

Dropping Out

Flynn's eyes were blurry, the damp wooden ceiling of a barn the only thing within his vision. There was a pressure in his chest, and a numbness near his hind, his head fuzzy and confused. His ears heard a sloshing noise with a slick plapping along with the haws of a creature behind him. And then... the feeling of something quite heavy on top of him.

"Where am I? What's going-" his words cut out as he roared one of the loudest screams to ever leave his throat.

His vision was forced to look up, like his pupils were trying to escape into the back of his head. An instinctual reaction to the uncertainty behind him making him bite his lower lip and moan for reasons he did not truly understand in his groggy state.

"I never really expected you to be into it so quickly! I think you were *born* for this."

The voice was not Flynn's, that much was apparent to the man in blue robes, on his elbows and knees, and now understandably terrified that something large and thick was slotted deep into his asshole. It was a smoothness to this strange being that was fucking him from behind, like every word he said was something to hold on to or else he'd lose him forever, like some kind of intense need to stick around and endure this treatment daily. He never once fancied men, but whoever was pumping into him, had a cock so large it was disfiguring his anus to become larger and more malleable. Flynn



wanted to look behind to see who was this mysterious fornicator that brought such evocative emotions into him. But all he could do was just stare forward and take it.

The wizard-in-training heard the male once again, the cadence billowing obedience right into his brain. "Look at you! Look at you... I ain't never seen a human like you so willing to let something like me obliterate you like this. I think you're already my favorite for sure, and I think that there's no better piece of ass I could have chosen. Have you seen your ass? You may be a guy but you've got the fucking **ba-donk** of a prime gal!"

It only felt like the thick tube deep in his anus was getting larger as it pushed in more and more. Flynn was squealing in such a high-pitched tone as he couldn't help but wiggle his rear from left to right only allowing the presence behind him to moan out from the feeling of bare skin massaging his cock. The magical apprentice almost felt like his own cock was getting erect simply because it was being nudged by the tip of the straddling rod within him.

Then, as the two heightened in their ruts, Flynn's eyes went incredibly wide as a slurry of sticky wet yellowy goop flushed within him. The entirety of his cavity filled with the fluids of something he still did not know even though he felt a premium weight on his back from the chest of whoever was on top of him. His face was stuck in a dumb smile with one of his eyes half closed as his head curved around to see the body of a mere farm animal. A literal donkey that was now climaxing right into his ass.



The donkey come filled man made a terrifying shriek as all of the odd, inorganic pleasures were turned into the lowest of shames. He did not equate the animal to the voice that was speaking to him but his groggy drunkenness was wiped away by the sobering realization that a simple creature was the first thing in his life to ever fuck him. "Ah-ah! Oh my gods, shit! Shoo-shoo — fuck! Get off of me!"

Once the donkey was done closing his eyes and pumping the human's ass full of its seed, the beast of burden gave something that Flynn could never have thought would be possible. A sly smile with blunt teeth shining white. "I'm not just some mindless thing you know? But I don't mind making you think of yourself as an animal fucker," the donkey gave another thrust, "or someone that **lets** an animal fuck them."

It seemed to be that the pain in taking such a large and heavy shaft was beginning to be sensed by the human, with every tease of the talking animal making Flynn's anus flare and pulsate. No, it did not hurt as nearly as much as one might think it should have, and there was still the mystery of how Flynn even ended up in this position.

"I know what you're wondering about. Everyone I fuck makes that same face. Usually I wipe their memories by now but honestly your ass is so damn good! I could only wonder what it might look like with a bit of gray fur like mine." It was then that finally the animal pulled out of him, the creature snorting from his long thick muzzle as the human winced



and whined like a dog. "It almost makes me think if a snatch on you would be even better."

Flynn's legs were shaking like thin branches in a heavy thunderstorm, his pants still lowered around his ankles as his ass was just a thick hole oozing with a lemony sludge. Even trying to stand up would only allow more of it to pump out and down into his underwear. He was so shell-shocked by the situation that he pulled up his trousers without thinking, allowing everything that had made such a mess to smear against his skin and all of the cloth, soak in and make him smell like the beast before him. "A-are you a damned demon?! I've never once done anything with men and-"

"You're going to be thinking about men for the rest of your life after today. You don't even understand all of the things I told you to do. Go on, take a good swallow."

The man was horrified to realize that as his tongue dug into his gums that the taste of something spunky and extremely salty had left its residue everywhere within his maw.

"How else do you think I was able to get that hard of an erection? Your pretty mouth was just what I needed. Of course, my tongue opened you up a bit, and I hope you don't mind if I left any crumbs of oats in there." The donkey was on all fours just like any other animal, except his face moved unnaturally like a human's might. The student in magical



arts was stumped in his inexperience, not knowing how in the world this was possible. This creature *had* to have been something else in disguise.

The animal took another step towards him. "My name is Jack, I was born and raised as a meager brainless donkey, meant to be like any other. To graze in the field, to fuck any jenny I see, and to exist just like the rest."

"Impossible!" shouted Flynn, "what warlock or wizard or witch would spend their time and energy to give *you* of all things the same sentence as the Great Races?"

Jack whipped his tail as he circled around the human, giving his rear a good sniff that made even the animal cringe from how heavy it was. "It was quite simple really. An alchemist needed a ride from one town to the other. He found me, having apparently escaped my pen, and I carried him. After bringing me to my new owners, he added one of his concoctions to my trough, and for the first time I realized just how much I gained from such a plain transaction. I don't know if he meant to give me such power, but I'm sure *she's* just fine now. Probably out in this field or maybe in this barn? Not that I can remember, or that I even really care. She probably shouldn't have left out such dangerous potions for me to use against them."

Flynn brought a hand over to his butt, lightly pressing into it as the horrid noise of squelching made him shiver as his hand now smelled like how his ass did. It was hard



to speak, feeling like the more he spoke, the more embarrassed it would be as the heat of his face was overwhelming.

And with that silence, it only allowed Jack to monologue on and on. "You know you begged for it right? You may think all I did was give you a little charm and you were on your hands and knees, but really you gave my cock a good look over while you were passing by. I knew what you were thinking. I know what people's desires are. I know what your desire is. "

A new anxiety beat deeply into the human's chest. "No! No, no that's not possible. You can't — no!"

"Calm down you ornery bitch. I saw into your mind." Jack was standing tall, his bushy brow stern and imposing, but his grin showed that he was having fun with this torment.

"You're lying! " Flynn shouted.

Jack just brayed like any other donkey would, his head going up and down with his front Hooves slamming into the ground with laughter. "You think I'm joking with you? I'm not that much of an ass! I know people's most intimate desires. That's a fact, and I know you're a snack wanting to be eaten up. After all, you must realize I am more than a little powerful, how else do you think your ass isn't in incredible agony, and all torn?"



The last part of what the animal said was true. Despite the feeling of his rear being so alien, it didn't really hurt in the slightest.

"You're a wizard, or at least someone with a little bit of magical knowledge. I made your asshole very stretchy, and it might look a little weird for the near future but trust me that I say it wasn't just the magic that made it all that messed up." He turned his head to the side, allowing Flynn to see just one part of his face. That greedy grin and look in his eye told the human that the donkey was quite proud of his work. The man couldn't deny it, his anus felt like a large donut, and he couldn't help but shiver for the fact that he did like it.

Flynn had to ask that question. "So you've seen the..."

"Of course I have! You like transforming into stuff. You run a betting house in one of your campus's abandoned buildings. You and a bunch of other deviants wagering money on who will and won't transform into stuff. And it seems you are the most successful. Turning into a dog, sucking down your own cock until you bust your canine seed down your throat. Changing your body into a large bull and breeding the nearby cows. I bet those farmers were pretty confused about how that happened. But there was one thing you put a ban on when you couldn't win... wasn't there?" How in the world could Jack



know all of this? Sweat was beading down the human's face, knowing what was coming next.

The donkey was so close to his face, Flynn could smell his breath. "You didn't want to be fucked as a girl. You turn into some vixen and lick out your pussy, but you always lost any money that said you had to be fucked by something. So you banned any bets of that nature. Well... I couldn't help but let you know just how good it feels."

It felt like his world was crumbling. He couldn't help but agree to the beast's words, knowing now the weight on his back, the pulse of something so much bigger than you plugging away into your entrance. Even if he likes to masturbate by transforming into things, or... when using literal animals as his sex toys as he'd adopt their forms, he never once felt that he was willing to go so far as to let himself be bred like any other animal. "That's how I blacked out. You did that to me."

Jack just snorted. "I saw what you were doing! You were using my body to imagine would it be like to be me, and that you probably fuck some jenny in here, but I think I wanted something for you to understand; to really experience what you gave to so many other females. The only problem is, I can't change you. But I know from your education, you certainly can."



Flynn gathered the stuff that he had left on the ground, books that had fallen out of his satchel and the delivery that he needed to make to his Master — The Great Transformer Cornelius. It was the only reason he passed by the stable in the first place. "I'm going to go. And you can't stop me." He said it like he meant it.

Jack turned his head to watch the human go for the exit, silently laughing to himself even now. "Oh I don't go that way. Even though I could force you to guzzle my cum for the rest of time. I think the question you should be asking yourself is.... can you stop yourself from coming back? Can you stop yourself from fantasizing about how large your asshole is? And are you going to break when you realize that you want my fat cock in your pink, pretty pussy. Just imagine it oozing for what only I can give it. Remember that Flynn."

The human was unfortunately able to hear everything even as he tried to get out as soon as possible. He never once told the thing his name but it just knew! He was already on the road, heading back to the campus in order to deliver these goods to his teacher. The only problem is... he still had a creamy load wet and caked between his buttocks and his linen drawers, with his ass still letting a few good ropy chugs out now and then. But for all he could worry about right now, was just getting back to the school, to the college that had opened up his mind to such incredible potential. And now such potential trouble.



Flynn sauntered between rows of thick trees, a dirt path ornately designed that came to a well trimmed bush in the shape of an arch, stone walls taller than twice his height creating a border around the complex from lesser minds. His wizard robes, blue to denote his apprentice status, hid the sweats that stained his shirt, and the thick globs of donkey come that was sifting through the back of his pants, even now a few ropes were still drizzling from his ass, almost like he was carrying a whole batch of cream within his rectum. It sloshed, it was embarrassing, but his cock had never been tighter. He never once wanted to be fucked, he never once thought about it, but now it was like the only thing on his mind, his thoughts, even his damn soul! It was like a sexual reawakening.

With the human's training in Transfiguration, he had already mastered several levels of transformation. It's why he became a student in the first place. It all started with puberty, and his fetish led him here. His interest in the subject fueled by sexual fantasies, and so he was learning things that some folks would not even begin to be lectured on until their fourth year. As so, he swirled his hands, tracing a line to a line to create a shape in the air with his finger, whispering several words until finally he felt it. His lips puckered as he felt his asshole sealing up, allowing no more sperm to make a mess of his behind, yet keeping so much more resting inside. He kind of liked the feeling now of all the stuff against his butt, no matter how much shame he told himself he should feel.



Another human with blonde hair and yellow robes walked by him, a friend named Simon he did not notice until said friend called out to him.

"Oh hey Flynn! I thought today was your day off? Can't get enough of the school of can ya!?" The two had always had a bit of a friendly rivalry, though they were more friends than rivals in that regard.

There was one specific reason why he came to his friends, and that was the need to... wash away the mess behind him. "I'm just helping Master Cornelius with a few errands for extra credit. Listen, I need a favor. I know you've been minoring in hydromancy, and I... need you to clean something."

His friend made a wrinkle with his nose, his face is scrunching as if detecting something foul. "Is that smell you? What in the hells happened?"

The shame was beginning to spread further into Flynn's chest, a great disappointment in knowing that this fetish has gone so far as to affect his daily life. So why was his cock hardening even more? "I made a bit of a mess. You can't tell anyone, please. I need you to cast some sort of wash spell on my rear, and my clothes..... adjacent to my rear."



Simon could only give a big, striking smile that reminded the other man of the grin that Jack gave him. Even thinking of that donkey made him bust precum all into his crotch. But it's not like he could tell his friends to clean that part too, as this was already so awkward. "I'll do it, but only if you make me some money. I want the betting pool to fly into the clouds and that... it all goes to me when you 'agree' to turn into a dumb doe and lather your pussy until you pop an orgasm all over your face. Deal?"

It was a little stupid for him to think that his life wasn't already being dominated by his fetish when friends like these said things like this, but Flynn didn't dare tell him that he would do it for free. He merely nodded like a submissive fawn.

"I can't get rid of the smell, but you can always blame it on whatever you're delivering for Cornelius." Simon, using his fingertips to press against certain parts of his own body, created hand signs that began to glow as it registered what he was doing. Within an instant, Flynn felt all of the muck behind him began to disappear like someone was using a straw to remove everything. Once it was all over and done with, the blue robed human felt a little more sane. Even if... his ass was still sealed and holding in all that genetic milk like a coconut does.

With a quick goodbye, and a sly reminder of what was to be repaid, Flynn walked further into the main part of the university which was gorgeous in all of its features. No



trash, no dilapidated structures, just the beauty of what the human mind could comprehend and accomplish.

Soon he found his department's building, the Tower of Transfiguration. Stepping inside and heading upwards until he found the office of Master Cornelius, giving a few knocks on the door until the raspy voice told him to come inside. The office was a terrible, unorganized mess. Books and scrolls and unfinished theories strewn about all over the place, and in the center of that big, great mess was an elderly man with a long beard and a blue triangular wizard hat. The hat was important! It told the students of the Master he was.

"Young Flynn? Do you have the dried rainbow leaves? You can't even begin to believe how expensive they are to order from such a faraway land."

The apprentice dug through his satchel, trying to ignore the aroma coming from his ass that made him smell like a barn animal, and that constantly reminded him of Jack. "Right here Master. I took great care to make sure that they were not exposed to the air."

The wizard took them from Flynn's outstretched hand, being gentle, even more gentle than if he were handling a baby, a similar wrinkle coming to his nose like Simon's



did. "My goodness! I never remembered them having such a pungent smell, or is that you?"

The younger human stammered for a moment, collecting the right words. "Oh well, the stuff they have at the post office comes from all over the world! You know how it is."

"I suppose it is close to the auction house. Makes sense why you'd smell like an animal. Please do not come to my class with such a stench, in fact you should probably take a bath as soon as possible."

Flynn bobbed his head up and down, trying to find the best way to leave as quickly as he could. "I shall! I shall. Unless there was anything else you needed, then I will take my leave."

The grand wizard put one old wrinkly finger up. "Later in the week I'm going to attend an auction. I need to buy a farm animal for a few... harmless experiments. I'd like for you to accompany me so that you know what aspects of the animal I would be looking for in said experiments. You are my brightest student Flynn. I would be honored for you to one day take over my classes."



The younger one gave a firm nod of affirmation that did not take to heart the level of admission his teacher was giving him. Now that all was said and done, Flynn went back to his dorm, and got ready for the end of today.

The man laid in his bed with only his underwear on his person. His asshole was still sealed up, and giving a small shake of his bum told him the sperm within was like water inside of a filled balloon. Even though he had changed his clothing, a part of him did not want to take any baths and so he still smelled as bad as others had told him he did today. And now his new underwear was already getting soaked with pre-cum as he just rested in his bed, staring at the ceiling, going over the moment that happened today again and again. He could have easily fixed his asshole from how stretchy it was, but he liked it. He liked it being that way. It was like a mark from that beast! The beast known as Jack. As if he felt.... owned by the donkey.

His dorm was a single room that had a small kitchen, which doubled as an alchemical workbench, his bed, and a few other bits of furniture. It allowed him total privacy, to do whatever he would like in this room. Endless memories of transforming into a dog just to suck on his own knotted shaft, drinking whatever came out. And now here he was, wanting desperately to have Jack here with him. Not like a boyfriend or anything, but as someone who could just fuck him repeatedly. He opened his ass cheeks, letting his corked sphincter rub against the sheets with only his underwear as a single bit of protection between them. Without even thinking he cast a spell that



unsealed his anus, letting bits of Jack's seed ooze into the briefs, sifting through the white fabric as it was stained yellow from donkey cum, only to make a mess onto his bed, and bring the smell wherever it was going to mark next. "F-fuck... yes..."

Flynn wanted to cum, he wanted to burst forth and ejaculate right into his underwear like a dirty animal. Like a dirty animal that just doesn't care about how clean it is, or the aroma it gives off. Nothing stopped him from reaching down and holding his cock tightly in his hand, a cock that was never entirely too big but it's not like he cared much considering he could always make it much bigger. He brought his hand up and down, jerking the flesh and the foreskin as he imagined how many poses him and Jack could fuck in. He played them like tales in his head, giving them a beginning, a middle, and an end. It always started with him... a female donkey, just like Jack told him he would be best as. Flynn would bray and raise his tail, presenting just like a good girl would! After that, the two would copulate, just like animals, just like dumb, stupid, animals. And then, then... all of that seed would go flushing inside of his womb, making him pregnant.

The human came so close to orgasm several times throughout the night, an odd aura keeping him from actually doing it for a reason he could not understand. It felt like a curse! A cruel curse that demanded he get permission from someone, or something, before he was allowed to have his explosion of euphoria.



"It's Jack! He's done something to me! He made me want him, and I really... I want him! I want him to take me from behind, I want to feel his cock deep in my..." Flynn, with that thought, waved his hand as he looked down at his crotch. He saw his 5 inchers slide downward as his balls came up, the two shrinking away bit by bit as the man giggled like a girl. There was a subtle pop of his testicles bringing life to a new hole, making him moan in the highest pitch he's ever done so. It did not take him long for him to stick his fingers into his new vagina, a donkey vagina to be specific. It had thick lips, and he rubbed his palms along the rim of it, moaning as his hips thrust towards the ceiling.

This wasn't the first time he plugged his own vagina before, but it was only now, after being fucked for the first time by a male, that he realized just how exhilarating it was! To be taken in such an underpowered position, to have someone simply fuck you while you just sat there and took it! It... it...

He just couldn't cum! He was thinking about all these hot scenarios, he was thinking about Jack! And yet he just couldn't reach an orgasm. His clitoris was begging for a break as it was so red for how much he toyed with it.

His head hit the back of the pillow, hard. He waved his hand once more and soon his vagina was gone, and his cock and balls were happy to be back. He somehow found, with his sweaty body, and his messy bottom still loose and gooey, the ability to sleep.



The next few days were terrible. There was just no reason they had to go to Jack until the next delivery. No matter how many times he jerked off in the bathrooms of his university, or when he would transform into an animal to masturbate as, he just couldn't find the ability to cum. It was getting monotonous, grueling, and everyone was noticing his change and behavior, personality, and overall hygiene.

Flynn just had this overwhelming need to go back to Jack! Like it was the most important thing in the world! More important than even his education, more important than his future, it felt like he didn't have a fucking future without Jack! But even in this way he tortured himself, he did not want anyone to question why he was specifically going to that farm, the deliveries that he did for Master Cornelius worked well as an alibi. After all, it's not like he wanted his fellow compatriots and betters to know that he really did enjoy the stuff that they would make him do for money. Not that he was kidding anyone.

It was finally when it seemed like years had passed that his teacher told him to go out and gather more deliveries from the post office. Shortly after would be the auction house visit which shared the same building as the post office, meaning that potentially he could get two visits to Jack right in a row! Even though he's only seen that donkey once, he wouldn't mind seeing him for the rest of his damn life!



He felt like he was losing his mind. As if he couldn't control his fetish! As if... it was in control of him.

The human and his irritated, red and flared cock eagerly went to the post office the very next day, picking up the ingredients without a care in the world as all he wanted to do was get back to that barn! He couldn't even remember what Jack had taunted him about, teased him about wanting, and that was okay! The wizard-in-training would agree with whatever the donkey would say if it meant he could feel his ass being penetrated on the spot. Although a thought in his mind told him how it might feel for... Flynn to be a donkey, and not just any donkey, a female donkey. A nice big jenny, one big and sturdy to hold on to all of that weight pressed into his back.

But he didn't know what the consequences of what would happen if he was actually impregnated. What would happen to all of that semen in his womb? Ah that didn't matter! If he didn't care about where Jack's sperm would go after he'd drunk it down his throat, then he didn't care about the outcome of taking in some cum from the other end.

However... would it mean that he would permanently be a female donkey if he let Jack fill his snatch? That thought scared him. Staying as an animal for too long usually brought about severe devolutions important to the human brain. Even being a dog for a day would change his instincts in his human form, making him want to use the grass as



his bathroom, or sniff trees and the like until about a week had passed. And staying as a dog for a week? You might as well consider yourself partially a dog genetically for the rest of your life.

Did that mean if he was a donkey for at least a month, that he would be completely-

The familiar scent of Jack's body odor was strong in his nostrils, not even realizing he was in front of the barn's door until now. His thoughts had taken over so much of his mind and he felt like there was something important that he was just thinking about, something that should have been thought about before this moment, before his hand was reaching for the handle and opening the entrance to see a large, imposing stud waiting for him in the foyer.

"Hey there, glad to see you're back." Jack seemed even more majestic than the last time Flynn had seen him. The human didn't really try to get a good look at his body for the fear that he would get obsessed with his violator. Naturally, it's not like that was happening right now! The man was just... happy to see him.

The donkey's muscles were not overly defined, but his flanks, his arms, they were hefty and oddly alluring. Flynn was fairly good at making sure that mentally the animals he would transform into would not leave a lasting mark. But for some reason, there was



just an overwhelming instinct that told the human that Jack would be a perfect father, one that would give him the best foals. "I just," his voice was quivering, as if he was talking to a girl he fancied for a decade, "I don't know what I'm doing. I don't know where my life is. Things make sense when you're in the same room as me."

The donkey rushed up to the human, his face mocking an expression that tried to be fatherly, feigning more sincere emotion. Flynn did not recognize the bastard's act, taking it as authentic, which only made his crotch grow hard within seconds. "What's the matter sweetie? Finding it too *hard* to be a man? Anything could just be better if you were a girl — *my donkey girl*? You already know how potent my seed is, and I've been already giving it out left and right to every other whore on this farm."

Jealousy. Pure, unadulterated, jealousy. Hidden by his closed lips, Flynn was grinding his teeth. He knew for a fact that this donkey had enormous testicles, it wasn't like he would just run out or anything. But for some odd reason, the human wanted all of that cum inside of him. "I could be a girl. I could be one of your girls..."

"Oh I know you could,"- Jack was whispering into his ear now, "I know it might be difficult for you to believe, but I think you were born in the wrong body. You don't even realize it. That you walk like a girl, you bend over like a girl, and even right now your voice is higher pitched than usual. Are you doing that for me?"



Flynn didn't say a single word, his vision blurry as he was staring forward at some random hay on the ground, trying his best to remain calm and in control of his breathing. It was like one of the Gods from a divine kingdom was next to him and so every word he wanted to say was calculated in his mind carefully. He wanted to make sure every word said was right.

"If you're going to be a girl, it can't just be one time. And I don't want human women. You change yourself, right now, permanently. Sure I'll be smarter than you, but it's not like you don't mind that... *do you?*"

Permanently!? The wizard-in-training felt his breath increase tenfold. He would be giving up his life! The family that paid for this schooling he oh so cherished. Nobody would know where he went, it would be like he disappeared forever, and only Jack would know who he was.

"That's right. You'd be under my protection. No more little humans have to worry about you. Well they might for the first few weeks, but you'll be forgotten eventually either way." It was becoming too much! It was like he couldn't think with every word that Jack said.



His cock had never been so hard before, he lowered his pants to show it to Jack who gave it a good sniff. The beast curled his upper lip upon taking in the musk. Seeing that reaction made Flynn bust out a few more ropes of precum onto the hay below.

"It hasn't even been a week, and you're already so broken in. You have been wanting to cum so badly having you?" Jack's head rubbed up against the soft skin of the human's stomach. His tongue licked there almost like it was practice for a fate soon to come.

Flynn was holding his cock with two hands now, the tip of his dick leaking like a waterfall as it felt like a single jerk would burst his dam. "Please let me cum, please-please-**please!** I don't know why I can't! But I need to so badly!"

"I'll let you cum..." The human almost went right then and there before hearing more from Jack. "But only if you cum as a girl. Make that dick go inside out, burst your balls open with a labia perfect for my tongue, and then you can cum, because your cum is only good for lubricating my magnificent rod. Call my rod magnificent right now."

The emasculated man repeated the words again and again as if he were no different than one in a straight jacket. It was then that the wizard-in-training felt a single snort of hot air from the donkey's muzzle hit the tip of his shaft, and the euphoric feeling



of an orgasm pierced his brain. "I'm... going to cum!" The tone of his voice replicated a dog knowing it was a bad girl, that it was going against the wishes of its owner.

Jack stomped his hooves as screamed out the final command that would be the beginning of the end. "Turn your cock into a cunt right now!"

The man wasn't even sure of what he did, only that his body was working through pure instincts and emotions as he twirled his fingers and his thighs squeezed together. As the first blast of human seed was working its way out of his urethra, his shaft was already shrinking, the first rope firing out as his penis lost the erection immediately, pulsating around like a malfunctioning windmill as sperm flung in all directions. His balls were yanked upward by an invisible hand, splitting right down the middle as the new crevice we're covered by the *pink, pretty* lips of a vulva transformed from the previous flesh of his testicles. The pitch of Flynn's voice was overtly feminine as he squealed and screamed in absolute pleasure. Every single splotch of goo reduced his size by another inch, until the sperm coming out was now more translucent and watery, the seed shifting mid ejaculation from a powerful bullet of spunk to a leaky faucet that trailed from his lips and down his thighs, all the way down to his feet as the apprentice found himself near cross-eyed and on his knees. Such an orgasm had never been so egregious and overwhelming. Even his breathing was womanly.



Jack pushed his tongue right into the human's mouth as the student got a good taste of the last thing the donkey had eaten. A mixture of barley, and the previous female he had eaten out. The kiss was broken after about a minute, but to Flynn it felt like only a few seconds. "That has to have been one of the hottest things I've ever seen. You're a damn fine girl Flynn. And you even made your pussy just like how a donkey's is! But there's something wrong about you, and even if you did obey me in the moment, you still disobeyed my order overall."

Flynn barely registered the words, his smile and eyes reminiscent of the highest highs that one person can achieve with the most potent of psychedelics. His hand was idly playing with his lips like he did the previous nights of this week, and he laughed and giggled at how far he had fallen. "I didn't mean to disobey." The human made another laugh, as if he knew what was going to happen next. "It was just so good, I don't know if I even want to think anymore."

The donkey brought a hoof up to swat away the human hand from his pussy, giving it a few more playful smacks. "Starting with these, no more hands, no more feet, only hooves. You know what I want. I know what you want. You don't want brains, you want a full womb. And only I can give you that, isn't that right?"

It was really about to happen wasn't it? He was letting it happen... Flynn was really going to do this to himself! He could already feel the keratin covering the ends of his



limbs, a muzzle growing from his face, gray furred and with an obedient smile. His laughs were becoming uncontrollable as they turned into beastly brays, hawing his mind into oblivion as the distance between his eyes became wider, thanks to his head becoming so much more bulkier. His legs shifted, now strong and sturdy, and his arms were now the same length as his rear appendages. His teeth blunted into those that were known for chewing cud and grains. The changing human's robe was destroyed in some places as it ripped, while in other spots it harmlessly fell to the stained barn floor.

It was over in nearly a minute, as Jack was now seeing the dimorphic opposite of his species. A simple jenny that was around a quarter smaller in scale compared to him, and one that couldn't stop laughing in the way a dumb equine does. "Nobody's going to know who you are. Nobody's going to know where your former self went. Are you alright with this? I'm the one giving you a chance to back out. You're going to be the one to seal your choice."

Flynn still had plenty of his intelligence remaining, but the way his brain was always did make it difficult to rationalize proper thinking. After all, the brain of a donkey was still the brain he had in the moment. Even in moments where he had control, the times where he became a dog being one example, there was always that thought in the back of his mind to just let it all go and be a dog permanently. But now, although he was being given a choice, the overwhelming attractiveness of Jack, this potential curse that may have been placed on him, just the love of being owned like this, and the fetish



becoming simply a reality, pushed him over the edge. Another flush of female precum fired out of his cunt, with his tail already lifted so as to not make that much more of a mess on his body. He did not have the ability to speak now, and so he answered Jack's question with one long nod of his now lengthy neck and head.

The male donkey moved forward, his body daunting to the new female. "Stop thinking of yourself as a man. You're going to be a good girl now."

Flynn's entire body twitched as her head shook around, like the words were penetrating deep into her own cortex. There was a subtle flick of her tail as her hooves tapped against the ground in excitement, her vagina still perspiring with scent glands working overtime.

Jack was moving like a predator, his original farm-like demeanor replaced with the thirst of a sex-parched animal. The former human had experience with being on all fours, but it was with her recent sexual awakening that made her realize that she felt so small compared to before even though she was technically wider. Her body compacted together, the mass heading inward as she felt like an attractive, delectable treat. Jack's thick muzzle grinded up against the side of hers, his throat buzzing like an automaton's engine. She had never felt such a sensual connection.



"You like that, my good girl? Look at you now. Once a human standing tall on two legs, and now a horny bitch treading on the same ground as I do. I bet you don't even realize you're swooning right now." He pointed it out to her, the fact that she was making a similar noise in her own throat, a bestial murmur that was just as excited as her own flexing pussy. "This is it. You're really doing this. I'm going to climb up on top of you now. And I'm going to put some foals in you. You may still have access to your magic, but it's over for you. You made your choice, and I'm setting that choice in stone. You're not human when you're around me, you're going to be just like any other jenny. Oh *goodness* me, don't you just find it a touch ironic that only *I* can talk?"

The female donkey noticed her eyes were blurred, her head fuzzy as Jack spoke sweetened words right into her ear, an ear that twitched with every sentence said. She couldn't rightfully understand half of it with her head in such a high buzz, but her subconscious was concentrating on making sure every command would be followed to the end. The spell that would undo all of this was blocked from her memory. Important parts of her were being made mundane. But the one thing that would stay true forever, even as she was drooling from both pairs of lips, was that she **made** this decision to throw everything away.

To lose all that made her human, except for the concept that she was human, just so that she would be reminded day in and day out that her final form would be this. A dumb farm animal that knows no better, and is treated exactly as what it is. A breeding



mount. A beast of burden. When she wouldn't be fucked and impregnated, she'd be walking around a grain mill's grinder, she'd be hauling bags of heavy material from one place to the other, she'd be an animal. Not some student eager to learn the world's knowledge, not the person to replace Master Cornelius, not the heir to his proud family, not the most important person in the room, not even the most important jenny in the room...

This was it. Just like what Jack said. Flynn's eyes went wide as she realized what she had done, but right when the tide might have been changed, there was a weight pressed hard in her back, and the mushroom flared head of a giant donkey cock kissing her clitoris.

There was a shout from her snout that eerily began with a word that sounded like no, but changed into a loud bray that ended with a semi-happy whine as the good jenny clopped her feet against the ground. She did so with joy as it felt like an annoying itch on her back side was finally being scratched. Jack's glossy shaft slid in deep as his tip tickled the entrance to Flynn's womb.

The two animals that sounded exactly as they looked, for all of Jack's boasts he still sounded no different than a male donkey as he huffed and puffed with his cock plunging in and out of the female's vulva. It was her first time being mounted like this in a female form and she never wanted it to go away. There was something so instinctual,



and an innate behavior that had been ingrained into her either recently or from some kind of instance in the past.

None of it mattered now. Magic, intelligence, she was still just as smart as she was a few minutes ago but she wanted to be dumber for obvious reasons. But a major part that she didn't want to admit was that she wanted to be as dumb as possible so she didn't have to think about all the possibilities she was throwing away for such a simple existence. There was a deep shame she was trying to hide, and it didn't help that that shame made her even more aroused.

Jack was talking more about the things that he'd already said, groaning through haws of his genuine appreciation that was mixed with insults of how stupid the human was. It made her blush as she couldn't help but agree that she was rather stupid, and that only made more pre-cum slide down her walls and lubricate the meaty cock fucking her. Her blunt teeth in a grin that could not stop as her eyes became wild and her mind could not stop thinking the same thing over and over again — *you gave up everything for this! What are you doing?! Stop this!* — but she wouldn't.

And she wouldn't even as she felt the hot cum of Jack's thick loads pumping into her. It was about as warm as her cunt, and while she felt her own orgasm approaching, there would be no climax for her. A female climax was not the important one in creating offspring, and so as soon as the male's testicles emptied all it had into her, Jack pulled



out and with it a torrent of sexual fluids to drain onto the floor. The stench would tell everything nearby what had just happened. Her mate took a long look at his work, watching as the girl's labia puckered, noticing that the whole cavern was stuffed like a cream filled donut.

Jack moved up to her head, nibbling on the tip of her tall ears, his voice being all that mattered. "You know... nobody really knows how much time passes when you're just an animal. You're doing the same inane things over and over again. I find that most people who end up in your hooves don't realize how demeaning it can be. Don't realize how boring it is. You're no better than some indentured servant except you don't get paid in anything but oats and barley. You do understand that Farmer Shepherd is going to find you soon? He'll know you aren't one of his, and then," Jack pushed his maw far into Flynn's ear, "he's going to sell you off at that auction house, and we'll never see each other again."

If there's one thing that the former human will remember for the rest of her life, it is the hearty, boisterous, and smug laugh that Jack gave in that very moment. He had set her up in the way a bad boy wraps a girl around his finger, and Flynn fell for it like the frazzled bitch he was.

Suddenly the male stopped and stared at her. "Unless... you find a way to convince them during your sale as paltry property. Then you might at least stay on my



farm, and I'll make sure that you're the only one that has my seed. I mean... look at your stomach right now."

She twisted her head around with her long neck as her eyes flashed open. It's not like she was going to be thin, but a kick made her realize exactly why her stomach was so low and droopy, so engorged and taut. It's like her pregnancy was due in two weeks! Wait... her... **PREGNANCY?!?!!**

"I have my own ways, *girly*. Even if you could remember the spell the change back, you wouldn't want to hurt those foals inside there would you? I doubt they really have a place that could fit in your human body. And those teats hanging, swinging right between your legs... they're going to need someone to drink all that milk out. You're going to be a great mom, but a stupid fucking donkey just like the rest of them."

Flynn was going through some sort of disassociation as her horniness was still there but her mind was scattered into a million pieces. She wasn't any dumber than she was when he woke up this morning, but the insurmountable understanding of what had happened was pressing on top of her body harder than Jack's weight did. The male donkey was still laughing even as he already left the barn and was now out in the field.

She did not move until a human in patched overalls found her around thirty minutes later, coaxing her with honeyed words and soft scratches behind her ears. A



few love taps on her rump got her moving as the man spoke of how curious it was that she was here, of how she was some potentially pregnant runaway from a nearby farm? He debated out loud whether or not to keep her or sell her, but the latter won out as the original auction that Flynn was supposed to accompany his master to, would be her final choice in all of this. A jenny between fates — one that would either allow her to reverse this despite the fact that her babes would never be born, or to lock in the life of a simple beast that would get dumber and dumber everyday until it believed that it was born this way.

She loved and hated the fact that Jack was right, how menial everything was now about her life. In just two days, everything passed in seconds, quick seconds that she couldn't even remember with a brain that was struggling to even do basic tasks. She did everything as an animal, ate, drink, slept, it was a whole new experience that was initially exciting but quickly diminished as the reality of the situation set in. Her eyes eventually became half closed as Flynn's pupils expanded into an extreme amount, becoming no different than the other females on the farm. She only got back a clearer mind when-

There were suddenly several knocks of a gavel against wood. "Order! Order in the hall! The previous sale stands at twenty-five gold coins for three wagons of hay!"

Flynn's awareness was at its full height again, her body settling as she felt a rope tied around her neck, a piece of parchment paper also dangling from her gullet like a



necklace. The female donkey could barely read the numbers not only from the angle but from just how hard it was to read now. It said 53, and when there was an ache on her back thigh, she turned to notice a branded mark burnt into her fur that said the same number. She didn't even have a name. She wasn't even worth having a name. *She couldn't agree more...*

The former human flinched as the gavel hit the podium again, the roars of the crowd getting excited for the next item up for sale. "Our next item is going to be a nag named Donkey 53. She is a medium-sized beast and whoever buys it will have a litter of foals along with her. She was found on Mr. Shepherd's farm around two days ago and nobody has claimed her. For such a quick entry and for fairness to whoever has lost their donkey, Mr. Shepherd has graciously put a note down that he believes she is quite unremarkable. She won't be very good for husbandry, nor for breeding. But to give her the benefit of the doubt — for someone starting a farm she'd be an alright pick. The bidding starts at 50 silver coins."

The room full of raunchy men spooked her as her tail was whipping left and right. She was being yanked to the forefront of the stage and even though she had done public speaking so much in the past, her anxiety was skyrocketing. She wanted to do anything to get off this stand as quickly as possible.



In the front row, a familiar sight perplexed her. The donkey known as Jack was sitting awkwardly on a chair, pretending to be another human as he was no doubt using his magic to make it all seem normal. His smile had never been wider. Scanning upwards, Number 53 could see her former Master Cornelius as something within his expression showed doubt. In the grand wizard's mind, his apprentice had disappeared near these parts, and so was on guard for anything suspicious.

Two men, two paths, and one choice she had to make.

But she was soon distracted by the whispers and comments of the crowd. "I don't even think I'd spend a single gold coin on her."

"Well when you have no idea who the father is, you're taking a gamble and I don't gamble on trash."

"Look at her face. It's like there's nothing in there that thinks. Maybe she was born wrong?"

It was just like how she would bet back on campus. Except now the betting was a downward spiral on who would be the most likely to spend the least amount to take living garbage. All of this shame and humiliation was making her wet, a long unbroken line of feminine oils stretching down from her pussy to the floor.



Suddenly there was a man in the far corner who shouted, "I shall bid 75 silver coins. Even if there's nothing of worth to her, her meat could still feed the poor! " The whole room exploded with laughter, almost making her run off until the strong man with thick hands that held her leash tightened it. He spoke in a low and foreign accent, telling her to be a good girl.

"Alright enough tormenting, I say eighty silver coins. A female is a good investment after all. I could always sell her foals when they get strong." It was a different man this time, and he seemed to be much more genuine.

The auctioneer raised his voice. "The man in the white hat and brown suit says eighty silver coins! Can the nag reach one gold coin?"

"If you don't do something, they're going to sell you and you'll never be near me again." Jack was speaking telepathically into her mind now, being the good donkey that would spur her into coming back to him so that she would never even think of being human again. "Come on, show a little distress, be a little bit more human and I think you'll have your chance."

It was said like a suggestion, but she made it a command as she stomped her hooves and made wild braying noises that upset the other people on stage with her.



Sokov! Settle the bitch down!" said the auctioneer.

But the man could do no such thing, closing her eyes and sticking her teeth out as far as she could as her neck rumbled and vibrated with her roars. It was so humiliating that she was pushing out fluids like a hose. The foreign man that held her looked behind at her ass to see her cunt letting it all flow from her arousal. He almost mistook it for urination, but was equally as disgusted with what was such a normal sexual reaction from an animal heavy in arousal.

Finally the man that was her former Master stood up and shouted out into the hall. "I believe there is something this jenny wants to say! I've never seen an animal be so distressed for what *should* be a meeting it does not understand. Hush now everyone! I shall see what she wants."

Number 53 felt the spell hit her like a runaway cart. Her tongue metamorphosized and primitive vocal cords curved to allow her to talk. She knew she wasn't going to sound feminine, nor like her former self. She was going to sound like a stupid animal that had been given rudimentary speech. "H-hello. I- I..." Yep, she sounded like a monster.

All eyes were on her. Jack, in the crowd, had his smile exchanged with a stern look, relaying to her that this was both one chance to leave behind the fate he imposed



on her, or to be truly how she felt and will come back to the farm with him. Gazing her big head up towards Cornelius, she could see that something was wrong with the way he looked at her. There was some kind of strong magics affecting the crowd and almost him in a way. It did not force them to say things they would not say, but it made it easier to say the stuff they'd always wanted to. The way the wizard looked at her, was it possible that-

"I don't want to be sold! I like my home! I want to stay with **Master** Jack! I'm a donkey! I'm nothing but a *dumb* **whore** and a pregnant bit-" Master Cornelius had cut the spell off prematurely, his face wrinkling in disgust and slight embarrassment as everyone looked back to him with cheersome jeers, the female still intensely hawing as if she didn't realize the spell was finished. He sat down back in his seat, and grumbled to himself about where that damn apprentice went and how he was being made an ass of because of his disappearance.

The auction for Number 53 was cut short as she was swiftly returned back to the farm that she adamantly wanted to stay at. Her heart could not stop beating as hard as her head as she did not know why she let the fetish and this game go on for so long. This wasn't even a game anymore or she didn't even realize if it was a game. The female gave up everything. As her rope was removed, she was brought past the gate into the open field. Her body shook as she felt another series of kicks in her stomach. A part of



Number 53's mind broke as her ears fell along with her tail. Her muzzle sniffed the ground, and started chewing on the grasses.

Three years later.

The new student known as Beck prowled on the field as a large beast. Master Cornelius had always said that his skills in Transfiguration were like none he'd ever seen before. Being able to adeptly change forms left and right like a savant. His new friends that were all seniors had bet five gold coins that he wouldn't go out fuck one of the animals on a nearby farm.

But not just any animal, a specific jenny that always screamed when you came in them. As if she was just a dormant dumbo with nothing behind those eyes until she was inseminated, as if it reminded it of a choice that was made long ago. It was all guesses and estimations, everyone had their own theory of why this specific female donkey would act in such a way, but it made it all the more fun to fuck her.

She wasn't even looking at him, idly eating whatever her mouth scooped up. They were two foals nursing between her legs, but that just meant that she was a MILF! He had learned that term recently and now it only made his animalistic cock grow harder. Without even thinking, without noticing that nearby was a peculiar male donkey he had adopted the form of from a passing glance, the transformed student dashed and



hopped up on top of the female. His cock entered her as her offspring ducked out of the way and ran towards their father.

Number 53 was reminded once again of the choice she had made, and it only made her smile like a lobotomized test subject. It made the thick male on top of her smile like a bachelor secretly fucking a disloyal wife. And lastly, it made Jack smile like the Master he was. The latter's cock stiffening all the way as he moved forward to fill that beautiful mouth with his pulsing flesh. The beautiful mouth of just one of his wives.

In the end, a good girl's training is **forever**.

