

Parasoul's Donkey Disgrace

The once peaceful night on the streets of New Meridian was thrown into chaos as an explosion echoed through the downtown area. The cause had been a bomb going off in an abandoned Anti-Skullgirls Lab in an effort to try and deter a raid by Black Egret soldiers. The resulting cloud of smoke allowed the culprit to get away with a stash of experimental serums in tow while the soldiers tended to the wounded. However, the leader of both the troops and the Canopy Kingdom wasn't about to give up so easily.

Ordering the rest of her squad to stay behind to take care of the injured, Parasoul sprinted her way down the back alleys. The constant tapping of her black shoes through the puddles lining the street had the adverse effect of sprinkling the water across her black miniskirt and matching sweater. Clutching her gun in one hand and her living parasol, Krieg in the other, she gritted her teeth as she kept her amber eyes open for any sign of the culprit.

Arriving at an intersection, Parasoul stopped to catch her bearings. Forcing herself to pause to avoid needlessly wasting energy, she brushed her waist length, crimson hair out of her face. Though her overworked body appreciated the reprieve, she worried that she might have lost her only clue as to what was going on in the lab. Clutching the symbol of the Trinity hung around her neck, she made a vow to herself that she wouldn't let this chance go to waste. Not when there was a Skullgirl on the loose and the people needed their princess now more than ever.

A flash of pink down one of the alleys got Parasoul to break into another sprint. Her eyes were focused on the ponytail of blue hair and white scrubs belonging to the culprit. The chase came to an end as she cornered the suspect at a dead end. Though the woman's attire made her appear as a nurse with a very lax dress code, the face mask, eyepatch, and cross shaped iris made it clear that this was none other than the infamous Valentine.

“Surrender and hand over the serums!” Parasoul shouted out, aiming her gun at the ninja nurse.

“Well, aren’t you a real go getter?” Valentine replied, as if talking to a small child. “I’m sure the people of the kingdom are so proud that their princess is willing to dirty her hands for their protection.”

“I said, give them to me,” Parasoul replied. “You will be taken into custody and put on trial for-“

Parasoul dodged out of the way just as Valentine tossed a cross-shaped shuriken towards her. Though she had managed to successfully avoid the initial attack, she left herself wide open for the nurse to toss something at her. Letting out a hiss of pain, she looked over her shoulder to watch as the last few drops of a brownish liquid were pushed out of a syringe and into her backside.

“What did you do to me?” Parasoul asked, yanking the empty vial out and tossing it to the ground.

“I could tell you,” Valentine replied, as her eyes surveyed Parasoul’s body, “but where would be the fun in that?”

“I order you to tell me what was in that-HEEEE HAAAAAW!”

As the strange sound echoed throughout the alley, Parasoul brought her hands up to her face. Pressing her fingers against her lips to try and find out the reason she had made such an odd noise, she recoiled at the feeling of a pair of buckteeth sticking out of her mouth. Though she was understandably freaked out by the sudden addition to her body, it was hard to concentrate on it with Valentine’s giggling in the background.

“So that’s the effects of Donkey Disgrace,” the nurse commented. “While amusing, I had assumed there would be something more to it.”

“Don’t treat me like your plaything,” Parsoul replied, carefully speaking her words to avoid recreating the animal noise again. “I’m taking you down and then you’re going to tell me how to reverse whatever you put into my-“

Parasoul stopped moving as an intense pain shot through her lower intestines that forced her to drop her weapons. Grasping her mid-section in an attempt to ease her suffering let her feel the various gas bubbles that were rolling around inside. Despite her efforts, the building pressure began to push itself lower and lower through her body. In her attempt to hold it in, she heard the sound of fabric beginning to tear. Looking over her shoulder to find the source of the noise, she watched as a rip formed down the center of her skirt to reveal the added heft that had been placed on to her backside.

So focused on her recently acquired bubble butt, the sheer shock was enough to release the gas from Parasoul’s body. While the squeaky fart was fairly small, it brought with it an awful odor that drifted into her nostrils. Trying in vain to cough out the vile fumes, she turned her teary eyes once more to glare at Valentine’s smug face.

“Very promising,” Valentine remarked. “I’m interested to see how much further you change.”

“What did you do to me?” Parasoul asked, wincing as another puff of gas managed to leave her rear.

“I gave you a little something special from my new toy box,” Valentine remarked. Reaching between her cleavage, she pulled out a canister filled with a clear liquid. “What I have here is the antidote.”

“By order of the princess of the Canopy Kingdom, I command you to HEEEEEE
HAAAAAW, I mean, hand over that immediately.”

“And spoil the fun?” Valentine asked, shoving the bottle back between her breasts.
“We’ve only just started. Although I may be willing to hand it back AFTER you’ve finished your transformation. Either that, or once I’ve been suitably entertained.

Chewing on her bottom lip with her exaggerated teeth, Parasoul tried to suppress her rage to remain calm. Finding Krieg and her pistol on the ground nearby, she kept an eye trained on Valentine as she reached out to retrieve them. Moments before she could grasp her gun, a single twitch of her finger was enough to send it sliding across the pavement. Trying to ignore the combination of Valentine’s giggling and the gurgling from her gut, she tried to focus her attention on Krieg. Just as she managed to get her fingers around the handle, it slipped away with a strange, clacking noise. The sound continued to be made as she tried again and again to clasp Krieg, much to the nurse’s delight. Letting out a snort that fit well with her other barn yard noises, she brought her hand up to her face to figure out what was going on.

Parasoul paused as her eyes beheld the hard, black material along the tips of her fingers. The longer she stared, the more she noticed the material spread further down her hand to reach her wrists. Fully encased by the hard coating, her fingers merged together to form into a pair of hooves.

“I was certain that it would start with your feet considering how bottom heavy your body is becoming,” Valentine commented, just as another seam came apart on Parasoul’s skirt. “Then again, I guess you can’t really tell how an experimental serum is going to react. Especially when it hasn’t been used on any human test subjects.”

“Enough of this,” Parasoul demanded. “HEEEEEEE HAAAAAAAW, I mean, hand over the serum now.” Any attempts to maintain an intimidating demeanor were foiled by an abrupt BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPP erupting from between her butt cheeks.

“Ooh, how scary,” Valentine said, barely stifling a laugh. “Tell you what, if you can catch me, then I’ll consider giving you the cure.”

Effortlessly jumping over the mutating princess’s body, Valentine sped off down one of the alleys. As much as Parasoul would have preferred not to go on unarmed, her hoof hands forced her to abandon her weapons. Trying to bear the burden of feeling her ass cheeks wobble with each step, she gave chase after the nurse. Slowed down by her added weight and the humiliation of the gas leaking out of her backside, she could still see that Valentine was in reach. The laughter that echoed back down the alley made it clear that the nurse was purposefully slowing her pace, finding twisted pleasure in watching the princess struggle.

Pushing herself to sprint harder than ever before, Parasoul eventually started to make progress in catching up to Valentine. So thoroughly focused on catching her prey, it took her a while to notice that something else was off. Between her ass cheeks slapping against one another and the rips marking the destruction of her skirt, she could hear something similar to someone repeatedly bashing coconuts against the ground. Though she tried to ignore this in favor of keeping her attention on her rapidly escaping culprit, she had to stop as her shoes burst apart to scatter across the alley. Daring to look down for just a moment, she let out a distressed bray as she beheld her pair of hooved feet clopping against the pavement.

Hearing Valentine’s laughter echo further ahead, Parasoul used her pent up anger to push her through the disorientation of her recent transformation. Trying to copy the stride of a race horse, she increased her speed to inch ever closer to Valentine. Keeping an arm outstretched, she

just barely missed ramming her hoof hand into her nurse's back. Despite how close victory was within her grasp, she was forced to stop as her body was afflicted with an intense warmth.

Heavy breathing left Parasoul's mouth as she tried to continue pushing herself forward. Overcome by the heat encompassing every inch of her body, she stopped running to relieve herself. Pressing her hoof hands against her sweater, she could feel something itchy lurking just below the surface. Unable to take the discomfort for much longer, she frantically pulled at her top to get it off her body. When her hooves eventually managed to remove the garment and toss it to the ground, she was left with only a bra to cover her upper half. The no nonsense white undergarment might have obscured her chest, but it could do little to prevent her from panicking at the sight of the thin, brown fur that was spreading out from her mid-section to cover every inch of her body.

"Why princess, how uncivilized," Valentine teased from nearby. "Taking your clothes off in public? Do they forget to teach royalty basic manners these days?"

"Go to HEEEEEE HAAAAAAAW Valentine," Parasoul said, not even bothering to try and correct herself.

"And such colorful language too. Careful, wouldn't want to make an ASS out of yourself."

Valentine's comment came just as Parasoul felt another hole rip apart towards the top of her skirt. Looking over her shoulder let her see that the fur had reached her lower half, showing through the tears in the garment to reveal that they fully covered her hefty backside. More concerning for the moment was a sizable bulge looming above her butt crack. As much as she wanted to ignore it in favor of pursuing Valentine, the discomfort of having it bound by the fabric

was like torture to her. Unable to take it any longer, she let her hoof hands finish the job her swelling hindquarters had started.

Pulling apart the few remaining seams of her skirt allowed her rear to fully show off its girth. The wobbling of her thick rear helped to snap apart her panties to send them flying down the alleyway. The lingering ripples were spread through her backside all the way down to the tuft of red hair at the end of her newly formed tail. Her new appendage showed off its flexibility as a sputtering fart from her rear wildly flailed it about, much to Parasoul's disgust and Valentine's enjoyment.

"As much as I would love to see you struggle, you might want to consider moving along before you get stuck here," Valentine said, waving at Parasoul before running off again.

"Come back HEEEEEE HAAAAAAAW here and give me that--"

Parasoul was stopped by a grunt leaving her lips as she felt the same, unsettling sensation in her gut again. Any chance of fighting against the intense pressure was proven futile as the gas forced itself out in the form of a putrid fart. Subjected to the noxious fumes, she let out a distressed bray at the realization that the smell had somehow gotten worse.

While the stronger odor could be attributed to her degrading digestive tract, Parasoul had reason to believe it was something else as she watched her face begin to stretch out. More brays began to leave her lips as she developed a muzzle covered in the same fur as the rest of her body. With her enlarged nostrils deeply inhaling her lingering gas, she felt herself becoming light headed. Unable to take it anymore, she made a mad dash towards the nearest exit.

Just as Parasoul was about to lunge out of the alleyway, she came to a sudden stop. Try as she might to push her way out of the narrow passageway, her derriere seemed more than content to stay where it was between the two buildings. Only now realizing that her ass had grown wide

enough to take up the space of two people, she continued to push forward to free herself from the entryway. While her efforts added to her torment with more BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPs escaping her rear to shake her tail, she eventually managed to stumble her way out of the alley and onto the street.

Thanks to Parasoul's earlier efforts to keep civilians safe during the raid, the stretch of road had been cut off from traffic. That still left quite a few pedestrians wandering on the sidewalks to go about their business. Whether it was to visit the River King Casino to gamble their life savings away or making a stop at The Madman's Café to grab one of their trademark milkshakes, they all stopped what they were doing to glance over at their princess. Just as she was about to bark out orders for the people to evacuate the area, she was stopped by a familiar laugh coming from behind her.

"About time you caught up to me," Valentine said, sauntering over to the middle of the street. "I was afraid that you were going to be stuck in there."

"You've HEEEEEE HAAAAAAAW had your fun," Parasoul said, making a poor attempt to clench her hoof hands to cope with the numerous eyes gazing at her disgraceful form.

"Change me HEEEEEE HAAAAAAWWW back!"

"Why stop now?" Valentine replied with a wave of her hand. "We're so very close to seeing the apex of your new self. Let's give it just a little--"

Powering through her awkward body shape and the gaze of numerous onlookers, Parasoul charged towards Valentine. All her efforts managed to succeed in were giving the pedestrians a good look at the way her gigantic rear wobbled about with each stomp. Trying to ignore the sensation of her tail brushing up against her exposed butt, Parasoul leapt forward as a

last ditch effort to catch Valentine. As to be expected, the nurse was able to easily dodge the clumsy attack, leaving Parasoul to stumble to the ground.

Landing flat on her face, a reverberating PHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTT leaving Parasoul's butt came out to add to her torture. The smell was even worse than before, but at the time her attention was focused on the sound of the people nearby. Throughout the crowd could be heard gossip talking about her sorry state in between bouts of laughter similar to her tormentor's own. These various noises gradually grew louder as she felt something strange flanking her head. Bringing a hoof up to her scalp, she wasn't surprised to feel a set of long, donkey ears sticking out of her hair.

"Didn't take long at all for the equine features to finish on you," Valentine commented as Parasoul tried to get herself up. "Perhaps this is what you were always meant to be. All that's left is to see just how big and gassy an ass's ass can become."

It was only through Parasoul's adherence to her rigorous training regimen was she able to lift up her heavy derriere to slowly pull herself back to her feet. Stomping her hooves into the ground, she clenched her teeth as she tried to work through the burden of carrying around her massive, beanbag chair-sized ass cheeks. Each deep exhale that came from her strained body either whistled past her enlarged teeth or came out as a loud bray. The only condolence to how much she had to focus on the mere act of walking was that she was able to partially ignore the clouds of flatulence escaping from her wobbling rear with each step. Trying to keep her mind set on Valentine rather than her own embarrassment and aroma, she freely let out a loud HEEEEEE HAAAAAAW as a way to vent some of her frustration.

At the sight of the princess's efforts, Valentine could only shake her head. "So far gone and you're still pushing yourself like this. I suppose your perseverance is fitting for a ruler. That,

or you really are a stubborn ass.” Easily dodging Parasoul’s awkward lunge, Valentine stood to the side to avoid the resulting fart cloud. “Here, let me teach you some humility.”

All it took was a gentle shove to get Parasoul to stagger on her feet. Waving back and forth, she tried to remain upright against the forces of gravity pulling down on her backside. The strain made her incapable of plugging up her overactive anus, keeping her tail swinging around with each fart. For just a few moments Parasoul looked like she was going to make it, only for Valentine to give her a push to the chest to send her sprawling backwards.

Parasoul landed on her ass to the sound akin to someone slamming enormous sacks of meat against concrete. Not long after the sound dissipated, the air was filled with a reverberating PHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTT that sought to enshroud the princess in a fog of her own fumes. Though she tried to cough out the stale air, each gasp came out as another bray to add to her own humiliation. Putting her tail to good use to try and wave the toxic gas away from her helped her to see looks of shock on the people nearby.

“Looks like we’re just about at the finale,” Valentine commented as she loomed over the distraught donkey woman.

“I-I’ll give you HEEEEEE HAAAAAAAW one last HEEEEEE HAAAAAAWWW chance,” Parasoul began, flailing her hooves against the ground in a vain attempt to stand. “Give HEEEE HAAAAWWW up and HEEEEEE HAAAAAAAW hand me the serum.”

“I don’t think you’re in much of a position to negotiate,” Valentine said, placing her hand atop the princess’s head. “But if you insist, I’ll go ahead and speed up your punishment.”

Taking her hand away before Parasoul could bite it, Valentine sauntered her way around the donkey girl. Coming to the side of the princess’s hips, she placed her gloved hand against her furry flesh and slid across it. The act forced Parasoul to stifle an animalistic cry that came along

with a strange sense of desire. Considering the way Valentine was eyeing her, Parasoul could tell that this was all a part of her twisted plan.

Slowly making her way towards the very back of Parasoul's hindquarters, Valentine paused for a moment to consider her options. What she settled on was letting her palm slowly come down to press into the princess's meaty rear. Once more having to fight against a strange series of urges brought on by the touch, Parasoul tried to figure out what exactly the nurse was up to. She found her answer a moment later when Valentine gave her rear a swift smack.

The strike fulfilled the purpose of forcing Parasoul to let out a loud HEEEE HAAAAAW and horrendous gas bomb that sputtered out from her gigantic rear. Not willing to give the princess time to recover, Valentine came back in with another slap to the other cheek to produce the same results. Back and forth Valentine whacked her open palm against Parasoul's rear, unable to hide her maniacal laughter at the various noises and gas coming from the donkey woman.

What little fight Parasoul could muster was shaken away from the mix of pleasure and pain that came with each slap. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she endured the onslaught; the loud brays from her mouth only served to further draw people in to watch the shameful display. Unable to stop herself from letting out a constant deluge of farts to flail about her tail and stink up the area, Parasoul could only pray for her torment to end.

The princess's finale came as Valentine leapt forward to bury herself between the fuzzy butt cheeks. The dive proved to be the breaking point of the last bit of Parasoul's will as her body was overcome with shivers. In the wake of a loud, moan-like bray came a loud BRRRAAAAAAAPPP that could be both heard and smelled throughout New Meridian. Forced to inhale the stench of her failure, Parasoul lowered her head in a poor attempt to avoid the judgmental gaze of the people that had witnessed her greatest disgrace.

Just as a collection of tears around Parasoul's eyes began to trickle onto the ground, she saw a cylindrical canister roll in front of her. Tilting up her head, she turned straight into a kiss on the tip of her snout from Valentine. Leaving the awestruck donkey girl with a smile, Valentine put her mask back on and stepped away.

"Consider this a gift for being my plaything," Valentine commented. "I think we both learned a lot about each other this evening. Don't know about you, but I certainly had fun. I hope we get the chance to play together again soon."

Watching Valentine run off into the night, Parasoul let her gaze drift back towards the canister. Recognizing it as the cure to her condition, she tried to pick it up. Kept in place by her giant rear, the most she could do was release a few leftover puffs of gas as she strained herself to grab the canister. Sending the container rolling away with a single tap of her hooves, she leaned back on her behemoth backside to try and get comfortable. At the very least, she figured her humiliating display had gotten the attention of her Egrets to come and assist her. That is if she could survive the onslaught of people coming in to the square to gawk at her body.

Losing count of how many times she had bathed to try and get rid of the stench, Parasoul forced herself to leave the shower. Wrapping a white robe around her body, she kept her eyes peeled for any leftover strands of brown hair. Everything seemed to be back to normal, save for a soreness lingering in her backside and the odd fart leaking out of her rear. While she was glad that at least she wasn't a gassy, fat assed donkey girl anymore, the damage to her reputation was something that couldn't so easily be fixed.

Walking into the living room, she grimaced at the sight on the television. No matter what channel she changed to, each one was broadcasting footage of her disgraceful display. Seeing the

look of animalistic instincts on her morphed muzzle, she still couldn't believe that it had been her. Recalling the look on the faces of the soldiers when they came to her rescue, she promptly shut off the TV in an attempt to get her mind off of things.

Making her way to the kitchen, she couldn't help wondering what Valentine's goal was. The nurse had had every opportunity to leave her in her sorry state, yet she had seen fit to give her the cure. While that still left plenty of other serums Parasoul was sure were equally as bizarre, she did ponder why the nurse had allowed her to change back to chase after her. Steeling her resolve to track down Valentine before she could cause anymore mischief, Parasoul grabbed a block of cheese from the fridge alongside a bottle of wine to drown her worries.

Closing the refrigerator door, Parasoul paused as she saw something out the corner of her eye. Hung up on the fridge with a set of magnets was a crude drawing. It depicted a mockery of Parasoul's donkey girl form, complete with an exaggerated backside and a collection of flies circling around a scribbled fart cloud. Upon seeing the signature of the artist, Parasoul's mind turned away from vengeance towards simple frustration.

“UMBRELLA!”