

April's Ass Day

By: Firingwall

JD shifted onto his back, letting out a long, low yawn. *Oh, I feel actually rested for once.* He stretched his arms, body trembling. *Finally got some sleep.*

“Good morn-” JD turned his head, ready to see the beautiful face of the love of his life and partner for life, Rachel. However, the long-haired woman wasn't there with him.

“Rachel?” He sat up and grabbed his glasses from the night stand. The room was empty.

Huh... wonder where she... A smell tickled his nose. He sniffed gently, picking up the faint smell of breakfast.

Curious, he got up from bed and tucked his feet into some slippers. He walked cautiously from the bedroom and down the hall. He moved a little slower passing by the door of the couple's roommate, Melissa. He could hear her soft snores inside.

Soon, he stepped into the dining room and then into the kitchen adjacent to it. There, he looked up... and up further. A large brown bull man was standing at the oven, scooping some eggs onto some plates prepared with toast. The behemoth of a beast was only in boxers and a bright pink apron.

He turned his head to JD when he was done, smiling brightly. “Good morning, handsome.” His voice was smooth and deep, befitting such a large creature.

JD looked at him strangely for a moment before blinking and rubbing his eyes, just to be sure he was seeing what he was seeing. His shoulders relaxed. “Good morning, *Raphael.*”

It had been some time since he had seen Rachel don this masculine, bull identity. In fact, he was sure it had been years since the last time.

It certainly wasn't unwelcomed. JD stepped up and leaned in on his tip toes, the bull bending down. The two shared a kiss. The cow's brass bull nose ring gently bapped against the human's nose, almost clinking against his glasses. His breath was so hot.

The two separated, JD looking Raphael over. “Haven't seen this beef in a while.”

Raphael chuckled. “Well, I was feeling a bit nostalgic. Remember those days back on the farm? I certainly do.”

“Heh, of course I do.” JD could remember it very well. How would he ever forget that time? It was a few years ago, but one summer, the couple needed to make some extra money. How they came up with this solution, he forgot, but they went up to a farm a few miles north of their city to take on a certain job.

The farm needed help, one that required a lot of physical labor for all the various things that needed done. It wasn't really their kind of work, but the place had a catch that intrigued them. It was run by and only hired on farm animal anthros.

For that summer, the two had become a large, manly horse and bull. In those forms, with all of that strength, all of those new urges, and being around similar folks like them that felt the same way, it was an incredible experience. It was enjoyable and fulfilling, one that led them to find out a lot about themselves in those big, stud bodies.

However, it was only for that summer. They hadn't gone back there since and never became a horse or bull again. Even Rachel, the big transformation enthusiast, hadn't gone bull again. She had taken on many different forms since, including many, *many* buff anthro dudes, but never that bovine form.

Until now it appeared.

Raphael chuckled and flexed. JD watched those biceps bulge, showing prime, dense musculature he hadn't seen in a while. He also noticed how the bull pushed his chest out, showing off his square, bulging pectorals. “It's been too long since I got to be this huge and bulgy. It's so good, don't you agree?”

JD blushed, his eyes never leaving that Adonis figure. “Y-yeah... it's pretty good.”

The bull smiled and placed a large, meaty hand on the guy's shoulder. “I hope you like this surprise. I got up very early to make it all happen. A hearty meal with the most handsome slab of beef you've ever seen and, maybe, a chance to get in on the fun.”

JD's eyes widened. “Wait, do you mean-”

“Mhm!” Raphael nodded. “It's the start of a new month and a new you! Well, a classic new you, but still! I'm sure you would really like that.”

JD nodded. He would like that. It had been some time since he went horse. There was something very invigorating about turning into a stallion more than any other forms he had been

since then. Maybe it was the sense of pride, the speed, the strength, the girth below, or perhaps a combination of all of that?

Why not start the month on a good note?

Raphael led him over to the dining room and had him take a seat at the table. There, a red envelope was laying on a plate. The bull leaned down and cooed into his ear, "Why don't you enjoy that special, transformative card? I'll go finish getting breakfast ready while you do."

JD nodded as the bull left, the heavy clops of his hooves against the floor being heard and felt. He took the envelope and opened it. There was a white card inside, the front having a picture of a cartoon feral horse on it.

Below that was written, "*Hey, been a bit since you pranced. Maybe it's time to be a stud.*"

He smiled and opened the card. However, it faded when he saw what was in it. There was not another picture of a horse, but instead a picture of a cartoon donkey with a large grin. Written below that was, "*Or better yet, maybe it's time to be an **ASS!***"

He just processed those words before a huge explosion of gray and brown dust & confetti struck him in the face. It seemed to all come from the picture of the donkey, the cloud coating his entire head. The card flew out of his hands and fell back onto the table, closed.

JD got to his feet and in a hurry, coughing and hacking. He waved the dust away as best as he could, most of it fading after a few seconds. "What... *cough* what the hell *cough* was thaaaaHE-HAW!"

With a big lunge, his face snapped forward like a bullet. It formed into a wide, blunt, sturdy muzzle with a broad, big, equine-esque nose. His teeth were larger and thicker, lips gummy and blackish. The end of his muzzle with his nose were light gray while the rest was coated in dark gray fuzz.

It was lucky his glasses didn't fly off in all of this. They had stuck in place, growing and swelling in order to fit his thick mug.

JD stood there for a moment, getting out the last cough. His eyes narrowed. He could make out his muzzle, but it wasn't as long or narrow as he recalled. He had a good idea why, especially reaching up and feeling the broad, blunt end.

His brow furrowed. *What the hell is this?! This isn't... eeermph!*

JD found himself cringing, an incredible weight filling his head. His skull was slowly reshaping itself. Brow swelled while the head flattened a little. His cheeks widened, his muzzle growing a bit wider as well with them. Dark gray fur sprouted across his entire face, except for the lighter gray, circular patches around his eyes.

His head certainly was equine-like but not exactly quite it either.

JD groaned, feeling his head. His hand slid through his fur, finding it more coarse and rough than the sleek, refined pelt of his old horse self. "What's going on here?!"

"Heh, looking good there, handsome!" He turned, finding Raphael now with him. The large bull had such the teasing smirk on his face, holding it the entire time he placed breakfast down on the table.

The look made JD's blood start to boil. His body shook with anger. Or, perhaps, it was because his feet suddenly felt all wobbly. His slippers and socks tore open in big bursts as thick, heavy, scruffy black hooves came out of them.

Either way, JD got up in the bull's face, poking the beefcake in the tummy. "Okay, you, what's going HEE-HAW!"

JD's eyes widened as he shook again. It wasn't because of his hooves now. His entire body frame was growing wider and heftier. His clothing, as baggy and comfortable as they were for sleeping in, tightened on his body, squeezing his arms and thighs. His collar especially thickened its grasp as his neck swelled to better hold his enlarged head.

The changing man gulped, clearing his throat slowly. "What did you do?!"

Raphael's grin turned playful then. He waved his hands all jazz-like, shouting, "April Fools!" The shout made the soon-to-be former human twitch, his ears shooting up and stretching out very long.

"Wh-what?!"

"I said," Raphael cooed, leaning in, "April Fools, *jackass*." He reached over and ruffled JD's hair. The man's locks turned from blond to a dirty, muddy brown. Already messy and curly, they somehow got even messier and spikier. Most of his hair shrunk on the sides, leaving his mop on top untouched. Hair instead grew down the back of his head and neck, raising a little and forming an unkempt mohawk of sorts.

“April Fools... jackass?!” Raphael merely nodded, JD's heart racing. He knew it. He knew it! That stupid, oversized, large co-

There was a sharp pressure in the back, followed by a loud rip from behind JD. He looked over his shoulder, finding the top part of his sweatpants torn open. Hanging out from the opening was a long, thick, gray tail with a black, fuzzy end.

It was a tail befitting a donkey.

“Raph!” JD groaned, looking back at him as his body quivered again, “Why?!” He grew bigger yet again, his arms and legs looking especially dense. Not just with grey fur or muscle but with thick fat.

“Because it's funny, duuuuuh!” Raphael laughed, playfully smacking him on the shoulder, “You know how it works, redirect! Promise one thing, give you something else!”

“But I wanted to be a horse!” JD brayed. There was a low gurgle. His stomach raised, pushing against his shirt harder. The bottom part of his belly popped out, already covered in gray.

JD reached down and felt his gut, frowning. His fingers gently pressed into the chub, feeling how soft and malleable it was. As he squeezed, his fingers shifted down to four on each hand, fingernails at the end turning black and wrapping around the fingertips for hoof ends.

“But you'll be a donkey instead!” Raphael chimed, “That's almost as good! It's still equine, sort of. I'll have to look it up, but still!”

“But I don't want to be a HEEE-HAW!”

There was a tearing sound louder than the first, causing JD to blush. The back of his sweatpants suddenly felt a lot roomier. Hesitantly, he looked over his shoulder again. It was hard to see, but he saw enough. His sweatpants had broken open, along with his underwear, exposing a wide, fat, gray-furred rear.

Awww man... JD groaned. *This is so unfun.* If he had turned into his regular, standard, buff horse form, he was sure this wouldn't have happened. His clothes would still be tight and ill-fitting, but they wouldn't have ripped.

He didn't have long to reflect on that obvious fact in his mind. A strong, pulsating burst of warmth made him quiver intensely, body trembling and hands clenching. He had felt something like this before many times.

Looking towards his crotch, JD found the area bulging. His sweatpants stretched and stretched there, clinging tightly to his enhanced junk. His equipment was at least double, maybe even more so, than his usual size.

He was used to something like this when he had experienced transformations before. He was even expecting it given that when he was a horse before, he had their incredible “girth”. However, something about it this time was wrong. Something about being a donkey with huge junk felt so crude, lewd, and immature.

“You don't wanna be what now?” the large bull asked with a snicker, playfully ruffling JD's donkey mane more.

It had been sometime since Raphael had tricked him like this. Not just be tricked into transforming, but be tricked into transforming into something he didn't want. It was as frustrating as always.

The last of the changes came in like a lion. His frame kept getting bulkier and bulkier. His arms and legs were burly, teeming with layers of muscle and fat. He stood only an inch or two less than the bull, but much heavier. His gut swelled more, popping out and exposing his belly button from under his shirt.

If he took the time to feel it, he would notice something new. His stomach was sturdier and denser, far less squishy and soft than it was only moments ago. It was a true muscle gut.

A muscle gut fit for the large donkey man that JD had become. He felt strong, powerful, but also very heavy and rather lewd, like his existence was rated NC-17. He could've potentially appreciated parts of this, but not all of it. It wasn't remotely what he wanted.

“Ha! Don't be so blue, bro!” Raphael laughed, smacking his boyfriend on the shoulder again. “You make a good, burly donkey. A real piece of ass if I've ever seen one.” He gave him a comically overdone wink.

JD only snorted, looking down at his gut. He didn't want this one bit. He wanted the body of a stallion, a true stud, not the body of a bear daddy donk.

The bull shook his head. “Gees, lighten up a little. Things will go back to normal tomorrow. For now, you just get to be today's big fool... or big ass in this case.”

“You know it's going to get extremely stale fast the longer you keep making those ass jokes, right?” Raphael just snickered.

At that moment, the bull looked away back to the kitchen. Perhaps he was thinking of getting some drinks for their breakfast or cleaning it up while his boyfriend stewed. Either way, his attention was no longer on his donkey love. That's when JD got an idea.

He looked back at the table, spying the card laying there, having almost been forgotten. A wide, mean smile crossed the donkey's mug as he grabbed the card. He looked at the bull, sweetly saying, "You know what? You're right. This is funny, but you know what would be funnier?"

"What?" Raphael turned to look back at him and froze.

JD faced the card at him and opened it up. "Having two April Asses here!"

"Ah crap..." There was another explosion of gray and brown dust and confetti.

Mmm, someone's cooking something good. Melissa yawned as she trudged down the hallway. She had woken up only a few minutes ago and smelled something delicious in the air. She wanted in on that before she did anything else that morning, besides putting on her glasses.

Eggs... bacon... maybe even some toast. She sighed blissfully, *mmm, such a good way to start the morn-*

"Come on, can't ya take a joke? Dat wasn't cool, he-haaaaww!"

"Wasn't any cooler when y'all did it ta me, beef for brains... or maybe ass for brains!"

"Takes one ta know one, dumbass!"

Melissa paused in her approach. She could hear some gruff arguing coming from the dining room. She didn't recognize the voices, but that didn't really mean much living in this house from experience. After a moment, she approached cautiously.

Peering into the room, she saw two large, musclegut donkeys arguing with one another. One of them was wearing stretched out clothes with torn open sweatpants, his large butt hanging out. The other wore equally stretched boxers and an apron that looked way too small on him.

"I don't want this at all!" the apron-wearing donkey brayed, "I already had da perfect farm bod and now it's all ruined danks ta you, heeeee-haw!"

“I’d have sympathy if ya didn’t rob me of experiencing it in da first place, dumbass!”

“Fat ass!”

“Big ass!”

“Stupid donk dat ever donked!”

And I’m out of here. Melissa turned and quietly left, the two never the wiser. It was best to leave the jackasses alone to their arguing until they settled down.

Sure, she’d miss out on whatever breakfast was made, but she could handle that by ordering something to be delivered. She didn’t want to start off the new month on whatever weird ass note they were on.

THE END