

DON'T BE AN ASS

The city sizzled under the weight of a late summer night, thick with humidity and unspoken desire. The pavement glistened beneath the headlights of slow-crawling traffic, each beam refracting in tiny pools of condensation like sweat trickling off overheated skin. Music pulsed from every bar and club lining the neon-soaked strip, a cacophony of bass drops, laughter, and shouted orders. One sign outshone them all, seductive and daring in flickering pink and violet, *Pleasure Island Bar*. A shrine to dim lighting, regrettable decisions, and sins best whispered in the dark.

Two women approached with lethal confidence, each step of their stilettos echoing like a countdown. Tap. Tap. Tap. The sound was deliberate, condensed, drawing eyes and attention like a drumline to war. Conversations stuttered. Glasses paused mid-sip. The rhythm of the night adjusted to their stride.

Vanessa led, her walk hypnotic, hips swaying with dangerous precision. Her brown hair cascaded down her back in glossy waves, rich and thick like melted chocolate poured from heaven. Every subtle flick of her head sent the strands catching the streetlight's glow, shimmering as if she were temptation made flesh. Her crimson top hugged her breasts like a lover unwilling to let go, while tight denim shorts highlighted the irresistible fullness of her thighs and the firm, salacious curve of her ass. She didn't walk so much as glide, powered by the knowledge that every eye was on her. She was the fantasy, the moment, the fuck-you confidence they'd never forget.

At Vanessa's side was her best friend Lisa, cool, calculating, and equally devastating. Her blonde hair was slicked into a perfect twist, her poise glacial, her allure undeniable. If Vanessa burned like fire, Lisa sparkled like champagne, sharp, expensive, and bound to go to someone's head. Her white crop top was a second skin, molded to the generous swell of her breasts, nipples thinly veiled by fabric like secrets waiting to be found. Her lips, lush, cherry red, and just slightly parted, looked born to wrap around false promises, or something harder.

Vanessa and Lisa were more than just beautiful, they were *legendary*, names whispered in locker rooms and late-night pillow talk. Their reputations floated behind them like a cloud of designer perfume, sharp, sumptuous, and impossible to forget. They didn't just flirt, they targeted, meticulous wreckers of relationships, destroyers of vows.

Hearts were more than broken, Vanessa and Lisa shattered the illusion of true love, of loyalty, at their whim and they loved every second of it. Vanessa thrived on the guilty look in a man's eyes the morning after. Lisa relished the accusatory glare from the girlfriend left behind. To them, these weren't warnings, they were souvenirs.

As they stalked the sidewalk toward the Pleasure Island Bar, the crowd gave way instinctively. Men stared, women scowled. A few couples parted just slightly, tension flaring between them like a fuse freshly lit. The air pulsed with curiosity, envy, and raw sexual tension.

Vanessa leaned close, her breath warm against Lisa's ear, her tone velvet-soft and soaked in promise. "Let's see how many hearts we can break tonight."

Lisa's laugh rippled through the night, smooth as silk, dangerous as a promise. "Bet I find a married one before you do."

Vanessa arched a sculpted brow, her smile wicked and slow. "Game on."

Together, Vanessa and Lisa vanished through the doors, two queens of chaos, armed to destroy. Stepping through the entrance in perfect unison, their heels struck the floor in twin clicks of dominance. They didn't just arrive, they were invading, like predators crossing into a den, their senses sharpened, attuned to the pulse of prey and the scent of weakness.

Inside, the Pleasure Island Bar throbbed with life. The bass pounded as if the bar itself had a heartbeat, syncing with the restless energy of the crowd. Lights strobed in waves, violet, crimson, electric blue, casting dancing shadows across slick skin and glossy eyes. The air was thick with sweat, cologne, and the unmistakable tang of alcohol. Every inhale was intoxicating, while every exhale left a little bit of control behind.

The dance floor was a roiling sea of limbs and lust, hips grinding in rhythm, hands roaming, mouths meeting. It may have looked like dancing, but it was more like foreplay in motion, a slow-motion orgy of inhibition unraveling under the beat.

Like twin serpents with venom in their smiles and sin in their stride, Vanessa and Lisa slipped effortlessly between bodies. Hips brushed hips, while shoulders grazed backs. Heat passed between strangers like sparks waiting for ignition. Every contact was calculated, every movement was theater, and every glance was a challenge.

Vanessa passed a man in a crisp button-down. His eyes dipped instantly to her rear, mesmerized. The woman on his arm wasn't slow to notice. Her jaw tightened. Her hand slapped against his chest. "Pig," she spat, loud enough to cut over the music.

Vanessa didn't flinch. She winked, cool, condescending, and sauntered on, hips swaying harder. She didn't want him, but she wanted his girlfriend to know she could. Knowing that the woman would forever question where the man's loyalties lay tasted sweeter than any confection.

Lisa leaned into a booth with an exaggerated curve of her spine, brushing her chest against a man's back as she reached for a napkin that wasn't hers. The man twitched. His girlfriend, seated beside him, narrowed her eyes into blades. Lisa looked right at her, mouthing, *Oops* with a flick of her tongue over her upper lip. No apology, just a promise of more.

At the bar, Vanessa raised her hand and snapped her fingers, not even sparing the bartender a glance. Her glossy, blood-red nails clicked with practiced authority. "Two Long Islands," she said, voice flat, expression bored. Anything weaker would've been beneath her.

Lisa didn't wait. She slipped her hand around a passing tray and snatched a vodka cranberry without breaking stride. The glass was warm, half-full, and perfectly trashy. Her eyes locked on a man seated at the far end of the bar, tall, broad, the kind of lean muscle that came from real work. His jaw was cut from marble, his forearms thick, his stance relaxed but undeniably confident, with one arm draped over a woman's shoulder.

Taking a slow sip of her stolen drink, Lisa's gaze never left the man's. She licked a drop from her lip, just to see if he'd watch, and he did. The woman leaned in, whispering something, her hand brushing his chest. He didn't even blink, eyes still on Lisa. She smiled with lazy, feline satisfaction. *Too easy.*

Vanessa, watching Lisa at work with a bemused smile, lifted her drink in her friend's honor. So far, Pleasure Island Bar was living up to its name, and their only regret was not knowing about the place sooner. It was a coworker's tip that led Vanessa and Lisa to this place, a whispered suggestion with a knowing smirk, like sharing a dirty secret. Unlike the duo, the bar's reputation was elusive, soaked in rumor and wrapped in secrecy. Most patrons who dared step inside claimed to have the night of their lives... though nearly all admitted to blacking out by the end of the night, waking up the next day with a pounding headache and a smile they couldn't quite explain.

Curiously, few ever returned. Maybe once was all they could handle. The bar's nearly-anything-goes energy seemed to scorch the unprepared, leaving them shaken and satisfied, but unwilling to tempt fate twice.

Amateurs, Vanessa thought with a scoff, already imagining herself as a regular. Her sharp gaze drifted around the space, brows lifting in genuine surprise. She had expected something sticky and sleazy, a dive with dim lights and bad music, but instead, the place radiated a dark elegance. The mahogany floors gleamed under her heels, catching the amber glow of ornate chandeliers. Deep red velvet booths hugged the walls, inviting and intimate, while tropical greenery curled around columns and corners like leafy voyeurs peeking in on carnal secrets.

Behind the bar, a dazzling display of bottles glittered like a jeweler's case, each glass vessel glowing in gem tones, amethyst, emerald, ruby, illuminated by hidden lights that shimmered like temptation itself. A marble countertop, smooth and cool as river stone, stretched the length of the space. What truly caught Vanessa's eye, however, was the carved stone accents scattered throughout the bar, pillars etched with winding runes, symbols she didn't recognize but felt in her bones. They pulsed with a quiet gravity, like forgotten gods watching from the shadows.

Little did Vanessa and Lisa know, someone was keeping tabs on them. Behind the bar, half-shadowed beneath a decorative arch of hanging glassware, stood Selene. She didn't drink, didn't speak, she simply observed, still as a sculpture carved from night. Her dark eyes drank in every detail. Her skin glowed faintly beneath the lights, warm bronze wrapped in a shimmering dress that clung to her hourglass curves. Her long braid, jet black and silk-smooth, draped over one shoulder like a serpent at rest.

Unlike the others, Selene didn't gape, didn't react. Her power didn't come from beauty alone, though she possessed it in abundance. It radiated from her like heat from stone, almost impossible to ignore.

As the night continued, the atmosphere of Pleasure Island Bar had shifted. What began as playful chaos now simmered into something more primal. The music throbbed harder, louder, each beat vibrating off the floor and rattling the rows of glasses behind the bar. The lights pulsed in strobes of deep red and purple, bathing the crowd in an erotic haze. The room was humid with arousal and tension, which Vanessa and Lisa thrived in.

Vanessa pressed a married man against the far wall, his ring glinting dully in the low light as he sucked kisses along her collarbone. His phone buzzed in his pocket, likely his wife checking in, but he ignored it, too entranced by Vanessa's soft moans, as his hands explored beneath her

top. Her hand slipped past his waist and stopped at the obvious bulge in his pants, lightly teasing it for fun.

Lisa, meanwhile, had drawn a crowd of her own. A man knelt before her in one of the booths, kissing up the length of her thigh as she spread her legs wider, letting him glimpse her panties. Another had his arms around her from behind, one hand openly cupping a breast while she fed him a cherry from her cocktail with her tongue. No one bothered to stop them, at least not yet.

Taking a well-earned break, Vanessa and Lisa returned to the bar. Vanessa lounged against it, trailing a manicured finger around the rim of her glass. Her lips parted in a knowing half-smile, still tinged with the burn of her second Long Island, strong, sharp, just the way she liked it. Her gaze drifted to the pool table, where a tall, athletic man laughed with his friends, confident, relaxed, and entirely unaware of the way her eyes took him in. She licked a trace of liquor from her lower lip, already imagining the heat of his tongue between her thighs and the desperate way he'd moan her name with his mouth full.

Lisa reclined beside her, idly swirling another stolen drink between her fingers, the condensation slicking her skin. Her eyes remained locked on the man from earlier, the one whose gaze couldn't seem to break from her, even when his girlfriend had tried to reclaim his attention. Now the girlfriend was gone, swallowed by the crowd and probably halfway to the bathroom.

Lisa stood in one slow, sinuous motion. Her spine stretched, breasts pushed forward. The thin fabric of her crop top clung to her curves in a way that left little to the imagination. She took a deliberate sip, let the drink linger on her tongue, then passed the man at a slow prowl. She could feel his stare heat her back, descent to her ass, burn into the backs of her thighs as she circled back to rejoin her partner-in-crime. Before the game could continue, something changed.

Selene's patience had thinned to a razor's edge. From her place at the bar, she watched Vanessa and Lisa with a storm brewing behind her calm exterior, equal parts irritation and quiet sorrow. As the bar's owner, she had seen this spiral before, too many times, and knew exactly where it ended. Rising from her barstool, her heels clicked like the ticking of a clock, each step intentional as she made her way toward the reckless duo.

A new presence slipped into Vanessa and Lisa's orbit, not with the awkward desperation of a hopeful man, nor the jealousy of a scorned woman. Selene slid up beside them, soundless, yet commanding. Her arrival wasn't marked by footsteps or fanfare, it was felt, between the sudden hush between beats and the way the air seemed to tighten around her.

Vanessa blinked, caught off guard. "Can I help you?"

The sarcasm was reflexive, but it rang hollow in Selene's presence. The older woman's dark gaze pinned Vanessa and Lisa like insects beneath glass. Selene didn't leer, didn't glare, she studied, past their glossy exteriors, past the arrogance, straight into the decaying core beneath their games.

"You need to rein it in," Selene said, voice velvet and steel. "Your little sport is starting to bleed into other people's lives. I won't have that here." She gestured subtly to the room, where couples whispered and singles glared, their expressions tense with a mix of secondhand embarrassment, jealousy, and disgust. A few nodded, thankful someone had finally spoken up.

Lisa scoffed, lips curling. "Oh, please. What are we doing that every other drunk slut in here isn't?"

Selene took a step forward. Not a threat, just judgment incarnate.

"You're not drunk," she scolded. "You're predators, and I've watched you long enough to know you don't care who gets trampled while you play. So, I'm giving you one last chance. One *final* warning. Change your ways or the night will not end the way you think it will."

Vanessa stepped forward, smirking. "Oh no. Is this the part where you tell us we've been *very bad girls* and threaten to spank us?" Her laugh was sharp, mocking.

Lisa leaned in, her grin wicked. "Or maybe you're just jealous, grandma. At least we still get attention. Maybe if you hiked that dress up a little higher..."

Selene didn't flinch, didn't even blink. Such bait was beneath her. She simply turned and walked away, disappearing behind the curtain of dancers without a word, with a grace that was too fluid, too otherworldly to be entirely human.

Vanessa and Lisa stared after her, then laughed, harsh and high, flipping her off in twin dismissal. "Fucking weirdo," Vanessa muttered.

“I hope she’s watching,” Lisa said, draining the last of her drink. “She could take notes.”

Vanessa and Lisa clinked their glasses in a mock toast and swallowed the last of their drinks, unaware of what they just signed themselves up for. The air around them seemed to tighten, brittle and charged. Every step they took from the bar left behind not just irritation, but something heavier, like the bar itself was holding its breath. Too drunk on lust, power, and alcohol, chaos continued to trail in their wake.

Alone in the solitude of her office, Selene was deep within a trance, drawing deep from the well of her magic, letting it rise through her like a tide. She then spoke words that were not English, but a language older than sin, her voice echoing not in volume, but in depth, vibrating through the bones of the bar. Each word she uttered slithered through the air, curling invisibly through the establishment until they wrapped around Vanessa and Lisa like invisible vines. Her incantation carried a weight beyond mortal comprehension, twisting the very fabric of reality. The spell took root, hungry for change, ready to alter the two women and anyone unfortunate enough to get tangled up with them.

Vanessa and Lisa slowly fell deep into the influence of their escalating lust, swallowed whole by the spell’s intoxicating power. Magic rippled through their veins like molten fire, magnifying every ache, every yearning, until their desires were too fierce to ignore. Their inhibitions disintegrated like ash in a wildfire, leaving only need behind.

Lisa leaned into her target at the bar, Mr. Tight Shirt, who now awkwardly stared at the liquor bottles behind her, feigning ignorance as his girlfriend returned from the restroom. The girl’s narrowed eyes locked onto Lisa like a blade to the throat, suspicion burning bright. Lisa leaned in closer, letting her breath ghost against the man’s ear, her voice a sultry whisper just loud enough to detonate. “If you weren’t taken,” she murmured, lips nearly brushing his skin, “I’d let you taste heaven tonight.” Then Lisa turned, hips rolling like waves in a storm, never looking back.

The man froze, eyes wide, as his girlfriend spat, “Who the fuck was that?”

Lisa’s plump lips curled into a sultry, knowing grin as she snagged another man who’d been devouring her with his eyes all night, whose cocky grin faded into eager obedience the moment she touched him. He smelled like body spray and sweat, his pants already tenting with anticipation. She led him by the collar with ease, as they slipped through the steamy corridor toward the bathrooms.

Meanwhile, Vanessa felt the spell's pulse coax her deeper into hunger. Her gaze found the man that was previously posted up at the pool table with friends. They had long since left him to his own devices. Without a word, she sauntered up to him, pulling the cue out of his grip and bending over slightly, back arched in a silent invitation. Denim stretched tight over her thick thighs and ass, the curve of her lace panties peeking proactively from beneath.

The man took the bait, stepping in close, his body almost flush with hers. His fingers found her shoulders, firm and steady, and he leaned in to whisper, voice rough, like gravel laced with honey, "Looks like you've got a perfect grip." His breath grazed her neck, causing goosebumps to form on her skin, while a low, involuntary moan escaped from her lips.

"Mind showing me how to sink a few more balls?" she purred, letting his hand take hers, gripping the smooth cue. Every adjustment sent sparks dancing over her skin, his fingers sliding cleverly down her arms before sneaking bold touches, cupping her hips, palming her bottom with growing need. The cue became their conduit, a slender bridge of tension between lust and release, as they moved together in a slow, smoldering rhythm that promised so much more to come.

Judgement blinded by the sensation, Vanessa turned temptress. She pushed back against the man, grinding her rear into the throbbing bulge that was straining his pants. The friction made him groan, the sound vibrating against her ear like a secret vow. Every subtle press sent jolts through her core, her body quivering as her arousal surged higher, hips rolling with unspoken intent.

Inside, the bathroom was cramped and absolutely perfect. The air buzzed with the ghosts of quick flings, thick with disinfectant, sex, and something else, something musky and earthy. Lisa shoved the man into the stall, locked the door behind them, and pushed him onto the toilet seat with a smirk. With hunger in her eyes, she dropped to her knees, hands trembling not from hesitation but from the thrill of anticipation, as she worked his belt loose in a flurry, yanking the zipper down with a gasp of triumph. When his erection sprang free, her lips parted in a delightful squeal.

Her gaze flicked up, pupils dilated, lips curling into a grin of wicked delight. She slid the thin straps of her top down her arms, letting gravity bare her breasts in a slow, sultry reveal. Her nipples pebbled in the cool air, aching for contact as her full breasts spilled free, lush and inviting. She cupped her ample bosom, squeezing the soft flesh, raw excitement shooting through her as her nipples brushed together, her body humming with need.

The man gawked, mouth half-open. "Jesus..."

“Not quite,” Lisa purred, “but I have been told that these tits are divine...”

Lisa’s gaze locked onto his, a wicked smile playing on her lips as she nestled his throbbing length between her breasts, the velvety warmth enveloping him.

“Let’s see how long you last,” she cooed, and began to move.

The man’s sharp intake of breath fueled her as she moved, her breasts gliding in a slow, sensual rhythm, the friction sending waves of pleasure through her core. She teased further, letting the tip of his arousal graze her nipple before drawing him back into her cleavage, each motion a careful act of seduction. The confined space amplified their shared heat, the sound of their ragged breaths mingling with the distant pulse of the bar’s music, as Lisa surrendered to the spell’s blissful pull.

Lisa’s breasts slid around him with sinuous rhythm, soft and wet with sweat. His groans bounced off the tile walls, echoing back in waves. He gripped the handicap bar with white-knuckled hands, hips bucking.

“Fuck... you’re good at that.” he panted

Lisa giggled again, her tits jiggling with practiced bounce. “Tell me something I don’t know.”

They laughed, and then it happened. “Hehehe-HEEEEEEEHAAAAAWW!” The sound burst from her lips like a reflex, causing her to cease her stroking momentarily. Her hands clamped over her mouth, eyes wide in horror. A *bray*. A full-throated, donkey-like bray that rebounded off the walls like a sick joke.

The man blinked, confused, then chuckled. “Damn, you’re into it.”

Lisa didn’t answer. Her breath came faster now. Her cheeks flushed, from both heat and embarrassment. Regaining her composure, she returned to cradling the man’s throbbing length,

moving in a hypnotic rhythm, her pace quickening as she wanted to increase the pleasure that both felt.

As the man continued to squirm within Lisa's smothering chest, the changes in her began, an odd tingling, low and deep within her. A hot bloom of euphoria radiated outward from her core, coiling into her backside. With every pump, her bottom grew, plumping with decadent fullness. Soft moans bubbled up from her throat as her flesh expanded, straining the hem of her short skirt, as her bottom billowed into a size that would've made Vanessa jealous.

Lisa's panties vanished into the growing crease, seams splitting, waistband warping under pressure. Her backside began to clap softly against her thighs, a sound she normally would've relished, if not for the strange, growing wrongness of it all. Despite feeling the intimate changes to her posterior, Lisa didn't stop. She pressed her breasts tighter, pumping faster, moaning louder. Her transformation only fueled her lust, as every movement was now charged with even more delicious confidence.

Back at the pool table, Vanessa leaned fully into the man behind her, hand drifting south with mischievous intent. Her fingers found his bulge through the denim, massaging him slowly, savoring the tension that tightened his breath, then tugged him down into a fervent kiss. Their lips crashed, tongues twining in a slick, hungry dance, lips parting and closing with desperate urgency.

A sultry moan vibrated against his mouth as Vanessa's hand stroked along the length of his shaft, teasing him through the rough fabric. The heat between them pulsed, thick and magnetic. She nipped his bottom lip, then whispered against his cheek, voice dripping lust and command, "Bend me over this table and fuck me."

The man stiffened, not from arousal this time, but hesitation. He glanced nervously around the club, his eyes flicking to Selene, who stood across the room, watching. Her gaze was icy, commanding, a queen among chaos. Most of the bar had already succumbed, bodies tangled, moaning, gasping in corners and shadows, oblivious to anything but pleasure.

"I... I don't know," he muttered, licking his lips. "Selene's staring at us. She looks pissed."

Vanessa scoffed, rolling her eyes, then gave his chest a playful but firm slap. "So? Let her! Stop being such a pussy," she growled, her tone more heat than humor. Her fingers clutched his erection through his jeans, kneading it with slow, seductive strokes as she pulled him closer.

“You want this, don’t you?” she murmured, her lips grazing his earlobe. “You’ll never forget me. I’ll ruin you, in all the best ways.”

The promise in Vanessa’s voice, dripping with wicked certainty, shattered the last of his resolve. A dark look crossed his face as he freed his cock from the confines of his pants, the thick shaft bobbing in the air, flushed and veined, heavy with need. Vanessa pulled her jean shorts down and tugged her panties to the side, eagerly awaiting him. He trailed the slick head between Vanessa’s slick folds, teasing her with featherlight touches that made her thighs tremble and her breath hitch.

“God, just fuck me already,” Vanessa moaned, desperation lacing her voice. Her hands braced against the pool table, ass arched high in invitation, dripping and ready.

That was all the man needed. With a primal grunt, he took hold of her hips, fingers digging deep into the plush curve of her thighs and drove himself into her in one unrelenting thrust. Vanessa cried out, her body arching like a drawn bow, the force of his entry sending a wave of ecstasy crashing through her spine.

He set a brutal rhythm, deep, punishing strokes that rocked the table beneath her. The creak of wood, the slap of flesh against flesh, and Vanessa’s gasps created a raw symphony that echoed across the bar’s haze. Sweat slicked their bodies, glistening under the dim, colored lights. Her moans grew louder with each thrust, carnal and ecstatic, her nails digging into the felt-covered table as her body sang with pleasure.

In the humid, cramped stall, Lisa bathed in the glow of her power, dominant, sensual, breathtaking. She felt the man’s rod throb within her cleavage, its twitch betraying his release. A wicked glint danced in her eyes as her smirk widened, basking in the control she wielded over his trembling body.

With a fluid, practiced rhythm, Lisa pumped her breasts tighter around him, the slick warmth of his shaft sliding between the soft mounds in an irresistible cadence. His back arched, every muscle taut, and with a ragged, guttural moan, he erupted. Hot, viscous cum sprayed in wild arcs, splattering her chest, her collarbone, and even narrowly missing her golden hair. Thick ropes coated her breasts like frosting on warm skin, the pungent aroma of release instantly mingling with the stall’s heady atmosphere. Lisa’s body shuddered, a rush of exhilaration and surprise coursing through her, her skin tingling where his warmth lingered.

“You good?” the man grinned, already reaching for toilet paper to dab her cum-coated chest. “Just a little mess. Happens to the best of us.”

The man's casual tone disarmed her for a moment, until Lisa's attention was drawn downward once again. His cock, instead of softening, had grown, thicker, longer, veined with pulsing arousal. What surprised her more was the fact that he looked like he was already ready for another round. Her eyes widened, the sight of it igniting a hunger that consumed her hesitation. Her lips parted, slicking with anticipation as she leaned forward with renewed hunger.

Without warning, she took him into her mouth, warm, wet, eager. Her tongue coiled around his shaft as she slid down him in one fluid motion. The man moaned aloud, fingers curling in her blonde hair, gently guiding her movements. Her cheeks hollowed with each pull, suction deep and insistent. Once again, something strange stirred beneath the surface of her pleasure.

With every bob of her head, every suck that coaxed new moans from his throat, Lisa felt a shift, not just within her, but *of her*. Her jaw ached, her cheekbones subtly drawing forward, her face lengthening with each motion. Her lips stayed plump, but her nose began to flatten, nostrils flaring wider with every deep swallow. Still, she didn't stop. She couldn't. Not even as she felt the pressure hit her spine.

Curling into a strange heat that radiated down to Lisa hips, the weight pressing against her back increased until a tail burst from the base of her spine. Between the generous curve of her backside and her new appendage, her panties could no longer endure the strain, torn to pieces as the fur-covered limb swung freely in the air, swaying with each motion of her body.

The man's hands faltered, eyes locking on the sight of her tail, now unmistakably equine in form. His member throbbed even harder, twitching with startled delight.

Lisa moaned around his shaft, her throat vibrating against his length as the transformation continued. Her thoughts began to fuzz, clouded by the molten waves of pleasure flooding her senses. Her human moans dissolved into deep, animalistic sounds of desire, skipping between the stall walls like a fevered melody.

Lisa's eyes glowed with a wild glint, and her mind danced at the edge of reason. The spell wove deeper, reshaping her with every suck, every pulse, every tremble of flesh against flesh. Below, her sex began to drift. The lips puffed, parted, moved. Her pussy shifted farther back between

her legs, tingling with raw, hypersensitive pleasure. It dragged against what was left of her ruined panties, still clinging to her backside, sparking shivers that crawled up her spine.

Vanessa was also blissfully unaware of the subtle shift of her body, as she was utterly engulfed in her wanton need, lost to everything but the carnal fire consuming her. The pool table beneath her shuddered with every relentless thrust, groaning under their combined weight. Her cries of raw pleasure filled the air, low, ragged, bestial. With each pounding stroke, her partner's grip on her wide hips grew tighter, anchoring her as he drove deeper. She didn't notice the subtle twitching near her scalp, where soft tufts of brown fur emerged, her ears lengthening and rising from the tangled mess of her hair, now equine in form.

The man's arousal matched hers, primal and desperate. With a growl, he yanked her shirt to her neck and pulled her bra down, baring her breasts. He cupped one roughly, fingers rolling over her sensitive nub, tugging and teasing with practiced, hungry intent.

The shock of open air on Vanessa's nipples, followed by his heated touch, sent electricity surging through every nerve in her body. Her moans spiked, now bordering on incoherent. Her skin was flushed, hypersensitive, and humming with overstimulation. Every squeeze, every thrust became a catalyst, sending new waves of ecstasy pulsing through her trembling form. Then it began, deeper, more visceral.

Vanessa's already substantial ass started to swell, soft flesh expanding beneath his firm grip. With every thrust, her cheeks ballooned, growing obscenely round and impossibly plush, meatier, heavy with impact. He grunted at the sensation, buried deeper in her than what seemed possible. Her panties, once merely tugged aside, stretched into a tight, humiliating strip, before snapping with a sharp twang, surrendering to the sheer size of her backside.

Still, Vanessa hardly noticed, her eyes rolled back, tongue slipping from her parted lips, lost in the overwhelming barrage of pleasure. The rhythmic slap of his hips against her now-massive bottom was matched by the rhythmic clop of her changing feet. Her toes curled, twisted, and fused together, the bones realigning into hard, glossy hooves. Her heels shattered off, sliding uselessly across the bar floor, but she barely registered it. Her orgasm was coming, fast, hard.

With a final, deep, shuddering thrust, the man groaned, a low, beastly sound, and spilled into Vanessa. Cum flooded her pulsing depths, scalding and thick, filling her in hot waves. The sensation shattered what little remained of her restraint. Vanessa's body seized, pleasure crashing through her in an explosive, mind-melting orgasm. Her back arched high, her fingers clawing at the table's edge, her cries devolving into strangled brays.

The man pulled out slowly, his shaft glistening with their mingled fluids, and slapped her ass with one last, indulgent smack. The impact rippled across her oversized cheeks, drawing a whimper from her still-quivering lips. Her legs shook, muscles twitching with each aftershock as sweat dripped from her brow. She lay breathless, utterly wrecked, until he turned.

Bathed in the dim light, the man's silhouette revealed more than Vanessa had bargained for. The man's backside flexed, and her eyes widened in disbelief. A thick, furry donkey tail had pushed its way through the shredded back of his pants, swaying lazily with every step as he strolled away, utterly unfazed. Panic pierced the haze of her post-orgasm glow.

Vanessa tried to sit up, to steady herself, but her limbs felt foreign. Her hooves scraped against the floor, unbalanced and heavy. Her heart pounded wildly. She looked down, *really looked*, and what she saw wasn't human. Her feet were gone, replaced by hooves. Her breath caught, and she opened her mouth to scream, "EEYAH-!"

In the bathroom's stifling heat, the man's grunts peaked, "I'm... I'm gonna cum again!" the man gasped, his voice strained with ecstasy and awe. His release flooding Lisa's mouth, the warm, salty torrent coating her tongue as she swallowed eagerly, her senses drowning in the act. With a slick pop, she freed her lips from his still-throbbing length, her gaze lifting only to freeze in horror.

The man's ears were changing. Velvety and long, they pushed up from his skull, twitching slightly as they fully unfurled. Her heart seized, the erotic haze pierced by sudden fear. His breath was still ragged, but his face had taken on a coarser edge, something less *man*, more *beast*. The realization hit her like ice water, his humanity was slipping.

Lisa's legs shook as she scrambled to her feet, her heels clattering against the tiles as the stall door banged open and she stumbled out, knees wobbling, her legs unsteady beneath her. Something felt very wrong, off. Every step felt like walking in someone else's body. She lurched toward the sink, gripping the edge with white-knuckled fingers, chest heaving in panic.

Lisa's eyes lifted, and the mirror struck her like a slap. Her face... her cheeks were strange. Not animal, not human. Something between. Her jaw had stretched subtly forward. Her lips were fuller, puffier, too swollen to be normal. Her nose had broadened and tilted upward, almost equine in shape. No trick of lighting could hide it. She looked like a twisted fable, halfway to a nightmare.

Then Lisa finally saw the terrifying truth with her own two eyes. Behind her, swaying with mindless rhythm, was her fully formed tail, a short, coarse tuft flicking between the round, overgrown curves of her ass. “Oh my God...” Lisa whispered, mortified.

Lisa reached back with shivering fingers. The tail twitched. She yelped and jerked forward. What was left of her panties was lost somewhere between her swollen cheeks, her skirt riding high and useless against the exaggerated swell of her hips. Each step out of the bathroom made her thighs rub together, slick, hot, and unbearably sensitive.

Across the bar, Vanessa gripped the pool table like it might anchor her to sanity. Sweat dripped down her back, her skin flush with heat. She could still feel the man’s seed leaking down her thighs, but it wasn’t the mess between her legs that scared her now. “Oh fuck,” she gasped. “What’s happening to me?”

She tried to step forward, but her new weight threw her off. Her thighs felt thicker. Her sex throbbed, no longer where it had been. She reached back and found it, higher up, puffier, slicker. Her anus now nestled unnaturally close to her new opening.

Lisa stumbled out of the hallway and into the haze of the main bar. The crowd was slower now, less dancing, more groping, more grinding, more huffing. She spotted Vanessa, sweaty, slack-jawed, her clothing askew, her expression filled with confused terror.

“Vanessa!” Lisa called out, then brayed halfway through. “Vanessaaa—HEEEHAAAAW!”

Vanessa turned, her wide, wild eyes locking onto Lisa’s transformed face. “Lisa...? Why is this happening to us!?”

Lisa stopped short. She panted, arms trembling. “I-I don’t know! Something’s wrong. Something’s changing. Look at me!” She turned, lifted her skirt. “I have a tail, Vanessa! My pussy, it’s gone, or moved, or...”

Vanessa stared, then gagged. “Yours too?! Shit! Look at me!” She motioned to her hooves, as they clacked nervously on the floor. Her twitching ears flicked once, twice.

They stood there, breathing hard, bodies trembling. Their minds rebelled, but their bodies buzzed, nipples stiff, thighs slick. Their hips twitched as their tails swayed. It wasn't just fear, they were still aroused, and it disgusted them.

"It's not done," Lisa whispered, hand trembling over her mouth. "I don't think it's done..."

Vanessa nodded slowly. "It's waiting..."

Lisa turned her head. Her gaze locked on the bar.

Selene stood behind it now, dark, composed, radiant. Her braid draped down her back like a blade. Her face was unreadable, timeless.

"She warned us," Lisa whispered. "She warned us."

Vanessa and Lisa gasped as a new wave of energy rolled through them. Their tongues swelled, thickening inside their mouths. The smooth muscle took on a coarse, textured feel, less human, more equine. Panic bloomed as they both ran their tongues along their teeth and felt them shifting, broadening, stiffening into flat, grinding molars. Vanessa's tail sprouted, pressing hard against her jeans until the tail ripped its way through.

Lisa clutched Vanessa's trembling hand. "No... no, no, no..."

As Vanessa and Lisa descent into their new, animalistic form raged on, the music shifted. The beat slowed, thickened. The heat intensified. Patrons drew closer, mouths open, bodies touching in ways more primal than polite. Then the bar hushed, like every breath had been stolen.

Selene stepped forward. Her fingers brushed a brass bell beside a dusty bottle of absinthe. She lifted it with care. It gleamed under the overhead lights. Her eyes scanned the room, as calm as a storm before the first strike. She rang it.

DING.

The sound was soft, almost pleasant, but it carried like thunder. Every spine straightened, every body paused. Selene stepped from behind the bar, heels clicking like ritual drums. "Pleasure Island Bar is closing for the night," she said. Her voice was silk over stone. "But before we call it..." She raised one finger. "Let's settle the bill."

The silence cracked, laughter rose with sarcastic applause, along with a few drunken whoops. "You serious, Morticia?" someone called. "What's the charge? More ass-shaking?"

Selene smiled, then rang the bell again.

DING.

The shockwave rolled out like divine judgment. The floor pulsed, walls groaned, air turned molten. Then came the moans. The bass pounded like a sex rhythm, slow, deep, demanding. People grabbed each other, kissed, stripped. Hands vanished beneath clothes, as flesh pressed against flesh. Then, they all began to change.

The couple still going at it on a pool table, the ones who hadn't noticed the earlier chaos, were the first to fall. The curvy blonde woman arched her back as her lover thrust between her thighs. Her moans became ragged, more desperate, before cracking into brays. Her eyes went wide as her nose began to bulge outward, her lips spreading into a square, trembling muzzle. Coarse hairs sprouted down her cheeks and neck. Her fingernails thickened, then fused, forming solid hooves that scraped the table's edge.

The woman's partner, muscular, with ink running down her spine, clutched the woman harder as her own body shuddered. The lover cried out as her ears lengthened, rising through her dark hair. Her legs buckled as her knees inverted, forcing her down to all fours. Her hips shifted, pelvis rotating with a sickening pop. They clung to each other, faces halfway between women and beasts, humping the cracked pool table as it splintered beneath them.

Their bodies writhed as if possessed. One transformation fed the other, lust now braided into their DNA. The table cracked beneath them, legs giving out. Both women collapsed to the floor

as their faces lengthened into donkey muzzles and their human moans became confused whinnies. Hooves scrambled against the bar floor. Still, they tried to fuck, tried to kiss.

In a back booth, a fiery-haired woman screamed, not in pleasure, but panic, as her boyfriend collapsed to the floor. His back arched violently as a tail burst through his jeans, followed by a flood of fur crawling up his spine. His fingers trembled, then fused. His jaw cracked, mouth lengthening. He was braying now, as his new member throbbed between twitching haunches.

“Help me!” the redhead cried, just as her voice cracked mid-word and twisted into a gurgling snort. She gripped her throat, then her fingers fused together, nails darkening into shiny hooves. Her legs trembled. Her thighs split outward as her pelvis reshaped itself. Her panties shredded beneath the pressure of her rapidly growing donkey sex, moist and engorged.

Her boyfriend, now panting on all fours, let out another high-pitched bray, his face halfway between man and beast. His humanity clung desperately to the edges of his stare. She crawled toward him, sobbing, only to let out a loud whiney mid-sob. Their noses touched. They mounted each other in a clumsy, instinct-driven frenzy.

Selene watched, still and silent, as her bar finally served its true purpose.

On the dance floor, three friends had been laughing minutes before, two women and a man, tangled in music and flirtation. Now, their laughter had curdled into groans. Their bodies trembled to a new rhythm, one that did not play over the speakers but was conjured from deep within. The man staggered, hands on his groin as his pants bulged unnaturally, his expression twisting in awe and dread.

The man tried to find comfort by pulling down his pants. He looked down and cried out. His erection grew beyond normal human scale, thickening, darkening, twisting, reshaping into a veiny, broad, flared donkey shaft that jutted from his crotch with obscene weight. He fell to his knees, groaning, legs shaking as animal lust overtook him.

One of the women screamed and tried to flee, but her spine arched mid-turn, forcing her down to all fours. Her arms buckled beneath her, hands already changing, fingers hardening, thickening into blunt hooves. Her breasts bounced free from her top as she hit the floor, mouth parted in a breathless moan.

The third girl, already half-changed, toppled onto her back, giggling between gasps. From the waist down, she was no longer human. Her ass was overgrown, her thighs thick, her glistening slit shifted high between wobbling haunches. It winked obscenely as it twitched in heat. She tried to stand up straight but fumbled, stuck on her hands and hooves. The man didn't hesitate. His bestial length found her seconds later.

Their bodies collided in raw, rutting chaos. Brays, moans, and squeals rose from their filthy tangle, echoing across the club like a ritual gone wrong. Around them, other patrons were transforming, crying out in panic or bucking in pleasure, overtaken by a spell they never saw coming.

The weight of everyone's collective transformation finally struck Vanessa and Lisa with brutal clarity. Their knees buckled in unison, legs shaky, unable to bear the shock of what they had become. The two women stumbled into each other, arms tangled, breath ragged, hooves clattering awkwardly against the floor. In their panicked embrace, desperation eclipsed reason. Their faces twisted with disbelief, fear etched deep into every line, every twitch of their newly inhuman features.

Something else stirred, something darker, deeper, different. The primal desire that crackled within Vanessa and Lisa refused to be ignored but felt oddly different. They clung tighter, fingers roaming over skin that had begun to change, over curves that now bore the uncanny softness and strength of equine fertility.

Vanessa's hand slid along Lisa's flank, feeling the slight fuzz rising along her hips, the flick of a tail swaying from her lower back. Lisa's hands found Vanessa's furred ears, now tall and expressive, twitching beneath her touch. Both women gasped, arousal igniting like dry tinder.

Was this attraction always buried between them, or was it Selene's doing, rewriting their desires as she rewrote their bodies? The thought lingered at the back of Vanessa and Lisa's mind, but it didn't matter now.

Vanessa and Lisa's mouths met in a desperate kiss, lips crushed together, moans spilling out between frantic breaths. Tongues twined and tangled, slick and feverish, tasting sweat, magic, and fear. Their heads tilted instinctively, their kiss deepening, consuming, devouring.

Hot breath spilled between parted mouths as Vanessa and Lisa broke momentarily, foreheads pressed together, eyes wild, before drawing closer still. Their bare breasts mashed together,

erect nipples grazing with maddening friction. Vanessa whimpered as sparks fired through her chest, and Lisa's hands dropped to her thighs, trailing down soft fur and firming muscle. They shifted, rocked, grinded against each other, overcome by the need to feel *everything*.

Vanessa's tail swished in time with each roll of her hips, brushing against Lisa's legs. Lisa's ears had fully grown now, twitching as they picked up the cacophony of lustful sounds echoing through the bar, moans, brays, gasps, slaps, wet slurps, cries of ecstasy.

Selene moved through the storm like royalty through wreckage. She was untouched, unafraid. Her expression calm, commanding, even pleased. All around her, men and women screamed, fucked, sobbed, transformed, becoming beasts of burden one thrust at a time. Some fought it, while others surrendered willingly.

At the far edge of the bar, Vanessa and Lisa stood frozen, panting, swaying on unsteady hooves as they recovered from their throes of passion. Their ears twitched involuntarily. Patches of fur prickled to life across their skin, soft tufts blooming across their thighs, their shoulders, their lower backs.

Selene approached slowly, her hands resting on her broad hips. "Well," she said softly, voice like silk drawn across steel, "you're not quite done yet, are you?"

Lisa staggered forward a step, eyes wide with fear. "Please," she whispered, her voice cracking. "Please make it stop."

Selene tilted her head, smiling with something almost motherly, but no less cruel. "Now you beg?" she asked. "Now, when your tongue's already brayed and your tail's already wagging?"

Vanessa's jaw clenched. "You tricked us-"

"I gave you a chance..." Selene cut in, voice cold. "I offered mercy. You answered with mockery. And worst of all..." She stepped closer, tapping Lisa's twitching snout with one polished nail. "You enjoyed it. You hunted the taken. You loved the ruin, and now you face the consequences of your actions."

Lisa broke into sobs, collapsing to her knees. Vanessa stared at her warped reflection in a nearby chrome rail, trembling.

Selene's laughter rose above it all. It was a cackle, sharp, decadent, victorious. She stood tall beside the two donkey-women, arms open like a conductor basking in her symphony of sin. Her voice cut through the fog like a whip.

"Listen closely!" she bellowed, eyes burning with glee. *"This* is the price you pay for giving in to your baser instincts! For trampling over others with your egos and your hunger. You wanted to act like asses, so now you *are!*"

The laughter that followed was rich and cruel, echoing through the walls of the Pleasure Island Bar like a curse carved in iron. All around Selene, transformed patrons writhed in bliss and panic, bodies twisted into new forms mid-climax. The air was heavy with musk and pleasure, thick with enchantment. The donkeys, no longer humans, were tangled together, rutting like beasts, faces distorting, ears sprouting, tails swaying, hooves kicking.

Lisa dropped to all fours with a strangled gasp. Her hooves clacked sharply against the cold floor, the alien sound hollow and horrifying. Her spine jerked with sudden motion, tail thickening, swaying with a will of its own. Fur erupted along her legs, her arms, her back in rolling waves.

Vanessa reached out to her, but her own balance failed. Her donkey hips swayed too wide, too heavy. Her knees buckled, and she collapsed beside Lisa, both of them panting, sweat-slick, halfway transformed.

Lisa's back snapped into a perfect arch, her body convulsing. Her tail grew longer, bristling with wiry hair. Her skin darkened beneath the thick coat of fur spreading over her. Her hands, clutching Vanessa's desperately, twisted, fingers curling, hardening, merging into hooves with a sickening crunch. Her nails cracked and fell off, palms turning into pads of black flesh.

Vanessa gasped as Lisa's transformation accelerated, but she had no time to speak. Her breasts vanished under the coarse pelt of grey-brown fur. Her once-beautiful face began to stretch forward, jaw clicking audibly, nostrils flaring, lips thickening into a shuddering muzzle.

Vanessa's dark brown eyes locked with Lisa's deep blue one last time, and in that moment, something broke. The spell didn't just change them, it *took* them. The final wave of the transformation rushed in, unstoppable, absolute.

Vanessa and Lisa's ears stretched to full length, standing tall above their heads. Their backs hunched, necks lengthened. Their beautiful human bodies were gone, replaced by powerful equine frames, muscular, squat, and swaying with instinctual need.

One final bray ripped from both their throats, echoing through the bar. What remained of Vanessa and Lisa's human consciousness unraveled like smoke in a storm. Names, memories, guilt... gone. Their minds softened, replaced by something simpler, something pliable, obedient. Their eyes, once wild and vibrant, now glazed over with docile vacancy. Their faces fully equine now, muzzled and dark-eyed, glistened with the last sheen of sweat and satisfaction.

Selene turned her attention back to Vanessa and Lisa, her presence casting a long shadow over the two exhausted creatures still pressed together on the floor. She crouched, extending a gentle hand to stroke the warm manes of her newest acquisitions, as if they were prized mares. Vanessa nuzzled into her touch, while Lisa brayed softly, her tail flicking in lazy contentment.

"Most of the people who come here will wake up human by morning, naked, sore, and haunted by what they'll tell themselves was just a dream. A fever. A trip." Selene paused, gaze sweeping the room. "But if their hearts are pure... they'll remember what matters and change for the better."

A hush followed her words, the kind of silence that lingers after revelation. "You two?" she said softly. "You don't get that luxury." Her tone darkened, not angry, but grave, unforgiving. "You delighted in harm. You played with people's lives. You seduced, then shattered. You tasted cruelty and called it sweetness." She crouched again, placing her lips near Vanessa's long, twitching ear. "That's not a mistake, that's a choice, and one that I don't forgive."

Vanessa shifted slightly. Her eyes brimmed with something like panic, but her tail flicked again. Her hips rocked unconsciously, still tingling with phantom desire.

Selene smiled. "But don't worry, my sweet donkeys. You'll still be wanted. Still be used. Over and over." Her voice laced with a mock-sweetness. "I have just the place for eager little mares like you. A farm, secluded and serene. No distractions, no noise, just somewhere you'll be

adored, fucked, filled, and bred to your heart's content. So, not much of a change when you really think about it"

With that, Selene turned away, the two donkeys standing docile behind her. All around her, the bar groaned with the sounds of donkey hooves and bleating pleasure. Chairs were overturned, tables split, walls smeared with sweat and scent. She began righting furniture, wiping down the bar with care and precision.

She sighed, shaking her head with amusement, as she hummed a low tune, one older than scripture, one that smelled of salt, sweat, and memory. Her voice drifted softly through the empty air. "Humans," she muttered, chuckling to herself. "Will they ever learn?"

Deep down, Selene already knew the answer. She was very much looking forward to the next weekend. She turned off the last of the lights, and then she was gone. The bar fell into silence, its stage cleared, its shadows deepened, waiting for the next group of misguided souls.