

On Were-Creatures - Interview with a Were-donkey

After the relative success of my last pamphlet, I was contacted about conducting a follow-up interview. One of my sources wanted to tell her story in more detail, in order to clear up a few misconceptions. So it was that a few nights ago I sat down for a drink with a nervous were-donkey, encouraging her to tell her tale.

While she went back and forth on the subject, I'm going to refrain from identifying her directly. With that in mind I'll be limiting my descriptions to relatively anonymous details, and instead of naming her I'll just call her "the Academic".

She joined me at my table just a little before sunset. Like many incognito were-creatures she tries to avoid engagements that can stretch into the night due to the possibility of unexpected lunar occurrences, but obviously that pressure applies to her job first and foremost so we were forced into the evening to accommodate the little free time she had. For the purposes of my earlier research we'd simply communicated in writing, but she was willing to meet in person for a direct interview. To put her more at ease I'd suggested we meet at the *Root & Branch*, a tavern locally known for its were-plant owner. Not only would that guarantee a certain level of lycanthropic acceptance, but given that were-plants react first to any lunar event, we'd anticipated a little advance warning if our server turned to wood. As it turned out, it didn't quite work out that way.

The conversation started out productively enough. I asked for more details as to why someone would choose to become a were-donkey given how clearly inconvenient it can be, leading her to give a sheepish grin and look down at the table. "Right, well", she answered, "you have to understand, it wasn't the most rational decision I've ever made."

I'm going to paraphrase the details, but she told me about how she spent years buried in demanding studying and post-graduate grunt work. Whenever she had free time she desperately needed a way to cut loose to stave off burnout, but she struggled to find something that was both exciting and brief enough to fit into her life. Until, that is, one of her breaks just happened to line up with the Satyr's Carnival rolling into town.

That particular were-donkey is legendary for their skill in leading a party, and it quickly showed the Academic just how much could be accomplished in even a short time. The day after the Satyr left town she could barely stand, but already she felt more rejuvenated than she had in months. The next time a troupe came through she found herself hanging out with the inner circle, and she couldn't resist asking for a dose of their potion to try out the full experience.

It's at this point the Academic paused in her story slightly, adjusting her sitting position and taking a long draught from her drink. She wore her hair loose and long, and I noticed that her ears were starting to poke up through her loose locks, with faint tufts of brown fur decorating the tips. Clearly the retelling of the story was impacting her ability to keep herself together, so I

offered her the chance to take a break. We spoke for a while about our favourite books, and a promising new theory of ancient magic that had been going around the lecture circuit recently. The distraction seemed to do the trick, and before too long her ears disappeared from view. I also noticed she was speaking a little more clearly - apparently her teeth had briefly grown large enough to be an impediment, but now that they had receded she resumed her story.

The experience she'd had that first time was overwhelming. The intoxicating rush of the concoction itself, the confusing thrill of her suddenly-unfamiliar anatomy, the enthusiastic encouragement of the crowd as they rallied around this "first-timer" - it was all enough to leave her flat on her back, all but locked in a loop of carnal indulgence.

That lasted, she put it succinctly, some time. It felt like she was flying the whole evening, and only ended once she fell asleep. She woke up the next day carefully tucked into the bed of one of the inner circle, feeling more refreshed than she could remember. She was so full of energy that anything seemed possible, and by the end of the day she'd gotten through almost a week's worth of difficult research work.

She laid her palms on the table between us, her ears briefly large enough again to flatten visibly before she shook her head clear. With a first taste like that, how could she *not* keep going?

For a while she kept on top of things. Most of the troupes deliberately only cycle through once per full moon, so it's easy enough for the casual followers to avoid any incidence. And...

She trailed off, and I could tell she was weighing her options on how to proceed. I reminded her that she could tell this story anonymously, so there wasn't any need to choose between honesty and preserving her reputation. If this story was important enough to tell, she may as well tell it correctly.

In response she nodded, rubbing her hand across her face before revealing her slightly larger front teeth biting softly into thick lips. The truth, she admitted slowly, was that no one got in too deep just because of the afterglow.

It wasn't about how energised she felt afterwards, or how alive she felt on those nights. It wasn't even about the camaraderie of all the inner circle going through things together, egging each other on to yet more feats of creative debauchery¹.

The key was how it felt *beforehand*. When all the anticipation was coming to a head, and you were just aching to cut loose. Eventually she realised that seeing a full moon *already* had an effect on her, because it was such a prominent marker that a troupe would soon roll back through town. Thinking about that turned her on to a devastating degree, and when she was

¹ She didn't go into much detail here, but I have heard separately that one of the most popular games for these troupes is 'who can cum highest'. Apparently that simple question has a bewildering array of innovative interpretations, each of which guarantees an evening of entertainment for all concerned

already compulsively masturbating at the sight of the full moon, well, why not cut out a few steps? At least this way she wouldn't have to wait for someone else's schedule.

All of that came out in something of a rush, but here once again the Academic trailed off. I'd hoped it would just be another passing distraction, until my glass slid softly against my notepad. Looking down, I realised that the table was tilting to one side, and it didn't take long to figure out the cause. The Academic had probably stopped speaking to avoid drawing attention with an errant donkey bray, but there wasn't much she could do to keep her swelling cock from pushing upwards below us. She blushed heavily, although the brown fur encroaching on her face threatened to drown that expression.

Clearly this interview needed a little extra effort to get things back on track. Fortunately, I'm not just an expert on unusual body types for purely academic reasons, and having a snake tail also gives me considerable proficiency in offering, shall we say, under the table solutions.

She jumped as she first felt my scales brush against her thigh, but quickly relaxed back into her seat as I slid towards her crotch. Her robe was already pushed aside by her painfully stiff erection, so it wasn't hard to curl slowly around her shaft. A scraping sound drew my attention back to the table, where I saw her clenching hands scratching lightly at the table as they inexorably hardened into hooves.

I couldn't tell if she meant to bite her lips or if her teeth were just too large to fit easily in her mouth, but in any case neither of us trusted her to speak clearly. Instead she answered my questioning expression with a silent nod, then screwed her eyes shut as she fought to keep her growing tail from slapping noisily against her chair. With permission thus granted I tightened my grip, then started dragging myself up and down along her shaft encouragingly.

At first I was worried that I'd be a little rough, for as smooth as my scales are they might be too much for such sensitive flesh. Fortunately I needn't have been concerned, because one of the features of her condition that quickly became apparent was a truly prodigious production. She was slick from base to tip almost as soon as I enveloped her cock, and every sweep of my tail just made her more thoroughly lubricated. All that would be a problem to clean up later, but for now it made the whole experience, rather literally, go smoothly.

For her part, the Academic was clearly concentrating on keeping herself as quiet and contained as possible. Her hands had moved to be clasped as closely as she could manage across her mouth, both to muffle her panted moans and in a vain attempt to prevent her face from stretching out into a noticeable muzzle. It wasn't long until I felt her stiffen beneath me, and the table visibly jolted as she came against the underside.

Thankfully I'd taken the precaution of booking a corner booth, so even the slight bray that slipped between her hooved fingers went unnoticed. I withdrew myself carefully, wiping my tail as best I could on the ground and resolving to leave a substantial tip together with an apologetic note for the cleaning staff. Following that was a short period where we each simply drank in

silence while the Academic slowly drew back into herself, guiding her muzzle back into her face before brushing her ears back below her hair. Her tail took a little longer to wrangle into place inside her robe, but when that was complete we were finally ready to resume. She thanked me shyly as I returned to my notebook, then cleared her throat and continued her story.

Only the most buttoned-up troupes keep records of who exactly attend each session, so it wouldn't have been hard to slip in a second within the same full moon². But, she confessed, that's not the approach she took. She wanted it to *mean* something, to be celebrated and encouraged. When the Satyr's Carnival next came through town, she took a week off of work, and for the first time followed along as they travelled.

On her first night with them she had their potion, and the experience was even better than normal. It wasn't just the quality of the festivities that the Satyr encouraged, but the fact that she knew she was planning on descending to the next level - it all provided an intoxicating sense of possibility and promise. The next day she informed the inner circle of her intentions, and while they were very supportive, she had to travel with them for a few days before taking her second dose. This delay was both to ensure she'd thought this through, as well as letting her experience what she was really getting into. For her part the Academic didn't mind - if anything it only added to the anticipation. For three or four days she got to lavish attention on the beautiful creatures that cavorted with the carnival, delighting in their endless appetite for carnal experiences together with how truly generous and tender they could be. By the time they came to her with the second dose - well, I can sum up her response to this part of the story most succinctly by relaying the audible 'thump' her cock made as it once again hit the bottom of the table.

She was willing to continue talking, and at first it seemed like she might be able to keep things together long enough to bring the tale to its conclusion, but a sudden commotion caught our attention. A peal of laughter was ringing around the tavern, centred on the door to the kitchen. It was being held half-open by the barkeeper, who soon pulled it wider and spoke to the entire room. "If anyone has had any issues with slow service, we're happy to report we've found the problem."

Just inside the kitchen stood the owner and head server of the *Root & Branch*, completely transformed into wood. From her expression, she looked to have been so engaged in animated conversation that she'd lost track of time, and apparently missed her chance to announce her upcoming transformation. The news was met with light-hearted amusement from the crowd - occasional interruptions of service were par for the course here - but provoked a much greater reaction at our table. The Academic and I stared wide-eyed at each other for a moment as the realisation hit. We couldn't tell when the full moon would make itself known on her as well, but it certainly wouldn't be long.

² Recall that the way one permanently becomes a were-donkey is by imbibing their prepared potion twice, on two separate nights without another full moon between them. This is why becoming a were-donkey is generally a deliberate choice, because it's unusual to 'accidentally' drink the potion twice within a few days or so.

She acted first, scrabbling to stand before her feet became hooves and threw off her balance. I followed soon, lending her my shoulder as we made our way towards a nearby side door.³ With the focus of the crowd still on the kitchen, even my tail trailing through the room passed without comment, and soon we were able to catch our breath in a quiet alleyway outside.

It was here that the Academic saw the full moon for the first time in the night. I've long wondered if the sight of the moon itself has an added impact on a were-creature, and my experience here certainly lends credence to that theory.

The light of the moon hit her with an almost physical weight, pinning her to the stone wall. Her face flushed as her robe fell open, revealing the brown fur already creeping upwards from her waist. Her cock had clearly not relaxed much from the peak it reached while telling her story, as it once again strained eagerly. It was long enough to reach halfway up her chest and was almost as thick as my wrist, with the tip flaring out wider even than that. A sharp 'clack' pulled my attention behind her, and I saw that now her hands had fully become hooves she was having trouble keeping herself steady. A quick glance downwards confirmed that her feet were shifting the same way, and I suspected that without the wall to lean on she likely wouldn't have been able to stay upright. As it was all she could do to arch herself backwards, her chest heaving as she shuddered through desperate, unrelenting heat.

I couldn't tell if she wasn't trying as hard to keep herself restrained or if it simply wasn't possible, but things progressed much further now than they had inside. She shook her hair loose as her ears stretched almost a full foot out from her head, flicking absently as fur swept over them. Her teeth led her face back out into her equine muzzle, her ragged breaths dissolving into a series of quiet, panting brays. A tufted tail slowly climbed the stonework behind her, brushing distractedly over her hooves as her spine twitched with every pleasurable change.

But despite all of that, it was hard not to focus on her cock. By now it was coated in a river of slickness, and every time her heavy balls twitched yet another white drip ran teasingly along its length. The shy and bookish woman who had first met me in the tavern was long gone, replaced by this creature of absolute indulgence and lust.

I was torn between taking notes and joining in, but fortunately my indecision didn't hold her back. In truth I suspect that by this point another person was hardly required, as this whole process seemed more than pleasurable enough on its own. No sooner was her muzzle fully grown in than she let loose an ecstatic bray, her hooves kneading urgently at her balls as they churned and released. Her head fell forward almost before she'd finished her cry, her open mouth meeting the stream of cum that emerged from her spasming cock. While she couldn't quite reach far enough to suck herself off she clearly enjoyed at least painting her long face white, while the delirious gulps of her tongue tasting and swallowing her hyper-productive output were interrupted only by an involuntary bray each time a fresh orgasm hit.

³ I clocked at least one other patron making a hurried exit as well - fortunately the *Root & Branch* knows its customer base well, and offers several convenient means of egress

It was pretty easy to see how a show like this would be effective in recruiting others to similar debauchery - in truth it reminded me of how I'd first embraced the snakeweed and my own serpentine transformation, so I can say from experience such a display can prove all but impossible to resist.

Fortunately the *Root & Branch* was a fairly rowdy establishment, so the sounds from inside provided effective cover for us. That came in handy, because this was *not* a short process. Each time I thought the Academic was dying down she'd somehow rally, and even when her balls seemed completely wrung dry she was more than happy to continue pleasuring her still-twitching cock. By the time she was finished her fur was sticky and matted almost from head to foot, and she was about as intellectually responsive as if she'd been drinking hard liquor all night. She was at least grinning from ear to ear, and she happily followed my lead as I finally persuaded her to abandon her perch against the wall and make her way shakily through the deserted streets to my room. I'd barely gotten her inside the door when she curled up on the floor, asleep before I could so much as fetch a blanket.

The next morning, after some vigorous cleaning and belatedly settling our bill at the bar, we finally finished our interview. By now I'd gotten more than enough general information, but there was one last question I wanted an answer for. Did she regret it?

She paused to consider it thoughtfully, then shook her head. Despite everything, no. When she'd first become a were-donkey she surprised everyone by leaving the troupe at the end of the week, returning to work as normal. She'd never intended the carnival to become her entire life. She loved it as a vacation, and the fact that it was now somewhat involuntary was both inconvenient and exciting, but it didn't define her entire life. In fact, she wasn't sure it would feel as special if it didn't have her day-to-day to contrast with. It might cause problems, but on the whole, they were fun problems to have. With all that in her life, stress around deadlines just didn't seem to matter as much.

Once again I thought back to my own experience, and I couldn't help but nod in agreement. Sometimes you just have to accept that a life complicated by some weird, horny bullshit is better than one played straight. If nothing else, you certainly meet more interesting people that way.

- Isobelle Carroway