

“Do you at least have the right book?” Levi asked, more annoyed now that they were actually outside the Epsilon Theta Omicron sorority. It was one thing to be talking about it, silly as the idea was. But now that it was about to happen, Levi found his ire for the whole situation growing. Besides, there was every chance they would be caught and accused of trespassing or perversion. Wouldn’t that be a fitting end to what he already considered a pointless endeavor?

Noah, Levi, and Mason were three college freshmen only a month into their terms but had already earned the disrespect of some of their peers on campus. Well, perhaps it was Noah, specifically, though the three of them had all been in attendance at the same party. Noah had struck up a conversation with a bombshell blond, Samantha, and things looked like they were going well. Offering to head outside with her for a smoke, Samantha was not expecting him to get hands-on with her. Noah, for his part, was pretty drunk, though that was hardly an excuse. Still, he didn’t know that several of her sorority sisters were not far behind, one carrying mace and sober enough to use it effectively. And the bitch had the gall to blame Noah for it! Levi knew it was all his friend’s fault, idiot that he was. But still...

“Yes, for the last fucking time, I’m sure! No one even reported it missing, at least as much as I’ve heard anyway,” Noah said, that sickening overconfident grin on his features. It was one of the reasons why Levi wasn’t the biggest fan of his dorm mate, though his overall popularity and fun-loving personality tipped the scales slightly in Noah’s favor for friendship.

Levi didn’t want to be there that night, and he had made his point clear several times. Honestly, he found the whole endeavor to be rather stupid and petty, even if it was a realistic thing for them to try and do. But, ultimately, it was his friend’s fixation on the book and his certainty it would punish the women that had him going. It was silly, he knew. But, there was every chance that Noah was going to do something equally stupid if it failed, and he didn’t want his friend to get into any more shit than he had already. The dumbass needed a friend like Liam to help look after him, sadly. Hopefully, his college career would help him grow out of his stupid streak, but there was no way to know how long that would take. And, ultimately, with magic not being possible in the real world, it was a harmless endeavor. Until it inevitably failed and Noah came up with something even stupider, of course...

Mason, for his part, was just along for the ride, rounding out their trio as the quiet, introverted one. He was the type that didn’t really open up until he’d had a drink or three, though even then most of his interests were kept on the down low. Mason actually did believe there was something to the stories about people being replaced with donkeys one fateful night in a neighboring town. And, given his private proclivities, he wanted to see if there was any minute chance that it could really be something from a book that had caused that to happen. Not that there really was a chance, of course, not in the real world. But still, he had to know for certain...

Still, despite what they individually thought about the book, there was no denying the reality that something inexplicable had happened to over thirty people, college students, cops, and reporters one night two years ago in a neighboring town. There was no trace left of the people, save for the clothes torn and strewn around a particular sorority. Any news media and dispatches to visit the site had literally gone missing until, eventually, the place was quarantined and no one was allowed to explore it further. It wasn't until several days later that the location was deemed safe enough that the scene could be properly investigated without anyone else going missing.

Though the only remnants of the missing people were the clothes that still adorned the thirty or so beasts of burden found around the prosperity, few people truly thought that their fates had become those of the barnyard beasts. People turning into donkeys, no matter what remained of those people's possessions found in proximity to them, couldn't happen. Even if there were the same number of donkeys as those missing that were rounded up, it had to be a prank of some sort, perhaps something that the missing people were all in on. Yet, no matter how much searching the remaining authorities performed, the missing persons were never located, and the donkeys were relocated to nearby farm operations.

Still, it seemed that Noah was one of those that believed in a magical explanation, and he had even gone as far as to procure the book from the police station where his father was an officer. And, now that it was time, he sat down on the grass, pulling open the book and flipping through the pages. The two other men looked on, curious as to the contents of the book. It was obvious that the book was old, almost medieval in its text and illustrations. There were many pictures of ailments, some of them not pretty to look at though ultimately not too disturbing given the art style.

Eventually, Noah started passing pages that contained illustrations of animals. Flies, swine, cows, eventually horses, and a donkey as Noah stopped, raising the book in triumph. "So, what happens now?" Levi asked, not as sarcastically as he'd hoped. Surely, Noah had no way to work the book, even with as determined to try it as he was.

"That's why we have Mason, here, a language major!" Noah said, slapping the usually quiet young man on the back. Mason blushed at that. He did know some Latin, but could hardly pronounce it properly, let alone understand what it said. Though there was no one more qualified in their dorm to at least try to read it, Mason's Latin interest being more than what his scholarly pursuits would require. An easy credit, all in all.

"How are you supposed to cast it?" Noah asked, Levi rolling his eyes at that. Shrugging, Mason looked over the faded words waving his hands in some semblance of an on-screen caster trying to make a go of things. Muttering the words, tripping over them several times, Mason

soon started to gain confidence and began to utter the strange language with conviction. Levi and Noah looked at each other, confused.

“Dude's getting into it,” Levi commented, having never seen this side of his friend. Noah, however, had a light in his eyes, as though he had been gifted unlimited access to a candy shop for his 10th birthday. It was a dream come true to have him be this close to his revenge, petty and bizarre as it was.

Imagine the surprise of all three men, Mason included, to see that Mason's hand was starting to glow, as though gathering energy from the book and the words to cast a spell. Whether it be one that would turn women into jackasses or simply light glaring off him from a distant lamp, none of the gathered men had any idea. Still, Mason lowered his hand, still chanting, pointing it at the house. Should hit them all, right? He commented, though none really had a point of reference. Hell, Levi was still stunned, not sure what he was seeing was happening. Both of the guys had to be fucking with him, right?

“W-wait a minute. If I hit the whole house, then won't that change everyone in there? Did they *all* laugh at you?” Mason said, lowering his hand slightly and stopping the chant. The light seemed to wane a little, though not gone completely, Mason figuring he could simply start the spell over to make it work once more.

“I don't give a fuck, they're all bitches to me! If I can't fuck em' then some jacks at the farm might as well!” Noah said, rubbing Mason's shoulders as though encouraging him to continue.

Liam would have figured the meek man would stop, not wanting to potentially punish anyone that didn't deserve it. Not that Liam thought this bullshit was real, mind. But maybe Mason did? He must have to be continuing the spell, or the light show, or whatever the fuck it was. Noah clearly had such compunctions. But Liam wouldn't have expected that Mason would...

Just then the door opened, and three women stood in the doorway, phones in hand. “What the hell are you doing out here? Creeps! Fucking trespassers! We're filming you!” A woman yelled, who both Levi and Noah recognized as being Samantha. The other two girls might have been those with her that night, though they were too buzzed at the time to recall.

It was at that exact moment the stunned Mason lowered his arm and stopped chanting, not wanting to be seen doing something that was obviously silly. Yet, this time, stopping the spell had the opposite effect, firing the bolt of energy towards the door and the women there. Though,

instead of hitting the intended targets, the swinging door glanced off the beam as it struck the glass, bouncing off and turning it back from its intended targets.

All three men were stunned with a glow descended upon them, a warmth filling them as the light intensified, nearly to the point of being blinding. All three fell on their asses, noses being filled with a terrible stench, like that from a farm. The distinct cry of an ass rang in their ears, a clearly bestial bray, though it was impossible to say if it was something they imagined or truly reality.

Eventually, the light dissipated, leaving the three of them sitting there and confused as hell. “What’s happening?” Levi said, not really sure what to make of the situation. It certainly didn’t feel like a silly light show, not with what it had done to them. At this point, even Levi was starting to believe there was something to the spell and was fearful of the potential repercussions of foolish actions.

“What did you do?!” Noah yelled, breathing in the pungent barnyard stink and almost gagging from it. It was more than the trio could bear, making them want to get up and run, to try to avoid whatever fate that had befallen them.

“Oh, fuck!” Mason called out, still reeling from the whole experience. He had never believed it would happen, as much as he hoped it might. But after what had just happened, then, maybe...

Even while waiting for the dizzying sensation and the barnyard stink to subside, Noah was still aware that the heat had not abated, and had, in fact, grown worse. In this moment it was centered on his ears, an intense tingling that buzzed around them. It was almost as though they were growing atop his head. With that came an intense wave of itching, enough that he was prompted to reach up and scratch.

Noah was not prepared for the sensation of warm, soft hairs peppering the edges of his ears, or the sheer length they had grown. They were larger, a few inches so, and were clearly still growing as though made of clay. Grasping the tips of them, Noah was shocked to find out that they were pointed, and nearly reached the tops of his head. It was almost as though he had the ears of a...

“What the hell is hawwwppening?!” Noah called out, not prepared for the equine inflection that was part of his cry. Yet, it was obviously impossible for his ears to change, impossible that the heat and the smell and even the bray could be a normal occurrence. The spell, as strange as its inception, was real and had backfired playing over the trip instead of the women in the sorority. They were the ones to be turned into donkeys!

Naturally, he was not the only one infected by the magics. Finally thinking to look around, Noah was greeted to the sight of both of his friends, each sprouting perfect pairs of donkey ears. Liam had a panicked expression on his face, gripping his ears in obvious disbelief. Mason, for his part, seemed to have an expression of wonderment, though it was hard to tell in the low light from the overhead lamp. Still, the sight of the twitching appendages, fit more for a farm animal than human men, sent a shiver of fear through his spine. Did that mean, as had happened to those other poor unfortunate souls, that the trio would eventually turn into donkeys?

“What the hell are you guys doing?! Get the fuck out of here before we call the cops!” Rang the voice from the doorstep, and Noah panicked, realizing that at this point, his only chance to escape the book's influence was to do as the woman suggested. There was no way to know if that would stop the process, but he had to try, or else doom himself to be a dumb stinky farm animal!

Yet, the moment he tried to run, a powerful shudder ran through his body, and his stomach gurgled, followed by a rumbling in his bowels. Worse than that, Noah felt a pressure against the back of his pants, almost painful. It was as though his tailbone was bursting apart and pushing against the fabric of his jeans. The ache was getting insistent, the growth much larger now, confined and twitching as it was. It was almost like he was growing a...

In panic, Noah tried to put his hands over the development, not wanting the women to see it. Yet, the moment that his fingers played over the appendage was the moment that it twitched fiercely, pushing insistently against the fabric. Noah wanted to take it out, the discomfort of growing a tail too much for him to bear. But the shame kept himself from doing so, and Noah was left standing there, torn between embarrassment and panic.

“Did they just shit themselves? Gross!” One of the women called out, and Noah felt himself blush fiercely. If that was all it was, Noah might have been OK with it, given the reality their bodies were altering into something inhuman. But with what he knew was happening...

“No no no no make it stahhhwwwppp!” Liam called out, holding the back of his pants as well. “Wait, did that come out hawwwve me?” He questioned, just hearing the equine tones escaping his lips unintentionally.

Mason, for his part, had already pulled his tail out of his pants, reaching back and rubbing the tailbone, as though encouraging it to grow. He was not calling out in panic, nor was he trying to help. Had the other two men not been lost in their own changes, they might have noticed that he seemed almost elated, though it was impossible to know with such terror at the changes they were undergoing.

“Get the fuck out of here! I've got pepper spray!” One of the women yelled, and she and Sam started to run towards them, pulling the cans out of their bags. Noah wanted to run, but the pain in his backside was too intense. His pants were pulled tight by the growth, and the sounds of tearing rang in his ears, the bone stronger than the back of his pants as the asinine tail poked through and started waving of its own accord.

Liam managed to finally pull his own tail out of his pants, jeans too firm to burst out of them. It, too, was waving back and forth, adding inch after inch to its length. Mason was down on his hands, ass in the air to let his tail wave wildly, itching at the tip as an equine tassel adorned the tip of it. Pants pulled down as they were, Noah was shocked to see something thick and black underneath Mason's new appendage. It was wrinkled and puckered, and it took Noah to realize he was staring at the other man's asshole, much larger than it should have been on a human's body. A tingling in his own asshole made him powerfully afraid, and Noah reflexively reached back, feeling the skin around an anus that was not in the same position as he recalled it should be. Though, he quickly pulled it back, feeling the hair on his tail, and was shocked at the sensitivity it seemed to possess!

It was powerfully frightening to be changing, but worse was the embarrassment that his anus was on full display as the girls came to shoo them away. As though to make him suffer further, the tension on his bowels was growing, like he needed to take the dump of his life. Noah's tail was lifting up and down of its own accord, as though responding reflexively to his anatomical needs. It was taking everything he had to hope back the urges, though instinctively he knew that it would not matter for long.

The women almost behind him, Noah felt himself flush with embarrassment as he let out a massive fart, the noxious gas wafting their way by the wind. The duo stopped, the stench hitting them all at once and making them gag. “Fucking gross!” Sam called out, and Noah felt his heart sink. Such a beautiful woman, bitch as she was, was revolted by his biological functions. And if he continued to transform, his likely hood of getting with a woman again was literally being robbed from him, as was his human body.

The tension in his pants was getting powerfully painful at this point, hips growing massive and pushing at the already present tear. His butt cheeks receded, exposing his puckered anus to the air, but not before he would feel it rubbed uncomfortably against his taut underwear. His thighs, too, were getting massive, flattening into a pelvis that was precariously holding him up against the pressure of the changes.

The force of alteration against his backside put pressure on his prostate, and, to his embarrassment, Noah could feel his cock getting hard. It should have been impossible for him to

get an erection from the changes overtaking him, much less a full-on boner. But, his cock was pounding painfully erect, making him cry out with a voice that degraded into a donkey's bray.

“Ohhh fawwwwwck! I'm soooooeeehhaawww!” Noah let out a strained cry, hating how much his voice had altered already. It seemed as though the change was meant to be embarrassing of sorts, to truly shame the victims. And what was more shameful than braying like a beast as his body was robbed from him?

“I can't hhaawwwld it! Heeehaawww!” Came a voice from beside him, and Noah looked over to his friend as his cock bobbed up and down within Liam's stretched underwear.

Fat donkey hips had ripped his pants from the back, donkey tail swishing over his own puckered anus. Noah was treated to the sight of Liam's very turgid erection pounding at his underwear, throbbing uncontrolled. A spreading stain across the surface made Noah sure his friend had cum, and Noah was sure he was close behind as his balls tensed as his body went into orgasm. The sensation was almost enough to make him leave the situation and allow himself to enjoy what felt like his entire testicular contents unloaded into his briefs.

“Oh, Gross! They're jizzing their pants!” Samantha called out, and Noah tried to look away in shame. *Not here, not like this...* Noah found himself thinking, though could not stop the torrents of jism leaking from his cock. It was even leaking out of his underwear, dripping clear strings of fluid onto the ground.

Yet, it was only two of the men that were panicked by the sudden unwelcome orgasm. “Oh, fuck...” Mason tried to keep his voice down. But it was almost impossible to do so with the sheer level of orgasmic release being given him. Transformation had been a particular interest of Mason's for as long as he could remember. To be undergoing it now, even as a punishment that had backfired...Mason couldn't help but fall into the release that had been given to him, thankful that it was part of the process.

Noah, for his part, was starting to become aware of what the sensations in his groin would mean. He didn't want to be a donkey, didn't want to be punished and be changed in this way, the fate he had planned for the woman who had scored him. But, now that he was happening, Noah was desperate for any salvation, anything *good* to come from this. At least donkeys were well hung in the downstairs department. They were like horses, right?

Yet, the orgasmic sensations did not dissipate right away, as though more cum from his testicles was being released, making his balls feel shriveled and minute. Soon, the cum leaking from his piss head was watery, no longer giving him any semblance of pleasure but rather just

expelling unnecessary fluids from his form. It was bizarre, almost painful, though none of the changes had been particularly agonizing thus far.

Proceeding the expulsion of cum, Noah felt his cock retract, pulling into his crotch as though going flaccid. Yet, Noah was able to perceive that his penis was much smaller than its human counterpart, and he was instantly concerned. Though he didn't want to debase himself in front of these women, his increasing donkey backside was making clothes a thing of the past. And it was powerfully uncomfortable to be stained in seminal fluids, oozing into his undies from the sheer volume that Noah had ejaculated. So, begrudgingly, he pulled down the waistband on his underwear, the rank stench of semen hitting his nose but not enough to deter him from his mission.

“What the hell, you freak!” Screamed the girls, though Noah was hardly in a position to care, given the sight that greeted his eyes.

Gone was the familiar sight of his flaccid uncut cock, flopping on his groin as it hung there. Now, it seemed his pisshead had expanded, pulling downward towards his testicles, which had shriveled up into tiny numbs within his fleshy sack. But there was no cockhead, no shaft any longer, just an ever-expanding crevasse moving down to peel his ballsack in two. It looked, to Noah, more like what he saw before going down on his past girlfriends. Like he was becoming a...

“What's hawwwppeneeeeing!?” Noah called out, not caring that he was braying. “Where the FFAAAWWWCK is my cock!?”

“Whawwwwww did you do eeehhhaawwww?!” Liam tried to bray out, he, too, looking at his sex in disbelief. It was obvious to the pair of them what was becoming of their masculinity, though, it was impossible to believe that it was happening to them as they stared on helplessly. Not only were they becoming stupid barnyard beasts, losing their humanity, but as a final insult, they would be stripped of their sex as well!

Unlike the other two, braying away their terror at the loss of their masculinity, Mason started to rub the fringes of his newly developed female sex, wanting to get as much pleasure as he could while he still possessed hands. The notion of losing his penis for a pair of feminine cunt lips, like transformation, was not foreign, and something that he was willing to welcome for as long as his human mind was able to do so!

Noah and Liam had no such compunctions and were forced to feel the sensations of their ball sacks being pulled into their new openings, the flesh slick and oozing fluids as they did so. It was more than the pair could bear, sending orgasmic tremors through the two men that were both

alien and familiar. Worse was the sensation of their remnant testicles being pulled into their anatomy and repurposed for something else. The term ovary came to mind, though would not have been thought of save for the fact that their genitalia matched more of a female than their former manhoods.

“Whaaaawwt did you do to eeeeeeuussss!!!?” Liam cried out, unable to understand how his night had gone so badly. Just twenty minutes ago, he was a friend along for a stupid vengeance scheme. Now he was losing his humanity, his gender, and his future to be an animal, all because of his friend’s final fuck up!

“I don’t know, I don’t know! Heeeehhaaawww!” Noah tried to yell but was unable to keep the brays out of his voice.

Yet, before he could worry about it too much, an ache in his groin hit him full force, as though his body was being wracked with internal pain. It was not actually agonizing, however, but rather something that filled him with desire and need beyond anything Noah could have imagined. It was almost like he needed something inside of him to stimulate the sudden ache that had assailed his sex. He wanted to rub it, to play over the flesh that begged for stimulation. Worse, however, was that the entire crevasse needed pleasuring at once, to have something inside of him to provide relief for the gnawing at his insides.

It was then that the reality of the situation hit them full force. Like a further layer of degradation, not only was he becoming a jenny but one in *heat*. One that would beg to be fucked if there was a jackass in the area. More of a punishment than anything he would have thought possible from the spell, even if he had been certain that it would work!

This is the worst, Noah thought to himself, not wanting to speak lest he sound more like the braying jackass he was becoming. Though, he was thankful for at least none of his friends sported donkey dicks, to avoid the possibility of being bred!

“Haaaaaaow could you hawwwwwve done this to hhhaaawwwus!?” Liam brayed desperately, dealing with his own blossoming jenny heat. He wouldn't dare touch himself, not wanting to give in to the disturbing impulses crossing his mind.

Yet, none of the men had much time to focus on the equine heat assaulting their loins, with the snapping of their hips pressing precariously against the remnants of their pants. Their asses were twice the size of their human equivalents and still enlarging, asscheeks receding to expose their puckered equine anuses. Thighs were thickening to tear away jeans, and the pressure in their pelvises grew to the point where it was impossible to stay standing. Though only Liam and Noah were trying to stand at this point, bipedal stances were soon impossible to the changing

donkeys as they fell over, catching themselves with hands that were far too short to help them up. It was all they could do to keep themselves level without falling over on their sides.

The women remained there the entire time, joined by the third now and staring at the changes in shock. Though they said nothing, their phones were at the ready, likely filming or snapping pictures of the whole ordeal. It was a frightening prospect they were using them as a point of contention rather than trying to help them. So what if the three of them had been planning to change them into asses in the first place? The women could at least try to help them, damnit!

“Fuck, they look like...jackasses? What the fuck is wrong with them?” Samantha said, camera on them all the while. It was obvious they were changing, though not everyone thought spells to be real, or that what they were watching before their very eyes was actually happening.

“Shouldn’t we try to do something?” One of the other girls asked as though it was the most obvious thing in the world. And, in Noah’s eyes, it should have been.

“HHHAAAWWWLP HHHAAAWWWUUSSS!” Noah yelled out, his panic turning into brays of terror as he felt his backside continue to grow and change.

“I don’t know what the hell is going on!” The other girl panicked, obviously as frightened as seeing the changes would make anyone. Even if there was any chance of the trio being willing to help them, there was likely nothing they could do, not with the speed that they were all being transformed into donkeys.

It was then that the pains in Noah’s bowels started to make themselves known, his backside in the air and making it impossible to hold them back. Another noxious fart escaped his backside, the sound loud enough to make him blush furiously as his friends’ nostrils flared and they gagged in disgust. Yet, that was not the only thing to be released as his sphincter muscles pushed out and the remnants of his digestion were expelled with all the pertinence of a beast with no modesty.

“Can’t stawwwwpppp! HHEEHHHAAAWWW!” Noah brayed as his tail lifted and several large dapples of donkey manure fell from his ass and plopped onto the ground behind him. It felt like impossible volumes of shit were being expelled from his asshole, and the smell was far worse than anything he had experienced thus far. If this was to be his life, eating grass and shitting and dealing with his own stink, he wanted nothing but death.

Please, take my mind too...I just want to be a dumb donkey...I don’t want to remember... Noah prayed silently, still shitting with the bowel control of an infant. There was

nothing he could do to stop the vile act as his bowels were emptied onto the ground behind them. That was hardly the end of it as his teardrop-shaped donkey vagina opened to expel a rank stream of piss that splattered over his pile of refuse, coating his back legs like the farm beast he was.

“Gross, dude!” Liam managed to say, trying to pull away but barely able to crawl slightly from the pungent stench of animal waste. It was the worst thing he could imagine, having to defecate like the donkeys they were becoming. Still, there was every chance that his time would be soon, as Liam was suddenly aware of an intense ache in his own bowels that was reaching the tipping point.

“Can’t HHHAAWWWWWP it!” Noah tried to bray, still in the process of relieving himself, unable to stop till he was empty. It was as though the curse had filled him with waste to further cement the fate that had befallen him. It was an unwelcome sign of how his life would be from now on.

Oh no, not me too! Liam thought as the urge washed over him and his sphincter muscles relaxed to release the sudden build-up in pressure. The realization that it was soon to be him hit Liam all at once as his own tail lifted and he let out a series of squelching farts, followed by a donkey-sized dump that put even Noah's to shame. All he could do was blush as his own mess added to the rancid stink in the yard, bad as any barnyard.

“That’s so gross!” One of the girls called out, getting away from the donkeys and their terrified brays.

“What’s happening to them?!” One of the other girls said, keeping the camera on them as much as she could between trying to stay downwind of the mess the changing men were making.

“They’re freaks,” Samantha said, clearly disgusted by the sight. It was all Noah could do not to wish for death once more, being seen and filmed defecating like the donkey he was becoming.

“Hey, wait, I know that guy!” Samantha stated suddenly, getting confused looks from the other girls.

Nononono don't recognize me, Noah thought, wishing to be some random man lost to the wind. He didn't want to be remembered for who he was, not after having embarrassed himself by turning into a jackass against his will. It was far too much to be changing, but this couldn't be his legacy, damnit!

“He was that perv from the party! Noah Bennet!” One of the girls said, and the trio started to laugh, making the changing donkey man feel lower than at any point in his life.

Mason, for his part, was taking all of this in stride, aware of every sensation from his changing body. He didn't mind when his own tail lifted and he deposited his donkey manure and piss. It was all part of the experience and a small price to pay to be changing and to revel in the arousal that being a jenny could grant him. The change had been everything he'd wanted and more, arousal reaching the tipping point. It could only be made better with the presence of a jack to quell the ache in his cunt lips!

At this point, his hind legs had swollen to asinine proportions, and hair and hide started to sweep over them, itching though delightfully so, Mason having wanted it so badly. The tightness in his shoes really did it for him, however, making him elated for the next part of the changes.

“My feet feel faaawwnny!” Liam cried out, torn pants stuck to donkey legs as he kicked and bucked them off. Desperately, he tried to flex the toes, though little could be done about it. It was as though the digits were gone, something thick and stiff in their place that was expanding beyond what the material could handle.

“Faawwwck I can't move them!” Noah cried out desperately, kicking at his shoes. Though, by this point, the material was starting to fray, the familiar sight of toes absent. In their place was something shiny and black, the keratin material that had encompassed his middle toes. The numbness he felt would be a permanent part of him now that he possessed a perfect pair of donkey hooves!

Yet, the loss of his feet was hardly the worst thing he was about to deal with, as the same numbing sensation started to encompass his middle fingers. Looking down in horror, Noah could tell that the tips were rapidly sinking into expanding nails while the rest started to crack and diminish into widening palms. Struggling to move them was in vain, it was obvious as much as his toes had gone towards donkey hooves that his hands would follow suit.

“NHHHAAWWWT my hands!” Liam exclaimed, a similar fate befalling his own as he struggled with diminishing fingers. Soon only the middle digits remained on the ground, nails covered them and expanding into the dirt from the weight of the donkey he was becoming.

Mason, meanwhile, couldn't help but smile as his new hooves burst out of his shoes, feeling their weight on the ground. Unlike the others, his hands were still spared, though he desperately wanted to feel all four hooves on the ground. His teardrop-shaped cunt lips were winking from arousal, not just from jennet heat but from the lust that came from watching the changes. *This is too perfect...just wanna change!* Mason found himself thinking, despite the

likely conclusion to the process. In the moment, nothing else mattered but to feel the next change and revel in the sensations of real transformation!

The girls, it seemed, were also enjoying the changes overtaking their former tormentors. “Look at them! Just dumb donkeys now!” Sam taunted, filming their horrific transformations all the while.

“They fucking *reek*. Good thing they deserved it!” Said one of the unnamed girls, wafting her hand in front of her face. “Hope they're stuck like this forever! Better off jennies than predators!”

“How is it even happening, anyway?” Sam questioned, thinking to ask once more. “People don't just turn into donkeys in people's front yards, even if they were predators. Did it have something to do with that light show?”

“Don't care, it's too funny!” The first girl said, camera on the men as they changed. “Let's enjoy the show!”

Noah was awash with intense shame as his torso started to grow and match the size of his massive ass. His belly was bulging, veins inches across the surface as his form put on hundreds of pounds of fat and muscle. Already tight, his shirt was pulling around his frame, and without his hands, Noah was sure that it was fated to tear from his chest as the rest of his clothes were. It was evident they were all going to end up as total jackasses in body within the next few minutes, and there was nothing they could do to stop it, no matter how much they wished to stay human.

“Too bad we didn't know, a bunch of people in my class would make better stinking donkeys than they would students!” Samantha declared again, looking around for an obvious source of the spell changing the men.

It was then an idea came to mind, one that wouldn't save them but would help against the deep-seated embarrassment and hate that raged through Noah's mind. He didn't know if it was possible to turn back from being a donkey, and having been caught on video already, he wasn't sure he wanted to, his social standing forever damned. But, he was certain that the change could still work if the spell was repeated, their current circumstance being a sign of that!

“Masaaawwwwn! Do the spell aghhhhaaan!!!! While you still haaaave hawwwnds!” Noah tried to say, though it was impossible to know if his words had merit with the equine inflections that were becoming more and more pronounced as the changes took his torso.

“Say it again!” Liam said curtly before more of the donkey made its way into his voice. He understood what his friend was asking, but had no way to know if Mason had heard the guttural words as well. He, too, wanted to curse the bitches now, if only to get them back for the shame that they had made the trio feel.

Mason, as it turned out, did indeed understand what was being asked of him. Looking down at the book, he started to mumble, not caring what the brays were doing to the words. Unlike Noah, his was a twisted, selfish reason to want to change the women as they were being transformed. Far from wanting revenge, he wanted to see if what he imagined would happen, to fully cement his dream and make the experience complete...

Mason held his hands low to the ground, even as one of them started to glow with the effects of the spell. The process happened faster, Mason rushing through the words to try to keep the donkey inflections out of his tones. He was soon to the end, though the energy was starting to dissipate as his fingers snapped and shrank, leaving only the middle one. And as his upper body was growing heavier, the weight of it made it hard to raise his arm. Yet, with the last of his strength, Mason managed it, the words flying from his mouth as the energy burst from his nearly fully formed hoof and bathed the women in light.

“Wh-WHAAAWWW!” Samantha called out, putting her hands in front of her face to waft away the donkey smell that came with the blinding light. Yet, the horror of the sound crossed her features almost as fast as her ears started to burst upward, covering with fur as they began twitching in consort.

The other girls, too, let out brays of terror as phones fell to the ground and hands flew to their ears in time to feel the donkey fur flow over them. Donkey ears hung high above their heads as their hair started to alter, thinning around the center to form the beginnings of asinine mohawks. It seemed to be happening faster than it had for the other three, though it was impossible for Noah to tell as he watched, a sense of satisfaction on his face. The women had taunted him for the changes but were now getting theirs in kind, turning into donkeys themselves!

All the while, the changes were encroaching over his body, belly stretching as his spine expanded to make room for larger equine organs. His shirt was pulled taut by his barreling chest, and his guts ached from the expanse of his belly, making him nicker in discomfort. To his bane, his tail lifted suddenly, and more donkey manure tumbled out before Noah even realized that he had to go again. Still, at the moment, Noah didn't care. He knew the same fate would befall the women who had been his initial targets. That gave him a queer sense of satisfaction that they would suffer the same as they would suffer.

By this point, the three women were pulling tails out of their pants, though not at all surprised that they had them. Their ears were twitching frantically, and their asses were starting to press against the back of their pants. But they were not eliciting the same panicked brays that one would expect from someone transforming. In fact, the trio was just standing dumbfounded as they played their hands over their backsides and fronts, as though scratching the itching that must have been occurring.

But something was wrong. Noah, Liam, and Mason had been spared any alterations to their faces. Though with the size of their asinine bodies, facial changes were likely soon to come. But the three girls had far-away looks on their faces, as though their intelligence had somewhat diminished. In fact, their eyes even seemed to have shifted, equine rectangles where their irises had been that made Noah feel strangely unnerved to stare into.

Yet, what happened next was truly a shock, and made Noah instantly regret what he had asked Mason to do. It started from Samantha's crotch, a growing bulge that left a wet stain powerful enough to soak through. Samantha, as though in a trance, tried to pull down her pants, though struggled with the size of her growing ass. Yet, she managed, a few tears signaling her struggle to do so. The bulge in her pants made Noah think of the one in his own before he had unloaded his contents, though such a thing should have been unexpected from a woman. Unless...

It was when Samantha pulled down her underwear that Noah realized his mistake. Instead of her feminine sex, it seemed as though a massive, drooling head had formed from the apex, sealing her vaginal lips. Though, not before something seemed to descend from them, a fleshy sack containing something massive, vying for space within. The black, silky mass fell heavily below her sex as the head continued to grow, bobbing up and down as it did so. With a winking piss slit drooling strings of precum, it really did look like the start of a penis!

It was about to get much much worse for the trio of men still growing and ripping from their clothes. The skin of Samantha's penis started to peel back, turning black and erupting with donkey fur as the growing shaft was pulled up to aim toward her bulging belly. Thick veins crawled through its surface, blood-engorged the erectile tissue until it expanded impossibly large. Mottled pink and black patches formed across its surface, the head expanding as its rim formed a shallow crown. Without missing a beat, Samantha reached down and started to stroke it, tip leaking copious fluids and dripping all over the ground.

So lost in the sight of Samantha's growing her massive donkey cock, the three men hardly realized that the other two girls were sporting donkey cocks of their own. It was the ripping of pants and underwear from the force of their equine backsides and members that drew their attention. The trio was evidently to be jacks, stroking their cocks with the focus of beasts

and not able to focus on anything else. Even as their hips forced them forward and they hit the ground, hooves bursting out of shoes, they did not stop, their self-pleasure at the forefront of their awareness. It was only the formation of hooves that seemed to stop them jerking off, though it didn't prevent them from slapping their cocks against their bellies, still as erect and as taut as ever.

It was then that the reality of the situation sank into Noah's mind, a fate almost worse than turning into a donkey. Not only was he a jenny in heat, but he was in the presence of three feral jacks, each erect and horny and ready to rut and breed. And, given the sheer blood force in their cocks, there was every chance Noah and his friends would be the outlets for their lust!

As though in defiance of his wishes, his backside started to leak, dripping fluids as the heat assaulted him tenfold. It was almost more than he could bear, the ache in his groin and the desire to be filled all-consuming. He *needed* to be fucked, despite how much the notion should have disgusted him. His body was betraying his instincts, his heterosexuality. The need to be bred like the jennet was *maddening!*

The trio of former women was almost changed now, tearing at their clothing and leaving it to sit on the ground. They were still slapping their cocks against their bellies, braying as their chests barreled, breasts shrank, and their shoulders cracked forward, giving them a four-legged stance. Unlike the men turned jennies, however, their faces started to stretch outward, lips thickening as skulls shrank and noses flared. With thickened necks, each newly minted donkey let out a bestial bray, marking them as jackasses from the results of the spell.

Liam felt a bit of panic while regarding the fate of the women turned donkeys. Nothing human remained in their expressions, as they raised their muzzled and brayed like the beasts they were. It was like a prelude to their own fates, and there was nothing Liam could do in his altering body to get away, arms still not the proper length to move on all fours. The other two men were in a similar state, and could not move or escape as the jacks started to look at them with some interest, donkey cocks still slapping against their bellies. Except for Mason, of course, who felt his equine heat with some semblance of reverence, and the sensations it could bring...

Noah felt himself staring at the jacks with an unwelcome eagerness, his vagina opening and closing as though needing penetration. He was moist and uncomfortable, aches penetrating all the way inside of him and requiring one of those donkey cocks to quell it. Never before had he felt so lustful, so desirous to be fucked and bred. Worse, the one that had been Sam raised his lips back and flared his nose to better drink in her offering.

Still shifting, Noah felt his tail rise, and his awkward anatomy started to turn around, moving in the direction of the jack. Part of him figured he would relieve himself again, and he

did squirt out a pungent stream of urine, nearly hitting the jack in the nose. Though he didn't seem to care, drinking in the hormone-laced offering with reverence. The jack stepped forward, braying and reaching out with a tongue to sample the moist folds. The simplest touch left Noah's loins aflame, making him shudder. To his horror, Noah couldn't manage to pull himself away, body torn between the needs for pleasuring and his fear of turning into a donkey.

“HHAAAWWWWWPPPPP MMEEHHHAAAWWW!” Noah tried to yell, but his efforts only forced the bones of his jaws just slightly, making the asinine inflections more guttural.

“Can't belleeeeehaawww this is haaawwwpppeennhhaawww,” Liam muttered, disgusted. But his backside could not be pulled forward, the heat keeping him rooted to the spot as he tried desperately to get away. Yet, his nose was getting larger, breathing in the musk of the sweaty, horny males. He, too, could not pull himself from the spot, tail raising and taking a piss to draw the male's attention to his backside.

Mason, for his part, found he wanted the contact, the fulfillment of a long-seated dream. Though he might have preferred to be one of the jacks on top, the notion of being female, being fucked and bred and pumped full of semen, was starting to seem preferable. Mason even moved his backside towards his mate, cunt winking and eagerly pissing to draw the attention of one of the jacks. And, to his delight, his would-be-mate started lapping his cunt lips with gusto, savoring the flavors of his vagina and slapping his cock with lust and arousal. He was going to be fucked into a jenny, and Mason couldn't imagine anything more fulfilling in all of his life!

Noah, for his part, wanted anything but to be here and bred into a simple, stinking farm beast. But, his body betrayed his desires, standing still as the male lapped at his offering. It was as though he no longer had control of his facilities. His body was not his own as he stood there, bracing his stance for the inevitable fucking to come.

“No, nnaawwwwt like this!” Noah moaned, feeling the jack start to lap his backside. Nothing he could do could pull his body away from the donkey that was going to fuck him into a stupid beast. His body was on the precipice of defeat, needing the pleasure though mentally wanting to escape. But his body was more asinine by this point, and it was obvious what his fate would be, even as he fought. But, how could he allow himself to give in to such a depraved action, needing to fight as much as he wanted to try and escape?

Liam, too, tried desperately to get away, though the jack licking his dripping pussy kept his body present and placid enough that there would be no escape. “I don't waaaawwwnt be bred!” Liam tried to call out, as much as his voice was warped by the changes. But there was nothing he could do, his body moving of its own accord as he firmed up his stance, waiting for

the jack to mount him. Worse was the pricklings of change that were overtaking him, preparing him to be a jenny in body as much as the woman behind him had been turned into a jack. By the time he was fucked, there would be nothing left of him!

Yet, not all of the trio was as disillusioned by their future prospects. “This is hhhhaaaawwsomme! I'm a donkeeeehhhaaawww! Hheeehhhaaawww!” Mason cried out, no longer caring if his friends knew that he liked it. It wouldn't matter once they were dumb animals, getting fucked with thick jack cocks bobbing under the bellies of their suitors. It was his dream, and even if it damned him to a bestial mind he would revel in the sensations as long as he could!

The sound scared the other two, thinking Mason was changed mentally and not understanding transformation had been a secret kink of his. It would inevitably come for them if what had happened to both Mason and the former women was any indication. Worse, the needs in their bodies seemed to crave the sexual stimulation, desiring to be fucked and taken and literally bred into donkey jennys, possibly forever.

Noah could only lament his stupidity as he felt the donkey getting up on his back, gripping the sides of his flanks with eager hooves. As much as he instinctively knew that it would damn him to a beastly fate, there was nothing he could do as the edges of a moist, flared cocktip prodded around the female opening that Noah now possessed. It seemed to flare in and out against his sex before plunging in, opening him up with its flared pulsations and shoving forth a shaft that would have speared the human him. But his body, save his neck and head, was all donkey, meant to take a jack's cock as it pushed its way nearly to the hilt before the jack started to thrust like a beast.

Liam's mind screamed out in terror as the jack on his backside plunged his way inside as well, wanting to be somewhere, anywhere than here. Yet, there was nothing he could do to push the beast off his back or prevent its cock from shoving into Liam's tight pucker. He tried to call out, but a jackass bray escaped his lips, followed by a series of wet cracks and the itching of his beard into a coat of hair that covered his skin, sideburns, and down his chin and neck.

Even while fighting not to feel the changes to his stretching head and thickening neck, Noah could not escape the waves of pleasure that the pounding to his loins was providing. It was getting hard to think, the ecstasy overwhelming. He could never have expected that it would feel so all-encompassing to be a jenny in heat, being fucked with a donkey's cock. Waves of pleasure were pounding her cervix, making her grunt and bray in an ever-increasing bestial baritone. It was harder and harder to fight, not that he had the ability to at the time. And, there was no point, was there? After all, if it was going to happen eventually, then why not try to enjoy it...?

Liam struggled with the same onset of equine instincts, brought on by the fucking and the compression on his skull. It seemed as though, like the former women before them, the three men were soon to be enveloped by donkey instincts and beings, as much animals as a born jennet. Though part of him was afraid, it was a rapidly diminishing part, as much as his brain was shrinking and losing his human ability to reason.

“Hess faaawwwwwking my brains out, Nooohhhaaawww!” Liam tried to yell, but it was harder to speak, harder to manage the changes now that he was being fucked. There was so little of him left as his face stretched, his teeth grew flat and slab-like. He hated the taste of his donkey breath, the smell of his hide and manure. Most of all, he hated the jack on his backside, thrusting faster now as his end neared. And, he hated that he was beginning to *like* it, knowing that he was going to be a donkey in mind as well as body. Why was he fighting so hard, when it felt so good...

Mason, for his part, maintained a little self-awareness even as the last changes encroached over his skill. Flared nostrils drank in the female stench of his form and Mason's cunt leaked even more, squeezing on the male for everything he was worth. He wanted to make his jackass cum. And he was going to, as much in control of his body as the jenny he was becoming, both beings needing the same thing!

“I HHHAWWWNA HHHEEE A DONKEEEEHHHHAAAWWW!
HHHEEEAAAWWW!” Mason brayed himself stupid, burrowing himself into the jennet's mind.

Still, there was some awareness of the release as his body went into orgasm, and the male inside of him spilled a thick load of donkey cream inside his quaking cunt lips. The sensations sent his humanity over the edge, though the donkey him was smarter than the rest, more in control of the body. Only because of his desire to be the form, though he no longer had the cognizance to understand he was once human. Mason would have preferred it that way, feeling the jack jump off his back with a rush of semen. The newly minted donkey could only nicker with contentment, swishing her tail over her backside before reaching down with rubbery lips to graze.

So little was left of Liam at this point, his struggle for naught as his skull shrank, his nose grew, and his neck expanded to match the size of the head he now possessed. It was impossible to deny there was no getting out, and he hardly the energy to curse his friend's folly for bringing off this asinine fate. *This is it...I'm a don..key...can't...cum...fuck!* Were the last thoughts that the human man possessed as the jack unloaded his thick semen into the former Liam's cunt. Nothing remained of the former human, save the pleasurable trembling not experienced by most jennets going into orgasm.

The light gone in both of his friend's eyes had been replaced with equine rectangles, and Noah knew that his mind was seconds away from drowning in the reeking beast he had become. Yet, he didn't want to possess his mind any longer, didn't want to be stuck as the animal that he would be. *Please fuck me stupid, I don't want to think anymore...* Noah thought though it was taking what seemed like a painfully long time to lose himself. It was as though the spell knew that it had been his plan perpetrated, and was punishing him by making him the last one to change fully.

Yet, there was no denying the other reason that Noah wanted to lose his mind, to let the beast just under the surface. The more he was fucked, the more donkey cock that was shoved into his cunt lips, and the more a thought started to play over his mind. One that scared him more than the change itself. But, there was no escaping the truth of what was happening to his intellect, his final thoughts as a human not being ones of resistance as he might have hoped. Rather...

Just let me change...I don't want anyone to know...I don't want to admit it anymore...I love donkey cock! Noah finally admitted before the cock pounding his cunt lips unloaded his sticky semen in Noah's vagina. As the waves of bliss rippled through her form, it was only then that Noah was allowed to sink into the donkey that he was, eyes changing into brown equine rectangles. Noah the human was no more...

By the time the jacks were done their work, six, fully formed donkeys stood there in the piles of waste and clothes, as smart as their naturally born brethren with no recollection that they had been anything else. They grazed, the males sniffing the still-dripping vaginas of the females and lapping at their backsides. The females, swishing their tails and still feeling a potent bout of equine heat, waited for their jack's cocks to unfurl for their sheaths for another breeding until the jennys were sure they would be pregnant...

The sounds of braying eventually woke the rest of the sorority, who had been largely asleep and unaware of the events outside. Some of the neighbors had called to complain about the bestial sounds outside, and eventually when someone realized there was a literal herd of donkeys in the backyard. Worse was that the jennies seemed to be in heat, and the jacks were young enough to make sure their needs were tended to. It was a little unnerving to watch, to say the least! Though, the donkeys didn't care they were going about carnal acts in front of an audience, horny animals that they were.

Eventually, they were rounded up, thankfully friendly and placid as they were approached. The jennies swished tails over their abused cunt lips, semen leaking from them as

they walked into the trailers, eager to follow the sweet scents of hay. The only thing left was the torn clothing, ones that were identified as belonging to members of the sorority. Identification within the pants provided information about the owners, though none of them could be found in the vicinity. It left the cops and sorority members to wonder...

Someone did mention the bizarre events of several years ago, one where a book was found at the scene of almost thirty animals and even more sets of ripped and damaged clothing. They, like the six missing people, were nowhere to be found. One person floated the idea that the missing people had been transformed into donkeys, though such was, by all accounts, possible. Besides, the donkeys themselves were no smarter than common barnyard beasts. The phones, though locked, would eventually be unlocked, to show a video that might tell a tale unbelievably to most.

The book, however, was not found by the investigators, leaving them to conclude that the incident was not the same, if not a copycat of some sort. But, that was simply a case of overlooking the fact that one of the other sorority members found the worn tome on the ground, among the piles of clothing and donkey leavings. It was still open to a page with the diagram of donkeys, along with a language that almost looked like Latin. It left the woman to ponder, maybe, just maybe...