

“Hey dude, pass me another one!” I called out, my buddy, Jerry, reaching into the case beside him and handing me a can of the brew. I regarded the label for a moment, thinking it funny that the various silhouettes of farm animals were an interesting choice for a local brand before cracking the can open and taking a big swing.

It was an end-of-term party, and the last time my frat would be together before we all started to move back home or elsewhere for our respective summers. It was one of those frat bro-only functions, no chicks, though that came with its own disappointments. Though some of us, myself included, would be back again in the fall, it was the final time that this house, these brothers would be together drinking and celebrating the successful term. Well, *mostly* successful, as I realized some days ago, but it wasn't the end of the world for me. I would still be able to continue my college escapades so long as I took the required make-up classes.

Though parties were certainly not out of the question for our fraternity, it was the special occasions, Christmas, Halloween, big games, end of term, and, well, OK, it was every occasion that warranted such a celebration. Such was college life, I supposed. Still, the only determinant to the excessive alcoholism was a bit of added waistline, but it was something that could be worked off with a summer of hard lifting like I had waiting for me.

Though funds were getting a little low towards the end of the term, as they always did, our beer supply had been generously donated by a brewer some states over. Apparently, our fraternity had won some sort of contest that our frat head hadn't remembered entering in. However, not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, he gratefully accepted, providing us ample cans for the party that even our alcoholic frat could not consume in one night. But, as they say, it was challenge accepted!

The conversations were mostly excited, everyone looking forward to an easy summer of work and a break from the rigors of school. Everyone, myself included, had jobs lined up, and it was interesting to find out what everyone would be doing over the summer. Naturally, a few of the others had also flunked out, but there were always appeals and make-up courses and all of the usual paperwork that would keep them enrolled and ensure our futures. That was if the job market matched the college curriculums! (Hint, they never did!)

I was a little tipsy by that point, though I'd consumed more than enough to have gotten me drunk some months before. For better or for worse, my tolerance had gone up significantly. Still, the quality of this beer was better than the usual cheap stuff that had made up most of our drinking nights. I was happy to down more than four with just the slightest buzz, savoring the wheaty flavor of hops and the hint of something else that I couldn't quite place. Yet, whatever it was, it really complimented the beer well and made me eager to down more. There was plenty enough to go around for all of us, and it all had to be drunk tonight!

As we drank and chatted, the environment a bit more casual than most of our parties, the topic of where the brewery that manufactured our beer came up. No one knew the exact state, not even out frat head. It had to be one relatively close for us to win, we all agreed in the end. It didn't really matter, to be honest, except that most of us wanted to order our own cases in the future just to support such a wonderful product!

Soon, another topic of conversation came up, one that was a little closer to home. "Hey, did you hear about that frat that went missing a few months back? Wait, no, it was last fall. Shit, I don't know!" Mike said as we all laughed. He was more loaded than we were at that point, almost falling over his chair as he did so.

His shirt riding up for the moment, I couldn't help but look at his beer gut. He seemed a little bit larger than the last time I'd seen, not that I paid attention to him shirtless, mind you. Still, the bulge of his gut implied that maybe he'd had too much beer, or at least overindulged on burgers that night. But, hey, with my own pudge, who was I to judge?

"How does an entire frat of guys go missing? Dude, that's bullshit!" Matt replied, a little angrier than I had heard him before. He was usually a pretty chill drunk. Though, I couldn't help but notice he was looking over at Brett, another guy in the frat. He seemed fixated on him, like...what? I couldn't recall them having a tiff over anything, at least nothing that I had ever noticed.

I did think the whole topic of conversation was perplexing. There was something on the news about it, something about an entire house of guys going missing. A house party, actually, if I recalled correctly. Wait, didn't I hear about it happening more than once? Twice? Fuck, I was too buzzed to remember!

Going to pick up my phone, I realized that my fingers were a little numb, as though they'd been denied circulation. Still, flexing them a little seemed to alleviate the sensations, and I was able to bring up the news story. About to read it out, I was quickly distracted by a heat that seemed to swell from my belly. Slowly, I realized that I was sweating profusely in the room, the air becoming almost stifling. Even though it was evening and the windows were open, I guess it was the presence of so many guys out of their rooms and sitting in the common area making me overheated. There were nine of us in all, a decent-sized frat, all things considered.

After getting the feeling back in my fingers, I started flicking my shirt a little, not wanting to wipe the sweat from my brow lest I got it in my eyes. It did little to alleviate the discomfort. It was starting to get so bad, I could see that my shirt was stained a little, making me embarrassed. I didn't want to smell, at least of anything other than beer!

“Hey dudes, I’m going get some air,” I said, a couple responding with a “Kay,” before getting back to their previous conversation.

Stepping out of the house and onto the street, the cool air immediately made me feel better. It was nice out here, the smells of the night air making me feel relaxed, especially in my buzzed state. I was finally away from the stifling presence of eight other guys so close to each other. The scents of the night washed over me, especially the freshly mowed grass from across the street, where a public park sat under the illumination of a street light.

It took me a few moments to realize it, but the scents of the grass seemed to illicit a rumbling in my belly. I considered going back in, asking about the several large pizzas we were going to eventually order. But, the smell of the grass seemed somewhat appetizing, and before I realized what I was doing, I had walked across the street, standing in the field and staring down at what smelled so good. Mouth watering, I leaned down to get a closer sniff, elated by the succulent aroma, better than the best pizza I’d ever had...

Before I had the wherewithal to realize what I was doing was odd, I was down on my hands and knees, pulling up piles of sod and putting them into my mouth, chewing and swallowing with the gusto of a man starved. At first, I used my hands, getting them stained with grass as I shoved in more than I should have been able to take. Far from gagging, however, I found the flavor to be the best thing I had ever eaten, though my pallet might have been tainted from a year’s worth of meal hall food. Still, it far surpassed anything I could recall, even some of my favorites!

The sound of the door opening from across the street hit my ears, which seemed to twitch in response to the sound. I wanted to try to stand up, finally realizing what I was doing and how shameful it would be to be seen in such a compromising position. But, I was too hungry to resist, and the grass was simply too tasty to pull away from. I hadn’t eaten like that in recent memory, but damn, I just couldn’t stop!

“Hey, dude, what’s the smell?”

“Shawn’s chowing down on some grass over there, that it?”

“Dude, couldn’t you order a salad?”

“Man, is that what smells so good? No wonder he’s chowing down!”

“Damn dude, save some for me!”

The sounds of several pairs of shoes across the pavement drew my attention, and I looked up, grass falling from my mouth as four of the other guys wandered over to me, sniffing audibly. It seemed as though their noses were a bit bigger from my perspective on the ground, though I couldn't bring myself to care too much.

Quickly, they took positions around the grass, getting down and pulling up some of the sod themselves. Moans of pleasure from eating could be heard over grunts and chewing, but, again, I didn't pay it too much mind. I was still hungry myself, and it was hard to focus on anything other than the hunger pangs in my belly.

I don't know how long I was down there, or how much I had eaten by the time that I finally felt full and bloated. I stood up slowly, a little woozy from being down on my hands and knees. Of course, my knees were grass-stained, but I hardly cared, finally being satisfied as I was. Still, it was a little disconcerting, looking around at the other guys who hadn't quite finished with their late-night snack. The guys all looked so silly down on all fours like that, more like a herd of grazing animals than my frat bros. Wait, had I looked like that when I was down there? Damn, that was embarrassing!

I wasn't the only one that thought so, apparently, as some of the other guys got up and looked around, a little concerned over what they had done. It had been a little weird, hadn't it? The grass normally didn't smell good enough to eat, even if I did care for greens (Which, I didn't even on a good day!). I couldn't, for the life of me, figure out why I had eaten some, let alone so ravenously. Then again, if it tasted so good, then why hadn't I done it before? The rest of the world was missing out, apparently!

"Must have been all that hops, eh boys?" Brett suggested, making us all laugh a little. It was good to let the tension out after what we had done, after all. It was still a little shameful and confusing, though breaking the tension with a joke was warranted. And we all had wanted to, right? So, really, there wasn't anything wrong with it!

Heading back inside, we were met with stares from the rest of the house who hadn't joined us. It looked like they wanted to inquire as to the state of our faces and clothes, grass-stained as they were. But, the other five guys looked a little hot, flushed, as I had been. And more than one stomach rumbled as best as I could hear. Smelling the grass, evidently, the rest of our frat headed outside, seeming to want to locate the source of that tantalizing aroma. A few stopped and sniffed us, but I paid it little mind, figuring that we still all smelled of the tasty grass.

Still, the taste on my tongue made me a little self-conscious the more I thought about it. I figured another beer would drown it out. And, given the celebration, more was certainly warranted. So, I went to the cooler and pulled out another brew. Cracking it open, the cool liquid hit my lips and I immediately felt elated, loving the flavor. Somehow it was even better than before, as though the grass had someone accentuated the flavor. It was so good, the can was emptied in a few moments and I was grabbing another one. My buzz was back, and I hardly even felt bothered that I had just eaten grass!

Already bloated, I left out a wet belch, able to taste the grass on my breath again as I did so. Somehow it was even better the second time, and I realized with a little embarrassment that I could taste some of the chewed-up material. Yet, the taste was fine enough, and I chewed a little bit more and swallowed, not giving it another thought.

Mike, Matt, and Brett were back in the room with me, walking in and grabbing their own beers. Matt, to my surprise, took a double-take at my belly, which I chalked up to likely being a little grass-stained. But the look of confusion on his features made me a little concerned. He was also more green around the knees and clothes, after all. I was about to question him when he spoke, commenting first. “Hey, you drink a whole keg in the last few minutes?” He asked, as though my belly was bloated beyond belief.

“You don’t so BAAAAD yourself!” I said, my own eyes drifting to his own belly, seeing it a little distended. Maybe even more so than mine, but it was harder to tell from my current angle.

“Dude, you’re *drunk!*” Mike said, getting a chuckle from the rest of us, myself included. Did I just bleat? It sure sounded like it. Man, I must have been *wasted!*

Still, I decided to rub my belly more, wondering how I put on more than I thought I had in the downstairs department. At first, my hands played over my belly, feeling it was a little distended from the grass and the booze I’d drunk. But, my shirt was being pulled up a little, and my belly wasn’t big enough to make up for it. Rubbing down the edge of my belly, there seemed to be...something else there? I wasn’t really sure what to call it. The skin was warmer than that on my belly, and more spongy, as well.

Rubbing at the skin more, I found myself a little curious as to what was down there. It seemed to be between my belly and my groin, not hindering my cock, thankfully. Buzzed as I was, there was more curiosity than fear about the presence of the growth on my belly. It was warm, veiny, and there was something across the skin, like some sort of nubs. The entire expanse of skin felt good, but the sensations were more intense around those areas. So intense, in fact, that...

I didn't realize it for a few moments, but my cock was getting a little hard in my pants, even towards the point of leaking. It was the sensation of clear fluid against my shorts that made me reach down to rub the spot. It sent a shiver through my body, more electric than anything I could recall from recent memory. It was as though the new growth was making me aroused, even eliminating any trace of 'whisky dick' that my drinking should have caused. In fact, my cock was harder than the last time I'd masturbated or been with a woman. I needed to touch it, maybe while playing with my new growth...

Before I had the wherewithal to stop myself, I had my shorts down, teasing the bulge in my pants and rubbing the leaking stain where I knew the head to be. "That's good...AAAAAAA!" I moaned, intending it to be under my breath but sure that everyone could hear me. Still, it was impossible to care through my buzz and the lust from having that bizarre growth!

Even through my lust-fueled gaze, my wondering eyes ended up scanning the room, I guess part of me wondered if anyone was watching. I honestly didn't care, one way or the other. Yet I was a little surprised that everyone was simply ignoring me. It seemed more than they were focused on the growths under their own bellies, or at least Mike was. Brett and Matt seemed to have no such bulges, though they were hard as hell from what I could tell. Eyes closed, both were rubbing their cocks through their pants, in a way that was making me more interested. More than a little interested as my cock started to spasm slightly, as though aroused from the sight alone...

It was all I could do not to whip out my cock and start stroking it right there, whether they thought I was gay or not, though that wasn't the biggest of deals. Hell, I doubted they would even notice if I jerked myself off right there, lost in their own bodies as they were. But, still, even in my drunken stupor, I had enough sense to run to the bathroom to rub one out so that I wouldn't be the ire of everyone in the room.

Thankfully we had a bathroom on the main level, one that I could get to despite the growth bobbing up and down as I waddled, or without my cock blowing its creamy load before I even got there. I closed the door, locking it behind me for good measure. I didn't want to entice one of the guys to come and find me, as much as that didn't seem like a bad idea at the time. I figured it was better to get my bearings and tend to myself in private. At least, for now...

Pulling down my pants, I was surprised when the fleshy sack that I had felt prior fell out, bouncing a little at my insistence. It was too pink, too spongy for it to be part of my skin. Thick veins ran across its surface, and there were four welts across it that were a brighter shade than the rest of it. Rubbing them gently, a shiver of pleasure ran through my body the likes of which I was

caught off guard by. I nearly collapsed, the shock sending electrical signals through my prostate that was beyond any simple sex could bring. I was boned as hell and wanted nothing more than to nut from rubbing the sensitive flesh.

I went to work, tugging on my penis with one hand while rubbing the ballooning flesh with the other. The intensity of the contrasting points of stimulus made it nearly impossible to keep my bearings no matter how hard it tried. I had to sit down on the toilet, my legs spread apart to make room for the flesh as I teased each of the four welts in sequence. The pressure building up in my balls was superb!

Yet, despite my arousal, I did not immediately reach orgasm. It felt as though my balls were sinking in on themselves a little, sensitive though not as...plump, I guess? It was hard to describe. Still, that slight pinch was enough to keep me stroking frantically to try and reach the release that my body was so craving.

I belched a few more times, the build of up gas making me giggle slightly as I did so. I had clearly drunk too much, and my mind reasoned that was the cause of my lack of expediency in orgasm. Soon, I was burping up a storm, enough that I could taste the grass on my breath and even smell it in the air.

At first, I figured I had just drunk too much, not being the first time that I'd experienced that. But, the more that I burped, the more bloating seemed to settle in my stomach, as though the internal gas pressure was changing faster than I was ready for. Stranger still was that my belly was getting fatter, stretched over the growth that, too, seemed larger. It was harder for me to reach down and stroke my cock with the way things were going, I quickly found. Still, the bloating, the gas, and the swelling only served only to make my erection more turgid. Besides, in my drunken state, I was hardly in a position to be questioning it!

Reaching down and rubbing my cock once more, I found that my fingers had a harder time getting around my girth, even discounting the strange growth of my nails and their apparently stiffness. It was as though my cock was smaller, somehow, barely able to get over the hump of flesh that had now covered my belly. Still, the sensation was exquisite, making me moan in a higher tone than I was used to. I thrashed on the toilet seat, loving how sensitive it was and how much rubbing the growths of my new fleshy sack accentuated the pleasure.

Even with the darkened nails that adorned my fingers, the stimulation to both my cock and the growth was enough that I could not last long. I tried to stifle a moan as the tension grew and I spasmed and shot my bolt. Though, given the sudden orgasmic onset, it was hard for me to resist crying out. "OOHHH YEEAAAAAAAAAAAA!" I bellowed, loud enough that I was sure

that my frat mates could hear. Still, I couldn't hold back on the inflections or the additional notes as I did so, making me feel more energized, more...free?

It felt like more cum that I usually released was blown from my balls this time, though its consistency was rather watery, all things considered. It was a little strange, as though my balls were being pulled into my sack with the release. But I tried not to think of it too much as I stood, awkward and dizzy from the effort. It was as though my hips were a little stiff, though I was already a little bowlegged to accommodate the growth under my belly.

“Dude, open up, don't hide it away!” One guy said while banging on the door, clearly drunk. I felt myself blush at the words, wondering what it was he was talking about.

Still, I walked out, not realizing at the moment that I had not bothered to pull up my pants until the lights of the room showed off my assets. Expecting a wave of embarrassment to overcome me, I was instead shocked to realize that I wasn't the only one in the room in some state of undress. Most of the guys at least had their shirts off, which wasn't too weird in and of itself. It was rather the state they were in regarding their pants. Most had growths in similar states to my own, allowing me some sort of reprieve for the minor concern I'd been experiencing.

Looking at the developments from the other side, as it were, it was more and more clear to me what exactly they were. Far from anything I'd seen on college dudes before now, the sack-like growths each had two sets of what looked like thick nipples on each of them. The image made me think that I was now in possession of an udder like a farm animal might have!

“Guys, wwwwwhat arrrrre theeeeeeese?” I questioned, though my voice came out in that weird sort of bleating sound that made me a little nervous. Why was I talking like that? And why couldn't I stop even if I tried to?

Still, no one answered directly, not seeming to care that my voice was all warped. They were more inclined to rub the growths sticking on their bellies, moaning in that same bizarre tone that was escaping my own lips, I wanted to question things further but the more I stared, the harder it was to think of why it was such a bad thing. My voice didn't really matter, not with this lovely udder to play with, after all...

Reaching down with my stiff, thick-nailed digits, I started to stroke the nubs on my own belly, excited to be doing it in the presence of my buddies. There was a certain sense of camaraderie in doing something with the guys. Not that any of us had ever spontaneously grown udders to fondle, or anything. But I couldn't even think of anything wrong with the scenario, not with how good it felt in the moment!



Naturally, more than one of the other guys was sporting wood, as was myself, even though I'd already cum not a few minutes before. It was nice to grope the skin while stroking off, feeling the sensitive flesh accentuating the sensation of fingers on my penis. The scents of precum and sweat wafted into my nose, and I inhaled it heavily, barely noticing that I had a wider view of my nose in front of my face, as though it was larger somehow. I could hardly care, given how *good* it felt to have an udder. Damn it was great getting off, better than any nipple play I could have imagined.

A quick glance around the room, however, revealed that not all of my buddies were sporting the fetching udders that had us so pleased. Brett and Matt had their pants down, stroking off as were the rest of us. Their cocks seemed different than before, though it was hard to tell. They were the biggest guys in the room by far, at least a few inches longer than any of the guys with udders. Though it was hard for me to tell against the backdrop of the lightly haired flesh of flopping udders, however. Maybe they just obscured the size of our dicks? It didn't matter, not really.

Still, the more than I stared, the more that Brett's and Matt's cocks seemed...interesting to me, more so than any of the other cocks in the room. They were longer, more pointed, and a deeper red shade than they surely were before. Their penises were longer, bobbing up and down as they sat on eager groins and were stroked over thick nailed hands.

To my shock, I didn't seem to be the only one that was interested in the penises before me. Aaron and Jerry moved towards Brett and Matt respectively, licking longer lips that stuck out from jutting jaws. There was a hunger in their expressions that I found confusing until they both got down on their knees in sync. With a few notes of "fuck, that smells good," and "need to suck...so hot..." both men were on the other dude's cocks, sucking with the fervor that only experienced men could manage. Not that I was judging or anything, I was just sure that they were straight before today...

Jerry and Aaron started sucking eagerly, bobbing their heads up and down over the bestial shafts of our housemates. Matt and Brett, in their eagerness to get head, rested hands on their frat mates that were decidedly hoof-like now, their nails stretched into thick ovals while their outside fingers and thumbs were taken from them slowly. The hooves, in tandem with the udders, seemed to imply some sort of alteration towards a barnyard animal state.

Yet, even in the face of such an obviously horrific situation, I couldn't muster the smallest iota of panic. In fact, the sight only served to make me horny as hell, my cock leaking watery fluids as I stroked myself. The rest of our frat were either sitting there, rubbing their cocks and udders, or taking a few awkward sips of booze with unwieldy hands and protruding

faces. Had I not been in their presence all evening, there was every chance that I might not recognize them at all any longer.

Despite any lingering thoughts of wrongness that were playing over my mind, I couldn't help but be aroused as the erotic scenes played out in front of my eyes. I'm sorry to say that I was right there with them, jerking off with one hand and playing over my teats with the other. I couldn't imagine ever being in an orgy as I was right now, but there was no denying the results were the most amazing thing I had ever felt in my life!

One weird thing came to my notice, and not just the numbness over my cock from fingers that were being encroached over with hard keratin. Though my cock head seemed more sensitive than ever before in my life, it was significantly smaller, shrunken if that was possible. Never the largest of men on a good day, my penis was less than three inches now and still shrinking as best I could tell. Though, I was remiss to care, not with how much pleasure it was giving me and how erotic the scene was before me!

Much too quickly, I felt myself cum, watery semen splattering on my thick nails and running down my cock. I could barely detect the moist fluid on my fingers, though the sensation of it running down my crotch was more potent than my skin had ever experienced. It was as though my entire shaft, or what was left of it, was on fire, the semen burning away the flesh where it touched. Though it was causing my penile tissue to retract into my groin, only a bleating moan escaped my lips, the level of sensitivity more potent than any sexual encounter could ever hope to muster.

My cock was still sputtering out watery cum, and I could feel a tugging sensation from my ballsack, as though they were ejecting their entire contents. It was powerfully erotic, waves of pleasure flowing through my body and making my legs tremble. Yet the fluid did not stop, even as its presence seemed to retract my sex even further, my cock head caving in on itself the more fluid it expelled. If it didn't feel so damn *good* I might have started to feel concerned. But given the sensations, such notions were impossible to muster.

Similar scenes played out around me as my friends went into orgasm, spilling their loads all over stiffened fingers. Their own cocks were largely obscured by their fat udders, having shrunk below them as mine had likely done. Curious, my eyes settled on the two men giving head to their frat brothers. Given his position sucking Brett's cock, I had the perfect unobstructed view of Jerry's junk caving in on itself. His pisshead had widened and formed what looked like pairs of vaginal lips that started pulling deflated ballsacks like fishing lines inside of them. By the time it was done, there was no trace of his cock left, save a small bulb at the apex before it was sucked inside.

Without that final view, I would have had no idea what was happening to my own sex. I could feel that intense moistening in my crotch, followed by a wafting stench that made me aroused all over again. The sensitive skin sent shivers of pre-orgasmic pleasure through my loins that made my legs tremble once more. I should have cared that my sex was no longer male, that I had lost my cock as I was slowly losing my humanity. But in the moment I couldn't imagine anything feeling better as I stroked my new sex, bleating my lusts as another orgasm rocked my body.

“Dude, you hAAAAAAAAAve a cunt!” Someone bleated, I think Joe. But I couldn't tell at the moment, still rocking back and forth from my own release.

“So do youEEEEEE!” I replied reflexively, not caring who it was but knowing that everyone with an udder was undergoing the same alterations. And I knew that more than likely they loved it as much as I did!

Though Jerry had moved off Brett's cock to tend to his newly grown cunt lips, Brett's red animalistic dick was still rock hard, his testicles plump and bulbous as though full of semen. The scent of his juices made my own sex quiver and my mouth water. I'd never done anything with a man, much less one of my frat brothers. But at the moment, with the scents of sex in the room and the ache in my newly-developed cunt lips, the desire was so all-consuming I couldn't imagine not doing it, especially before one of the other guys went for it!

Stumbling forward, I barely had the wherewithal to put my hands out to stop myself from landing on my face. I figured the weight on my fingers would cause them to snap back, but the pressure was barely conceivable as I looked up at the cocktip drooling before me. Lusty expression on my face, I reached out with my mouth, a crack resonating through my jaw as though the muscle was pushing forward to allow me to reach it.

Any fear over the sudden alterations was erased with the flavor of the penis on my tongue, making my cunt lips hot and wet from the realization of what I was doing. It tasted better than anything I could recall, though my enhanced sense of smell was certainly a big contributor. It seemed to grow larger in my mouth, more erect as my stimulation did its work. The sublime taste, I realized, was equal parts precum leaking from the tip as well as cum still lingering from his previous ejaculation. If that was what I was to experience, I was eager to drink down his release as soon as my surprisingly skilled lips could bring him to it. The thought made my cunt lips weep, and I reached down with one hand, rubbing the slick flesh and sending shivers through my body in anticipation.

My other hand, eager to feel around my lover to bring him faster, ended up teasing testicles that were more bulbous than I had been anticipating. Though I could see they were

covered with thick hairs, I found myself missing the ability to feel with my hands in their current state. It was as though the tips of my fingers had sunken into the nails that were surrounding them, leaving none of the tactile sensations that I was used to. Still, there was enough flexibility to tease what was present, and I enjoyed the bleats that my lover was eliciting.

Exploring fingers moved further back where I wanted to tease his asshole. Not in the place that I was expecting it to be, I was rather shocked to discover that the fat from his ass cheeks had receded enough that I found it by moving my fingers upward. It was a noticeably indent, even without my ability to feel it properly. That, and there was something else up there, something I found myself rubbing the backs of my hands against to determine its identity.

Its presence was soon revealed to me by the sensation of something coming from just above my ass, pushing through the skin as though I'd seriously sprained it. It wasn't until it started twitching of its own accord that I realized what was happening. I was growing my own, stubby tail just like Brett seemed to sport!

All the while, Brett's cock was altering in my mouth as I sucked with fervor. It was getting thinner, more pointed, though tickling the back of my throat as it did so. However, the sensation was soon alleviated as though my mouth continued to stretch around it. My jaw ached slightly, though not from the size of the penis in my mouth, but rather from the growth of my face pushing the muzzle and skin around it.

Still, I was quickly distracted from any discomfort by the thickening consistency of the fluids in my mouth and the deepening flavor as Brett prepared to blow his load. Any nervousness in performing the act for the first time I felt was quickly removed with the notion of how aroused it made me feel. The taste was a combination of salty and tangy, one that sat well with the grass and the beer I had consumed.

A bleating inhuman cry came from my lover's own protruding jaw as he came, pumping the back of my throat with his jism. The flavor was sublime, and I found myself eager for the viscous fluid in my mouth. The force of it, however, almost made me gag, but I had been preparing myself for it, and it was no trouble to take all his balls had to give. They were slapping against my chin as he came, making me all the more aroused. They spoke of his virility, of his ability to mate me and fill me with young, that would suckle my teats...

Part of me wanted to shake my head to try and remove the sudden and somewhat intrusive thoughts that were playing over my mind. But, with the cock in my muzzle I found resisting the action would be for the best. Besides, the thoughts seemed to fit right with me in a way that defied my expectations. It was impossible to deny how good it would feel to take semen inside of me and bare young!

Smiling as best I could, I looked up into Brett's eyes, surprised as they started to shift. The pupils were contracting, turning ovular as the color darkened to near black. They were the eyes of an animal, ones that denoted little human intelligence. As though to confirm such, Brett simply looked down and bleated, licking the hair on my head like any farm animal might. The sensation of his tongue made my scalp itch, as though the hairs were extending, changing their configuration to match what Brett had on his head.

A peculiar ache started to erupt from the sides of my temples as Brett's longer tongue continued to alter my head. It was as though something was pushing outward, tearing the skin slightly as they formed from my scalp. They didn't seem to tingle for very long, growing ever so slightly above my head. My curious hooves reached up to touch them, but a clack of keratin on keratin met my ears, as though the growths were made of the same substance as my fingernails.

Curious, I pulled back to look up at the face of my benefactor, seeing what was likely the same growths pushing up between his hair. It was cute, fetching in a way that made my groin moisten all over again. There was no doubt that he had a pair of goat's horns sticking up over his head, the likely culprit of my own growths. I had to smile at that. He was so damn adorable! So sexy...

At that, I lowered myself down once more, letting him have his way with licking my head. I could feel a few pops and cracks from my skull as he did so. It was as though my braincase had shrunk slightly, making my thoughts hazy like I was drunker than I'd been in a long time. I could tell from the change in perception that my eyes were altered, likely the same square shape that my buddy...what was his name? Male? Mate? Did it matter?

My mind wasn't gone, not exactly. I was aware enough to know that *something* had altered in my thinking, but I was too engrossed with the physical attention to care. My thoughts melted like butter from my brain as my muzzle was forced further, teeth aching as they reconfigured. But I was remiss to care, especially with how sensitive my nose was becoming. The thick musk of goat sex and booze was making my head spin, and my loins lit aflame with the desire to be satisfied!

Eventually, my self-exploration of my head and face was hindered by a crunching from my shoulders, pushing them forward and restricting my ability to reach my face. Of course, it was a moot point by now; my hands were gone, the tips absorbed into the new hooves that had grown around them. I didn't have thumbs anymore, but I didn't mind, not feeling the need for them with the flexible muzzle I had now.

I wasn't the only one to think so if a quick glance around the room was any indication. Everyone was down on hands and knees, though hands and even feet looked more like hooves, or soon would be. Better yet for the lust in my loins was that muzzles were currently being used to suck on udders, stretched out around teats with bleats escaping from their benefactors. Pleasured expressions were covered over by sloping skulls, squared pupils, and furry beards that soon spread to coat their entire faces. In fact, our little fraternity was starting to look more like a herd of goats than we were a frat of men! Wait, weren't we always a herd of goats? Why was it so hard to think?

My thoughts soon straightened with the sensation of a tongue on my backside, one that adjusted my sex into a better position to take the stimulation. A truly bestial bleat escaped my muzzle as the tongue played around the edges of my sex and began to tease the insides, finding a sweet spot that made my entire body shiver. I was literally vibrating by the presence of the tongue on my sex and I couldn't be happier!

It seemed as though the ministrations of the male at my backside were accelerating the sensations of aches flowing over my body. I was clearly smaller than I had been, though not by much as my chest compressed. What mass remained was pushing outward with my altered shoulders. My belly distended even further, though not quite matching the girth of my udder. My legs and arms, however, were shrinking even faster as my hips rotated and snapped into a new shape. It was starting to get more comfortable to be on all fours and I had to admit the position was right for me. Especially since my backside was in the perfect place to take that lovely tongue keeping my cunt pleased!

My altered vision swept around the room, seeing everyone else down on all fours, their bodies compressing, losing mass and leg length as stances on knees turned into permanent four-legged postures. Wagging tails were present above backsides, and goats jumped on all four hooves and belated before having their udders sucked off by their herd mates. Some were licking in each other's cunts, lapping at the slick juices of nanny goats in heat.

But the real prize was the fact that the other male was licking at the cunt lips of a female, cock slapping against his belly as he sniffed and licked with the fervor of a starved beast. The female was just as into it as I was, thrusting her altering hips back into the breeding in order to take as much of it as she evidently could. Her body was cracking and popping all the while, erupting with a coat of wiry white with brown spotted hairs. They soon seemed to obscure what skin remained over her frame, though her twitching skin was the only thing that denoted any discomfort. It seemed to elicit itching playing over my own skin, signaling my own hair was growing in and making me shiver with excitement.

But the thing that really made my cunt weep was that eventually, the other male got on top of her, wrapping his rotating shoulders around the goat's swelling midsection and spearing with the long, thin rod like the one I had sucked so eagerly. An eager bleat escaped the changing goat's lips as her virgin sex was penetrated for the first time, taking a cock inside of its eager, blossomed folds.

That was it. The sight of the mating awoke the certainly in me that I wanted the same. I wanted to be taken, used, and fucked by the lovely prick that the male at my own backside was lovingly slapping against his belly. Not even the exquisite sensations of being tongue fucked were enough to satisfy my carnal desires. I needed cock!

I was already comfortable on all fours, so pulling away to raise my tail was easy. Though he was so close I was sure that the male could smell my scent, I still flagged my tail, wagging it with the desperation of a beast in heat. For that's what I was, a virgin beast with a cunt that was begging to be filled, to be fucked. It was more than I could bear not to be taken right then and there. Somewhere in my mind, I knew that this would finish my transformation, that I would no longer be human, no longer be male. But it was impossible to worry about such things as the male scrambled up on my back, feeling the brush of his growing pelt against my own as his throbbing cock sought my eager feminine sex.

The moment he pushed his way in was the moment that my sex truly blossomed, eagerly opening like a flower to take the male's essence inside me. It made me bleat and stamp my hooves to have it penetrate my inner walls, beyond the vulva and into my cunt behind. I was prime for it!

Be it my willingness to throw away my human form, or the needs in my body to be fucked, the changes sped over me, completing my alterations to the goat's body that I thought I should truly possess. The rear toes that had already started to push out into hooves finished their transition, unable to feel the floor underneath them, though stable in tandem with my front hooves. Every inch of my skin itched with the piercings of hair growth, erupting into a pelt of soft goat's fur. My backside continued to hunch over, my belly extending and my udder slapping against my belly and legs as my backside became more attractive to the male upon me.

All the while, the male on my back seemed to find his position, awkward in his abilities at first but seeming to get his bearings as he learned to use his new body. Wait, new body? Hadn't we always been goats? Thinking was hard, damnit! I just wanted to take goat cock and have the male find his place, slamming against my sweet spots!

Even as I was mated, the goat's cock throbbing inside of me and filling me up in a way that I had never experienced as a male, the thoughts of my past life hadn't fully escaped me. I

knew I had been a man, knew I had been a college student and had that life before me. Though part of me was also aware of the finality of the mating that I was receiving, that I would be a goat for life if he came in me, the prospect was becoming more and more appealing the more I was fucked. If it felt this good, this *right* to take goat cock into my newly formed cunt, then I would happily take as many loads as the males would give me.

Better yet were the sensations coming from my udder as it was mashed against my belly, spurred on by my lover's eager body. Each inch of the flesh was more sensitive than I could ever recall, making me bleat and stamp my hooves in ecstasy. It made me wish that something was underneath me, suckling on my teats as I was fucked into oblivion by this eager male.

I was soon to get my wish when one of my fellow goats got underneath me, who I couldn't tell in the changed state we found ourselves in. It didn't matter anymore, though I still had to learn my former frat mates through scent all over again. My mind whited out as the other goat's lips started teasing my nipples, sucking and licking at them as would my offspring one day. It was absolute bliss!

Under such twin onslaughts of pleasure, it was impossible for me to hold back as my female sex sent me into orgasm. I bleated aloud as I *came* in a way that real goats likely never experienced, though I was not in a mind to currently contemplate such things. The orgasm washed over me in waves, crashing against the shore of my cervix and pulling tightly on the cock that was being coaxed by my eager inner walls.

In equal measure, the male inside of me could not hold back against all my insides were doing to his penis. An equally excited bleat escaped his lips as his cock spasmed and blew a load inside of my cervix, my sensitive sex able to feel it being pumped inside of me. The notion of being fucked and filled was almost enough to send me into orgasm again, the promise of what the male's sperm would do more fulfilling than any realization had a right to be.

Eventually, the male got down off my back, his backwash of semen trickling out of my abused cunt lips. I didn't mind the sensation of it drying in my fur, however. Not with how much it made me eager to be bred, far better than any male experience could compete with. The tingles of his leftovers threw me over the edge, the stimulation to my teats enough that I came again, bleating from the sensitivity. It was almost too much for me to bear, though I took it, eager to fully indulge in all my body had to offer.

Similar bleats were erupting all around me as my former frat mates sucked each other's nipples, and the other male took his conquest in an eager herd mate, who, like me, needed to be fucked and bred. I took my chance to get under her belly and suckle the teats as mine had been pleased, knowing how much she needed it and how much ecstasy it was giving her. We kept up



like that, my sex satisfied and wishing to pleasure the needs of the herd, cementing the bond we had together as we entered our new futures.

My thoughts were fuzzy as I made my way outside towards the succulent scents of grass. I still knew who I was, who I had been at one time. But faint memories of being human, of being male, were drops in the bucket to the promise of my new life as a goat, cum still drying on my rump and the taste of fresh grass in my muzzle. My tag wagged as I realized the moment I needed it, our herd had two eager males ready to pump me full of their sperm and make me theirs once more, filling me with new life.

Eventually, my ears twitched to the sounds of something mechanical coming, something I vaguely recognizable as trailers. The sounds of beeping as they backed up to our field were mostly ignored, as were the sounds and scents of men coming out with collars and leashes. I even allowed one to be fashioned to me, though bulked slightly as I was pulled from my grassy meal.

Being pulled towards the back of the truck was a frightful affair, making me bleat and buck and kick to try to get away. Though, two things stopped me from trying too hard to escape. The scents of hay in the trailer reignited my hunger, smelling even better than the grass that I had eaten prior. Two, they were also dragging my herd mates into the same trailer, and their scents helped calm me to know that we would not be separated.

I was taken to what would soon be my new home, bred once more on the way for good measure. The best, however, was yet to come. Once we were allowed to grow accustomed to life in the barn, and part of my mind knew that I was with kid, I was visited by some men, to deal with the increasing pressure in my udders. Stool and pail in hand, one lowered down to my level and whispered something that my hybrid could no longer understand. Something...milking? Was that right? I was soon to find out what they meant!

The sensation of firm fingers on my udder made me stamp and bleat, though not out of frustration or a need to escape. Rather, I was elated, the pleasure seeping into my udder more than I could have possibly imagined. The sensations of my herd mates suckling on my teats were one thing. But this was a whole new level of ecstasy, teats grasped by firm yet gentle hands that were eager to drain the milk that was starting to hang heavily on my udder. The bliss of being milked, the promise of new life inside of me, and the presence of my herd were all I needed in my new life as a goat. I was happy.