

After a moment's hesitation, you allow the tip of the needle to pierce your flesh and the transformative fluid to rush into your body. You've wanted this for as long as you can remember, to be an animal. Not just any beast, but a jackass. A dumb, smelly brute with a place in a herd of your brethren.

The thought of losing your humanity is a potent aphrodisiac, and you can feel your cock getting hard at the mere notion. Yet now that it is happening, you can't help but feel a twinge of anxiety towards the change. You remind yourself that fear of the unknown is a human trait, one of many that you will no longer possess as a jackass. It will be easy to overcome as the change begins.

The skin around your arm starts to darken, and despite your initial trepidation, you aren't about to let a moment of the transformation slip your notice. You run your hand over the area, marveling how thick and leathery it slowly becomes. Your flesh thickens and turns black, spreading all the way down your arms and up your shoulders. You know that such a hide has numerous industrial applications, but as it encroaches on your flesh, you have every intention of keeping it to yourself!

"Fuck, i-it's happening!" you stammer as the skin starts to prickle from the growth of your new donkey coat. Part of you doubted that the serum would work, but there is no denying the results you see before your very eyes!

You watch as a dense coat of long, coarse hairs lance their way out of your skin, covering your blackening hide in a wave. The fur on your upper arm and shoulder is much thicker than the fine layer running down to your wrists. Soon, the fur thickens to the point where you can no longer see your skin, which is a small relief. It is so bizarre seeing leathery skin on your human body!

A sudden stiffness resonates in your fingers, and you look down in shock to see that they are shrinking. You try in vain to move them, but the flexibility in your digits is waning. A moment of panic overtakes you. You knew this would happen eventually, but you had not expected it so soon!

Your fingers continue to retract into your skin, unable to twitch as the joints and tendons fade away. You know that equines have only a single digit on each limb, the others barely registering in the skeletal structure. Still, it is disconcerting to feel your fingers, your way of interacting with the world, dissolving into your wrists as their bone remnants merge with your carpels.

The bones within your middle digits start to expand as fast as the rest of your fingers fade. You stare in fascination as the third phalanges thicken at the tip, forming what will soon be your set of donkey hooves. The first and second phalanges stretch, pressing almost painfully against the skin as the darkening flesh of your former nail moves from your fingertips to envelop them.

Your former finger bones are well on the way to become the pastern bones of your new equine leg. Your metacarpals elongate next, extending your hands as they join together to become an equine cannon bone. A crack resonates from your wrists as they lose their flexibility, some of the bones fusing to become what will be called the knees of your equine front limbs.

Your third phalanges, meanwhile, continue to widen inside your finger, thickening along the bottom as the tips become pointed. The blackened nail spreads over the skin as layers of keratin and elastic tissue swell from underneath to cover the entire surface. The planar sole of your nail becomes flattened as the outer surface thickened.

Your developing hooves form several adaptive layers; thick, spongy tissue under the bone for support, a thick outer wall for protection, and an indented 'frog' for elasticity. You want to turn them around to see the soles, but your equine knees don't flex as well as your former wrists. Still, you can almost perceive the heavy indent of the frog, surrounded entirely by a margin of protective covering.

You stare down at your new hooves, feeling incredibly embarrassed that these things are all that remains of your human hands. There is a sense of pride knowing that these hooves are tougher than those of a horse or other equine. You need not have them tended as often to keep their functionality, even though they will continue to grow all your equine life.

A crack in your back brings you back to the reality of the changes, and you stumble forward as the muscles and organs audibly slosh in your chest. A wet crack resonates through your body as your pelvis breaks apart and starts to diminish in width. Thankfully the process is painless, you think, unable to fathom the agony of such a transfiguration. A moan still escapes your lips as your loosened pelvis extends, pushing back against your hips as they threaten to break the surface. The level of weight-bearing space between your pelvic girdle is not required in your eventual quadrupedal stance.

The slimmer, longer bones, in conjunction with your extending spine, make it nearly impossible to remain upright. You fall forward, surprised as your hooves clack against the floor. Yet their thick surface allows no impact to register from the fall. You reflexively try to right yourself, but your hips no longer move that way with your rearranged skeletal structure.

“I’m on all fours... I’m an ass!” you yell, unable to keep the excitement out of your voice.

Your butt hangs awkwardly up in the air, the length of your still-human upper arms insufficient for a comfortable stance. You don’t mind too much, expecting that your lower body will continue to change to better fit your changed posture. Instead, the next tingling sensation of change now seems to emanate from your teeth. You want to reach up to touch them, but of course, you lack that ability. You feel them squeeze past your lips, your front teeth getting larger, and pushing the others back in your jaw. A second set of incisors seems to press from the new empty space, while your initial incisors grow thick, splotchy, and yellow. You can almost see them, hanging out of lips far too small to contain them!

“Can’t believe I’m gonnhhaaww be a donekeee!” you try to cry out, embarrassed by the equine tone escaping from your lips. You want to raise your hands to cover your teeth, but of course, your hooves cannot move that way.

Your hips start to balloon up now as the muscle underneath thickens. You recall that your hip muscles require extra strength to allow proper equine speed and kicking power. Your pelvis is sticking from your skin until the flesh underneath thickens with layers of muscle and fat. The result balloons outward comically on your mostly human anatomy. An audible crack resonates from your femur as it draws itself backward on your frame, finally allowing your back to settle into a more comfortable stance. The bone underneath thickens to suit your much larger rump as your hindquarters complete their transition to equine proportions.

“Faawwwkkkk, this is so weird...” you mutter through your equine incisors. You feel increasingly embarrassed, looking back at the massive, fur-covered ass of a, well, jackass. You knew you would suffer some humiliation from the change, but you never expected it to look this awful! Thankfully, no one is here to see you!

To make matters worse, you can feel your anus starting to pucker, growing thick and meaty as it slides up your backside. As massive as your hindquarters are, their formerly rounded human shape starts to flatten, leaving your puckered asshole to kiss the air. With some embarrassment, you release an unexpected bout of gas due to the reorientation of your bowels and lower intestines. The stench, in tandem with your sweaty hide, smells repugnant to your still-human nose. You are even starting to reek like a donkey!

“HHAAAWWW! I stink like an animal!” you yell, the bray forced from your still-human lips. The sounds still excite you, however. Soon, you’ll be braying like a real jackass!

You loathe the idea of having your asshole on full display but start to relax as you feel the bones in your coccyx break apart. Each bone extends, pinching off in the center as they form additional separate bones. Soon, the new fragments lengthen as well, connected by additional muscle and ligaments developing between them.

The force of growth forms a red lump on your backside as the extension presses out of your hide. The muscles and flesh needed to cover those bones races out in front before the bones can break the skin. Soon, the new appendage hangs several inches from your body, starting to tickle your furry legs. A jackass tail is now hanging from your backside!

Your new asinine tail starts to wag of its own accord as the new system of coccygeus muscles extend its length, allowing it a full range of motion. The bare skin touches your exposed anus, making you shiver slightly and thankful for the ability to raise it. Its entire surface bursts forth with the same grayish-brown fur that covers the hide of your arms, save for its pointed tip. The itching is far more intense there as coarse black hair erupts forth and brushes against the skin of your lower leg as it forms a tassel.

Next, your back legs start aching slightly as the bones of your lower leg fuse, their length diminishing. You feel your feet warp as did your hands, and you know your third phalanges will soon erupt within your toe tips to form the start of your hind hooves. You try in vain to enjoy the sensation of wiggling your toes one last time. Like your former fingers, they, too, will no longer be part of your anatomy.

The remaining bones of your middle toes continue to stretch, filling up the inside of the digits as your nails expand to cover them. The former phalanges thicken towards equine pastern bones as your hard, keratinized hooves take shape. You know that even as you fatten into jackass proportions, your hooves will continue to provide adequate support. They are square-like, compact to suit the needs of your body size. Though your legs lack the elegance of a horse, your stance is more upright than other equines.

Your heel seems to stretch backward, raising your lower body upward to a more comfortable position. Yet it is actually your metatarsal bones that are contributing to the increase in height, your second and third metatarsals fusing into an equine cannon bone. Your heel bone is shoved outwards from your tarsals, which have rearranged with your heel into a hock. The

minute protrusion formed by your former heel provides a place for the muscles necessary to operate the powerful, asinine legs you are now in possession of.

Suddenly, your nose begins to itch, and you sneeze reflexively, the action an evident catalyst for your next shift. Your nostrils flare as the flesh around them becomes rubbery, peppered with tiny white hairs. The contours of your nose push forward past the reaches of your rubbery lips, far too out of place on your mostly human features. What a sight you must make!

“Haaww, I am one ugly ass!” you say, enjoying your words while you still have them. You know the moment that your neck starts to change, you’ll only be able to elicit bestial brays!

Nostrils steadily flaring in and out, you realize you are pulling in more air, and with it, more scent molecules. The odors you inhale are more intense to your changed olfactory senses. You’d already been smelling the stale stench of donkey hide as your changes have progressed. But now, the fragrance is amplified, and you snort a little, uncomfortable with your reek. Is this what you will smell the rest of your time as a donkey?

The rubbery texture seeps into your lips, turning them black. An intense tingling erupts over your gums, and you know they are becoming splotchy with pink and black flesh, like any other farm beast. The taste in your mouth is terrible. Your changed salivary glands are not something the human part is comfortable with. How much worse will it taste when you are eating grass and hay like a common beast?

By this time, your entire body is covered in a slick sheen of sweat from the exertion of change. The stench of donkey hide is more pungent now that you have an equine nose on your otherwise human face, and you nearly gag, your body not yet accustomed to the odor. You reek! Is this really what you want, to live like a jackass in squalor with others of your kind, their body odors just as pungent? It will only get worse, dealing with the stink of manure and piss as any common barnyard donkey would. What are you thinking, letting yourself change like this?!

Yet a sudden stirring in your groin reminds you all over again as your cock comes to full erection. The sheer volume of blood flowing into it is far more than its human counterpart could ever take. You gaze down in delight as the contours of your erection start to expand, the tip leaking as the head flares your lust.

You stare excitedly as the color of your penis begins to turn black to match the still-spreading equine flesh over your human body. In some places, the penis shaft retains its pinkish shade, giving it a mottled pattern. It continues to engorge with increasing tummerance in the paired corpus cavernosum erectile tissue. As the jack you had researched, your maleness can reach 18 inches long, and right now, you feel every inch of that hanging from your underside!

Next, your foreskin starts to split, running down the center of your shaft as more of that mottled black and pink jackass flesh becomes exposed to the air. It peels down the length of your cock, finally reaching the base, while the top half zips up to your distending belly. You recall its proper term is prepuce, a dark, black sheath to house your cock close to your groin to keep it protected. You now possess a penile retractor muscle, which will allow your girth to properly retract to a fraction of its potential size inside your sheath. Yet with how hard you are now, it is impossible to imagine softening until you've satisfied your lust!

As though in response to your need, your testicles start to tingle, the horizontal oval orbs within swelling with sperm. Though not as impressive as the 5 inch long testes of a stallion, yours are still massive, even for the frame of your asinine body.

A sensitive tingling on the outside of the blackening skin catches your attention. You recall, unlike horses, male donkeys maintain a pair of vestigial teats where a mare's would be. You have no way to stimulate them, and you suspect that they are not as sensitive as your former human nipples. Still, you welcome their influx of new sensations, no matter how minute!

Enamored by the awareness of change, your erection presses painfully forward with the need to cum. Yet with your hooves and lack of fellows, you have no way to get off! Frantically, you hump your hips, feeling your mammoth member start to slap against your ballooning belly. The feeling, while not nearly as exquisite as mating, has the desired effect of putting just the slightest bit of pressure on your penis. From how hard you are, you don't think it will take much more!

You continue to hump the air, an audible slapping reaching your ears as your glans flares, and your urethra leaks copious amounts of pre. Each thrust brings you closer and closer to the release you so crave. You can feel every inch of your cock being stimulated by your fuzzy belly, every tingle running down the sensitive flesh to gather at your great ball sack.

It will only take a few more... just a bit further... soon you will blow the load that's been building since the change started. It will far dwarf anything the human you has ever experienced and likely even exceed your high expectations!

“HAAAAAWWWW YEEEEHHHAAAAWWWW!” you bray as the feeling of your cock slapping against your belly allows you the pressure you need.

Your thick, black testicles throb as they shoot a large volume of donkey jism into your hose-like cock. The putrid odor reaches your nose as asinine spunk shoots from your donkey dick, covering your belly, sheath, and the floor with your maleness.

Potent waves of pleasure ebb from your penis, making your skin tremble as your cock empties your bestial balls of their burden. You pant for a few moments, the orgasmic waves washing over your body, making your skin twitch all over. The force of blowing from such a hose is nearly more than your changing body can take. Yet you can tell that your cock is not spent. An equine’s refractory period is much shorter than a human, and you can’t wait to put that to the test as you eventually start breeding with your new herd mates in earnest!

A tingling erupts from your ears as they start to itch with the growth of donkey fur. The ears themselves melt like wax, adding flesh as they rise further up your head. They are four times their former size, their position adjusting with your changing skull. The edges start to curve, forming a sort of funnel you realize will allow you to better capture sounds. The long wisps of hair sprouting from the warm inner flesh protect from too much ambient noise while enhancing your auditory capacity.

Your chest starts to barrel now, the ribs pushing painlessly against the skin to make room for your equine organs. Your heart, your lungs, and stomach all need to be four times their former size to sustain your new physiology. Yet all you can perceive is a gurgling in your guts as your system grows to better derive nutrition from nutrient-poor plant matter. Your tail lifts as you flatulate uncontrollably once more, and you can’t help but blush in embarrassment from your lack of bodily autonomy.

“Faaawwwk, I’m gonnaaww be a smelly ass!” you say, the brays sounding more natural as the changes conclude.

Your belly distends even further, forcing your spine to pop painlessly in several places. You will soon have six additional thoracic vertebrae, allowing your stomach to swell to its proper girth. Bracing your legs a little, you feel your spine pushing further backward, your skin and muscle reshaping to account for the increase in body length.

Your stomach continues to swell, all human tone erased for flat skin and white underfur. You lament the loss as the skin around your hips loosens to allow it to properly attach

your chubby donkey belly. There is more fat that, needed to sustain your much larger form. But underneath is the hard-packed muscle you will use to aid your asinine exploits.

A barreling chest erases your pecs and nipples, leaving only the vestigial teats below your cock. Your shoulder blades push forward, sinking into your fattening flanks as their edges poke slightly under your back. Like your legs, your elbows form a loose bit of skin that connects them to your trunk.

Your spine continues to pop as it forms the proper segments to support your massive body. Unlike other equines, the dorsal vertebrae process that comprises your withers is much shorter, preventing a distinctive protrusion above your shoulders. Instead, your barreling chest creates a more pronounced sternum, making you look far less impressive than your equine counterparts. But you don't care. You haven't chosen to be a majestic horse, but rather a more sturdy donkey!

Your fattening neck elicits a wet sloshing sound as the bones within start to stretch. Your spine still carries the same number of cervical vertebrae as their human equivalents. They are much longer, however, more sturdy to support your soon-to-be massive equine head. Your thicker neck fits perfectly into the expanse of your still-growing chest.

“HHAAAWWW YEEAAH! It's HHAAAWWW HHOOVVVHHEEEWW!” you bray, your voice much more asinine now. You know you can no longer speak like a human, but you no longer care.

You can feel your head start to thicken at its apex as you prepare for your final stretch of change. The fur covering your body seeks to coat the rest of your head as it spreads from your lengthening neck. Yet there is a more insistent itching coming from the center, as coarse, bristly hairs erupt from the pores. You can feel them running all the way down your neck, reaching right above the area where your shoulders now sit. The hair on your head starts to retract, what little remains becoming coarse and thick and black along the center. You now own a jackass mohawk.

Your face itches as the rest of your shaggy fur grows in, starting with your beard growing thick, spreading into gray jackass fur as a shorter coat tickles your chin with white stubble. The short white coat runs down the bottom of your neck, touching the belly fur rising to meet it. All that remains of your former human skin is the flesh around your eyes and muzzle. Yet those, too, are soon coated with a fine layer of black, short hairs.



Finally, the changes begin to overtake your scalp, and you let out a bray, excited to fully enter your new form. The bones in your cranium undergo a drastic rearrangement, though they retain their same human number and designations. You can feel your skull starting to shift, the extension of your frontal bone forcing it into a sloped appearance. Your parietal bone grows with it, pressing against the skin and muscles before they can wrap around it.

Your occipital and temporal bones, in contrast, start to collapse, their former size not needed for your much smaller equine brain. Your head is relatively larger than most equines, and you take a little pride in that; although a horse is considered more majestic in appearance, your new species is more intelligent. Perhaps that is why jackasses are considered stubborn, your increased mentality making you more aware of a need for self-preservation!

As your head continues to change, you are aware of new muscles branching underneath your ears as your sloping head raises them up. Instinctively, they start to move independently, twitching this way and that to catch sounds from all directions. What an important adaptation for a prey animal like you, to be able to take in sounds and pinpoint their location!

The pinna developing in each ear allows them to rotate independently from your skull. You take a few moments, enjoying the sensations of swiveling them back and forth. You can bend them back, eliciting feelings of fear or anger. Even without your voice, you are just as capable of emoting as well as any human. Your massive ears can even help regulate your body temperature, developed to live in more arid environments compared to other equines.

The pressure of your skull reshaping starts to force your eyes outward, and you realize that as their occipital cavities increase in size, so, too, do your eyes themselves. For a few moments, you marvel as your ability to see broadens, allowing you to take in more and more of the room. But soon, it grows too wide! Images begin to blur, particularly at the far corners of the room. As your vision settles, you realize your attention is particularly drawn to patterns and movement, while everything else is largely uninteresting.

The world changes shade as the number of rods in your equine iris increase to the proportion of cones, washing out colors somewhat. You are surprised at the level of detail you can still differentiate, even from the two separate fields of vision and the different colors from what you are accustomed to. You have a blind spot behind you, as well in the area in front of you where your growing nose takes your full attention. You do have a field of view right in front of you where your visual acuity is equal to your former humanity, though the rest is decent enough as you start to adapt. You aren't aware of it, but know that your pupils are now horizontal rectangles, giving you a distinctive equine visage.

At last, the final changes encroach upon you as your maxilla, incisors, and mandible bones start to extend far past their human counterparts. You sneeze again, the space of your nasal basin becoming far more vast in your properly proportionate head. Your olfactory senses have already been enhanced, but the expansive cavities significantly increase the amount of air you can take in, as well as the capability of your mucous membranes to draw in scent particles.

At that, the stench of your own body hits you full force, as well as a plethora of other scents that make you more curious than off-put. The newly developed Jacobson's organ, as you'd read, creates a secondary pathway that, in tandem with the wider space for mucosal membranes and nerves, allow the better intake of stimuli for analysis! An entire area of your equine brain, you recall, is designated for the interpretation of that sensory data.

Finally, your rubbery lips are pushed forward, expanding to encompass your bulging teeth. Your tongue grows with them, and you are pleasantly surprised to find that it can even touch your nostrils, licking at the snot dripping from your nose. The muscles comprising your lips swell, and with surprise, you realize you can flare them, lifting them all the way up to expose your front teeth. You play with the gesture for a few moments, loving the level of dexterity your lips have.

Your molars and premolars are forced back along your jaw, leaving an interdental space with an empty expanse of the gum line. Visibly, you are only left with your incisors, 12 now instead of your human eight. You will use those to bite, to establish yourself in the herd, or just to pull your grassy meal from the ground. You still have your canine teeth, but they are flattened, shorter, likely a vestigial part of your equine anatomy. Your molars and premolars are much larger, the cheek teeth used for grinding your food into a slurry that you will swallow as you graze for more than eight hours a day.

In a triumph of your new form, you let out an audible bray, your first fully asinine sound. The racket, considered obnoxious to human ears, is music to your own. The sound can be heard for several kilometers and lasts 30 seconds or more. You continue to bray your expansive lungs out in pride. You know that you are calling for others of your kind, alerting other asses of your presence and of the need in the donkey cock between your legs.

You are somewhat surprised to hear a bray in response, followed by several dozen more. You grow excited, knowing that others of your kind are near. You make your way out of the room and away from sterile smelling human things. An audible click signals an opening

door, and you know it will lead you into your new life, a coral of donkeys whom you will join with.

The pungent stench of your fellows reaches your nose as you walk into the pasture, their sweat, their musk, and their leavings making you feel a little dizzy. Even though you are relaxed in their presence, the smells are far more potent to your enhanced nostrils and take some time for you to process. Thankfully, it only takes a few moments to perceive their odors as a normal part of your surroundings.

The daylight is waning as you walk to join your fellows, yet your vision does not seem to be limited. You recall an aspect of equine eyes called a tapetum lucidum, allowing you superior night vision. Something you will need, should you be at risk of predation at night, though you think you should be safe here with your herd mates.

At that thought, you feel yourself start to truly relax. A sudden, embarrassing rumble elastics in your bowels, and before you are aware of their action, your tail is lifting, and you are adding to the stench on the ground. You know you should feel a deep sense of shame, losing control as you dump like an animal. Even as your cock unfurls and you urinate as well, the action seems commonplace. Such is the way of your new body, and the notions of shedding human morality is a welcome thought.

You walk through the gathering cluster of donkeys, not watching your step with hooves hardly able to detect the contents of the ground underneath them. Much to your annoyance, your hide is being assaulted by biting insects, in particular around your christened equine ass. Your swishing tail and your twitching skin seem to eliminate most of them, and soon you put them out of your mind.

The succulent, sweet scents of hay suddenly override your nose and you move into the corral, working your way over to a pile of bales. A few of your fellows are grazing, pulling up their dinner with dark, pliable lips. Yet there is still room for you as you lower your head, the aroma of food eliciting a rumbling in your empty belly.

You start to graze, at first aware of the action of your lips pulling up hay and chewing before feeling it slide down your throat in a sort of slurry. Soon, your thoughts start to drift, your eyes glazing over as you enable yourself to fall into a rhythm. The slow breeze, the stench of other asses, and the comfort of their presence allow you to relax in a way that the human you has never known. Only the occasional shove from a fellow donkey or the bite of an insect catches your attention, but even those things seem far off. Lost in the mindless reverse of filling your belly, you start to experience true peace.

Soon, your full belly and proximity with your fellows cause your mammoth donkey dick to come to full attention. You become painfully aware of all the jacks and jennies, who, like you, have come here to find a simpler life and are just as eager to sate their own lusts. As your cock slides out of your sheath, you are fully aware of why it was you wanted to experience bestial life. It is nearly impossible to comprehend how much energy you have in your loins!

One of the donkeys beside you, scenting your need, licks your lips and brays, beckoning you to follow. You do, your cock nearly touching the ground as you stare at the asses' backend. Your mate is ready, tail raised in an invitation, needing it just as much as you do. You feel contentment, knowing you have made the right decision. You want this more than anything you ever have imagined. As you raise on your hind hooves to mount your new mate, you bray in triumph, preparing to baptize yourself into asinine existence.

“Hheeee haaawww!”