

A HAAWWFUL Day

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Remake By Transformation Hub

Mollie's eyes blinked open as she heard a vacuum buzzing around, the noise drifting into her bedroom from the front door of her flat. She sat in bed, rubbing her eyes with one hand while reaching for her phone.

She cried out, "Oh come on! COME ON!" tapping her screen multiple times, receiving nothing in response.

She pressed the button on the side, grunting at the empty battery icon flashing on the screen. Mollie swept her hair back whilst throwing her legs out of bed; her phone bounced against her bag as she threw it.

"Okay, so the phone's dead, no biggie. I'll charge it up when I get to Savannah's," she said to herself, with a loud yawn at the end of it.

She strolled into the kitchen, flicking the light switch. The bread packaging rustled as she untied it, removing two pieces from it and popping them into the toaster. Then, as the orange glow filled the toaster, she entered the bathroom.

Only three minutes had passed when the smoke alarm filled the air with its loud screeching beeps; Mollie bolted from the bathroom, greeted by the stench of burning toaster as smoke rose from the toaster. As she forced the toaster to pop up, she waved a towel around the smoke alarm clearing the smoke and silencing it.

"Why is everything going wrong already!" Mollie said with a tone of frustration.

She threw the toast into the bin, opting to get something on her way to her friend's place alongside her favourite drink. Mollie returned to her bedroom, throwing open her wardrobe door and selecting various clothes that would make up her outfit. From a simplistic red long-sleeved shirt with a square neckline to a pair of black jeans with silver studs on the pockets. She selected a black blazer with pleated flared sleeves alongside a pair of glossy red wedged ankle boots to top the outfit off.

She hummed quietly, removing her nightwear and slipping into her outfit piece by piece. Finally, she finished her outfit with a slim red belt, threading it through the belt loops of the jeans. After tying her hair into a neat high-top ponytail with a black scrunchie, she grabbed her bag, ensuring her phone and keys were inside before strutting out of her flat.

After several minutes of walking down the path into town, Mollie entered her favourite shop, "Corner Coffee Shack", the bell above the door jingling as she entered. A small sigh left her

mouth as she stood behind the line of four people. The cashier worked her hardest to move people through as more people joined the line behind Mollie. Mollie looked around, studying the people in the shop, turning her nose up at the various outfits some girls were wearing, from trainers to flats and pleated skirts that looked out of fashion, at least to her.

At last, Mollie found herself at the counter, promptly bringing out her purse as she spoke up.

“One soy vegan latte, large, no extras and a BLT sandwich with no mayo.”

“I’m sorry, Ma’am,” the cashier began, “We haven’t had our delivery yet, so we don’t have any soy vegan substitute. But, if you like, I can offer an alternative.”

Mollie gritted her teeth, lowering her brow, “Are you serious?”

“Yes. I’m sorry, but maybe you’d like a regular...” the cashier said, jumping as Mollie cut her off.

“I’ve come in every day for the past five years, and I’ve always had a soy vegan latte without fuss. So I’ll cut you a deal, even though you a low-wage jackass and don’t know the meaning of high class,” Mollie stated, pausing as she leaned in slightly, “Either you sort my drink out or kiss your job and this place goodbye. My dad is the mayor, and I can get this place shut. So a soy vegan latte if you please.”

The cashier took a deep breath, “I’m sorry ma’am. Unfortunately, I can’t magically make soy vegan substitutes from thin air.”

Mollie rolled her eyes with a dramatic huff as she turned on heel and walked away, “Don’t say I didn’t warn you!” she called back.

Grumbling to herself, she made her way down through the town towards the nearby taxi rank, pushing her way through the small crowd of people to get to the front. She folded her arms, ignoring the comments coming from those waiting behind.

Mollie sighed, tapping her foot, waiting for a taxi at the local stop. A car sped past, splashing dirty water up and onto the pavement; she jumped back, grunting in anger as the water splashed onto the red leather of her boots and a part of her jeans.

“My dad works for the city jerk! I’ll see you’ll never drive again,” she called out, waving her fists even after the car had disappeared from view. Her eyes glanced back at her boots, “As if this day couldn’t get any worse.”

She glared back at the small crowd, hearing some of them snickering at her. But then, a yellow cab peeled up to the rank, and a man in a smart suit stepped forwards at the same time as Mollie.

“This is mine!” Mollie barked, glaring at the man.

The front passenger window rolled down as the cab driver leaned in slightly, “I’m looking for Miss Mollie Henderson?”

Mollie looked like she had scored a victory, “That me!” She proudly stepped up to the cab and jumped in, “Four forty-nine Connective Avenue and make it smooth and quick.”

The cab driver nodded, pulling away from the rank. Mollie looked through her bag, pulling out a small golden circular pocket mirror with a lipstick. She glanced up at his rearview mirror, catching her eyeing her.

“Eyes front wage slave!” she ordered.

The driver’s green eyes, which stood out amongst the tanned skin and black hair, stared back to the view of the road giving a slight chuckle, “Wage salve? Now that’s something new.”

Mollie rolled her eyes, brushing off the sarcastic tone as she returned to applying her lipstick. The brakes squeaked as the cab stopped at a set of lights.

“Say...do you have another insult up your sleeve?” the driver quizzed, “Perhaps insulting my line of work, or maybe I can tell you about my life or region so that you can better insult it.”

Mollie ignored him, her focus remaining solely on applying her lipstick.

“I would have figured maybe my race would have been easier to insult though it never tends to be that way. After all, I did choose my race like my line of work,” the driver finished.

The mirror was sharply closed with a huff. “People don’t choose their races, dummy. Of course, only an idiot would believe that,” Mollie retorted, putting her lipstick top back on.

“Dummy,” the driver began to laugh, “Oh, good one, Miss mockingly. I haven’t heard that one in a long time.”

Mollie drummed her fingers on the seat, hoping that the light would just go green so this could all be over.

“I want to correct you, however, Miss,” the driver spoke up, “People can, in fact, choose their races. If they’ve chosen the right path, see, I’m a Circinist.”

“No, you’re a cab driver and only that!” Molly said, scoffing.

“Very droll,” the driver replied, “A Circinist is someone that finds things like form to be.....ephemeral.”

Mollie grunted under her breath, looking out of the window, not wanting to engage with the driver anymore, “Just shut up and drive.”

The driver smirked, spotting the light going green, carefully hitting the gas, “We also believe that there are certain people out there in the world that the world would be better off without them. And that hooved animals are sacred to us, but I'm sure you'll find that out.”

Mollie sighed, her eyes glued to the city's surroundings. She jolted upright, her eyes widening at the city gradually disappearing like a mirage, trees and greenery slowly appearing. She looked out the back window watching dust kicking up behind the car as it travelled along the dirt road.

She opened her mouth, turning sharply towards the driver, banging on the window separating the front and back of the cab, “Hey you! What the hell? I demand you stop this car immediately and let me out, Mr....” she trailed off, realising that she didn't even know his name.

“Charlie....Charlie the Circinist,” came the short reply.

“Charlie!” Mollie called out, “Let me out at once!”

Charlie gently brought the cab to a stop, the brakes squeaking, “If you so wish but be warned, there will be consequences.” He glanced back, smiling slightly.

Mollie's fingers fumbled for the handle, giving a small grunt as she began to kick at the locked door, briefly turning back to glare at him, “Consequences? Yeah, for you after this stupid stunt.”

“Oh, you're a poor spoiled little woman, aren't you?” Charlie stated, coldly locking eyes with her, “You may not have noticed this, but you've been chosen by this cab, by me, and now you're going to face some real changes to your life.”

He clicked a small switch, unlocking the doors, allowing the angry woman out of his car.

“Screw you!” she cried out, slamming the door.

She looked around, hoping to spot some sort of life or resemblance to the city landscape so she could make her way back. As she looked around, she felt a sharp tugging on her ears, shrieking as she thought Charlie was trying to pull another stunt.

“GET OFF!” she snapped, swinging violently, her fists clenched, ready to punch her attacker, but her fists met with thin air.

The pain continued to spread through her ears; it was like the skin of her ears was stretching. She reached up, padding her ears; a worried look filled her eyes as she felt her ears steadily lengthening. Scared mutters left her mouth as she felt coarse hairs sprouting out of the skin whilst her ears pushed through her hair.

Mollie turned towards the passenger window, intending to use the reflection to find out what was happening to her ears but found her focus shifting to her pained nose. It slowly broadened on her face whilst her nostrils were stretching, flaring to asinine proportions. Tears formed in her eyes as she blankly stared at her nose and then at her ears. She began to tap on the window, trying to get Charlie's attention, but she found her dull taps twisting into a clacking.

She drew her fingers away, spreading them as she brought them up in front of her eyes. Her nails, minus the ones on her thumbs, were black. Extra keratin formed in them, making her nails overgrow the nail beds and around the tips of her fingers. Pops and cracks sounded out from her hands as the bones began to thicken. The skin tightened, her finger bones crunched whilst her fingers and thumbs shortened, retracting back into her hand. The black enamel-like nails expanded, fusing, all the while growing thicker. Brown hairs slowly grew out of her thickening hands as they steadily lengthened.

"My...my h.hands!" she shrieked.

"Ah....sacred hooves," came the muffled voice of Charlie.

Mollie went to reply but cut herself off as she felt the skin on her butt cheeks tightening, followed by a bloating feeling spread through them. She looked over her shoulder, letting out a small scream at the sight of her jeans stretching outwards slowly as her butt continuously swelled.

"This has to be a nightmare. This can't be happening to me!" she cried out, feeling her underwear starting to slide in between her cheeks.

She brought her head around, glancing down, watching as her thighs steadily ballooned, the seams of her jeans tearing around them. A small yelp escaped her lips, hearing the seam that ran down between the rear of her jeans rending. She looked over her shoulder, cringing at her bloated backside, blushing as her leopard print underwear was now on show. Her blushing cheeks slowly became hidden under thick patches of brown hair that merged, seamlessly meeting the hair on the bottoms of her ears.

She tried to hide her underwear with her hooves as she turned back towards the cab, looking into Charlie's calm eyes, "What's happening to me!"

The passenger window rolled down whilst Charlie kept his eyes on her, studying her like an entomologist studying an ant, "Change my dear and not a moment too soon, I'd say."

Mollie's hips cracked, gradually growing wider. Her belt and jeans slowly struggled whilst her zipper and button popped open.

"You've been a spoiled woman, took things for granted. Walking around like you were a superior being, and thus you have earned this little fate," Charlie continued, watching the frantic expression on the changing girl's face.

The leather on her belt fractured, flakes falling off it as it stretched beyond its limit until it snapped. Worried whimpers left her mouth as she noticed her legs were slightly further apart. Her hips tilted, forcing her forwards, and a dull clang sounded out as she stubbornly pushed her hooves into the cab.

"No....you....don't," she strained, fighting back against the pain.

Charlie smirked, rolling the cab forwards, looking back in his mirror as Mollie was dropped into a quadruped stance. Mollie grunted, trying to push herself up, yelping at the crack of her hips into alignment, locking her into her new position. Her blazer and shirt seams tightened whilst shoulder blades popped and cracked. A large tear formed from the collar of her blazer and shirt to the centre.

"This can't be happening," she groaned, feeling the straps of her bra snap as her shoulders cracked back into alignment.

The waistband of her jeans and underwear snapped as more mass slowly formed in her thighs and butt. Her eyes winced at the pain developing in her feet as they grew thicker, her boots pinching around them. Within the confines of her shoes, her toes pulled back into her feet. Hard black keratin grew out of the bottoms of her feet, the leather material bulging around the growing hoof nails.

"Got to get....get up to... two legs," Mollie muttered, trying to ignore the pain of her boots pinching against her feet, "Need to..... get back to town."

A metallic tearing filled her ears as the zippers at the rear of her shoes burst open around her lengthening feet, brown hairs steadily sprouting out of the skin of her feet.

The driver leaned over the seat, rolling down the rear window, "Those must have been some good boots. Normally the material gives up when the hooves grow," Charlie commented, snapping his fingers.

Mollie cried out, her body wobbling slightly; her rear hooves hit the ground whilst her boots, jeans and underwear were dissolved into black ash that piled up around her. She screamed, feeling the cool air sweeping over her warm skin and genitals.

“What the hell did you do that for! Give me back my clothes at once!” she snapped, “I can’t be naked!”

Charlie watched Mollie’s donkey lower half slowly sprouting its coat of thick brown hairs, the skin disappearing with each passing second, “Silly donkey, you don’t need clothes when you’re naturally furry and naked.”

Mollie winced, straining out her cries as pressure built up in her lower back; loud moans filled the air at the new nerves growing alongside the skin and bone extending out of her tailbone region. The searing pain of the growth drowned out the faint tingling of hairs growing from the tail as it lengthened.

With a small pop, her tail cracked into alignment as Charlie observed the tassel-like tip of dark brown hair growing whilst the red dye in her human hair faded, “Never would have known you were a dark brown girl under all that red dye,” he commented.

Mollie didn’t reply, her eyes just wept in pain at her genitals stretching, sliding behind her whilst her anus shrunk, puckering up slightly as it moved further up. The skin of both, in unison, darkened and puffed up whilst the surrounding skin darkened as well. A small moan escaped her lips as the tip of her tail brushed against her sore nether region.

“What happened....to my....” she said, trailing off at the sinking feeling spreading into her breasts.

Hidden by her clothes, her breasts sank into her chest in a see-saw fashion whilst a pair of dark teats swelled out between her legs in a similar see-saw like fashion.

“Isn’t it obvious? You got the perfect donkey genitals, capable of the best breeding around,” Charlie called.

“B-B-Breeding! I’m not a filthy animal,” Mollie retorted, a look of pure disgust crossing her face.

“Hooves, fur, bulky body. Pretty sure you’re an animal, little donkey,” Charlie replied.

Loud pops and cracks sounded from within her chest and back, causing a series of pained cries and screams. Buttons popped on her blouse and blazer as tears formed across the fabric, and her belly swelled whilst hairs grew out of her stretching skin. Her torn clothing began to fall from her bulking body as her bra straps snapped.

Charlie smirked, clicking his fingers, dissolving the remaining clothing and her belongings, “True beauty should never be hidden.”

Mollie couldn’t reply, only managed pained cries and grunts at magic affecting her organs, her breathing becoming deeper and laboured as her heart and lungs expanded alongside her other

organs. Charlie watched her head rising, strain appearing across her face as her neck lengthened and thickened while growing hairs. A thick strip of black bristly hairs sprouted out of the back of her neck, gathering into a long mane.

Mollie formed words in her mind readying her mouth to complain, but all she managed was several loud, coarse, "HEE-HAAWS!"

"My voice...my beautiful voice. What the hell am I saying? It doesn't make sense," she thought, hearing more brays leaving her mouth.

"Nearly over, my dear," Charlie commented, "You look amazing right?"

"I can't be...this can't be happening to me. Humans can't turn into donkeys....magic can't exist. I got to get out of here and find a way back to my old body," she thought.

Charlie chuckled, as he watched Mollie straining and struggling to get her body to move, "I'll take that as a yes, given your speaking the language of the donkeys now. And by the way....human brain donkey body it's easy to see they won't work together."

The skin of her face tightened, her skull cracking underneath it slowly widening, and tears leaked out of her ears, soaking the hairs sprouting out of her cheeks. Charlie smirked, enjoying the show of the young woman's mouth and nose pushed outwards as her skull lengthened. Her pristine white teeth were forced out of her mouth by blockier ones more capable of chewing through grass. Her hair receded into her head as the brown fur thickened across her head and snout.

"Now I should warn you not to get angry or...." Charlie began breaking off as Mollie furiously brayed, her body reeling as she bucked, "I'd really stop buckling right now; otherwise, you'd be nothing but a common jenny."

But Mollie refused to listen to the cabbie, continuing to buck and bray in anger and protest whilst the donkey's mind slipped into her brain, steadily and slowly calming the donkey as her humanity was erased from her mind.

"They always buck and bray, never listening to me on how to keep a human mind. Maybe it's just the instincts are too strong," Charlie mused, watching the donkey starting to chew on some grass, "Oh well, another fare well done."

He turned the key, starting the engine; the donkey brayed, twitching its tail and ears at the noisy yellow machine before turning and bolting away as the cab disappeared into the horizon.

"To Be Continued"