

Behooved
KinkyUtterances

The hazy heat of summer beat down on Margot as she moved from one sparsely placed shade to the other. This carnival barely earned its namesake. Run down, faded tents and creaky, rusted rides that few dared to test their luck riding. The food wasn't much safer. Soggy funnel cake, watered-down drinks, on top of this oppressive heat... the whole trip seemed a waste of a two hour drive outside the city without her boyfriend Eric there to keep her company. There was, at least, a small animal petting area with a few adorable baby goats playing on a hay bail she could hang out with for a bit. Hiding under the awning of a small curio stand, Margot fanned herself and glanced around at the carved wooden trinkets and glass baubles for sale inside. Nothing seemed overpriced, but she reminded herself not to touch anything, lest she be accosted and forced to purchase a "broken" item. One little necklace stood out to her and Margot instantly had to have it. It was a polished disk of Tigers Eye with a striking ribbon of bright seafoam green that the light shone through beautifully.

"How much for this?" She asked the half-asleep old woman sitting nearby.

"That twenty dollar, miss. Very special necklace, give good protection from magic. I sell to you cheap." The woman replied with a practiced softening of a thick accent.

Margot looked back down at the necklace and it seemed to glimmer in the light as she rifled through her purse for cash. In moments, she was wearing her new treasure and moved on to find anything left in the tiny carnival to see- and to keep from spending more money in that place. Jewelry was Margot's weakness. Outside, she was again greeted by the bright blazing heat and moved on, eager to leave once she was satisfied she'd made the trip worth it. At the end of the row was what appeared to be a separate petting zoo area. A lone brown-gray donkey rested in the shade of a tree inside a small pen and her ears flicked in Margot's direction as she approached. The animal looked healthy and when their eyes met, Margot immediately felt an intelligence behind them she didn't expect. It stood up and approached the little fence, a rope tied from its neck to the tree to keep the donkey from simply stepping over it and escaping. She seemed friendly and silently stood, like she was waiting for Margot.

Of course, she thought, *the donkey probably expects some food*. Digging into her purse, Margot retrieved a rice cake and began to unwrap it. The donkey's eyes were affixed to the treat and she drooled slightly, licking her thick, black lips as Margot placed it in her palm. Instead of plucking it from her palm, the donkey chomped right down across Margot's fingers. She let out a stifled yelp of pain and surprise before the donkey let go of her hand and jerked away. The treat dropped to the ground and the donkey looked up at Margot with what seemed to be an expression of worry before dropping its head low to nibble the scattered bit of rice cake from the ground. Looking at her fingers, Margot sighed with pain and looked down at her fingers. The bite wasn't too bad, with only a tiny bit of blood here and there across her knuckles, but Margot needed to have it cleaned immediately and headed to her car where she had a small emergency kit handy in the trunk. Her face burned red as she marched back to the field where

she'd parked. *Bitten by a donkey like an idiot.* She was glad at least nobody had got her on camera.

Cleaning her hand with some sanitizer, she continued to quietly curse under her breath at herself. Her now slightly swollen fingers ached and she couldn't flex them very well. Smearing some bacitracin and slapping on band-aids wherever the skin seemed nicked, Margot felt like the universe was giving her a sign and decided to just leave early. By the time she got back into the city, Eric should be almost done at his job and be home. As Margot got into the car and turned the A/C on max, she flexed her hand again and felt an itchy twitch trembling in the bones of her fingers. She sighed with annoyance and let the car cool off a few more minutes before heading back to the city. On the way out of the tiny pitstop of a town, Margot tried to distract herself with music. She scrolled through the radio and found that everything from pop to rock was making her more on edge and annoyed until she found a classical station. The soft flute, and violin and piano soothed her nerves and Margot enjoyed the almost blissful calm that followed. It was as though she stopped thinking entirely, letting the road take her home.

Coming to a stoplight, she shook herself aware and realized how close to home she was. It was like no time at all had passed but she'd driven over a hundred miles completely zoned out. She clicked off the radio, the classical station long diminished to white noise, and tried to focus. A little freaked out and uncomfortable that she'd been a zombie and lost track of time and herself for so long, Margot made a plan for the rest of the day. It was mid-afternoon and there was plenty of time to shower and relax before she started on dinner. Afterwards, she wanted to snuggle up with Eric on the couch and watch something fun. Her mind wandered again, daydreaming about Eric's lean body on top of hers on the couch... she shook her head to stay focused and realized she had pulled into her usual spot at the apartment complex without paying attention.

As Margot left her car and went inside, another tenant was leaving with their dog on a leash. She didn't like the dog much, because it liked to jump up and give kisses all the time. But today, she felt a strange sense of unease and discomfort when she saw the dog approach and felt the sudden urge to step wide around them both and avoid eye contact. It was overpowering and Margot had to will herself to relax, missing the confused look on the tenants face and the dog's extra sniffing as it passed. Quickly slipping inside, Margot went across the hall to their 1st floor apartment, got inside and deadbolt locked the door. This seemed to placate her nerves and she slid down the back of the door with a deep sigh. She glanced down at herself and remembered her necklace, enjoying the beautiful, smooth stone- there was a deep crack in it.

How was there already a massive crack in it?!

Turning the stone over in her hand, Margot tried to understand what happened to her beautiful new necklace and she found the golden grain was muted, and the almost glowing ribbon of green stone was dull. It was as if all the life had been sucked out of it. *Well, today is just getting better and better,* she thought. Margot stood up and angrily tossed the necklace into

the waste bin by the kitchen. Landing on top of a pile of mail in the overstuffed bin, it twitched with an arcane sizzle across the deep fissure within. Margot saw none of this, already stomping towards the bedroom to disrobe and take a much-needed shower. She could smell the stink of sweat and the stale kettle corn smell from the carnival on her, as well as the dirty musk of the bite-happy jenny. Peeling the sweaty clothes from her body, Margot stopped in front of the mirror, staring at the woman inside and felt confused for a moment, not recognizing her reflection and wondering who was in her house. The fog in her brain was quickly gone and she rubbed her temples in confusion. *I really need to lay down or something*, Margot told herself, hoping a warm shower would be enough to reset whatever the hell was up with her.

The heat she was accustomed to was too much. Margot messed with the nozzle for several minutes before it got to comfortable temperature and her already on-edge grumpiness was growing unbearable. Finally finding the cool water to her liking, she stepped in and let it slowly un-knot the ball of stress in her neck. She usually hated colder showers, but this was so refreshing, she fell into her usual soap and moisturizer routine without skipping a beat. Margot's un-bitten hand washed her body as she braced the wall, finding the raised arm made the irritation in her finger bones more tolerable. Her hand drifted lower and felt the skin between her hips down to her nether-lips to be positively *buzzing* with sensitivity. Margot almost never masturbated. She had a fairly muted sex drive and preferred her boyfriend to any...self-service. But, this time, it was too much to ignore. Her thighs were warm, clenching around her hand tightly as she only just started to explore. She parted her lips and felt her aching clitoris practically jutting out to meet her fingertips. Her pussy was on fire and the exploration would only last a few more moments before the showerhead made its way down between her legs.

Margot braced the wall on her back and used the higher pressure setting on the nozzle to massage her hungry pussy, clenching her eyes shut as she imagined Eric pounding away to the watery rhythm. *“Oh yeah, baby... fuck me good...”* she begged aloud. The nozzle wasn't enough to bring her over the edge and she stood, trembling with frustration as the water got her so close... but so far from release. Margot put the showerhead back on its mount and started fingering herself desperately, rubbing her clit and drooling as she groaned with need. Her mind was blank and all she could do was imagine a giant, thick cock blowing her mind as it thrust deep inside her and bathing her inner walls with cum. She was so focused, she didn't even hear the deep, raspy bellow of a donkey-like bray erupt from her lips when she orgasmed.

The cool water ran down Margot's body as she panted heavily, trembling bow-legged with drool hanging from her lip. Her glassy, dilated eyes stared ahead as the aftershocks slowly waned. Her head was empty except for the still imprinted day dream of the throbbing cock she ached for. Her orgasm helped little and her thighs still burned for it. Coming to, Margot felt first emptiness inside her belly which became a deep unquenched flame flickering brighter as she turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. She toweled off in a haze, unable to gather her thoughts until she looked down at her hand and saw a giant dark hoof and brown fur running up her wrist. She snapped awake and nearly slipped as she flailed with a confused, wordless

yelp of surprise. She looked back down at her arm and it was normal again, save for the band-aided bite marks across her fingers. Margot shook her head and stopped to catch her breath, flexing her stiff digits to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

Still naked and dripping wet, she went to the kitchen and poured a glass of water and downed it all in one drink. Margot poured and drank another, then another before she leaned over the kitchen sink and let out a long shaky sigh. She was still intensely horny and it was all she could do to stop thinking about dick for a second and move her body. Sitting down at the small dining room table nearby, Margot looked up at the clock and realized she had been in the shower for nearly an hour. She cursed and picked herself up to find her phone and realized Eric had sent her several texts that she hadn't even looked at since before she left the carnival. He would be home in no time and Margot hadn't done anything she meant to do to prepare for the evening. Racing back to the bathroom, Margot did her best to simply get her hair dry in the scant few minutes she had left. Getting frustrated with her stiff right hand, she had to try and apply makeup with her non-dominant hand and decided that eye-liner and shadow simply wasn't going to happen tonight, just the essentials.

Throwing on her red sundress, Margot hurried to the kitchen to at least start prepping dinner. Being the kind of person who plans out everything, Margot felt more and more stressed out as she pulled out the marinated chicken from the fridge and prepared it for the oven. The herby vinaigrette marinade made Margot's mouth water, but strangely, the chicken itself looked wholly unappealing. She hoped it was just her nerves making her lose her appetite and resigned to prepping the carrots and couscous. Margot almost never ate vegetables raw, but as she retrieved them from the crisper... she felt the same strange blanket of numbness hit her brain. Hunger growled in her belly as the earthy sweetness hit her nose and Margot could hardly stop herself from taking a crunchy bite of the biggest carrot in the pile. It tasted... *amazing*. All the subtle flavors she never tasted in a carrot before when cooked and she didn't mind at all that she hadn't even washed it yet. She took another bite, chewing loudly while zoning out. She felt a twitch in her backside above her ass and slowly glanced back to see a tufted, stubby brown tail lifting her dress up. It flicked again before Margot blinked and it was gone.

She definitely *felt* a tail connected to the base of her spine, her wrinkled cotton dress, the long, wiry hair softly brushed her hip. Margot *knew* she felt it, but the tail was gone, the haze in her mind was gone, she was standing in the middle of her kitchen with a bunch of raw dirty carrot chunks in her mouth and no tail and no hooves. Margot let out a deep sigh and put the carrot down, grabbed a bowl and washed the rest of them. Margot managed to get most of dinner prepared before Eric arrived, traffic was usually pretty bad around their apartment, on a Saturday evening. The twilight orange glow began to fade beyond the horizon as the tall, lean man she loved walked in. Eric leaned over slightly to her, and with his hand softly on her chin, gave her a deep kiss and warm embrace.

"I tried calling you a few times. You ok? How was the carnival?" He asked, thankfully ignoring her small mess in the kitchen. Margot hugged him back tightly and felt his natural aroma tickle in her nose. Her heartbeat quickened and the smell lingered in her mind, she felt the suppressed

horniness from the shower earlier slowly start to creep back.

“E-everything’s fine. I just got bit by some dumb animal there and left early. I- uh, took a nap when I got back and kinda lost track of time”, she lied, glancing away like she always did when she lied, ears blushing red. Eric looked down at her hand, concerned. The bandages were soggy from the shower and the bites all had reddened in the last few hours. “It’s okay, I cleaned it up and put some medicine on it,” Margot stammered. She didn’t want him to worry about her and hoped all this hallucinating, horny brain fog was all just stress she’d soon be done with.

He held his palm against her forehead. *“You don’t feel warm, let’s just keep an eye on the hand tonight.”*

Turning to the stove, Eric leaned down and opened the oven to let out the delicious smell of her baked chicken and veggies. While bent over, just for a moment, Margot caught herself leaning over to deeply inhale her boyfriend’s scent. It filled her nose and flared her mind with intense desire. Her eyes went glassy as she bit her lip, imagining Eric bending her over the sink and-

“Mmmm... these carrots look delicious and the chicken is perfect, sweetheart!” He retrieved a mitten and turned back to Margot while setting the pan down onto the stovetop before freezing, staring at his girlfriend as she leaned against the nearby wall and absently rubbed her pussy through her dress, breathing heavily through her nose.

“...Margot?”

She jerked her hand away as her name snapped Margot back to reality. The smell of her own wetness mixed with the stink of Eric’s musk and it took everything she had to not moan. She repressed the now everpresent throbbing need within her loins and her face burned red with embarrassment. “I- I’m sorry, I don’t know what that was! I’ve been distracted all day and-” Eric’s lips cut her off and she melted into his arms. They shared a long, passionate kiss and her tongue rolled over his with a wild hunger she hadn’t felt before. He pushed her against the bare wall of the kitchen and grabbed her, dress and all, between her thighs. Letting her squirm, arms wrapped over his shoulders, lifted her up onto his thighs. Margot wrapped her legs around Eric’s back as he unzipped his pants and lifted her dress up out of the way. Her wanton display made him hard as iron. He’d never seen her do anything like this before- Margot hardly even had a sex drive!

Margot begged Eric wordlessly, coiling around him and kissing him deeply again; exhaling into his lips with a needy, shaky moan full of unbridled lust. Eric entered her and Margot nearly came on the spot. Her pussy was utterly slaving for his cock and it was so good- harder than ever and the heat! Oh, the heat she felt radiate into her from her boyfriend’s cock was electric! He slowly thrust into her with the awkward angle and they pushed into each other while Margot was braced into the wall. It took only a few more thrusts and she was a quivering, trembling mess, shaking as she groaned into his cheek, eyes clenched shut as the

intense orgasm rippled but didn't wane, only drooping before Margot stepped off his thighs and turned around, bent and dripping with her juices. She wiggled her ass, moaning with desire and Eric stuffed his cock inside her again. Margot rolled her eyes as his meat pushed through her tightened walls. He pulled down her sundress, gripping and fondling her tits roughly. She could barely stay standing as he shoved her into the wall and fucked her brains out. With a groan, she matched his rhythm and bounced against his hips, loving the way the "neck" of his cock was thicker and stretched her with every delicious thrust. Eric started to buck, grunting as his thrusts became shallower, and Margot pushed her ass into him. He grabbed her waist tight and she felt every twitch, every beat of his hot blood within his cockmeat before he erupted within her. The feeling of the first powerful rope of hot cum splattering her womb sent Margot over the edge again, letting out a guttural bray-like groan as she stomped a hoof into the linoleum floor. She felt her long equine face against the cool wall, the thick fur down her back beneath the sweaty red dress. Her tail flicked as the giant cock inside her body slowly slid out of her.

Eric looked down at his drooling, bent-over girlfriend bracing the wall and replayed the noise she made in his head a few times, trying to understand what just happened and what he just heard. Cum dribbled out of her pussy as it clenched with little orgasming aftershocks and Margot's pale skin dimpled with goosebumps. She sighed softly in approval as her eyes fluttered open, staring into his with satisfaction, pupils dilated and looking strangely browner than he'd ever seen. Margot lifted herself up and turned, leaning back on the wall while she let his cum drip from her freely. He saw her glassy cum-drunk stare, still shaking with afterglow, her dress down under her perky breasts, the pigeon-toed stance she held to stay on her feet. Dinner was a distant memory as the two made their way to the bedroom.

A bright full moon rose up over the horizon as night fell over the bustling city. The hazy glow of city lights drowned out the stars but pale moonlight cast a deep shadow over Eric and Margot's bedroom window. With his strong hand gripping her ponytail, Eric guided his girlfriend as she deep-throated his rod still sticky with their juices. Spit and precum oozed from Margot's lips as she stared up at her lover. Eric could feel her tongue massaging his balls while he shoved every inch as far as he could. She wanted it, she gurgled a moan and went cross-eyed before she ensheathed from his cock to the tip and resumed a teasing slow-jerk of his slippery shaft. She could feel her long equine face easily engulf his wet meat with plump, rubbery lips. Her tongue was big and dextrous, like another finger, and toyed with his urethra.

"Babe, you're so fucking hot right now, whats gotten into you?"

Eric panted, leaning against the headboard and curling his toes as she sucked just his plump cockhead like a popsicle. Margot didn't respond. Instead, she crawled on top of his hips and hovered her hot, dripping box over his dick, massaging her tits and tugging on her own nipples while biting her lip. She looked utterly possessed to Eric and with a grin, she plopped down right on top of his cock, stuffing herself full with it. She groaned with pleasure and looked at him drunkenly before slapping her thighs onto his, thrusting his cock perfectly in and out juuust enough to stretch her entrance with his thicker cockhead and not have it fall out of her. She was so in control at that moment, Eric leaned back and let her take him slow. He found her

relaxed rhythm and held onto her hips, closing his eyes to let the fantasy take hold.

The young woman's pussy was like a furnace and there was no quenching the fire until she was fully satisfied. Margot was like an animal, taking what she wanted, how she wanted. Sitting on top of her lover, she glanced at the window, seeing white gleaming in across the blinds and was unable to look away, feeling a dizzying sense of vertigo overtake her. She leaned forward and stopped moving for a moment. Eric opened his eyes and saw his girlfriend staring at the blinds, the moonlight casting a striped shadow across her body and the pale white reflected off her dilated dark eyes. Before he could open his mouth to ask if she was alright, she twitched and arched her back, grunting as a strange pressure rushed through her whole body. Margot's blood grew hot and she felt her muscles tense and spasm. The moonlight was so bright, it seemed to be everywhere, shining in her brain even when she closed her eyes!

She felt something bubbling in her throat, a tension of her voice box, a deep and indescribable urge. It welled up within her and she tried with all her failing will to suppress it until it grew so intense, the urge overwhelmed her senses. She felt her thighs tremble and she thrust herself down onto Eric's cock, bellowing a deep, inhuman bray as her pussy hugged it tightly.

"HaaaAAWWWW~! H- hee- heeHAWWWWW!" she bellowed painfully.

Eric stared up at his girlfriend, pain marred her face as she drooled and groaned like an animal. She opened her eyes and he saw nothing of Margot in them. Deep black and brown, her irises were huge and she glanced around with confusion before settling on him. Eric was dumbstruck, unable to speak and Margot bucked her hips again, fucking herself with his deflating cock while her body twitched. She felt the bite mark itching fiercely and lifted it up to see, unable to flex her fingers anymore. All she could see was a bloated fist of twisted, darkened digits. Her nails were thick and the very faint peach fuzz on the back of her hand had grown into thick wiry dark brown hairs.

Her limb shook as she tried to see any humanity in it and hissed out a *"H-heee H-Heeeelp me?"* as she looked back to her boyfriend, seeing the terror in his face as he stared up at her hand.

The moonlight tingled all over where it touched her and her dress tightened suddenly around her waist. Nothing made sense. She had zero control over her body and her hallucinations were beginning to feel extremely real. Margot finally felt the swollen tightness in her hand again, expecting to see her pale flesh and thin, manicured fingers. The pair watched as her hand trembled and the flesh was enveloped with dark hair that thickened into fur in a moment, squeezing the flesh into a single large digit while the nails grew and fused, spreading and darkening until they covered her knuckles and turned into a large hoof. Eric cried out with fear and Margot let out a confused bray. She wasn't hallucinating! She wasn't imagining it! Her hand was a hoof! She wiped it fruitlessly against the sheet in a panic, sliding off of Eric and

collapsing to the floor. Margot bellowed, distraught and unable to get to her feet. Her thighs were shaking terribly as the muscles under her milky skin tensed and grew more defined against the flesh. The fur was traveling further up her arms as she bathed in the filtering moonlight. Her breathing was ragged and Eric could do nothing but lay in bed, terrified of her transformation spreading to him as well.

“Wh- whats ha... hawwp-peninngg- gk- to m- meee- eee?!” Margot groaned through her teeth. Her jaw clenched as the moonlight tickled her face.

She felt the faint hair start to grow in down her shoulders and across her cheek, up her nose and brow and across her scalp. Her teeth hurt, her eyes and ears hurt. Her un-transformed fist was balled up tightly like the other before it changed. Helpless, Margot tried to crawl away to the hallway, stumbling as her spine made a series of audible, hard cracks and wet pops. Rolling over onto her back, Eric looked on in horror as her torso visibly lengthened, the bones creaking and snapping as her hips rotated. Margot’s light pubic hair was spreading up her belly as a pair of black teats pinched and swelled into a modest udder. Margot reached up and held her face with the useless hoof as her jaw and rose began to slowly stretch away from her face. Wet, meaty sounds of transformation filled the room as Margot moaned in confusion and discomfort. Her braying exhales grew deeper and more labored and louder as her body continued to change, softly illuminated from outside. Through her matted, sweat-soaked hair, Margot’s ears stretched like pulled taffy, rising long as gray fur spread across them and down her scalp to meet her face. Her human hair, shiny and well-cared-for, began to fall out in clumps. She cursed through broken English as she writhed on the floor, arching her back as her chest loudly cracked and began to barrel out. Her dress shredded off her body and dropped off her expanding belly. Her bones showed through her skin before the fur caught up, muscle and sinew tensing and building to carry her rapidly growing body.

Eric tried to slip around her and escape this nightmare, circling around the outside of the bed towards the door until she managed to grasp his ankle tightly. She pleaded up to him, bones in her face creaking and twisting longer.

“D-don’t lee- leave mee- me-HE- HeeHAWW~!”

Her hand let go and they both watched as it rapidly clenched into a single giant toe-like appendage before the nails followed, snapping and churning to behoove the poor woman. Free, Eric ran out of the room and tried to find something- anything to wear in a hurry so he could escape the apartment. Dragging herself to the doorway, Margot bellowed an angry cry of dejection and fell to the floor again. Her bones were growing thicker, stronger, but nothing moved as it should. Her hips had rotated forward, forcing her legs down and her feet were starting to feel the same intense tightness in them as her hands had. Her back arched and she felt a sudden pressure fill her neck. Her eyes strained and her jaw clenched tight, her nostrils flared wide, jetting hot air through them as her voice was cut off. Margot’s long ears twitched and she felt the bones in her neck move like clumps of sand running across stone as her throat

stretched. Her choked voice hissed out a moan that deepened and she felt her neck lengthen while it swelled out. Gaining muscle along her stretching neck, Margot drooled as her rosy lips swelled and darkened into a glossy black. Gritting her teeth, she felt her jaw release and the bones shift quicker. Using every ounce of strength she had, she pulled her way out of the room to see Eric standing at the far end.

Her body was bloated and large, coating with dark gray-brown fur by the second. The woman's face lost all humanity as the bridge of her nose stretched longer to match her jaw. Her moist nostrils flared large and black and the fur covering it was lighter than the rest, matching her belly fur and the ovals around her eyes. Lifting her ass into the air, feeling the maddening tightness build in her ass, she moaned with relief as her modest ass spread into giant bestial flanks and her tail stretched out from a tight knot of muscle at the base of her spine. Her belly dragged along the carpet and she felt her pussy burn hot as the flesh darkened and spread, her nether swelling into meaty lips dripping her feminine honey.

"B-baby- ee... pleee- ease...", Margot whimpered as her face stretched her words deeper, no longer human but guttural and sloppy.

Her hair had fallen out completely, left only with a furry mohawk and dark fur smudges above each of her dark eyes. Her legs were strong enough to carry her and she picked up her massive, awkward body as her feet stepped on the tops of her toes, dragging darkened, thick nails. With each step, they too succumbed to donkey-hood, the dark nails spreading as her ankle bones stretched backwards up her leg, twisting her gait into that of a beast of burden. Margot couldn't find the words to call out to her lover, only guided by his smell- and her own towards the fearful human ahead of her. She twitched her ears, felt her long tail growing long, wiry, pale fur perfect for swatting flies.

With one final push of her throat, she groaned with her stretched out, deepened voice, *"I- ee... lahhve... y-y..."* Trying to sound out the word, her teeth grew large and bulky in her mouth, filling the empty space as her tongue grew large and long. Her voice cut off, turning wordless and grunt-like as the last of her humanity twisted out of existence.

Margot didn't give up and slowly trudged across the hall to her lover. Her mind was dulling fast, all of the things around her that she recognized muted into visual white-noise of non-understanding. The smells were all that made sense to her. The man there was hers. He was good. Her smell was on him. She flicked her tail as she found her footing and closed the gap. Eric couldn't escape. He was naked and his keys were in the pocket of his trousers lying next to the bed. He closed any space between him and the wall as Margot approached.

"M- Margot? Is- are you still in there- please don't- don't...!" Trying to get past her, he tried to go around the dining room table and get to his keys, but Margot leaned in with her long neck and sniffed his flaccid cock- smelling herself on it.

The terrified man flailed as she drew close, slapping her across the nose. With a surprised grunt, Margot bit Eric on the hip and he yelled with surprise and pain as he broke into a sprint towards the bedroom. Margot followed, little more than a beast in her clouded mind. As Eric entered the room, the moon was shining straight in through the blinds. The moment that the white glow hit his skin, the fresh bite mark suddenly exploded with light gray fur and spread rapidly. Eric's feet seized in place and dropped the man to his knees. Shaking violently, his knees cracked and shifted as the toes were swallowed up by keratin. Pushing himself up, his fingers pulled into his bloated, flesh palms and squeezed tightly as they too were reduced to stubby hooves. He groaned and thrashed as his bodyweight doubled, then tripled with incredible speed, muscle and fat spreading and expanding his limbs and torso as it barreled out larger and more muscled than Margot's. The fur spread across his flanks and Eric's cock sprang to life, slurping inward as the base transformed into a furry sheath before stretching longer and oozing precum.

"N-nrrooo... Hel- heel- hee... HEEHA- HAWWWW~!"

He bellowed awkwardly for help, his throat beginning to tighten. Margot came closer as the human looked- and smelled more and more like one of her own kind. She approached his backside and blew jets of hot breath onto his exposed ass, inhaling his musky new scent and licked the back of his droopy balls. Eric moaned as his shoulders crunched and settled behind him in line with his rear flanks. The fur ran down his forelegs and he shakily tried to shuffle away from the needy jenny behind him. She continued to lick his ass and balls, egging his transformation further as he grit his teeth, feeling his testes engorge with bestial spunk and his strange new cock slapping his belly. From the shoulders down, he was a donkey and his small human head and short neck looked ridiculous even to the dim-witted beast in the room with him.

"Hee- Heee HAWWWW HEE HAW HE HAAW!"

She brayed at him, sounding almost like a laugh and he felt his tongue swell to fill his mouth. He gagged and drooled as it lolled free, his teeth starting to itch madly. He couldn't speak from the strain in his neck, finding small relief in stretching it out, each pop subtly growing it in size and length. He couldn't help but keep stretching it out, finding the pops and growing vertebrae within to feel so much more comfortable than his stumpy old human neck.

His jaw shifted forward and cracked loudly and he unwillingly brayed with satisfaction. His nostrils flared and he watched helplessly as his nose stretched longer and longer away from him. His nasal bridge filled with new information from the room, smells, moisture, temperature, too much to understand all at once. Pins and needles filled his ears and he shook his heavy face, unable to reach them with his heavy forelimbs to scratch. They grew out of his short auburn hair before it began to fall out and be replaced with thick gray fur. His ears tapered into floppy points above his head and twitched at the sounds of his own neck and face transforming. His cheeks crunched and his mouth stretched long, and his teeth creaked as they grew into large molars for his new diet.

Eric stared back at his unfamiliar body with a mixture of confusion and panic as his eyes watered from their own changes, growing and moving as they shifted his vision to either side of his head. His long face blocked his interior peripheral but he gained a much wider perspective around himself if he focused. The room seemed to bow out for a moment like a fish-eye lens until his brain corrected it. His grunts slowed and the changes slowed. Fur covered his face and finally the ticklish, prickly aches all ceased. His mind calmed and slowed. He smelled Margot now. She smelled good. She raised her head from his backside and licked her thick black lips. He needed his mate. He could smell that she needed him too.

The pair mated and passed out, too weary to make too much noise or cause trouble- although a few tenants complained about weird animal noises heard through the vents. The next morning, with the sunrise came a knock on the door. Margot awoke with a groggy groan from her intense dreaming. She rolled over and wandered absently down the hallway, donning a silk nightgown hanging on the bedroom door knob on the way. Exhausted and sleepy, she walked past the donkey raiding the cupboards and answered the front door, hair matted to her face and stinking like a barn. It was the lady who sold her the necklace!

She pushed past Margot and wandered towards the kitchen and found the discarded jewelry immediately. "You leave carnival too fast. Took long time to find you." She said, looking up at the donkey tearing its way through a box of cereal, she turned back to Margot. "You do this?", she asked, pointing at the beast. Margot's eyes suddenly went wide, realizing the dream was no dream. "He never change back because no necklace. Magic break only some of curse."

Margot covered her mouth in horror. "So Eric- he's... stuck like that?"

The woman's face wrinkled as she clicked her teeth. "You stuck too, I think. But only cursed on full moon. You change for few days, he changed forever."

The news felt like a brick in her stomach. "I'm going to be a donkey... *again*?"

"I take him to my farm, try to fix. You come visit and be donkey there instead of apartment. Is nice, safe place." The woman patted Margot's shoulder, offering what little solace she could.

Margot agreed, not able to deny such a generous offer. Where would she even keep Eric if not for this woman's farm? With a flourish of the woman's fingers, the room twisted and they were at the farm in a wide open field overlooking a beautiful meadow, rolling hills beyond and a gorgeous sunrise painted the sky. Eric was already sampling the long dewy grasses like nothing happened and Margot pat his flank, feeling his cloying musk tickle her nose.

She turned back to the woman who grinned as she outstretched her wrinkled, bony hand and coiled her fingers over Margot's.. "I help. But in return, I keep donkey babies."

Margot's face burned red as the lady shook her hand and in an instant, her body was twisted into a donkey's again, all fours in the wet grass as the woman's cackle echoed across the field.