

Donkme!
by born2beagator

Nester sighed. The 26 year old was fresh out of college with a communications major, and had been unemployed for months. At this point he was willing to try anything. So that is how he found himself at the entrance to the horoscope shop. The blond haired young man didn't put a lot of stock in horoscopes, but he was willing to try anything. He pushed open the door.

A man sat at the far end of the shop, the store was foggy and was strung up with what looked to be christmas lights decorating the interior. No windows were present. The man perked up to the sound of the door opening. "Welcome, wellcome. What brings you in here today young man?" he asked.

"Just looking around sir, thank you." Nester said, browsing the shelves.

The man looked at Nester, a funny expression on his face. He looked away as soon as Nester looked towards him. The young man kept browsing the shelves idly. Much of what was in here was hokey superstition, but he had nothing better to do.

"Why don't you get your horoscope taken, young man. Something big is happening to you soon, I can feel it." he said staying hidden in the shadows

Nester laughed. "Why not?" He headed towards the man. A chart of the sky's constellations was on the face of the table. Nester could hear a faint chuckle from the horoscope teller. "Ah yes, I can see it now, change, much change. What is your birth month?" he asked

"April." he replied.

"Your horoscope is Taurus... interesting, I can sense you are indeed not a bull. If you were to have a spirit animal, what would you choose?"

Nester chuckled. "This is so hokey."

The man stood quietly, waiting for an answer, as if he did not hear Nester make the comment. A grin still present on his face, shadows covering his eyes.

Nester sighed. "Okay I'll play along. What's a spirit animal anyways?"

"Simple, a spirit animal is an animal that represents you the best. What animal have you always felt the closest to?" he said.

Nester blushed. "Ummm...It'd have to be a donkey. Dumb animal I know. But it's just like me. Stubborn as all get out, loud when with friends, a bit lazy."

"MMMMMMmmmm, I see. Now, you will predict your own future. Think of a location." he said.

"Well at some point I'll be on a farm, seeing as I live near one, I have to cross it to get home. Never seen the farmer though." Nester replied.

"That will be all." The horoscope teller said abruptly, standing up.

Nester blinked. "That's it?"

"Yup. You just predicted your own future. There will be a big change soon." he said.

"If you say so. I never got your name." Nester said, standing up, wobbling a bit as he felt dizzy for a moment.

"Davis." he said.

Nester nodded and headed out. "Well. Thanks I guess."

He simply laughed, turned, and walked to the back of the store.

Nester plopped on his couch. He'd not be here much longer at this rate. No job, the payment on the house coming up. He shook his head. What was he going to do? A knock sounded at his door. He trudged to the door and answered it. His friend Riley stood on the porch.

"Oh hey Riley. What's up?"

"Nothing much, you still looking for a job. We could use a hand at the farm." he said.

Before he could stop himself, Nester blurted; "Yes! That would be amazing!"

"Did you go to the dentist recently? You might want to check out your front teeth. They just seem... off." he said.

"Off?" Nester asked. "They feel fine."

"Huh... nevermind," he said. "Let's give you the tour" he said.

Nester yawned. "Mind if we do this tomorrow? I'd really rather just laze around right now, maybe get something to eat."

"I suppose" he said. Riley just then noticed how hairy Nester's arms were. It wasn't normal hair either. His normally short clear arm hair had clearly turned black. Almost like... no. "What do you want to do?" he asked.

Nester's stomach growled loudly. "Haha. Guess."

"Eeerrrm, the kitchen?" he asked.

Nester nodded and walked into the kitchen, opening the refrigerator. As he reached down to grab the lettuce at the bottom of the fridge. Riley stuttered for a minute. There appeared to be a small lump in the seat of Nester's pants. Was he going crazy? Nester walked back with the head of lettuce.

"Going to make a sandwich?" Asked Riley.

But Nester didn't appear to eat him. Not bothering to sit down, he brought the head of lettuce to his mouth and started munching on it. Riley just stood there watching his friend eat the lettuce. Had Nester been tanning? His skin appeared much darker than before. Seemingly oblivious to everything else, Nester ate the entire head of lettuce, then went for another!

"Uuuh, you can just take the lettuce with you, let's go downstairs and play some smash brothers."

Yet again, Nester didn't hear Riley. He was completely absorbed in eating his lettuce.

"Nester?" Riley asked, now just noticing something was off about Nester's ears. There was a slight point at the tip.

The young man just kept on eating messily from his hands. His ears twitched a bit at the sound of a voice somewhere, but it wasn't as important as getting another head of lettuce! He grabbed the last one and started on it.

Something about Nester's eyes had changed. There were flecks of black in the whites of his eyes. Riley held out his hand toward the head of lettuce, a sound escaped Nester, a sound that Riley could only describe as sort of a snort.

Satisfied that his lettuce was safe from the rude person who interrupted him, Nester went back to eating.

Riley sat there. The teeth, the ears, his dark skin, that bump. What was going on?

Finally Nester finished eating. He patted his belly.

“Anyway, you want to go play smash?” he asked.

But the man still seemed to be in his own world. This time he went back in the refrigerator, and got out some carrots, which he promptly started munching. Riley saw his friend’s belly expanding outward, his belly button becoming apparent as his shirt lifted up.

Suddenly Nester just stuffed the carrots in his mouth, chewing noisily. When he was done, he seemed to stare into space for a moment, he was clearly still conscious, but nothing seemed to be going on in his brain.

Riley poked Nester. The man let out what could only be described as a human’s attempt at a donkey bray. Ears... Skin... Hair... Bulge... Bray... Nester was turning into a donkey! “N-nester, something crazy is happening! Say something.” he told his friend.

Nester shook his head as if coming out of a trance. “Huh? What’s up?”

“You... are you feeling alright?” he asked Nester.

He patted his protruding belly. “Of course. Nice and full.”

Riley could tell. His mind was becoming simpler. “You, you do feel alright then?” Was he... enjoying turning into a donkey? He didn’t seem to notice the changes, but he WAS happy.

“Never better. Just needed something to eat.” He said. Riley picked up a carrot and slowly handed it to his friend.

“Heeee!” Nester snatched it and stuffed it in his mouth as the strange sound escaped him. Riley cocked his head curiously. He patted Nester’s arm, hair sprouted from where he laid his hand.

“Mmmm... I’m full.” Nester said, finally seeming to be himself.

“Come on, let’s go to my place.” Said Riley.

“I thought we were going there tomorrow?” Nester asked, voice deeper as if his neck was slightly longer.

“We can do a sleepover.” he suggested.

“At your farm!?” Nester asked excitedly. Something about sleeping on the farm really got him going.

“Yup, at the farm. I’m sure you’ll be very happy there.” he said.

Nester smiled widely, showing off blocky teeth that his lips wouldn’t quite hide when he closed them. “Lead the way!”

Riley sat there waiting for his dad’s response. After showing him Nester, he was curious to see what he would say. “Well, you *were* looking to get a donkey. This way we can have Nester over all the time, *and* have that donkey you were wanting.”

John shook his head in disbelief. “Where did you put him? I don’t want him to hear us.”

“He’s roaming the farm.” he said.

John thought hard. “What does Nester think of this?” He asked, looking out the window where the boy seemed to just be standing there doing nothing, itching at a two inch lump in his pants.

“Well, I assume all Nester is thinking about is his growing tail right now.” he said.

John shook his head. “No I mean about this whole situation, surreal as it is, how does he feel about turning into a donkey? Isn’t he upset?”

“He didn’t seem to notice last I checked.” Riley replied.

“Are you sure he is going to change all the way?”

“Last I saw him his tail bulge was only a quarter inch. It’s just about two right now.” he said.

“One last question. How does he act around food?” John asked.

“He loves it. Ate three heads of lettuce in under ten minutes.” said Riley.

“No I mean how did he act around it.” John pressed.

“Seemed much more... simple.” he said.

His father paused for a long moment. "Okay. Looks like we have a new donkey. Go get him acclimated will you?"

Riley smiled "Will do."

Riley woke up in the middle of the night to hear shuffling around his living room, the sleeping bag Nester had been in was empty. He saw his friend on all fours walking around on the floor, braying. "Nester?" he asked, the lump in his pants had pushed out another few inches.

Nester didn't seem to hear. Instead he lay down on his side and went back to sleep, a happy snort escaping him.

John appeared by Riley on the landing. "Have to wonder what's going through his head right now." he said sleepily.

"I'm sure he's happily eating out of a field of grass. With simple thoughts a donkey would think."

John looked at Riley. "You look excited." He observed. "I think you really want to egg on these changes." He followed Riley's gaze. "Especially that tail."

"Oh you know it." he said gazing at his friend's tail, bulging out of his pants.

John shifted uncertainly. "Well...be careful. We don't know how this is happening, I don't want TWO donkeys."

"Oh, don't worry, I'll be careful." He said, still gazing at his friend's bulge.

"Riley, might want to check on our...friend." John's voice called out, it seemed surprised. Two long, brown ears stuck up from the sleeping bag. "Ohhh, Nester." said Riley, bidding his friend to come out.

Nester yawned and slowly crawled out of his sleeping bag. "Morning Riley."

Riley could see his feet had been completely changed to hooves. He was becoming more, and more equine by the moment. "Hey Nester, feel your ears." he said.

Nester ran his hands up and down his long, furry ears. "What about them?" He asked curiously.

"How about your teeth?" he said, gesturing to his mouth. "Feel your teeth."

Nester ran his large tongue over his blocky teeth. "Yeah? Is something wrong?"

"No, nothing really... Now your rear, somethings in the seat of your pants." he said.

But Nester seemed lose interest. "Can we go see the barn?" He asked.

Riley grunted. He wanted to see how Nester felt about his growing tail... for some reason, it fascinated him. "I suppose." he said, gesturing Nester to follow him, they made their way out the back door. The morning sun began to rise, as he took his transforming friend to the barn.

But Nester stopped before they arrived and stared down at the grass, as if thinking. Nester lowered down to all fours, and put his face to the ground. He pulled out grass with his teeth, chewing absently. His hands began to harden, and turn grey, then black. Hard keratin took over the rest, and he was let standing on four hooves. Fur sprouted from his neck and arms. Riley stood there hypnotised by the now six inch tail building up.

"Sorry, hungry. Ready for barn now." Nester said in a deep voice.

They walked into the barn doors. "Now then, let's hear a bray. A long, strong bray." said Riley.

"A bray?" Nester asked curiously.

"Yes, call out! Give it your all." he said.

Suddenly a bubble of air seemed to build up in Nester's chest. "HEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!" He sucked in air in a high pitched squealing sound, but it stopped there. His body seemed to be expanding with the inhaled air. The midsection of his body barreled out, shirt ripping and fur rushing over the skin. He exhaled "HAWWWWW-HEE-HAWWWWW!!!" his neck elongated with the bray. Finally he looked up at Riley from behind a protruding muzzle.

"Good! Good!" He said to his almost-donkey friend. Riley walked over and started petting the changing human, encouraging the fur to spread.

The changes seemed to stop, leaving a tailless donkey standing there, jeans stretched tight over the its hindquarters. Riley grinned in excitement. It was time! Time for his friend to grow his donkey tail. Now... to play with him a bit.

“Nester, you never told me about the lump in the back of your pants.” he said.

The donkey looked at Riley with eyes that were being consumed with a dull black color. “Lump?” He asked in a strange, deep voice.

“Yeah, the lump in the back of your pants, how does it feel?” he asked, transfixed on it.

Nester thought hard, suddenly he felt a surge, and something push against his jeans, eliciting a “Heeeee-hawww!” The donkey braced on its front hooves and pushed its rear out slightly.

“I think you’re growing a tail there, buddy.” He said watching the donkey’s rear push out. The bulge spasmed.

Nester closed his eyes, and when he opened them, dull equine eyes looked at Riley with disinterest. It didn’t even seem to notice the huge tent in it’s jeans.

Riley wasn’t happy with Nester’s lack of interest in his tail. “Hmmm, well?” he asked.

But it was very clear that Nester didn’t understand human speech anymore. It seemed that if Riley wanted any interest shown in the tail, he’d have to show it himself. His father’s warning about getting too involved echoed in his mind. He pushed away the thought, and walked around the donkey. His tail had stopped growing completely.

“I told my dad he’d get a full donkey, and he is going to get a full donkey!” he said grabbing the bulge in Nester’s stretched jeans. Suddenly the tail started growing again in Riley’s hands, he could feel it pushing into the fabric under his hands. He could see it straining out, pushing further. He wondered how much pleasure this was bringing him.

Riley felt a tingle run down his back as he massaged the tail. Rips were running up and down the tent, exposing black fur. The tail would burst free in moments! Riley excitedly continued, the tail pushed back against him, fighting his hands. He could see the seams giving way. And then it lurched out of it’s confines, whipping back and forth. Riley grinned.

The donkey didn’t even notice it’s jeans falling away. The animal trotted over to a bale of hay and began eating, tail swishing happily. Riley stood there watching it sway. Suddenly the tingle in his back increased as he felt something push against his shorts. Riley stood there, his father warned him against getting involved.

Riley felt the bump go from two inches, to four inches, to six. He got down on his hands and knees, and let out a bray of his own, as his donkey tail erupted out of his pants.

The donkey that had been Nester twitched its ears at the sound of a bray, and trotted up to Riley, sniffing him curiously. Riley's tail swaying back and forth "This isn't so bad, is it Nester" he said.

Unknown to Riley, his ears were slowly starting to stretch. He didn't realize just how donkey-like he was acting. On his hands and knees, a brown, bestial tail swishing behind him, treating a donkey as if it were his own brother. Suddenly Riley shook out of the trance and started braying as loud as he could.

John smiled as he heard the braying of two donkeys in the barn, Riley must be wait...two!? John ran out of the house and to the barn, sure enough there was what had been Nester, braying just to hear it's voice, and beside him...was Riley! The young man was on his hands and knees, a gray furred tail swaying behind him as he brayed, and long, animalistic ears standing up through his hair.

"Riley!! Stop!" John yelled. Riley suddenly stood up on all fours. Now fully aware of everything.

"Riley, come on, you need to get away from Nester!" John exclaimed. "Before you join him!" He scampered toward his father. The donkey trotted into its stable.

John looked down at his son as they headed back to the house. "Riley....are you...smiling?" He just continued into the house, not responding.

John watched Riley sit down carefully on the couch, ears twitching. "Riley?"

"Well, we got our new donkey, dad." he said.

"That's not what I'm worried about right now. My son has the ears and tail of an ass!" John said in concern.

"And what's wrong with that?" he said.

John gaped. "What's wrong with it?" He walked over to the window and pointed at the donkey grazing the field. "I don't want that to be you!"

"But i'm not." he said "It's clearly stopped, I don't mind the ears and tail." he said.

John blinked. "You...you like them don't you!" He said incredulously.

"Maybe." he said.

"You do!!!" John said in shock. "You haven't stopped smiling since that thing came out of you. Are you sure it's not going to keep going?"

"Yeah, Nester's transformation didn't stop, mine did." he said.

"To be safe, stay away from him for a while. Okay?"

"Done" he said, looking out to the new family donkey.

Riley laid down in his bed, satisfied with the day. He had a new donkey, and he could visit Nester anytime he pleased. He slowly drifted off to sleep.

"Heeeee-hawwww-heeee-hawwww!" A loud braying from the pasture woke Riley.

He ignored the donkey. It continued to bray. He opened the window "Oh, come on Nester. Don't do this all night." he said, and flopped back on to his bed, his tail twitching in annoyance. He placed the pillow over his sensitive donkey ears and tried to get back to sleep. But it was no use, his ears were too long, and too acute. The braying still flowed into his donkey ears loud and clear. It seemed to tell him one very clear message. "*You belong with your herd.*"

Half asleep, Riley slowly got out of bed and headed downstairs. Clops could be heard on the tile floor, and a door shut. John stirred in his sleep, scratching at an irritation on his behind.

THE END