

Walking into the large, open pool hall, I coughed suddenly as the acrid smell of smoke hit my nostrils. The scent, though offensive, had a sweet quality that I instantly recognized as a rather fancy cigar. Still, it seemed to hang cloyingly in the air, inescapable as I left the cool evening behind the closed door.

The smoke of several patrons left a thin haze hanging in the room. It seems that smoking laws be damned in this state. I tried to cough to rid my lungs of the smoky miasma in the air, but it was a fool's errand. The pungent, second-hand smoke was nearly stifling, and it took a few minutes of coughing to get used to it. I hadn't been this exposed since I'd been a child!

Still, no one else in the wide pool hall seemed to be bothered. Almost everyone had a cigar in their mouths, the brown ovals hanging from lips as they lined up their shots. Ashtrays were set up at each of the tables, as was a cup holder for the various beverages that each team had purchased.

I was a little shocked by the sight of such carelessness. This was supposed to be a new establishment, pristine with new pool tables and a few arcade games at one end. In the presence of about 30 or more guys, all smoking and drinking, it was going to be a wreck within days! If the proprietors were going for a run-down dive bar look, they were going to have it soon!

My buddy, Nick, had invited me out to a gentleman's night at a new pool hall in town, called 'Pleasure Island'. I thought that name was rather humorous, having seen Pinocchio as a child. It was rather fitting, I realized upon further contemplation. What better way to let guys make jackasses of themselves than invite them to a pool hall with cheap drinks? A chance to get away from wives or girlfriends that didn't necessarily want to be around for this behavior.

This particular function was for 'guys only', a take on ladies' night, I supposed. Drinks half off, pool tables free for the first hour, that sort of thing. Nick had called ahead to reserve a table for four of us, me, him, and a couple of his buddies from work I hadn't met yet. The event was limited capacity, and he'd been apparently lucky to get a table, from the sounds of things.

Still, I hadn't been expecting the cigar smoke as I wandered through the haze to find him at a table off to the side, chugging back a beer from his cup. Several pitchers sat on a bench near the table, as well as a few discarded cups.

"Hey!" He exclaimed upon seeing me, walking over to shake my hand. He was that kind of guy, polite even in the most casual of circumstances. I was used to his gentlemanly ways, and I took the arm in a heavy shake as he did so.

He then motioned to the two men that were standing around the table, one with a cue in hand, the other a beer of his own. "This is John, and that's Gilles," he said, each man turning to acknowledge me. John came over to shake my hand, as well, though Gilles was busy lining up a shot. The clack of ball on ball hit my ears, indicating that he'd hit his mark.

"It's a little smoky in here, isn't it?" I asked, waving the puff of air from my face. I was thankful that none of my compatriots were currently partaking in the tobacco, but I could see the ashtrays used. I hoped I would get used to it soon. Though, thankfully, it wasn't as bad as cigarette smoke.

I was planning to have a few drinks and hang for a bit, maybe unwind a little. Besides, I'd never even tried a cigar. Maybe I would partake. When in Rome and all that.

"Here, let's get you a beer!" Nick said as he walked over to grab one of the clean cups. Taking out a marker, he put my initials on it and then tipped the pitcher skillfully to avoid foam formation. He then handed it to me and lifted his glass in a sign of sheers. "Here's to a night of guilty pleasures!" He declared, tipping back his drink and chugging to the bottom.

I found the phrasing a little off, seeing how we were only in a pool hall. Though, I had to admit, smoking inside was a guilty pleasure all on its own in this day and age. But still, it was enough of a distraction from my routine that I figured the term was apt.

I tipped mine to it as well and chugged back as much as I could. It was a lighter brew, my preference. It had an earthy aftertaste, the hops particularly strong. Still, it went down smooth, and I drank it to the bottom, desperate to get my buzz on without having to spend too much. I was thankful they'd split the pitcher to allow us to save some money.

I figured I'd ask how much I owed, even though I'd likely either settle up at the end of the night or pay for one of the rounds. I was a bit of a penny pincher but was OK to splurge now and then, like in the case of accepting my buddy's invitation out.

"Hey, don't worry about it. This one was on the house!" He said, excitedly. "So are the cigars, apparently. The people who own this place must really want the publicity!" He surmised.

With money savings in pocket, I decided to head to the counter to order myself something heavier. I knew drinks in places like this were a little pricey, but I figured now was the night to indulge. Besides, anything to rid my nostrils of the smoke! A nice shot of whiskey would do the trick.

"Coming right up!" the bartender offered, enthusiastically. He skillfully poured the drink and handed it to me while I was getting out my wallet.

To my surprise, he simply shook his head. “Nope, no need bro! Drinks are all on the house tonight. Enjoy yourself, and let me know if you need anything else!” He declared, a friendly smile plastered on his features. Nick wasn’t joking about the free booze!

I took the shot quickly, feeling the hard booze mix poorly with the beer as I allowed my stomach to settle. Passing the glass back to him, I found, to my surprise, that there was another shot waiting for me. I took it thankfully, though asked for no more as I took it back to the table.

I was a little wobbly at this point as I downed the second shot, to the cheers from the other members of my party. I figured I’d had enough booze for a few moments as I allowed my stomach to settle. I didn’t want to look sick; I could usually hold my liquor, but two shots on an empty stomach were too much for even myself!

I subconsciously patted my stomach a little, trying to encourage it to settle a bit. To my surprise, the normally decent tone of my belly seemed bloated. I tried rubbing it through the shirt, noticing to my dismay that the skin was covered in stretch marks. Surely, my belly couldn’t be this distended from a little booze! I would have to really cut back on the junk food and booze after tonight!

Nick's sudden presence before me made me jump out of my daze. “Hey, let's do doubles next round. Think we can take these guys?” He asked, pointing to John and Gilles. Gilles was still holding the cue and decided he would break, to our mutual agreement.

Gilles turned around, lining up the shot as he hunched over. He seemed to take a bit longer with the motion, reaching back to rub at his backside. In my stupor, I happened to look back to see where his hand was rubbing, right around his tailbone. Something was sticking out of it, like a lump of irritated flesh. By the way he was stroking it, Gilles was clearly irritated.

Unable to tear my eyes away, I watched as the skin-colored lump started to expand from his backside, straining out to more than an inch. Seemingly reacting to his touch, it started twitching, as though moving on its own accord. The flesh of the growth started to darken, and I watched with rapt attention as what looked like coarse hairs erupted from the tip. It looked like the man was growing a tail!

“HHAAA!” I laughed, the notion of Gilles having a tail funnier than I would have thought possible. Part of me knew that it should be terrifying to see such a thing growing on a man. But I was drunk at this point, the shots doing me in. The notion was somehow hilarious to me!

Seemingly over the feeling of growth, Gilles let go of his furry, three-inch tail and took his shot. The clack of the balls echoed over the table as the 1 and 4 entered the pockets.

“Solids,” Giles declared, lining up a shot on the 7. A click sounded as it hit the ball into the seven, though it didn’t sink into a pocket. Sighing, Gilles turned around to hand the cue to Nick, who was up for our team.

As Gilles did so, I couldn’t help but notice something off about his face. I hadn’t exactly gotten a good look at his features before now. But, even so, I could tell that something was off. Trying not to squint too much, lest I got caught, I still strained to see what it was that I found off about it.

To my surprise, I almost laughed when it clicked. The guy’s nose was bulbous! It didn’t look like it even fit on his face from the size of it. It was red, though the tip seemed darker, nearly black. With the tail on his backside, he almost looked, to me, like he had animal features!

I didn’t think about it too much, however, save for my near-inability to stifle my laughter. But, I didn’t want to appear rude to Nick’s friends. So, I did my best not to give away my amusement. Still, that nose looked ridiculous!

Nick was up next, and I followed him to see which ball he would go for. I stumbled a bit as I did so, realizing that my feet felt a little numb in my shoes. But that was fine, so long as I kept my balance. Falling on my ass would be horrible for a first meeting with these guys! I didn’t want to accidentally hit Nick and fuck up his shot!

I managed to get close enough to see where he was aiming, and far enough away that I didn’t get in the way of his cue. He was aiming to kiss a 13 into the 15 to sink it. Then, he would have a shot at the 9, provided it went well. Nick was a better pool player than I was to try and make that shot. But, it was the best ball to shoot for, in my humble opinion!

He suddenly stopped from lining up his shot to reach up and grab at his ears. The tips of them seemed off somehow. They were pointed, the flesh molded as it would be with a prosthetic. I thought it was weird for a moment. Was he trying to cosplay as an elf tonight, or something? Didn’t really seem like the place for it, but who was I to judge?

At least, that was what I thought before the growths started to expand rapidly, as though the cartilage was putty being pulled by some unseen hand. They were quickly taken upward, rising above his head as their circumference rounded slightly. Thick hairs peppered the insides of them, coating their entire surface. Short gray hairs, much like the ones on Gilles’s tail sprang from their backs until the skin was completely obscured. Muscles seemed to visibly writhe underneath them as the ears began twitching without prompting from Nick’s hand.

It was hard for me not to laugh as they started moving around of their own accord. Yet, Nick seemed completely oblivious to their presence as he lined up his shot. A lump in the backs of his underwear went similarly unnoticed. It had forced its way into his jeans, pulling at the seams in the back as it twitched and writhed. But, he seemed too focused on the game to care!

“HHAAAWWW!” John laughed a bestial sound that surprised me. I turned to look at him, offended that he would be so rude to his friend, and mine! I had at least been able to stifle my own laugh, damnit!

Yet, as I did so, I could help but notice how his teeth seemed to protrude out of his mouth. They were thick, blocky, and yellowed, as though he’d never brushed them. The space between the incisors and canines seemed to have expanded into a noticeable gap. I looked at him in annoyance and he stopped his asinine giggle. Some people had no right to judge!

I started guffawing at my own imbalance as I shifted to allow Nick his next shot. The numbness had spread to both feet now, and I was incredibly off-balance. It was as though my middle toes, the ones tingling the most, were forced into the end of my shoe, while the other ones didn’t seem to move at all. Even my big toes were stuck!

Forced to sit down, I watched excitedly as Nick sank two balls for our team. Yet, busy watching as I was, I failed to notice the lump sticking out of my own pants as I sat on it with a yelp. Reaching back, I could feel the same protrusion that the other guys sported, evidently the source of my discomfort. Was I growing my own...?

Another “HAAAWWW!” from John beside me encouraged me to turn around. I didn’t get mad at him for mocking my accident this time, however. I should have known better to watch out for my butt appendage. Everyone else had one, after all!

A harsh laugh escaped my own lips, deeper than I intended. It came at the wrong time for our team, as Nick’s shot went wild, knocking the cue ball off the table. He cursed under his breath.

“SorEEEE!” I called out, not wanting to make us lose. The deep draw in my voice didn’t escape my notice. I sounded as hoarse as the other guys in here. Must have been all the cigar smoke in the air. I couldn’t help the laugh!

“No worrEEEies. Dude! Get em’ on your turn!” He replied, going over to the table to pour himself another cup of beer.

I thought about joining him, but the numbness in my feet hadn't abated. Besides, I was still buzzed from the drinks I'd already taken. I needed a moment to compose myself or I'd be knocking the cue ball over all the room!

John got up to take his shot next, and that's when it hit me. There was the smell of booze on his breath, of course. He'd been breathing it into the air through his wider lips the whole time. But it was the stench of sweat that really caught my attention. It was rather warm in the space, and I myself was already starting to perspire a little. But his sweaty smell was *strong*. I think it was even worse than being inside a sauna. I was surprised it wasn't dripping all over his forehead from how *rank* it smelled!

Yet, instead of the usual scent of sweat and BO, something else about the quality of his odor caught my attention. It hung in the air where he'd been sitting, almost cloyingly, like a heady perfume. Yet, I was not repulsed by its presence for long. Rather, I found the smell almost... pleasant. It was relaxing, comforting in a way that body odor shouldn't be making me feel. Was I actually starting to *like* it?

I must not have noticed it before, under the haze of booze and cigar smoke. But a musky, male stink hung in the air, just under the surface of the scents that made up the establishment. It seemed to be wafting off of every man, going largely unnoticed by everyone in the room. But it had grown so strong that such ignorance wouldn't last for long. A quick glance around confirmed that at least some of the men present were sniffing the air, seeming as drawn to it as I evidently was.

In my curious exploration, I only became aware of how comfortable I really was until something damp assaulted my underwear. Thinking I'd spilled something on myself, I looked down in surprise to see that, instead, I'd actually been more relaxed than I'd expected. So relaxed, in fact, that I had a noticeable boner sticking out of my underwear!

Feeling embarrassed, I quickly lowered my hands over it, not wanting anyone to see. No one else in the establishment seemed to be looking in my direction. Thankfully, all three of my compatriots were more focused on John's turn than they were on me.

Unfortunately for me, the sight of the bulges sticking out behind their shirts and jeans caught my attention the moment I went to glance at them. Mind glazed over, I stared enamored by the sight of the bestial appendages they sported. Each tail, for that's what I understood them to be, was waving slightly of their own accord. Brownish-gray tassels hung from the ends as the guys seemed oblivious to their presence, save for reaching down to scratch the itch of hair growth.

Deep down, I knew I should have been concerned. Never in my life had I heard of guys sprouting tails and asinine ears while getting drunk! It wasn't possible. Wasn't it? I mean, it was happening right before my eyes, so it must be a thing. Fuck, it was hard to think being this drunk. My head was spinning!

Every time I tried to focus, my mind kept going back to the three gorgeous guys playing pool before me. I couldn't imagine a sight more sexually arousing. I'd never had a homosexual thought in all my years. I could appreciate a good-looking guy, sure. But never had one gotten my dick so damn hard. It wasn't enough to appreciate the contours of their bodies. I couldn't stop staring at those tails swung over plump, juicy *asses*. Their growing ears twitched on their heads, raising above scalps that were getting long with lush hair. Fuck, they were *hot!*

I shifted in my seat a little bit, trying to hide my embarrassing boner as John lined up to take his shot. He had a tail of his own, waving impatiently as he sized up his options. He was allowed a chance to set up behind the line since our ball had gone off the table. There were a few choices, but none of them were particularly easy to sink. He seemed to decide on a bank shot, trying to hit the 3 ball against the wall at an angle that would allow it to sink into the far corner pocket.

"Come HHHAAAWWn! We don't HAAWWVe all night!" Nick teased, patting him on the back. I noticed the arm stayed there a little too long, though I wasn't complaining about the view. Nick was rubbing John's back, almost giving him a massage on the shoulders as he really dug his fingers in.

"Yeah, dude, gotta take that shot... with that thick *pole* of yours," Gilles said, reaching his arm around John's other side.

I stared with rapt attention as Gilles's arm moved down, playing over the back of John's shirt as the man shivered and nickered with lust. Soon, it stopped over his tail, and Gilles gently traced his fingers over the beastly appendage, gripping it like how I assumed he would grip a cock. John almost dropped his cue right then, trembling from the evidently erotic touch. He was loving it!

More clear fluid leaked in my pants, so thick that I could almost taste it. I was fully hooked on the sensual sight as Gilles continued to trace his hand over John's tail. It was everything I could do not to pull down my pants and start stroking myself off right there! I resisted though, as much as it pained my needy cock. If anything, I might have to run to the bathroom to rub one out if they kept it up!

My compatriots seemed to have no such compunctions. I thought that either one of them might nut from their naughty actions if they kept things going for too long. Though each had their

backs to me, I could tell that their pants seemed strained. Maybe it was wishful thinking on my part, but I really wanted to imagine that they were all as boned up as I was. There was every chance that they might be needy too and would need to alleviate the desires of those massive cocks. And then, get me in on that action...

My thoughts quickly turned to their tails and what I knew to lay just underneath them. The thought of getting in there, sniffing and licking the tight, likely virgin puckers I knew that each possessed consumed all of my conscious mind. I'd never been gay before like I'd said. But with each passing moment, the mental image of performing homosexual actions with these men grew until it was impossible not to fantasize about it. If any one of them gave me even an inch, then, surely, I would...

My hopes and prayers were met as Nick's hand lowered down below John's tail, before reaching to grab the space underneath. It looked like Nick's seeking fingers were going in for John's asshole. To a mixture of my shock and delight, his fingers hit home, evidently inserting into an anus that was not in the right spot. But neither man seemed to mind, especially John, who brayed his approval!

Just then, John's cue hit the cue ball out of his control. It missed completely, weaving around the table just before coming to rest right in front of one of our balls. He had messed up his shot, and with it, adjusted the game state. There was no retaking it now for him!

"Hey! That's NNAAWWWT fair, you ass!" John cried though more in jest than an annoyance. It did not escape my notice that Nick's hand had not stopped fingering John's pucker. And neither man seemed inclined to have it move!

"You GAAWWWTA keep your mind on the game dude!" Nick brayed, making all three men laugh at their harsh brays. "That makes it our turn now!" he finished, giving John one more slap on the ass before taking the cue from him.

With that, he approached me, holding out the cue for my inspection. It was then I noticed the changed features on his face. His nose was swollen and his incisions stuck out like buck teeth, looking very similar to John's own. He sniffed the air a little with that massive snout, evidently drinking in the musky male odor in the room. Judging from the bulge in his pants, he was enjoying it as much as I was!

I stood up, suddenly no longer ashamed with the bulge I was sporting in my own pants as I did so. Reaching out to take the cue, I nearly tumbled over, the numbness in my feet having grown worse. I tried to flex my toes, but it was like there weren't any toes there to move. The tingling

had spread to the back of my heel, which I was just now realizing was tighter in the shoe than it should have been.

I was a little perplexed by the sensation. I mean, the shoes had fit properly when I'd left the house, right? And even intense numbness shouldn't be able to explain why I wasn't feeling my digits. It felt as though there was only a single one left on each foot, pressed tightly against the shoe at one end while my heel stretched at the other.

Even with the state of my feet, I was able to reclaim my balance enough that walking was possible. My focus was not on the table, though I knew I had to take my shot for our team. Rather, the focus had moved towards Nick's bulge. It somehow looked even larger than mine, making me excited. I just had to see it closer...

So lost in my lusty thoughts, I barely noticed that Nick had reached out with his hand, teasing the rim of my cock in my pants. I whickered a little, not expecting the touch but welcoming it all the same. In response, my cock grew even tauter, rubbing against my undies and releasing a big glob of precum that leaked out onto his hand. The smell of musk hit me once more and made me leak another long string of fluid. Fuck, it felt good!

"Mrfff, you really keep a lot of junk in that trunk!" Nick remarked, making me blush. "But we've got a game to finish. Go get 'em' stud!" He finished, teasing my cock for only a moment before pulling his hand away and letting me walk towards the table.

Awkwardly, I grabbed the cue, looking over at the table for my options. The 10 ball looked a little difficult to hit from the angle, though it was close enough to the cue that it was the best option. John's miss had whizzed right by it!

I lined up my shot, hyper-focused on how I would hit it to sink it into a pocket. I had an expression on my face that I commonly referred to as 'zen drunk'. The point of being so buzzed that the focus requirement allows your mind to relax, and removes nervousness from your shots while playing pool. It worked for any other game or task, really. You had to be careful though; too much booze got you past that level, and into the point where you stumbled and became a much worse player than normal due to your state of inebriation.

I was well past that point now, though the shots and beer had finally settled enough in my stomach. I wasn't the best pool player like I'd said. But even a simple shot would be difficult for me now with how drunk I'd gotten!

It didn't help that I had a few distractions. John and Gilles were making out now, not bothering to hide the lust that they'd been feeling. Their tails swished excitedly, their ears bouncing as they

did so. Their bulbous noses had made it look like their faces were protruding slightly, causing their make-out session to be much more slobbery than what it might be normally. My gaze drifted downwards, and sure enough, their rock-hard erections were straining in pants so much that they threatened to frot together if they got even an inch closer.

Yet, they continued to kiss each other, seemingly oblivious to their surroundings. It seemed a rather lewd display for such a place, but neither seemed to care. Nick hadn't told me that they had been an item! And with the way they were playing with Nick earlier, it didn't seem like they were necessarily an exclusive item!

A hand on my shoulder distracted me from my reverie as I turned around to look into the face of my buddy. His long ears, buck-toothed grin, and bulbous, browning nose made him look hot as hell! It was everything I could do not to kiss him right there!

But, Nick was right, after all. We had a game to play. He turned me around, having me face the table, and placed his hands on my shoulder again. Lowering his fingers, he reached out to grab my arm, gently steadying it towards the shot. He was behind me now, his other hand on my waist as we prepared to take the shot together.

I almost told him to stop, despite my arousal at his proximity. It was cheating, after all, to have him helping me like this. But our opponents seemed too preoccupied with each other's bodies to give that much mind. Besides, I wasn't inclined to tell Nick to go anywhere!

"Steady... there.... Now!" He said, pushing my arm and the cue at once. I added a little more force to it, though I tried to maintain my momentum, lest I mess up the shot he had in mind for me. The ball clicked on the target, sending it rolling into the center pocket. Best of all, however, was that the cue ball continued to move, hitting another of our balls and sending it into the corner pocket. It slowly rolled...closer...closer...YES! I'd sunk two balls at once! We were in the lead!

I turned around to thank Nick but his lips were on me in an instant. I had no chance to protest as he slobbered all over me with those protruding lips of his. I was so shocked, I hardly had the wherewithal to do much more than start to kiss him back!

I'd never kissed a man before, and part of me was excited as I allowed myself to give in to the sensation. The taste of beer was heavy on his breath, but there was something else, something earthy and raw that I found intoxicating. And there was an urgency to the action that excited me. It was the best kiss I'd ever had!

My cock was rock hard in my pants, its musky fluid leaking like pints of beer down my legs as we continued our make-out session. I started grinding against his jeans, looking for any source of

stimulation to ease the ache in my groin. To my delight, his own jeans were there, ready to press against mine as our cocks frothed together.

Though I couldn't see it, lost in our make-out session, I could feel how thick he was as I continued to thrust my hips towards him. He was massive and far longer than I would have ever expected. But, from the way that my own penis played over his, I was hardly in a position to be jealous. After all, mine felt nearly as big!

A hand reached out to grab my cock, making me gasp from the unexpected sensation. I almost shot my bolt right there, lost in lust as I was. But, thankfully, it wasn't enough. I wanted to save my load for something else. I didn't know what that was to be, exactly. But my lusty thoughts could surely come up with something. Even if it was against my initial proclivities, I sure as hell wanted it now!

Nick seemed to share the same idea as he rubbed my penis through my jeans with both his beefy hand and his cock. All the while, his lips were on mine, kissing me as I kissed him back. My eyes were closed; I was intent on savoring the experience as long as I could, fully enveloped in what he was giving me. It made it easier to drown out the other goings-on in the bar and just focus on this lovely stud before me!

Yet, even though I could not see them, it seemed impossible to fully ignore the other events in the bar. The sounds of balls clacking and patrons cheering hit my ears. Typical pool hall sounds. But underneath that cacophony, other things caught my attention. Whispers in hushed tones. Talking about bulges. Thick pythons in tight pants. Bulges from the *other* side that I now understood to be tails. The words "I'm not gay, but..." came to my attention more than once!

It took some time for me to realize that my hearing was better than it should be. This corresponded with a tingling in my ears, preceded by a rather annoying itching that I wanted to scratch. Yet, I didn't want to move my arms from where they were, wrapped around my buddy's waist. My goal was the opposite. I wanted to reach down with one and tease the tassel of his tail. And the other hand...I wondered what I would find in the space just under his tail...

But, in the end, I relented. The itching was just getting too annoying for me to bear. Not to mention the tingling and the aches at the base of my ears! I felt them twitch as the muscle under my skin started moving in response to the noises I was hearing. Naturally, they seemed to hone in on sounds that made my cock twitch, particularly those from my new buddies locking sloppy lips on the other side of the pool table!

My hands raised just in time to feel a light growth of fuzz over them. The hair was soft and velvety, much to my surprise, and I could feel the veins pulsate at my touch. The ears were far

larger than I'd been expecting. The damn things were above my hair now! And they seemed to curve in on themselves, with hundreds of longer hairs coating their inner surface.

I knew, somewhere deep down, that I should have been bothered by the texture and state they were in. They weren't human, after all. The slight panic was even starting to shine through my drunken state, at least a little.

Yet, I couldn't help but open my eyes and stare at the ears adorning my buddy's head. They twitched this way and that, seeming to react to sounds just as my own were. His stuck high on his head too, waving this way and that. At their bases, the velvety fur seamlessly transitioned to the warm, sweaty human skin of my buddy's head. All in all, the image looked hot as fuck!

The state of the ears, in tandem with the tails and big snouts we all had, painted a clear picture in my mind. The place was called 'Pleasure Island', wasn't it? We all looked like we were turning into donkeys! We were literally smoking and drinking ourselves into jackasses!

But, the idea of having asinine features did not draw fear as it did in my childhood. I would not be calling for my momma, even if I continued to change. Though I thought such a drastic change should frighten, at least, a littler, I couldn't muster an iota of fear. I wasn't sure if it was the state of inebriation I was in, but I was enamoured with the changes. If I looked half as handsome as the man I was frantically making out with, then I had nothing to fear! In fact, I had so much more to look forward to, if the sensations of his leaking cock had anything to say about it...

I was boned as fuck, and at the realization, I might be turning in a donkey, my cock throbbed even more. It was clear that my cock wasn't the same size as it had been when I'd entered the establishment. And that was fine with me. The idea of using such an equine-sized hose made me shoot another glob of precum into my pants. Best of all, the musky scent of my own fluids just made me all the *more* boned!

The pungent male odors brought my attention to my own honking nose. Even without crossing my eyes, I knew it must be as bulbous as the one adorning Nick's face. I felt my nostrils flaring, breathing deeply of his sweat and masculinity. The odor was familiar, one that I knew from my days running track, one of guys and sweat and exertion. But it had never interested me this much in any of my recollections. Smelling it now, it was absolutely erotic!

I hadn't realized the position of his hand on my belt until the zipper was pulled down, allowing more room for my dick to breathe. Surely, I hadn't ever been this big before. Was I getting a donkey's dick? They never mentioned *that* in the movie!

I felt my cock plop out of my pants, leaking more fluids into my underwear than I could stand. It was getting painfully annoying to have it confined like that. I needed it free in the open air. Worse, I needed to *fuck!*

Fortunately, Nick had no plans to keep it in my undies. He was evidently just as excited to see what had happened to my cock. Gently pulling down the elastic of my underwear, we were both hit with a heavy wave of musk that nearly made us cough. For me, however, the effect was simply to make me pound erect. The stench of my sweaty balls was more erotic than anything I could recall!

I stared down with anticipation at what had become of my dick. At first glance, my cock didn't look too much different than what I was accustomed to. Though it was easily twice the length erect, if not more. I'd never exactly measured myself, but *damn* was I hung! I was *thick* too, almost as much as that cup I'd been drinking from. It could have been my drunken haze making me think that. It was impossible to say for sure. Still, the sight of it was nice!

But, on closer inspection, it did seem to have altered in more than just size. I must have been wearing beer goggles if I didn't notice it right away. The head was crowned slightly, the shade a bit paler than my skin normally was. And my uncut cock was pulled back a little, with more pale flesh inside as the skin seemed to darken. Was this what a donkey's cock looked like? How was I supposed to know, anyway?

"HAHAAWWW!" I said, trying to deliberately bray, though my voice was already hoarse as it was. It didn't take me much effort to get the sound right!

"HAAWW! You sure are EEEager, stud! Let's see what that loveLEEEE coHHHAAAAWWWK tastes like!" Nick said, struggling a little with the words. Was his face pushed out slightly? I could hardly tell!

Even with his warning, I was not ready for the sensation of his tongue on my asshole, wiggling it around and playing at the flesh of my head. I moaned, unexpected the erotic contact. I'd had girls go down on me a few times in the past, but it never felt *this* good!

The way that Nick was teasing my cockhead, I would have thought him a pro! Maybe he was gay, and I hadn't known it before. Or, maybe the scent of my sweaty balls and the taste of my fluids were encouraging him on. Either way, it was the best thing I'd ever felt on my cock!

My mind was entirely enraptured by the wonderful things this man was doing to my dick. I didn't even care about how his tongue was seeming to flatten my cock head, or that it was pulling down my foreskin even further. It seemed to darken on the outside, the coloration

spreading down towards my base as the shaft started to itch with the peppering of minute hairs. But, lost in lust as I was, I didn't give a damn!

I shivered, almost violently as his surprisingly thick lips went down to nearly the base. Despite how thick and long my cock had gotten, he seemed to take it all in his moist, hot muzzle. Did he not have a gag reflex?

It took almost no time for him to build up a steady rhythm, salivating all over my dick as he dove up and down. Not only did he find the perfect speed, but he seemed to know how to actually use the tongue to full effect. It was crazy!

Mind awash in pleasure from the most amazing blow job in my life, I hardly noticed the sights of the other patrons in the bar, and how much they seemed to love the added attention from their fellows. Others were on hands and knees, giving each other blow and even rim jobs. Everyone was in some state of change, with tails, ears, blunt muzzles, and even mohawks!

The sights and scents of the others around me translated to a copious amount of fluids leaking from my turgid erection. I was getting so damn close at the vibrant display of male-on-male eroticism. My balls were swelling up with an impossible quantity of cum, and I needed to blow it!

Far too soon for my liking, Nick pulled off, leaving a thick line of precum from where he'd been sucking my cock. "Hey, why you'd STAAAWWWP?!" I asked/exclaimed. I was getting close to cumming, damnit!

Yet, Nick only looked me right in the eye, a lusty grin on his face. I could swear that the normal green of his eyes was starting to darken to a muddied brown, but it was impossible to tell through the smoky haze in the room. Yet, I had no time to consider it as I was swept up in a smoldering kiss. The contact was electric, and once more, almost made me nut right there!

I started thrusting against his groin, my mammoth erection frotting against his chest as I did so. I was desperate for more of that wonderful contact on my cock, enough to spill the load that was swelling in pool-ball-sized testicles. But, soon, he pulled back, letting my dick hang in the air. I went to protest, but he shushed me with another kiss, before turning around and bracing himself against the pool table.

Time seemed to stand still as I watched him unbuckling his pants, exposing name-brand underwear, damp from his sweat. His tail was on full display, thrashing this way and that in his impatience. His back was peppered in more of that lovely gray hair, now looking like a small coat.

But it was the contents of his underwear I really wanted to see. His briefs were strained, due to the size of his bulge in the front. That made the outside of his puffy, prolific pucker on full display. It was massive, far larger on his frame than I might have expected. It was almost as though his ass cheeks had receded a little to give me easier access. He seemed to be so eager to fuck!

The sight of him pulling down his drawers for me was everything I could have hope for and more. The thick, meaty, donut-shaped pucker did not belong on any human. But, we were donkey boys now, right? And I had the beginnings of a donkey cock I was excited to introduce him to!

“FFFAAAWWWK MMEEHHHAAAWWW!” He brayed, obviously as turned on by the action as I was. He bent over, as though trying to feel for my cock head with that meaty pucker.

For a brief moment, I considered the implications of what I was doing. I was about to fuck someone, a guy, no less, in front of 30 or more other people. I was never a voyeur by any means, but, now, the thought didn't disturb me in the slightest!

I needn't have worried about maintaining my modesty. A quick glance around the room showed me similar scenes all over. Everyone was either bent over pool tables, chairs, or down on hands and knees, with thick equine cocks plowing their gaping assholes. Some were in the process of even more lewd acts, and, in one instance, a group had become an orgy!

Even Nick's buddies seemed to have the same inclination. Gilles had his back braced against the wall, drinking from his beer cup as he moaned and was fucked from behind by John. Both men were drooling, their nostrils flaring as they drank in the sex and sweat of their rut.

It only took a moment of hesitation before I made up my mind. Thoughts of public displays of indecency, of maintaining my preconceived notions of heterosexuality still threatened to plague my thoughts. But a look back to the bar showed me there was no one aware to care what we were all up to. And everyone else seemed to be partaking in the male musk...

Before I fully realized what I was doing, my lips began caressing the supple flesh of Nick's asinine pucker, teasing the rim as I explored its contours. The texture was leathery and wrinkled, but I wasn't put off by the action. The sweaty musk rolling off his balls and backside kept me going as I teased out my tongue to take in more of him.

The salty aroma seemed to come from lower, where I knew his pendulous balls to be. Pulling down his underwear, even more, I excised a fleshy sack the likes I had not expected on his frame.

His balls were massive, half the size of the balls we'd been knocking into pockets. And the scents wafting from them were *divine!*

I couldn't help but lower my tongue to them, gently teasing their contours. His fleshy ball sack hung like fruit, almost painfully waving in the air from the sheer size of his testes. It must have pained him to be so full, but he didn't seem to mind their weight. They were hairy, as I expected. And the texture was leathery, just as it had been around the black skin of his pucker. The salty flavor really grew on me and I started lapping at them with enthusiasm, eager to savor the male stink as long as I could.

It was only his begging voice that could draw me out of my musk-fueled stupor. "Hurry up and FFFAAAWWKK me, dude!" Nick said, the pleading in his voice almost palpable.

I couldn't say no to that heavenly equine voice. I slowly stood up, careful of the pressure in my feet. My shoes seemed impossibly tight against my feet. But instead of the expected ache, I felt only a dull pressure. I couldn't move or feel my toes, which was odd. Yet, in my present state, I couldn't bring myself to care. So long as I could stand to fuck my buddy, that was all I needed to concern myself with!

My donkey cock was stiff as a flagpole as I reached down to grab it and shove it into Nick's gaping asshole. I was worried I hadn't used sufficient saliva to prep him for fucking. But my leaking head provided the necessary lubricant to enter as I shoved forth. A wet *pop* was all it took for me to be on the way to fuck my first asshole!

"Oh, FAAAWWKKK!" I moaned as I started shoving my way deeper inside. I was no stranger to sex, but the sensation of fucking a man's tight pucker was far better than I had even imagined. I felt every inch of my stiff poll plunging deeper and deeper, being teased by my buddy's undulating insides. Every part of my member was pleased at once, making me moan and bray in ecstasy. I was in heaven fucking this man's asshole!

"Oh, FAAAWWKKK, you're so big!" Nick moaned, though not out of pain. I could feel every inch of his presumably virgin pucker give way to my persistent pecker as I plowed him deeper and deeper. It seemed to open to me in welcome as I continued to rut and breed him.

His rectum seemed to be infinitely long as I felt a flap of flesh catch on his insides. It was like an extra layer or ring around my cock that had formed in the interim between his oral escapades and my sexual conquest. The pleasure it granted me was beyond anything I'd felt thus far, making me moan in my equine baritone as I continued to fuck him frantically.

I was all the way to the hilt now, feeling my phallus fill him up and leave him frothing at the mouth for more. My cock was impossibly engorged at this point, yet it seemed that he was taking it with little discomfort. I wanted to give him a few moments to adjust to the size of my member. But, his insistent thrusts and his whickers of need made it impossible to hold back as I started to thrust forward with fervor.

The next few moments of sex surpassed my conscious understanding. What started as a pleasant sensation against my entire cock soon grew to encompass my entire being. The sensual ecstasy began to flow over my body, tingling every inch with subtle charms. It happened so gradually that I didn't even realize it until my being was washed away in carnal pleasures.

The actual act was relatively short, with me boned up as I was. The scents of sex and musk were ever prevalent in my nostrils, and the soft nickers started to increase gradually as Nick prepared to reach his own climax. The sounds of others sharing the same sexual ecstasy as myself were like drops in the bucket to my own experience. It was as though they were joining me in some higher plane of being, partaking of their own carnal pleasures.

The slick sexual slapping of my balls on Nick's was the only thing sufficient to bring my awareness into the present. I hardly had hold of my sensibilities as my cock started throbbing violently inside my mate's rectum. His own cock was approaching its end if the tightening of his rectum on my member was any indication. He continued rubbing frantically with one hand, using the pocket of the pool table to stimulate the end of his phallus while his other hand held the table for stability.

A stiff "HAAAWWWW!" pierced the air as the donkey-man under me shot his load, blowing all over the table, his hand, and the floor with a thick spray of what I surmised to be donkey jism.

"I'm GOOONNHAAAACWWWWHHHAAAACWW HHEEEEEHHAAAACWW!" I brayed my response, my pleasure coming right behind his. The tightening against my cock was too much as my balls prepared to unleash their burden...

I quickly blew what felt like gallons of allowed jism into Nick's anus, coating his insides with so much seed that the backwash covered my cock. I couldn't fathom the sheer load I was cumming, my testicles impossibly full of my donkey juices. I continued to thrust, desperate for every ounce of pleasure my release could grant me. Every thrust felt better than the last, each ejecting more of my donkey sperm inside of him and made me eager for more.

Eventually, I did start to feel my release was over, at least for the moment. My cock stayed turgid for what felt like an eternity, as though it was unable to lose its shape now that it had been

molded inside of him. Yet, eventually, I started to pull out, reluctantly prying myself away from my conquest.

It came out with a spray of my cum, the scent not as off-putting as it should have been as it started leaking from his backside in large globs. My nose, still awash in musk and pheromones, was somehow drawn to the stench. Sniffing heavily to drink in the pungent male stink, I lowered myself in range to truly sample its delights.

Never had I enjoyed the stench of cum so much. But the odor was only growing on me from my sexual escapes in the last few moments. Curious, I reached out with my tongue, surprised at the pleasant salty sensation on my tongue. I started to lap more aggressively, drinking in the salty musk of my seed as it continued to leak from his abused anus.

Not caring where my seed had been, I proceeded to give my buddy a tongue bath, cleaning every glob of sticky semen I could reach. It was half in thanks for having taken his anus so forcefully, and half because I fucking loved the task of my cum!

Nick's nickers of approval were all I needed to know he appreciated the tonguing that I was giving him. He seemed to lean back into it, allowing me to get all the hard-to-reach spots with my tongue. Soon, he was nice and clean, even the parts of his balls that he had spilled his seed on.

I stood up once I'd considered my task sufficiently finished, licking my lips to savor my tasty treat before realizing that Nick was down on his hands and knees again, lapping at my retracting cockhead. Though it was already retreating into my sheath, his thick tongue had enough flexibility to reach, making sure that no cum congealed inside my sheath. I was grateful for that, unable to imagine how that would feel if left unattended! I didn't want a bunch of dried cum in my sheath the next time I got hard!

"HHAAAWWWOOW was that?" Nick brayed, licking my lips quickly before turning to the second beer jug that was still on the counter. I had a laugh at that. I was thirsty too, especially after the romp we'd just shared.

"Amazing! HAAWW!" I brayed happily. I didn't care how easy the brays came at this point. Never had sex ever been so sublime before, and I was eager for more. Best of all, it seemed as though my cock wasn't done for the night. I'd be having another go at him later if all went as planned. Though, on further contemplation, the ache in my empty asshole had me wondering if the receiving end was worth a try for the next round!

John was just helping Gilles up off the floor, their own backsides stained with sweat and slobber and cum. It seemed as though they were just as satisfied with the sex as we had been. Moreso, if the sight of their locked lips afterward was any indication!

All over the pool hall, the patrons were either in the midst of partaking in or finishing up their canal acts. The odors of smoke were starting to billow around us again as people puffed up in their post-orgasmic reverie. I didn't mind it so much this time, however. If anything, it made me crave a cigar of my own.

"Wanna go grab some cigars?" Nick asked, as though reading my mind. I nodded, still feeling a little drunk and dazed to talk.

Even though I knew I shouldn't have more alcohol, I gratefully took the cup of beer when Nick filled it for me, chugging it down in a few gulps. The taste was pleasant, complementing the salty flavor of my own cum rather well, I was surprised to say. It seemed to give me no ill effects, even in tandem with the hard liquor I downed.

I patted my stomach at that, noticing the skin felt warm and that its surface had expanded. I couldn't help but sneak a glance; Nick's belly was even more distended than mine was, forcing his shirt to ride up and exposing the darkening flesh. I bet his was so full from the sheer amount of cum I'd flooded him with!

I couldn't help but notice my fingers were a little stiff, and I had some trouble gripping the cup after a few moments. Setting it back down empty, I tried to flex them a little, but the sensation did not abate. The same appeared to happen when Nick took my hand to guide me to the bar, his own joints seemingly stiff as if the motion was awkward. But, in my drunken state, I was just thankful his hands could grip mine enough that he got me there. I would have gotten lost!

Yet, I seemed to notice him stumbling a bit as he did, as though he was dealing with the same numbing in his feet as I was. He stopped, shaking them for a bit as he did so, trying to work out the sensation. But, even that action seemed to do little to alleviate his discomfort.

Even though my beer goggles, I got a good look at the state of changes in his legs. Reminding me of the sensations against my own foot, I couldn't help but notice that his heels seemed to be pulling at the back of his shoes like they had stretched beyond the confines of the leather. Worse, the leather seemed to have bulged along the sides, as though his foot inside had expanded.

"FFAAAWWWKKK, my feet are numb!" Nick whined, and I only looked at him in agreement. I, too, had experienced the same thing, and it made walking a bitch!

My own foot was likely in worse shape if the numbness inside was any indication. I had no feeling in the digits, save a slight pressure around the sides and bottom where my middle toe once was. Looking down, I saw that the leather was tearing at the sides, leaving something dark and hard sticking through the torn material. What the hell...?

I started laughing/braying at that moment. “We’re turning into donHHEEEHHAWWWWS! We don’t NEEHHAAWWW shoes! We have hooves!”

“Oh yeah?” Nick said, as though the notion was foreign to him. Yet, he did not seem entirely opposed to the idea that he might be turning into a donkey. The expression on his asinine features made me think that he might actually be liking it!

Bending over, he reached down to take off his shoe, struggling a little as though it was stuck. The leather had popped apart at the sides, much like my own were. It came apart at the seams as he did so, but it did allow them room to breathe somewhat.

As he did so, I finally got a good look at the state of what my own feet must have been in. The hoof was massive, brownish with hard keratin, and tapered at the end. The sight was a little strange to me, his foot still retaining some elements of its humanity. There were still the stubs of toes sticking out of pale skin just above the hide and hooves that made up his donkey feet. But, it was clear he couldn’t move them anymore. And, I was sure that I could see them retreating into his ankle as I watched. But, in my drunken state, how could I know for sure?

I wanted to take off my own shoes, but my balance was awkward, and I nearly keeled over at the attempt. I figured sitting down would be the best bet as I walked over to the bench and lowered myself. Yet, a pained bray escaped my lips as I did so. I’d forgotten about my damned tail!

Reaching back, I was greeted with the texture of a butt appendage that was far bigger than the last time I’d felt it. I’d made the same damn mistake twice in a row! I had to get used to the fact that I was a donkey-boy. And donkey-boys had *tails*. Big, thick, ropey, sexy tails...

The pain in my crotch grew almost unbearable as my thick donkey cock started swelling inside them once more. I stifled a bray, keeping my hands away from my groin even as I watched the already damp fabric soak through with precum. I didn’t want to bust a nut inside my pants, not when Nick was likely eager to take my load at either end!

I was getting far too big for my pants now, and was partially surprised I’d been able to zipper them up once more in the first place. The next time they went off, I figured that I wouldn’t be getting them back on again. Yet, that idea sat well with me. If I changed anymore, I wouldn’t want clothes on, after all!

Still, the dull throb in my feet took precedence for the moment. There was time to get naked later. Reaching down was a little difficult, especially with how big my belly had become. It was sticking out from under my shirt now, its surfaces peppering with brown hairs and the red welts of stretch marks. But, even in its current state, I didn't mind the sight of it. I was a perfect specimen of donkey-boy, nice and plump and horny!

Remembering the goal was my feet, I reached down once more to grip the waning leather of my confining shoes. The fact of how hard it was to retain any kind of focus was lost on me as I started to tug, trying to undo the laces. To my dismay, that stiffness in my hands got in the way once more. They didn't seem to be as flexible as before, and even taking a moment to crack the joints didn't help matters. It was as though the joints were losing their internal structure if such a thing was a possibility.

Taking a closer look revealed how thick the middle digits seemed to be, almost pushing the rest to the side with their size. Despite that, it was the other fingers that were obviously the problem. They were so short in comparison to the middle ones, at least two-thirds their former size. No wonder they were giving me so much trouble!

Yet, I still managed enough flexibility to grasp the sides of my shoe. They had been pulled apart already somewhat, as though something massive had sprung from the inside. I giggled as I realized that something *had*. My new hooves!

With the damage already done, it didn't take too much more effort to do the deed. A simple tug at the sides pulled apart what remained of the weakened leather as it popped away. Tossing the used article aside, I was able to get a full glimpse of the equine glory adorning my leg. I couldn't twitch my hoof, of course. I felt no relief from having freed it. It was more a matter of pride to me to have them revealed. I was a proud donkey-boy, after all!

I wasted no time in getting rid of the other shoe as well, as I flexed my ankles and played with the new appendages. Though I couldn't feel the wooden floor of the establishment under them, they did make a satisfying *clap*. Gently standing up, I tried taking a few awkward steps, their *clip-clap* echoing in my ears as I did so. The sound they made was so delightful!

The echoes of others testing out their new asinine appendages played over my ears as well, making me excited. I turned to gaze around the smoky hall, delighted that my equine brethren were making such good use of their new additions. It was wonderful being so close to my horny herd mates. Wait, *herd*? Why had that word come to mind? I was even thinking like a donkey!

I hardly had time to care about that development as Nick clopped over to me, taking my hand and pulling me back towards our original goal. I was happy to oblige him, my hooves clopping eagerly after him as we went. I loved the darn things so much, not at all lamenting the loss of my human feet. Hooves were far better for walking on, and I'd never need shoes again!

The bartender was still there, handing out pitchers of beer and stogies to anyone who requested them. He seemed not to care for the spilled beer and the ashes that strewn his pool tables and floor. What a nice guy. He just wanted us all to have our fun!

“Two cigars, eh boys? How about another pitcher to go with your table, too! It's nice to see you all enjoying yourselves!” He said with a laugh, pouring the beer before we could even reply. It was really nice of him to offer, I thought. What a nice guy!

Even giving us a light, he turned us off with a wave, waiting for the next group to come and request his services. It was all I could do to take the pitcher back to our group without downing it all right there! I was already getting my drunk back on, in an attempt to ignore any of the lingering doubts I still held. But, we had sexy tablemates to share with, after all.

Taking his lit cigar, Nick put it to his lips, puffing and blowing the smoke in my face. I would have been pissed at him, but there was some quality in the smoke that made me relax. It wasn't the usual stink of tobacco that caught my notice. There was something akin to weed, but it was far more palpatible than the usual stink of skunk. Whatever it was, the stench was heavenly!

I had been holding my own lit cigar the entire time, having never smoked one before in my life. I contemplated it for a few moments, not really sure how to proceed. Noticing my distraction, Nick came up to me, kissing me on the cheek before putting the cigar to my lips. Curious, I reached out with the thickened things before taking the tip inside. Careful to hold it in place, I breathed in deeply, inhaling the smoke down into my lungs. It was cool, a contrast to the warm stogie in my mouth.

It was then that the overwhelming quality of smoke caused me to gasp, coughing and sputtering as I did so. I didn't want to look weak or anything of the sort, but I just couldn't stop coughing! I didn't think about it, but maybe standing in a bar in front of a hot guy, drunk and changing into a donkey-boy wasn't the best time to try a cigar for the first time!

“Never HHAAAWWd a cig before, eh budDEEHHHAAAW?” Nick asked me, making me blush with embarrassment. I wanted to shy away from him, but from the expression on his face, he wasn't mocking me. It was a kind, caring sort of expression that I could make out even with the slight stretching of his face.

I took another drag, more carefully this time, mimicking Nick as he did the same. He made the motion slowly as well, as though trying to teach or instruct. I was thankful for that as this time, the smoke went down easily and I was able to blow it out with no issue.

Tapping the blunt end on an ashtray, one that I was barely able to hit properly given my current state of inebriation, I took another long drag, gazing at Nick's smile as I did so. In a few moments, the cigar was halfway done, me having gotten the hang of it. It was almost exhilarating, feeling the tingle of a cigar buzz flowing over me in tandem with the alcohol.

Soon, the flavor, which was starting to grow on me, faded as the buzz of something strong welled up inside me. At first, the sensation was akin to being slightly drunk, but the more it did so, the more that it relaxed me. I didn't think a cigar would hit me so hard like that, but it certainly was. Maybe there really was something more potent than tobacco in it!

I went to pull out the cigar after taking a few more puffs but the stiffness in my digits made it hard to grab on to it. I stubbornly tried to tug it out again, but my middle fingers were unwieldy, and they got in the way so much that I couldn't get a grip. It was nearly impossible to wiggle the rest of the fingers to get them around the cigar anyway!

Fortunately, I didn't have to worry that the smoldering cigar would fall out of my lips. They were massive on my face, thick, rubbery and almost as pliable as my fingers had been! I could easily curl them around the cigar, taking puffs of that sweet, intoxicating smoke and blowing it out of my huge nostrils, only stopping to use them to flick the ashes in the tray nearby. I mean, a good portion of them missed, but I was trying my best!

I was a little worried as I got to the end of the stogie, not able to take it out of my mouth without hands. Yet the problem was soon taken from my lips with the cigar as Nick reached up with his still-nimble fingers. Gently taking the cigar and setting it in the tray, he gazed at me with those lovely brown eyes. The lust in his expression was undeniable. He had it bad for me, just as bad as I had it for him. I'd taken him just before but already I wanted more. And we apparently no longer had human stamina. We were horny donk-boys, and it seemed as though we could go all night if need be!

Judging from the sounds in the bar, those people who had already gone hot and heavy were about to go to a second round. Though the steady clack of balls on balls could still be heard, and the bar was heavy with whatever smoky concoction we were inhaling, the moans and scents of sex could not be overridden. More and more people were up against the wall, pool tables, and on all fours braying and crying out with the need to have their assholes filled with thick donkey cock!

Yet, I only had a brief moment's distraction before a pair of rubbery lips met mine and I was breathing in the last bit of smoke from my lover's cigar. I coughed reflexively as I allowed the smoke to fill my lungs before breathing it out of my massive nostrils. But it didn't bother me. Not with the taste of those asinine lips on mine as Nick started to huff, thrusting his crotch against mine!

We paused for a moment, picking up the pitcher and taking turns tipping it into our waiting gullets. Well, Nick did, anyway. He was the only one of us who had working hands at the moment. He was generous enough to pour the foamy fluid down my throat, slowly enough that I could swallow before taking the pitcher and partaking deeply of it himself. Though he poured rather carefully, enough of it was missed that it soaked through my shirt, covering my chest with beer. But I didn't care, drunk and high as I was. Everything felt amazing right now!

My only regret was my inability to get my shirt off my frame. I struggled with my fingers for a bit, not able to get my much more massive middle digits to wrap around the base. Looking down, I could tell that my other fingers were nearly gone, sticking out of my wrists at odd angles with no flexibility whatsoever. How had I not noticed that before? I really was drunk!

It didn't bother me to see my own fingers crack and shrink away, pulled into thickening wrists. The diameter of my middle finger tapered only slightly from my wrists, but it looked like it had some thickening to do. My other hand, though not quite there yet, was soon to follow as the fingers were sucked in and made vestigial. I couldn't bring myself to care, however. Their nails were thicker over the tips, a block of keratin that I could feel being filled with the tip of my former fingers. I was growing hooves, just like the sexy donk I wanted to be!

Luckily for me, Nick was there with his own still-functioning hands to pull off my shirt. He had shed his already, and the male stink wafting off his sweaty body was heavenly! It took him a little effort to pull mine off; his own hands weren't likely to function much longer in their present state. But then again, why did he need hands when he could have lovely donkey hooves like mine?

It also didn't help that my chest seemed to have barrelled outward, my ribs almost pushing at the skin as they expanded. It didn't hurt; I felt no pain from my impending donkey-dom, which was thankful. Besides, the ache in my cock more than made up for any pains that might have annoyed me. The level of pleasure radiating from my dick and clenching asshole was already nearly orgasmic on its own. Sex was going to be so much better than I could even fathom!

Even with my stiff arms and massive belly, he managed to pull off the restricted stained shirt, though not without some tears and rips along the way. My hide was much thicker than any fabric

could manage, anyway, so it was of no consequence. Besides, why would I want to wear such things anyway? They were far too hot, and I was much sexier naked!

I figured our make-out session was going to pick up in earnest, maybe leading to exploration that would leave me on the receiving end this time. But, before I could start to kiss my sexy donk-man. Nick spoke up.

“Let's get back to the others,” Nick said in his deeper, sexy voice. “I wannHHAAAWWW see what those sexy donks are HHHAAAWWWWP to!”

I nodded, my cock getting harder in my pants at the thought. I wanted nothing more than the same, to see what my new friends had done with themselves in the interim. Besides, whatever position they were in would not only turn me on but give me some ideas on how to handle my new man. Better yet, maybe we could join in!

We got back to our table to the sensual sight of our compatriots seated at the booth, kissing and rubbing each other's bodies. My cock lept a full foot in my pants at that, barely able to be contained. It was hot as fuck watching two sexy men making out!

It seemed as though their escapades were visibly escalating their changes as I gazed on, excitedly. Their hair seemed to bristle atop their heads, coarser than I was expecting. John's brown and Gilles's auburn manes were blackening, a line in the center all that remained as the rest seemed to sink into their scalps. The hairs seemed to prickle their necks as more spread down to their shoulders down in a row, running below their shirts as muscles rippled under the skin. A coat of smaller hairs seemed to be peppering around them, grey and brown respectively. Soon, they were so thick that they seemed to obscure the skin. I wanted to run my fingers over them, but it seemed the two horny men were preoccupied.

Besides, I had my own horny man to attend to. “So, I guess that one's a tieEE?” Nick said in reference to our discarded game, clapping me on the back. I turned around clapping him as well, rubbing his muscles and fur. I soon got the impression that we were to do more than just play pool tonight. From the bulge in his pants, I could tell that he was up for another round. As was I, if the ache in my cock was any indication!

Feeling my own hair bristling, I reached up in time to feel my hair thinning, save the one streak in the middle that was lengthening enve beyond the long hair I possessed. It was thick stiff, feeling more like the asinine mane it was becoming as it itched down past my thick shoulders towards my back. I had a mohawk now, but could only think about how sexy it must be on me. If the sight of Nick's own mohawk growing was indication, I was hot as hell!

It was too much. I was too damn horny, and I needed to tease the outline of cock in his pants more than anything I could ever recall. Getting down on hands and knees, I looked up at the thick donkey dick in his pants with reverence. How could I not want to suck on something so glorious, so massive and shapely! Yet, the moment I reached up was the moment I realized that I had no fingers to work his zipper. I didn't mind my hooves, not really; they were rather fetching for the donkey I was becoming. But they were no good for sucking cock with pants in the way! Why the hell was Nick wearing such things, anyway? Why was I, for that matter?

Thankfully, I had no time to lament the lack of opposable digits as Nick reached down and pulled his pants off. The stench of precum and cock filled my nostrils and made me nicker with excitement. I could see the outline of donkey dick in his pants, as though straining to burst from his underwear. It sat there, almost teasing me with its presence as it leaked more musky fluids through his boxers. The scent and sight were maddening!

His underwear was not fated to last much longer at the straining of his cock and his girthy balls. I grinned a wide-toothed grin as he pulled them down, struggling a bit with his hands as he did so. Judging from the state of his waning fingers, they weren't going to last much longer as such! Not that I minded, of course!

Soon, his cock bobbed out, slapping me in the face as leaving a trail of ooze over me as it continued to unfurl. I could see how his new foreskin was attached to his belly, straining from the sheer amount of blood required for its arousal. It continued whacking me in the face more and more as it grew, as though the air was a catalyst for his erection. And, judging from the scents I knew he could detect with his flared nostrils, that was the case!

The sight of his massive, asinine erection made me drool thick strings as I maneuvered my muzzle around the tip. I was almost content just to *smell* the damn thing for an eternity, its thick, musky odor making me hot and bothered. Yet, the needs in my cock and my fading intellect knew I needed more, and the opportunity was too good to pass up! I wanted to give that lovely cock a nice suck!

His meaty cock pressed against my muzzle as I opened it carefully, using my rubbery, pliable lips to pull it in. The leaking, salty flavor of his precum hit me all at once, prompting me to suck with reckless abandon. Still, I retained enough awareness to know that I had to be careful, lest I hurt him. Even though the leathery skin was tougher than a human's, I wanted to be gentle, to bring him in all the way before I made him bray and cum!

Eager to taste all of his length as I could, my tongue worked into his urethra, coaxing more of that tasty fluid into my eager gullet. He would be forced to give up the ghost at my insistent ministrations!

I could feel the thick meat throbbing in my mouth as I sucked, playing my tongue down as far as it could go now that I had most of his shaft inside me. I could feel every vein, every ridge and inch of his quaking member with a tongue that was far more sensitive than it had ever been.

A furry, rough texture eventually met my muzzle, and I pushed in, not caring what it was so long as it was part of his cock. Shoving it in further, I realized that the warmth between the skin and his cock was me digging into his sheath. Yet, from the force of the trembling my actions seemed to bring him, I would be remiss to stop tonguing his newly-grown foreskin now!

“HHHAAWWWWT!” He moaned, forcing me to go at my work even faster. His brays of contentment just made me more and more eager to coax a load out of his donkey balls!

Yet, the sensation of his pseudo-hooves on my head made me pause for a few moments before he tugged his turgid girth out of me, leaving it to slap against my face with another bit of slime. I brayed softly, wondering why my mate was denying me. I wanted to suck his cock, and drink down his sweet donkey jism that had been building the more I sucked!

Yet, Nick seemed to have other ideas in mind as he got down, giving my rubbery muzzle another kiss for a few moments, likely to taste his own juices on my lips. He seemed to enjoy them well enough, at least at the moment. Yet soon, he broke the kiss, grinning at me slyly with that massive muzzle as he got down on hands and knees and crawled towards my backside.

I stood there, frozen for a few moments, wondering what Nick was about to do. Was he going to mount me? To my delight, his fingers worked their way under my jeans, pulling at the buckle enough that my fat uncut donkey cock was able to slap against the fabric of my underwear. I hadn't realized it, so focused on my work as I was. But I was pent up as hell!

Soon, his stiff fingers managed to enter my tight elastic and pull down my briefs over my cock in a rough way that would have hurt the human me. But, my new donkey cock was made of sturdier stuff as I wickered only slightly from the contact. It felt amazing to allow my cock to bob up and down in the air as it was. I was getting more boned-up than I recalled myself being in ages. And I was loving it!

As he tugged, I could feel more pressure against my cock, as though Nick was straining to pull against the fabric of my underwear. Curious, I took a look back to see what state his digits were in. It seemed as though his middle ones were double the width of the remaining ones, and as I stared, I could see his former pair retracting as they prepared to become vestigial. I wanted him to get my pants down, don't get me wrong. But it made me so damn *hard* to see him with hooves!

To my delight, I was about to get both as his struggling fingers finally allowed my cock to flop into the air just in time. He tried to grip it with his dwindling hands but was only able to stroke my mammoth shaft with the hardened fingertip before the rest of the digits were too small to amount to much. Soon, they were still and unresponsive, pulled into his wrists until the only thing felt were the former middle fingers!

I watched in fascination as the bulbous end of the nail started to swell almost faster than my drunk and stoned mind could perceive. They expanded from the base, the front surface tapering as the nail itself seemed to swell from the digits. The width of the former fingers soon matched the diameter of his wrists as the nail bubbled outward, thickening the more his finger grew into it. Soon, the curved edges and flattened bottom left him with little more than the asinine hooves to go with his sexy bod!

My own fingers were extending into my hooves as the keratin grew thicker and oval at the edges. It was fascinating to watch them bubbling out, the dead skin stretching to a form that could support all the weight I was putting on. I was left with a perfect pair of donkey hooves and I couldn't be more excited!

Yet, despite the interest in watching my changes, my needy cock was beckoning to me all the while, wanting more attention the more that the process turned me on. It was thankfully bobbing up and down in the air from my stretched undies, leaking onto the floor from its insistence. I realized, with some disappointment, that my hooves, lovely as they were, would be unable to touch it!

Nick certainly hadn't forgotten about it either, much to my excitement. I smiled a wide-toothed grin as I felt his rubbery lips press against the surface, pulling me in and starting to suck at the tip. Why did I need hands to get off when I had such sexy herd mates to help me? I could have the best of both worlds; my lovely pristine donkey hooves for walking and all the sex my body could take!

To the delight of my nose, Nick's throbbing donkey dick was right in front of my face, bobbing up and down as he got down on his back to start sucking me in earnest. It stood there, stiff as a flag, a tasty treat that threatened to bob me in the face once more. He wanted to 69 with me, and I was more than elated to suck his cock while he sucked mine!

The position was a little awkward at first. Even with my massive muzzle, I couldn't quite grasp onto the donkey dong that I craved so desperately. I brayed my frustration a few times, not quite able to get there as Nick seemed to have all the fun, sucking away on my cock and making my balls churn. The flavor of his member was fresh on my teeth and I desperately wanted more!

Yet, a series of soft cracks and pops from growth made my ears twitch, and I was able to force my muzzle forward just enough that the tip of his cock caught my rubbery lips. With a bray of triumph, my muzzle opened, and my lips grasped his succulent member, pulling it inward with their pliability. All at once, I could taste the salty fluid of my buddy's secretions, and I started licking the head even as my lips pulled more and more of it inside. His cum was going to fill me up just as I'd been craving!

The next few moments were some of the most sensual and tender that I could ever recall. It was exactly the contact I'd been craving against my cock while sucking off my buddy. The act of drinking down his precum and forcing him to spill more down my gullet was highly arousing. Having him suck me off, in turn, helped to meet the need that had been driving me mad the first time!

Naturally, there was little chance of holding back with our ends so close. I had brought him to the edge, and he had been sucking me off expertly the entire time. The texture of my buddy's cock in my mouth made me hard as hell, as I knew the texture of my own in his did as well. He was surely getting close if the sensation of his throbbing meat in my muzzle was any indication, and I was soon to get my prize as he unloaded his donkey jism down my gullet!

"HAAAWWWW!" Nick brayed, letting go of my cock as his cock spasmed and shot like a fire hose into my belly!

More semen than I thought he could produce shot down my throat with a force that should have made me gag. But, instead, my thicker neck and eager muzzle guzzled it down like a fountain drink as the sticky, salty, musky flavor assaulted my senses. It was almost more than I could bear, but I swallowed his cum greedily, needing the sexual gratification from how boned the act made me!

No sooner had I done so than Nick's lips were back on my cock, wrapped around the length and pulling me inside, his tongue rubbing at my dick in all the right ways. It was beyond sensual to feel him take me inside like that, pulling me to the back of my throat as he prepared to take my donkey load!

There was no way I could possibly hold out from such an oral onslaught as I felt my balls tense up and the familiar sensation of oncoming ejaculation overtook me. I brayed a bestial sound as I tipped over the edge, blowing my donkey load into the eager gullet of the man.

"HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!"

I knew what he was tasting; I was still enjoying the flavor of cum as my massive tongue lapped the outside of my lips, careful not to miss a drop. I even managed to get around his cock to lap up some of the semen I missed, eager to take it all in and not wanting to waste a drop of the tasty release!

We lay there for a few moments, the aches and pains of our growing bodies offset by the amazing orgasms that had encompassed our entire beings. I was sure I was growing, torso stretching as my spine popped and my entire body trembled with change. But, in the current state I was in, it was difficult to care. I was a massive, slightly chubby donkey with how distended my belly was becoming. It was impossible to believe how much cum had filled my belly, in tandem with all the beer we had drunk. But I wasn't complaining!

Suddenly, the stench of urine hit my nose, and I reflectively looked up, the sounds of piss splattering against the table making my ears twitch, John's massive donkey cock was spraying the side of the pool table like he didn't care that he was making a mess. I didn't suppose it mattered, really. We were donkeys, right? If he had to piss, a donkey didn't hold it back. Besides, I could smell worse. The place was starting to stink like a barn, like animals eliminating their waste without any care for modesty!

Yet, the realization did little to bother me. There was the stench of urine and excrement, to be sure. But, it carried with it notes of interest that made me wonder why I had minded it before. I could tell our herd was healthy, if not a bit too intoxicated. The scents relaxed me, allowed me to feel safe that we could all share a space like this together. I was surrounded by herd mates, all healthy and virile and horny as hell, each as eager to mate and mate again as I was!

My own cock came out of my sheath then, the urge to piss overcoming me as I stood up on awkward, wobbly legs. Part of me felt disoriented as I did so, as though the stance I was taking was *wrong* on some level. But it didn't stop me from bucking my meaty hips to try to aim away as my cock unloaded torrents of beer-scented piss, draining my bladder as carefree as I could over the wooden floor.

Part of me was worried I was pissing myself, especially when some got on my tight pants. Another part was slightly embarrassed that I hadn't thought to find the bathroom. But, no one else seemed to be concerned about it at the moment. People were doing worse than just pissing in here. Hell, I didn't even know where the bathroom was! And why did I need one, anyway, when I could just relieve myself wherever I was? It wasn't like I even had hands to wipe, after all!

"Heeeey, stuAAAAAAD!" Nick brayed, attracting my attention once I'd finished. He was sniffing around my ass, drinking in the heavy musk of my rear as he did so.

I knew what he wanted. I wanted the same thing. I had been on the giving end the first time. But I was eager to see what the other side was like. My asshole, empty as it was, ached to be fucked and filled. I wanted to feel emasculated by this powerful donkey that was once a good buddy of mine. And I wanted it *badly*.

Turning around, I managed to catch Nick's grin before his back started to crack, as though the bones were shifting. The motion made him pitch over, catching himself gently on his front hooves as his back started to stretch. Horny as I was, I still found myself fascinated as his hips started to widen, fur covering the last few patches of skin. The entire hip bone seemed to pierce the surface as his pelvis popped inside and reformed, forcing flattening hips into a new configuration. I didn't think he was getting up after that. But, good donkeys walked around on all fours, right?

My own back started to ache and I reflexively lowered myself to the floor, knowing what my fate would be and embracing it all the same. I wanted to feel my spine getting longer, my pelvis snapping apart and reattaching to allow my hips to flatten the surface of my backside. I wanted to feel my knees falling in line with my belly, attached with a flap of skin. I wanted to know that my calves were shrinking, my thighs, too, shortening to accommodate my new stance. Yet, most of all, I wanted my ass on full display to get fucked by the magnificent jack I'd been making out with and fucking the entire evening!

Grinning at my soon-to-be lover, I turned around, hearing the soft cracks and pops that indicated my tail was getting longer. I loved flexing it, feeling it run over my rump and teasing the meaty pucker that lay just beneath it. The tassel at the tip teasing my backside through my undies was only icing on the cake!

I was just now starting to come to terms just how much of a donkey I was already. My growing bodily dimensions were already allowing me more comfort on all fours. My face was still stretching to the point where I could see it clearly in front of me. Looking around the room, I was slowly starting to realize that more of it was in my field of vision. It was exciting, knowing that I could see so many soon-to-be donks in the midst of their own carnal acts!

Yet, it was far from the ideal way to take in the world. It was the *scents* that really excited me! Each and every donk had his own separate odor, each more tantalizing than the last. The odors of the men they once were also hit me, but they were far less interesting. I could smell the world in such vivid detail it was hard to take it all in with each and every breath. The more that my nose grew, the better the odors became!

Some of the smells stank, of course. The scent of manure and urine and sweat were a little overwhelming. But the more I changed, the more the odors seemed to sit well with me. They were the odors of donkeys, after all. That's what my life was. The relaxing life of a donkey...

Lost in the pleasures of scent and lust in my cock, I found it was hard to think about anything else. I had a few concerns at the moment, of course. I was still horny as hell. And my pants, though loosened, were falling to the floor to pool around my legs, making me need to buck and kick to get rid of them. It was a nightmare!

I flailed around frantically, my speech developing into brays as I did so. I didn't want them to be stuck to me, trapping me in these ridiculous things when I had a lovely hide to show off. And I didn't want my asshole hidden behind them either!

The sensation of something against my underwear made me pause as I stopped to look around. It was Nick, grasping the ends with his teeth and tugging with all he was worth. It was slightly painful to have the elastic stretched as it was. But my skin was already tougher, and the fabric was pulled taut against my massive ass. It didn't take long as with a snap...

Turning around, I was greeted by the sight of my buddy's muzzle with my underwear attached. I brayed my amusement, watching just by slightly turning my thick neck and using my wider field of vision. I didn't want to pull my ass away from his inspection!

It looked hilarious to see him struggling with my underwear, trying to blow it off his muzzle as he shook his massive head frantically. His mane waving with him, the mostly-donkey man looked adorable as hell trying to get it off him as he breathed in deeply. His nostrils were inhaling my stench from the undies, breaking in the sweaty musk of my donkey hide

As mesmerized as I was by the sight of his face pressing outward, his brown eyes widening and expanding to either side of his muzzle, I was getting impatient. It was humbling that he was sniffing my scent, but my ass was on full display for him! Why wasn't he sniffing it directly, damnit! I wanted him inside me, and I wasn't going to take no for an answer.

Thankfully, Nick soon got the hint. With a shake of his head, the undies came off, and with them, he was free to goose my puckered anus, which he promptly did. I whickered at the sudden contact, feeling him play over my equine rump with purpose.

"HAAWWW! That's HAAIT..." I brayed, loving the sensation of Nick's thick tongue on my backside, licking me tenderly. He took ample time to play over my rump, covering my ass in slobber and even going so far as to tease the insides of my hole. It was amazing, getting the

rimming of my life from such a sexy donkey. He didn't even care if I was dirty back three, he just continued to lap over my rear like the dirty donkeys we were!

It took little time for him to finish with his prep work before he pulled away, making me bray a little in disappointment. I already knew what was coming, of course. It wasn't going to be left unattended for long before the sexy donk lept up on my back and started thrusting towards my tail hole, wanting desperately to enter and fuck me into submission. And I wanted nothing more than to take him properly!

As I waited to be mounted, my widening gaze took in the sights of the room once more. In particular, I caught sight of our table mates, one deep in the other's ass as they fucked and rutted and brayed themselves into beasts. They were... What were their names? Did it matter? They had been Nick's friends, and now they were herd. Free to fuck just as I wanted to be. As I was getting to be...

Suddenly, I could feel the weight of his two hooves on my back, looking to grip me as he speared for my backside with that magnificent cock I'd just sucked not moments before. The wet, leaking tip had no trouble poking around for the hole he had so lovingly prepared, making a few wet *slops* as he sought his target. I was eager to take him, making sure my bowels were flared and eager as he finally brushed the edge of my anus and my rectal muscles opened wide to take him in.

Nothing that came before had ever brought me as much satisfaction as feeling such a powerful stud fill me up and work at plowing my puckered donut. It took only a few moments for the donkey to force himself all the way in, not leaving a trace of pain or irritation as he did so. In even less time he was fucking me properly, pushing against my insides in a steady rhythm that left my cock slapping against my belly as he did so.

All the while I could feel my form expanding to take such a mammoth member inside of me. My belly continued to distend, my ribs no longer visible through the muscle and fat that had formed. My skin prickled here and there, but I was mostly covered in glorious jackass hide by now. My face was continuing to swell, creating a gap in my teeth as the front ones grew into yellowed slabs under splotchy gums. The world around grew wider as my stretching, developing muzzle pushed my massive brown eyes further and further apart, to drink in the sights of other jacks fucking.

But then, it was too wide! Things in my periphery started to blur, making me need to blink a few times to make them out. Had I always had such trouble seeing? What was going on? What was happening? Was I a...donkey? I had wanted it hadn't I? To become a donkey? But wasn't I always?

For a brief moment, I became confused. I had changed into a donkey...from a...what? And hadn't the donkey on my back been...who? Donkey...what was his name? Nate? Mate? Did it matter? Why couldn't I remember!?

I started to panic, braying and pulling lips and ears back in an expression of equine anger. I wanted to buck and kick my frustrations, to bray and bray until the answers came. I was *furiosus!*

Yet, the sensation of the cock in my bowels hit me all at once. The jack seemed to notice my hesitation and thrust even faster, as though encouraging me in the act. It felt so damn *good* to have him inside of me, so *right*. It made it impossible to think about anything else. Why was I concerned? What else mattered than the pleasure of the current circumstances?

My own cock was slapping against my belly now, hitting up and down in a sweet spot. I needed more! I started to thrust my hips in tandem with his own insistence, trying to take as much of that magnificent dick into my backside as possible. It was flaring deep inside me now, pounding my prostate as I was fucked over and over in blissful ignorance. All of those other thoughts of trials and tribulations became distant with the pleasures of rutting in the here and now!

With such a musky, magnificent jack on my back, there was no way I could hold back for long. His balls were slapping against mine in a rhythm of perfection, making me whicker and bray with each impact. His penis was opening my insides exquisitely, leaving me leaking with my cock slapping fluids all over my belly and the floor. It was dripping so much, and the consistent pounding to my prostate was going to make me explode at any moment!

I was so there... so close...nothing else mattered...not the worry or concern...not any of the other donkeys at the moment...I was free...

“HHEEHHHAAWWW! HHHAAWWW!” I brayed as my massive testicles bunched up and started to spew a load beyond anything I had felt before. I thrust my hips as fast as I could manage, wanting to cum and cum again, desperate to drain every ounce of seed from my testicles, and with it, gain as much pleasure as possible. I was leaking so much jism, it seemed impossible that I could have had it in me, even with testicles as expansive as mine. Yet, I was still cumming!

The spasming of the thick rod in my rectum told me my actions were about to bring the lovely donkey on my backside with me. A sudden warmth entered my bowels as what felt like gallons of cum were unloaded into me, filling me up and eliciting an audible *squelch* as the other donkey came and brayed his triumph.

“HEEEHHHAAAWWW!” “HEEEHHHAAAWWW!”

A chorus of brays echoed in the space as other donkeys came in their lover’s bowels, filling them with donkey cream as I was being filled. It was immensely satisfying to be taken in such a way and to know that my herd mates were all amidst pleasures of the flesh. I could see many of them in my periphery, all fucking and jacking off in equine fashion. It was an orgy, with some even coupling together in fours or more. All horny donkeys, getting off with each other as needed. The few remaining on two legs were drinking and smoking and jerking off to the sight as they prepared to get down on all fours and join the herd in rut.

The last of my thoughts faded with the act of breeding, sealing my... what? I had always been a donkey, hadn’t I? Always been with such wonderful mates...other jacks to breed whenever I was horny...

My mate pulled out with a splash of donkey jism, then reached his tongue out to rim my pucker once more, lapping up his own seed. I stood there patiently as he cleaned me, even leaning down to tease the seed from my retreating cock. I did the same, tonguing his sheath so that none of his semen would get caught in it and make him uncomfortable. In truth, I just liked the taste of his seed; it reminded me much of my own and I rejoiced in that.

Suddenly feeling unnaturally tired, I laid down, not caring about the smell of urine so close to me. It smelled of other jacks, after all. Other horny males that I might breed with when not coupling with my current mate. My jack came to lie down next to me, yawning/braying as his furry, warm body snuggled against mine.

I didn’t care about the stench of other donkeys and their waste. The scents of beer and smoke bothered me slightly now, though the scents of heady farm-beasts had long since overridden them. I didn’t care about the fading thoughts and recollections from another life, one on two legs. They were like a dream, an interesting reprieve from the life I now lived, but nothing more. My only concern was to get some rest now that I had fucked, perhaps waking up to something that smelled appetizing. I was somewhat hungry, though fatigue overtook me at the moment.

A peculiar smell hit my nose just then, one that smelled of humans. I recalled the human stink in the room, and how the scents on the clothing soon transitioned to that of jackasses like myself. Were there more members coming to join our herd? My cock grew hard all over again at the thought!

Yet, before I could contemplate things further, a thick muzzle was on my own, taking me in a sloppy kiss and bringing me back to the blissful present of my donkey existence. Nothing else mattered as much as my herd and mates. I was content. I was HHHAAAWWWPY!