

“Hit the showers boys, you all smell like animals!” Coach called out, and with a whiff of redolent BO from my own body, that was all I needed to hear. Holy fuck, was I sweaty!

With that, we all headed towards our shower stalls, trying not to breathe in our own stink. I was used to the smell of sweat and BO, having been on numerous high school and now college teams. But there was an overwhelming odor in the air that was clearly wafting off our collective bodies that were more reminiscent of a barn or a zoo rather than guys coming in from a game. I did have to wonder where it was coming from, but there was no point in thinking about it too much, especially now that it was time to shower.

The only thing different that we’d done today was try a new sports drink that our coach offered us, but it didn’t taste anything like what we smelled like! Must have been something in the air, I eventually reasoned. At least it was all of us and not just a single one! Would have been really awkward if I was the only one that smelled this bad, after all!

“Nice game bro!” My buddy Chad said, slapping me on the back.

“You too, man. Gonna’ rinse this stink off!” I said, slapping him back and holding him a little longer than I was used to. Though he didn’t seem to mind, rubbing my back as well. Not too unusual, given the ‘closeness’ of our team.

“Damn we reek like a barn!” Mitch called out behind us and joined our little parade as we out the door and stared at the expansive shower room. One of the advantages of being here on a football scholarship, that’s for sure! The facilities were only for the teams, and they really were state of the art!

“You ever work on a farm?” I countered, getting a little annoyed at all the animal comments. Surely that wasn’t where our body odor was coming from, right? What did stinky barn animals smell like, anyways? Did I really want to know?

“Dude, yeah!” Mitch shot back, and I had to admit, his physique matched a man that did hard labor rather than someone who pumped iron all the time like the rest of us. I found my eyes playing over it for a few more moments than usual. How had I not noticed that before?

“Donkeys, man, they are *hung!*” Chad commented for a moment, and I looked at him with a hard stare, not knowing where the comment was coming from.

“You freak!” I said, smacking him on the back once more, this time more like I was scolding him. I mean, he did have a point, one that I couldn’t quite take my mind off from the moment that he said it. But he didn’t have to say it so overtly!

“No dude, could you imagine being that hung? A big ol’ jack able to fuck all day!” Chad said, a dreamy look in his eyes. Mitch seemed to have the same look in his eyes, as though fantasizing about donkey dicks. It was something that under normal circumstances should have been a little weird or a turn-off. Yet, the more I thought about it, the more I was unable to take my thoughts off it as well...

“Ok, yeah, I see your point,” I said, voice trailing off. I was clearly dreamy, clearly into the notion of such large cocks. What would it look like to be that *hung*? Though none of the other guys said anything, clearly in the same mindset as I was, even as we walked over to our lockers.

“Anyone seen my water bottle?” Jake mentioned, and the banter turned to the usual post-game stuff, tests, classes, girls and guys we were planning on seeing this weekend, some house parties, the normal stuff. Not that I could totally take my thoughts off donkey dicks, to my chagrin! It seemed to be more enticing than the usual stuff I got up to outside of classes and practice!

Looking around at the guys, I couldn’t help but take notice of their well-toned, hairless bodies, sweaty and glistening in the overhead lights of the locker room. I didn’t usually look at the guys with lust, but it wasn’t the first time or the weirdest thing to come to mind. After all, homosexuality or bisexuality was certainly par for the course, and more than a few of the guys on our team had some fun experimenting with each other, something that was made known and bragged about on several occasions. Something that I myself had partaken in on more than one occasion, I had to admit!

Still, not one to be a horn dog, I kept my eyes to myself for the most part post games. But today, for whatever reason, I couldn’t help but notice how hot my teammates looked so damn *hot* stripping down for the showers. It was doing it for me, I had to admit to myself. It wasn’t the first time that anyone had sported wood in the locker room, and that was the case now. But looking around at the gathered dudes, it seemed like there wasn’t anyone in the room that didn’t have something packed in their jocks. And, I wasn’t the only one staring...

Sounds of taunting hit my ears from the guys trying to keep it casual, though the conversations soon moved to more and more lewd topics.

“Bro you stink!”

“Naaaaa bro, you really sweat it up out there!”

“Nice game dude, nice ass too!”

“Fuck... anyone find it really hot in here?”

“Fuck, getting arm...shit...gonna have to rub one out later”

“Dude, don't waste it, let me help you out with that!”

“Your place, or mine?”

“Why not in the shower, everyone's gonna do it!”

“Dude, we can't”

“Fuck, I need it...”

“I'm gonna get in the shower, fuck! Make it cold!”

The muttered words were starting to get to me, my own cock on fire by this point and straining at the bit. It was getting a little painful in my jock, though given the fact that we were all dudes, I wasn't too concerned to take it off, letting it fall to the floor by my foot. My cock bounced a little at that, and for a moment, I felt a little self-conscience. Though I wasn't the only one sporting serious wood, each and every one of the guys was seemingly aroused by the sights of the rest of us naked. I wouldn't mind a little fun, horny as I was, though I still felt some precedence to get into the shower stall and deal with my needs there. Though, part of me wanted to keep the door open to see what some of the other guys were up to before showering themselves either.

Stepping into the shower, I went to turn the knob, noticing that the water was not immediately enough to deter the thick musky scents in the locker room. Man, the smell was strong. And it was really doing it for me...I didn't even bother grabbing my body wash, just stood there and let the warm water wash over me, hitting my chest. It felt amazing. Hell, my whole body felt amazing, still sweating as the warm water ran down my rather toned muscles.

With the door half open, I was sure that people could see me standing there as I started rubbing my crotch. Though I could hardly bring myself to care, aroused as I was and in need of some attention. One finger encircled my cock, bringing myself to full erection, while the other traced the contours of my chest and pecs, eager to free myself up for the added stimulation they seemed to provide. Damn, had I always been that sensitive?

As I rubbed the skin of my chest, the muscles seemed to heat up as though absorbing the heat directly. It was rather pleasant, almost as though the skin underneath was expanding, like the feelings from a good workout. Without the pain, it was all gain as my muscles seemed to move under the skin, being pulled and tugged pleasantly without the usual aches that came with it. Though the effect seemed to be that my body was getting bigger, and in my current state of musk-fueled stupor, I couldn't deny that it was really doing it for me!

“Feels so... good bro...hahawsome...” Came a voice from the stall beside me, and I looked over to see a guy's head sticking up above the divide. I couldn't tell who it was from all the steam even as I took a few moments to stare at the handsome visage. His name wasn't coming to me, but I wasn't concerned with it at the moment. The sounds coming from his lips were a little strained, and it was hard to be sure, but they reminded me of the conversation I'd just had before getting into the shower, of farmyards and donkeys. It almost sounded like he was...braying? That was sure a coincidence!

Something else had my attention, one I was not expecting to see on another man, especially one in a stall beside me. There was something poking up from the sides of his head, as though his ears were growing, being stretched like putty. There were long, the tips pointy, and sat from the sides of his head, twitching this way and that. It was an interesting display, not something that I'd ever seen on another guy before, I was certain. Almost like he had the ears of a donkey...

“Hey, everything good, dude?” I asked, calling out over the sounds of the water. It was as though he didn't seem to notice the new growths, not even reaching up to rub at them.

“What, dude? Duude? Haaawww...” He muttered, looking up at me with a confused expression on his face. His eyes seemed wider, glazed over, and there was something off about there even in the steam of the room. It was almost as though the pupils were elongated into rectangles, though that couldn't be right. Then again, the ears were no normal occurrence, either.

But there was something about the sight of his face, while bizarre, that had me enamored. It was certainly nothing normal that I could ever imagine seeing on another dude, that was for sure. Yet I couldn't stop staring. And not because the sight of it was bizarre, though it certainly was. Rather, my boner was throbbing even more from just the sight of it...

“.... Ugh...” came a moan from behind me, and all notions of seeing anything off about the man beside me were put by the wayside as I turned around, bobbing cock rubbing against the shower stall and making me moan myself. Yet, it was the sight of two of my teammates, lips locked and hands rubbing each other's backs that really did it for me. They, too, had the same elongated ears, twitching back and forth as they made out with gusto. They seemed ignorant

about their new additions, or the obvious itching as their sideburns grew thicker to match their growing beards. That, and the added muscle mass across their bodies that looked a little out of place on the male form.

But all I could stare at was the two men's lip locked, eyes closed and pressing against each other in a heaving rhythm. Eyes lowering, I could clearly tell that their cocks were rock hard in their jocks, impossibly so as they swelled in tandem with their swaying. Soon, a moan escaped one of their lips, followed by a bray as the squelching of cum burst through the jocks rang out into my ears. It was soon followed by his buddy's as both men nutted into their jocks, keeping their lips locked the entire time.

Fuck, the sight of that was making me so horny...but then again, my teammates were in the stall all around me...how could I alleviate my lust with them right beside...hawww?

“Waahhhhawww”...I moaned, rubbing my cock without even thinking about it. I didn't know what I was thinking, but at the moment it was impossible to bring my focus from the sight of the men all around, the ones I could see as well as smell and hear. Fuck, their rank musk was getting into my nose, making it flare. I needed, so bad, to take off those jocks...maybe lick their sweaty holes... “haww”?

Fucking what was I thinking? I didn't...but what was it making me so hard...I needed it so bad...so horny... “Haawww...”

Mind in the gutter, I was hardly aware as my hand went down to stroke my cock, feeling it rise to full attention. I back off from the water, letting my sweaty musk breathe into my nostrils, now sitting large enough on my features that I could see it by squinting. Though I was hardly in the mindset to care, horny as I was and needing to get off. The warm water played pleasantly over my penis as I stroked off, looking down with eyes that seemed a little blurred, and not just from the steam. Though, I could still tell that something was happening to it, now larger than anything I had ever seen on myself or a man before. And I couldn't be more turned on than I was right now!

Stroking with gusto now, I could feel the girth of my penis expanding the longer I touched, prompting me to keep up my ministrations. It was getting thicker, an inch in circumference and more being added as I rubbed myself. It was as though I could tell my balls were expanding, as impossible as it should have been. Yet, it made a queer sort of sense to me that they should need to be larger to fuel the cock that I was growing. The load they were building was making me dizzy, enough that I thought the alterations to my penis were normal. And, weren't they? Shouldn't the head peel down into a thick sheath that pulled it up towards my

head? Shouldn't there be a ring of flesh around the head and in the center, and shouldn't the pisshead be flared and pulsating as my pleasure grew with each passing second?

“Haawwww...”

“Haw bro... bro... my cock haw...???” Came a voice from the stall over me, and I looked down, my height greater than before, enough I was able to look done over the edge. The same donkey dong that we had been fantasizing about before hung from his crotch, looking all the more like my own. Fuck, it was hot, and I wanted to see it closer...maybe get down and suck it...

More and more noises came from the stalls beside me and from the room at large, ones that my ears seemed to twitch and pick up easier than I was used to. Though I hardly found it weird at the moment, more aroused than I had ever been and wanting to get down and dirty with my fellow teammates. And, if the sounds were any indication, they wanted to do the same thing with themselves!

“I feel weiiiiirrhaw... dude whawwwt?”

“My caaawwwk...so bieeeeeg...”

“Dude, your cock? My toooo”

“Someone suck my caaawwwkkk! Hawww!”

“...Haw...Hhhhaww...”

“Faaawwwkkk...” I groaned, reaching back as my hips started to ache and something began to push through right above my tailbone. It hurt a little, though the warmth made me want to reach down to rub it. My contact seemed to spur it to life, and the protrusion started to twitch, making me giggle as it moved up and down. I had no idea for the life of me what it was, but it was fun to play with, distracting me from the ache in my cock for a moment.

With that tingling came a corresponding one in my ears, though I didn't bother to reach up to touch them. A smile crossed my lips, numb and rubbery as they were when I realized that my ears were long and able to twitch as well as the ones of my contemporaries. I wasn't even shocked as they moved of their own accord to detect the sounds of my herd mates. Wait, didn't I mean team members? Did I? Why was it so hard to think?

Lost in my confusing thoughts, I hardly realized that my stance felt a little awkward, as though the muscle in my chest and belly had continued to expand beyond the confines that I was accustomed to. Looking down, though hardly enough to obscure the sight of my cock, my belly was rather bulbous, and, to my disappointment, lacked the chiseled perfection that I had been working on all through my tenure as an athlete. Though I could hardly bring myself to care at the moment, still enamored by the sight of my donkey cock and-wait...donkey cock? Was I..changing...no...that didn't make sense...hard to think...

My twitching tail moved of its own accord, and the feeling of it against the stall door prompted me to stumble out into the warm air of the locker room. I should have been startled, boned as I was. But the thick aroma of donkey musk and cum hit my nose just then, and it was suddenly hard to think about anything else as I took in the room with a field of view that was wider than I was used to.

Not a jock remained large enough to carry the size of the dicks we were sporting as all over, guys wanked, sucked, and fucked with their equally enormous donkey dongs. They were all leaking, some with semen, most with precum as they were tended to with care and conviction by another member of the team. Though some people were masturbating, most people were helping someone else out, some even in groups of three. Only a few men remained in the stalls some went, hairy guys their obviously former occupants.

At the sight of so many sweaty donkey dongs and thick, donut-shaped puckers, I felt myself start to drool. Long strings fell down my lips as my teeth began to ache. Stealing a glance in the mirror, I was quickly made aware that my dentures were thick and slab-like, yellow in the center from a face that had protruded outward slightly. The sight gave me the goofy visage of a barnyard beast, though not something that gave me a sense of alarm. Rather, the vista was hot as hell, and I felt my cock stir to life again, leaking fluids onto the floor and the sheath that had bunched up around the base.

The sensation of something touching my tail prompted me to turn around in time to see that one of my teammates, their facial features obscured by a donkey muzzle enough that it was hard to tell who- started sniffing around my rear. With a thick, equine tongue, they reached out to tease under my tail, playing over a pucker that was larger than I was expecting and sat just below the protrusion from my spine. I moaned, a raspy voice that ended with a series of brays as I was rimmed, fat tongue making me lean over, weighty balls swaying back and forth.

My desire to be rimmed seemed to recede my hips, my ass at a better angle to get rimmed, it seemed. A series of soft cracks seemed to resonate through my body, my belly bulbous, guts expanding, tail lengthening and swashing over his muzzle. Forced to buck from the intense pleasure, I was steadily aware that I couldn't get up on my hind legs any longer. Not that

I cared in the moment of passion, being eaten out by a friend and feeling my donkey cock leak. Wait, donkey? Was that...

“Whhaaawwt?”

It was so hard to think what was wrong if anything. Something was different, yet...was it...? My head... my cock... ass. My ass, my ass, my... “ASSHHAWWW!”

All around me, similar sounds of lust and confusion hit my changed ears. It seemed that my entire team was in a state of change, some aware and perplexed, some eager in their lust. Though it was impossible for me to think beyond my own ass, I could still hear their cries and brays.

“HAWWW BRO, Ugh what the fffHAWW!”

“DUDE I'M SO...NEED TO SUCK YOUR COCK!”

“HAWWWWEEHHHAWWW!”

“SO HORNY... SO HORNEEEHHHAAAWWW...FUCK...”

Yet, it was hard to focus on the words with the needs in my cock at the forefront of my thoughts. The swirling cloudiness in my mind made it impossible to concentrate on anything else, as though I was a dumb, horny beast. It was increasingly harder to find fault with that, not that I needed anything else at the time!

Moving my hands to jerk myself, I found something was wrong with my fingers. They were stiff, unresponsive, the middle ones heavy as I tried to lift them. My arms, too, seemed restrictive somehow, like it was harder to raise them. Though, I didn't need to...right? I was content on all fours, where I could raise my tail and have a sexy jack lick my pucker just like this...or maybe fuck me... “Hawwwww...”

The sensation of the damp floor under me slowly disappeared as the numbness over my fingers and toes intensified. Soon, the stiffness abated as my stance firmed up, and it almost felt as though I'd never had fingers and toes in the first place. I looked down, just barely aware enough to do so, seeing that thick, brown slabs seemed to make up the space where I seemed to recall hands once sat. The same thick slabs made up my feet, too, though it was hard to think that anything was wrong with them. After all, they held my stance so well, and made it easier for the jack on my back to licking my pucker...wait...jack? Didn't I mean...jack?

Looking around, my former teammates seemed...off, somehow. Hairier than shaved bodies should have been. Those pointed ears and tails. Arms and legs that ended in hooves. And thick, rubbery muzzles. They looked like...don-donkeys? Was that...but we always had donkey cocks? Mine was so big...need...breed...get off...

I pulled away from the jack, trying to ask him to present for me, but all that came out of my mouth was a “HHEEEHHHAAAWWWW!” Yet, he seemed to get the message, getting off and turning around, walking on all fours in a way that was far easier than it perhaps should have been. Though I couldn’t bring myself to care, not with how sexy he was...so much I needed breed...fuck...donkey...HHAAAWWW!

Mind...so hard to think...itching...hair longer...ears...like donkey...like...hhaawww...wrong...something? No, right? Donkeys? We all...donkeys now? We were always? What wrong?

Didn’t think. Just licked anus, smelled so good, thick donkey musk. Like mate, like herd. Need breed, need mate, and bray. Cock so hard...donkey cock...need get off...can’t think...itching bad, need mate and breed...

Mount, breed, cock so hard...pucker...yes! In! “HHHAAAWWWW!”

Itching so bad, so heavy...body so big...so sexy...like donkey...I donkey? Me? “HHAAWWW!”

I felt so dumb...dumb like a don-donkeeeehhhaawww! HAAAWWW! Can’t think...Can’t hhaawww! Faaawwwck! BREEEED!

My cock...so horny...it’s a donkey’s cock...so big...needy...

Hhawww can’t think...just bray...just fuck...donut...so tight...so good around my CAWWKKK...

Gonna cum...gonna...bray...can’t...Goodbye...

“HHHEEHHHAAAWWW!”

None of the donkeys present seemed to care about the presence of the man they could scarcely recall as ‘coach’ coming into the room, slapping a few on the ass as though to drive

them into the hallway. They were stubborn beasts, of course, braying and focused on their fucking, and it took some time for them to get corralled. But, the contract for humans turned donkeys were high, and there was no way he could turn it down. Why any company would pay such a fee for drinks to be spiked and men to be turned into literal asses was beyond his ability to fathom. Though, the coach was not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, as it were!

With that, several trailers were brought to the side of the building, and wranglers came wearing masks, collecting their new beasts of burden to be taken to places unknown. The coach simply smiled at the sight, thanking them for their service. He never really liked his position anyway, college boys getting more and more distasteful to his sensibilities as the years went on. It was glad to be rid of them, their whereabouts impossible to trace and his involvement impossible to conclude.

Yet, with his head in the clouds, the coach hardly had awareness of the tightness in his pants, coming from both ends as he reached down to rub his ass. The stub of the growing donkey tail, however, could be ignored. It was the sight of the jackasses before him, still in rut, that he could not turn away from, the aromas of cum and musk wafting from their bodies a powerful attractant. One that was rising an ever-expanding penis from a thickened sheath...

As the coach got down on all fours, clothes tearing towards the trailers of college boys turned donkeys, his newly twitching ears were hardly able to pick up on the words coming from the masked men. Though, with his sights set on their puckered equine asses, it was a wonder that he could even determine that words were being said, let alone discern their meaning.

“One last loose end snipped...”