

Sighing, Camilla pulled away from the computer screen, eyes hurting from the hours she'd spent studying. Midterms were coming up, and her animal husbandry course grades were not where she wanted them to be. A poor performance on the test would be the end of her college major, not something she wanted to deal with. And so the past few days had been stuck in front of the computer, memorizing medications and anatomy, watching care videos, and pouring over class notes to make sure she had the best chance of success, however minute that was.

Not for the first time recently, Camilla reflected on how unfulfilling college life had been for her. Not that on the outside anyone would know her life was anything but perfect. Petite, slim, with DD breasts and a bubble butt, she was the definition of a blond bombshell, surely capable of getting on by her looks should she be inclined to take advantage of it. That was not how she saw it, however, finding the necessity of keeping up the facade more trouble than it was worth. With all the expectations to keep up her beauty, it was everything she had not to break down from the pressure of that alone, rather than all the other endeavors she attempted to partake in.

As of late, it seemed her choice of college life was the biggest regret in her life. Drama between peers, student debt and poverty, and the stress of class expectations were more than she could handle, with little chance of reward, in the end, should she succeed. Yet, she was too deep in to quit now without severe consequence, success the only metric by which she found she still had worth. A success that looked further and further away with each passing test.

And there she was, trying desperately to take in as much information as possible before the test at the end of the week. She had to admit there was something interesting in animalistic habits, finding them tantalizingly simplistic to the point she almost longed for such herself. It was a fleeting endeavor to daydream in such a way, but not something she could fully tear herself away from, wasting her hours from study in the hopeless fantasy of an easier life.

The sound of an ear-splitting bray rang through her headphones, and Camilla was a little shocked to realize she had stumbled upon a video of two donkeys mating. Not something she needed to see, Camilla was quick to click away, only to find her mouse was frozen, and she had no escape from the sight. The female underneath the male brayed in enjoyment as her suitor seemed to nip her nape before spilling his load, the two of them braying their pleasures to each other. The sight should have been repugnant, but the longer it played, the more Camilla was drawn to it, that simplistic bestial mating having a greater draw on her mind than perhaps it should have been. It was almost a guilty pleasure of sorts, though even if a modicum of guilt in viewing it persisted, she could not look away.

Far too soon, the video ended, and Camilla was left to look to the sidebar for more such videos. They were thankfully abundant, and she was able to find mating videos of many farm beasts, though her clicks generally brought her back to donkeys. They brought with them a sense of envy, that simplistic bestial life calling to her in a way that no life experience could quite match. If it were possible, she would almost be tempted to give up what little she had for a life of beastly pleasures, though the reality of such being impossible was a source of deep depression. To her surprise, it was those few videos of male-on-male donkey mating that did it for her, Camilla's preference being the male on top and putting another male in his place, so to speak.

Thinking herself fatigued, the sight of a link opening at the bottom came so suddenly that she had clicked on it without regard for the safety of such for her computer. The words on the screen were hazy, but as she focused on it, it came to her that the ad was offering to make one a donkey via hypnosis. Believe yourself a donkey? How had such come up from her videos? Unless the algorithm assumed anyone who spent as much time watching donkey mating had some ulterior motive. It seemed like a bizarre fetish, but not one that turned her off as much as she felt such should.

Still, she had no ability to turn off the video, especially when a pop-up came up, offering her the position of jack or jenny. Be it the thoughts that had been burned in her mind or the tiredness making it hard to rationalize away what she was seeing, Camilla clicked on jack, feeling a growing lust in her loins from whatever it was the website promised. Never one to believe in hypnosis or its applications, Camilla felt she was all in, hoping to think herself experiencing the bestial barnyard bliss of being a donkey, if only for a moment.

As soon as she did so, a series of spirals filled the screen, an entrancing visual that prevented her from looking away, even if she was inclined to. It should have been comically simplistic, yet it had Camilla enamored to the point she could not turn her head. Mental images of donkey mating were at the forefront of her thoughts as they blurred, Camilla almost thinking of herself as one of the braying beasts before the words even started to play through her ears.

It was a silky, feminine voice that lulled her into her fantasy, each phrase accentuating the belief that she could be a jackass if only she believe. "Yes...a donkey...a virile jack...four hooves on the ground...feel her heavy cock swinging underneath you...sliding from your sheath, heavy balls weighing on you...,so full...so big...your nostrils flared, your ears twitching...a mate there with you to stick your engorged member into...it's all you want...all you need..."

As the words played through her headphones, Camilla found her hand moving toward her sex, stroking herself off as though she possessed a donkey's member. There was nothing there but a phantom member, though her femininity was aching all the same, and eventually a hand reached down, teasing her pearl and plunging into her depths as she imagined a donkey's

member plunging into an asinine mate. The gender of which mattered little with how thick and throbbing her member was to the point she needed sex more than her previously prudish inclinations recalled.

The voice played over her mind all the while, its sensual tones burrowing their way into Camilla's mind and bringing her bliss beyond anything she had recalled thus far. "Yes...that's it...a stress-free life awaits you...no more worries...all you need to do is cum...let yourself relax and bray..." It demanded, and Camilla let herself go at that, wanting desperately to cum at the same pace as the words required. And with that, her sex was sent into orgasm, making her shiver all over to the point she nearly fell off her chair. A bestial bray escaped her lips, one loud enough she was sure to wake anyone in the building, though no one came to question the outburst.

Yet, the words were hardly done with her, Camilla drawn into them again as much as her sex cried out to be further pleased. The voice still began to play into her mind, burrowing into her psyche and filling her with desire to the point she thought nothing was wrong with them. "Yes, imagine it...swinging your long, ropey tail, teasing your thick pucker, relieving yourself whenever you stand..." It said, something that appealed to a woman who was forced to care about her appearance and mannerisms. A jackass had so such demands on his modesty!

"Yes...your ears, long and pointed, your hooves holding up your heavy body, not feeling the ground underneath you..." it continued, and Camilla stoked herself off with fervor, needing to get off at the notion of being a donkey, something that should have been impossible but something she desired more than anything she had ever known. "Your muzzle is wide, your teeth are thick and yellow, and whenever you open your muzzle to speak, you just bray...let yourself relax and bray..." came the voice, and Camilla's masturbation was accelerated to the point she couldn't hold back the lust in her loins or tickling in his throat that caused her to open wide and let loose.

"HHHEEEEEHHHAAAWWW!"

Coming down from another intense release, Camilla hardly noticed the words telling her how she might take on the form that had her so enthralled. "The seeds of change have been planted...all you need is to see the form of your desire close up, hear that bray in person and look between its legs to cement your fate...then you'll only bray..."

With that, the video stopped and the tab closer, and Camilla was left to sit there, her feminine nectar reeking in the room and leaving her to contemplate her fate. The mental images were so powerful, so visceral, almost to the point she figured she would try looking at a donkey's genitalia if there was even the most minute of a chance for her to change in the way she wanted it. Even in her sleep, the notion of being an ass was enough that she was touching herself, not

really sure how she was experiencing such so visceral. But it mattered little with how fixated even her subconscious was over the notion of being a beast, as though the hypnosis had truly burned into her mind.

Walking up in the morning, not bothering to shower and smelling rather rank from her frequent masturbation, Camilla was greeted by an email from her college professor, citing the date for their trip to a veterinary farm was being moved to today. A message from her friend was confirmation, and she felt her heart leap at the realization. Would there be any donkeys there? Could she really go through with it if there was any chance of it becoming true? Yet, with even the smallest possibility of change, how could she not?!

Quiet on the bus ride there, Emilee found herself worried about her friend. Camilla was unusually unkempt, dirty, and smelled a little as well. It wasn't *too* out of place given they were headed to a farm to work, but certainly for Camilla, it was. She was always so pristine, so perfect with her makeup and appearance that even through a windstorm she would walk out of it unblemished. Something had to be wrong, but with her friend so closed off today, as though her head was miles away, there was no getting an answer out of her.

As the small group was being shown around the farm, Camilla couldn't help but keep herself from vibrating with excitement. She was a little taller than most of her class, and it was impossible to keep the rest from starting as her excitement grew and grew. But in her current state, she was not able to muster a care about what others thought, only with the remote promise she might actually change. Every part of her knew that such should have been beyond her reach, but the words repeated in her mind to the point she could not deny the very real possibility.

The moment she was privy to the sight of a lone donkey, grazing by one of the buildings, her heart began to race. It was a perfect specimen, well kept, groomed, and rather tall by donkey standards. But it was what was hanging below his belly that truly had her interest. In her mind, a jenny would not do, and she was sure the sight of one would not transform her as she wished to be. It had to be a jack with a hanging sheath and a donkey cock within. And to her delight-

Lips trembling in excitement, Camilla felt the trance falling over her as the donkey's cock head slipped slightly from its sheath, enough to know that it was present and the donkey was indeed a jack. The words started to play through her head '*Be a donkey, let yourself relax and bray, you'll be a dirty beast with no guilt...*' and Camilla was soon about to do just that, open her mouth and bray out loud.

Yet, before she could do so, the sensation of her bowels loosening and letting out a reflexive, wet-feeling fart drew her from her stupor, and the wrinkled noses around her were enough to know she had not imagined it. The pungent smell hit her nose as well, smelling more

like the manure around her rather than anything she had elicited before, and with that, she took off toward a bathroom, feeling she might need one and ashamed of her action, even with how aroused it made her think it was truly happening.

Much to her disgust, Camellia's flatulence did not cease as she escaped the immediate range of her peers, the smell and intensity coming worse as the moments passed. Indeed, she smelled more of the animals around her, and despite the disgust the odor made her feel, there was something almost arousing about the notion, as though she was truly becoming the beast she craved herself to be. And with that, it was easier to let herself go then and there then try to seek out a toilet...

The smell in her nose only intensified as her anus opened and several dapples of donkey manure fell down her leg, spreading a mess and making the stink part of her. She could hardly be brought to care, the ease at which she did do indicative of her future as a farm beast. It aroused her, despite the rancid stench, to be turning into a donkey, knowing that she was destined for the bestial life she desired within the next few moments, the fulfillment of everything the voice had promised her.

Temporary relief coming to her bowels, Camilla was privy to the knowing that her anus was thicker, hips pulling back enough that the dirty orifice was touching the back of her stained underwear. Its contours grew to match the rear of the beast that had spurred on the change, even rotating so that it became sat beneath the skin around her tailbone to better clear her defecation for the rest of her future. Her ass was growing all the while as well, tightening within her jeans as the skin started to itch and hairs started to poke through thickening skin to form the basis of her soon-to-be jackass pelt.

Yet, it was the sensation of tingling in her tailbone that truly raised her excitement as something started growing within, forming a sensitive nub that soon started to press outward toward the back of her pants. She could almost perceive the bones within popping and reforming, growing longer and making the irritated bump grow to the point it was long enough it could reach out of the top of the waistband to make itself known on her frame. Soon, the thing was an inch long and still growing, pressing outward as its surface started to itch with the growth of hair like that over her hips. With some force, Camilla could reach out with her mind to make the thing actually twitch, a sign it was truly a tail and the fulfillment of the voice's promise of a better life.

Petite body she possessed, the size of the jackass ass she possessed was hardly enough to be contained by such a thing. Her pants started to tear, the stitches pulling at the sides until they tore for a flurry of jackass fur and even more stink. Bursting on two sides, her tail and puckered anus were allowed to lift over the waistband of her panties, and with the air kissing her asinine pucker,

Camilla only had to push slightly to release another pent-up load of manure onto the ground, her pants soon to follow. Letting herself defecate like a beast was as freeing as she'd hoped, enough that her sex started to moisten once more at the prospect of changing. It was the most arousing thing she had ever known, and was only to get better the more she changed.

Without waiting, Camilla reached down and started stroking her sex through her pants, for as long as they stayed on her. She didn't have the inclination to take them off, wanting to remove them from her form as she outgrew them. And even the indirect stimulation was enough to turn her on, sending waves of pleasure through her very being. And yet...there was something about masturbating that was severely lacking in her inclinations. After all, she wanted to be a donkey, certainly, but not a jenny. She wanted that massive donkey cock that hung from that jack's loins, the one that the voice told her she deserved. And given she was already in the throes of change, surely the phallus she fantasized about would be hers if only she waited a few moments longer.

Pushing at her clit through her pants, it was soon obvious that Camilla would be granted her wish. Something was starting to push back, as though the jewel within was beginning to swell, parting its sensitive skin and sending her sex into orgasm. A cry of pleasure sounding more like a bray escaped her lips, though it was not quite yet there, it likely soon would be. Still, it was but a prelude to the pleasures she would partake in over the next few moments. So long as the growth continued to swell in her pants, giving her to orgasm she hadn't realized she'd wanted until now.

With the size of her clit getting larger with each passing moment, Camilla couldn't help but reach in and touch it, a pleasurable shiver running through her body the moment she did. It was a long, fattened nub, opening out of the top of her sex in a similar fashion as her tail. Yet this growing ached with the need to be touched, every inch of the growth swelling and hanging heavy on her groin as it reached out to her touch, forming a cylinder-shaped object that started to darken in some places, an indication of its eventual color. Even the skin-shaded flash continued to pinken, the black patches left mottled spots that signaled it truly would be a donkey's member.

With vigor, Camilla continued to rub at the organ, hoping to cause it to grow faster if such was even possible. It was getting heavier in her hand, and Camilla was excited to know it would soon be a two-hander, for as long as she would still possess the hands to do so. It was several inches now, thicker than a normal human penis. And the tip of it was widening to the same circumference as the shaft, rather than the shape of any human member. Its blackened tip, the mottled overall coloring, and the swelling of the skin at the base were all a sign it would soon match the tail and the backside she now possessed.

Yet, the best part was to come as something rounded and heavy started to descend from inside her sex, the sensation of leathery skin against her inner folds almost as sensual as stroking her donkey dick itself. The weight of it prompted her to reach underneath and grope at the growth, shivering as she rubbed the sensitive flesh. The rounded orbs within were almost larger than her sex could bear, but even as her new fleshy sack slid out, one hung inside, as though she was birthing a part of her new anatomy. The off-center of support for each was a little painful, but once one was out of sex, the other was soon to follow along with the rest of her sack until what had to be her blackened, equine balls hung heavily on her groin to the point that her descent into jackass-dom was all but assured. What remained of her slit was sealed up with the swelling of her testicles, little sign of her femininity remaining as more of the male jack took over.

Back to tending to her massive erection, Camilla was starting to realize that it would indeed be a two-hander, feeling it swell and thicken as it hung impossibly heavy on her groin. The sheath of skin sliding up around the base started to fuse with the rest of her hairless groin to the point it was nearly pushing her new phallus upward toward her mouth. Best of all, however, was the opening of a piss slit at the tip, toward the bottom as the head started to crown, and a ring of flesh formed in the center, cock thickening and widening all the while. To her delight, it began leaking a semi-clear fluid to signal her arousal. And if she kept rubbing at it, it would be more than simple precum she would eject...

The more she stoked, the larger her cock became, as she used her donkey lube to aid her masturbation. A sickly sweet scent hung in the air, likely her sweat and donkey musk that pervaded her nostrils even over the rank stench of her manure. It turned her on more than anything had a right to, proof she possessed a penis and was changing toward the asinine form she longed to possess. Best of all was the tension building within her newly birthed testicles, a sign they were filling with donkey seed that she was eager to spray all over the ground.

“Camilla, are you-oh my fuck!?” Came a familiar voice, and even through her haze of pleasure, Camilla was able to make out the familiar form of her friend Emilee. The woman, of a tall and athletic build, with double D breasts, a bubble butt, blue eyes, and red hair, stared in horror at the sight of her friend horribly disfigured. Even over the grotesque stench of donkey waste, Emilee was able to discern the sight of her friend’s warped form, altering toward something inhuman. She was dizzy, head spinning, and stunned by both the stench and the vile visage before her, each as impossible as anything she could imagine.

Yet, before she could recoil fully, Camilla reached her end, either from proximity to her friend or the sheer lust she felt over the changes. With an asinine bray, she let loose, her new churning donkey nuts unloading all over the ground in front of her, some even getting on her friend and pervading her nostrils with the pungent stink. It seemed impossible she could shoot so

far, but Camilla was hardly in a position to care, lost in bestial lust as she was and riding the waves of an orgasm more potent than anything she could have imagined.

Standing there stunned, Emilee could hardly fathom what was happening, even as she watched Camilla's bestial erection sliding into her sheath, though not before ejecting a pungent stream of urine to go with her mess. The combined stench was enough to make her want to gag, though it seemed that Emilee had no control over her body to the point she could only watch in stunned silence as ripples of fur and hide encroached over Camilla's body, and she continued to grow and change in more horrific ways.

Yet, the more she breathed in the stink of donkey, the more an odd sensation came over her, centering in her groin as though the semen had soaked through her gray shorts and white panties. It was that stink that seemed to rise about the others to the point that she felt hot and flushed, causing an ache to course through her center all the way down to her loins. And the moment it did so was the moment she went into intense arousal to the point she had no choice but to...

Reaching into her pants to touch herself, the sight of Camilla's donkey cock coming to an erection had her entire attention as she watched it dangling there, sat above a heavy pair of donkey testicles. It turned her on like nothing she had seen before, especially as the changes continued to play over her best friend's form. By this point, her changing donkey body was sweating profusely, running down her pant legs and collecting in her boots, adding the stretch of feet to the miasma of stink perforating the room. The smell of it drew Emilee's attention downward to a tightening in the boot, as though something was growing within. Something she wanted more than anything to see, perhaps do more to...

Camilla, for her part, was working to stroke her donkey cock back to an erection, the refractory period in her donkey body obviously mute in the face of her arousal of the changes. It also served to ebb the ache of what was happening in her boots, already precariously tight for her human feet. As best as she could tell, her middle toes were starting to grow massive, pushing at the bindings of her boots with a force that they could not contain. The pain against her foot was numbed by the swelling of keratin against the middle toe, at least, even as the rest of the toes started to crack and shrink into the base of her soles. With stretching heels and thickened muscles, there was little chance of them lasting long to the point that the front burst out with the beginnings of a donkey hoof, something that almost caused her to pitch forward, awkward from a body that was becoming increasingly top-heavy.

With a new wave of foot stink washing over her, Emilee felt an immediate attraction to what she was seeing before her. She stared in some fascination and desire, never really been into feet before but unable to deny what she felt in the moment. Her need to smell them was such that



she was even willing to get down on her hands and knees, uncaring of the mess there as the sweaty stench burrowed into her nostrils and made her moan as she touched herself with vigor. Licking the sweat from the single toe in the middle, Emilee was overtaken by the pungent flavor, disgusting yet erotic in a way that defied her understanding. She was turned on like no one's business, feeling the keratin thicken under her tongue as she rubbed the rest of the foot, feeling donkey fur rising from the top of the toe and all the way toward the end of her heel, making the donkey woman above her shiver and moan.

Even as the toes receded and the bottom surface of the single hoof continued to widen to support her weight, Emilee was aware of a pressure in her own shoes, preceded by numbness as though they had fallen asleep. With her limited awareness, she could hardly fathom her own feet were able to change in the same way. All that mattered was the sweaty taste of donkey on her tongue, rubbing her friend's hooves into existence as the other nails swelled from her foot and Emilee was prompted to move toward that as well.

By this point, Camilla's donkey fur was soaked in not only sweat but saliva, Emilee lovingly running her tongue over it to sample the fluids provided. The ache of her own shoes tearing, the growth of hooves digging into the dirt, and causing her to readjust. As much as the action turned her on, it was the sensation of warm fluid dripping from the penis above her that really did it for her, knowing that the cock was ready and eager for her. She almost wanted to reach up and suck it as well, though for the moment she was enraptured by the toes she was lovingly licking out of existence as they were withdrawn into the bone structure within. Yet, with the heavy donkey cock rubbing over her back and red shirt, the temptation to get up and pleasure it was more than she could imagine...

Yet, she soon found something to be wrong. The moment she tried to stand was the moment she pitched back into the filth, as though her feet's proportions were all disjointed. Looking back, she was aware that her own heels had torn through the backs of her sandals, donkey hooves half formed with her distended middle toe and spreading the layer of blue nail polish over its tip before cracking and falling from the hoof. Without the ability to get up on her own, she started to crawl away, sandals popping off as the velcro was parted and prevented them from even being worn again.

Like Emilee, the stench of sweaty feet and changing hooves was a powerful turn-on to the changing donkey woman. Falling down on her hands and balancing herself, Camilla reached down with her tongue and started tickling the backs of the heel, savoring the same sweaty stretch that had Emilee so enthralled. With lips starting to become more flexible and rubbery, Camilla reached out to suckle her toes, first playing her growing tongue over the ones receding into her foot, pushing them inside one by one. Then, before it had time to go out to its new dimensions, Camilla started playing over the middle toe, allowing the digit to grow before teasing the

contours of the growing hoof. It was as though her saliva was working the additional keratin into being as Emilee's foot continued to change in much the way her own had altered.

As the hoof she was licking became too large for her to continue to pleasure, Camilla could feel her jaw extend, pushing outward and widening to accommodate the spreading foot within. Her widening tongue was able to reach up the spreading toes, saliva coaxing fur and donkey hide to sprout from the skin. As though her efforts were working more of the donkey into her foot, pushing the heel even longer and even spreading the effects to the other hoof as it grew in tandem. Not even the swelling of gums and the expansion of yellowed teeth could deter her efforts as Camilla grunted, savoring the sweaty musk of donkey flesh and foot she was birthed into being.

At the notion of having her new hooves pleased by such a beast, Emilee couldn't help but feel her sex go into heat, burning into her loins as she reached back to tease it, her fingers doing only a little to quell the ache. She wanted something much larger within it if that was possible, so much so she was leaking all over her cum stained clothing. Still, even the thought of the beast her friend was becoming was enough to push her over the edge, calling out with a human voice as she went into orgasm. No, that should wasn't right. She was a donkey, right? She needed to bray...

"HHHAAWWW!" Emilee faked the call, though she hardly needed to do so with the asinine inflections working their way into her voice. Though it should have disgusted her, there was no denying how turned on she was in the moment to be more like the jackass her friend was becoming, and better yet, to be a jenny and take that cock!

As though responding to her internal wishes, Emilee could feel her vagina expanding, the next thing to change as it moved through her perineum and turned leathery around the edges. Her anus, too, became much thicker, puffing out from the waistband of her shorts as she let out an uncontrolled fart, smelling more like the manure still in the room with them. Yet, by this point, Camilla could hardly be brought to care, the asinine stench more arousing to her changing nose knowing her friend was becoming more the donkey her phallus wanted to fuck.

With her face pressing out further into a muzzle, Camilla's nose was drawn outward as well, breathing in not only the stench of flatulence but also the acrid scent of heat. As her muzzle stretched closer to the other donkey's cunt lips, her olfactory senses only grew more potent, sure she was in heat and receptive to being mating. As tempting as the prospect was, her lips moved over the jenny's newly minted cunt lips, eliciting a bray of need from her mouth more donkey-like than even her previous outburst. With her cheeks bulking up, her skull starting to expand, and her muzzle being allowed more room on her face, her donkey visage was starting to

take shape, and with it, all inclinations she had ever been more than human. Just as the hypnotic voice had promised her!

One of the final changes to her face, swelling in her ears pushed them toward the top of her head, being reoriented and able to twitch at her prompting. The canals were massive, hairs covered the insides of them as their outsides stretched and formed pointed tips. They seemed to sprout with excessive speed, moving to the jackass-sized appendages she longed to own. To top off the look she wished to wear, her own hair started to thicken, bristling down her broader neck as it seemed to center into a mohawk of sorts that marked her as the donkey she wished to be. And it was only the tip of the iceberg for the changes she had left to go through!

Though her brain was smaller and had a more trying time acting in human fashion, Camilla was aware of who she had been and what she wanted. Being a donkey was everything she hoped it would be and more, especially with a willing mate in tongue's reach. And she was more inclined to bring her friend into the fold, preparing her to be fucked and bred as much as her eager cock needed to get off. With the new stronger her muzzle provided, Camilla was able to pull the pants off Emilee's backside, tearing them from already weakened bindings and releasing a heady stench of donkey sweat and cunt into her widened nostrils.

As though eager to waft her scent into her new jack's nose, Emilee felt her spine starting to stretch, pushing out into a nub that began to twitch the moment it was able to do so. She was eager to grow it, feeling her ass becoming massive, tearing at the back of her shorts in tandem with the tugging of the jack behind her. With the strength within his new muzzle, Camilla was able to rip them from her form, leaving only her dirty-white panties and the fluids leaking from them. The scent was almost more than she could bear, making her long to sample the fluids she so eagerly leaked. With her anus and cunt already in the proper position, it took little time for Camilla to extend her tongue and taste her offering, cunt leaking sexual fluids laced with hormones and spurring her arousal beyond what she could imagine.

As Emilee was eaten out with the expertise that only another former female could manage, her hands reflexively started to grip the floor for purchase as much as she could manage. Yet, it was almost impossible for her to keep them in place as their digits started to stiffen as though they were about to go the same way as her feet. The ache in her middle fingers was particularly prevalent to the point she wished to flex them but had no ability to do so. With the swelling of the middle digits and thickening of the nail into a keratin hoof, it was becoming obvious that she was losing her hands in the same way her feet had gone, and she had no ability to get away, even if she was inclined to.

Given her sexual excitement over the presence of the jack behind her, Emilee felt her bladder let go and took a piss, urine laced with hormones that spoke of her need. Hardly deterred

by the pungent piss, Camilla continued lapping at it, savoring the flavor of her need. It had a notable effect on her muzzle, pushing it out and causing more fur to grow from the damp spaces. Camilla welcomed the change, her sense of taste getting more and more integrated as it swelled into proper donkey proportions.

The changes were hardly limited to her face as the muscles in her upper arms and chest continued to swell, pushing her shirt to the breaking point as it was pulled up around her chest to be torn from the back. With her thickened neck, the space for her mane to grow down around her shoulders as they crunched inward, firming her stance and allowing her to continue lapping the jenny's hind end with vigor. The shifting moving down allow her back and her hips starting to flatten inward, making sure she would not be getting up again. Though she hardly cared, given she was at the perfect height to mate this jenny.

The same thing was happening to Emilee's body as well, her breasts shifting downward past her belly and swelling with fat toward the shape of a jenny's teats as their connections shifted within her internal organs. The growth of her lower body allowed her organs to swell toward asinine proportions and with it the urge to relieve her bowels of their contents before she changed further. Raising her tail further, Emilee proceeded to take a dump, Camilla backed up but only just as Emilee relieved herself as only a donkey could. She did not feel embarrassed by the act, however, more turned on that she was devolving into little more than a farm beast, the same as her friend.

With their torsos barrelling, Camilla's breasts fading, bellies bulging, and spines lengthening, their upper bodies were nearly fully transformed, and Camilla could wait no longer to ease the aches in her cock. Getting up on the back of the jenny was a little difficult with her inexperience, but Camilla eventually managed, using her still-human fingers to her advantage. It might have hurt her spreading hair and hide for Camilla to grab so tightly, but the soon-to-be jenny did not elicit so much as a moan of discomfort. It was the sensation of her fat cock head pushing into the open cunt lips of her mate that really did it for her, and she shoved it in without concern for Emilee's comfort.

Emilee was hardly in a position to be concerned, however, feeling chills running through her body from a phallus far too large even for her donkey form. It was bliss, filling her physical needs as well as the mental desire to be taken and used like a farm animal. The throbbing veins touched her inner walls in the best possible way, leaving her to grunt and moan as she was fucked harder and faster. It was a wonder Camilla didn't simply ejaculate immediately from their need, though it seemed there was some precedence for the changes to complete before they reached the desired climax.

Camella was the first to go, her hands already on their way to hooves as the middle fingers started to stretch, losing their grip and almost making Camellia fall out of her conquest. But she held firm, gripping with her powerful flanks as she managed to keep her place and continued to thrusts. It was a little jarring to lose her hands in such a way, feeling her fingers turning numb and pulling into her wrists before they moved with her wrists. The numbness grew worse over her swelling hooves, though given how her stance was so sturdy within her mate, it took little time to get over their loss as her form finalized into the jack she wanted to be.

It took some time for Camilla to realize that she had been granted the form of her dreams, under the flood of hormones overtaking her mind. But even as she faded into the beast she was, identifying herself as he now, there was still some awareness this was exactly what he wanted, the words fulfilling their promise to him as he fucked his former femininity away. Now, there was nothing left of the human woman, safe enough to enjoy the bestial bliss he had been granted...

Not having wanted this in the first place, Emilee nonetheless allowed herself to be taken and fucked, not knowing it to be something she was missing but unable to imagine anything being more fulfilling. Camilla seemed to be fucking the donkey into her face, little left of her humanity other than that. She was happy to feel her face cracking forward, her nostrils flaring to breathe in their combined musk and stink. It was surreal to experience her gums swelling, teeth thickening until yellowed dentures. A series of brays escaped her lips, truly donkey noises now as her voice was robbed from her. It felt right somehow to bray her pleasure, given her place under the male and part of his new herd.

Little was left of her face even as fur spread across and up toward her hair, which itself was thinning and bristling down her thickening neck, poking through the rest of her shirt even as it fell off her, leaving space for the male to reach down and nip her neck. Her sloping skull forced more of her muzzle forward, and, finally, her ears began to twitch, reoriented on her head as they pointed toward the sky, moving back to hear the brays and nickers of her mate on her back. Their surface was peppered with soft hairs, completing the look of the jackass she now longed to be.

Human thoughts dulled with the alterations of her eyes, which became slitted rectangles as she opened her mouth to bray like the beast she was. "Hhheehhaaawww!" Resounded through the barn as the male came, spilling his load within her and taking away any intellect the former humans might have cherished. A brief moment of human cognizance was aware of her own sex quivering, reaching an unexpected asinine orgasm, though it was a small fragment of awareness in a sea of bestial bliss as the contentment of being mated filled her being. Eventually, the male got down, having blown his load and leaking donkey semen from her cunt lips as she swished her tail, content from the sex with no repercussions.

Mind filled with bestial inclinations, the donkey formerly Emilee raised her tail to take another dump and a piss, little regard for her surroundings like the animal she was. The jack, for his part, was more interested in the smells of hay, moving toward a corner and working his pliable lips over a bale, filling his belly after the intense mating. Save for the torn, filthy clothing littering the ground to indicate they had been anything but natural-born donkeys.

The jenny, for her part, felt something churning in her sex beyond the simple need to relieve herself. It was as though something was descending through her tubes, ovaries swelling and filling a fleshy sack around them. They seemed to push from her sex, an instinct to give birth allowing her efforts in expelling them. Instead of a foal, however, a fleshy sack akin to the one adorning her mate's loins. Closing up with massive, leathery donkey lips, her newly minted testicles were able to hang there, swelling with seed and as eager to get off as her male mate had been.

Enough of her slit remained, however, for something to push from its apex, swelling within and forcing her upper lips to part to the point she experienced a mini orgasm of her own. The nub itself was starting to swell as well, enlarging and hanging from her loins as it developed the erectile tissue within to be engorged with blood. Unlike her former human friend's change in sex, the fully formed donkey had enough blood to maintain her awareness, even if she lacked the intelligence to understand what was happening. Still, there was no denying the pleasure she felt as the growth encroached on the rest of her femininity, leaving no trace of it on her form, save for the tests that hung from the base of her genitalia.

They were not to last on her frame for long, deflating and being sucked within her, leaving only two minute nubs hardly visible through the fur on her form. They maintained a small amount of sensitivity, though hardly enough to deter from the cock slapping against her belly, growing more engorged as it grew inch by inch. Soon, its point shaft touched the underside of her belly, making her nicker in delight at the possession of such an organ. Far longer than a human could ever support, the jenny was so only curious about possessing such a thing to the point she could think about nothing else with her limited awareness of such changes in her anatomy.

The newly birthed organ still had much more to grow, swelling in circumference as it changed from its pinkish shade with a similar mottled pattern as the one on her jack. Like the jack before her, a sleeve of skin swelling from the skin on her groin, hitching it up against her belly as it continued to extend. It was the tip that flared the most, larger than the rest of the shaft as it started to crown and flared around the circumference. The same urethra opened near the bottom and started to leak copious fluids from her throbbing testicles, needing to get off as much as her male counterpart.

Far from being too erect, however, her, now his, semi-erect penis required another use, and he felt his bladder emptying once more, pissing from a shaft that confused his newly male mind. Though the relief was immediate, and soon he did not trouble himself over such things as his shaft unloaded onto the barn floor, splattering over his legs and belly, though he was hardly in a mindset to care, farm animal that he was.

The scent of urine had another effect, triggering the attention of the other jack, who began moving toward him and sniffing the aroma of lust in his waste. Scenting the leaking precum from the other beast, the newly sexed male turned around, raising his tail and firming his stance to prepare for the male to enter him. Not caring how dirty his pucker was, the dominate jack moved to lap at his mate's rectum, preparing him a little before rising to mouth, the previous mating session was no deterrent to his stamina, nor was the fact that his mate had changed sex and was now a male. Any hole would do for the dominant jack as he prepared to take his pleasure from the beast.

Though the larger jack struggled to get into his male mate, his faded memories found the notion of a tighter male's pucker more pleasant than fucking a donkey's vagina, but it mattered little. The tightness of either allowed him to get off and take his pleasure from the other beast. The smaller male was eager to provide it, bucking his hips reflexively as his own member slapped against his belly and provided enough stimulation to get off so long as the male on top of him lasted long enough.

Yet, the pair were soon interrupted by the sounds of human voices calling out to them in some shock and horror. Neither beast was to be hindered by their need to rut and cum at the forefront of their being, and the clamoring of human voices was hardly a deterrent. And, to their satisfaction, none of them thought it prudent to stop the pair, afraid of the beast's strength and surprised at the sight of them.

With a bray of triumph, the dominant jack brayed out as he came in his mate, filling his rump with donkey cum as he blew his burden. Stuck as he was in his mate, the one on the bottom spraying his load over his legs and belly, braying his release with no care for the world. Any shame in performing such an act in front of others had long since passed, feeling safe in the presence of their primate onlookers, figuring them to be caretakers and little else.

Sharon, at first wondering why it was that two jacks were isolated in here, much less mating, was prepared to use the opportunity as a teachable moment. Homosexuality wasn't that oncoming in the animal world, after all, and was perhaps the reason the two of them were being kept in there. But it was the sight of the clothes on the floor, stained with excrement and semen, that really had her confused. She had gone to reach for one, knowing it belonged to one of the

students, though was disgusted to realize it was covered with a sticky fluid, one she was quick to rub on her pants without thinking about it or what it was any further.

More urgently was the matter of the missing girls, too bizarre to simply put off as having left the grounds. Their clothes in their entirety seemed to be there on the floor, as though they'd stripped and run away naked. They were nowhere to be found on the premises, and it was unlikely they had gone anywhere far. Then did that mean...? She'd overheard something about the two jacks not being part of the on-sight herd, and the timing was a little too coincidental, as impossible as it was. Still, she couldn't leave them either way, regardless of what intrusive thoughts she had as to their whereabouts.

Yet, the moment she stepped out of the cloud of donkey stink that had perforated the barn Sharon stopped, sniffing the air as though her nose was trying to take in one of the scents she had escaped. It was almost as though her nose was craving such pheromones, something under the miasma of urine and manure that had her intrigued. Even to the point of bringing her sex to moisture, though it was not something she reflected on for too long, as best as she could as the group made their way back to the bus.

As they left the barn and caught sight of the two new donkeys, her eyes moved to the underside of one of them, seeing their two swaying cocks still leaking semen. The image almost caused her to gasp, an ache in her loins coming to the forefront and nearly making her bend over. It was almost as though something was growing within her, her internal organs shifting and opening down toward her moistened sex in an effort to be free. She was hardly in a mindset to care about such things, the image a powerful attraction as she stared without regard for anything else.

Meanwhile, the two jacks were guided toward a pen, the scents of a few jacks and other jennys in their noses telling them all they needed to know about the herd. They did not feel any competition with the jacks, though those two were the larger and likely more dominant ones. They seemed to be a little confused, as though their bodies were not their natural ones, and had to take some time to walk and graze in their new forms. But it seemed not to take them much time, as noticed by the staff, given their cocks soon grew erect as they sniffed toward the females, cocks getting hard and showing unnatural interest in their heat...

As the rest of the class prepared to leave, Sharon looked back at the farm one more time, perplexed as to what had happened to the two students. She didn't retrieve their clothes, figuring it be best they were left there, though it was harder to think of the reason why. After all, if they were donkeys, then they wouldn't need clothes anymore. And what a prospect it would be to be a donkey, with a massive, flared cock, a musky sweaty stench, and all the mates one could have to



satisfy the needs in their oversized testicles. The more she tried to remove the intrusive thoughts, the more they burned into her mind to the point she could focus on nothing else.

As she turned around to get on the bus, a faraway expression crossed her features, before her anus opened and several pounds of donkey droppings fell from her blouse, staining the already brown of her khakis fabric as she continued to defecate without regard to her surroundings. It was as though she had no awareness of what she was doing, save the need to take a dump that came over her suddenly. Rolling down onto her black boots, she seemed unaware of what was happening, like the action in front of her students was entirely normal.

Naturally, the students gathered were repulsed by the stench, though something about the sight of the woman's ears enlarging, getting steadily longer and covering with hair was enough to prevent them from moving away. Hair seemed to be running down her neck and dress, grey and moving below her double D breasts as they started to deflate into the chest that was soon to barrel into that of the jackass she was becoming. How such was possible left the students stunned, though images from the barn with the two jackasses in the barn hit home, the clothes of their former classmates possibly due to their own changes toward an asinine fate.

“Ohhh HHAAAWWW!” Sharon called out, feeling the need to call out and bray, hoping to hear the sounds of her contemporaries around, their scent still on her human nostrils enough that she could almost picture them close by.

The changes to her body, however, were enough to keep her in place for the moment, unable to deal with the cognitive dissonance of her changing body and the body she felt she deserved. Her hands, aching as they were, left her a little alarmed as they stiffened and lost their ability to twitch as she was used to. More pulled within her thickening wrists until she was left with unruly hooves, something she languished and lamented in equal measure. Perfect for holding her weight, they were hardly useful for taking off the increasingly tightening clothing that was plaguing her so badly.

It was the growth at the apex of her wet cunt lips that truly drew her attention and her ire for the lack of hands. It started as a thickening of her clitoris, as though pushing its way out of her nub and engorging enough to seal the tip of her cunt lips. Every inch of it to push out slid sensually against the skin, even as her outer lips lost their sensitivity. Soon, the lump was several inches long, pushing her former clit against the fabric of her pink panties and making her snort like a beast in her efforts to get off. Wanting desperately to touch herself to tease the growth of its life, it pained her that her hands were hooves and there was no ability to touch herself.

A gurgling in her guts preceded more equine flatulence, as well as a distention of her ovaries that seemed to swell them almost painfully large against her inner sex. Soon a fleshy sack

was pushed out of her lips, pulling them around it as though sealing it shut. The orbs within soon worked their way through that opening, falling into the sack and feeling what she perceived was virile semen. It was enough that a new opening within her urethra started to leak the moment it was able to do so, as though a prelude to the orgasm to come.

Even knowing she was changing sexes as well as species was not enough to stop her sexual excitement as her widening hips started to poke against the fabric, desperate for any iota of pleasure. With how fast her stomach was bulging, it was unlikely that the formerly petite woman's clothing would remain on the donkey's body she still possessed. Her shirt was stretching over the fur spreading across her body in a ripple, making her squirm in them, for both the irritation and the obvious ache within her cock. It was becoming maddening to the point she could only bray her frustrations, sounding all the animal she wanted to be.

It was the force of the cock bursting from her panties, swaying like a flag as the tension in her testicles seemed to grow to its apex. The students were stuck there, the stench of equine waste and the sight of their teacher changing leaving them in a trance-like state, unable to process what was happening or to think about trying to get away. With that, each and every one of them was privy to the explosion of semen that sprayed over them like a shower, soaking into their skin and sealing their eventual fates, even if they didn't let realize what was happening.

The sound of tearing panties proceeded the growth of an asinine tail, a dirty, puckered black anus sitting under its swaying, roped length. It was getting harder for the former woman to stand, swaying back and forth as her middle toes started to push at the confines of her boots, making it likely they were fated to tear at the force of her equine hooves. The stink of her flatulence and manure was excelled only by the putrid odor of sweat burning from her pores, dripping down from her body, and collecting in her boots, leaving the heady stink to burn into her more sensitive nose, as well as those of the enamored students.

The effects of the semen on their bodies were somehow more abrupt as their cocks and cunts grew aroused and their sexes went into a sudden and unexpected orgasm in their pants. It was almost enough to knock each and every one of them into the muck, though they managed, their noses wanting to breathe in the asinine stink that seemed to have spurred on their interests. It was making it hard to think about anything other than the alluring aroma, even over the embarrassment of cumming in front of their entire class.

With that desire for more of what their teacher was offering them, each present was eager to let whatever was happening to their bodies occur without resistance. Bowels opened into asinine shapes as manure was pushed out without fanfare. Bladders, too, were emptied, adding to the equine stink as tails burst from their backsides and robbed of any modesty of clothing they possessed. The fetid air would have disturbed any human, though, to the gathered herd of

jackasses, there was only an air of lust and anticipation, the stench of waste hardly a deterrent to the lusts the changes were putting them through.

Not wanting to be privy to the horrors unfurling before him, the bus driver took off, figuring the former students' lives were forfeited and not wanting to join them in their bestial depravity. It mattered little to the devolving minds, however, for the large metal device to leave their sight, needing only the presence of the herd to indulge in their feral inclinations.

It was soon to be obvious what their fates would be as their clothes were rent from their bodies, their crotches reeking and exposing what remained of their genitals. Rather than turning into turgid donkey dicks, all the males had their cocks pulling inward toward their groins, slits opening and lips turning black and rubbery, slick with feminine fluids as their testicles were reconfigured into virile ovaries. The women, while not having as far to change, kept their gender and were no less lusty than the former males as their bodies warped and grew toward a herd of virile, eager jackasses.

Soon, the former teacher was surrounded by changing jennies, the scent of their heat more pungent than even their waste, making her cock rise to its apex. Even as the jenny's all pissed in their hormone-laced need, the former woman let out a powerful bray, as though claiming them all as his own. It was impossible to recall anything about her, now his, humanity as his body grew into that of a barnyard beast, a herd of receptive females present to take him as many times as he was able. A fate that he accepted eagerly...