

The sound of the boat crashing against the waves and the clink of glass bottles almost made Adrian relax into the moment, smiling and tipping his own beer to his lips. Ever since he had gotten on the boat towards 'Pleasure Island', a certain sense of fear and trepidation had settled into his mind, making it almost impossible to enjoy himself like he always hoped he would. Oh, he had enough sense to understand it would be the last time he would experience such things and that he should get into it. But now that it was time, there was a bittersweet awareness of the circumstances that left him unable to relax into the fun he was about to partake in.

Another bottle thrust into his hand made Adrian smile a little, taking a long sip and letting the brew settle over his taste buds. He rarely partook in suds but was happy to do so for their weekend vacation. It would be a heavy drinking event, he was sure, and he wanted to partake, to a degree. He certainly didn't want to get *too* drunk, of course. He had to be aware enough for the 'main event', not sure when exactly it would happen but desiring to keep his wits about him so the event would be burned into his mind for the rest of his life.

Even if he wasn't sure what the eventual end would be, Adrian would have boarded any boat set sail for 'Pleasure Island' without hesitation, for even the slightest chance of having his dream come true. But, upon coming across leaked footage, something that could not be faked even with current editing technology, he was sure that this was the real thing. How he seemed to be the only one aware of what such a named island would do for him, Adrian had no way to say. If anyone else here was eager for the reality that giving into the island's temptations would turn them into a donkey, they were keeping quiet about it. Much as Adrian was doing himself, which was fair enough, he supposed.

For as long as he could remember, Adrian was always fascinated with the idea of physical transformation, the scene from the animated film 'Pinocchio' hitting him hardest. It had been transformative in its own right, the thought of being punished for hedonism and forced to live out that punishment for the rest of his life. As he reached the age of maturity that fascination became sexual, to the point that he became obsessed over any transformation media, donkeys specifically, that he could come across. But, no matter how much he searched, no form of media could recreate that real imagining of having such transformation and subsequent punishment occur in real life. That is until he learned of the true island...

Adrian had no idea what the exact process would entail, of course. As he would have suspected, no one who found the real Pleasure Island ever escaped to tell the tale. It was a wonder that the island existed in the first place, let alone having enough programmed legitimacy that it could not be distinguished from a real location. Even more bizarre was that the scene he'd witnessed was enough to prove the fate of all who went there. It had to be magic or some other

force beyond Adrian's understanding. Still, however it managed it, Aiden soon discovered the island evaded any detection from the rest of humanity's capabilities, save for when it prepared to lure a new boatload of male victims. Perhaps it allowed people like Adrian to receive video evidence of their potential fates, to know that they would have no reprieve from maddening temptation until they found their way to the boat itself. Luring willing victims like himself as a way to meet some sort of quota.

Regardless of how such was achieved, there was no denying that over the course of hours or days that he and all of them on this voyage would change from their humanity towards the bodies of jackasses to be sold off to salt mines, farms, and wherever else jackasses would be of use. Adrian was sure he would keep his mind, his thoughts, and his memories of being human. How else would it be a punishment if he was simply reduced to a beast in mind as well as body, forgetting all he had lost and living as an animal for the rest of his days? His fantasy would not be complete if his human thoughts were robbed along with his body.

Naturally, when given a free weekend trip to an island with some bros, there would come due the bill when the time came for their fun to be over. A jackass fate would meet those that indulged in what they thought was guilt-free decadence. Surely, it was a permanent one. No one survived Pleasure Island to tell the tale of watching their fellow partiers growing tails of their own. In this day and age of social media, surely, more than what he had seen would have surfaced online. It took all of Adrian's resources and obsession with the prospect of real-life transformation to find what little he was able to do.

Even knowing that the process would be permanent, Adrian walked into it willingly, with a boatload of other guys whom he felt no obligation to warn about the final result of their indulgence. Though he didn't want to be a donkey, a smelly animal working in salt mines and waking up on dirty straw each morning with other reeking beasts, the idea of changing into one was more than powerfully erotic. It even made its way into bedroom affairs, much to the chagrin of his potential partners. There was no way that he could forgive himself to pass it up, no matter the consequences. And wasn't that part of the appeal of his fantasy? To change, to watch others changing, was the epitome of earthly experience to him, and he would walk willingly into it a thousand times over.

Looking around at the other fifty or so guys on the boat, it took everything he had not to sport wood right there at the thought of what they would look like with donkey ears and tails ripping from their pants. His only regret was that the changes would not be too gradual, that he would likely not have time to play with each and every guy's altering appendages before the changes went further than that, and they lost their manly physiques to jackass proportions. Not that any of the other men would have room, or voices, to complain.

Though he cared little for the men on a personal level, silence inevitably condemning them to an asinine fate, there was one guy who he had struck up a friendship with on the trip to the island. His name was Matt, a shorter man with black hair and a naturally hairy body. The sight of him in other circumstances would be enough to make Adrian melt. He was adorable, a man that Adrian wanted to get to know better. There was always the risk that he would get too attached, perhaps not a wise action given their eventual fates. But, then again, as a donkey, he wouldn't get to flirt with hot guys regardless anymore. When in Pleasure Island, right?

So, given it was to be his last hurrah as a human before he was to pay the price, Adrian steeled himself for the fun he was to be paying for. Drink was at the forefront, as was drinking in the sights of the attractive guys on the boat with him. Most were a little shy at first, especially about flirting with other guys. But whether they were openly gay or a little bi-curious after some booze, all of them seemed eager for some bedroom fun once they had the privacy on the island to do so.

To the owner's credit, the Island itself was everything Adrian hoped it would be and more. The carnival theme was evident, with rides, games, and more, giving a bit of childlike wonderment to the place. And, as depicted in the film, vendors were there to give the clientele free booze, cigars, and much harder drugs, all island brands, which promised not to provide additive side effects. Adrian didn't know how such a thing was possible but decided not to question it when already on an island that would magically change all its inhabitants into donkeys. It was truly a place of decadence beyond anything he could have imagined.

Though given the reality of what was to happen, Adrian had a harder time getting into things as much as the other men that had joined him on the island. A few times, Adrian was called out for his reluctance by some of the other guys, asked to join in drinking, snoring illicit substances, and smoking until their lungs were figuratively coughed out. But it wasn't the long-term repercussions of such indulgences that were on Adrian's mind, however. It was the moment when they would all pay for it that he was waiting for...

To his delight, Matt seemed to share in his hesitation, the cute, smaller man finding the sort of kinship with Adrian he might have hoped. They spent much of their time on the island together, getting meals, taking shots, and even attempting some weed and harder drugs. To his delight, Matt even offered to take him back to his room for sex, something exploratory and wonderful in equal measure. There was some urgency in the act, Adrian knowing it would be the last time as a human to make love to anyone, though the effect provided one of the most amazing first-time sexual experiences he'd ever had. If only they'd had met in the real world...

Yet, there was no escaping the island's magic or what was inevitably to happen. Even if Adrian were to warn him, they might have already been infected by whatever force or magic

would inevitably change them into braying jackasses. And, there were still the pervading thoughts of arousal for the moment of change and watching a group of hot guys undergoing it. Even if he could warn the man and get away with him, did Adrian really want to with his ultimate life goal in reach? Was he a moral man to want to change over saving himself and his new friend from an asinine fate? Perhaps the simple fact he wanted to change was sin enough to deserve the despicable life of a donkey when it came time to pay for his fun.

As the days passed by, Adrian felt his trepidation growing, having no idea how long it would take for the changes to happen. Part of him was elated, going into each day and event with the certainty that the more fun he had, the more he was gunning for an eventual fate working in the salt mines. His live-in-the-moment attitude made lots of friends with the other islands' residents, though he didn't go any further than drinks or parties. There was something about his black-haired cutie that made him want to avoid other orgies, at least up until the big event. He figured he might partake in group sex once the time they came to change if the other guys had the mindset to do so, but for now, he was content to take his beau to bed a second time, hoping that at least the pair were sent to the same salt mine or farming operation. He was sure feelings were developing between the two of them as much as was possible in the short span of a few days, though it was inevitably to be for naught.

Then, on the third night, it happened. A group of guys, some ten in all, Matt included, were chatting, drinking, and smoking on one of the island's many lounges. They were all familiar faces, good friends that almost made Adrian wonder if they deserved to be donkeys in the first place. Had perhaps Adrian thought the island's victims would inevitably be assholes and deserve to become literal beasts of burden? Yet, for all the free fun they partook in, didn't they all deserve to become asses for a few nights of freedom? The disparity between his rational and his lusts was almost enough to distract him from his eventual goal and the desires that followed.

Yet, all cognitive dissonance over the eventual fate of the others became moot the moment he heard it. Adrian had been listening intently for the familiar sound he had played over and over in his head. One of the men, a guy named Josh, was laughing at a joke, though Adrian missed what was said. Yet, it certainly had the desired effect on his laugh, one that was unmistakable for anything else!

“HAHAHAWWWW!”

The sound of a jackass bray bursting from a human man's lips was nothing a human could elicit but rather the sound that was a prelude to the transformation to come. With that truth at hand, Adrian could not help but sport an obvious boner in his pants. Matt happened to notice, though the source, to him, wasn't obvious. “Let me know if you need to get out of here,” he said, that shy tone that nearly made Adrian melt. There was some appeal to the notion, after all, to get

a room and have his humanity literally fucked from him. But, even more appealing was watching the panic on the men's features as they all descended into jackass-dom, imagining what each of their changes would be like before they lost their humanity forever.

His wish was soon to be granted, eyes laser-focused on the man who had brayed. There was no mistaking the twitches of the man's ears as they slowly grew one inch and pointed like the ears of some kind of cosplayer. But the more they changed, the more it was obvious they were to get longer than that, stretching up towards the top of the man's hair and further. Muscle writhed under the skin as they continued to fidget, though Josh was hardly aware of it. They seemed to move just out of range of his periphery, Josh not even noticing he had them as they wiggled this way and that. Surely they were able to detect sounds more aptly, but Josh, for his part, seemed to play it off as a part of his buzz.

Seeing ears growing on one of the guys immediately reminded Adrian of the lines from the film he fantasized about uttering. "Hey, check your ears! You look like a jackass!" He called out, pointing so that all the other guy's attention was on the man changing.

"Dude, you're one to talk! Look at your own!" Said another man, Sean, and Adrian, shocked, reached up to his own head. The sensation of coarse hair, the warm skin, and the touch of them against his head were all Adrian needed to know his own ears were changing, becoming that of a donkey's. How the hell was it possible that he missed this?! Surely, he would have felt the alterations happening to himself before now. Whatever magic was in place to change them must have lowered inhibitions enough that such discovery was impossible until it was too late.

Yet, to his delight, the reaction from the drunk, stoned men in the room was not one of horror. Rather, they seemed to be intrigued by the growths, even as each man sprouted their donkey ears in turn, touching them and rubbing the jackass fur that had coated them. Within the next ten minutes or so, each of the gathered men had their own set of donkey ears, moving and twitching and looking indistinguishable from any farm animal's. Rather than be terrified, the guys were curious about them, touching them and playing with their flexibility. And the best part was that Matt looked adorable in his own jackass ears, as much as he wasn't sure Matt deserved such a thing.

But it was more than the sight of the ears each person possessed that made Adrian excited. The obvious boners in each of their pants left Adrian drooling, his own cock leaking from the implication. It seemed he was not the only one inclined to change, and part of him hoped the displays of male arousal would turn into a full-blown equine orgy. He was getting a little ahead of himself, but Adrian couldn't imagine the scene playing out any other way before him.

The whole ordeal was to carry on in its unrelenting way with how much the soon-to-be donks were playing with their new growths. With a strained “HAWWW,” Josh bent over, something pressing against the back of his pants. A few of the other guys watching him laughed, some of their voices also carrying distinctive equine inflections. Still, there was no denying the pressure of the growth was anything other than a ropey jackass tail starting to make its presence known. As hard as they were, there was little chance of the man’s white shorts maintaining their integrity. A couple of the other guys carried strained expressions on their own faces as though dealing with the beginnings of their own tails getting caught in their pants. Though right now, all eyes were on Josh’s bent-over form and the strain on his pants that was getting more and more insistent as the moments ticked past. Everyone was too drunk and stoned to care, save the discomfort from their own growths.

“OH...HHAAAWWW!” Josh brayed, the seams in his shorts parting to give way to a swath of black hair and a ropey appendage that could only be a donkey’s tail. It burst forth, swaying back and forth at its freedom. Staring intently, Adrian was sure he could see the beginnings of a puckered equine asshole underneath, though it was hard to say as Josh got up, reaching back to touch the new part of himself that should not have been there. Most of the men gathered were too busy with their own growths to notice, however. Some were bending over, and some rubbed their backsides to alleviate the obvious aches.

Adrian’s current attention was on his friend Matt, however, beside him and struggling with his own growth. In support, Adrian put one hand on the man’s shoulders before taking his other hand as Matt panted and huffed with the pressure. “Ohh...It’s ccaaaawwwming!” He cried out, the burst of a jackass tail bursting from his backside nearly hitting Adrian in the face, and making his cock leak furiously. “Haawwwt...” Matt brayed, as though the addition of donkey parts was the sexiest thing in the world. And, to Adrian, it really was!

Even better was the sensation of something pressing from his own spine and prompting him to reach back, rubbing the growth through his pants. It nearly made the bulge at the front of his pants push through, though Adrian wanted to hold out as long as he could. Though he still had time to pull down his pants and play with the growth more painlessly, the fantasy of bursting through his pants was more than he could bear, enough to nut his pants right then and there. Instead, Adrian tried to force the new muscle within to press against his pants, having worn shorts that would tear easier from internal pressure. Any second now...just a little push...oh god...it was happening!

“OOHHHHAAAWWW!” Adrian brayed, truly *brayed* at the top of his lungs, a resounding rip tearing through the back of his pants as he felt his new growth push through, rubbing against the fabric and making him whine with contentment. If he focused on it, he could move the thing, making his cock spasm uncontrolled in his pants. Adrian continued to nicker

softly, still-human cock spasming and coating the inside of his shorts with semen. He was only thankful his shorts weren't torn so that no one could see that he'd nudded in his pants, though it was soon to be a moot point. So far, everything had been going exactly as he'd hoped, and more, to be experiencing a real-world transformation before his eyes!

Ignoring the obvious stain in his pants, Adrian reached back to feel the growth twitching toward his hand with the ability to do so. It was so long, and thick, and, best of all, it was part of him now! Sure, it looked awkward over his still-human ass, but that was a moot point. Adrian only needed to look around to see everyone puzzling over their own tails. Unlike their ears, however, many of the men seemed to carry looks of confusion as well as excitement. Their tails were swishing back and forth, playing over the rips in shorts as though agitated. Some guys were groping them, with one man even pointing and laughing before sprouting his own, jackass brays intermingled with the jeers and making Adrian pound erect once more.

As he was soon to find out, the tingling in his crotch was indicative of the next change, as his cockhead ground against the damp stain of semen. It was as though his piss slit was getting larger, moving lower on his cock head as the head itself flared and rounded, pressing discomforting against the fabric. The swelling of his erection, too, was happening far faster than even his love of change could account for. His cock was changing...he was getting a jackass cock before he inevitably lost his hands!

With that, there was no reason for him not to pull down his pants and take out his cock, wanting to watch it change and not caring about any of the reactions of his peers. There was no point in holding back, after all, with no one able to keep speaking for much longer anyways. So, without hesitation, Adrian pulled off his shorts, letting his cock hang in the air, waiting for the inevitable change to its jackass state.

"Dude! WHHAAWWWT are you doeeehhhaawww!?" Sean tried to say to him, though was soon distracted by the tension in his own crotch, reaching down and moaning as his own cock started to pound to full attention. Everyone else was undergoing the same type of alterations, cocks getting hard in pants and eliciting a series of pained brays and moans for the change to come.

Adrian, for his part, wasn't about to let this last chance go to waste. He wanted to cum one more time while he still had the hands for it, knowing that if the changes continued as they should, his fingers could be robbed from him at any moment. With that in mind, Adrian started to stroke, rubbing from the head and seeming to pull his foreskin down further from his shaft than possible. It had to be the start of his sheath forming, peeling down toward the base, and giving his new donkey cock a warm, soft home while not in use. To his delight, the sheath itself started to darken, turning an equine shade of black as the itching of hair growth peppered it all

the way down to the base. The penis left to slide from its newly developed home, meanwhile, was altering color, blackened in some areas while forming mottled patches in others. The head, flaring as it was, became more pronounced, looking more like a mushroom head than anything a human could support. Its flared crown became peppered with small bumps, the head flattened, and the piss slit situated itself on the lower part. Added in the formation of a medial ring in the center of the shaft, it was clear that Adrian now possessed an equine's dick!

Turned on as he was by the still-growing donkey cock dangling from his groin, there was no avoiding touching himself, taking his cock in both hands from the sheer size of it. There was some urgency in the actions, not wanting to lose his hands in the middle of masturbating. Given there were some seconds between one change and the next and feeling the intense lust in his swelling donkey balls, Adrian figured he would have just enough time. It felt almost alien to touch such a bestial member, though it was part of him now, and its sensitivity, either from his own lust or a donkey's stamina, felt dialed up to eleven. But as the shaft leaked over his hands, coating them with donkey precum, all notions of hesitation or trepidation floated from his mind, and he was prompted to stroke as hard as he could, not taking time to enjoy the act in case he lost it halfway through.

To Adrian's delight, he was not the only one lost in asinine lust. Others took their cocks out of their pants as they, too, changed toward an equine equivalent. They were bobbing in the air, unfurling from forming sheaths as their black balls swelled with donkey seed, and their flared tips started to pulsate. Even the more conservative men couldn't keep their donkey erections in their pants, needing to pull them out and stare at them with some level of rapture. Moans of "OH, YEAH" and "HAWWW!" echoed in the space, turning on the changing donkey man even more to be in the middle of an actual equine orgy.

It was then Adrian remembered his friend-turned-lover, and looking down, Matt was blushing furiously at the specter of his equine organ getting longer to match Adrian's own. There was no denying how he wanted to go out, and moving in front of the smaller man, Adrian took him in a kiss, enjoying the boozing breath and still human texture of his lover's lips. Better than that were the equine organs that started lancing together, leaking as Adrian reached down to steady their members so they could frot together. Part of him wanted to take his lover's cock in his bowels, though their rectums were hardly large enough to comfortably take donkey dongs. Besides, the two of them had shared in anal escapades over the past few days, and there was no time to prepare for anything other than the frotting they were undergoing. It would have to do, and was certainly a fine way to go out of humanity with a literal bang!

The culmination of sweaty donkey musk, the sensation of donkey cock against his own, and the knowledge there was a roomful of soon-to-be jackasses made it impossible for Adrian to hold back. And he didn't want to, needing these few minutes of pleasure more than anything he



could recall. He felt Matt's cock throbbing into orgasm first, and he stroked with fervor, wanting the two of them to cum together for the last time as humans, or at least partially ones. Knowing that his lover was about to cum, Adrian felt his own end nearing and pulled back from the kiss to let himself bray and finish. And he did, human mouth opening before he let loose with truly, equine bray.

“HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW! HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!”

“OH, AdriHHHAAAAWWW!”

The two would-be beasts blew their burden, cocks shooting like fire hoses, spraying donkey cum onto each other groins and cocks. The waves of pleasure from shooting off such girthy organs were enough to dizzy both men, and they gripped each other with cum soaked hands, lost in the moment of ecstasy and everything it had to offer. The orgasms lasted longer than the usual seven seconds that most men enjoyed, and it was near earth-shattering to experience such a thing with hybrid physiology. He never wanted it to end, and for those few moments, it seemed it might not.

Yet, as Adrian was well aware, all good things had to come to an end. As soon as the waves of pleasure started to wane, a feeling of trepidation washed over the man. Pulling away from Matt, Adrian was prompted to take stock of his body, wondering if he had lost any more humanity. That seemed not to be the case for the moment, though that was likely to change at any time. And then, they would be on their way to turning into fully formed donkeys, except without the lust he felt toward that possibility.

“No! Stop! STAAWWPPP!” Came a voice to distract him from his self-reflection. Adrian looked up to see Josh looking down at his cock, waving and bobbing up and down. It was obvious he hadn't finished cumming, cock still erect and throbbing with need. But he no longer had the appendages to masturbate. His hands balled into fists as the translucent nails of his fingers started to spread over them, darkening and thickening into the semblance of a hoof. Though, unlike the rest of the changes, it seemed the formation of hooves was coming more quickly. It was obvious he could not longer un-ball his fists, and the bones shifted under the skin as it was coated over by the black nail, all but assuring he would soon have jackass hooves, good for nothing more than holding his weight on the ground.

Adrian couldn't help but feel a rush of fear at that, knowing that it was soon to happen to him at any moment. He flexed his hands, trying his best to keep them motile for as long as he could. Though it was a useless endeavor, he knew deep down. And it was becoming more and more obvious as Sean, then another man started braying their panic at the formation of equine

hooves at the ends of their wrists. Something that no man should own and that were useless for interacting with the world as humans were used to doing.

“Adrian! HAAAWWWWLP!” Came Matt’s braying voice, and Adrian looked over with fear as Matt tried to reach for him with hands that were obviously stiffening. Adrian tried to take Matt’s hands for one last time, but the spasming of the appendages soon made it impossible, and Matt was prompted to pull them back as they spasmed and contracted into fists. Tears were running down his lover’s face as the horror of what was happening hit him in full.

A guilty part of Adrian didn’t want to touch Matt’s forming hooves, thinking it would be a catalyst for his own hand’s degradation. Still, such fears were foolish, as he was soon to come to understand. The stiffness in his own hands started in spades, and Adrian was unable to move them away from their eventual configuration. Soon, they balled up into fists, the bones within losing the ability to part as he was used to. He was about to form his own set of donkey hooves, and there was nothing he could do to stop it!

Tears ran down his own face, and the reality of his future hit Adrian like a ton of bricks. It was obvious the time for pleasure was over. His last fap with a donkey’s cock and one more kiss to his human lover was something he would have to cherish forever. There would be no more contact such as that, no more touching himself or anything else ever again. With that came the striking fear he had tried to repress but was unable to with the finality of his situation hitting him. Why had he done this in the first place? It was just one fap, albeit the one he never would have thought possible. Was it really worth it? It seemed so at the time! But now...

With despair, Adrian was left to watch the spreading keratin over the skin, fusing the fingers together, though the bones within had already knitted into one, the massive bone set within equine hooves. Knuckles pushed out, forming the outer rounded edges as the inner fingers parted to hollow out the bottoms of his donkey hooves. With the darkening skin, it seemed Adrian was to be cursed with equine hooves, albeit ones that were shiny and new, at least for the moment. A frightening thought passed his mind at that. How long would they remain in that state once he was sold off to work in the salt mines?

By this point, all the other guys were panicking, calling for help with voices interspersed with equine brays. Some were running toward the door, banging on the handles with hands that were stiffening into hooves. Even those few with flexible fingers found the doors to the room locked from the other side. They were being corralled like the beasts they were becoming before the island’s employees came for them.

It was soon to be much worse for all the men as their backs started to hunch, and their spines extended even enough beyond what their new tails allowed. Some were getting top-heavy,

and it seemed they would soon end up on all fours where donkeys like them truly belonged. Many were braying, cries of “HEEHLP MEEEEAAWWW!” and “I waHHHAAWWW my MOHHHAWWWWMY!” could be heard amidst the brays, lines straight out of the movie that had birthed this entire concept. Or, perhaps like the island of Circe, this place had existed for eons as well, its presence only briefly alluded to in a film as a temptation for those who would deliberately seek it out. It mattered little, given that Adrian would soon lose his voice and his ability to ask anyone ever again.

Remembering his lover, having been lost in his own head, Adrian looked down at Matt, who was bending over from the pains of change. He looked up at Adrian with despair, and Adrian wanted to reach down to kiss him, to tell him it would be OK. But he couldn't. More to the point, a realization crossed Adrian's mind, a truism as much as the fact that he would live the rest of his life as a donkey. Why the hell hadn't he thought of that before falling for one of the guys, that they might never see each other again!? They would be donkeys for the rest of their lives and forced to live in bestial squalor and labor, a horrid existence beyond any punishment that three days of frivolities should ever have occurred!

To his chagrin, the sight of all the changing donkey men still had an effect on Adrian's cock, which was peeling out of his sperm-covered sheath with some discomfort. It was impossible that he could still be aroused by what was happening, even with the implication so clearly in front of him. But, worse than that, even if he wanted to debase himself further through masturbation, without hands, there was no chance of ever touching himself again. A bray of panic at that realization crossed his lips, Adrian wanting to call out for help as well but being unable to no matter how much he tried to articulate the words.

“HEEEHHHHAAWWW! HHHAAAEEEHHHAAWWW!”

Yet, there was little time to reflect on such things with the reality of the change encroaching over his form. His head was to be its next victim, nose tingling intently as it started to extend and merge with his upper lips. Reflexively, Adrian reached up to feel it only to have his hooves smash against his nose, making him wince and bray his shame for forgetting he had them. His nose was still to expand, nostrils flaring and drinking in the rank odors of donkey sweat and cum, making his head dizzy. He was sure it was turning brown, sparse hairs covering it and running up the former bridge of his nose.

There was another bane for having such an acute nose, as his mouth expanded and his teeth turned blocky, likely yellowing into asinine slabs. The more his teeth grew in his mouth, the more his breath started to stink, the taste and stench getting to him and making him ill. How could he have known donkey breath would be so *rank*?! And it was a smell he would have to deal with for the rest of his life!

Looking over at Matt, the black-haired man was changing in the same way, face pressing out into a donkey's muzzle as he panicked and brayed, not wanting to leave Adrian's side unlike some of the other donkeys that were running around on all fours and banging on the doors. Adrian had to admit he still found the man hot, maybe more so in some ways with the asinine features encroaching over his body. Of course, he did, but...did it matter if he would never see the man-turned-donkey again?

Distracted once more by the changes, Adrian was forced to struggle in vain to stay on two legs. The horror that the moment he fell would be the last he would ever walk on two legs was not lost on him. Adrian didn't want to be down on all fours. Why hadn't he thought this through!? Though any concerns were to be for naught, and Adrian put out his front hooves to catch himself, a distinct *clop* resounding as they hit the ground. Having only one pair for the moment, Adrian was made aware of a tightness in his shoes as his toes started to fuse as well, feet balling into sensory-deprived hooves that were steadily outgrowing them. Adrian's only reprieve was that he did not feel any pain against the pressure as the changes robbed him of the ability to feel. Eventually, the hooves burst through the stitches until Adrian's back legs started to kick them off reflexively. Hind legs were altering as well, calves compressing and thighs melding into what was soon to be an expanding stomach. Most bizarre of all was the parting of his hips to expose an anus that was thickening, meaty, black, and puckered like the jackass he was doomed to become.

The changes continued their relentless march over his form as brown fur spread from his head, running from his neck, down his back, itching fiercely though Adrian had no hope of ever scratching it again. It prickled down his back, running over a fattening belly, sinking shoulders, down thinning arms and legs. It was preceded by blackening skin that could twitch in several places with the new muscle within. Motions needed to avoid biting insects, something attracted to the stink of his sweat and waste that would cling to him for the rest of his life. Yet, there was nothing for it as his chest continued to barrel, torso thickening as muscle rippled underneath that made him thicker like a barnyard beast.

The changes were not limited to his external anatomy, as Adrian felt an internal gurgling in his guts as his organs changed. Whatever magic was changing them saw fit to keep them alive as their organs went through fatal alterations, growing and reshaping into equine equivalents. A larger stomach, longer intestines, thicker lungs, and expanding ribs were all par for the course as his anatomy forever altered from its human form. As though to cement its reality, Adrian felt his tail lift of its own accord, and he let out a loud bout of flatulence, one that he had no control over. Disgusted at the rank barnyard stench, Adrian had the horrible realization the smell would be part of him and his contemporaries for the rest of his life.

Looking to his side and staring at Matt's head changing was a prelude to his own fate as his lover's eyes widened, turning brown and dulling into equine orbs. The fear within them remained as the jackass Matt had become continued to bray his panic, nuzzling Adrian in a sign of solidarity. They were not to lose themselves to the change, Adrian was able to confirm. That was part of the punishment that the island bestowed on them. They would have to remember each and every day. Was it really worth it for a few minutes of pleasure? Adrian certainly thought so at the time!

The aches of change forced his neck to thicken, hair bristling down the center like the beginnings of a mohawk. The remnant hair atop his head was changing to forever be marked the jackass he was. Though it was one change he didn't mind, finding the look fetching on the worst of days. Matt's own black hair had become rather cute as well, though there was no ability to tell him so with their inability to understand beastly brays. What was the point?! Why had he agreed to any of this!?

The rest of their heads, the only signs they had ever been human, were soon to be remolded into nothing more than those of a beast. Skulls cracked apart and reconnected, faces pushing toward the jackass muzzles they would wear forever. Wet brays escaped their lips as both donkeys drooled, the force of their mouths wetly cracking forth almost too much to bear. It was thankful no pain persisted through the transformation, though it was of little reprieve knowing their visages were forever being altered toward jackass forms. Though even as their brains compressed, and human reflections should have been squeezed out, they retained all memories, all thoughts, and fears for the future. It was part of their punishment for them to remember all they had lost as they carried out the rest of their lives as beasts of burden.

With that, the changes were done, the tingling of transformation finally subsiding over his form. It seemed as though everyone else was in the throes of their final changes as well, bucking and braying to get rid of their clothes, the last vestiges of human words in their voices robbed for uninterpretable brays. Soon, nothing remained of their former humanity save the ripped clothes on their backs, their panicked brays the only sign that something was amiss with their herd. That, and their place in a lounge on the island was far from the dirty farmyards and stalls they would soon live in. Though with the threat of the island's staff coming from them, it would be the last time they would see such a place, ever taste alcohol or drugs, or likely even sex...

With that last bit of realization, Adrian was surprised to feel his cock getting hard out of his sheath, the panic of his bestial reality keeping him at bay until now. Without the stimulation of change and the horror of his future, there should have been no stimulus for him to be horny. Maybe it was that desperation to fight against his future that left him so aroused, though there was little matter with how hard his cock was. Maybe the sight of his cock would be enough for

Matt to join him, to help him alleviate his lusts. He would happily raise his tail for the former cutie, his equine pucker large enough to take donkey cock.

Yet, it was not to be.

The tingling of change, something that he thought he was done with, soon started in his cock, and Adrian whickered softly, not expecting it to happen so quickly, let alone with such ferocity. His cock pounded painfully erect, as though he was being gripped with a vice. The force of having his testicles jerked left him panting and braying as Matt came up to him, rubbing against his body. He was hardly the only one crying out with similar panicked brays of pain and agony resounding around the room. It was as though his balls were preparing to blow, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

“HHHAAAHHHAAAWWW!”

The sudden jerking of his cock left him stunned as his rod pulsed and his penis painfully shot what had to be his entire testicular contents onto the floor. It pumped through his member like a piston, no pleasure in the action as thick wads of donkey jism were unloaded onto the floor, splashing onto his hooves and legs. The orgasm seemed to last forever, a dizzying sensation that nearly had him fall into his own widening puddle of spunk.

As soon as it started, the sensation of orgasm stopped, leaving Adrian powerfully confused. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before. The entire seminal load he carried was emptied in one fell swoop. His pisshead was still leaking clear fluids, expelling every trace of masculinity from his body. Testicles seemed still gripped by that vice-like hand, shrinking now as their burden was unloaded. Wait, shrinking?!

“HHHEHHHAAAWWW!” Adrian tried to call out his panic, but the fear of what was happening hit him all over again. Transformation enthusiast as he was, the notion of why his semen might be expelled from his body was not lost to him. And the implication was even worse than spending the rest of his life as a beast of burden. At least, he wanted to remain male, but...

It was the change to his still-erect cock that confirmed his fate. Though the sensitivity did not wane, it seemed to be pulling back towards his groin, a bizarre contrast of arousal even as his cock retracted. No, not retracting. It was shrinking, the flesh reducing in width and length beyond anything his flaccid state could manage. It was as though it was reverting to its human form, but was soon even smaller as the sheath pulled into the skin of his groin. Soon, only the flaring piss slit remained, opening impossibly wide and spreading through his groin like a natural disaster tearing through the earth. Worse, the entire surface of his new slit carried as much sensitivity as the entirety of his cockhead. It was as though the nerves within had quadrupled to

create a deeper craving than anything he had ever known. He now needed to be penetrated by a cock head, not unlike the one he possessed not a moment ago...

It did not take the sensation of shrinking testicles being pulled within, or the expansion of his new moist aching slit, moving through his perineum towards his puckered donkey anus for Adrian to understand what was happening. Nor was he the only one. Looking around the room revealed far fewer donkey dicks on beasts of burden that had all been cis men prior. It seemed the curse of Pleasure Island did not limit itself to stealing away one's species. Now he was jenny, as were many of the former men, likely just as valuable or even more so for whatever sinister machinations their benefactors had in store for them.

*Wait, wait, wait! Nononono, not that!* Adrian tried to call out, but of course, he could only bray his disdain at the loss of not only his species, but his sex as well. Even as a donkey, there was the chance he could come to erection and slap his cock against his belly like a beast. But with a donkey's cunt, there was no way to pleasure himself, forever doomed to periods of heat with no way to tend to them. It was a hell worse than anything he could have fathomed. Why had he not thought of this possibility when he'd accepted his free pass to Pleasure Island? And yet...would that possibly have changed his mind, even in the slightest...?

Even through his primal terror, equine lust persisted, his cunt lips clenching open and closed and leaking a bead of fluid. Not only was he female, but he was undergoing a period of heat, the desire to be penetrated and fucked and filled with jackass sperm at the forefront of his being. In some ways, the primal lust wracking his loins was more intense than his own lust for transformation and donkey dong. It was hard to distinguish between the two conflicting sources, jackass instincts and human desire for change. But then, did it matter? His body craved for pleasure, and the donkey beside him still possessed an equine cock, one that could easily penetrate his needy cunt lips. Besides, wasn't he owed any modicum of pleasure he might be granted when only a life of beastly labor awaited him?

It did not take Matt much coaxing when Adrian eagerly shoved his jenny's cunt into his waiting nose. Gay as he might have been in human life, part of him seemed eager to give in to instincts and the female what she wanted. Or perhaps he still saw Adrian as the man he had a crush on and wanted to fuck either his ass or his cunt, whichever was offered. Either way, a thick donkey's tongue soon started playing over his cunt lips, making him relax. Without realizing what he was doing before it was too late, Adrian's quivering cunt lips let loose with a stream of piss, getting all over his benefactor and making Adrian wish to blush with shame. How could he have no control over his bodily functions like an animal? Would this be his fate, to stand around in his own piss and shit, unable to control the next time he urinated or defecated, or who was around when he did?

Wishing to apologize to Matt but unable to articulate over his panicked brays, Adrian was still shocked when Matt continued to lick his backside, piss not a deterrent. Adrian recalled something to the effect of jenny urine being a potent aphrodisiac to a mounting jack, given how laced it was with pheromones. Perhaps Matt was willing to forgive his lack of bodily control or simply needed the final fuck. Whatever the reason, his oral ministrations only increased their tempo, lapping at his lips until Adrian brayed his insistence, no longer able to speak but the notion of what he needed at the forefront of his thoughts.

No sooner had he verbalized his need through equine brays than the weight of two hooves atop his flanks caught his attention, and Adrian backed into the contact, wanting nothing more than to take that donkey cock inside him. Anus or cunt lips, it mattered little when it was his crush-turned-jack that was doing the fucking, and his cunt lips quivered as the flat head of a donkey's cock pushed its way in. The penetration was beyond what he had expected, far different than anal sex though potent in its own way. The jack, eager as he was for what felt like their last rut together, pushed in furiously, in and put, and stimulated Adrian's insides more than anything in recent memory. If this was to be his life of jackass sex, then, maybe, things wouldn't be so...

It was then, lost in the middle of their rut, the doors burst open, and more than a dozen men rushed in, carrying halters and laughing at the room full of donkeys. "Just like the last bunch! They couldn't help themselves, they had so much free fun, but the bill came due, just like it does for everyone that comes to Pleasure Island!" One declared in a loud, mocking voice.

"Wish we had gotten here soon! I love listening to their last cries turning into brays as they call to their mommas!" Another said, grabbing one of the donkeys close to him by the mane and painfully pulling him in to put a halter on him.

"Bunch of useless layabouts are going to make great workers hauling carts in the salt mines!" Another said, just the sorts of things that Adrian would have expected would be their rhetoric. It was obvious the employees took sadistic pleasure in watching men degraded to jackasses, more so than even Adrian had been expecting.

"Love the end when most lose their precious cock and balls. That's the best part! Need more jennies than jacks, you know! Enjoy getting fucked for the rest of your lives! That is when your jacks can even get it up!" A third said, and Adrian felt a modicum of shame at that. Still, with his lover in his cunt lips like that, it was harder to lament the loss of his sex.

"Hope it was worth it for one last fuck! You ain't going to have any time to shag each other now when you get thrown in the mines! No more waking up together after a night of sex! Just dirty stray and stinking jackass stalls for you!" Another said, going around and roughy



clasping the halters on the donkeys, each trying to get away but unable from the inhumanly strong men.

With that. Matt seemed to increase the insistence of his thrusts, as though desperate to finish. And Adrian, despite his disgust for his new femininity, wanted desperately to take the semen inside him. The sensation of Matt's cock pulsating within him was more than he could bare, bringing his orgasm to a head. And he wanted so much to take the wash of semen that would coat his insides. Just a little more...and then...

“Awww, let's let 'em finish! I don't think it matters if she gets preggers before she gets put to work!” Said one of the men, and with that, Matt let out a final thrust, cock spasming and pulsating a thick wad of jackass sperm into her needy cunt!

“HHHEEEWWWHHAAAWWWW! HEEEEHHHHAAAWWW!” The two of them brayed, Adrian pushed over the edge of a female orgasm, wanting to experience it in full but unable to as the halter was placed over his neck and he was pulled away.

Yet, to his delight, it seemed Matt was to be taken with him, pulled along by the same man through the door. Hoping to all hope they would be kept together, Adrian muzzled Matt's lips, taking him in a semblance of a kiss. It seemed their gesture was to go unnoticed, the man having a comment ready. “Aww, would you look at that! What a cute couple! Might as well keep 'em together, keeps them more placid in the salt mines if they've got a fondness with each other to couple!” A sound of agreement came with the other men, and the two were taken down a dark corridor to their unknown fates.

Adrian felt some semblance of relief at that, though it was a fleeting one. Given he had no idea where they would end up, he was at least thankful that, in the end, he had Matt would be together to culminate whatever their future might hold together. It wasn't to be much of one, living as stinking jackasses for the rest of their lives. But at least they could take comfort in their new bodies together and the new life inside him as Adrian became sure he was pregnant with their foal...