

# Adonkalypse Now

By Abe E Seedy

There were a lot of apocalypses people had been trained to expect. Zombies, an asteroid, wild weather, and so on. This particular one however, was not on anybody's list. The specifics were still up for debate, even several days later. Whether it was rogue nanobots, a long-lost magic spell or an invisible alien beam from space, all anyone can really judge it on was the impact it had. In a little over a weekend, more or less the entire resort town of Sandy Bank Bay had been converted into lust-drunk donkeypeople.

You lasted about 48 hours - long enough to take a little pride in your resilience, but not so long that you actually had to worry about enduring a siege. In truth you slept through most of the initial excitement, and spent most of the rest of the time blearily staying in your room, obeying the hastily-put together announcement playing over the resort TV. There were a lot of weird noises coming from outside, but no one was trying to beat down your door, and given the obvious, uh, 'enthusiasm' you could hear, you put it down to an out of control party you didn't feel like getting caught up in.

What actually happened in your case is also still a mystery. You remember deciding to take a shower, and after the latest hedonistic cries outside you considered making it a cold one. But the water was so nice and warm that you found yourself lingering. There was nothing you needed to do after all, and the announcement had promised that expenses were covered, so why not relax? You put in the plug and slowly filled up the bath, lying back in the soothing water and letting yourself drift away.

From then on, things got a little fuzzy - literally. You don't know at what point you realised that brown fur was starting to grow out over your body, but you know it must have been after you decided to take advantage of the solitude and indulge yourself a little. The only reason you noticed your fingers stiffening and hardening is because your growing hoof-hands made it harder to pleasure yourself, but by that point the lust that was driving you was so overpowering that it barely slowed you down. Eventually the tip of your new equine cock surfaced through the water in front of you, and the way your face was stretching out into a muzzle made it seem almost custom-made to fill your flaring nostrils with its heat. Your lips felt rubbery, flapping against your weirdly large teeth as you gripped urgently at your churning balls. For a moment you were distracted by having to shift your seating, the sudden rope of your tail pressing out between the smooth porcelain of the bath and your increasingly furry rear.

The climax, when it came, was dramatic - that much you remember clearly. Finally you understood all the noises you'd been hearing as you let loose, your panting gasps submerging once or twice into outright, animalistic brays. You're not sure how much of the mess you left behind was a result of spilling water from the tub as you twitched and jerked or if you just shot that much cum in the first place, but you pretty quickly figured it didn't really matter. No one was

going to be cleaning this room anytime soon, and you had better things to do than worry about it. Like joining that party outside, for one.

As soon as you emerged you were greeted by a cheer, at least from the people that weren't too busy with each other to notice. From there someone wearing half a staff shirt and a badge that just said 'Sam' took you under their arm and explained about as much as anyone knew. One of the more important points was that while people weren't allowed to leave town, they (the government? The resort company? No one knew exactly) were dropping off enough food and supplies that no one was going wanting. The vacation rolled on, just in a pretty different way from before. There were still a few people holed up, but you were advised to steer clear of them for now. Apparently something about untransformed people (the scent? The sight? Again, no one knew the specifics) was super arousing, and that had led to the wildest parties being held outside their rooms. That, you figured, explained the near-constant barrage of noises you'd been hearing during your stay. Even so, it could be a little much for someone still figuring their new self out, so Sam suggested you take a walk on the beach. You'd been inside for two days straight, so why not stretch your legs?

They grinned, the expression looking a little odd through their buck teeth, and with the way one long ear constantly twitched beneath the arm of their cockeyed glasses. "And hey", they added, "enjoy your stay at Pleasure Island."

That's not what this resort was called when you arrived, and you tilted your head as you tried to work this through. "I... thought this was a peninsula?".

A sharp bray punctuated their laughing response. "Maybe consider coming to movie night tonight pal", they answered, before their hard-fingered hand shoved you softly in the direction of the beach. "For now, just enjoy your walk."

So that was about as much of an explanation as you got. Now you're left tottering a little awkwardly as you get used to your new gait, testing your hooves out on this pristine beach. It's quieter out this way, with the sand apparently not being a good fit for the preferred activities of most guests. For as much as you feel a pang of regret for not diving into the revelry with wild abandon, it does feel good to stretch your legs. The sun on your fur also feels nice and refreshing - you hadn't realised how much you'd missed that warmth when you'd been huddling inside all day.

An odd sound interrupts your thoughts. The pattering of a small motor grows louder, and after turning your head from side to side you catch sight of an inflatable boat approaching the shore. You'd been told not to go out in the water given the prohibition on leaving the resort, although you doubted anyone could swim or anything with hooves anyway. So just who is piloting this boat?

You move a little closer, settling in behind a wayward beach umbrella to conceal yourself. Pretty soon it pulls up to the beach, at which point you see a figure stand up from inside. They're wearing what you have to assume is a hazmat suit, their entire body covered by sterile yellow plastic apart from a small see-through visor over their face. They don't seem to notice you at all as they very awkwardly step out of the boat, all but tripping over themselves as they stumble up onto the sand. Turning back for a moment they fish out a small silver device, then start heading for somewhere in the resort. An impression nags at you, and your eyes narrow as you try to confirm your suspicion in the bright sunlight. Yes, it's unmistakable - they're hunched almost double, their knees rising up to their chest with every plodding step.

They're sneaking, and doing an almost comically terrible job at it.

Well. That removes the last suspicion that they might be a threat. Abandoning your hiding place you walk forward, closing to about 20 feet before they even look in your direction. "Hello!", you try, giving a friendly wave.

Instantly they blanch backwards, actually falling on their rear as they stumble.

You stop, hands raised non-threateningly. "Oh, I'm sorry, I should probably greet you in the customary way of my people. Hee-haw-lo!" That last part you finish with a cough, caught a little off-guard by how animalistic your joking bray had turned out.

Even with that aside, your attempt at humour doesn't appear to have the calming impact you'd hoped. The hazmat-clad person scrabbles backwards on the sand, raising up what seems to be an audio recorder in an attempt to ward you off. Eventually a woman's voice emerges from a small speaker below the face visor, saying quickly, "stay back!"

"Sure", you shrug. "Although you might want to take my advice and move forward a little yourself."

"Huh? Why?" The figure is clearly confused, turning around just in time to get absolutely annihilated by an incoming wave, knocking them flat on the ground.

You consider helping them up, but decide that you looming over them while they're in a predicament like this would just make them feel more pressured. For now you settle on your haunches, content to stand by in case this unintentional slapstick comedy becomes anything more dangerous.

It takes them about 3 more waves to completely regain their footing. Somehow they keep hold of their recorder the whole time, but the string of swear words coming from the speaker show they didn't exactly keep their composure. The whole process does at least clear up that this is a woman though, and you get a few fleeting glances of her face on the occasions when the glare from the sun wasn't too bright. From what you could tell she looks relatively prim and proper - or at least she had before getting mashed by the sea several times in a row. Nonetheless, your

money is on her being a scientist, or perhaps a reporter desperate to break this new, wild story. Either way, you figure she'd appreciate an interview, so you sit patiently and wait for her.

The whole time though, there's something weird nagging at the edge of your senses. You can't put your finger on what it is exactly, but something is making your nostrils flare, and the thick hair on the nape of your neck starts to rise upwards. It's like the scent of your favourite meal is floating in the wind, or a song that pulls deep at a forgotten memory is being played loudly a block away.

You cough again, crossing your legs to conceal your inexplicably-stiffening cock. Perhaps you should have worn clothes for this.

Eventually the intruder collects herself, apparently deciding being closer to you is worth getting out of the splash zone. Even so she moves in an almost crab-like scuttle, keeping her arms raised and her knees tense as though expecting to spring away at the slightest moment. You watch her go, giving her a quizzical look as she stops a few feet away.

"You're not... advancing on me", she says flatly.

"Well, no. You did ask me not to."

That seems to throw her more than it should have. "But, I thought everyone here was..."

She runs through a series of vague gestures, each made even less intelligible by the obscuring layers of thick plastic she's performing beneath. Even so, it's not hard to figure out what she's getting at.

You shrug, subtly settling your knees a little closer to your chest as you adjust your sitting position. "True, but that's because *everyone* is into it here." Pointing a black-tipped finger in her direction and moving it up and down her body, you add, "it's pretty clear you're not exactly dressed to party, but I figure there *has* to be a story behind all this."

Once again, she's taken aback. "Well, yeah, but the story is here. Everyone turned into horny donkeypeople? What happened?"

You try to consider her question. "I have absolutely no idea", you answer eventually.

You're not trying to be obtuse, no matter how much the dirty look she gives you makes it seem. In truth you're distracted, finding it increasingly difficult to keep your member at bay and hold your attention on this conversation. For some reason, you're starting to get *unstoppably* horny. Your heart keeps beating faster, and with every breath it feels like your body is getting warmer and warmer. You go to say something more to her, but as you look up you catch a sight of her face within her mask, and it's like a weight pressing on the centre of your chest, leaving you panting uncontrollably.

She looks down at you, confused, and for the first time you discover what it feels like to have sweat run down your new face. "Uh, ma'am", you manage, "you might want to step back a little."

"Why", she answers quickly, spinning around quickly. "Is another wave coming all the way up here?"

"No, it's just.. I'm uh, not entirely too sure what the range on this thing is yet."

You part your legs, and both your eyes and hers slide inexorably downwards. Unlike her though, your hand quickly follows suit.

"Oh", she says eventually, raising her voice just a little to compete with the increasingly slick sounds as you pump up and down rhythmically. "Well, that's at least more like what I was expecting." She takes out her recorder again, aiming it in your direction. "Would you mind describing what it feels like?"

Gritting your teeth, you just barely manage to keep your reply to coherent words. "Lady, I pretty much can't *not*."

She pauses. "Huh? What does that mean, exactly?"

The recorder waves in your face again, but you're gone. The only noises you can make are panting grunts, interspersed occasionally with tiny brays when you really let yourself slip. It's all you can do to keep yourself sitting where you are, focussing your attention as best you can on jerking yourself off rather than tackling her to the ground and giving her a first-hand demonstration.

Taking her cue from your silence, she turns the recorder to herself and begins to speak.

"The subject appears overwhelmed by animal lust", she says, pausing only to give you a thorough look up and down before continuing. "They have lost focus on me entirely, and are now dedicating themselves to, uh, masturbating. Quite enthusiastically."

There's a break in her narration, and while you're in no mood to fill it with conversation, you manage to at least turn your head back upwards and see what she's doing. As far as you can tell, the answer is nothing. She's just watching you jerk off, one hand on the recorder and the other rubbing absently at her thigh. After a few more moments, her narration belatedly resumes.

"Cause of arousal is a mystery. Subject did not appear aroused before my presence, and yet my hazmat suit should not provoke a reaction like this. Unless..."

She stops, lowering the recorder slightly and making eye contact. For the first time you notice she has quite stunning blue eyes, and it's only with a struggle you can make out her words.

"You don't have some sort of latex gear fetish, do you? Would this outfit normally excite you?"

What became of your fingers are so firm that they tease your cock perfectly with every slow stretch over your shaft, and they lack just enough sensitivity to give the impression that it's someone else working you over. Accordingly, it's a little hard to give a question like that its due consideration. The best you can manage is a sort of whickering snort, shaking your head as you distractedly exhale.

"I'll take that as a no for now then", she answers. "Curious then. What could be the cause for such a dramatic response?"

You genuinely want to tell her, but your tongue doesn't work like that right now. All you can do is pant heavily, the slickness of your rising precum almost pouring off your cock as it clings to the fur coating your hand.

Her only reaction is to inexplicably lean closer. "Perhaps observation from my side will help. Subject appears incapacitated, but there is an... oddly enticing scent in the air. Perhaps that's the cause of their distraction?" She turns her head back and forth quickly, and only you notice the way the helmet of her suit slides ever so slightly out of place with each movement. "Could scent truly be causing all this?"

She seems completely oblivious, but that doesn't make the situation any less overwhelming for you. You feel your lips curl as a harsh bray bursts from your throat, and your last conscious action before the unutterable orgasm hits you is to fall backwards, trying to make sure you at least avoid hosing her down with your climax. Instead you create an impromptu fountain, achieving an impressive height as you shudder and pulse, your free hand clutching at your balls as your tail slaps rhythmically down on the sand beside you.

For a few moments the world dissolves into white noise, but you're dimly aware of being given a respectful amount of space. You're tempted to just bask in this satisfaction for a little longer, but an unexpected sound draws you back to reality. You were somewhat prepared for the narration to continue, but a long, rising "uhhhhhh?" wasn't what you expected to hear. So you prop yourself back up on your elbows, twisting your head to see what this new development is.

Apparently, you no longer have the full attention of your audience. Her hands have finally found the gap in her suit, now somehow even a little larger than before, and she's probing the space in increasing confusion. "Why... isn't this fitting anymore?"

Almost in answer, you see the helmet rise up an inch or so more, seemingly on its own. She must notice that too, with the bottom of her viewing window reaching just below her eyeline. Finally she just snatches the helmet off entirely, holding it to the side as she shakes her head clear. She must see your eyes widen in response, and she turns to you for explanation. "What? What's happening?"

You realise several things pretty much all at the same time. The first is that she's devastatingly attractive; a cute little button nose and plump pursed lips, her face framed artfully with a trim brown bob.

The second, and likely more pressing thing is that large donkey ears have risen up through that same hairdo, having apparently just finished pushing her helmet up out of line before settling into place.

The third thing you realise is that with all that in mind you have absolutely no idea how to answer her question. "Uh...", you try to look away, but you're not used to having your eyes set a little further apart than normal and just wind up giving her side eye. "Well, the good news is that based on how it went for me, you probably won't be confused for very long."

She pauses, some part of her brain still not letting her fully register your words. But when she goes to take a step backwards you see her whole body seize up. Apparently all that plastic she's wrapped in is all of a sudden tighter in certain places than she was used to, and that attempted movement caused some new and intense sensations.

"Gwha?", she mumbles, her hands pawing desperately towards the zipper for the suit. As her face contorts through a series of expressions you notice that her lips maybe weren't naturally as full as you first thought, and perhaps she hadn't taken to an expedition like this wearing the thick dark lipstick you'd assumed. Instead you realise it's the beginning of her own donkey-like muzzle pressing outwards from her face, making her nostrils flare as her nose flattens further to suit it. In retrospect it's good that she's already taken off her helmet, as you're not sure how long she'd have been able to stand wearing it otherwise. That said, her flailing hands slowly start to focus themselves lower on her body, and you both realise that her helmet isn't the only part of her outfit that's becoming ill-fitting.

She looks at you, mouth agape as though you're personally to blame. "Does *everyone* who goes through this get a massive cock as part of the deal?"

Thinking back on everyone you've seen so far, you slowly nod. "Yeah. Yeah, seems like that's part of the package."

You can tell she's trying to glare at you, but pretty much immediately she softens as her eyes roll back in her head. "Does... does everyone feel this good?"

Again, you nod. "Yeah. Yeah, that also seems pretty standard."

It's clear she's no longer listening at this point. You're sure the rest of her body is changing, but given that she's still wearing the suit the only way you're able to track her progress is the series of squeaks as the plastic bulges and deforms, together with the blissful look on her still-lengthening face. The gloves she was wearing probably just barely had the dexterity she

would have needed to properly jerk off originally, but combined with her fingers stiffening towards hooves you can tell she's no longer that lucky. Pretty soon she's reduced to just pressing her hips as best she can against her hands, counting on the friction of the suit to do the work for her. Judging by the raging bulge she's dealing with it's clearly working to some extent, but her expression betrays a lingering frustration. A moment later and she's falling backwards, turning to the side with a dull grunt as the nub of her growing tail makes itself known.

She rolls all the way onto her front, her hands trapped at her thighs as she rubs herself up and down frantically. That finally seems to do it, and her head drifts upwards as the blissful stimulation gets the better of her. She shakes distractedly, and you notice a little raised tuft of hair has formed a slight mohawk along the centre of her head. From what you can tell, she looks almost done, and you can almost see the bray building up unstoppably in the back of her throat.

When it comes it surprises even her. Her whole body bucks and releases as she humps the beach, and her long, wild calls last a long longer than you were expecting. Eventually you start to see a steady stream of cum starting to drip out from the neck of her suit, and however weird that must feel matting her fur to the plastic it doesn't seem to stop her from grinding her cock against her hands and wringing yet more enthusiastic sprays out of herself.

Finally, with her shaggy chin dripping wet and her long lips flecked with the sand she'd been rolling in, she slowly collapses to a stop. You repay the favour she gave you and give her space to recover, although your eyes do drift down to her forgotten recording device, lying on the ground about halfway between the both of you. Just as you thought it's still on, and had been dutifully recording the experience of its owner for posterity.

Well. Looks like she got the description of the experience she'd wanted after all. Perhaps you-

You see her start to rise as you awkwardly scabble over to her, but then she pulls back in confusion as you pluck her recorder from the sand and dart further up the beach. "Are you *seriously* haww-stealing that right now?!", she manages to yell from her position still flat on the sand.

"No", you call over your shoulder as you scoot upwards, "I just figure you'll thank me for this later."

Once again, she's confused. About a second too late she finally turns around, just managing to get out "wh-awhaargleblrg!" as she is completely destroyed by a rogue wave. It's not powerful enough this far up to actually put her in danger, but it does leave her completely flat on her back, staring unblinking at the sky as you cautiously peek your head back into her view.

"Uh, welcome to the resort", you say cautiously. "We're, uh, not supposed to go in the water."

"Thanks for the note. I'll add it to my research"