he forced himself, figuring it would stick to him soon enough as he started his changes in earnest. With the pungent stench of sweat and manure starting to make his head spin, however, he could only hope his changed senses adapted quickly. After all, he wanted more than anything to spend the time with his equine brethren comfortably.

To his delight, it seemed that all the donkeys were outside, standing around a pile of hay with their heads down, as though having breakfast. There were four donkeys in the herd in all, it being a popular animal for temporary stays but not something guys spend too much time as. He'd been told that once there was an entire frat group, 12 in all, that managed to come here for a week and had partaken in a pleasure island-esk fantasy. Aaron found he would love to do something like that if offered, though didn't know such was a thing. He wasn't changing into a donkey alone, he recalled, though the other man had claimed to be straight. Why he had signed up to be placed in the homosexual male section, Aaron wasn't sure. But if Andy decided to change his mind, then Aaron certainly wouldn't mind saying no...

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

Eventually, Aaron figured out what the hell, and got in the pen with them, careful where he was stepping but figuring it a moot point when he had hooves regardless. It was a very taboo action, though nothing against his morality, given he was in a pen with beasts that could not only consent but were human like he was. So there was no real reason not to go over and see them, even though the prospect did make him a little erect. More than a little erect, be it a facet of the change or his elation and finally being changed into a donkey himself. And these four were, of course, male. The notion of being bred by one or breeding one as he finished his changes was more exciting than anything he could hope to experience.

The donkeys, of course, seemed rather friendly, going up to him and sniffing him, flicking their tails as they did so. Aaron found himself wondering if they could smell the jack on him, that he was starting to change into one of them. He found the idea of such powerful arousing, and it was all he could do not to touch himself in the presence of such beasts. Beasts that had been here before, in the same situation as they changed into donkeys themselves. And, if Aaron played his cards right, then he would have a friend to change and play with, though that was neither here nor there. Where had Andy gone, anyway?

Lost in the scent of donkey fur and the feeling of bristly hair against his hands, Aaron was hardly aware of the tingling that was starting in his ears, or that if he stopped to twitch the skin, he realized that he could move them, just slightly. Immediately, his hands went to them, elated as he could do so. It was a far cry from the jackass ears he wished to possess, but it was something he had not been expecting and left him wishing for the changes to come faster if only he would be given the jackass form he wished to take on since the notion first occurred to his teenaged self all those years ago.

That was not the only growth to make itself known in so short a time, as Aaron's hands reached around his body, looking for anything that might signal his ascent into equinehood. Seeking hands soon played over a growth at his backside, a lump around his tailbone that had not been there before. It was exciting to possess such a thing, the start of the tail that he held in such high regard. If only he could have pants on for it to rip out of! He wasn't sure if it worked like that, not if he wanted to feel the pain of it being confined. Hell, they would have to be fairly weak jeans, worn fabric, and the like. Still, while it was pretty hot, there was something to be said about being an animal in a field as well, naked and changing until he finally felt comfortable being there like the animal he longed to be.

Still, there was no denying that possessing the stub of a tail was the greatest turn-on he'd felt in his life, and with blood pumping through his cock, he had an urgent need to jerk off. And why shouldn't he? Surely, he wasn't the only one to be turning into a donkey and jerking off in the pen as other horny jacks watched him. A prelude to his joining the herd, as it were. And his

cock seemed to be more insistent, redder, as though it was preparing to change in its own right. The thought raised his arousal to the breaking point, and Aaron was sure he would shoot his wad in a few moments. As much as he wanted to hold off for his first time, there was no point, especially since with his new stamina, he wouldn't need to wait long before it was time to go again!

Rapidly stroking his cock as he was, a tingling in his tailbone was a sign that his efforts were working and that he was changing even faster. He could almost feel the weight of the thing behind him, to the point that he was sure he was jerking a few extra inches into it, enough that he would soon be able to twitch it. The weight of the thing was more erotic than anything he could recall, and Aaron was quick to cum. Without holding back, Aaron felt his body vibrating as his cock head flared and he spilled his cum over his hand and the ground. The force was intense, Aaron shooting further than he ever had before.

The sensation of a warm nose pressing against his side shook Aaron from his afterglow, and he looked to see one of the donkeys sniffing at him, as though wanting attention. Andy was quick to rub his ears and mane, wanting so badly to be that beast and unable to wait the four days until the changes were done with him. Of course, he wouldn't be able to touch the donkeys like he was doing now, they would at least be able to nip and lick at each other, grooming in a way that equines did in the wild. In some ways, that was preferable, leaving something he looked forward to for the tenure of his vacation. Hell, if it was as good as he hoped it would be, then he might be hard-pressed not to extend his day here!

Feeling the weight of a slightly longer tail on his backside, Aaron got up, loving the idea of shaking his ass and making it move. He couldn't swish it of his own accord, of course, at least not within the first few hours of the change. But it would happen soon enough, and he was patient, having waited what felt like an eternity to afford a vacation at such a breeding program. In the interim, he saw no reason not to explore the facilities, eager to wonder if not only his new friends but anyone else was in the midst of their changes and vacations. And that was enough to bring his cock to attention, unable to wait until the changes took hold and gave him the vacation of his dreams.

It took some more time for Andy to arrive at the donkey field, having been wandering around in other parts of the farm for the place where the mixed herd of jacks and jennies were housed. Part of him wished there was some map or something, and lambasted himself for not looking into it sooner. It didn't matter in the end, he figured, given he had the next few days to explore the facility. And the sounds of brays drew his attention toward some distant asses, housed in a wide field around a barn, like many of the animal pens all over the facility. His heart

leaped from seeing the beasts grazing and eating, flicking flies from their backsides as they went about their mornings. Yet, it took him a moment to realize that all of the donkeys in the field were male, sheaths and balls on full display. Hell, one of them even had an erection and looked like he was about to mount one of the other males, something he was eager to allow. Damn, he found the wrong field!

Part of him figured he'd find Aaron there, given that he would be looking for the all male donkey herd. But if he was being honest, it was nice not to see Aaron enjoying the start of his changes. After all, he wasn't gay, and while he was more than happy to let his friends have their fun, he didn't want to partake in it himself, as it were. His inclinations were more toward the opposite sex, even knowing a good portion of the female donkeys had been male before the change. And he figured it was fair to let the man live out his own fantasies without scrutiny, as it were.

Yet, there was something about the sight of the jacks that left him standing there, unable to gather the motivation to leave. The more he watched the jacks preparing to have their fun, the more he could himself getting aroused at the sight. It was a little embarrassing to admit, though in the end he simply told himself the idea of being a donkey and transforming was so exciting that it mattered little who the donkeys fucked with their cocks so thick and meaty. Damn, he wanted one of his own so desperately!

Figuring that for most people, the changes carried with them a sexual note, Andy didn't find any embarrassment in reaching down to start rubbing at his erection. He was already leaking, having resisted the urge to jerk off in the days before the trip. It had been a trying task, knowing what was to come and waiting for the final days of his humanity to pass before he was able to partake in his ideal change. And surely, with the sight of those already changed into donkeys mating like the beasts they were, it would take only moments for him to reach release. Hell, would masturbating make the changes come more rapidly? That mere notion was almost enough to make him cum alone!

A tingling in his spine prompted him to reach back and scratch at it before the shock of his fingers brushing against something unexpected made him shout with elation. There was a noticeable bump there, one warm and expanding the moment he moved to touch it. It was all he could do to stop masturbating and reach with both hands to rub at it, trying to discern how much it was growing. Damn, why didn't they have any mirrors around here?!

Doing his best to get his hand around his tail nub while stroking his cock off with the other, Andy fell into a rhythm, rocking back and forth as he let out weak false brays. They were hardly the caliber he would elicit as a donkey within the next few days, to be sure. But it was powerfully arousing to act the part, best of all with his own tail inching out of his backside. It

was naked for now, and the tip of it was a little rounded. But it was getting longer all the while, little by little as the bones within his coccyx started popping out of place and expanding to fuel its development. Andy couldn't help but imagine he was in a Pinocchio movie, except instead of a tail rapidly bursting out of his pants, it was growing much more sensually, much more gradually. Andy was able to savor every moment of it, the pressure in his penis building all the while. It was all he could do to stave off his orgasm any longer.

“Ohhhaawww!” Andy let out a belting bray as his cock went into release and he spilled a small load of semen over his hand and the tip of his penis. Strings of cum flew from his cock, oozing in strings down to the ground as his sweaty body trembled from release. Panting, he reveled in the sensation, perhaps more intense than any release he'd ever had before. And of course, it would be, the first time with the stub of a tail on his backside and all the promise that came with it.

A tingle over his body led credence to the possibility that his increased heart rate might have contributed to the change. He was tingling all over, skin itching as though it was preparing to sprout his equine pelt. He wasn't sure, though his chest was beating frantically, and he could almost see the growth of hair in real time. Rubbing his chest a little was enough to raise his excitement, fingers tracing over his muscled body and giggling his delight. He was more than excited to know what would happen to him, losing his muscled, toned body for a fat, stubby jackass physique. It would only be for a time, but in his mind, it was the ultimate tease for someone who had spent so much time and energy being meticulous with his training. And with all the guilt-free sex he could imagine!

On that note, the idea he would need to find the female heard made him excited, and Andy decided to leave and take a look around once more. He wasn't sure he would join the herd yet, wondering a little about all the other farm animals that lived here, and wanting to see the place fully before he settled. But even if the change took a few days to finish, he didn't have all that much time, and figured there was prescience to find his permanent home for the next week and a half, with all the anticipation for what that would entail to come...

Nervous as hell, Luke made his way toward the dog kennels, or at least where he perceived them to be. The more he sniffed around, the easier it was to tell different animals apart, though with his lack of exposure to farm animals, it took more effort on his part. Still, one thing he was sure of was the odors of dogs, and they were much stronger the closer he drew to one of the buildings. He didn't even need to smell them with the sounds of cheerful barking caught his ears, and it was all he could do not to race off in that direction. He was giddy, and a little thankful he had cum already before meeting the changed canines in person. Not that they

couldn't smell that on him, and he was barely able to clean up the cum...what would they think of that?!

Still, in the end, there was no reason to put things off, and he would be one of them soon enough. So he took his time, feeling his erection swell just slightly even though he had just cum. But as the wide, flat field came up before him, Luke braced himself, knowing there was no turning back now. And he was nearly overwhelmed by the sight of twenty or so dogs, of various breeds, though most of them were on the larger end. Retrievers, Labs, Rottweilers, and even a couple border collies like he would be were running, barking, chasing, sniffing, and generally being happy dogs. There was one human among them, something that terrified Luke to be seen in such a situation. But she surely had seen many dogs changing, especially at this side of the establishment where all the male/male groups were held. And with that, Luke allowed himself to move toward them, unable to hide his exuberance.

The moment one of the dogs noticed him, his bark seemed to draw most of the gathered canines there, and they all raced toward him. It was almost overwhelming to be covered by wagging tails and slobbering tongues and sniffing noses. They seemed to take great interest in his presence, sniffing his butt and genitals and rubbing against him as they got to know their new temporary packmate. Luke couldn't help but get a little hard at the idea that he would be one of them soon, but surely he hadn't been the only one to do so. And it did not go unnoticed as one of the dog's tongues traced over his penis, making him shiver. For now, Luke pushed the god away a little, not wanting things to go there just quite yet. The dog seemed to get the idea, giving him a nod and going back to sniffing his backside as the rest.

It took Luke some moments, as overwhelmed as he was, to realize his sense of smell had increased, and that he could determine that odors were coming from the different dogs. Not that he could identify them individually by smell, at least, not yet. But there was an overwhelming sense even in his human mind that he could discern they were all healthy, and vital. And, perhaps best of all, they were all male, as he knew to be the case. All of them were sexually virile, and if he sniffed a little more carefully, Luke was sure he could tell some of them had sex recently, perhaps this morning. How sexually active were they in their new forms? How sexually active did he want to be? Surely, their stamina had increased as a facet of the nanites, but to experience such first hand was a little more than he could bear!

The sound of the woman calling to them drew some of the dogs back, and Luke felt himself blush at his exposure once more. Surely, she was used to seeing people naked and changing, but he could hardly bring himself to ask that. He figured there was little point in talking to her, anyway, knowing that he wouldn't be able to soon enough regardless. Still, not wanting to stand there naked and exposed, he decided to follow the other canines and head toward the building.

What he was not expecting was for the woman to approach him, and Luke stopped, not sure how to handle the situation. Smile on her face, the woman walked up to him with confidence, extending her hand as though she would toward a dog. Luke felt himself flinch, yet the sensation of her hand on his head felt relaxing somewhat. It was akin to being petted, and the tops of his head seemed more sensitive than he was used to. Luke allowed her to do so, trembling a little from the implication. And it was all culminated by the single words that made him pound erect, despite himself. "That's a good boy! What a good dog you'll be!" She said, and it was all Luke could do not to nut right there.

Waiting for her to walk away, Luke moved down to the outside of the kennel, barely able to resist touching himself. As sore as he should be tired from his previous orgasm, Luke was already erect and ready to go. Normally, he wouldn't entertain the idea of playing with himself so soon again. But the idea he was really becoming a dog was just made far more real, and there was no denying how powerful a source of arousal it was. And as he reached down to touch himself, Luke was quick to observe the red shade seemed to have spread, covering most of his penis at this point. Part of him wondered if his shaft was shorter already, but he tried not to think about it too much, given it was meant to happen anyway. What was obvious, however, was that his foreskin had loosened a little from the head, and efforts to jerk off left him able to pull it down just slightly. It didn't feel as though it was growing fur or the like, but Luke was sure it would soon form the beginnings of a canine sheath. And the notion it was soon to become a canine cock was enough to bring him release. If he was going to be a dog, no, a *good boy*, then...

It took no time for Luke to reach orgasm, spilling his load on his hand once more. He didn't have as much sperm to give this time, having just cum. But he didn't seem sore or chaffed, at least, which was thankful. But Luke figured he would be able to hold off for the rest of the day, at least. Hypersexuality was part of the package, after all, but Luke wanted to save some of it for the other changed dogs as he humped and was humped in turn!

Reaching up to rub the hair where the woman had patted him, Luke was a little surprised to feel the hair was altered in texture, closer to that than some of the dogs he had touched. Was his hair changing already? The patch of fur on his arm hadn't spread much, at least not yet. But it seemed that the texture of his human hair was already altering to canine, and further rubbing denoted some more hair spreading down his neck. The idea that touch could alter the sequence of the changes left him elated, and Luke wondered what he might wish to change next! Surely, his cock, but given the hollowed out foreskin and redness of his member, that was well on its way. And it was likely the more time he spent in the kennel, the more chance of him finding a stimulus to awaken his lust for canine transformation.

Having two orgasms in such short a time made Luke a little tired, which wasn't helped by the fact he had barely gotten any sleep the past few days in his excitement. Not that he wanted to sleep given the reality of the changes coming over him, but he wouldn't be able to stay awake for the four days while the change took place, so it was a moot point. With that, he bid his new canine companions farewell, and made his way into the larger building that served as a kennel. There were rows of rooms that acted like a hotel stay for the residents, the smells of dogs strong but the place was relatively clean. The rooms, to Luke's surprise, were a little small, though well furnished for what he might have expected from such a place for dogs. Each had a bowl for water, and it seemed a push button system would allow for kibble. There was a rather lavish dog bed in the center, and a box to contain a variety of toys and stuffed animals, anything Luke could think to play with when he was fully transformed.

From what he understood, handlers came by at regular intervals to offer treats and play for the dogs, and Luke figured it would take him some time to get over the idea. It would only be for a couple days before he was changed enough to be one of the eager dogs to run and play with freesbis and anything else the caretakers brought. Besides, he was exhausted at this point, and even though he was far too large for the bed, he found himself wanting to sleep there. Afternoon naps were par for the course for a dog, after all. And Luke really felt like a nap was just the thing...

As nice as it had been to be in the barn with the horses, Mack was eventually inclined to head out to the pastures. It was at least air conditioned in there, and Mack had gotten accustomed to the smell. But it was a beautiful day, a cool breeze playing over the field as the stallions moved out for their afternoon. And he was curious about what they did with their days, with the field and toys and race tracks, all manner of equine delights. Hell, it was a little overwhelming, Mack having never really been around horses and not sure as to what enrichment activities were provided. It was quite a bit different here, given the stallions were all former humans and privy to their own fun. And if Mack was being honest with himself, he was more curious about what things he would be doing to spend his days here oned he had changed more.

The first order of business was to get himself hosed off at the side of the barn. There was a manual hose he could use with his hands, of course. But he was a little surprised to see that several hoof operated stations existed, ones where a horse could step and recieve a squirt of warm water. It was a little bizarre to see some horses walking over to one before stepping on a pedal and rasing their tails, getting a squirt of water up the ass. It was one way to keep clean, he supposed, especially since the stallions likely partook in sexual acts on the regualr. If only regular horses would be intelligent enough to use such things!

Hosing himself off, Mack was privy to the extent of the changes his dirt and sweat had covered up. His body was definitely more toned, and not just as a result of a few hours' work. His body hair was thicker as well, and the texture, even while drying off, was more akin to the horses he'd been working with. Mack had to conclude he was larger, not only in muscle but around his chest and belly in particular. And there was no denying the size of his ass had expanded as well, making him slap it in excitement to flaunt his equine assets. It seemed a little disproportionate for his build, though Mack was hardly worried about it, equine as he was becoming. His coat was to be black, of course, something that was easy for him to specify as part of his package. And rubbing his body, Mack found even the hair atop of his head was a bit shaggy, and longer, as well. It did serve to remind him his ears could move, and he delighted in twitching them, loving the soft velvety feel and the sensitivity of rubbing the backs of them. No wonder horses loved it so much!

Of course, the best part of the change thus far was the size of his cock, even while flaccid. Mack had wondered about altering the size of his penis to something on the larger side, even for horses. But in the end he thought better of it, not wanting to make it too hard to rut into the other stallions. Still, it was impressive, his foreskin not large enough to hide the sight of his equine penis. And rubbing the tip, Mack was able to see its erection just enough to note the changes to the head. It was something he knew from his interest in transformation and knowing animal anatomy, but it was something else to possess it now. And his penis still had some room to grow, maybe to conclude before he took on the true size of a horse. These next few days were going to be some of the best in his life, indeed!

The sound of an excited whinny hit Mack's ears, and he looked up to see two of the stallions were having some fun time, a larger one reared up over the back of his smaller lover. Both their cocks were ready to go, and as much as a horse's pucker was a smaller target, the larger stallion was able to rub his leaking, slimy cock head over his lover's rump. Pushing in, the stallion managed to work his way forward, rocking the smaller horse as the two of them rocked together. He was hard enough to work his way in, surely filling the smaller stallion to the brim. And the force of his penetration shook the horse's cock against his belly, hard enough that he was the first to cum.

At the sight of the stallion reaching down to bite his lover's neck, Mack felt his own cock at full erection. He couldn't help but stroke it, feeling it leaking already from the erotic sight. The sight of the stallions going at it assured Mack of his choice to join this part of the facility. And he was eager to rush his release to time it with the other horse, yelling out in tandem with the stallion's whicker as his body steadily became like theirs...

Taking a long stroll around this part of the facility assured Aaron of his choice to stay here. Not that any other place would do for him, mind. He wanted, more than anything, to enjoy his sexuality with others that shared his sexual inclinations. And even a fraction of the facilities that housed only male/male pairs was really big, making him wonder what the rest of it looked like. Not that he had an interest in such, knowing this was the right fit for him and that there was no place he would rather be.

There were dozens of residents in a variety of different buildings, all species that might be raised on a farm. Other such facilities around the country and the world at large had been set up for others looking to be different animal species. Here, however, a variety of options were present, most of them awake and eating breakfast, or resting after the fact. There were so many places set up that it took Aaron over an hour to see them all. There were the expected pens, for animals like bulls and pigs and rams. But a few more exotic species were here as well, lamas and caribou and bison as well. He was sure the breeding area of the establishment was set up with chickens and the like, for people into egg laying or the like. Regardless, he could hardly tell they had been human, all of them fully animal and living their fantasy lives. It left Aaron thinking of all the other lives he might have taken on. But he knew in his heart of hearts that donkey was the right body for him!

Of all the residents here, the only one in the process of change was a man turning into a hog. Aaron decided it was worth watching his changes for a while. The pigs were interesting, for sure, though perhaps the smelliest of all the residents. And this man seemed closer to two thirds of the way changed, lying in the mud and stroking his nipples and pig cock. Aaron took a moment to detail his changes, the man possessing his snout, tusks, and ears, and had put on several hundred pounds as part of his changes. With his hips altered as they were, the man surely wasn't getting up again until he changed back. As far as Aaron could tell, he was happy being in the mud, grunting and masturbating and reveling in his changes. As much as the mud was likely dirtier than Aaron was comfortable with, the man showed no embarrassment about being seen, having gone all in.

With some fascination, Aaron watched as a fully formed boar waddled over within the barn, sniffing the back of the man's ass with intent. Eagerly. The changing man rose from the mud, raising his tail and shaking his dirty, puckered anus. Without waiting, the boar mounted him, the man struggling with the beast's heft. The look on his features was one of pleasure, oinking and grinning as he did so. A wince of pain crossed his features as his rectum was penetrated, though his pig's dick was hard as ever, the man stroking his member all the while.

Despite himself, Aaron couldn't help but get hard at the show, stroking his own tingling cock and leaking already. It was starting to change further, not much but enough to know it was changing. He wanted, more than anything, to feel it changing into a donkey's member, its girth

throbbing as it prepared to change, just slightly. And looking down as the head began to flatten, small lumps rising in a ring around it. Aaron couldn't help but feel excited.

Stroking as fast as he could, Aaron could feel his end draw near already, altered head leaking his lust. As much as he would soon be doing so naturally, Aaron felt the need to let out a very fake bray, making him a little embarrassed as he did so. The act was enough for him to cum all over his hand, body vibrating as he did so. Warm shots got over his chest as well, and huffing and panting as he was, the scent of cum became heavy in his nose. While it would have once shamed him, Aaron figured he would be smelling of cum and worse things for his tenure as a donkey. So he figured it was best to get it out of the way, so to speak.

Wondering if his masturbation had changed anything, Aaron tried to focus back on his tail, wondering if it could move. Much to his disappointment, it didn't seem to have grown at all, though it was surely to happen soon. However, reaching up to tease his ears came with a different reaction, and Aaron was delighted to feel them twitch with some enthusiasm. It wasn't much, though it was enough for him to seek out the mirror in the pig pen to see himself. While it was a little dirty, Aaron was thankful to be able to see the twitching muscles under the flesh. And the light dusting of hair over the backs of them was icing on the cake, leaving him to shiver with lust, even though he had reached orgasm not moments ago.

Reaching down to tease his slightly-larger flacid cock, Aaron was a little surprised to brush against his testicles, having not expected where they ended up being. It seemed they had swollen a little, likely needed to fuel the more frequent orgasms he was to partake in. It was nice to fondle them a little, knowing they had a bit to grow and excited to eventually feel them slapping against a mate. As much as he wanted to play with them, maybe make them grow a little, he decided to wait, not wanting to spend himself yet.

With that change, Aaron figured it was time to leave the boars behind. The pig man being fucked was now lying in the mud, enjoying the extended orgasms afforded them by their porcine heritage. As much as he had enjoyed the sight of watching the other animals breeding, Aaron figured it was best for him to seek out the jacks once more. They were all living their separate lives, after all. And it was time to live his dream out as well. Donkeys tended to do best within their fenced in pastures, provided everything they needed. And he wanted to watch them live their best lives, thinking about all the things they got up to and all he would be doing with them once he had finished his changes...
