

Crazy Ass Party
short story
By
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v1.0

Andrew checked his phone one more time, the navigation app he had programmed to lead him to this place was struggling a bit with all the tight turns and small streets.

This place has been suggested by one of the few coworkers at work that knew Andrew liked to play for the boys team instead of the girls, Andrew didnt really advertise his sexual orrientation at work but he had always liked that coworker so his advice meant something to him.

Andrew's plans to go to this place had been a last minute suggestion, as several pieces of fireworks went off in a nearby street he remembers how he was supposed to meet up with a small group of friends but sadly the host of the party had gotten sick and was in no shape to host. It was at this point that Andrew remembered this Bar his coworker suggested.

"Finally" he says to himself as his phone seems to finally figure out where he was located and gives him some clear directions, "okay.. left. left.. right.. and then..." -he looks up from his phone. greeted by a sign that read "The Drunken Mule", next to the sign was a cartoon styled logo of a donkey's ass sticking out of a tipped over barrel.

Andrew was pretty sure he had the right place , his coworker had warned him it looked a bit like a dive bar, the rainbow flag and a bear flag hanging next to the entrance only confirmed it more.

He took a deep breath and headed inside, he never really went to bars like this and if he did he normally went with friends. this time though he was alone.

The bar was filled with a fog of cigar and cigarette smoke and he quickly understood why this place had a bear flag hanging outside as a large number of the patrons seemed to be somewhat older guys with beefy arms and soft bellies most of which seemed to be busy adding smoke to the air.

Andrew luckily wasn't the only normal guy in there. Besides the bears there were plenty of guys like him who looked like they were having a good time, nobody was being judged and the bartender behind the bar gave Andrew a welcoming nod as he walked further inside.

Not a bad place to celebrate new years he thought to himself as he decided to sit down at the bar, picking a barstool close to that welcoming bartender. "one house beer please" he asked politely, to which the bartender replied with a smile, "we got several house beers bud, im guessing you are new?. well first one is on the house"

The friendly bartender gestured at a chalkboard above the bar: Drunken Monkey, BearBroth, the coachman hawwpy ale, l'âne subite.

Andrew looked at the list, the names were rather funny to him so he cant help but chuckle, "uhm. i guess the coachman one?"

The bartender nodded and smiled as he poured a large pint of the beer for him, "you look like the kind of guy that would enjoy that one so good choice boy" place the foamy pint in front of him.

Andrew thanked the man and lifted the large drink to his mouth, taking a big gulp from it, damn this beer was strong, but rather tasty. as he drank more of it he could swear he tasted the farmlands. the scent of fresh hay seemed to appear as he enjoyed the drink. mixing with the musky scent of big guys all around the bar.

"It's good" he remarks as he sees the bartender looking over expectantly who poured him another pint and placed it in front of him. "for when you finish your free one" he said with a wink before moving to help another customer.

Andrew smiled and relaxed, this place was great, good drinks. relaxing atmosfeer, he should have come here a lot sooner. the hawwpy ale was doing just what it said on the label. it was making him feel happy.

It did not take him long to finish his first pint and move on to the second one, already feeling quite buzzed, but he didnt care he came here to have fun and it was new years eve anyway.

Getting up he tries his luck with a few of the guys around the bar. flirting a bit here and there while he enjoys his drinks, ordering several more of the hawwwpy ales, why switch if it tastes good afterall.

After a few attempts he focuses his energy on flirting with a cute guy, muscled, in shape rather young. wearing some kind of costume? He looked like a farmhand but Andrew thought it looked nice on him anyway.

Several minutes of flirting in the now somewhat drunk Andrew realized he wasn't thinking very clearly anymore, the server smiled and stroked over his head, "gotta work boy, got drinks to serve. hop along" playfully patting Andrews ass and guiding him back to the main bar. He cursed a bit to himself. realizing it wasn't a costume but a work uniform. there were several other guys dressed up as "farm hands" which made sense since the place seemed to be themed around their drunken mule theme. so much flirting wasted on a cute guy that was working.. oh well

Andrew found himself struggling a bit to walk to the counter of the bar in a straight line, it was probably just the alcohol level in his blood but it felt like his legs were bent in an odd angle.

After several failed attempts he made it to the counter of the bar, hanging a bit on it as he gave a drunken smile at the bartender "another please" It was now that he realized the bartender was also wearing some kind of uniform. though he looked more like a farmer then a farmhand. The friendly bear of a man nodded and poured Andrew another pint and placed

it down in front of him, reaching over and giving a ruffle through his hair. "there you go boy, drink up"

"Haaawww... -coughs- i mean. thank you s.. sir" Andrew replied as he quickly started drinking from the new pint, he didn't mind the bartender rubbing his head, feeling his strong fingers stroke over his long ears as well.. wait.. that wasn't right?

"having a good time at my bar, boy?" the bartender asked, distracting the confused looking Andrew from his current drunk thoughts.

"huh? oh haaw... yes sir..just a little -hik- drunk" -he replied with a dumb grin on his face, large buck teeth had already starting to form in his mouth as by now his was slowly stretching out.

"Good, its always nice to see boys like you letting loose a little " The bartender replied "just leave it on the counter, you can lap the tasty drink right up" he added as he sees Andrews hands starting to ball up, starting to form in large big clumsy hooves.

Andrew didnt really care and took the advice, using his long tongue to lap at his drink he had been leaning on the bar this entire time and had not realized his body had been shifting. growing more feral in stance.

More patrons were noticing the oddly shaped human in their bar, most of the guys toasting and cheering to him, Andrew smiled not sure why he was becoming the center of attention but he was too drunk to care. "haaaawwwww" he cheered along with the patrons.

A few more beers later Andrew couldn't focus at all anymore, just lapping at his drink and enjoying the attention from the various nice guys that seemed to often just walk over to give him a stroke over his head or butt.

His clothing and sneakers had been ripping and bursting for the last half hour and he was getting a bit worried he might end up naked if this kept up, too drunk to connect the dots and realize why his clothing had been ripping.

The server from earlier on seemed to see the worry in the Ass his eyes and walked over, smiling as he stroked Andrews long ears and guided his donkey snout near one of his musky pits. musky with the scent of hard working men. "sssh why are you looking so worried little donk? its all good isn't it?

Andrew blushed, that server from earlier was a cute guy and he smelled amazing. taking in the musky scent as he sniffs with his donkey snout and enjoys the stroking the man was doing to his ears.

"almost there are you boy? hmm let help you out a bit" the Server said as he moved down and removed what remained of Andrews briefs, showing off a sheath with a human cock hanging from it. leaking pre and smelling like an animal.

“yeah no wonder you are so worried. here” the server started stroking. much to the enjoyment of the crowd that was watching. with each stroke Andrew could feel his member getting thicker, he should care that he was naked in the middle of the bar but he didnt care. “haaaawwww” -thick pre leaking on the bar floor underneath.

“we are almost there!” -he suddenly hears the bar owner announce, a clock approaching midnight was counting down above the bar. the crowd started to count down. 10, 9.. 8.

The server continued to stroke Andrew thickening member.

“5!” Andrew felt his member growing to insane lengths. the hand of the server stroking firmly over it

“4!” thick veins and dark spots appearing on the slab of meat that was now his member

“3!” the cockhead flattening out into a flat more equine styled head.

“2!” Andrew could feel his balls swell up with huge a beastly amount of cum, he felt so horny, breathing the musky air. “haaaawww”

“1!” This wasn't right Andrew drunk mind for a split second realizing this was all wrong. braying loudly only to feel his orgasm approaching rapidly.

“0!” the crowd cheers wild and Andrew felt himself go over the edge as he haawsss loudly and cums a huge load all over the bar floor.

Still panting and recovering the bartender approached and slipped a bridle over Andrew's head, forcing a bit into his mouth and grabbing hold of the reins.

“Happy new year! Let's give a big cheer for our new bar mascot!”

The end

