

Adonkalypse Later

By Abe E Seedy

"Here's your coffee", said the waitress, placing the tray on the outside table. "That'll be one fuck, please."

Bea snapped out of her thoughts, fumbling for a purse she wasn't wearing. "Oh, uh, sorry, I thought everything was included..."

The waitress laughed, managing to keep all but a hint of a bray out of her voice. "Don't worry about it doll. Enjoy the coffee."

She turned to leave, the bushy tip of her tail brushing over Bea's arm. That prompted her to look up and see the waitress properly for the first time since she'd sat down, taking in someone who'd clearly taken to the Pleasure Island Resort life well. Her long ears are tied back with her plaited blonde hair, and she moved with surprising grace on her thick hooves. The muzzle suited her, highlighting the ring piercing through her nose, as well as letting her inviting smile carry much further along her face. The apron she was wearing - which was, of course, the *only* thing she was wearing - had a hole cut in the back to allow her tail to swing free, but absolutely no consideration to prevent the massive tenting at the front. Well, that certainly-

Her ears finally bullied their way through her thoughts, presenting her with a belated account of what the waitress had actually said. Bea blushed heavily, kicking her hooves together in awkward frustration. Damn, that could have been hot. Now the server was probably going to go back into the kitchen and just jerk off over the missed opportunity, which was... honestly still pretty hot. That's just how things were here, and once again Bea found herself just a little behind the curve.

Everyone she ran the course with seemed to have found their place without problem. Cassie was out running with one of the herds, having settled into a body that was just a few degrees away from a normal donkey. Except most donkeys didn't have both a massive cock and sizable breasts, but that was pretty much a given here.

Alice was significantly more restrained, even if no less indulgent to her particular tastes. She'd wound up looking like what they called a 'satyr', someone whose donkey features were mostly contained to their lower body. Alice was even more discreet than most, so that with her tight jeans and long hair she could conceal her changes almost entirely. All of that was to let her play the part of just another Runner, encountered helpfully just outside the puzzle section and ready to slowly lead people off track. The dedicated Runners - like Debbie, who presumably had left the resort right after her victory - had no time for her, sprinting on regardless. That suited Alice just fine though, because she only wanted the people who she could mislead and convince, helping them slide into their eager corruption.

Apparently the infection (or nanobots? Or whatever this was? Bea still wasn't sure exactly what caused all this, and she had a sneaking suspicion no one else really did either) took its cue from your mental conceptions, which is why everyone got different results. Presumably it was her own indecisiveness that left her physically between Alice and Cassie. Unlike Alice she had a soft brown coat over her entire body, but unlike Cassie it was shorter and lighter above her waist. She had the donkey nose and thick brown lips, but much of the rest of her face was still recognisably human, even with the long brown ears that stuck notably out through her messy hair. A shaggy tuft ran down her spine to her tail, but she'd been spared having simple hooves for hands, with her fingers instead fusing together into 3 hard-tipped digits. Below the belt though, she was like most everyone else - hair, hooves, and a heavy, demanding cock with perpetually full balls. And yet, as this little missed opportunity proved, she never could quite figure out how to make it all work for her.

She didn't have the stamina (or, to be honest, the simple-minded lust) to run with Cassie's herd, and when she'd tried to lure Runners like Alice she just didn't know what to say. She'd see some nice woman exploring the area, her bright green badge signalling that she wanted an encounter, but she was so unable to think of how to start things off that she'd just freeze up. Then her cock would rise magically into her fist, and all of a sudden she was splayed up against a nearby wall, huffing and hawing and she once again jerked off. Which was *fun*, no doubt, and probably contributed pretty well to the general ambience of lustful indulgence the resort was going for, but it still felt like a missed opportunity. By the time she'd calmed down enough to consider her surroundings again the Runner would be gone, most likely swept up by some other group and already off enjoying their new selves.

Tomorrow was the last day she was booked to stay here. She'd arranged things before she arrived so she could easily add an extra week if she wanted to, but... did she? What was she getting out of this that she couldn't get at home? Maybe she was better off taking the anti-retro-virals or whatever tomorrow as scheduled, and then spending the week curled up at home with her favourite books so she could relax a little more normally.

Her ears twitched suddenly, swivelling slightly to track an incoming sound. Someone was walking up to the cafe, their unhurried steps echoing around the largely deserted square. Turning to look, Bea saw a lone Runner approaching, heading right for her table and pulling out a spare chair. Her badge flashed orange as she sat casually, making Bea tilt her head in confusion. This place was way off the main path of the course, so why was she here?

"It's called 'Lampwick's'? That's a bit on the nose, isn't it?" She spoke with a soft and silky accent Bea couldn't quite place, but it sounded like the voice of someone who would be perfectly at home in either high society or carrying off an elaborate jewel heist. With her long red dress, hourglass figure and flowing black hair, she certainly looked the part for either of those too.

In the midst of all that, Bea couldn't kick her mind into gear. "Hawwhh?", was all she managed to answer, blushing heavily at just how dumbstruck she was.

The woman dismissed her awkwardness with casual grace, choosing instead to answer like she'd offered a coherent question. "The cafe sign. Like that character from Pinocchio, right? I suppose they get that enough they just decided to lean in to it."

"Oh", Bea replied. "Yeah, I don't really know the, like, lore, sorry. That's not what I'm here for."

The woman turned her attention away from the sign and fixed Bea with an intense green-eyed stare. "And just what *are* you here for then, if I may ask? Scarlet, by the way", she added, extending a hand across the table, wrist raised as though to request a kiss.

"Oh, uh, Beatrice. Bea", she corrected herself, raising her own hand to meet Scarlet's and shaking it awkwardly between her hooved fingers. "Sorry, I wouldn't want to take you off guard by spreading, uh, all this by kissing your hand."

Scarlet arched her eyebrow in response. "You wouldn't? How unusual."

Bea blinked. "Oh, right. Don't get me wrong, I *want* to chase you down and fuck you till you change, it just seems kinda, well, rude in this situation."

Before Scarlet could respond, a faint "haww! Hee-haww!" drifted out through the door of the cafe. Clearly the waitress had found her rhythm.

"Doesn't seem to stop everyone else", Scarlet said, apparently unbothered. "So again, why are you here?"

She considered deflecting, but this was exactly what she'd been thinking about anyway. Why not try and talk it through with someone else? It's not like she was going to see her again after this vacation, so what did she have to lose? "I needed a holiday", she came out with eventually. "Something so utterly relaxing and distracting that I could finally switch off my brain."

Scarlet shrugged. "Plenty of other resorts out there, and there's some pretty high-end ones that cost less than this does. Certainly they'd have fewer waivers you'd need to sign. So why *here*, specifically?"

Exhaling slowly, Bea blushed as she dug a little deeper. "Well, I mean, the unique scenario... appealed, so that helped."

"That's it", Scarlet whispered, leaning over the table and placing her hand over Bea's. "Tell me about it. *Why* does it appeal? Sell me on this..." she indicated Bea's changed body, lingering a little by pointing below the table. "...experience."

"Well, you're here too", Bea countered. "Surely you've got your reasons."

Scarlet waved that away irritably. "Don't worry about that. I'm here for the... challenge, I suppose, but after seeing everyone else around me, I got curious. Why are people lining up to do all this? What do you get out of it?" She leaned back into her chair, taking a casual sip of the coffee that Bea had so far not touched.

"What's so good about becoming some sort of... horny donkey person?", she continued. "I mean, there's got to be *something* to make a thing that extreme appealing, right?"

When Bea opened her mouth to answer, then closed it again. She paused, then all of a sudden words started falling out of her mouth in an uncontrolled stream of consciousness, leaving her almost as surprised as Scarlet was.

"The donkey parts are mostly just fine. The ears are cute, and the hair is nice to stroke. The hooves make for good high-heel boots, which make you feel powerful when you push someone up against the wall, but also vulnerable if something like that happens to you. It's nice, it feels different, like a little bit of a vacation from your own body, and a fun thing to see in the mirror. Like trying on cute clothes, or maybe wearing an elaborate costume."

"And?", Scarlet prompted.

"The voice is a step further. The braying, that animalistic noise coming out of a donkey's face, lets you see when you've pushed someone far enough that their humanity slips, and they reveal just how much of a dumb, horny animal they can be. And then it happens to you - maybe you're looking in a mirror and you see your own thick lips frame something so far from speech it doesn't even sound like something a human is capable of - that's when you have to face that you're not immune to it either - you can be just as horny, needy and bestial that you don't get to use words either."

Scarlet didn't say anything else, she just smiled and rubbed her thumb slowly over Bea's hand, brushing back and forth over the divide between hoof and hand. Beneath them both the table tilted upwards slightly, forcing Bea to swallow heavily and admit the next part in another breathless rush.

"And then there's the cock, which is constantly, *constantly* pushing you in that direction. It's like a part of you always has the worst ideas for the best time, and the longer you fight it the more it just takes control. When it's fully stiff you can't *move* without it starting to twitch and drip, and once that starts it's all you can do to lean into it. I don't know if it's different if you had one beforehand, but for me it's so completely new - every time I look down at myself it's the single biggest thing that reminds me that I'm not normal, forcing me to be horny and needy and weird and wrong and love every single moment of it. But even when I'm not looking it's always weighing on me, the balls beneath it never fully empty, and constantly *demanding* I focus on finding the next opportunity to drain them just enough to be able to pretend I can think straight.

And when I curl my hooved fingers around that desperately stiff shaft, the pre that pours out of me making everything so slick it's like it's impossible *not* to stroke it, that's when I think about h-haww... how I *wanted* this - how I made the active, informed decision to get this cock between my legs and become addicted to using it, and the only thing I can haww! The only thing I can want now is hawww! Hee-haww!... to get addicted to it more, to enjoy it more-hawwwww!"

Bea trailed off, but she was distantly amazed just how long she'd been able to remain coherent. Ever since she spoke about stroking her cock she'd been following along with her actions, and the rhythmic thumps beneath the table spoke to just how energetically she'd been leaning into it. At the last possible moment though she reopened her eyes, willing herself to release from how they'd been screwed shut in absent pleasure. For the first time in what felt like minutes she registered Scarlet sitting opposite her, and despite her intrigued expression a rush of awkward restraint shot through her. They were just talking, walking through things in theory, but if she came now she'd risk soaking the poor girl, and how did she know Scarlet would be okay with all that would entail?

With a muffled bleat Bea shot one hand back above the table, grabbing at one of the empty cups set for the four seater table and manoeuvring it over her tip. With that last precaution in place her other hand clutched at her balls, drawing out an aching, shuddering orgasm as she finally let loose. She couldn't bear to keep eye contact as she came, burying her muzzle into the tablecloth to stifle her incoherent brays.

Eventually her body calmed down, and she brought her dripping hands back up in front of her. She set the cup down to the side as carefully as she could given how full it was, but that was made even harder by the fact that she could bring herself to raise her face from the table and risk seeing Scarlet's continued detached amusement..

"So yeah", she said, her voice muffled by the cloth right up against her lips. "Something like that."

For a few moments the only sound between them was the quiet sound of Bea's ragged breathing, until suddenly she felt movement at the hand she was clutching around that cup. After an insistent tug she released her grip, finally managing to tilt her head to the side and reopen one eye. With that she saw Scarlet take the cup to her lips and, with barely a moment's hesitation, tip it back to take a long sip.

Bea's eyes widened, her head slowly raising off the table. Scarlet meanwhile focussed on the task at hand. She didn't manage to drink everything in the cup in one go - that would have been quite a feat for someone not yet infected - but she managed to make an impressive dent in it, leaving the cup perhaps half full as she finally lowered it and took a breath.

Seeing Bea's incredulous stare, Scarlet flashed her a smile. "Why so surprised? You're a good salesperson."

The table was knocked to the side almost before Scarlet finished speaking, the cups and cutlery revealing why the resort stocked only plastic as they clattered harmlessly to the floor. Bea's hooved hands caught Scarlet's head as the two of them fell out of their chairs, pressing her into a desperate, hungry kiss even before they'd hit the ground. Her tongue slipped eagerly into Scarlet's mouth, thrilling at the pleasure of tasting her own cum coating the woman's lips. Whatever restraint she'd had before was utterly annihilated, and now the only thing that held Bea back was the dress her partner was still inconsiderately wearing, and even then only for as long as it took her strong hooves to tear it to shreds.

Her balls were still refilling themselves, but Bea was in no mood to sit patiently while that part of her body recharged. Scarlet quickly found herself presented with Bea's still-dripping cock and balls to savour and appreciate, after Bea had spun herself around to focus her own attention on Scarlet's naked slit. She nuzzled in desperately, taking advantage of her muzzle to press her lips deeply into Scarlet's sex, before pulling out and tracing her tongue lovingly around her partner's clit. Slickness soon coated Scarlet's sensitive flesh, each of their contributions quickly mixing together to leave her dripping wet. But that, they both knew, was merely the beginning.

It started with nothing more than a twitch, but the slightest movement was enough for Bea to focus herself. Her thick lips formed a seal over Scarlet's crotch, while her flat teeth brushed ever so lightly against her trembling clit. That pushed her partner over the edge, a desperate orgasm trembling through her as she buried her own face into Bea's balls, huffing incoherently at her intoxicating scent. All that spurred Bea on even further, her tongue teasing and tasting hungrily at Scarlet's body. Soon it began to respond, her clit stretching and growing beneath this impossible demand and desire.

Scarlet pulled her head away, needing air more than she needed to service her partner, but Bea's grip was iron and she refused to move from her own fixation on Scarlet's crotch. She wanted to enjoy every moment of it, tasting the shaft as soon as it developed, wrapping her slick tongue along its length to savour the first shuddering spurts of pre. She absently massaged soft brown hair across Scarlet's thighs, encouraging the developing growth that soon blossomed into her rope-like tail. But the real prize remained between her partner's legs, and before long her questing hands found the beginning of her burgeoning balls. She stroked and teased at them eagerly, feeling the growing weight in her palm as her keratin-encased fingers spread open a little further every time they throbbed with increased heft.

By now Scarlet's cock was all but fully-formed, and Bea lavished it with dedicated attention as it settled into its final shape. Her tongue chased down the slickness caught behind the equine ring forming around its centre, before sweeping back and savouring the flare at her tip. Against all of that it was impossible for Scarlet to hold back any longer, and it was all she could do to bury herself against her partner's balls as her own triumphantly clenched, signalling the completion of her donkey equipment as she emphatically came.

Bea, temporarily distracted by gulping down Scarlet's first load, missed the woman pulling away from her. It wasn't until the cock fell from her lips that Bea finally looked up, letting out a

confused "hawww?" as she struggled with this betrayal. That did however let her get a look at Scarlet as she slowly stood back up, and something about her managed to break through Bea's delirious haze.

Despite everything that she had just been through, she was still surprisingly well put-together. Her long black hair was still tied carefully behind her, and at least the top of her red dress was still holding up admirably well. Admittedly she probably couldn't walk into a high society ball with the bottom half of her dress torn to shreds and her new donkey cock proudly swaying through the hole, but at least in this resort it was all a very fashionable look. Bea spent a moment just staring, a little intoxicated by the vision of artful debauchery as she sat back on a chair, until a commanding gesture from Scarlet encouraged her to also totter up to her hooves.

"We're not done yet", Scarlet whispered. "It's not over till the hot lady brays."

Blinking, Bea suddenly realised what she meant. Just like her dress, the top half of Scarlet's body was largely unchanged. Her lips looked a little thicker and darker, and her nose had maybe become a little flatter against her growing upper jaw. But clearly though, there was work to be done.

Before Bea could finish putting together what happened next, Scarlet moved first. A hand gripped her wrist, pulling Bea suddenly so she had to totter forwards. Scarlet caught her with her whole chest, fixing Bea with a determined stare even as she wrapped her lips around her waiting cock. Her mind went blank, her tail slapping frantically against her flank as she sunk into the bliss Scarlet laid out for her. Bea's hooved fingers traced soft paths through Scarlet's hair, distantly satisfied to find and liberate her growing ears. That was perhaps the last coherent thought that Bea was able to muster, from that point on everything was driven entirely by the desperate, throbbing need that Scarlet provoked in her crotch. It was good that the resort was so well thought-out, because chairs that had been thoughtfully reinforced could have taken their weight as Bea leaned against her partner, drunk on the sensation of pressing her cock through her lips again and again.

She came in moments, a long, wild bray echoing around the square as she did so, but both the noise and orgasm took some time to die down. Scarlet for her part swallowed Bea's unceasing load hungrily, her face shifting forward and settling into a donkey-like muzzle as though to provide more space for Bea's cum to fill. Eventually though it was too much for even her, the two breaking apart with a flood of thick fluid. Scarlet cleared her throat briefly, before once again locking eyes with Bea before drawing a hand back down to her own crotch. She lingered in the dripping slickness there for a second, toying with the viscous leftover cum even as her fingers hardened into hoof-hands just like Bea's. Then she grasped at her shaft urgently, staring Bea down as she jerked off, her hips drifting forward as she once again neared climax.

"Hee-haww!", she cried as she came, coating Bea's front as she stood obediently in front of her. "You're-haww! Mmmine!"

And Bea was, falling to her knees as her mistress finished, nuzzling softly at her thighs as Scarlet slowly calmed down.

The waitress very politely chose not to bother them as they recovered. Bea hadn't even bothered to stand back up, and was instead enjoying gentle scratches along her ears.

"So that was my problem", Bea mumbled to herself. "I was a sub trying to be a dom this whole time."

Scarlet looked down at her quizzically. "You didn't know?"

A faint shrug pushed against Scarlet's knees. "I'm learning a lot", Bea answered simply.

There was another long pause, until eventually something nagged at Bea enough to speak again. "Hey, so, you never answered. *Why are you here?* When I first saw you I didn't think 'kinky sex tourist', I thought 'international jewel thief hiding out after a heist'."

Scarlet had a series of expressions run across her face, until eventually she also shrugged. "That's completely accurate, actually. I figured who would look for me here, especially if I could get a, uh...", she indicated her changed body, "suitable disguise."

"Oh", Bea said, eyes wide. She considered things for a few moments, feeling Scarlet's visible tenseness beneath her before she responded. "Can... can I have some jewels?"

There was a long, soft laugh above her, before Scarlet affectionately patted her head. "Maybe later, if you're good."