

Opening the car door, Hugh tried to hold his nose, knowing that the stench of barnyard and animals would wash over him the moment he allowed it to. He had been out here several times in the past, of course, but had never gotten used to the smell. How Wendy lived with it day in and day out, he had no idea. It was why he always insisted that Wendy came to his place for their dates. Even though those get-togethers were sparse in the past few months, he would still prefer not to have to come here.

Though, when Wendy asked him to make the half-hour trip, with their relationship on the rocks as it was, Hugh eventually decided that he no longer had a leg to stand on to say no. He didn't want to lose her, years invested in the relationship as it was. And thousands of dollars, though that was something he would never say out loud. It wasn't the time to break things off, though the idea was playing over his mind here and there in recent days. So, here Hugh was, making his way out to her family's farm, breathing through his mouth so that the animal stench didn't get to him too much. He would be sure to watch where he stepped, not wanting to get his expensive shoes stained while here!

There was another reason he was out here, incentive enough to overcome his distaste for being on a traditional farm. Wendy, for once, was offering in no uncertain terms to put out, to rock his world as much as she ever had. He couldn't recall in the last few years when she had been so amicable to bedroom affairs, even with as hot as she was, and as concerned with fitness and taking care of herself as she prided herself in. It was the only thing he found lacking in their relationship, loving the freedom that her studies and farmwork gave him while still having a beautiful woman to call his own. But every man had needs after a while, and Hugh was in no mood to turn down his lover on what he hoped would become a more frequent occurrence!

Hugh waited outside for a few moments, figuring that Wendy would come out and greet him at some point, though that turned out not to be the case. Hugh quickly assumed he caught her at the wrong time or didn't notice him. Heading up to the door and knocking, Hugh waited a few moments with no response. Eventually, he decided to call out a 'Honey?!' to which a muffled cry of response came from one of the barns beyond the main house. Great. There was no avoiding getting dirty in that case.

Doing his best not to step in anything unsightly, Hugh made his way to the main barn, the one where they housed a few errand jackasses, something the farm was known for. It was a little odd, as best as Hugh could tell for the family to house such beasts, save for some sort of hobby farm. They certainly didn't need them for work or the like, though there were hitches and the like for them to use on occasion. Hugh figured it was ultimately none of his business.

Figuring the barn was where the sound was coming from, Hugh opened the door, the heavy smell of donkeys hitting his nose and almost making him gag. There were several donkeys

present, one jack as far as Hugh knew, though he hardly cared. Breathing through his mouth, Hugh called out Wendy's name, hoping she would come soon so they could leave and head into the main house. Surely, she wasn't thinking of making love among the beasts, though such an absurd idea was par for the course with his girlfriend.

The sounds of a harsh bray made his ears ache, and Hugh turned around to see one of the donkeys was staring at him, lips pulled back to expose yellowed, slab-like teeth. The sight was rather ugly, and Hugh wished to turn around, leave the barn and wait for Wendy outside. Yet, there was something in the donkey's stare that kept Hugh enamored, finding a surprising difficulty pulling away. The massive, equine orbs seemed to gaze into him, even though they should have been looking away from him, on the sides of his face as they were. Part of Hugh's mind wasn't sure how he knew the gender of the beast from behind the gate as he was. Though the fact seemed firmly entrenched in his mind and kept a queer sort of trance over him that made it impossible for Hugh to pull away.

As he continued to stare at the animal with rapture, a glow seemed to settle over the donkey's eyes, an unnatural hue that would have made Hugh terrified. Though for some reason, it was hard to muster any fear under the circumstances. Something mesmerizing about the sight made his thoughts fuzzy and his focus on nothing else. The smells, the sounds of the other beasts, and the fear he should have felt were all lost in the moment of connection with an animal that surpassed his understanding.

After what felt like an eternity, the glow faded from the beast's eyes, and Hugh was left to stumble back, confused over what was happening. How had a donkey captured his attention so fully? It made no sense, and as Hugh stood there, blinking, he felt the haze of the event obscuring his thoughts. Even the location of his girlfriend, who part of him was sure he needed to ask about the whole thing. Not that she would know, right? It was such a bizarre scenario, how could anything explain why a donkey had trapped him in what could be only called a hypnotic gaze?

Slowly coming back to reality, Hugh was steadily becoming aware that he was feeling a little ill, with queasiness in his stomach that would not go away. Hugh wracked his brains, wondering if there was something he'd consumed in the last day that might account for it. No matter how much he tried, Hugh couldn't place the source of the discomfort. Not even the smell or presence of the beast in this barnyard was enough to make him question as to why he was feeling so ill. Hugh found himself wondering if he needed a bathroom if he was going to vomit, or worse. Though, at the moment, the discomfort was mild enough that there was no urgency in relieving himself.

Slowly, the pain seemed to be centered in his stomach, growing slightly more intense as the moments passed by. It was as though his guts were expanding, extending, and thickening all the same. Such an ache should have made him double over in agony, making his last moments on earth a living hell. The growth in his stomach continued to increase, ballooning outward as though he had consumed a large meal and his insides were adjusting to properly digest it.

His concerns were soon warranted as his distending belly seemed to pull up slightly, sticking out and covered with stretch marks that crawled across his skin like eels. Soon the extension of his belly made it so that his shirt was an inch and then more, as though he was putting on a significant amount of weight as only mere moments passed. His belly felt heavier, the skin warm as he touched it, not sure what was really happening but needing to explore it with his fingers all the same. His fingers traced over an odd texture, the mostly bare treasure trail seeming to have returned with a vengeance. Darkening skin was followed by itching of hair growth, dark and turning gray as he watched with rapt attention. It seemed to be moving up his distended belly and under the shirt faster than the shirt was pulled up from his bulging girth.

A gurgling from his guts reminded Hugh of the changes that he could not see, ones that were getting more and more insistent. He groaned, it feeling as though his stomach, his guts, and his heart and lungs were all swelling and changing. Such should have killed him over and over, Hugh was sure. Though all he felt was some mild discomfort, enough that he was forced to stand there, rubbing his belly in hopes to relieve the discomfort. With that, Hugh felt himself belching, a gas build-up of pressure releasing a little bit of the ache that was assaulting him. The gas started to fill his cecum as well, and without the ability to stop himself, Hugh found himself farting intently, the stench of which was all too reminiscent of the barnyard smells he hated so much.

Yet, despite his distaste, he felt towards his uncontrollable bodily functions, a surprising ache in his backside caused him to reach around, desperate to alleviate the irritation. It was as though something was pushing from the end of his spine and causing a bump or blister to push its way through. Ignoring his flatulence, Hugh reached back, rubbing the spot, and was shocked by what met his fingers. It seemed as though an inch-long growth was protruding from his tailbone, and began to twitch the moment that he rubbed against it. Even worse, it seemed as though the extension was still extending against his touch as though the mere contact was enough to spur it to action.

“What the hell...?” Hugh managed to moan, though was unsure what to make of the situation. It was getting a little too surreal for the man, the changes to his body far beyond anything he could comprehend. The only idea he had in mind was to try to get out of there, that something in the barn, perhaps the donkey itself, was the cause of the discomfort and the physical alterations that were assailing him.

Yet, the ache in his backside was soon beyond what he could imagine, causing him to nearly fall over with the pain. It was getting increasingly frightening to possess such a thing, as though he was growing some sort of...tail? No human should own such an appendage, but as trembling hands rubbed over the growth, the thing *twitched* as though eager to do so now that it could do so. A shiver shot through his spine as though unused to the development and shocked it could do so.

Scarcely able to comprehend what was going on, Hugh called out desperately, trying to keep the tremor out of his voice but unable to from the fear of what was happening. It was beyond his reasoning to be undergoing such a drastic alteration. And, although he had no idea what the result would be, there was no denying how far he had fallen in such a short time without anything looking like it was ready to stop. Hugh couldn't resist the fear and trepidation the whole ordeal was causing him and hoped desperately that Wendy could help him!

“Wendy! Help! I need you! Help Meeehhaawww!” He called out, only to hear a beastly inflection in his voice that made him want to panic further. It could not be helped, no matter how much he wished to deny it. He certainly hadn't tried to make it, and it felt more like a reflex than anything else he could humanly make.

Worse than that, at the moment, was the fact of Wendy's absence. Surely she would be here by now if she heard his pleas. And wasn't she here in the first place? He didn't even know if she could help, but all Hugh knew was that he didn't want to be alone with what was happening against his will, something he could hardly understand no matter how much he tried.

The tingling in his ass worsened as the growth continued to plague him, as though it was growing all the while. But it was a strange twitching in his ears that drew his attention at the moment, that same sensation of stretching and growing that made his blood run cold. Reaching his hands up to touch them, the warmth that met his contact made him nervous, sure that they were changing the same way the rest of him seemed to be. The touch against his fingers reminded him of wax or some other substance as they extended. Gripping them seemed not to stop the process, Hugh feeling them grow under his grasp, adding an inch and then two to their overall length. Worse than that, the same itching started playing over them as was still bothering his belly. They were growing their slight peppering of gray hairs, the texture soon velvety as they were obscured with the growth of coat that quickly encompassed them. They were an inch long now, at least, and with some trepidation, Hugh's focus seemed to make them move from the base, new muscles present to be able to do so.

Finally remembering he could, Hugh thought to reach into his pockets and pull out his phone. Turning on the camera function in his panic took longer than it should have, and in the

interim, it felt as though another few inches were added to his ears. Scared that there would be nothing human left in them before he was able to see their reflection, Hugh was slowed enough by panic that he couldn't find the camera function. Eventually, he did, turning the phone towards his ears and bracing himself for the worst.

Though the sight that greeted him was far beyond anything he could have worried about or expected. Four inches long now and still growing, his ears were massive, pointed at the tips, and more tube-like than any human ears had the right to be. A velvety covering of gray hair had peppered their entire surface, stopping at the base though threatening to grow in over the rest of his face at any moment. The edges had caved in on themselves, canals wider and deeper than humanly possible. The insides were covered with sparse, far longer hairs, which seemed to vibrate as he reflexively wriggled them this way and that, trying to locate sounds he had no understanding for.

Worst of all, the shape of such ears was not lost on him, present company indicative as to their origin. The donkeys in the stall had the same ears as him, only sat on donkey heads, and looked normal there, as much as Hugh understood the world. But they did not belong to him or any human being. There was nothing that he could do to remove them, pulling at them in vain as much as he could before they pained him. By the time the tingling was done, it was clear that Hugh possessed the complete ears of a donkey, and they were not the only thing to change if the sensations encroaching over his form were any indication.

As bad as the formation of donkey ears and the sensation of a tail still extending from his back could be boiled down to, it was a tingling on his middle fingers that truly sent shivers through his body. It started as numbness on the tips, as though the skin was losing its sense of feeling. Ignoring the feeling of his new butt appendage, Hugh stared down in time to see the nails of each being filled up with what looked like dirt, until its thicker contours moved from the nailbed to wrap around the tip, forming an oval around the thickened surface. All the while, the digits themselves were twitching, stiffening, and losing their joints as they altered towards some foreign configuration. The realization of what was happening hit him like a ton of bricks. He was steadily losing his human hands for a pair of useless donkey hooves!

“Someone help mehhhaaaaaww! Wendy! WENDEEEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Hugh managed to struggle out, but the asinine infections had gotten into his voice at this point, and there was nothing he could do to speak clearly, with more to lose as the changes continued their relentless advance.

Remembering just now that he still had the device, Hugh finally thought to try to raise his phone to his ears, trying to think about who he could call that could aid this impossible situation to resolve. With the thickness of his middle fingers, and the stiffness present in their

counterparts, it was impossible to get into his contacts, much less even hold onto the phone. Even unlocking the screen once more was more than he could do with his fingers in their current state. Eventually, to his great detriment, the potentially life-saving device fell from his hands, landing on a rock and shattering the screen.

Yet, it was hard to lament the loss of the phone, or even reach down to pick it up, with the shock of what was happening to his hands. The rest of his fingers started to shrink, making room for the longer digits in the center. In vain, Hugh tried to feel them, though their joints were snapping out of existence the more they seemed to reduce into his wrists. Their stretched contours took in the remaining digits with them as they lost the muscle, cartilage, and even bones that left their stubs hanging uselessly until there was almost nothing left of them. Tears fell unceremoniously from his eyes as Hugh was robbed of all tactile ability and given the useless extensions fit for only a farm animal.

All the while, the middle fingers were getting longer, matching and surpassing the size of wrists and even palms. The hardened, pristine keratin continued to swell over the surface of his fingertips as skin and tissues underneath formed the inner rings of what would be his hooves. Their edges formed a covering around a series of depressions, integrating patterns almost fascinating had they not been on his own anatomy. The thickened digits soon surpassed the circumference of his former wrists, leaving no trace that they were ever differentiated into separate segments. He could tell that the bones within had reconfigured, though could scarcely fathom what shape they were underneath. Though their anatomy was a distant thought to the implication of what their presence at the end of his arms meant to him.

“Not my hhhands! NO! NNOOOHHHHAAAWWW!” Hugh called out, not caring about the donkey noises he was making. In his terror, Hugh desperately hoped that someone would come along to help him, that he might be spared the horrific fate of the oncoming equine hoof. Though, realistically, if no one had come to his aid now, there was little chance that anyone would aid him.

Yet, to his shock and surprise, the sounds of clapping hit his ears, which shriveled upwards towards the rafters, where the visage of his girlfriend stared at him, an excited gleam in her eyes. Far from being scared about what she apparently had been witnessing this entire time, she seemed eager and pleased about what was becoming of her love.

“Wendy? WHHHAAAWWW are you doEEEEIIHHHAAAWWW!?” Hugh tried desperately to bray, though could barely understand the words coming from his lips himself. It was terrifying, leaving him to keep his still-human mouth shut in the face of such an embarrassing sound.

“It’s so cute when you bray! It’s always one of my favorite parts!” She said, a mischievous quality in her voice that left Hugh powerfully confused. It was as though she was expecting it, the implication that she not only expected to see him turning into a jackass but had done that to others in the past. All he could do was stare upward in stunned silence, waiting to see if she would explain.

It seemed as though Wendy was ready with her explanation, wherever or not to hold her power over him or simply wishing to answer the questions that seemed plastered across his features. “I love watching our jack work. He’s very good at what he does, as you can see!” Wendy declared, as though any of this was the most normal thing in the world to have a donkey capable of doing this to a man.

“To be honest, I’m not really sure how he does it or fuck, even what he is. Well, he looks like a donkey, but he’s been in the family for generations. Not really sure when we found him. But we’ve had to keep him here, looked after him for all those years. As you’re no doubt now aware, he likes to turn people into donkeys for his harem. Sterile jennies, it seems, but that’s neither here nor there. And, if we don’t want it to be one of us, me, this time, we have to give him occasional sacrifices,” She said, as though any of the information dump made any semblance of sense.

Ignoring the consistently tingling of change, centering in his belly now as he continued to put on weight and hair across his belly, Hugh stared up with a perplexed expression. What was she on about, donkeys and curses and sacrifices? He would have thought the issue bullshit had been any other explanation for the changes encroaching over his form. Any explanation seemed more plausible than this being a random occurrence. And the donkey had looked him in the eye with a glowing mystique that seemed to burrow into his soul...

“Usually, there are enough assholes in town that I can lure out here for the jack to change. One every couple of years or so is good enough. But, you gave me too good an opportunity. When I found out what you did with that whore-don’t look at me like that! You know the one! Hell, I knew it was the perfect punishment to turn you. I loved you, but I can’t forgive infidelity. Why should I? And, before you try to explain and bray, I don’t care. It’s too late now, the donkey has you, and there’s no going back,” Wendy explained, grin superimposed on her features.

The implication of those last few words made Hugh shiver to the core. He had a fling with one of his office secretaries, but how had Wendy found out?! He was so careful, and Wendy was never around as it was. And besides, what the fuck was wrong with her to sacrifice him to a deranged donkey? She could have simply broken up with him, for fuck sake! It was certainly something he was considering in the long run, a far simpler solution than cursing a man to turn into a donkey!

“It WAAAASSS one time! You work on a FFAAAARM! Sometimes it smells!” Hugh called out, outraged. Lots of people cheated, damn it! It wasn't a crime! Certainly not worth losing his humanity over or suffering this humiliation. He wasn't thinking his case was being helped at this point, but it was too late to matter one way or the other.

Still, Wendy watched him, unblinking and with an eager expression, curious to see where the change would take him. She didn't bother to speak to him t, obviously seeing no reason to justify herself or even continue treating Hugh like a man anymore. Hugh went to protest again, but a strained groan escaped still human lips, feeling his back cracking as it continued to stretch. It seemed as though his shifting internal anatomy needed the room to grow, fattening belly sticking out now as donkey hide swept over it. By now, Hugh was sure he was losing his well-worked physique for that of a chubby donkey, and there was nothing to be done for it.

“Ssaaatttwwwwppp! You can't do this to meehhaawww!” Hugh tried to proclaim, but there was little to be done for it in his current state. The words were sparsely heard, however, given the changes to his chest and obviously his vocal cords, a further humiliation as if his fall from humanity needed more

“That's so cute! I love watching this part, where a deserving man makes a better jenny! It never gets old!” Wendy exclaimed, obviously carrying a sadistic streak that he'd never known in their relationship. Though around him, Wendy had always been quiet, more reserved. Was it all an act to meet his more dominating persona? He had paid more attention, a brief lament passed through his thoughts, then perhaps he could have avoided this fate. But then, how could anyone have prepared for this outcome when such was out of his understanding of the natural world?

Yet, there was something about the words that took a moment to sink in, something that he had not considered before now. Twice he had been called a jenny, something that Wendy seemed to specify. Wasn't jenny another name for a female donkey? Then, if so...

As though on cue, a pressure started to swell in his balls, tension that he could have equated to arousal had he been in any other situation. For a moment, Hugh was elated by the implication. After all, jacks had an impressive set of tackle, and there was something to be said for possessing such implements himself. Even with all the horrors of bestial existence that came with this change, most males would relish the implication of larger junk.

Yet that brief respite was to be robbed from him too, though not without a burst of orgasmic pleasure. It started as his erection coming to full attention, far too much blood rushing to the organ that made him nearly stumble forth from the sheer quantity of blood required. It strained at his already impossibly tight pants, making him moan from the pressure and wish to



rub the head to get a semblance of relief. Though little could be done with unruly hooves, leaving the man to stand there and tempter the storm of lust with the sheer force of will. He wanted desperately to hold it back, not wanting to expose himself, even to a former sexual partner. Though, the end result was inevitable, regardless if he wanted it or not.

Any resistance the man might have was quickly erased as his testicles were forcibly emptied, erupting through his member with a sudden explosion that needly made the poor changing man white out. More fluid than he thought possible from a single go burst through the tip of his member like a fire hose. It coated the inside of his pants as what felt like torrents of jism were unloaded all over him. The pungent stench of cum hit his nose before the goopy, sticky fluids rolled down his leg, making him feel powerfully embarrassed and ashamed, as much as any other aspect of the horrendous process thus far.

“Well, hope you enjoyed that! I don't really give a shit either way, but it's the last time you're going to cum! Better it was with some ignorant whore if you were going to cheat! I can do better than a beast, and you're no better than one when our jack gets through with you!” Wendy declared, evidently taking perverse pleasure in what was to be the last moments of his human life.

Though Hugh was hardly in a position to fully embrace her words, thrown off by the persistent pulsations of paralysis that spilled what he perceived to be his entire testicular contents into his pants. The sticky fluids oozed out, rubbing down increasingly hairy legs and making him shiver as it dried. The sensations were no longer pleasurable, rather powerfully discomforting as though his internal structures were being pulled outward before their shape was to be forever altered. Nothing about the process was apparently designed to be enjoyable, shaming him into the body of a beast by robbing him of a piece of his pride at a time.

Despite the impossible quantity of sperm ejaculated from his prick and the pain against the inside of his shaft, Hugh's prick was kept at arousal. The release eventually turned watery, though the usual post-coital letdown or relenting of orgasm failed to overtake him. Hugh was left with his hooves over his prick, not allowing himself the contact but desperately wanting to hide the shame. His cock head was hypersensitive, arousal at its apex even as his cock finally seemed to be retracting. Far worse was the notion that his urethra was peeling back, running down the length of the diminishing shaft until only the head sat like a fattened nub. Soon, with a wet sucking sound, his head remnants were forced to sit there, a moist crevasse opening from behind and damp from sexual fluids current beyond his comprehension.

It was soon to become much worse for the former male as the slit pulled down towards his deflating testicles. Robbed of their sperm, the orbs within were little more than nubs of their former selves. A shiver of pain ran through him then, sensitive balls shocking his system as they

were pulled up into him, not caring about the structures and vessels within that were discomforted. It was akin to their being repurposed, though, with the cascade of sensations running over him, Hugh could hardly comprehend their final location, much less surmise about their new purpose. His fleshy, now hairless sack followed suit, its skin turning thick and leathery before folding into the skin, giving rise to the final fate of his sex.

By now, little remained of the sensitive skin of his cockhead, leaving a nub within the folds that sent pre-orgasmic tingles through his body. It was a powerful contrast in his form to be terrified of the changes yet have no idea how to comprehend what was happening. The rubbing of the organ against his sex was almost too much to bear, sending an excited shiver through his cum soaked body. It was a familiar sensation, though far removed from his humanity and gender than he could scarcely stay in the moment to understand it.

Lost in his new reality, the sound of the stall door opening was largely ignored, as was the clipping of hooves as the jack within moved towards him. The donkey's dangling dong swung there, stiff as a flag pole leaking fluids at the prospect of his newest conquest. It wasn't until the beast let out a piercing bray that Hugh was made aware of his benefactor. He should have been disgusted, terrified at the presence of a being with his bestial erection. Though in his current state of lust, a warm rush went through his sex, the rank odor of ejaculation in the air coupled with the jacks musk enough to give him pause. Hugh stood there teetering as his body continued to put on weight and his barreling chest made him heavy enough to collapse.

Given his terror of the situation, Hugh wanted nothing more than to escape, to be free of the beast and the changes robbing him of his sex and humanity. His stretching heels and increasing weight were making escape an impossibility. He couldn't have known he was trapped within a jack's spell, still hoping there was a chance to get away and restore his humanity. Though, with his hybrid anatomy, there was no chance of that reprieve, especially when the first misstep would send him onto all fours, possibly forever. With the nose of the beast so close to his crotch, finding the bouquet of errant human cum delectable, there was little chance of his holding out for much longer. Hugh took a step back, though, with his stretched heels, the effort forced him to pitch forward, only the donkey's bulk enough to prevent him from falling flat on his face. Putting his arms around the donkey's head, the beast pulled back enough to allow Hugh to slide forward to the dirty barn floor, hooves barely feeling the ground under their presence.

As though aware of his current posture and its soon-to-be permanent stature, the meat and muscle in his hips started to swell with frightening speed, pained against the confines of the fabric of his pants until the pressure started to tear apart the seams. Rips resonated through the barn as his hairy thighs burst through, a shifting pelvis prompting his ass to expand even as the fat in his hips receded and left his pucker precariously being rubbed against the fabric before it tore away.

Only his underwear remained, though a snap of the elastic popped them off as his thinning thighs allowed them to slide down, exposing his lower half to the jackass.

The shifting of his lower half prompted the jack to move around Hugh, sniffing at his rear with bestial intent and focus. Hugh felt he wanted to move away, though was frozen in place, his arms much shorter than his legs and leaving him to almost cartwheel forward. The sensation of hot breath on his nethers made his tail move up and to the side, almost as though of its own accord. Hugh certainly didn't want the jack's interest, but his body seemed to have other ideas. Frozen in place, his sex started to clench open and closed, as though winking at a potential target. Beads of fluid leaking from his new sex made him shiver, though his skin was already quite moist and damp from the influx of cum. The jack, not seeming to mind this, continued to sniff at him, even reaching out a tongue to taste the tangy fluids he had left there.

Body seemingly eager to receive more of the jack's attention, Hugh felt his sex start to move as though it was in the wrong position on his backside. Passing through his former perineum and taking his lower intestinal tract with it, Hugh was left to wince with human facial features from the internal discomfort, passing more gas, though seeming not to deter the donkey. With his four-legged posture, Hugh's female sex sat just below his anus and, to his detriment at the proper height for a fucking from the jack should he wish it. And a cold shiver ran through Hugh, knowing from Wendy's words that the beast desired just that.

Still, there was little time to reflect on things too much with the sensation of a thick tongue on his backside, moving from anal to cunt lips and making the changing man cry out. "Whhhhaawwt...staawwppp...no!" Hugh managed to cry out, though more of the inflections in his voice had been removed by this point. Still, his body was hardly his own, unable to move away or otherwise resist the increased tonguing his backside was receiving. The warm, moist tongue was more pleasant than he expected, getting more intense the more he was lapped at. It was as though his female sex had been given an electrical charge, one growing in ferocity as the jack did his work. Better than any lover before, the jack seemed to be able to find all of the sweet spots that Hugh wouldn't have imagined himself possessing. Though the pressure to his backside seemed to extend his spine, the cracks and pops echoed in his ears and made it certain that he would not be returning to two legs ever again.

By the time the orgasmic build-up started, Hugh was so lost in the sensations that he was hardly able to compare it to its female variant. It began as a wave that built slowly, not the all-encompassing explosion he was used to. Hugh's still human mouth opened up to cry out, but all that escaped was a bestial bray as the jack's tongue brought him to the edge of release and beyond, making him explode to the point of seeing stars. All thoughts and fears rushed out of his head at that moment, a dumb beast if there ever was one, and at the moment, Hugh relished the

sensations. If it felt this good to feel a female orgasm, then might it be OK to be diminished into a jackass, a jenny to be bred by the dominant jack...

By this point, his sex had altered from its humanity towards a donkey's equivalent, black and leathery and lacking the clitoris that had given him so much pleasure at the initial touch. Though Hugh was hardly aware of the alterations to his sex by this juncture, lost in the post-orgasmic reverie. The pleasure was greater than anything he could recall, sex more sensitive than he was expecting. Whether it be his heat or the scent of the virile jack's cock, the simple oral act was enough to bring him to the precipice of orgasm once more.

Yet, it seemed as though the jack had other plans for him that left Hugh confused about his current state of being. It was equal parts uncomfortable and sensational to be given oral as a jenny, leaving him unsure about his state of panic. If it felt this good...but then, he had simply allowed it to occur...what the hell was wrong with him?!

"There, you see! That wasn't so bad, was it!" Wendy called from the rafters, still delighting in Hugh's fall from humanity. "They all like it eventually, don't feel too bad!"

Hugh went to bray his disdain, not wanting to admit he liked it but unable to hide the reality of the situation from his former lover. Despite the lack of changes to his face, there was nothing left of his voice, his ability to communicate robbed from him. It was terrifying that only equine brays escaped his lips, ones that felt somewhat numb and rubbery, though he had no way to reach up and feel them. There was so little left of his humanity, and more to be robbed from him as the moments ticked past and he was sexually enticed to damn himself to bestial life.

Next was the sensation of his nipples tingling, moving downward on his anatomy past his pot belly and encroaching upon the space of his sex. He wanted desperately to rub away the discomfort, though could do not but nicker at the change, something that he had not expected and making him powerfully ashamed. It was only a small recourse that his former girlfriend could not see under his belly as his nipples moved towards an equine configuration. Their altering anatomy did not go unnoticed by his benefactor, however, as his massive tongue moved to tease the tiny numbs. Hugh was stunned for a few moments, not sure what to make of the strange sensations. Never an erogenous zone, the sensitivity of his assets seemed dialed up to an eleven, making him stamp his hooves in eagerness. The swelling of the flesh, while not unnoticed, was hardly a concern as the jack started to wrap his lips around them. His rubbery lips seemed to pull at them, making them enlarge as though it was being filled with fat. Their sensitivity increased the more they swelled, making the jack grunt uncontrolled from the exertion.

Though it took some time for him to understand what the new growths were, weighty on his loins now and having taken a shape he was able to comprehend. Even through the

uncontrolled spasms from the attention as giving his body, Hugh realized his former human nipples had developed into some sort of equine teats, something that solidified his state as a female. What was worse, their udders seemed to swell as though pulled by the seeking lips, the further flesh increasing the erogenous zone across its spreading surface. If it felt this good to be sucked off by his benefactor, what might it be like to nurse foals... *Nononono!*

Yet, there was nothing Hugh could do to escape the attention, the pleasure far too sublime, and the attention welcome with each suck. It seemed as though the weight of developing udders was such that should not have existed on a natural jenny. Though in the moment of lust, there was little focus left for Hugh to worry about the proportional jenny anatomy he was developing as the fleshy skin was caressed by able lips. It seemed as though the jenny he was becoming relished nipple play, a likely precursor to nursing foals as was his purpose. Even though Wendy had said he would be sterile, there was no denying how much ecstasy the act was giving him at the moment.

The effects of having his jenny teats sucked were not limited to the growth of the nipples, however, as the meat of his hips continued to enlarge, their spurs poking through the skin before his fat donkey belly could keep up. A series of wet sloshes moved through his body as his form took hold, damning him to all fours. But with the present pleasure washing over him from the persistent nipple play, Hugh was remiss to care. To match the stature of his form, a barreling belly started to tear at the remnants of his shirt, pulled to the front of his form. More gurgling assaulted his guts, and Hugh reflexively passed gas, the smell distasteful though something he was starting to get accustomed to. The other donkey seemed not to mind, apparently used to the stench of equine life, and it was a drop in the bucket to the other alterations that Hugh was being asked to go through as he moved from human to donkey.

Despite the stink of his jackass body, the jack did not stop his oral ministrations, sucking at Hugh's teats like a foul hungry for milk. The efforts seemed to force his spine to stretch, the transformation ongoing and steadily robbing him of his form, whether Hugh wanted it or not. His tail was thrashing in excitement, and the tinging of its growth subsided to the point where Hugh was convinced it had reached his final length. Worse than that, the current configuration of his spine made the prospect of bipedal movement impossible, though Hugh was hardly in a position to lament this truth.

That fact was not lost on Wendy, however, as she called down to him, loving the mockery that came with the transformation. "Looks like you're stuck down on all fours now. Better get used to it! A stinking jackass like you doesn't deserve anything better!"

Hugh wanted to cry his discontent, though there was little ability to do so with his body so far gone and his voice already robbed from him. Between the constant sucking of his nipples

and the stretching of his heels, he hardly had the cognizance to realize what she was saying to him. The only reprieve was that his altering hind legs allowed his altering stance to solidify to the point where it was almost comfortable. Hugh bucked a little, though back into the ministrations this time, wanting it more than he wanted to retain his humanity. At the moment, it was worth it!

Pressure in his shoes was becoming meddlesome though at this point his middle toes had been covered with the tips of former nails. Hugh had hardly noticed his feet were changing, lost in lust as he was. Though with the increase in discomfort, Hugh found himself prompted to clench the toes, only to find the phantom tingles of their absence the only thing remaining. It was as though they had sunk into his stretching heels, and such should have made his shoes forfeit, too large for his feet and preparing them to fall off. But the middle toes were far larger than anything humanly possible, and the pressure should have been getting to him by this point. Though Hugh was hardly in a position to care, the stimulation to his donkey teats was almost orgasmic on their own.

Numbness at the base of his toes, likely soon his hooves made him sure that keratin was covering them, making the pressure moot as they pressed against the inner bindings of his shoes. Thinning heels pushed from the backs of them, making him have to readjust his stance as his backside raised towards his soon-to-be mate. Arms still not level with his growing jackass physiology, Hugh was forced to stand awkwardly as his nipples were sucked and pulled with gentle attention. At the moment, he couldn't lament the loss of his feet and the changes to his back end, not with how close he was getting from his lover's oral ministrations. The changes to his body felt worth it at the time with the amount of pleasure he was about to receive!

“HHAAAWWW!” Hugh called out involuntarily, feeling the pleasure building to the point of him falling over the edge, body shaking and vibrating as he fell over the cliff into orgasmic bliss. It was impossible to know if actual donkeys felt even a modicum of the pleasures that he was experiencing. But there was little left of him to care at the moment as his mind whited out in satisfaction. At the time, it was certainly worth it!

Hugh came down from the orgasmic high in time for his donkey ears to twitch in response to the sounds of his shoes tearing, the bindings popping away, and large hooves settling onto the dirty ground. Like his hands, his fully formed hind hooves could hardly feel the floor below him, though it mattered little when compared with the despair at loss of his primate appendages. His thinning heels still had socks clinging to them, though the elastic bands could hardly hold on, their ends popped from the force of growing hooves. The remnants of shoes were pulled up against the tops of much larger hooves, hanging there precariously. Diminishing calves and fattening thighs made up his equine anatomy now though Hugh was hardly in a position to

look back, afraid of the changes and simply looking ahead, body unable to get away or prevent things from happening.

By this point, there was little left of his humanity as the last semblances of his legs were robbed from him. Back legs shook off the remnants of the shoes, the jack's muzzle finally removed from his teats and reaching down to help pull away the human trappings. It gave credence to the intelligence of the beast, though Hugh could hardly assume how smart he was or even contemplate how to ask him. Better, however, the discomfort of his current stance was soon alleviated by the crunching of his shoulders, and rotating his arms forward. His upper arms were lengthened to the point that his chubby body was placed in a sturdy stance of the equine body he now possessed. To his dismay, it matched the one of the jack behind him to a frightening similarity.

Any hope that the changes would stop there or even reverse was lost when a series of cracks and sashes resonated through his neck, veins popping all over it and furling the blood needed to force it to grow. It sat sturdily between his shoulder blades, and Hugh found that he was able to breathe more easily through his larger lungs with airways bale to properly fuel them. The back of his skull, too, managed to enlarge with it, making him grunt an equine tone as the final changes encroached upon his head.

The first alteration was his teeth, growing thick and blocky and almost too large for his mouth to manage as he brayed his frustrations. Though he didn't have a mirror, all it took was one glance at the jack standing behind him to know that they were turning yellow, their size almost too much for a still-human mouth. It caused him to drool, and he lapped at it with a larger tongue than he was expecting, again almost too much for his mouth to manage. Mouth hanging open, the stench of his breath hit his nose, and Hugh almost retched, unable to stand the stink of it. Was this was a donkey's mouth smelled like?! Was this to be his fate, smelling his own stink for the rest of his life?!

“HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW! HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Hugh managed to bray, bucking as the last vestiges of his humanity were robbed from him. It was powerfully disconcerting to have lost his humanity so fast, all without resistance. Though perhaps worse was that parts of it were enjoyable, in particular the aches from his needy jenny's cunt and the oral ministrations of the jack that had cursed him. Why did it feel so good when it should have disgusted him to be sexually stimulated by this beast!? And, in the moment, Hugh had just let it happen!

Yet, above even the odor of donkey breath was a seminal scent, though not one he had any way to familiarize himself with. It was as though he was smelling his own spunk, though thicker, more pungent. Worse, whatever odor seemed to reawaken the fire in his loins, Hugh

needing it more than he could recall. It made him relax that there was a jack nearby to tend to his heat and that everything would be alright. After all, if oral sex felt so good, then what would it be like to be penetrated by the donkey dick that he could scent so clearly, the cause of his current arousal?

Before he knew what he was doing or had any ability to stop himself, Hugh felt his body relax and his cunt lips open as though his bladder was to be emptied. It was a strange sensation to be pissing backward from such an opening, and was no doubt dirty, though he could do nothing to stop the act. Part of him worried that such an act would deter the jack from his eventual conquest, as much as the fading human parts of his mind found that prospect deplorable. Though, to his determinant and excitement, he felt the jack lapping at his cunt once more, as though his piss contained something that attracted the beast to him. As though to confirm his suspicions, the pungent scent entered his nose just then, one that stank of heat and hormones as well as waste. Surely that was a potent attraction to the male, who continued to lick his sexual secretions like a fine wine.

Against his wishes, Hugh felt his body rise and his stance firm, as though getting ready to take a weight upon him. Even the itching across the back of his neck and head as coarse hair bristled into a mohawk did not distract his mind from sex. Nor did the persistent prickling of donkey hair and hide across his body, covering him from head to hoof and leaving little of his skin unblemished. Even his beard was growing its own fine layer of fur, and it was evident that it would take the skin of his face as well. Though at the moment, a part of his mind welcomed the changes, if only they would bring the jack to fuck him faster!

Hugh was aware that his mind was slipping into the heat his cunt lips gave off. Be it some deplorable depraved part of his mind that caused the dissonance, or the curse of the change that made equine heat so intense, Hugh needed to have his sex sated, needed to be fucked and taken. A part of his mind was screaming for him to stop, to run, to disengage from the act. But his body craved it like a drug, his mind that of an addict. He could do naught but feel the weight of the beast on top of him, his stature able to stand it now that it was fully asinine. And, to his equal parts reverence and disgust, he felt the tip of a flared cock tip entering his innards, opening him up and stimulating the sensitive flesh of his insides in a way that made him whicker in excitement.

As though the member within was pushing at the back of his skull, Hugh felt his jaw start to push forward with a series of wet cracks. His upper and lower just took turns pushing out an inch and then two as the entire surface thickened. As the jack found his place within his conquest and started to thrust, each push seemed to work more meat into his head, growing out into the visage of an equine muzzle that Hugh could see plainly in his field of view. The force of it took his nose along too, forcing it against the rubbery upper lips, slits sliding up the sides and an



expanding rostrum drinking in the potent musk of their rut. All the other scents of barn and donkey were erased at the moment as his entire body seemed to focus on the being in his backside and the promise of pleasure it had in store for him.

As one of the last things to alter, Hugh felt his eyes watering, their sockets expanding in order to accommodate their equine equivalents. The colors of the room faded slightly even as his expanding field of view took in more of the surroundings that he was comfortable with. Wide-angle vision could easily see his backside, and turning his head allowed a full view of the jack on his back. Though the dirty beast meant little with his thick phallus embedded in his cunt lips, inner muscles stroking it to coax it to give him the plastering of semen he craved.

As his now equine skull expanded, the cranium within started to compress on his brain, and for a moment, Hugh thought his mind would fade, his humanity with it. Not an entirely unwelcome prospect, part of him nearly welcomed the notion of losing himself, not wanting to live life remembering all he had lost. Yet, as the tingling against his head subsided, Hugh was left with the realization this would be his reality now, and there was nothing to be done, no escape from this asinine fate.

As though to solidify his asinine existence, the penis within him started to spasm, unloading thick spunk into his vagina, the warmth providing some level of comfort that defied his human mind. Though the human self was present, instincts seemed to rule over his psyche. And the jenny he has become was thrilled at the prospect of being mated, of being taken. His insides were massaged by a warm, thick phallus, one that stretched his elastic insides to the point of bliss. It was more than he could bare to be taken in such a manner, making him nicker and bray his content. If it felt this good to be taken, to be fucked, and then...

Hugh was not prepared for a third orgasm to blow over him, its build-up unnoticed by his elation over the jack's orgasm that wrecked his insides. It was as though his ecstasy of taking the donkey's cream was enough to bring him, direct stimulation to his sex necessary only as an afterthought. Still, the force of the release far surpassed the previous explosions to the point that Hugh's cognizance nearly faded, all asinine bliss as he brayed his release.

Eventually, the jack dismounted, and Hugh, to his detriment, felt some semblance of sadness at the exit. Sticky fluids fell in clumps from his vagina, and his backside felt sticky and uncomfortable. Though it was hardly a drop in the bucket to the dismay that was his jack outside of him. He wanted that phallus inside of him, more of that viscous equine cream to fill him up. Still, the jack was present, right? Then, surely, he could be fucked again in short order...

In the contentment of being filled with donkey cream, Hugh hardly noticed the touch of his former lover over his mane or the soothing words whispered into his twitching ears. It took

some moments to understand the words, his desire to be fucked once more in tandem with the post-orgasmic tremors taking all his focus. Though eventually, their meaning came to the forefront of his mind, even over the excitement

“This is your life now, glad to see you like it! You’ll have a good life here, well, as good as an animal does, that is! You like sex so much? Well, you’ll be getting fucked as many times as you want! Our jack refreshes quick, but you’ll find that out soon enough! Enjoy your honeymoon...”

## **Epilogue**

The warming sun roused Hugh from sleep, making her raise her head from the dirty hay that made her bedding. Shaking her mane to be rid of the errant hay, Hugh stood, her body in need of relieving itself. Shitting and pissing in her stall was commonplace, and Hugh hardly had the chance to get to the corner before she let himself go. Partly was due to the urgency of her biological needs, though there was a certain level of apathy that made her complacent to relieve himself where she stood. The stench, at least, was something that she had grown accustomed to, a constant presence in her life that marked her as a lesser being from former humanity.

For the most part, Hugh regarded herself as a she now, the former male body a distant memory with each passing day. Nothing remained of her formerly male self, and she was treated as a jenny, an animal. She was fed, taken out in the pasture, and, far too infrequently for her liking, had her stall mucked. There were other donkeys, at least, jennys in heat, and although she lamented her fate, their companionship was ever-present. There was an air of depression about them, as though they were once human as she had been, and were longing for their former humanity as well. Though, in their presence, she could derive some modicum of comfort, mind awash in equine herd instincts as she was.

Overall, she lamented the loss of her humanity, unable to get used to life as a donkey. Forced to eat only grass and hay, unable to control the placements of her bodily functions, and left with little to do in the interim of her days made the prospect of this sort of life dreadful. The company of other jennys was fine, but there was little to do than to graze with them, nipping at their next in a gesture of solidarity. To her chagrin, Wendy hooked her and the other jennys up to plow about the farmyards, something that she could not resist. Perhaps the magic that had changed her left her compliant with the wishes of the family that had owned the jack for all of those years, but it was impossible to say without any outside source of knowledge.

Yet, not all was gloom about his asinine life, at least as much as Hugh could stand. Though his life came with no work stress, no bills, and no people to deal with, the tradeoff was a life of boredom and monotony, too much time on her hooves to think. But it was the physical

needs of her body, the sexual desires, and lust at the forefront of her thoughts. Her female sex was seemingly always in heat, always moist, and she never tired of the sensations of orgasm. It was a wonder she could sleep most nights, though she managed to quell her heat enough each day that rest was possible.

As much as the former human male might have lamented the loss of male sex and new position, Hugh found herself longing for the sensation of a penis inside of her. The moment the jack showed interest, all concern faded from her mind and she eagerly presented, wanting him as much as he wanted her. The jack's penis felt amazing inside of her, and she craved to wrap her sex around him as much as possible, demanding it at times to his chagrin!

Naturally, she was not the only jenny on the farm, some of Wendy's former victims and the jack's favorite conquests still present on the farm. There was a certain sense of jealousy felt from their presence, especially when the jack saw it fit to mate with them and not her. Hugh felt she had priority, being the new jenny on the block, but all the jennys still on the farm demanded their lord's attention at one point or another. There came with that a sense of jealousy, and when he was busy with another of his conquests, Hugh was left to lament the emptiness in her loins and the hope that he would rise again to tend to her needs.

It was not all bad, however, once she discovered a way to quell her needs herself. Though it was a far cry from being fucked with an equine phallus, Hugh managed to find some equipment in the barn, rubber handles not injuring her sex and enough to bring her blessed release as she ground her sex on it. Such was not the way of her new species, though with the supernatural lust striking her sex, the need to be stimulated called for unique measures. It took her only minutes to reach orgasm, to quell that heat until the next time she would be called on to service her jack.

Such was not the life she wanted, nor could have ever expected that she would be forced to deal with. Far from deserving it for her misstep, she still found herself regretting being an asshole to her lover, if only for the chance to return to former humanity. But, without that possibility, and hope for it waning with each passing day, Hugh took to longing for the sensations that delighted her, basking in orgasmic glow and waiting for the weight of the beast on her back, for however long her life with him would be...