

ONE THOUSAND DONKEYS

**Transformation Story
Written by
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Introduction

An industrial area, night. Most buildings had three, four storeys, there were larger and smaller warehouses. Busy at day, the area was empty after nightfall, save for one large crowd of young people in front of a medium sized building. Until recently it had been a storehouse, now it was a nightclub. What it was like, no one knew. The grand opening was today but it had been pretty much hyped, so a large number of people had decided to check it out. While every last one of the young men and women was going to experience the most extraordinary that night, the focus lies on a group of five friends: Linda, Chris, Susi, Brandon and Henriette.

"God, why aren't they open yet?" Linda hated to wait. She was at the new club that night because she wanted to let off steam. Her job got her down on her knees. But instead of giving in to burn-out, Linda wanted to have fun, even if for only a few hours. For this night she wore her brown short hair open with an airy blouse. Under her miniskirt she had fish-net stockings.

"Can't take too long now. Did they announce what time they open?" Chris on the other hand was there, because he knew that Linda was coming. He had always been interested in her, but hadn't yet found the right moment to ask her out. Maybe this evening could become a date? He wore his short brown hair as messy mob together with a pair of jeans and a plain, red shirt.

"Geez, I don't care." Then there was Susi. She was out to get drunk and laid tonight. That was her definition of having fun, and she sure had fun. Her shorts were cut out, to show more than enough of her legs and under her leather jacket she wore a tube top. Her long, black hair was spicky from hair spray. One could have mistaken her for a slutty punk, but in fact she studied medicine.

"We still could go to my brother's club." Brandon's family was running several businesses and so was he. Brandon had enough money to do what ever he wanted. For this reason or the other he instead decided to hang out with his friends. He put his sun glasses on. With his white suit and expansive white shoes he stood out of the crowd.

"Look, they are opening up. Great..." Henriette was an utterly shy person. Only her friends made her go out and enjoy herself, which she did in the end. Just in the beginning she was wondering whether it was a good idea. She wore her blonde hair in a ponytail. With her simple jeans, pullover and nerdy glasses she seemed a little misplaced among all the people dressed to party.

Once the door was opened, the crowd streamed in. The outside had been illuminated by neon and spotlights, so it took a moment for the eyes to adjust to the half dark interior. Behind the door was a small room with a stair case in the end leading down. Above it a sign said 'Entrance Only'. Maybe a dozen of steps lead down through a narrow spiral stair case, that made sure only one took it at a time, into one large room, the actual club. Right next to the entrance was located the first dancefloor. In the corner next to the entrance there was a couple of tables and chairs and benches, which were attached to the walls. On the side with the entrance was one long bar already manned

with several barkeeps. Opposite of it was one stage, dividing the club in two, another dancefloor and another corner with tables and seats. One could not see the ceiling, the lights hang way under it, but it just felt like a lot of space above the head.

Henriette, naturally examining her surroundings carefully, noticed the way to rest rooms at the end of the bar behind a corner. She also noticed the emergency exits. They were old, industrial roll-up doors fit for loading and unloading trucks, and Henriette was relieved to see there were so many. But what made her worried, was that she couldn't spot the proper exit of the club.

The Party

After some time spent dancing, drinking or talking on their own the five friends met again and decided to sit down at one of the tables. Brandon, Linda and Henriette sat on chairs, while Susi and Chris chose to sit on the bench. While the girls and Chris, who hoped to start a 'good' conversation with Linda, stayed at the table, Brandon went to the bar to fetch drinks for everybody. But when he returned, he had no glasses in his hands, only a broad smile on his face.

"Man, I'm glad we didn't go anywhere else! This place is hot!" Brandon said with a spark in his eyes while shaking his fist. It made a sound as if many small objects were in it, and right after he showed them to his friends: from the bar Brandon had brought a handful of small pink pills. They had the letters P and I marked on them.

"Are you crazy? Drugs?" said Linda, mouth wide open. Henriette had covered her mouth with her hand when she added: "That's... that's not funny, Brandon." Susi on the other hand gazed the pills figuratively out of Brandon's hand. There was a somewhat greedy glint in her eye.

"Where the heck did you even get them from?" Chris wanted to know, who was surprised if not shocked that Brandon was doing drugs. Upon this Brandon pointed to the bar with the thumb of the other hand. "Is okay," he calmed his friends. "The barkeeps said they won't be handing out alc for the next half hour. Instead: legal highs!" The group shared looks, they found this utterly strange. "C'mon gang, don't worry! Can't be anything dangerous or bad stuff, you know. They all would lose their jobs, right?" said Brandon, while he held his hand with the pills invitingly over the table.

Chris took a look around. Other people too had these pills, and were already taking them. Probably Brandon was right. How bad could these little pills be? Probably a simple beer from the bar was stronger than them. "Well, P I. Like 3,41 and so on. Because the pill is round like a circle?" said Chris in an attempt to joke and grabbed one of the pills. Linda grabbed one next. "I have one day off a month. This better be good."

"Gimme a handful," said Susi and took half the remaining pills from Brandon's hand. It were half a dozen. Just Henriette did not show any signs of being willing to take one. So Susi forced one of hers into Henriette's unwilling hand. "Trust me. I study medicine. This is good fo ya," Susi smirked. Henriette eyed the pill suspiciously, as if it was a small, dangerous animal, that could bite her any second.

When now everyone had a pill or several, Brandon moved the hand to his mouth and said, "Here we go!" before he swallowed all of them. Immediately his grin got even broader. He clenched both his fists and raised his arms to the sky. "I! Feel! Alive!" he exclaimed, turned around and disappeared into the dancing mass, wildly dancing himself. The atmosphere in the club turned more and more excited. There was something in the air, a strange arousal. Dancing couples moved closer to each other and shared more intimate touches. Men grabbed for female butts, girls grabbed for male

crotches.

"I want whatever he had!" said Linda and downed the pill. Just the second after she felt relieved of all her stress and work sorrows. Another feeling was there instead. "Oh boy," she muttered while fanning herself with her hand. "I... gotta dance!" she then said, standing up and joining the people on the dance floor.

Susi wasted no time with words and put all the pills from her hand in her mouth. Munching them instead of just swallowing, she wanted to release the pills intoxicating active components in her mouth, to absorb them via her oral mucosa and get them faster into her frigging brain. The effect was overwhelming. Susi shuddered, feeling both hot and cold. "Ah, that's stuff!" she said and clumsily put off her leather jacket. Carelessly tossing it to the ground, she stumbled to the dancefloor, quickly regaining control of her body, shaking it in dance moves.

At this point, when only Chris and Henriette remained at the table, the pants of most guests seemed to become more tight, in more than one meaning. Their trousers, panties or skirts could hardly contain all their asses growing great and plump. Males on the other hand could hardly hide their erections pushing against the fabric. The air was filled with exciting scents, and among the music moans and groans could be heard from here and there.

"Well," began Chris, leaning over to Henriette, "seems like these little pills give you a great time." Henriette was not so sure. "I... I don't know... It does not seem like a good idea..." Being a little hesitant himself Chris thought a moment. "I know: we take them together, alright?" Henriette, biting her lips, was undecided between playing it safe or taking the pill and having fun. All the others had taken the pill. Should she stay the only one who hadn't? "On... three?" she asked softly. Chris nodded and began to count. "One. Two... Three!" and at three both downed the pill.

Instantly both had huge smiles on their faces. Chris felt lightheaded, as if something removed all burdens and weight from him. Also did Henriette, though she felt funny in her head and belly. An outright unwell feeling developed in her stomach. Chris on the other hand felt another kind of pressure. "Haha, whoa," giggling he noticed his dick growing and stiffing in his pants. Soon his penis made a huge bulge in his crotch, and only the presence of Henriette kept Chris from unzipping and freeing his demanding member.

"I... don't feel alright..." Henriette was holding her hands before the mouth, feeling a nausea becoming stronger. She didn't notice Chris turning bright red, trying to cover his crotch and the dark, wet spots appearing on his pants. Instead she stood up rather quickly and made it to the restrooms. On her way, she crossed the dancefloors. The people there were dancing wildly, and started to undress themselves or each other. One could have noticed their pointy ears, long noses and faces, their huge and wide hips or that everyone seemed to develop an overbite. But all these changes went unnoticed. Even by Linda, Chris, Susi, Brandon and Henriette, who all were somewhere in the club.

Brandon and Susi

With his arms in the air Brandon was busy grinding up on girls and being grinded by them, quickly changing dance partners again and again. His fancy white suit was sticky with sweat. Then he lowered his arms quickly, losing his sun glasses in the process, when there was a sudden sharp pain in his pants. His massive boner had been squished painfully against the hips of the girl in front of him. He had a massive boner? Trying to cover his crotch he went red in the face. "What's... wrong?" he said embarrassed, feeling the bulge being way larger than the usual size of his penis.

Suddenly Susi stood right in front of him. She had heard him speak and now saw where his hands were, making her grin widely. Brandon was surprised, not so much to see her, but by her ears: they were elongated and pointy, covered in grey fur. They reminded him of bunny, or donkey ears. Where had she gotten the costume part from? Before he could ask, she came right at him, while tearing down her top and bra.

"Oh, I know what's wrong, stud," smirked Susi, and before Brandon could react, she was already squatted down before him. With one hand she released his erect member, already dripping, while her other hand went down into her own mini pants. "Hm, I know whatta do," she said mischievously fondling herself and Brandon. She approached the tip of his penis with her face, kissing it softly before rubbing her mouth on it, smearing precum on her lips. Brandon groaned and nearly fell backwards, gladly finding a table to lean on just behind him. His ears started to grow long and pointy, his stupidly grinning face lengthened and his already large penis gained in length, too. At this point Susi let her tongue out, licking the tip of Brandon's cock, which started to go flat, before she guided his member into her mouth. While her hand fingered her own sex, she started blowing and sucking vigorously on Brandon's dick, which to her delight, seemed to grow in her very mouth.

Susi, however, who was completely naked by the time, changed, too. In the rear view, one could see how between Susi's plump and ample ass cheeks her spine grew a little appendage, while her hips grew wider. The appendage developed into a tail, covered in grey fur with a tassel at the end, like a donkey tail. Gray fur started to sprout all over her large butt.

With a loud 'Yeehaw!' came Brandon, his hips jerking against Susi, who was climaxing herself, drool dripping from her growing pussy and her hand. Brandon's enormous cock spurted hot semen into Susi's mouth, filling it up. She puffed and blew, as she didn't plan him to pop inside of her. But due to her orgasm, she hadn't been able to concentrate that much. Spitting and coughing, having cum running from her nose, which grew long and broad, the corners of her mouth were rising quickly again nonetheless. She licked her lips and savored the salty taste of Brandon's seed. "There, stud. I knew whatya need," she smiled, revealing her overbite and bucket teeth.

But Brandon was out of all the sudden no where to see. Instead Susi, still sqatted, found herself surrounded by a couple of nude or barely dressed young men. They pulled out their dicks, stroking them. "I'm next, kay?" "No, me!" "Hey, I was first!"

Susi grinned and extended both arms to grab for the men's penises while snatching another with her mouth. There was nothing she wanted more than to please all these men, being pleased by the sensation of their touch herself. While the dicks grew longer, thicker, darker in colour and more equine in shape, Susi soon was covered with sperm from head to toe. "Easy girl! Watch out with those teeth of yours, kay? Neigh! I mean... Ouch."

Speaking of toes, Susi changed even further. Her legs became longer, more beefy and muscular, her feet changed in shape and soon she balanced on her toes. Of her toes the middle one grew broader

and longer, while all others seemed to shrink. With the nails becoming hard, black and curved, her feet finally resembled horse or donkey hooves. Grey fur covered everything below her navel. Next her netherlips swelled thick and black, hiding the clitoris deep inside, giving her a giant vulva compared to the one she had before. Under her twitching donkey tail her tiny asshole turned into one ring of thick, black muscles. In the front view one could have seen black nipples appearing among grey fur, before horselike teats grew between her legs. With these, her rear was now entirely the rear of a donkey. But Susi didn't notice, not even as her slim belly barrelled out, when her inner organs doubled in size, adopting to their new function of solely digesting grass.

Just when she was about to insert an outstandingly great member, all black with a mottled pink, flat tip, into her mouth Susi looked up in surprise. "My, stud. You gotta big...", she began.

Two black animal eyes stared down at her soullessly. They belonged to a big donkey head which was placed atop a large human body. A fancy white suit spanned over it dangerously, several numbers too small and bursting at the seams. Together with the haircut, the white suit reminded Susi of... Brandon? From the ripped scrotch of the creature's pants hung an unhumanly oversized horsecock, erect and throbbing demandingly. But the worst part were the eyes: there seemed to be no spark of intelligence in them, no mind, no soul, and that was what took Susi so aback.

"Holee sheet!" she screamed, surprised by the odd sound of her voice. Shocked she stumbled backwards, but she still was squatted. She also was unaware of the new anatomy of her hindlegs and her shifted centre of gravity. With a shriek she fell, landing on her huge donkey butt. From the floor she had look up to nude men and women, in various stages of donkey transformation. Some had just hairy legs, others a tail, others had a large donkey belly and others had all their extremities shaped like donkey legs. But they all had elongated faces, an overbite and pointy donkey ears sticking out to the sides of their heads, and the most of them were either pleasuring eachother or themselves.

A donkey, a full donkey climbed right over Susi. The animal was so close, Susi's flipping donkey ears touched its belly. A donkey! There was a flipping donkey, just there above her! People were turning into donkeys! This waked her somewhat from the shock. All she wanted was to get out of there, for there was something strange, something terrifying going on. Trying to get up with knees like rubber Susi to her horror had to realize her lower half had transformed aswell. Also, there was no where to run. As soon as she was shakingly on her legs again, she was approached by young men, who were half donkeys, stroking their equine members invitingly.

"Neigh! No! Let m-hee alone!" she said, hardly sounding human. Just in that moment, Susi spotted the stage, which happened to be free of any humans and donkeys. Pushing through the mating crowd, her fear mixed with lust. Her pussy drooled, as she had physical contact to so many males without fucking them. Finally at the stage, she grabbed the edge in order to climb up, but she had to find her hands and arms were starting to transform, too: while the arms grew longer and stronger, her shoulders shifted and did not allow her to lift her arms to the fullest extent. The middle fingers of her hands turned long and stiff, the nails becoming hard hooves. Similar to her feet, all other fingers and the thumb shrunk away and were absorbed into the hands.

Just before her arms were no longer fit for climbing Susi managed to get up on the stage despite the extra weight of her donkey belly. Exhausted and shocked, she stayed lying at the edge, to catch some breath. Her heart was pounding in her growing ribcage, while her human breasts started to shrink away. All she could think of was pleasuring herself. It was crazy, she was becoming a donkey, and all she could think of was sex!

Just when she had finished the thought, she felt her legs being grabbed. "What?" she managed to

say rather human soundingly. Looking back she saw Brandon. In the meantime his growing body had reduced his fancy suit to rags, but he was still humanoid enough to walk upright and use his hands. Right in this moment he used them to force Susi on her flank, pushing and pulling her legs. "Neigh! L-Haw go!" Susi exclaimed in terror and struggled but for no avail. She had not yet enough control of her changed body.

Spreading Susi's hinglegs Brandon lifted her upper leg onto his shoulders. This was the perfect position to conveniently let his enormous horse cock slip into Susi's gaping, drooling donkey pussy. Trying to do just so, his dick slapped Susi's teats before finally penetrating her. She whinnied loudly, partly to protest, partly in disbelief, partly due to satisfaction. While Brandon started to thrust rhythmically, Susi was overwhelmed by sensation. Incapable of human speech, Susi neighed and brayed with delight, despite of everything.

Her final transformation kicked in. Grey fur spread over her upper half, her human boobs were already gone. Her neck thickened and grew longer as did her face which now showed undeniably equine features. Once her entire body was all covered with grey fur, she looked just like a donkey, save for her eyes. There still was spark of intelligence in them, the slightest hint to a human mind in the donkey body, the mind of Susi. And so she felt her last orgasm as woman, before Brandon painted her inner walls with his hot, thick semen.

Brandon pulled out, ropes of sperm between his flat penis tip and Susi's pussy, leaving Susi exhausted and nearly fainted. Still, he was eager to mate her again, though his changed body did no longer allow it in this position, so he started climbing up on the stage, too. She on the other hand, confused, light headed and shocked picked herself up with four shaking legs. Her thoughts were blurred and racing at the same time. What she knew was: she was a donkey now. Atleast her body. Her mind seemed to still be human. Atleast she hoped so. Yet, she had to concentrate to recall the very concepts of thinking, as if she was trying to recall the latin names of all parts of the human brain cell.

Apruptly Brandon broke in on her thoughts, by intruding into her pussy. With his now fully equine body he had leaped onto her, mounting her to mate her like feral equines. Susi trembled under the extra weight, yet she also shuddered with pleasure, feeling Brandon inside her again. Grinding on her, he reached even deeper than before, mating her in the proper way their donkey anatomy was built for. This was different, the pleasure was stronger, deeper. Susi tried to fight it, but her mind was like washed away by waves of joy.

Susi forgot her name, that she was human, she forgot everything. Then she and Brandon came, or more precisely, two donkeys came. Hot semen dripped from her netherlips, Susi's self was gone as she felt her first orgasm as donkey. On the stage two animals breded.

Linda

Linda felt like she had lost all her inhibitions. All restraints seemed to be removed from her. Euphorically she danced up on young men, boys and sometimes girls, just for fun. She could do whatever she wanted, it was like all her stress and worries were forgotten. But beside euphoria, another feeling rose in her, in her head and between her legs.

"Ungh, I... gotta dance!" she said, more to herself. The truth was: she wanted to touch people, to feel other people's body and skin, the bodies of men. From her mini skirt already stuck out a short tail with donkey-like tassel, and her ears elongated becoming pointy. In her sudden goatishness she flung her arms around the first best young man's neck. Taking him by surprise, she pressed her lips onto his, stroked his leg with hers and grabbed his crotch. Pushing her away in surprise and anger, the young man glared at Linda. "Have you lost your mind? I'm not into such shit, kay?" But Linda did not care, she was already gone, looking for a more willing man. "Probably had already one over the eight," joked another young man. "Chicks get away with anything, amirite?" Then both of them took the pink pill with P I marked on them.

Elsewhere most people had already swallowed it. The atmosphere was filled with excitement and the faint scent of sex. Linda just felt she was right there. Though, her shoes started to pinch. There was more, the heels of her shoes both snapped out of all the sudden, as if they were no longer able to carry Linda's weight. Swearingly she landed on her hands. But instead of standing up, it felt surprisingly... right to stand on all fours. And so, for a moment, she stood there, swinging her body to the rhythm of the music, until Linda attracted the attention of a horny boy with pointy ears.

Smiling lewdly he marveled at Linda's swinging hips, the sight made a bulge form in his pants. Reaching out with his arms, slipping his hands under her skirt, he groped her plump ass, fingering its ample curves. Linda gave a groan in surprise, but then she had the same lewd smile on her face as the boy. "Ey, want to dance?" she asked stepping backwards, starting to grind her butt against the boy's erection in the rhythm of the music. He groaned and held on to her growing ass. And so they 'danced' until both their underwear was soaked with the liquids of their sexes.

While she was unaware, her arms grew longer, giving them the same length as her legs. This made it even more easy to stand on them. Her middle fingers stretched and stiffened, as did the middle toes. All other fingers, thumbs and toes seems to contract, becoming smaller, until they finally were gone. Linda's heels of hands and feet stopped touching the ground. Instead of on the palms and feet, Linda soon balanced on only two strangely thick and long middlefingers, and two oversized and stretched middle toes. They grew even more great, with the nails becoming thick and large, until her hands and feet were equine hooves. With these four legs it was most convenient to walk on all fours, so Linda did not care to stand up, not noticing her transformation.

Around the two dancers people started to undress, they moved from dancing to kissing and carressing and then on to mating. Spotting an erect penis in the crowd, Linda knew what she needed. Abandoning her current partner, whose clothes spanned dangerously over his growing body, Linda sought only to get fucked. By the time the tips of her grey ears hang far over her head. Her neck had become more muscular and longer, allowing her to hold her head up naturally even on all fours.

Young men and women had sex on the dance floor, and Linda didn't want to be missed out. Next to Linda another men's zipper bursted open, a great dick and swollen balls emerged from the ripped crotch. His face was bright red, he was apparantly embarrassed by this developement. Linda however, quickly walked up to him, presenting her hindquarters. "What's up? C'mon, put it in!" she said, letting her hips swing lustfully. Her little show made the young man finally forget his shame.

Instead of being embarrassed, he pulled up Linda's skirt and stripped her panty from her still wet pussy. He did not wonder why it was so huge, so black, so animalistic. Bending over, he then rested his growing belly on her back and crossed his arms under her chest, grabbing and kneading one of her boobs with each hand. Linda moaned with delight even before his member slid into her great donkey sex. His hips began to rock and roll, quickly gaining pace, never being careful. With every thrust Linda's face became a little longer. With her mouth wide open one could easily see her overbite. Her legs and arms turned even more beefy, the fish-net stockings spanned over her growing thighs.

Finally he shot his seed into Linda, painting her inner walls. Loudly he brayed into her donkey ears. While he came, Linda did not, a fact to which she responded with an angry snort. And because the man stopped humping her, exhausted hanging over her back, she shook him off and turned to look out for another man to satisfy her. He on the other hand landed hard on the floor. When he came to breath again, he examined his dick. It felt cold exposed to the air, pulled out of Linda's warm and comfy pussy, but there was more. What he found left him shocked: his pride had turned into a great, black, flat-tipped horse cock!

But Linda did note nothing of the changes, having already found another willing man. While his genitals were fully equine as were his hindlegs save for little stubs were his toes used to be, he did not mount Linda like an animal, but did the best he could taking her while standing. They moaned and groaned, and Linda was sent into transports of delight. Thinking that she before had never dared dreaming of having two men in one night seemed so odd right now. How prudish and restrained she used to be!

In front of her appeared the boy, she grinded her butt against earlier. Now his clothes hung in rags from his massive body, yet his extremities were still human. He stroked his donkey cock while approaching Linda with a big smile on his equine-featured face. "Did you forget about me?" he asked holding his erect, dripping member invitingly in front of her nose. Linda hesitated not long before sticking her long, thick donkey tongue out, wrapping it around the boy's cock and guiding it into her mouth.

And so Linda found herself stuck between two forcefully jerking donkey hips, giving her a good shake, thrusting her back and forth. But over the time her body was shaken less and less, when her ribcage and her belly began to swell. Her human breasts shifted downwards and nestled themselves as dark skinned teats between her hindlegs, while grey fur began to cover her. Becoming bigger and heavier herself, Linda could endure the wild thrusting of the two men, who constantly turned more equine and therefor stronger.

Finally all three climaxed, semen ran in hot streams from her mouth and vagina. Linda coughed the cum out, yet she did deeply enjoy this threesome. The men pulled out, snortingly. They already were looking for other females to mate. Linda's sexual hunger on the other hand was sated for the moment. Instead she wanted to have a drink, in order to get the semen taste out of her mouth. On her way to the bar she didn't made it far however.

Out of all the sudden Linda felt something large leaping on her. It weighed heavily on her back, its arms clutched her ribcage. "W-haw-t?" said Linda in surprise and shock, raising her head. On her back there was a donkey! A braying, dark furred donkey had mounted her! Where the hell did this animal come from? Looking back, she also saw her own body. Not only the donkey was covered in grey fur, also was Linda. Her body had turned into a donkey's! She wanted to scream in terror, but instead she moaned in pleasure when the animal's great equine member intruded her.

She was no longer master of her body. She wanted to run away, to shake the animal off of her, to prevent this bestiality, but she could not move. It was like the shock of her transformation had frozen her. The donkey began to thrust forcefully, and while Linda was taken aback by the thought, she couldn't stop hot waves of joy rushing through her body and mind. Finally the donkey came, loudly braying. Linda could feel his hot semen in her depths, filling her up. It felt so wrong, and yet it pleased her so deeply. The donkey jumped off, sinking to his knees exhausted. Climaxing herself, Linda couldn't but moan in pleasure, but for Linda the relief to have the donkey stallion off of her was bigger than the satisfaction.

Before another male could mate her, Linda scanned the club for a way out, surpressing her panic. All these donkeys, all these animals with their soulless, mindless eyes. They scared her. There just had to be a way to escape this all! She spotted the short staircase, the staircase everyone in here had taken. Of course! Running up to it, she found that her barrelled out belly hardly fit the narrow spiral construction. Even if it only were a small number of steps, Linda could hardly climb them. It felt like she was stuck in a trap. Linda forced her body up the couple of steps anyway, hoping not to meet any donkeys up there.

And there weren't any. Up the stairs there just was the front door, the way out of the club. Rushing at it, Linda searched for a knob, a handle, anything to open it. She was close to despair. No mechanism to open the door from her side was visible. Screamingly, she pushed herself off the floor, to bang her fists against the damn door. But instead of her hands donkey hooves hit the door, leaving semicircular dents on it. So close... When she realized the door wouldn't open, Linda fell to her knees, holding back tears. So close... She did not allow herself to give up!

Then Linda turned around. She had heard something. A sound louder than the noise of the mating donkeys from the club below. It was the same sound her hooves had made when she had come up here. Something was climbing up the stair case...

Henriette

Henriette felt sick after taking the pill. While all others seemed to lose all their restraints, a bad nausea rose in her. When she stood up from the table, she did not even notice the sperm stains on Chris's pants. All she could think of was getting to the restrooms real quick. But on her way there, she had to cross over the dance floor. There she was danced and grinded on by young men, grabbing for her butt, trying to make her dance with them. This attention, while usually awkward and embarrassing, Henriette found strangely arousing. But she had no time for them, for she had to use all her concentration on not to puke, and her concentration was dwindling by the scent of sex that filled the air.

Finally in the Ladies' room, Henriette was happy to be alone. When she closed the door behind her, she shut out all the noise and scent of sex from the club. Immediately Henriette ran into one of the cabins and vomitted into the toilet bowl. For a moment her sight turned black, but she quickly felt better when her stomach was empty.

Coughingly Henriette got up and flushed. The moment of weakness had gone. Stepping to the washhandbasin and mirrors Henriette splattered her face with water and washed the bad taste out of her mouth. Finally she felt like a human again. Even more, she felt utterly good. She was even in the mood to dance, to party. She was lightheaded and giggled for no apparant reason, yet she was aware enough to check her looks in the mirror before stepping out. She froze immediately.

Her ears were elongated and pointy, the tips located way above her head. She first thought the mirror was distorted. But it was her face. Her nose was unnaturally wide, rather reminding of horse nostrils than something human. She had an overbite she never had before. On the edges of her face grey fur sprouted. Unbelievably Henriette fingered her face with her hands. It felt... real. But her hands, so she had to find, were changing, too. The nails had become hard, dark and started to wrap around her fingertips. In the end, they were like little hooves. Her comfy clothes seemed to span out of all the sudden. Was she taller? Her shoulders and hips indeed seemed wider, and her pullover spanned over her suddenly tight breasts dangerously. Her supposive comfortable pants dug into her large butt. Also her shoes pinched while her heels did refuse to touch the ground.

Henriette's mind began to race. The pill! It had been some kind of drug! Was this the effect? A hallucination? A drug induced fever dream? Then it had to be linked to her sudden arousal. She never should have taken this pill in the first place!

Suddenly Henriette's thoughts were interrupted. The noise from the outside invaded the silence of the restroom when the door was opened. Without thinking about it, Henriette jumped into a cabin and locked herself in it. Halluzination or not, she did not want anyone to see her like that.

With loud smacking and kissing sounds, giggling and moaning people stepped into the toilet. And even when they closed the door, the rest room was silent no more. It were two people. One voice was female, the other male. A man in the Ladies' rest room? Suddenly Henriette felt hot, a desire rose in her. The thought of being alone with a man on the restroom seemed just so lovely. The things she would do to him. For a moment Henriette ponders whether she should open her cabin and join in to the couple. But she held on to herself.

The sound of ripping clothes. A belt fell with ringing bucket on the floor. Half a bra was tossed over the cabin's door, landing right in front of Henriette's feet. Blushing she kicked it away. Intense, animalistic scent filled the Ladies' room, the sex was nearly tangible in the air. Henriette's nostrils quaked when she breathed in the scent. Her knees felt like rubber, and slowly she slid down, sitting on the floor. She did not note her hand sliding into her panties, fondling her vagina. Her pant

was already soaked with her juice, when she finally realized she was fingering herself.

In disgust Henriette pulled her hand out. What was wrong with her? Far more important, what was wrong with her feet? For in that moment she looked at them changing: her shoes bursted at the seams, revealing her torn socks beneath, wrapped around her growing feet. In haste, Henriette tore the rests of her shoes and socks away. Her feet felt stiff, long. All toes were shrunked, except the middle one, which had become weirdly enlarged, already as wide as the foot itself. The nails grew thick and curved, reminding with their dark color of a horse hoof, but nothing human.

On the outside of Henriette's cabin, the groaning became rhythmically, but also louder and more animalistic. Right in this moment her now broad shoulders and wide hips ripped her pullover and her jeans into pieces. Her bra, which was already broken, fell from Henriette's ample breasts, which now were large and covered with grey fur, while the nipples were strangely dark, nearly black. Henriette's face was elongated, showing strong equine influences. The sensation of her clothes spanning around and digging into her growing body caused a heat in her rising. Her nerdy glasses fell off from her changing nose. Tearing away the rests of her underwear Henriette unravelled her pussy. She just couldn't resist it anymore. Her hand slid over her mons, carressing her netherlips. Sticking two fingers into her sex, she began massaging her inner walls. While she stimulated her clitoris with circling movements of her thumb, Henriette joined into the mating couples moaning.

With every loud hee-haw from the outside Henriette's hips jerked up, while fantasizing that she was being humped by the man in the Ladies' restroom, not the stranger outside. She was outright jealous at her. The thought of having a huge, throbbing cock inside of her, and not her transformed fingers, made Henriette's body shiver. Feeling that she needed something bigger inside, she first inserted another, then all four of her fingers into her vagina. And still, it was not enough. Aroused and confused, she looked down her body.

The sight of her vagina startled her. Her netherlips were swollen, black, concealing her gentle pink pussy. Her clitoris was hidden deeply on the the inside of the anatomy, and when she fingered for it, she found her tiny butthole had become a thick, nubby musclering. Yet, she did not waste too many thoughts of worry at these changes. For in the restroom, the braying and snorting became even louder, indicating the climax of the couple. Henriette could already smell semen, making her moan with heat and lust. She drooled from mouth and pussy, when she inserted her entire hand up to the wrist into her sex. She tried to reach as deep as she could, massaging her insides, imaging a great, gushing cock inside her.

An ultimate neighing of pleasure. Henriette could picture how the man and the woman in the rest room came, he shooting his hot semen into her, she spasming in pleasure. And with this picture in her head Henriette came, too. Her hips jerked forcefully while waves of orgasm rushed through her body. She cried in delight, her voice sounding more like a neighing horse, or donkey. A gush of hot liquid ran over her hand. Between her legs pussy juice had formed a small puddle on the floor. Exhausted, Henriette sank to the floor.

The rest room fell silent. Only low breathing sounds and a click-clack like from hooves every now and then disturbed the silence. With stiff limbs Henriette picked herself up. Her head was empty, only capable of simple thoughts. She had made a quite mess. Automatically she unlocked the door of her cabin, stepping out to the basins to clean herself. She had totally forgotten about the couple, to whose vigorous mating she had masturbated an instance ago. So when she saw the male donkey, and the grey furred humanoid female lying on the floor of the restroom she was utterly surprised.

The shock of being faced with these creatures made claritiy return to her head. And with clarity, Henriette realized what she just had done: she... she just had masturbated in the restroom of some

nightclub! And now she was nude, all her clothes were torn! And the worst part, her pussy and hands were still dripping with her liquids! But that all wasn't her biggest problem. For the male donkey stood up, walking towards her. Henriette could see his equine member erect, seed from the last ejaculation still dripping from it.

When the donkey came snortingly towards her, Henriette moved backwards until she hit on a wall. The donkey followed her, and when he was at her, he stuck his muzzle between her legs, licking her vulva. In surprise, Henriette moaned. What the hell was going on? "No! No, let go!" Henriette screamed, pushing the donkey's head to the side. This made the donkey push himself off the floor, the hooves of his forelegs hit hard on the wall, making the tiles crack. The donkey's hips jerked forward, when he tried to insert his dick into Henriette's vagina in a standing position. Feeling the animal's cock slapping against, Henriette shrieked, pushing the donkey away.

She was surprised by her own physical power, when she actually managed to shove the donkey stallion back. The transformation seemed to have given her the strength of a beast of burden. But Henriette could not think too much about it, for the donkey approached her again. She banged her fists against his muzzle, making him bray in pain and surprise. What was wrong with this female? Again and again the donkey advanced, until Henriette had an idea. When there was enough space between her and the beast, she jumped to the restroom's door and opened it. Immediately the noise from the outside flooded the room. The male donkey was attracted by the intense smell of donkey breeding and rushed out.

In relief, Henriette slammed the door, leaning on it with her back, heavily breathing. What the hell had that been? While adrenaline pumped through her veins, a noise made her dart around. The female figure was standing up. It was... a human? She was covered in grey fur, her ass was unnaturally wide and it had a donkey tail. Between her legs there was nestled a swollen vulva, with thick, black lips, and two black teats above. However, she also had human breast, giving her a total of four breasts. Her hand and feet were human shaped, though the middle toes and fingers were thickening and growing. Donkey ears flipped above her head, sticking out of a mop of brown hair, and her face was long and hairy. She looked a little dizzy, and when she spotted Henriette, she smiled, showing a huge overbite and bucket teeth.

"Gawd, you look ugly. Sorry, prol-hee shouldn't have said that," said the transforming woman before she started giggling. "Haw? Where did my boyfriend go?" She staggered forward, towards the door. "Would you kindly?" she said pointing at the door. "Need to find my lover boy. Or a new one, hehe!" Henriette stepped away from the door, amazed by the sight of the woman. She had taken only a few steps, but she had turned even more equine in this short span of time. The woman went out of the Ladies' room, leaving Henriette alone, who did nothing for a couple of minutes but just standing there, leaning to the wall.

What was going on? This all had been too real to have been a hallucination. People were turning into donkeys. How was that even possible? Henriette stepped to the cabin she had masturbated in hastily. She had changed too! Maybe she was going to become a feral beast as well! Rummaging the rags of her torn clothing, she finally found her nerdy glasses. Putting them on, even when they felt weird on her face, she stepped to the mirrors.

Examining her transformed body, she found her face was a donkey head now. Her nose was long, and broad, with horse like nostrils, ending in a donkey muzzle. The features of Henriette's face were nearly gone, but she recognized herself still. The nerdy glasses did hardly fit her, because her ears were now large donkey ears and her nose was too broad for the glasses. Her blonde hair was still tied in a ponytail. There seemed to be more muscles and mass on her body. Her broader shoulders were somewhat muscular, as were her arms, even when she had never trained them at all. Under her fur,

she felt defined muscles on her belly and her wide hips. Also her legs were muscular, too, even when they were strangely shaped and ended in equine hooves. Between her ample butt cheeks Henriette found a flipping donkey tail, with a furry tassel at the end. Her breasts now hang ample and tight from her chest, making Henriette blushing by just looking at them. Her netherlips however did worry Henriette most. They were large and swollen and black. It seemed like her genitals were entirely equine. Trying to speak, she found that she could still talk, but everynow and then a hee and a haw slipped into her words.

After this intense survey of her new body, Henriette waited nervously for further transformations. Minutes passed while she stared into the mirror, waiting for the slightest change. But nothing happened. This calmed Henriette down somewhat. Then she thought back. The pill! If it caused these transformations, she had to have brought it up before its transformative effect could kick in to the fullest extent. And maybe, maybe this was only temporary? She had not much hope concerning that.

Finally, Henriette stepped to the door, to see what was going on on the outside of the restroom. Thinking her friends were still out there... Opening the door, she carefully stuck her head out. And pulled back in immediately, before closing the door and shutting herself in one of the cabins. The club was filled with breeding and fucking donkeys.

Chris

Chris was awfully glad his friends had left the table. After taking the pink pill, his member had gone erect. His face was bright red in shame, even his pointy, long ears were red, for there were sticky, wet spots showing up around the bulge in his crotch. "I... What's going on?" Chris said, unable to stand this terrible pressure in his pants another second. He unzipped, making his erect penis and his aching balls surging out. This slightest touch made his member spurt a rope of semen all across the table. "Hng!"

Chris reception became fuzzy for a moment, so he did not notice someone stepped up to him immediately. It was a fancy, black haired lady in a strapless red dress. Her face was near flawless, save for her stange, pointy ears. But to Chris she looked like one of those perfect, beautiful Elven women from fantasy movies or rpgs. She smiled seeing Chris's throbbing dick. "My, have a look at that," she said, a lascivious smile on her face. When she dipped her fingers into his semen on the table, licking them afterwards, Chris could hardly believe it.

The next moment she had already pushed the table away and was on her knees in front of Chris. Pulling her dress down the lady let her breasts bounce out, before she wrapped them around his cock. He groaned and protested a little. For this evening he had planned to get closer with Linda, not to receive a boobjob from a complete stranger. What would Linda think, if she saw him like that? On the other hand, he was unbearable horny.

While the lady hugged her breasts tight around his shaft, moving them up and down, Chris had only eyes for her. So he was surprised, when hands started to touch him from the left and the right. Chris found himself surrounded by nude and half nude young women, undressing him with their eyes. They bit their lips and couldn't keep their hands from playing with their nipples and pussies. Were they all that ruttish about him?

Chris could not continue the thought, as he spasmed in orgasm, spattering the lady's face with his hot semen. It had become even longer, her ears now donkey ears. Between her breast and on her shoulders grey fur sprouted. Her dress was ripped around the hips, revealing her ass swelling tight and plump, a tiny tail growing between the cheeks.

"There you go, boy, but now you have to return the favor" the lady said, climbing up to Chris onto the bench. Crouching over him, she tore away the remains of her red dress. Having been a classic beauty before, all skinny with a wasp waist, her hips and belly had swollen up giving her ample, voluptuous curves. Her swollen vulva hang drooling in front of Chris's nose, he could smell the liquids running from its darkening lips.

Having ejaculated twice, Chris could feel his penis harden again, it was amazing. His member even seemed longer than ever, its flesh turning darker, with the tip becoming flat and broad. But Chris was unable to examine it for long, for when it was erect to the fullest extent, the lady moved her large hips downwards onto his lap. His dick slipped into her vagina seemingly by itself, making him groan in pleasure when the lady started grinding on him.

By the same time, two other female approached Chris. They were completey nude, donkey ears sticked out to the sides of their heads, and donkey tails sticked out between ther butt cheeks. "What about us? We wanna play, too!" they said lustfully. Chris extended his arms. His left arm he put around a slim girl with long red hair and freckles, pulling her closer, her back against his side. With her head resting on his shoulder he kissed her, which turned out a little difficult considering both their massive overbites. He then let his left hand slowly slip down her body, caressing her, until he reached her also red public hair. He began to pet and fondle her vulva until he felt the lips moist,

then he stuck two fingers into her vagina, and made her moan in joy.

Simultaneously the blonde, chubby woman to his right presented her heart shaped ass while lying on the bench. Her donkey tail tickled Chris's nose, when it flipped in lustful anticipation. Seeing her great, black equine pussy was large enough to fit his entire hand, Chris inserted it into her. He felt her moist, warm interiors, amazingly spacious, and pushed his arm deeper, making the blonde woman bray like an animal.

While he rubbed and fingered the girl's and the woman's pussies, the lady was pounding on him. The mere thought of having sex with three women at once made Chris feel like drunk. Linda was certainly not on his mind. And so he didn't notice the females around him becoming larger, hairier. He only felt his hands coated in warm pussy juice, and his dick deep in another pussy. Finally, all four came, making them groan and moan in bliss, sending spasm through their bodies as they climaxed.

Spent and weak, Chris pulled his hands out of the females. He saw the middle fingers had become elongated and stiff, the nails thick and dark, all other fingers way shorter than they should be. But his head felt too fuzzy to think about these changes. The extremities of the girl and the woman, too, had started turning equine. Exhausted they rested on the bench. The lady on the other hand was already hitting on Chris again, nudging his member demandingly with her big donkey muzzle. "Sorry, lady. I'm spent," he said softly. His tongue felt thick and heavy in his mouth. It was hard to form the words. But the lady didn't listen anyway.

Instead she ground her thick pussy lips against his limp cock, trying to erect it one more time. But Chris really was in no shape to take her again. He tried to push her off of him, but he failed. The lady was stronger and heavier than him, it seemed. Slowly clarity returned to his head. Chris whinnied in surprise. The lady was nowhere to see, instead a large, grey donkey pinned Chris to the bench. Its soulless animal eyes gazed down at him. "What the? Get off of me!" he screamed, making the girl and the women at his sides look up, too.

They were scared by the large animal, but far more when they realized that they too were turning into donkeys. The blonde woman was halfway through her transformation into a big, grey donkey, while the red haired girl was covered in red fur all over. When Chris had managed to free himself from the 'lady' the girl and the woman had already fled the scene. Chris looked around confused and scared. Around him people, donkeys and everything in between had sex. Braying and moaning filled the air, pierced by rare screams of horror, when someone became aware of the transformation. Chris found it suddenly hard to remain balance. Looking at his feet, he saw hooves instead. Out! He had to get out of there!

He spotted the spiral staircase that led up to the entrance and ran to it as fast as his new legs allowed it. With his swelling donkey belly he hardly fit through when he made it upwards. There! The door, he could already see it! But also he saw, he was not alone...

Chris and Linda

"Chris?"

"Linda?"

They hardly recognized each other. While Chris could still stand on two legs, Linda was already forced to move on all four. Only their faces were human, with a strong influence of equine features, and donkey ears though. Also their voices were distorted by their throats becoming more animal.

"Chris! Meigh god! What's going on?" Linda asked, her voice filled with fear. "I have no idea!" said Chris in response. "We are donkeys! Everyone is donkey! That's all I know. W-hee..." he continued, but then he got distracted when his body pumped blood into his equine member. Chris noticed how large and ample Linda had become. He could smell her sex. And he couldn't deny it, he had always been attracted by her.

"What?" Linda wanted to know, but then she spotted his hardening penis. "No. No! Don't even dream about it, perv!" she hissed. Then she felt a fire start in her depths, her genitals demanding for a dick. She realized that Chris could feel no other and continued more soft: "Look... I've done things. I let them... I let them do me. But... that was not me! Something made me do this!" Right in this moment, Linda felt the dire need to just shut up and turn around, allowing Chris to mount her. "I... don't want to do these things..." she said, close to tears.

Chris had to use all his will power to not walk round Linda and take her from behind. It was like his dick was commanding him to do so. Instead, he went down to all fours, his hands now fully functioning hooves, to hide his throbbing erection behind his belly. "Don't worry. I don't want to harm you, it's the last thing I want. It's just... this all... m-neigh-kes me excited."

"Me... too," replied Linda, looking to the ground. Her face was red, but the skin was concealed under fur. "Might be... I mean... maybe that's an side effect of being turned into a donkey," said Chris, attempting to joke. Then it made him think. Side effect? Like the side effect of drugs? "Since when do you feel... excited?" he asked Linda.

"Since I took the pill," said Linda. Apprehension filled her mind. "The pill? Did the pill do this to us?" she asked. "Per... haps..." said Chris, having problems to concentrate on talking. Precum dripped from his flat, equine cock tip. Linda, too, could hardly hide her arousal. Her pussy started drooling as the scent of Chris's sex filled her nostrils. She wanted to say something, but only a moan came over her lips. Chris she had always found a cute guy. No! She pushed the thought away. Not like this.

"I've... seen eyes down there. Soulless eyes. They are animals, Chris! Animals! No humans! Chris, I don't want to be an animal!" she exclaimed, tears would have run down her face, but here eyes were no longer capable of this act. "Me neither," Chris said. Sadly he looked to the ground. He had no idea what to do. Then he heard Linda moving, her hooves clicking on the floor.

Looking up, Chris found Linda's rear pointed at him, her tasseled tail flipping nervously. The scent of her pussy was so strong, it sent shivers down Chris's spine, and a spurt of pre to the floor. "Linda! Have you... what?" he was uncertain what was going on. Did Linda really wanted him to fuck her, or had she succumbed to the mental transformation, making her a mindless animal?

"Linda? Is that you?" "Yes, damnit! C'mon, before I change my mind!" answered Linda angrily. "But Linda! Maybe sex is like the catalyst of..." "Fuck me!" yelled Linda. "We can't do anything

against it! Maybe in five minutes we can't remember our names! The last moments of my... the last moments as myself I want to spent the way I want, alright? I want to leave happy!"

Chris couldn't deny that he understood Linda. Nevertheless her words saddened him, he was also glad, that he could relieve himself of the growing pressure in his balls. He hesitated only briefly before approaching Linda's rear with his head. Sticking his thick, long donkey tongue out, he licked over Linda's black, juicy vulva and the dark ring of black muscles above. Carefully first but when she started to moan he licked vigorously, his tongue reaching into her netherlips. Linda brayed loudly. The hee-haw sounded scarily animal like.

"Linda? You still there?" Low whinnying in response. "Yeah."

Chris pushed himself off the floor, leaping onto Linda's barrel like body. She trembled, due to the extra weight and due to the anticipation of Chris's member. Slowly Chris pushed himself forwards, his forelegs holding onto Linda's flanks. Finally the tip of his cock had reached Linda's vagina. A last movement, and it was in her. Both moaned in pleasure. But before he continued, Chris whispered into Linda's ear: "I hope the two of us are here long enough." No answer.

At this point, Chris began to thrust. Back and forth his hips rocked. The mild groaning of the beginning turned to loud braying as Chris's movement gained pace and force. Both shivered with every thrust. Pleasurable waves of warmth ran from their sexes through their entire bodies. The heat in Linda's depth drove both nearly insane. Braying and thrusting they finally reached climax. Hot semen spurted from Chris's cock, gushing into Linda's body, dripping on the floor. But even then, Chris continued to thrust, until he all ran all out of breath.

With his cock limp and all his legs like rubber Chris could no more. Exhausted his forelegs lost grip of Linda's body. Chris glided off of her back onto the floor, where he collapsed. Linda, too fell slowly onto her knees, then layed down onto her flank.

For an eternity Chris thought nothing. Animal thoughts maybe. Simple thoughts, yet they were alien and therefor understandable to the human mind. Then Chris remembered. His self was still there. Chris was still there! He brayed in joy, incapable of human speech, but he didn't care. He was he, and no animal! Then the happiness quickly faded away, being replaced by worry. Linda. Was she alright? Getting on his legs Chris walked up to the still lying Linda. He whinnied, nudged her with the muzzle, brayed louder. No reaction.

Chris turned away. It probably was a miracle that he could have saved his self. He should have been happy to still be human, but he wasn't. Linda. She was gone. Sadly he looked down the staircase, overlooking the mass of breeding donkeys. Even on the stage, there was a couple of breeding animals. The sight saddened him even further and he didn't know why. Was he the last human... the last human mind in here? How could these be? What was this? Magic? Science? What was the cause of all this?

Suddenly Chris felt something nudging on him. It was probably the still horny Linda donkey, wanting to mate him again. Sadly he turned around, to see the large, grey donkey his former friend had turned into. He wanted to avert his eyes in sadness, but there was more: he had noticed something. The eyes. There was something. Linda's eyes. That spark of intelligence in them. This was no mindless donkey! There was a mind in it! A human! Linda!

Aftermath

The next morning: donkeys everywhere. They were on the dance floor, they were lying on the broken tables. The even were on the stage and behind the bar. Overall the night club was in a bad shape. The furniture was broken, the floor was littered with rags and shoes. To this scene the industrial roll-up doors were opened, waking only few of the sleeping animals. In came a group of men and women in blue overalls armed with sticks. They seemed a little confused at first, and hesitated to move to far away from the doors. Then they received a command from the outside and began to go deeper, counting the donkeys. In the meantime trucks drove up to the roll up doors. They were large cattle carriers. Waking the donkeys up with blows of their sticks, the people in overalls made the donkeys walk into them.

When half of the donkeys were loaded, the front door of the club was unlocked. In came another man in overalls, he seemed to be in a higher position though, for he held no stick but a clip board. He was followed by a man in a fancy italian dress. They had to climb over two sleeping donkeys, who slept like spoons right behind the door. The man in the overalls shook his head in disbelief while the man in the italian dress just smiled. They began to talk when they climbed down the short spiral staircase.

"Now seriously. It's weird enough that you run donkey stables and nightclubs. But why do you... house your donkeys in your nightclubs?" said the man in overalls.

The man in the suit replied: "Well, a good business man is differentanted. I just-a try to reduce the cluster risk, to spread the... sorry, business speech. And yes, I house my donkeys in my night clubs every now and then. When the barns run out of-a space, for example."

Overalls: "But they have wrecked the place!"

Suit: "A shame, isn't it. We will have to close this place. But we will open a new club. Maybe in another city... one we haven't-a been yet..."

Overalls: "What?"

Suit: "Hmm?"

Overalls: "I don't believe you. You are not telling me everything, are you? No sane man would wreck his property like that! Looks like insurance fraud to me, or something. But, fine. I'm just doing my job here, it's not like you have to tell me anything."

Suit: "Oh? And what should I tell you?"

Overalls: "The truth, maybe?"

Suit: "Ha! The truth! You couldn't stand the truth, worker!"

Overalls: "Ok, Ok, then don't tell..."

Suit: "I will! Or the reader will never learn why this happened! Last night was-a the night of the grand opening. These rooms bursted with people."

Overalls: "And then you put donkeys in here?"

Suit: "No! The people are the donkeys!"

Overalls: "Wat?"

Suit: *Sighs* "In ancient times... well not so ancient, maybe 200 years ago... my famiglia lived in a small village in Italy. Well, don't let-a my fancy pants fool you. My family was poor back then. However, my grand grand grand grand father... add a few grands, or take them away... my ancestor, he knew a witch."

Overalls: "..."

Suit: "And he made a covenant with that witch in order to make his famiglia, my famiglia rich. The witch gave him... One thousand-a donkeys! All she wanted was another thousand-a donkeys in exchange, at some point in the future."

Overalls: "So you turned these people..."

Suit: "Nanana! I tell-a the story! Now, where was I? When the witch talked about some point in the future, she meant the next day. Because then she appeared to my ancestor and explained the following: The thousand-a donkeys were actually humans transformed into donkeys."

Overalls: "Aha."

Suit: "There is more! Humans transformed into donkeys. FROM THE FUTURE!"

Overalls: "That's why you transform people into donkeys?"

Suit: "Yes. The witch told my ancestor, that his, my famiglia, from that day forward had to transform people into donkeys and give them to the witch, so that she could-a send them back in time to the point, when my ancestor received the thousand-a donkeys. Or from my famiglia people were to be transformed into donkeys. My uncle for instance. He refused to transform-a people. Didn't go well for him. But-a well, the witch had to prevent a timeline paradoxon, yes? And so she gave my familia the secret donkey transformation formula and turning people into donkeys became a tradizione di famiglia."

Overalls: "Hang on, hang on. So the witch is still alive?"

Suit: "Yes."

Overalls: "Hang on, hang on! That's not giving any sense. If the witch sends every donkey she receives from your family back in time, where's the profit in that?"

Suit: "She charges 10 € (author's note: instead of euros, insert currency of your country) for every donkey she sends back in time."

Overalls: "... that's only 10 000 bucks. That's not much money from a deal that spans centuries."

Overalls (cont.): "Hang on, hang on! If the deal was made 200 years ago, why does she charge in Euros (again, your currency), eh?"

Suit: "She didn't always charge in € (again). In the beginning she charged silver coins, later lira. When some members of the familia moved to the Americas (the Europes), the witch charged them

in \$ (€). Apparently, she doesn't know much about money... or currency... or exchange rates... or inflation. Sorry, business speech."

Overalls: "... So. How many more donkeys are left?"

Suit: "Hmm?"

Overalls: "You know? From the one thousand donkeys? When is your family's half of the deal done?"

Suit: "Why, my father sent the thousandst donkey back in time of course."

Overalls: "..."

Overalls (cont.): "And what are you doing here?"

Suit: "I'm doing this... for fun. And it's tradizione di famiglia afterall. I must-a stay alive."

Overalls: "Nice story, bro. I don't believe a word."

Suddenly the door of the Ladies' room was swung open from the inside. Out came no lady, though. It rather appeared to be humanoid, female donkey, walking on its hindlegs. It had human female proportions, though, ample hips and breast and blonde hair. The figure gasped in surprise, seeing the overalls transporting the donkeys away. She then clasped the rest of her torn clothing to her exposed, grey fur covered body. With a hee-haw shriek she jumped over the sleeping, or being transported donkeys, made it past the blue overalls wearing men and women, past the one with the clipboard and the men in the Italian suit. And the next moment she was already up the stairs out of the door and gone, gone, gone.

Overalls: "..."

Suit: "Do you believe me now? Now gather some men and hunt-a her. Seems like missy didn't-a get her full dose..."

Goofy Epilogue

After their donkey transformation, Linda and Chris are transported to one of the Italian Man's donkey stables. There they live rather happily, despite being donkeys.

They had a little folly together, and named her Jenny. Don't ask me why they chose this name. Jenny happened to have inherited a human mind, yet it was stuck in a donkey body.

Secretly Linda and Chris taught her to read and to write, in order to be able to communicate. But Jenny did not hide her intelligence very well, drawing the attention of the media.

Finally an intelligence research specialist named Dr. Jonathan Pester purchased Jenny to research her. It saddened her to be separated from her parents, but Linda and Chris were of the opinion, that this was the best that could happen to their daughter.

Now, Jenny proved to be far more intelligent than an average human. She learned quickly, and was soon adopted by Dr. Pester and his wife, Dr. Sylvia Pester, who was working in the robotics.

Sylvia Pester taught Jenny mechanics and electronics, and together they designed a humanoid robot, they planned to transfer Jenny's mind into, who felt misplaced in the body of an animal.

However, earth was attacked by aliens. So instead of the robot, Jenny and Dr. Pester built a huge mechanic combat armor for Jenny, which she could control with her mind.

Together with a group of other heroes, like Captain Scotland, Black'n'Red Woman, Bass Box, Lady Bottleneck, the Red Rubber, the Dandy Man, Trouble Girl or the Bunny Burglar, Jenny the Iron Jenny picked up the fight to defend earth.

Oh, and Henriette became a super villain. She called herself: Dat Ass Girl.

Action, comedy, romance and bestiality ensued.

The End?