

Sitting on the edge of the bed in my new home away from home, I found myself wondering what I was actually doing here. Sure, the promise of a fat paycheck once I left in a month was a great insensitive. That, and my lack of steady employment leading up to this gig. But still, the prospect of staying in isolation for an extended period, with no phone or internet or any contact with the outside world was daunting. Not something I was down to do under normal circumstances, believe me!

I had some experience with isolation, having grown up in a small town. In fact, I liked extended periods alone. And I would have plenty of media entertainment as well. Books, games, movies, and anything I requested were promised to be provided. It was a dream come true, in some respects. A chance to return to those simpler times in my youth when these things were all I had to entertain myself in the days before the internet when I lacked even friends.

But I'd been spoiled, it seemed. Having been connected to the world for so many years made the thought of being cut off from that almost inconceivable. And I would have to endure through that for lord knew how long! My new place of employment was so far out in the woods that there was no hope of such access for my needs.

Still, I needed some funds, and the place promised to pay well. And I wouldn't be alone, not entirely. There were a fair number of staff on-site I would be seeing somewhat regularly. I would be working at a wildlife sanctuary of sorts, I'd been told. They took in rescued species and performed physiological tests on their well-being in captivity after they'd been reduced. It was an honorable endeavor, I believed. To be honest, I found the prospect of working with animals exciting. It wouldn't be too involved, just feeding and cleaning and the usual stuff. There were several types of physiological experiments being run on them, how rescues acclimated, and so on. I would be expected to help with those in whatever capacity I could. But still, I welcomed the opportunity.

The only real downside was that the place was extremely isolated, and the drive there was one of the longest and the worst I'd taken. It was at least eight hours of backroad, with no facilities or rest stops for miles. I was warned in advance and made sure to acquire the proper supplies before heading out on my trek. Still, it was rather troublesome to make it out here with only my music to distract me as I did so. I was lucky I didn't hit any animals on the way there!

The facilities proprietor, Dr. Cummings was kind enough to meet me when I pulled up. After getting to chat with him for a while, I determined he was nice enough, I suppose. Said he was thankful for the extra hand. I wanted to tell him I was thankful for the paycheck but held my tongue. Making a good impression was paramount if I wanted to work here the entire summer!

Afterward, I was taken through a series of labs filled with animal sounds and scents. I assumed those were used for medical needs and research, but I didn't ask. I was a little curious about the advanced locking mechanisms on the doors, but again, assumed they housed essential research that someone like me would not have access to.

There were other rooms as well, what looked to house some of the specimens that could not be kept outdoors. One room was entirely devoted to a rat colony, from what I could see. Other rooms contained barking playful dogs. There was a farm outside as well, of course, there I would be working. Though I was told I would be given a more thorough tour of those spaces once I had come out of isolation.

I was a little confused about that last part until it was properly explained to me. Some of the animals were ill, and vulnerable to diseases that could be accidentally brought from the outside. Every new hire was required to undergo a series of injections to be allowed in the presence of the animals. I would then have to be screened for a period of time to make sure the necessary antibodies were in my system before I would be allowed to join the staff. A month felt like it was a little extreme, but, again, I was being paid for the whole excursion, and I wasn't expected to do any chores or work during the time I was there. It was the perfect job, other than the isolation part. But, at least I would be visited by some of the staff to run tests on me each day, so I wouldn't be totally alone!

Unafraid of needles, I readily allowed myself to be injected. A little curious as to why I wasn't asked for my medical history upon application, I was assured by the doctor that I needed these injections regardless of my situation. I complied, though a little concerned by the sheer number of needles he had prepared for me. At least I was reassured by the doctor's words that any duplicate treatments would not hurt my body in the slightest. Even if he had injected me with something I already had an immunity to, that wouldn't be detrimental and might help the farm animals I would be working with.

So here I was, amidst my new creature comforts. I would need to be in here for at least several days, depending on the results of my blood tests. I was a little nervous about that. My only contact with the outside world would be the medical techs on-site drawing my blood. I was excited to get out and see the animals I would be working with, damnit! But, all in good time, I supposed. The place was relatively big compared to what I expected the accommodations to be. It was a single, massive room, with a separate room for a toilet and bath. It housed a big-screen TV, a treadmill, a weight bench, a decent-sized fridge, and a stove, along with my bed. I would have to entertain myself, but that was of little consequence for the few days I would be in here.

My only contact with the outside world was to be a couple of the nursing staff that would come in to take my blood twice a day for analysis. I thought that was a little frequent, but the

doctor assumed that it was necessary for the particular injections. I'd donated blood a few times, so I didn't think this to be too big a detail, so long as I had lots of food with iron to build it back up!

I was also told to let them know of any unexpected reactions to the injections. Though there was very little chance of that, it was still something they needed to know, regardless of how personal it was. I was a little shy at that, but again, who was I to complain? These were the experts, after all. And I was in no position to back out now that I was here!

The spot where I'd been injected itched a little, but I didn't let it bother me too much. I decided not to pick at the bandage, for now, getting on with my pre-work vacation. Or at least, that's how I chose to look at it like. I had all the entertainment a movie and game junkie like me could ask for. And, best of all, I was still being paid for it!

After a look at the exercise equipment, I decided that using it regularly would be an effective way to utilize my time here. Though I figured the weights might be off-limits for now due to the injections, the treadmill would likely be fine. And, best of all, it would help get me in the proper shape in order to work with the animals when the time came!

Popping in one of my favorite movies, I turned the machine on, starting slowly to get into the swing of things. Much to my embarrassment, I found having months with little activity made the run a bit hard. Sweating and panting, I eventually gave up, a little frustrated with my lack of physical ability. Still, I had some time to improve my health and intended to use it.

After a quick shower, I decided to check out the food situation. The fridge was well stocked with all kinds of fruit and veggies, and various bread and cereals in the pantry. To my surprise, there were plenty of sweets and candies, some that I really enjoyed and had requested. Yet, to my chagrin, there was not a bit of meat to be found. Not fish or chicken or beef. I wondered if the staff were vegetarians, but I figured it was rude to ask. Besides, much of the food was likely all farm-fresh, and I was excited to try it!

Settling on a salad with some sugary treats afterward, I continued my movie, mentally planning the next I would watch in sequence. As I did so, I couldn't help but be aware how the itching was bothering me from the injection site. I tried to ignore it, not wanting to irritate the area. But the longer the evening went on, the worse that itch seemed to get.

Deciding to take the bandage off, I was not prepared for what I saw. The skin seemed dark, as though burned from the injection. That was not uncommon in and of itself. What was a little shocking were the dark hairs that seemed to pepper the area. Shorter than my arm hairs, those black follicles seemed denser from the skin than my normal arm hair. Worse, the bruise

seemed darker in those areas where the hair was thickest. Was I having some sort of reaction to the shot?

I wasn't sure what to make of it, or, worse yet, what to do about it. I wasn't really given any instruction on how to contact the outside. I went to the door, wondering if I should try and leave to seek help. But then there was the chance of infecting someone else with something that could hurt the animals. So, in the end, I decided not to risk it. I would ask the attendants in the morning about it. Besides, I doubted anything would happen overnight, right? Right?

Despite my concerns, sleep came easy for me soon after my movie marathon. The weight of good food in my belly certainly helped. There was itching in my groin that really seemed to bother me for a while, but I didn't want to scratch it. I had noticed a camera in the room, and while I could technically just go to the bathroom to alleviate the itch, I just didn't want to bother.

The prickling on my arm was getting worse, however, and against my better judgment, I decided to scratch the irritated skin. It seemed as though the area of the bruise was thicker than it had been when I'd checked an hour ago. It was impossible to be certain in the absolute dark. There were no windows down here, making it a little hard to tell the time, let alone see in the dark. Besides, once my light was off, I didn't want to get up and check. There was nothing I could do about it at this late hour. Besides, I was going to get a visit first thing in the morning, and I figured I could bring it up then. Surely a rash wasn't going to kill me.

After some time, I awoke to a knock on the door and rising sheepishly from sleep I was greeted by two men entering with hazmat suits. I thought that was a little drastic, but I wasn't in a position to question it. They must really care about their animals, I concluded. That, or there was something in the formula that I didn't want to know about. I tried not to worry too much. They did this stuff all the time, right?

“Hey, morning, bud! Don't be modest! We aren't the shy type around there! I'm Mike, and this is Peter!” Said one man, exuberantly. I introduced myself as well, wanting to stretch my hand out to shake but realizing it was likely a bad idea. They were in suits, after all!

The other man, Peter, came in wheeling the expected cart of tubes, gauges, bandages, and tape. Instructing me to raise my arm out, Mike swabbed the site he picked on my arm and drew blood. It only pinched a little, a testament to how skilled they were. Mike chatted me up all the while, asking about how I liked it here, how I was enjoying the accommodations, and other general questions. Nice, normal people, their demeanor putting me at ease.

In my relaxed state, I almost forgot to show them the strange marking on my arm. I brought it up, Mike seeming more curious than alarmed about its presence. Gingerly, I picked off

the bandage, not really sure what I would find but more than a little worried. It seemed my concerns were warranted. The bruise had evidently spread in the night, something I could tell even before I took the bandage off. The skin was darker, almost black. It seemed to be peppered with more of that strange hair, dark brown, almost black in some places. I was tempted to touch it but then didn't want it to spread, so I paid it as little mind as I could. That is if touching it could spread it. I honestly didn't know what to think with such a bizarre reaction right before my eyes.

Mike took a quick look at the patch and whistled. "That's quite the reaction! I think you're OK though, the bruise might keep spreading but that's just your body's reaction to the shot. Nothing to worry about at all! It will fade in a couple of days. It happened to me too. How about you, Peter?"

Peter just nodded, his reactions seemingly muted. I figured he was just the shy type and let his buddy do most of the talking. Still, I couldn't help but notice something in his expression, something that made me a little nervous. Was he...excited? No, that couldn't be right. What would he have to be excited about, anyway?

With that, they gathered their things, promising to be back later in the afternoon. I found that timetable a little odd but didn't think to question it. How was I supposed to know how often they needed to draw blood? Evidently, a lot with how much the bruise had spread in such a short amount of time. Did they need to track it or something? I found myself really hoping that it would clear up in a few days, just to be on the safe side. It would be troublesome to put it out of my mind.

Afterward, the pair left, leaving me a little confused. Wait, didn't I have more questions? Well, not really, when it got down to it. That had answered everything important, even if I didn't really like the answers. Besides, there was no point in asking about the food situation. I figured it would be rude to ask if they were vegan, after all. And the greens and grains would probably be healthy for me, right? And, most importantly, they weren't very concerned about the patch of bruised flesh. Then, why should I be?

Deciding I was up for the day, I poured myself a bowl of surprisingly pleasant sugary cereal and sat down to watch another movie. As I did so, a surprising pain assaulted my backside, as though I'd sat on something the wrong way. Reaching down for any sort of spring or other obstruction, my seeking fingers found nothing. What was it that I'd sat on? Had to be something sharp, I clearly wasn't imagining things.

My fingers then traced over the skin above my ass as I still wondered what might have caused the ache. As they did, an odd bump met my fingers. Exploring the skin revealed a

half-inch protrusion from the spot, as though I'd sprained my tailbone. I'd done so once as a child, and the pain had been excruciating. But, other than the way I'd sat on it, I experienced no such ache. Then, what had happened? Besides, the last time I had such an injury, it certainly didn't cause the bone to stick out or anything!

I sat back down, more carefully as I paused my film to contemplate the situation. My mind tried to come up with any reason why an injection series might have caused my coccyx to extend. There seemed to be no correlation. I did want to check if they had a doctor on staff, but, again, I wasn't sure how to contact anyone outside the room. Fuck, why hadn't I asked when I had the chance?! I was thus forced to wait until my caretakers came back in the afternoon.

Soon after, my stomach rumbled, and I quickly made my way to the bathroom to take care of my business. The need was so urgent I was lucky I made it, blaming it solely on the greens. It was after I'd finished that I noticed something was off with my groin. I'd largely ignored it before now until I'd had the urge to piss. It had been present, I realized, especially as the men had come in to take my blood. But absentmindedly looking down, I almost yelled in fright. My penis wasn't the same!

I'd been cut as a child, and I barely had any foreskin to show for it. Not that I really cared, mind you. It was what it was. But I clearly had one now where I definitely shouldn't have. And not a small one, not by a long shot. It looked to be about half the length of the flaccid shaft, and deep enough that I could fit a finger in if I tried. Not that I looked at guys all that often, but I was sure that a foreskin couldn't go that deep. Still, it appeared to stretch down over my penis, not even causing a bit of pain as I poked around in there.

To my shame, the attention seemed to cause my cock to come to a half-chub. I blushed a little, even in the privacy of the bathroom. I hadn't touched myself in some time and had considered using my time in isolation to take care of some of that pent-up need. But, the idea was a little embarrassing, especially with the cameras in there. So, I decided to leave it there, even in the bathroom.

Still, the ache in my cock was insistent, and even the slightest touch of my fingers left me hanging, half erect. I couldn't help but notice how I was hung. I wasn't that big, was I? I'd never exactly measured myself before. But, I was definitely bigger.

I wanted to leave the bathroom, maybe do something to take my mind off things. I had to be hallucinating. That made more sense to me than the alterations themselves. But, my cock wouldn't go down, even in my pants. Even after waiting for more than twenty minutes or so, the erection wouldn't subside. I didn't want to go out there sporting wood!

Figuring that I was just really pent up, I took my cock out and started teasing the tip, just slightly. The action forced me to moan right away and leaked a steady stream of clear fluid. I'd never been so needy in my life, but it was clear I was needy now!

The newly-grown foreskin seemed to peel back somewhat as my cock became more engorged, redirecting my blood flow to fuel its girth. I stared down with more admiration than shock at how long my cock started to get. It was impressive!

Seeking hands soon grasped my shaft, stroking with enthusiasm. Part of me wondered if I needed cream or anything to prevent my cock from chafing. But with the amount I was leaking, I quickly realized that would be unnecessary. My fluid slipped between my fingers, encouraging me to stroke faster. I started pumping faster, seemingly eager for the release that I had been sorely lacking in my everyday life.

It didn't take me long to reach orgasm once I'd started in earnest. I could almost see the flesh of my ballsack expanding, as though growing plump with seed. The tension on my cock grew as the veins swelled with the necessary blood. I couldn't believe how close I was getting so quickly!

Yet, in my rush to reach orgasm, I forgot to grab a tissue or anything else to wipe it with. My eyes scanned for the toilet paper, but I was already about to head over the edge. I couldn't stop it now even if I wanted to!

"Uhhh... uhhh... UUUHHHH!" I moaned, a little embarrassingly as my cock spasmed and shot several gooey wads of cum onto my hands. I had nothing to wipe with and was a little embarrassed as I did so. But, it felt so fucking good, I couldn't complain!

It was when I went to clean myself off that I noticed something seemed a little off. The foreskin that I had seemed to have spread even further. And the skin was distinctly dark in some places like it was dirty. But even excessive scrubbing couldn't seem to remove the stain. And, as I rubbed at it, I was ashamed to notice that it was starting to get hard again, even though I had just reached orgasm. Weird!

I walked out of the bathroom, suddenly assaulted with hunger, even though I'd just eaten. Had it not been enough? Instead of a larger meal, I took out some carrots to munch on. There were some baby carrots in the fridge, and I devoured them rather ravenously. Soon, a couple of bags were emptied, followed by some stalks of fresh celery. Was it due to how farm-fresh the veggies were that I took to them with such ravenous need? I'd have to use the bathroom again at this rate!

I'd almost forgotten about the changes with how much I'd eaten. But once the rumbling in my stomach subsided, the itching on my arm brought my attention back to them. Looking down, I was shocked to see that the discoloration had spread even further. What was once a patch around the site had now extended itself halfway to my elbow. And I'd only checked it less than an hour ago!

The reason for that was soon as clear as the brown hairs that adorned my arm. The skin was likely black underneath, just as much as the bruise seemed to spread. But I couldn't tell, Not with how thick the hairs were. I couldn't even see the skin from how bad it was!

Pulling at the hairs confirmed that they were real, though I'd already known that. There was no way it wouldn't hurt, otherwise. But how had I grown so many? They didn't match the hairs on my arm. They were too short, and the texture was too coarse to be mine.

It had to have been the injection that did this. I'd heard of something, hyper... hyper something. I wish I had my phone for google. But, I'd already tried. There was no signal and no data provider that granted coverage out here. That was strange enough, in this day and age.

So, it appeared that the injections had a side effect of hair growth. But then, what about the alterations to my dick? It seemed the subtle changes were more than what a simple injection could explain. Yet, what else had happened to me? Were the three alterations correlated?

I had no choice other than to wait for the men to come back and talk to them. I hadn't bothered to ask if there was an intercom present, and I was still too shy to attempt to venture forth. Thus, I was stuck only with another movie before finally, the click of the door opening roused my attention.

The two men were the same as before, which was unsurprising. There likely weren't any more medical staff out here in place this small. Save veterinary techs, but these two could easily have been both.

"How's it hanging?" Mike asked me, a grin planted on his face. A blush passed my features as I realized the implication of his words. My cock was a bit bigger but... damn, there was no way he could know!

Seeming to notice my hesitation, Mike spoke up once more. "No need to be shy! I'm just teasing! But, seriously though, how have you been feeling? Any more side effects from the shots?"



“Well, I...” I started, not really sure what to say, I’d been so adamant about asking why my body was altering, but now that they were so open to knowing I was suddenly embarrassed. I couldn’t actually tell them, could I?

“Oh, you mean this?” He asked, and I blushed even harder before I realized he was looking at my arm and not my crotch. I rubbed the skin a little absentmindedly, not wanting him to see. But, it was a better distraction than having him look in more private places!

“Yeah, umm... it got worse. Is that normal?” I asked, wanting to keep the nervousness out of my voice but failing miserably.

“Yeah, I’ve seen it happen! It’s one of the reasons that we have to keep you isolated here! Let me see...” He started moving to my arm. “Yeah, it’s a reaction to one of the viruses that our horses get. Do you like horses?” He asked, seemingly out of the blue

“Y-yeah, I like them...” My voice trailed off a little at that. I had wanted to work with them more than the other animals, but I didn’t mind either way. I’d done some farm work in my youth and I was eager to revisit those times. Being around the horses had been one of the main perks of my taking this job.

“Yeah, we’ve got a few nice stallions on site. Rescues. They are really friendly, too. And can you imagine being that hung?! Wouldn’t that be nice!” He said with a little bit of a laugh.

I had to admit, the notion of having a cock that big wasn’t all that unappealing. But, it did bring me to recall the changes to my dick. The sight of it had shocked me, impossible for even the injection to ignore. And more changes had happened quickly in the time that I’d taken to touching myself.

A strange idea came to mind as I contemplated the man’s words. Horses had black sheaths, didn’t they? Like... But no, that wasn’t possible, of course. It was a silly notion, acquiring any features from an animal, regardless of the chemicals in my bloodstream. Besides, the shots were just a series of antigens to trigger antibody production so I wouldn’t spread any unwanted illness to the animals. Right?

Yet, the idea of having a cock the size of a horse’s seemed to stick in my mind, and I couldn’t seem to shake it. Such a massive, swinging member, to play with at my leisure. Think of the pleasure it could grant me!

I didn't realize I'd been daydreaming until the sensation of leaking precum in my pants caught my attention. I was getting hard, just thinking about the idea. And I had let it happen with guests present. How embarrassing was that?

I went to put my hands in front of my crotch but then forced myself to stop. If the nurses had seen it, then covering it wouldn't matter. And if they hadn't, then trying to cover it would only draw their unwanted attention!

"Are you sure there aren't any other changes? Nothing else we need to look at? You don't need to be shy around us. We're your doctors, after all," Mike said.

"Anything at all would be helpful. It's part of the research to look at any side effects, after all," Peter chirped in. I hadn't realized it, but there was a hint of an accent that I wasn't immediately familiar with. Eastern European, maybe?

Yet, I hardly had time to consider anything else with the blush that crept over my features. They knew. I knew they knew. It was only a matter of time before I had to broach the subject. It was part of the experiment, after all. And men had to talk to their doctors about that sort of thing all the time, right?

"It's my... Erm... penis," I said, the shame clearly present. I couldn't shake the fear of showing myself to these men, especially with the alterations that I had seen before. And certainly not erect!

"It's OK to be shy, Paul. You can show us. Nothing we haven't seen!" Mike said, with Peter agreeing.

Sighing loudly, I did just that, taking off my pants and pulling back my underwear to expose my throbbing erection. I hadn't thought of it until just that moment, but it was not normal for me to do such a thing with the erection that was plaguing me. I wasn't an exhibitionist!

Yet, to my shame, my erection didn't subside. In fact, the moment my member touched the warm air of my chamber, my cock got even harder, as though the exposure was a catalyst for the lust. The embarrassment I felt went through the roof! Yet, my cock continued bobbing up and down, rather than shrinking away in the presence of the men.

My humiliation was made even worse by the fact that the changes had progressed in the period since I'd last looked at it. The foreskin I possessed was even deeper, nearly all the way down towards the base of a cock that was at least several inches longer than I recalled. The bare flesh that continued to stretch out from my foreskin was a more pale shade than I recalled.

Several blotches of the black skin that covered my foreskin seemed to play over its girth. And I was sure I could tell that some areas of the leathery-looking foreskin were peppered with a brown shade that looked like...what?

No matter what they told me about side effects, it was impossible to deny that my member was not the same one that I had entered the facility with. I had no idea what had happened to my penis. It didn't look human. Its appearance escaped me, but it certainly wasn't the dong that I'd brought in here with me. How could the injections explain this?

"Ah, I see," Mike said, leaving over to take a better look at my cock. I shied away, though more from the shame of its appearance than his presence. He was closer to me than I should have been comfortable. But, his proximity seemed to comfort me more than turn me off. In fact, my cock was getting even harder, as though reaching up to his concerned features!

"What's... Ummm... happening?" I asked, not wanting to know the answer but needing to know all the same.

"It's a reaction to the shot, all right. You're super aroused due to an equine growth hormone that's part of the injection series. It only happens to a small number of participants, and it's completely harmless."

"You're one of the lucky ones, we call them! You're going to be super productive down there for the next few days if you catch my drift! Several times a day, easy! Want some help with that?" Mike offered like it was the most normal thing in the world.

"Y-yeah, sure..." I said, not realizing the implication of the words. Before I could protest, however, his hands were on my shaft, gently touching the flesh before running up and down with a gloved hand.

I moaned, not expecting his forwardness. I should have backed away. I should have protested. Surrely, such contact was very unprofessional! But, at the moment, the touch of his gloved hand was the most sublime thing that I'd ever felt in my life.

"There, there, buddy. Just let it happen. You're a big boy, aren't you!" Mike said, making me wince from the words. But, to my surprise, they did seem to allow me to relax a little and get into his strokes. His fingers were surprisingly skilled, running up and down the shaft at just the right speed and pressure. He seemed to know me even better than I knew myself!

With such skilled precision, it didn't take me long to reach the precipice. I tried to stifle a moan, not wanting to shame myself any further. But, given my arousal, it was impossible to do

so. And I was so close, that giving in to the pleasure was the only thing on my mind at the moment!

“Ohh, aaagh!” I shouted as my cock started to spasm, shooting a thick wad of cum up into the air, falling onto his hand and my cock and groin. It shot forth like a geyser, nearly touching the man’s face as it coated my groin with a sticky coat of smell spunk. I’d never cum so hard in all my life. How was it possible for me to blow a load that big? Surely there was no way that I could possibly be that pent up?

“Nice one dude! What a load! And that cock’s not too bad, either stud!” Mike said, patting me on the back. I smiled up at him, a little unsure about the compliment but willing to take it all the same. It was confusing to actually take pride in such a compliment from a man. It prompted missing grade school rhetoric about being ‘one of the guys’. I had to say, despite the bizarre nature of the compliment, I had to admit that it made me blush.

Wait, was I? I had to be imagining things, my mind concluded. I was still in a bit of a stupor, as best as I could tell. It was as though my head was a little foggy like I had run a marathon and was a little dizzy from overexertion. But, all I’d done was just masturbate, after all...

A pat on the back made me sit up again, not expecting the contact. It wasn’t entirely unwelcome, seeing how intimate our interaction was thus far. “Don’t sweat it stud! You just rest up! Our meds can do a number on you, and you’ll notice some side effects over the next couple of days. Don’t worry about it though! It’s all to be expected! Can’t say I don’t envy the boost in the downstairs department!” He said with a laugh, slapping me on the back before getting his stuff together and leaving me to my own devices.

The whole affair had me more than a little confused, though rational thought was still a little foggy. I didn’t want to think about it too much, given the circumstances. I had been expecting some side effects from the serums, though letting myself get jacked off by a guy was certainly not high on the list of expectations! Not that I minded, the more thought that I gave it. It was really nice getting the helping hand. And the guy seemed to like providing it as much as I did receive it. Surely, I wouldn’t say no if the opportunity came up again...

A strange sensation swelled from my cock as the head pushed its way through what I could only assume was my foreskin. I had been correct about how deep it was, all the way to the base of the shaft. Strangest still was how my semi-erection seemed to almost sit inside of it, like if it was flaccid, then it could fit all the way inside of it, hidden from view if that was possible. My cock didn’t look human, even more so than it had before my benefactors had come in. surely, the aide effects of any injection couldn’t do this to any cock. I didn’t know what kind of cock it

looked like, but it was hard to recognize it as any human could have. Maybe like an animal, perhaps, though I didn't know what kind of creature had a cock like this.

And then there was the hair that was covering it. I didn't realize what it was at first, not with how short it was. But, they made the color of it all wrong to the point that I was prompted to reach down and rub it. The brown shade, far from being my skin, was a coating of tiny brown hairs, so thick that they completely obscured the skin and made it impossible to see the skin. Even trying to pull it back was complicated, though the contact made my cock start to come to erection again, making me blush. Not that I minded the size...it was a few inches larger, as best I could tell. And Mike had been so enamored by it...

I was starting to get a little hard again, though the confusion of the hair seemed to keep me at half-mast. It was soft, and velvety, though made me a little nervous to rub it. It seemed to be mostly confined to my foreskin, though some of it was coating parts of my groin. My own groin hair was still present, though it seemed like it was short, less coarse to match the consistency of the hairs that were coating my foreskin. It had to be some sort of...what was it called? Hyperplasia? But I had no way to be sure without asking the two nurses. I made a point to do so when they came back in the morning.

Tracing my fingers over my belly, I was slowly starting to realize that the hairs on my belly, just above my groin, were a little longer, thicker in some places. Far from my normal blond, it was a darker shade, matching that on my groin. Though it was barely noticeable, it was almost as though my hairs were more numerous than they had been before. Yet, despite the alterations to my penis, I couldn't feel too bad about the hairs if they made me look more manly, right?

Looking around the room once more, my eyes settled on the exercise equipment. Despite having just cum, I felt an eagerness to expel the excess energy that seemed to play over my body. I never really did weights or even did more beyond just regular walking. But with the way I felt, I decided that now was good enough to get started. Besides, if I was going to be working with animals, then it made more sense to bulk up while I was in isolation, right?

Warming up on the treadmill, I started running, my body feeling a little heavier than the last time I remembered. Worst, though my cock was in its odd sheath, y balls were heavier as well, enough to support the load that I was able to ejaculate. The more I ran, the more than slapped against the inside of my thighs, and the more uncomfortable it became. Regardless of how much I wanted to run, I eventually had to stop to prevent hurting myself. I had worked up a good sweat, the scent of my body odor a little off-putting but I soon became accustomed to it, at least enough that I could stand it.

Moving onto the weights, I figured I could get the energy out easily if I was sitting on a bench press. Deciding to start with a lower weight, I soon found that it was not, that my arms were stronger than I would have expected. Part of me knew that I shouldn't push too hard, that I hadn't done weights in a very long time and I would hurt myself if I did so. But part of me was energized, feeling stronger than I had ever been, and was eager to push myself to see what I could do and how far I could go.

So, in the end, I decided to double the weight, feeling a little bit more strain as I did my benches, though not nearly as much as I figured I would. It was enough to get some reps going, my body perspiring as I did so. Putting the bar down, however, part of me was still curious. Even with the danger of doing it without a spotter, I wanted to see if I could lift even more. My muscles were sore, though rubbing them seemed to reveal a layer of muscle that I was not expecting on my form. I could have sworn that I was bulking up like I'd been working out for months, not twenty minutes!

I had to say that I liked the layer of definition my arms possessed now. Rubbing the firm flesh made me more tent inside my sheath a little, loving the level of tone that I seemed to possess. The flesh was firm, the bulges of my muscle were well-defined, and each layer of tissue seemed to have expanded to levels that could not exist on my average-sized body. It was more than my arms as well; exploring my thighs also seemed to reveal a level of firmness that was beyond my previous contours. The muscle was a little sore, though it was the pressure of having worked out, even if I hadn't been able to do more than this brief half an hour!

The more I rubbed eagerly at my skin, the more resistance I seemed to meet, as though my skin had been peppered with dozens of hairs. Though the texture seemed a little bit off, not the same coarseness that I would expect from my own body hair. It wasn't soft, not exactly. But the hairs were rather thick, covering the skin and making it hard to see in some places. Others were red as though that same hair was getting ready to burst from the skin, irritating it as they did so. Other than hyperplasia, however, I didn't have a good explanation as to what was happening to my skin.

As much as I might not have wanted to admit it, the sight of all the muscle, my changed cock, and even the hair covering patches of my skin made me hard again. I was surprised by how much stamina I seemed to have, even after being jerked off by the doctors and all the exercises I was doing. But, there was no denying my growing erection and what it was doing for me at the moment. If I could get off this much from some sort of stimulant, then I wasn't going to say no, especially with how much I needed it!

A moan escaped my lips as my snake slid out of its new home, the mottled skin more sensitive than it ever had before. It seemed to extend out even longer than before if that was even

possible. My usual 5 inches were clearly almost eight now, though I didn't exactly have a ruler to tell. Still, it was the cock of a much bigger man, and the blood rushing to engorge the erectile tissue made me feel a little dizzy. Still, it was hard to deny the results, and I was certainly more than happy to think with my cock for once!

Even in my lust-fueled haze, I still could tell that the head was altered, far from its former rounded shape to something that looked flat, almost like a mushroom. I giggled at that, wondering if that term was now apt for me. I was really hung! Like a horse? HA! Wait, was that what my cock looked like now? I'd never really seen a horse's cock before. And the injection was supposed to get me ready to be able to hang with horses. Damn, it felt like being high having my blood thin like this!

I didn't have much of a choice but to go ahead with masturbating my sex, not with how needy it was. Despite the shape, the sensitivity was beyond anything I could imagine, and the entire girth seemed to throb under my touch as I stroked it. It was celery thicker, too, my fingers having trouble getting all the way around. If my cock got any bigger, I would have to use my hold hand, I ended up laughing to myself. I couldn't imagine having a bigger cock than this!

Even through my lust-fueled stupor, I was dimly aware that a numbness had spread into my masturbating fingers, as though the fingers themselves were asleep. I wanted to take them from my cock to try and work out the sensation, but I couldn't bring myself to do it, not with how damned *horny* I was. It was a weird sensation, almost like someone else was jerking me off. My thoughts drifted to Mike and Peter, and how much I had enjoyed his attention. And how quickly I would say yes if he offered to help me again when he came back...

Envisioning the man in my mind, it took no time for me to reach my end, my cock spewing my testicular load as the stick seed rolled down my shaft and coated my fingers and cock. Some of it even got into my sheath, but I was remiss to care, too enraptured with the vibrating sensations as I shook all over. It was even better than the last release, more intense as though my cock had gotten even more sensitive than the mere hour before I came last!

It felt like an eternity as I sat there, awash in the sensations of pleasure and riding the orgasmic high that seemed not to fade. It was a level of sensitivity that masturbation had never brought me before, leaving me absolutely delighted. I found myself hoping that the alterations to my cock, and all the ecstasy they brought me, would never end, even though I was told they were only to be temporary. Still, I was determined to enjoy it for as long as I could!

Still, I recalled that the numbing sensation in my fingers hadn't entirely gone away, lingering longer than it should have. Inspecting them made me a little concerned. The nails on each were darker, closer to a muddied brown or black. But it was the thickness of them that

really had me concerned. They had bubbled up about an inch from their cuticles, and the tips had run up along the tops of my fingertips.

Still, with the potent smell of my jism in my nose, it was hard to find a cause to be concerned about. It relaxed me in a way that defined understanding, making me almost sleepy, though still full of energy. I think the best way to describe it was content like I had achieved something immensely fulfilling. Actual sex would be better of course, but with the way things were going, I couldn't imagine anything better than the masturbatory experiences that I had thus far. Hell, I almost thought that I'd be down for a third time, but I was getting a little tired and I wanted to get some rest of the fun that the side effects could give me.

Deciding a shower was in order, I went into my bathroom, turning up the heat and allowing the water to wash over my body. It was relaxing on its own, and I felt the energy starting to leave me, fatigue settling in. It took a little time to get washed up with the amount of cum that had gotten on my fuzzy sheath. There were even some that had gotten down on the inside, and getting soap and water down in there was almost arousing on its own. That, and the fuzzy hair on my body seemed to slow down my washcloth. Still, I felt better, and certainly cleaner by the time I got out of the shower.

I was a little surprised, however, that the strange smell on my body, the one that I couldn't quite place. It wasn't bad, all things considered. I thought it might have something to do with the room I was in, even though it clearly hadn't been present when I first came in. The odor wasn't too offensive, however, almost making me relax and I got into bed and passed out for the night/

I usually didn't recall my dreams, unless I was drinking more than I maybe should have been. But that night I think my arousal had something to do with the vivid images that played over my mind that night. It started with myself naked, a bestial phallus even larger than the one I actually possessed hanging heavily from my groin. I wasn't alone, of course, and ready to go, even after I masturbated myself to conclusion as many times as I thought my arms could manage. Though my cock was no worse for wear, my testicles plump and ready to go again and again.

The others around me were male, cocks just as erect and as eager as my own. And just as larger, feral, and leaking copious amounts of precum. I was on them in an instant, sampling their bestial delights like sparkling wine as I lapped and sucked and brought each of them to orgasm in tandem. They, too, all gathered around me, sucking and lapping my cock as many times as my penis sprayed over them, coating them in sticky jism.

Even better was when one of them bent over, exposing an anus that was black and puckered and larger than anything a man should have been able to see. Though, at the moment, I



couldn't imagine a more erotic sight. I knew that I would finally be alleviated of my lust as I faced that thick, meaty pucker and pumped it full of my virile seed. Rubbing my dick against it, it took no time for me to penetrate his inner folds, the other man's rectum tighter than anything I tried my best to relax my rectum, allowing it to open and take the plump cock inside of me. It opened me up in a way that was more magical than anything I could have fathomed. It was bliss, though it took a few moments for me to get used to the size. Once I did, I was in heaven!

Being the center of such an orgy, there was no chance of holding back for long. Even though I had no inclination toward such things before now, being in the middle of it now was the most erotic thing I could have ever imagined. A decidedly bestial-sounding cry came from my cum soaked lips as we came and came...

The heavy stench of ejaculate in the air was what finally roused me from sleep. I stirred a little, uncomfortable from the wetness that was coating my groin and the blankets. There was a heavy scent of sweat as well, and that other omnipresent odor that I was slowly becoming accustomed to. Throwing the blankets off, I was hit with a wave of musk that made me dizzy. It was as though the smells were far more pungent than anything I had ever breathed in before. Despite the rather rank odors, I found they were making me hard all over again...

Yet, something was wrong. My cock was too large for my pajamas, that much was obvious. It was pointed in the air as it slid out of its sheath. The mushroom-shaped head was being tugged towards my belly, as though the sheath had spread up to encompass it. In fact, as I reached down to touch it, the warm cocoon of flesh really did seem to have merged with my groin and my lower belly. Though, I was disappointed to see that I looked a little bloated, as though I'd eaten a large meal. And the layer of fur seemed to have spread if the brown discoloration was any indication. It was a little perplexing, to say the least.

Yet, the sounds of the door opening distracted me from reflecting on things too much as Mike came back in, in tow. "Good morning Paul! You're looking fine! And I can smell that you've been busy, too!" he said with an air of admiration. Yet the realization that my nightly activities, largely against my will, made me powerfully embarrassed. Why hadn't he come in after I'd had time for a shower?

Mike seemed to notice my disgust. "Don't worry about it, man! It's all a side effect of the vaccination! Nothing to be embarrassed about! Now, it looks like you've been having some good dreams, but if you need another hand with that monster in your pants, just let me know! Not that I'm being forward or anything, but it's your call!"

I simply nodded, blushing furiously as he came over to me with his equipment to take blood. I help out my arm, allowing the needle to go in, though I barely felt it. He was good at his

job, I had to give him that. And he was certainly good at other things if memory served me well. In fact, the more I reflected on it, the more that I couldn't help but get hard, despite how much I'd cum the night before...

"You're coming along nicely. You even smell more like...well, more like what I'm used to working with, haha," Mike commented, making me wrinkle my nose slightly. I was a little embarrassed, thinking that I hadn't showered enough and stank of cum or body odor. I certainly couldn't smell that anything was wrong, at least as best as I could tell.

Mike seemed to notice that I was sniffing the air, trying to figure out what he was talking about so that I could do something about it. "No no, it's not a bad smell! Don't worry about it, dude! It's all good!" Mike chuckled, seeming to tease me for it.

I was a little confused by the smell, as much as I tried to put the idea out of my mind. I couldn't smell it, not exactly. But something in the air did seem to trigger my senses, causing a stirring in my loins that was now starting to feel familiar. It was the sensation of my penis sliding out of its sheath, the warm fleshy cocoon making me whine. Damn, getting hard had never felt so...good.

"Ah, there it is. There's our big boy! Let's get you some attention for that, stud! Then we can get the blood work done and you can go about your day! What do you say?" He asked, making me shiver. I wanted to say know. I should have said no. But I was so damn needy, I couldn't resist his offer no matter how much I figured I should.

Then again, why should I? It had felt so good last time. We were both consenting adults, after all. And I was certainly consenting. Desperate, more like. I would do anything for his touch...

It was then the sensation of a hand on my cock that brought me out of my lust-fueled stupor. I hadn't even given him a word of consent, but the man must have known by the look on my face. In truth, even if I had harbored any remaining resistance, it would have been removed the moment that he touched my penis.

"Pleeeeeeise..." I muttered, feeling a frog in my throat as I said so. Still, it was largely ignored as the man started to gently rub, using the fluid leaking from my urethra as lube as he stroked with one hand and then another.

"Ah, a two-hander now! Look at you grow! What a big boy! It's only going to get better before you have to get to work," Mike said, gleeful in his ministrations as he rubbed the mottled flesh.

I could only whine and whicker, that frog tight in my throat as I did so. I didn't mind the sounds, apparently my sex noises in the moment of being pleased. In truth, I had no control over my actions as my thick mottled shaft throbbed and the tension in my balls built. I wasn't going to last long and I didn't want to. Not with how sensitive my penis was. Not with how much I was leaking. And not with how *big* I was, longer than a man ought to be and twice the girth. Two-hander, indeed!

Yet there was something else that caught my attention, slowing the steady orgasmic onslaught that was ready to take over my being at any moment. My face was tingling, an intense sensation that made me twitch my lips. They felt numb, almost rubbery like they were fattening on my features. It was getting worse the more I was stroked off, as though the blood running into my cock was a catalyst. The skin was itching, my nose and lips swelling, and making me sneeze to try and alleviate the irritation.

Stranger still was the sensation of my ears twitching, as though responding to the itch that was irritating them so badly. It was as though they were trying to escape the tingling, numbing feeling that was overtaking them. The skin was prickling as though something was poking through, making me want to flick them more. And, to my shock, they *were* moving, as though I was prompting them to by will alone.

Yet even that was not enough to stop me from cumming, the swelling in my balls was getting far too intense. Mike's hands were way too good at stroking me off, and the pleasure was insurmountable. I couldn't hold back against the intense sensations and part of me didn't want to. Oh, fuck, I was going to...

"Oh YEEEEIIIIIGGGGHHHHH!" I called out, not really thinking about what I was yelling as sperm buzzed through my cock and up my shaft, erupting like a volcano. I felt myself spasming in my chair, desperate for every inch I could be granted in the pleasure of the moment. It was almost too much!

More cum than I should have been able to produce spasmed out of my cock, some of it getting on my chest and groin. Most of it ran down the shaft, covering Mike's gloved hand. Yet, I had a hard time feeling any semblance of embarrassment at the moment, lost in the orgasmic afterglow as I was. Besides, he had offered, right? I had nothing to feel ashamed about, no matter how much I'd cum, or what noises I'd made during.

Mike's words gave me confidence, quelling whatever voices in my head gave me any sense of self-doubt. "That's quite the load there, stud! What a good boy! You're going to fit in

here perfectly!” Yet, despite the bizarre and somewhat ominous nature of the words, I couldn't help but blush from the words of praise.

Afterward, Mike cleaned me up with a warm cloth, while I sat there, stunned by the whole ordeal. I was still shaking somewhat, the orgasm from a cock the size of the one I possessed a bit more than my body could handle. But the warm washcloth felt nice, as did the attention he was giving me. When was the last time I was cared for in such a way? Hell, when had I ever been expected to be?

“Alright big guy, let's get your blood work and call it a day. I'd say that you could use some rest after that, stud! Probably not too long, though, not with all that stamina you seem to have!” Mike said, Peter just smiling at me. I couldn't hold back the blush, no matter how much I wanted to.

I barely felt the prick of the needle as it went into my arm and drew my blood. I was still lost in the post-orgasmic reverie of having been jerked off so expertly. As my cock slithered back into its sheath, it was obvious that it was even larger than it had been before, if such a thing was possible. How I had grown so much in so little time as a reaction to some vaccines was impossible to say. I wanted to ask but was a little shy at the moment. After all, I had exposed myself to these men, and they seemed to take so much pride in my appearance!

After they left, knowing winks in their expressions, I soon recalled the odd sensations on my face, ones that prompted me to get up and look in the mirror. The numbing experience seemed to indicate some other changes to my form, though I wasn't sure what I was expecting. Still, as I stared at my altered visage in the reflection, I had to say, it was not it!

My ears, of course, were the biggest offenders. They stuck up above my head about an inch and a half long, and if I focused on them, I could actually move the damn things. The sensations were more than a little unnerving, though I was prompted to play with them, making them move this way and that. It was like discovering a new part of myself, one that I kept twitching subconsciously even while I was distracted by the other alterations to my face.

It was my mouth that seemed to have been the primary cause of the strange tingling. At first, I could have chalked it up to a more realistic poor reaction to the series of shots that I had gotten. My lips were puffy, and running them I was surprised by the almost rubbery texture that they seemed to possess. And my gums seemed a little swollen as well, puffy, as though my teeth were infected. Yet, aside from their relative size in relation to my swollen face. It was bizarre, to say the least!

But, I didn't have too much more time to reflect on it, not with a sudden rumbling in my belly. I was famished like I hadn't eaten in days. I hadn't noticed before now, lost in the sexual needs of my body. Still, there was no denying the intensity of the hunger. Thankfully, I had ample food, and I was certainly going to need it!

Part of me wanted to stop and make a salad, even though I never really cared for greens. But the moment I picked up a carrot to cut into it, it was in my mouth, and I was crunching down on the tasty tuber almost all the way up to the stem. The flavor was more than I had been expecting, as though my taste buds were amped up to an eleven. I was hungry as hell, and it was just the thing my body wanted to munch on!

I couldn't help myself. Quickly, I was chomping on another carrot, barely taking the time to chew in my hunger. My lips were twitching, pulling in my meal as my teeth made quick work turning my breakfast to slurry before I swallowed greedily. Another carrot, then another was devoured in a similar fashion. In the moment, it didn't even occur to me that I should maybe wash them. Thirsty as well, I pulled out my pitcher of water, not caring that I was dumping some of it all over my damp shirt, downing the whole thing before coughing and sputtering, having tried to drink too much at once. Damn, I had been thirsty just as much as hungry!

Finally, the hunger pangs had abated somewhat, though not before I devoured half my bag of carrots. Part of me was happy that I was so eager to eat my veggies, not having to worry about being unhealthy, at least. But the other part was craving more and was a little unhappy that I had eaten too much too quickly. Would they replace my food as I ate? I was sure they would, right?

I was still a little hungry and figured some candy would be alright, especially since I had the option to work it off on the treadmill. Yet, like the carrots, the bag of sweets was quickly devoured, even as I tried to go slow while watching one of my favorite TV shows. I tried to pace myself. I really did. But the flavors in my mouth were far more intense than I could ever recall, as though my pallet was completely cleansed and I was sensitive to every flavor and texture. They were the best-tasting treats I had ever had, and I couldn't even recall the brand name. Did I even know the brand name? I would have to ask later!

I was still concerned about the changes, of course, but, for now, I decided to ignore them. There was nothing I could do, and my benefactors didn't seem to be bothered in the slightest, either. Every time I had tried to ask I got the short end of the stick, as though they didn't want to answer me directly. It was more than a little annoying with the level of changes that had overcome me. Surely, they weren't natural. The hair, my cock, the muscle, my ears, and my face. And that thing sticking out of my backside like my tailbone was dislocated. What could explain

it? No matter how much I tried to distract myself, I couldn't seem to stop the thoughts from bothering me.

The sound of a loud fart distracted me from my thoughts, and I was hit with a waft of my own flatulence that nearly made me gag. Damn, I was smelly! A gurgling in my guts made me sure I had to use the bathroom, and right now. I figured it was part of my new vegan diet but still wasn't sure why the stomach cramps were bothering me so much. I went in to do my business, the smell making me need to flush several times during. I couldn't recall the last time I'd had a dump that big! But, eventually, I was done, though wiping made me aware of that growth above my spine that made me concerned no matter how much I tried to rationalize it.

What was going on with me? I wasn't sick, or, at least, I didn't feel like I was. I had a dick that looked like...I had no idea what. There didn't seem to be any shots that could make my ears move like that, or my face to look like...a horse? The term 'horse faced' came to mind, for some reason, and it just dawned on me that the hair, the nails, and the ears were all that I might expect to see on a horse. Maybe my cock was a horse's cock? I'd never seen one, so how could I know? And, did that mean that the lump was part of a tail?

I sat there for what felt like forever, trying to place my situation. Was the serum really giving me horsey attributes, instead of what they had told me about possible reactions? Still, there was nothing I could do without trying to call the outside. But, isolated as I was, I didn't have my cell phone. That, and I couldn't find a buzzer or anything else. There was a camera, one that I hadn't thought of the entire time that I had been played with by my nurses. Everything that we had done was on camera, sexual escapades and all. Fuck, why hadn't I thought of that before now? It was so damn embarrassing! How could I have allowed it to happen? Yet, in the moment, I needed it so bad it was hard to deny the urges, especially with help so readily given by my caretakers.

I don't know how much time passed as I did my best to take my mind off things. Watching TV and movies took up a good portion of my day, and I did have a clock that I could use to tell the time. But, given that I had nothing else to really do other than relax, and be hyper-aware of what I was starting to understand were the changes overcoming me. Hardly a bad reaction now, it seemed as though I was steadily changing, into some sort of equine freak. Even the deep dive into the show that I was watching could hardly remove me from the fear over what was changing me into...what?

Yet, my thoughts kept drifting toward my situation to the point I couldn't help but reflect on it. Though it should have been impossible, I was clearly changing in body into some kind of...animal. How far would it go? Would I change all the way...into a horse? Surely, the human body couldn't survive that. But, other than the aches and pains that I occasionally felt, I was fine.

More than fine, if the energy and sexual stamina were any indications. And, I was being monitored closely, my caretakers watching my every move and checking my blood work daily. Surely, if there was any risk to my well-being or my life, then I would know about it. Whatever *was* happening to me, it wasn't likely to kill me. Or, at least, that wasn't the intent.

Then, what *was* the intent? Was I some sort of science experiment? Though I hadn't seen anything like that on the way in, I was hardly shown much of the facility, given the 'need' for isolation. Maybe there was some secret experiment to turn people into horse freaks down here. '*Or horses...*' I thought, glumly. I didn't think such a change was possible, but if it were, these were certainly the beginning of it. I couldn't really fathom why anyone would want to change people into horses, eventually figuring it was beyond my ability to comprehend. Another question on the list of things to ask, I eventually figured.

Supper came and went, with more food than ever consumed in rapid order, followed by an equally large and smelly bowel movement. I was thankful that the toilet was able to take it, another sign that the changes were likely something that was planned. It made me sigh, wishing for the ability to take my mind off things that I couldn't control. Until I had access to my caretakers, or, perhaps captors, I simply had to try and live and hoped I didn't change too much more.

Still, there was a sense of restless energy that was hard to avoid. I was nervous, yet I felt confined in equal measure. There was a nervousness that made it hard to focus on anything I tried to do, a fear I couldn't quite quell. That, and the energy my larger body seemed to be producing made it difficult for me to sit still and watch TV. Therefore, using the exercise equipment again seemed to be the only outlet I could think of. And, given the power in my body, I had to admit, I was a little curious to see what I could do.

Two minutes on the treadmill gave me an indication. I wanted to try and start slow, but it was almost painfully slow within the first few moments. So, I found I was pressing it up steadily, not wanting to push my changing body too much but eager to see what it could do all the same. Soon, my feet were slapping against the treadmill, the speed at which should have left me winded in under a minute. But then five minutes passed, then ten, and I was still able to go, albeit at a decent pace.

Eventually, I had to stop, though not from muscle fatigue. Rather, it was a case of my sweat dripping all over the treads and making it slick. Also, my feet were bothering me, though not from the weight that I was putting on. It was rather a stiffness, a pressure that made me more than a little concerned. So, with that in mind, I stopped, all at once hit with a rank stench that made me wrinkle my nose. It wasn't as bad as my, Uhm, leavings. But it was worse than my sweat had ever smelled, as though there was something underlying that made me a little dizzy. It

was like a thick, pungent musk, one that sent a pounding of erection through my loins and almost left me dizzy.

Still, I had enough cognizance not to touch myself, recalling how fast I seemed to change whenever I tended to my maleness. Thinking a cold shower was just the thing, I headed to my bathroom, careful not to take off any of my clothes before then let I expose myself. A moot point, I knew, especially given my sexual escapades earlier on. But I figured it was better not to push things too much. Who knew who was getting off to the sight of me at my expense behind the camera? Now, wouldn't *that* be an interesting reason for changing me!? Some sort of sex cult or pornographic video series. Who the hell got off on that kind of stuff, anyway?!

Still, if that was the case, it was certainly working. It was getting almost impossible to resist touching myself, so, I figured I had a little time to get to my bathroom. As soon as I did, the stench hit me all at once, reminding me of what I had done here earlier. It was pretty bad, even by my standards, and I found myself wondering if it was this bad in close quarters, how was I supposed to work with horses all day? *'At least they have hay to keep the smell down,'* I figured, though it wasn't a comforting thought. After all, there was a real possibility that I might end up living in a barn for the rest of my life and not being able to get out.

Getting my clothes off turned out to be more of a chore than I was expecting. And it wasn't just from the fact that I was covered in tons of sweat either. It was as though they were a size too small like I had struggled to get them on in the first place. In fact, my shirt had ridden up my belly a little, exposing that patch of hair and horsehide that had covered me. And my shorts were tight against my thighs, as though I'd bulked up in the past few hours. Though, given the speed of the changes playing over me, that was a very real possibility.

Still, with some struggle, I was able to get them off, without tearing anything. I wasn't sure that if the time came I'd be able to get them on again, wondering if I should try and ask for some bigger clothes. Still, it was hard to worry about that for very long. The exposed body that I saw had changed, just as much as I had anticipated, or, perhaps, feared. The hide had swept up my chest, and my belly was rounded, more than my slightly chubby frame could support. It made me a little self-conscious, though, given the power and energy I seemed to possess, there had to be at least some muscle there. Still, I didn't want to rub the skin too much lest it come with any unwanted repercussions.

My fingers felt a little stiff, too, though flexing them seemed to take out the irritation. But there seemed to be something off about my feet, something that made me do a double-take. My middle toes were longer, twice that of the rest of the toes. Whether my other toes just looked smaller or had shrunk, it was impossible to tell. I was a little unnerved by the sight, wondering if



there was a chance I was developing hooves or something of the sort. Hooves like a horse, which sent shivers through my spine.

Still, with the feeling of my pounding penis and the stink I'd made in the bathroom in tandem with my own sweaty body, I was getting a little dizzy, and having a harder time focusing. Somehow able to ignore the stench, I got into the shower, allowing the tap to turn and the cold water to hit my dick before letting it warm up. The water washed over me, making me stunned by the force of it. Though, the cool water was enough to help my erection go down, at least for the moment. Soon, I was able to put on a more sensual shower, the warm water sinking into muscles that I wasn't even aware were sore until then. The comfort was gradual, and I allowed myself to stay in there for what felt like hours. Thankfully, the warm water didn't seem to be running out any time soon, and I was able to take my time running over the hide I possessed and the skin I still had. For now, at least.

Seeking fingers were reminded of the growth of my tailbone that I'd felt before, and I reached back, an inch-long nub meeting my fingers. I was glad that turning around couldn't really give me a view of the thing, as much as I didn't want to know the obvious. It was clearly a tail, though it lacked the hair of what I assumed a horse might have. For now, at least. I sighed out loud at that. I didn't want to be changed, but it was clear I had been and was still being changed if the markers were any indication.

Getting my hair and hide soaped up was an issue as well, though I managed it. It was coating my legs, my ass, and my belly now, where it had only lightly coated my groin. I was tempted to reach into my sheath to wash my cock, however, but figured there was a chance that in doing so I would bring me an unwanted erection. Besides, they had washed me off with a warm cloth, which was likely sufficient.

Yet, even after getting out of the shower, the scent of sweat and something else lingered in my nose, enough that I found myself questioning it. Did I... was that the smell of a horse? I wasn't sure, the odor was not something I had smelled in years. I was sure that something was off about my scent glands that my diet couldn't account for. It had to be a result of the serum, a bizarre change in a long line of changes that made me concerned for my future.

Before bed, I spent a good hour in the bathroom, after flushing a few more times to get rid of the lingering smells. Still, the heavy musk of my mind was fresh in my nostrils, teasing at the edges of my sheath and almost making me need to jump back into the shower. My nostrils for their part seemed swollen, red, and out of place on my features. I was really breathing in the horsey smells now, the changes to my nose likely the culprit for my awareness of them. Raising my fingers and pulling my lips back, ignoring the rubbery texture that was bothering me so badly, I saw that the thicker skin of my gums had black spots which made me nervous. Brushing

my teeth had no effect on the stains if that's what they were. I was nearly at the point of making them raw and bloody as I tried to eliminate whatever was on them. It took all that time for me to realize that it was, in fact, part of my skin now.

My gums weren't the only thing that had altered, much to my disdain. My incisors seemed bigger as well, though my swollen face matched their development. They did seem a little off-center, too, though I chalked it up to how swollen the rest of my lower face was. And, of course, there were those damn, twitching ears. Must have been two inches now and still growing, if memory served me about the last time that I had seen them!

Still, there was nothing much else to do and it was getting close to my normal bedtime, anyway. I decided to get into bed and wait till morning when I could question my benefactors. Or, perhaps captors was the better term, given the state of my body and the apparent lie I'd been told. There was nothing to be done for it now, although I could at least hope they gave me some answers. Or, the changes would continue enough that I would find out for myself...

My vivid dreams came once more, almost waking me up from the sheer force of the images. In my vaguely waking periods, I would have simply thought myself horny and pent up. Certainly, the stench of cum hit me once when I was up in the middle of the night. But why it was horses in the dreams with me, I couldn't be sure. My objects of sexual desire were the massive, sweaty beasts like I feared I was becoming. In the moment it was impossible to deny that was what was doing it for me. Though, the horses in the dreams were hardly dumb beasts. Rather, they were changed, like me. Had gone through the same process in this room, changing slowly and masturbated and coaxed into becoming placid, horny gay beasts.

Naturally, I was a horse myself, and mating the other stallions seemed as normal as my attraction to women before now. Their massive butts, swishing tails, tight assholes, and, above all, their dangling balls and swaying cocks really did it for me in ways that defied my understanding. Even more, the feeling of being fucked from behind, something that should have scared me, was, instead, powerfully arousing. I was a sexual beast if there ever was one, a sexually charged lightning rod of equine lust. My cock could easily go all day, slathering me in a sheen of the same sweat that had bothered my nose all day.

There was something else in the dream, aside from equine lust and desire. Rather, we were bonded beyond that, members of a group, a family. A herd, I soon realized, though the word had more meaning than that. I ate, slept with, and fucked these males. They, in turn, did so with me, a bond of companionship that was beyond anything that I had ever experienced. It made me long for that sense of belonging in real life, in the waking world. And, I found myself excited to see if that was soon to be...

The pain of something crushing my backside made me roll over for a moment, as though I was sitting on an arm. It took a few minutes, despite the dreams, to remember that I was now in possession of a tail. Yet, it was not only the pressure of the growth that was painning me. Rather, it seemed as though some of the hairs had caught under my...wait, hairs? I was sure that it had been bare before now. But there was no mistaking the pulling of hairs on the back of my tail.

A shudder ran through me just then as I reflexively moved the thing, twitching up and to the side. I wasn't used to a growth sticking out of my backside, and it was powerfully unnerving to move such a thing, a part of myself that hadn't been there before. I almost wanted to cry, to think of how far I'd fallen in so short of time.

Naturally, my flared nostrils picked up the stench of my body odor, the most prominent of which was the sticky semen that coated the bed. Enough those my testicular loads were...impressive, it was clear I'd cum more than once in the night, likely imagining a horse's rump or cock when I'd done so. Yet, it seemed like my cock was no worse for wear, actually halfway out of my sheath from the need to piss. Though, there was some arousal, given the thick scents of my horsey musk and cum that I'd ejaculated.

Yet, the need to piss was at the forefront of my thoughts, and I stood up, getting out of bed to make it to my bathroom. However, the moment I did was the moment I fell over, barely able to catch myself with my hands to prevent injury. It was as though my feet were numb, and not even there to catch my fall. What had...?

The reality of my situation was even worse than I had imagined. Staring down at what became of my feet, I let out a cry, one that sounded more like a horse than my own voice. My feet were changed, warped, altered from the primate stance that I had taken for granted until now. If they weren't already hooves, they were damn close now!

The needs in my bladder were getting instant now, and I had to bite the bullet and try to walk forward. Yet, it was clear that I was not ready for the changes in my stature that made me pitch forward, falling on my hands and nearly my face as I let out a distinctive whinny. I wasn't sure what was worse, falling over because my feet were barely hooves or the fact that in my panic, I sounded like a horse! That, and I was going to piss myself if I didn't get up!

Thankfully, the door opened soon, and Mike and Peter walked in, smiles on their faces changing to looks of concern. At first, I figured it was my increasingly equine state of being that was the cause of their worry, though I quickly figured they were expecting that part and were more occupied with helping me right myself.

“Are you alright, bud?” Mike asked and I nodded as surprisingly strong arms lifted me up and helped me regain my stability as I stood there, trying to balance as best as I could. I wasn’t sure that I could walk like this, though, as best as I could tell, that was the point, wasn’t it? To eventually get me on all fours like a...

“Here, boy, it's Ok. that must have been scary! Let’s get you something to calm you down, OK? Here you go!” Mike said, and he reached into his pocket to produce something that he held out for my inspection. Carefully, I sniffed at it, a succulent scent wafting from it that almost made me salivate. It was clearly sugar, like some sort of candy, but I couldn’t recall the last time something like that smelled so damn good! Reaching out with rubbery lips, I grasped the cube-shaped thing and pulled it in, the taste almost more than I could bear. It was amazing!

Yet, the needs in my bladder were becoming insistent, and I managed to mutter out “bathroom!” in my slightly guttural voice. The two men helped balance me towards my toilet, though I waved them off as I went in to close the door. Though I had to bend down slightly as my cock slid out of my sheath, the skin having tightened around my groin and pointing it upward slightly. It was a little messy, to say the least!

Thankfully, my caregivers had warm cloths for me ready to go, as though assuming I wouldn’t be fully successful. I was a little embarrassed at that, though I tried not to make a big deal of it. I was changing, possibly into an animal, and horses weren’t the cleanest of animals, after all. I shuddered at the thought of that being the rest of my life.

Though, it didn’t take me very long to be brought from those thoughts with the sensation of my cock sliding from my sheath once more. Though, this time didn’t come from the need to urinate. Rather, the caress was making me aroused, pulling my cock from its new home as I started to leak viscous fluids all over again. Dizzied by the sheer amount of blood I needed to maintain such a mammoth erection, I wasn’t able to ask the questions I had planned, or even recall what they were. Hell, it was taking all I had not to simply beg him from his touch!

Yet, I didn’t need to worry about it, given Mike’s penchant for stroking me off. Running one hand over the shaft, his other one teased the tip, where my penis had crowned, the flesh more sensitive in that spot it seemed. It was everything I could do not just to beg him to stroke me faster, though the waves flooding my shaking cock were almost more than I could bear. I was going to cum a flood and there wasn’t anything that I could do about it. Mike was truly amazing at what he did!

Yet, I was somewhat aware that my muscles were warming up, as though expanding over my body. It was subtle, a comfortable heat, one that made me relax into the sensations. It was as though I was getting a massage all over with heated hands, like the muscles were being

remolded, twitching under the skin. Though part of me should have been wary that I was being complacent in my body changing, that the sexual contact was making the process occur faster. But there was no denying how good it felt, how fulfilling it was to feel the muscles being stretched and pulled and reworked.

The sensations were even better by the touch of the other man, Peter, rubbing the twitching spots of flesh under the skin. It was impossible to get them all, that I was changing in so many places at once. But the knots in the flesh that he was able to comfort made the process all the more enjoyable, and I allowed myself to get into it, closing my eyes and feeling the sensations washing over me.

The only thing that bothered me enough to notice was an itching across my body, spreading up my chest and down my thicker thighs and legs. It was the itching over my wrists and ankles, however, that was becoming more insistent, and I gradually wanted to reach down and scratch, my body shuddering from the sensations. Though, it seemed that Peter was paying attention, and was on it himself, rubbing the growing hairs as they steadily lanced from the skin and spreading horsehide that was growing over it. It allowed me to really get into the moment, the relief of being teased almost worth the irritation of the itching in the first place.

Even through the cascading waves of pleasure, I was able to make out the voices of the men who were teasing me so exquisitely. It took me a few moments to realize it, but they were indeed giving me the answers that I had been seeking, or at least, some of them. But, given their adept fingers and wonderful ministrations, it was a wonder I was able to make out any of the words at all, much less question them about what they were informing me.

“There, that’s it, Paul. Doesn’t it feel nice...yes, just get into it, you’re changing, but you’re going to be so beautiful...a lovely stallion...several have come before you...and several will come after...a lovely herd of sentient horses here on-site...and several other species as well, though I think you’re one of the lucky ones, especially with your equipment...don’t you love your new penis?”

I could only whicker in reply, my throat feeling flemmy and distorted. Though, it was hardly an inconvenience, with my current inability to find fault with what they were doing. Even my fears of being unable to walk properly felt like barely an inconvenience with how much pleasure my penis was giving me. Their words, though what should have been infuriating, only served to bring my arousal to new heights as I prepared to blow the stallion load that I had waiting in my plump testicles. I had to admit, there was truth to what they were saying, leaving me unable to muster up even an iota of regret or anger at the impossible transformation I was undergoing!

“Don’t worry about the why...maybe we’ll tell you later but just look at it this way. You are being elevated from humanity in a way that so many others could only hope to achieve. And to think! All your needs will be taken care of for the rest of your life! And, best of all, plenty of stallions to take out those new lusts with! You’ll get lots of use out of that horse cock, believe me! Not to mention all the showers, brushings, and sugar cubes you can handle! Not a bad life, and not treated down like an animal at all! All for the data that just living and acting the way you want will give us! Hell, I might take the deal at some point, maybe you’ll see me in the stalls one day!” Mike declared, Peter only smiling, a stirring in his pants that I could notice despite myself.

The words left me feeling stunned. I knew that I was changing, the results were undeniable. I was becoming increasingly horsey as time went on, and even the words of reassurance on the first few days could not deny that. I was being lied to, brought here against my knowledge to be turned into a dirty farm animal. And the more they played with my junk, or I played with myself, the faster I seemed to change!

Yet, before I could protest too much, the hands-on my penis started stroking faster, running up and down and lubed by my ample precum. The waves of ecstasy flowing from my cock were almost too much to hold back again, and there was an increasing part of my being that didn’t want to. Something about the notion of being an animal made me eager to let go and cum like my instincts seemed to require. And I was OK with that, except...

The aches in my muscles were only increasingly intensifying as the pressure in my penis grew to a crescendo. That part of me that should have been enraged was still there, still aware that the changes were getting to me the more I let these men pleasure me. But, that part was sinking below the surface of my awareness, lost in a sea of ecstasy that my equine phallus was granting me. I was about to shoot from a quivering horse cock, and everything in my mind came second to the level of euphoria that was burning through my sweaty body in a wave of pulsating pressure.

“OHEEEEEIIIIGGGGHHHHH!” I tried to yell, but my voice soon devolved into a series of equine whinnies. My massive black orbs throbbed and pumped an impossible quantity of sperm up through my penis and into the flared tip as it erupted in a wave of cum. So much shot from my shaft that it painted my barreled belly and coated the fur that had spread further from the spot. Naturally, some of it got over my benefactors as well, but they seemed not to care, focused only on my pleasures as they worked my shaft for all it had to give. And with the equine stamina they had gifted me, it certainly took much longer than seven seconds for my orgasm to subside!

With the size of my horse cock in relation to the stature of my body, it took me some time to regain my awareness of the release and get my barrings. I was sure that both Peter and Mike

were stroking down my size, telling me I was a good stud and coming along so nicely. The notion of being told I was beautiful, and becoming more so as the changes went on was not lost on me, even in my lusty haze. Still, there was something both haunting and wonderful about the attention. I was getting more than I'd ever dreamed of, being treated far more regally than I could have imagined before in my life. Yet, at what cost?

Eventually, the pair took my blood and left me to sit there, still reeling from not only the orgasm but the repercussions of what it meant for me. I wasn't going to be working on the farm here, I was going to be part of it. Likely a permanent part, if my caretaker's reactions were any indication. They were gearing me up to not only accept the fact that I was becoming a horse but to like it. And the worst part was that I really was starting to like it if the sensations from my penis were any indication.

It was impossible to ignore the conflict in my thoughts and actions during the experiences of the last few days. I really had liked being pleased like a horse, to have such a massive cock and feel my loads being blown from both my own touch and the touch of others, even though they were men. Though I could do without the hooves, the hair, and the bulk, the cock was out of this world. It was almost worth the loss of my human body to experience even a modicum of those pleasures that my horse penis granted me. Almost.

I spent the afternoon pondering what my life might be like if the changes were to continue down the path that they seemed to be taking. It would be the death of the human me, or, at least my human way of life. If the difficulty I had walking was any indication, I wouldn't be able to live down here for much longer. Soon, I would be taken out to the farm, though something that was planned anyway, it would be a much longer stint than I had been expecting. Surely, I would, in fact, be living the rest of my days as a horse. With other horses, cared for, and at the whims of my captors. It was hard to think of them as simple caretakers with all that had been done to me without my knowledge or consent!

Worse were the human things that I was to lose the more I changed. Naturally, there was an entire room of familiar comforts that would mean nothing to me once I acquired hooves. My beloved books, movies, and video games. Nothing of that sort really mattered to a barnyard beast. Hell, I didn't even know if I'd keep my human mind enough to enjoy them by the time it was done. Let alone my senses....

Needless to say, I fell into a bit of a depressive state after that. As the hours ticked by, I tried to quell my growing anxiety by coming up with things about my soon-to-be life that wouldn't be so bad. There were certainly some pros to being an animal, after all. I wouldn't need to pay bills, or even need to earn money. All my needs would be taken care of, my food, my

cleaning, my care. It seemed like there was a good staff on hand to help with that. And, not to mention the cock! Have I mentioned the cock?

But then, of course, were the cons. Living in a stable, for one. Having to deal with the smell of my own waste until someone came to clean it up. That loss of independence was scary, to say the least. Not able to take showers, baths, eat when I was hungry, hell, even the ability to leave my stall whenever I wanted would be taken from me. All of my autonomy would be robbed of me, as much of an invalid as any poor soul in hospice.

There were more, of course. Simple primate pleasures like hands to operate the world would be taken from me soon. As would the senses I'd grown accustomed to all my life. How did horses hear, see, and *smell*? It was all so alien, so scary that this was to be my reality. And one that was coming on faster and faster each time I was masturbated to climax. Whether it be through my own hands or theirs, it was soon to push me over the edge toward an animalistic fate.

In the end, I decided to enjoy what I could while I still had the ability. It was sort of surreal, putting in some of the movies that had meant the most to me to watch for what was likely the final time, at least as I understood it. I didn't really know, so I tried not to think about it too much. Though, equine aspirations played over my mind to the point that I had no idea what the point was in enjoying my media. Would I even remember that I'd enjoyed them, once? What would be worse, forgetting all of the things in my human life or remembering what I could never experience ever again for the rest of my life, lamenting it all the while?

I was changing all the while, of course. Though, nothing too noticeable after the last growth spurt. I was heavier for sure, maybe gained about 30-40 pounds over the course of the morning. A lot of it was muscle in the top of my body, my shoulders and upper arms bulked up, and my chest and pecs barreled slightly. Though the skin was constantly itching with the growth of more fur and hide, I resisted the urge to rub it. Though it was silky and smooth, there was something about making its presence real on my body that made the prospect undesirable. That, and there was every chance I would spread it faster by touching it. That, or at least make its presence real, was not something I relished at the moment.

Naturally, my greater bulk required more to eat, and as much as I didn't want to gorge myself, I didn't really have the choice. Surely my body needed as much food as a horse, and my metabolic needs were likely far greater than even that to support the changes. And the smells of lettuce, carrots, and tomatoes were far more appealing to my nose in its changed state. It was everything I could not to crunch down on my meal with the desperation of a man starved. I found myself wondering if horses ate all day, a little bit here and there in an effort to curb the urges to eat. That was probably the case to a degree, though not something I relished doing. Still, after what felt like the world's biggest salad, I finally had enough in me to quell that ravenous hunger,



at least for the moment. There was plenty of food for me to snack on, at least, so I didn't have to worry about that if I was inclined to eat as my body required.

And, of course, after eating came the sensations of bloatedness and gas that I'd come to understand was part of the territory for being at least part equine. I didn't know horses were so...flatulent, and it was not something I relished having to deal with for the rest of my life. I was loud, I was gassy, and I was *smelly*. I would have gagged if it wasn't coming from my own ass, and I hadn't quickly gotten used to it.

Naturally, soon with the gas came the need to use the bathroom, and I was able to get to the toilet in time to use it, but only just. I had managed to hobble on my hooves, the urgent sense getting me up and moving fast enough to make it across the room to my bathroom. I could feel my tail raise, though my ass was bigger than the seat could manage. It took everything I had to hold it to make sure my much larger anus got it in the bowl. Though, the sheer amount of horse manure I needed to dump was enough that it sloshed up the water onto my ass, making me powerfully uncomfortable. Flushing was impossible, though it was soon not to be my problem anymore. It made me a little sad to realize that I wouldn't be staying in this place much longer, once my body bulked up and I was down on all fours. Maybe tomorrow, if the changes kept coming the way they were.

I also had to urinate, though was able to resist the urge until my mess was dealt with. Though, it was not easy, having to lean over the toilet as I was. I couldn't get my cock to point downward the way I was accustomed to, and that notion greatly bothered me. Not wanting to have no nose so close to my chest, there was little for it now as I let my bladder go as well. It was a little messy, and left me thankful I was human enough to use a shower. Though, it was almost impossible to fully hose off as I tried to wipe my massive body, the cloth not doing much by catching on the fur. Still, it was better than staying dirty, and I was thankful for the small favor.

To my chagrin, the warm water on my penis causes me to come to a half erection, my penis sliding sensually out of my sheath and leaking into the stream of water. Rather than being concerned, however, I stared in reverence at the thing, siding out nine inches, ten, twelve. Soon, it was fifteen inches, and possibly not even the final size of the horse cock I would wear the rest of my life. Though, at the moment, I was remiss to care, shocked at the size of the thing attached to my groin. I was *hung*, maybe even for a horse!

The blood rushed to my dick, and naturally, I started to stroke, unable to resist touching myself. A series of several pleasurable shockwaves rolled over my groin, moving up towards my prostate and making my orange-sized balls throb. Part of me knew that I couldn't touch myself, I would be speeding up my descent into equine hood by jerking off, maybe even losing my hands

in the process. They were stiff, the fingers having a harder time getting around my shaft. I was a two-hander, I knew that already. But if I didn't have longer middle digits, I would be unable to make it all the way around my cock. Still, I managed, jerking faster as I realized there was a chance the next series of changes might rob me of that ability.

All over, my body was warming up more than even the water was causing. It was as though my muscles were aching, getting larger against the spreading horse hide. I was bulking up, to be sure, but the tension in my muscles made me certain that they were altering further, some contracting further as others expanded beyond the proportions of my body. Even now I could feel how hard it was getting to move in a way I was used to. My arms felt restricted, my chest tight as my arms seemed to bulk into the expanse of my thicker torso and barreled belly. But, even with all the alterations, I couldn't bring myself to care in the moment. The pleasure was just too much!

Right on the precipice of release, I managed to let go of my cock, though much of the effort was due to the straightening of my middle fingers causing them to lose their grip. It was only a momentary reprieve, the sheer arousal I had for the size of my cock was enough to send me over the edge. The entire shaft shook violently as bursts of horse cum shot from the tip, blowing into the drain and nearly clogging it from the sheer quantity.

My orgasm lasted what felt like several minutes, though it couldn't have been more than twenty seconds. Still, it was twice the length of its human equivalent, and enough that I was barely able to stay standing, heavy as my body was. I was panting heavily, the water not even enough to wash all the frothy sweat from the exertion off my body. Still, I stayed in it, relishing the warm water against my skin, for what might be the last time. Would I ever feel the heat of a shower over my form once I had transformed fully? It seemed unlikely.

Drying off was a precarious affair, my balance askew and my hands having difficulty holding a towel. There was little point; I was able to shake a large amount of the water off my frame, though I did coat the already dirty bathroom with a spray of water. I didn't want to remain in the stench for much longer, though I couldn't help but notice there was a horsey smell still lingering on my body as I went out into the main room. There was nothing to be done about it now, obvious that the odor was a part of me.

With nothing else to do, I relented to the fatigue that was taking over and got into my bed. I didn't want to; there was every chance that I would change more as I slept, but there was nothing to be done about it now. And, I needed the rest, the orgasm having taken more out of me than I was prepared for it. Though, not without some snacks for good measure, my metabolism needing frequent boosts. Yet, despite my worry and fear, sleep overtook me easily, thankfully

enough, even over the worry that I wouldn't fit on such a thing for much longer, and would be prompted to lie down in a bed of straw for the rest of my life.

As usual, I was plagued by vivid dreams, horsey ones if my recollections were any indication. Though it was hard to tell, the warm sun on my hide, the sensation of my tail flicking against my bare ass, and my four hooves on the ground were as normal as anything I could recall in my human life. And, thankfully, I wasn't alone. There were others of my kind there, massive stallions all, with waving horse cocks. Ones that I wanted to get my rubbery horse muzzle around. Or, maybe take up my equine pucker, as my body was inclined to do...

The need to piss soon overtook my thoughts, and I woke up swiftly, my cock already out of its sheath. There was also an urgent need to empty my bowels, which had me all the more panicked to get to my toilet. I couldn't help but think *damn, already?! I had just gone last night and had barely eaten anything in the interim*

Much to my disappointment, no sooner than I tried to get up than I fell over, my hips wide and my posture hunched more than I could manage. I tried righting myself, posture awkward and my body much heavier than I could manage. It was as though the muscle memory was all wrong for the proportions that I possessed, which was likely a fair assessment, all things considered. Still, with the need to use the bathroom, I didn't want to literally shit the bed, not while I still intended on living down here!

The sound of the door opening made me whicker in relief, though the sound was decidedly more equine than I might have preferred, and I decided to stay silent, allowing them to come over to me and trying not to pass gas as best as I could. Though, with my equine body, it was an impossible task. Still, the men didn't seem to take notice, likely used to being around horses. Instead, they managed to pick me up, balancing my weight with an impressive amount of strength for the size I had added on.

"Whoa, there, buddy! Don't overdo it! You're a little more than halfway there, you can't walk so well yet, so don't strain yourself!" Mike said, the pair of them holding me steady and aloft as I stopped struggling, allowing them to help me.

"B-Bathroom..." I managed to mutter out, and my tail twitched, preparing itself to raise. It was everything I had to hold it in as the men got me to my bathroom, and as soon as I was in the room, I had to let go, dumping my horse manure and letting loose with a stream of piss. I was embarrassed beyond belief, but the men, for their part, did not chastise me, only wordlessly got me back to my chair before wiping me down. I was grateful for the feeling of cleanliness, though ashamed that my bathroom was all but destroyed in the process.

“Hey there, stud. I know you might not want to hear this quite yet, but it might be the case that the stalls are the best place for you now. No more worry about accidents, and you can’t get around on your own in that state. Plus, the other horses can help you adjust! What do you say, boy? Time to make the transition permanent?” Peter asked, and, for a moment, I seriously considered the offer. Was it time to embrace my equine life? Or did I want to hang onto the fantasy a little bit longer?

“Well, you don’t have to decide right away, stud,” Mike offered, before heading over to put gloves on as though waiting for something. I blushed as soon as I realized that it was to be my oncoming erection. Even if I wanted him to go away, didn’t want to be touched by this man, my body was clearly betraying me. It seemed as though regular attention, particularly by men, was something that I needed in my new form. And, even if it was going to change me more, I could no more resist than I could fight off the oncoming serum in my veins that was making me into a stallion.

In fact, the pleading expression on my face all but confirmed to the man the desperation in my body. “Pleeeeeease...” I muttered, the tones in my voice more equine than human. Though, at the moment there was little to be done for it. I needed to get off, and the notion of getting stroked off by such a manly specimen was almost more than I could bear.

It seemed that Mike was more than eager to help me, stroking my shaft gently until it rose to full erection. I truly had a cock the size of a horse’s now, almost 18 inches long and thick at the tip, eager for any stallion’s asshole. I was sure that my inklings were for other males now, as Mike had told me were the particular proclivities of the other stallions here. Though I was a little concerned about meeting changed people who were living as stallions, but that was neither here nor there, as it were. Right now I was only looking for the present pleasure that was to come.

The man’s hands were warm, not needing any artificial lubricant with how aroused I was and how much I was leaking already. spurts of precum were coming like a fountain, a prelude to the mammoth load I would shoot. My body, though much larger than I had been as a human, could hardly subsist on the remaining blood when so much was needed to fuel my cock! Added with the pleasure pulsating through my penis, it was a wonder how I would be able to stand it with any level of awareness.

Still, the changes were intense enough that I was able to perceive them, though I could hardly muster up an iota of care. It started in my hips this time, the bones shifting and thickening against the skin. Though it was thankfully painless, it was still powerful and disconcerting to see them jutting out of me like an emaciated cow before the muscle and fat could bulk up properly around them. Though, I could hardly bring myself to care, on my back as I was and being the handjob of my life.

The tingling seemed to seep into my belly soon after that, my stomach bloating as the skin underneath started twitching and writhing from veins pumping underneath. Organs shifting, I reflectively raised my tail and accidentally let out a bit of gas, blushing as I did so. Though, my benefactor seemed not to mind, still stroking me off without a sign on his face that I had done anything unsavory. I supposed it was par for the course of being a horse, and something that Mike was used to.

“That’s it stud, god you’re a big boy, certainly an envy in the downstairs department...not gonna take you too much longer to blow that load, now, will it?” Mike teased me, and I felt my cock shake at that, getting closer and closer to climax.

Part of me felt I should have been worried, that I had a hard time thinking about why any of this was a bad thing. I was almost halfway into my transition, and the more that I changed, the less chance I would be anything but an animal living in a barn. I could picture myself, a massive equine beast, grazing in a field before my herd mates. Mike was one, certainly, I felt that. But there was something else in the image, me wanting to be surrounded by other stallions, to have those horse cocks dangled to be sucked, to fuck me, or to have those black donuts they possessed penetrated by my horse penis. The images were powerfully appealing, and the imagination of my new life, one that left me excited.

It was the smell of my sweaty horsehide and the precum that sent me over the edge, my balls bunching up as they prepared to spill their load. Mike’s hands were so skilled, so perfect at pleasuring my penis that I couldn’t even imagine holding back even if I wanted to. So lost in the pleasure, I hardly noticed the sensation of something going over my cock, thin and rubbery like a condom or collection device. But the grip it had on my penis was enough to send me over the edge, and I whickered and whinnied with a decidedly equine cadence as my cock pumped and pulsed, cum filling the device to the point where it almost fell off with a splat onto the ground.

I panted, tired and sweaty from the release while Peter came up and took some blood. I wasn’t really sure why they needed so much, other than to make sure the changes were coming along. I didn’t say anything, didn’t try to stop them or anything. There really wasn’t any point, and I didn’t mind at this juncture.

“Well, out to the barn now? I know it’s a little inconvenient at this point, but it might be better to get you up there now. Though it’s a rough period, I’ll let you have the option for now. Can’t wait too long though, I wouldn’t say any more than a day with how nicely you’re coming along. Still, if you want some more time down here, I won’t stop you,” Mike said, patting me forming mane as he watched my cock slide down into its sheath. He gave me a wipe-down with a warm cloth, and it almost gave me another boner. I couldn’t help but notice the envy in his eyes

as he stared at my penis, the hunger. Though I didn't comment on it, still a little stunned from the intense orgasm and thinking about what my life would be like.

For now, I was left alone, though it hardly felt like I had any privacy. Hell, with the changes from that last orgasm, I barely held on to my bodily autonomy. I would have it back as a full horse, but in the middle of the transformation, it was impossible to really work my body in any functional way. I was top-heavy, for one, and I had to hunch over to really move around the room. I eventually took to crawling, the pressure in my backside too much to really make a difference. Thankfully I was large enough to reach my fridge and counter with no trouble, the first of many priorities that came to the forefront of my thoughts. With how much I had grown lately, I was *starving*.

It seemed as though my 'captors' had forgotten to bring me down fresh produce, and I'd eaten myself out of supplies. Though, I couldn't blame them, with the chance that I would agree to take them up on their offer and head to the barn where I would live the rest of my life. Though the notion of that would be like was more than I could truly contemplate right now. So, I figured it was best to focus on the here and now, and let come what may.

And, for now, I was ravenous, my belly bigger and my body needing nourishment. The serum changing me was some miraculous stuff, giving my body the proteins and material needed for me to grow and change without killing me. But, given that horses ate so much even in relation to their massive bodies, it was a wonder that I hadn't passed out from starvation a hundred times over. So, it was no surprise when I found a container of oats that I opened the top, tilting it towards my larger mouth and eating greedily. It was all I could do not to literally stuff my face, though there was barely any time between chewing my mouthfuls and swallowing to quell the burning in my belly.

Soon after binging into my bin, the dryness of the oats seemed to require an equal quantity of water, and I pulled out the pitcher, not bothering to use a glass. My thirst was far too intense for that anyways, and I tipped it up and tried not to flood myself as I drank. It was all I could do to pace myself, the challenge of quenching my thirst and hunger as I consumed more than was humanly possible. Though I could hardly call myself human any longer, in my changed state.

A hearty belch escaped my lips, the smell of oats on my breath making me all the more hungry. It was followed by a rather loud bout of flatulence, as though my innards were struggling with the new meal or my previously digested remnants. I was more than a little embarrassed, though there was no one in here with me to really shame in front of. And was it really shameful if my bodily functions were altering into those of an animal, alien to me but normal for the horse herd that I would soon be joining?

I couldn't help but reflect on that life, even though I had been avoiding doing so until now. I would be spending most of my days eating, right? Eating, grazing, and standing around other horses. What would that be like? Not to mention would I retain enough intelligence to find such a life boring, or would it be the perfect use of my time when I had the mentality of a horse? Would I even wait to retain thoughts when I was a horse, to miss all that I had lost and lament those things I would never have again? OK, too depressive.

Still, I was able to comfort myself with some rational thinking. Identity death couldn't be the case, right? Not if all the horses were gay, I was sure. Though, was it simply the lack of mares, or were all the sexualities of the stallions set in stone? Animals could be gay, certainly, without the pretense of humanity. I wasn't sure, and I didn't want to ask, figuring that if I was going to lose parts of myself, it was better to just lose them than worry about it coming.

Still, I couldn't help but think about some of the more appealing aspects of equine life. All of my human cares, money, possessions, hell, even needing to clean up after myself, would be gone. Not that I wanted to, but wouldn't it be nice, to give up all of those human concerns? Just standing around as a well-cared horse, better than most animals in the world as best as I understood. If I was going to be an animal, I would want to be one in this position, even over being free in the wild. Hell, and with all the sex I could want, with dummy mares or even stallions to play with.

Though I wanted to remain celibate for the time being, my train of thought prompted a certain level of arousal through my shaft that was impossible to ignore. I started stroking, almost oblivious as to the repercussions of such an act. It was obvious that anything to increase my heart rate accelerated the changes. And not only that, I had cum a mere few hours ago, making it a certainty that this action would change me in short order. But at the time, there was no denying how much I needed it!

Like my benefactors' efforts, it was obvious that my hands were of insufficient size to properly wrap around my stallion meat. I was a two-hander for sure, and it made it almost impossible to get the kind of pleasure I was accustomed to. Though, sensitive as my horse flesh was, it was a wonder that even the slightest tickle against it didn't make me cum right then and there. It was powerfully pleasurable, making me moan and whiny in my equine cadence before I was even aware enough of it to try and stop myself.

As my cock grew larger, however, I was slowly made aware of something that hadn't occurred to me before now. Though my belly was bulbous, my cock was even more massive, enough that it was longer than the hybrid torso I now possessed. And my mouth was longer as well, close enough that pliable lips could reach out and tease close to the tip. Before I was fully

cognizant of what I was doing, my lips were out, and licked the tip of my penis, making me shudder from the contact. I had never had the tip touched in such an exquisite way, and it was almost more than I could bare. And though I had never experimented with it before, the taste of my pre, brief as it was, hardly seemed to bother me. Did that mean I could...

Before I could give it a second thought, my prehensile lips were out and lipping at the tip of my horse cock, forcing a more tasty treat to leak out. It was a bit sticky, and I was leaking more than I could feasibly swallow. Though, I did my best, salivating profusely to try to take down as much as possible. Licking the head was sublime, especially in tandem with my masturbatory efforts made for more pleasure than I was ready for. My thoughts started to waver the more I stroked off, the thickness of my fluids hardly a deterrent in my desperation.

As I feared, the tingling of change started to play over my body, heart rate up and pumping the serum faster through my arteries. Though I couldn't care, save the expansion of my belly and the angle of my cock, making it harder to suck myself off. But my lips were long enough and I could still manage to keep up with my oral ministrations. I was getting desperate, and not simply to halt the changes and their progressive onslaught. It was rather the desire to cum, the pleasure in my penis far more than I could take.

Yet, it was a particular tingle that made me pick up my pace, wanting to cum before I lost the ability to. For it was centering in my fingers this time, getting to the point where it was harder to move them over my cock through the present numbness. I was losing my hands, or at least to a degree, and without them, I would need the help of my benefactors exclusively. Without them around, I needed to get off before I lost the ability and had to wait until the morning. I desperately wanted to taste my horse cum, this one final time I could get off on my own!

Thankfully, my panic did not deter the onset of equine orgasm or the opportunity for me to drink down my horse cum. My stallion balls started to throb and reaching down, I was able to cup them enough to feel the expulsion of horse jism pushing through them. With the expansive size of the shaft I possessed, I had sufficient time to press my lips to my urethral opening. Though, I was not prepared for the sheer force of cum to explode forth, my cock waving against my numb hands and hitting me in the face more than it was getting into my mouth. Though there was some relief in that; the sheer quantity of cum was more than I could manage to swallow, without having to cough it up or choke on it.

Though the rank, salty taste of horse cum was far more pleasant than I would have expected, as though the taste was something my altering body craved. It was pungent and musky, the odor thick and prompting my nostrils to flare to take it in. There was something about it that created an air of desire, and the texture was hardly a deterrent to its ingestion either. I found



myself lipping at my lips with a thicker tongue, wanting to eat as much of my horse jism as I could while the remnants of my orgasm force my cock to shake and empty my load into waiting lips.

Yet, I was soon unable to finish my tasting of the exquisite flavor of horse cum not even enough to keep me in the act. The fatigue from coming from a fully formed horse dick in a body that was not prepared for it to send a powerful wave of fatigue through my form. My eyes fluttered shut and I leaned down, head touching the floor and passing out with little fanfare. In the moment, I couldn't muster a care for anything else than the satisfaction of an orgasm that powerful and what it meant for my oncoming equinehood.

I wasn't sure how long I laid there, covered in my cum and snoring in an equine tone that would have awoken the human me easily. I was slightly aware that I was a little gassy, the smells and sounds making my nose and ears twitch reflexively. Though it was hardly enough for me to wake, fatigued as I was. It seemed as though the changes or the disproportionate size I possessed needed the rest. And, I was happy to fall into my circadian rhythms, giving into the rest that I needed and sleeping off the best orgasm of my life.

It was an ache in my bowels that prompted me to wake, my belly gurgling and feeling uncomfortably full. I tried to get up, but my hybrid anatomy left me stumbling to the point where I was falling over. And, the gurgling in my bowels was starting to get insistent, to the point where I didn't have time to get to the bathroom. I wanted to, desperately, but by the time I managed to right myself, I was essentially crawling toward the source of relief. But my body had other ideas and did not use toilets for relief from primal urges.

I could hardly keep my bowels closed before my tail lifted and my sphincter muscles relaxed enough that I began relieving myself right then and there. I felt powerfully ashamed of the act, but any resistance I had was most with my altered physiology. It seemed that horses had little control of their bodily functions, and needed to relieve them several times a day as much as I was starting to do. And so long as they were relaxed and satisfied, they lacked the ability to hold back such functions, as I was to learn the hard way...

It seemed like a painfully long time until I was done relieving my bowels, and the stench of my manure burned into my nostrils to the point where I wanted to vomit. The reek of fresh horse shit was not something I was ready for with my enhanced senses. I figured I would grow accustomed to it when working with them, but to have it coming from my own body was more than I could bear. Though, thankfully I was spared the need to wipe, given the puckered state of my anus. It was a small reprieve, but it was something, given that I had no ability to clean myself with my altered anatomy.

It was soon to get worse as I was suddenly made aware of a pressure in my bladder, and I felt my cock slide from its sheath before the urethra erupted with a steam of piss. I was barely able to stand enough to avoid the splatter. But I could hardly resist the urge to empty my bladder either, the need to piss beyond the ability to hold back. Like the animal I was becoming, I had no ability to control my bodily functions while resting, my body having more intense urges than anything my humanity could compare to.

The sound of the door opening brought me out of my shame, and I looked over to see that Mike and Peter came in, wafting their noses at the stench I had left. Though I was sure they worked with horses and their leavings on the regular, their natural reactions to such a stench made me feel powerfully humiliated. I hadn't wanted to be an animal and to behave like one against my human sense of embarrassment. But now that I was, there was no holding back from what I had to do with my newly changed anatomy.

It was then and there that I decided it was time. Even if my mess was cleaned up, something that I was unable to do on my own, I would be making another one in a few short hours. And this was not the place for my messes to be tended to. There was another location where others of my kind would do as they would and would be looked after. Even if I didn't want to admit it, I was more like those feral horses in body. Maybe it was time I lived like them as well? No, I didn't have the jurisdiction to make those decisions anymore. And there were some people in the room right now who did.

I didn't even say anything, just moved towards the door as both Mike and Peter came to either side of me, to help me get there. "That's it, stud, it's time. You're making the right choice, and you're going to love it there. All those stallions, eager horse balls ready to take you and cum with you in the most amazing ways. Not going to lie, I'm a little jealous!" Mike mentioned, and I felt a little better at that. After all, horses were happy to be horses, right? And I was, for all intents and purposes, more a horse than a human. So, why not live as one?

Once more, I was taken through the pristine halls, once smaller to me when I was still in my own body. Instead of feeling like I was being taken to my new home, I was painfully aware that such lodging no longer applied to me and that I should not be here any longer. I was a beast, and could not keep such a place as clean as this should be. Though, I could not deny the sensation of despair that came with being the last time I would ever be taken through such a place. In fact, it was more likely that wherever they were taking me would be the last place I would be taken for the rest of my life. That, more than anything else, left me feeling depression deeper than anything my human existence had prepared me for.

Eventually, I arrived outside, and my altered nostrils breathed in a scent that immediately brought my attention to what was out there past this building. The odors reminded me of my own

redolence, the scent of sweat and horse and waste, and all the things that came with animalistic life. There was something comforting about that, their presence almost making me excited to go toward them. Part of me, a growing part, wanted to see them and see where they lived, to know what my life would be like. Though, another part was terrified about being a part of their world, of losing my autonomy and humanity and truly allowing my new reality. Even though they were all once human, they surely had lives, and experiences that were beyond my ability to understand. Though, soon enough, I would.

I was not expecting the sight that greeted me as I was brought into the barn, not seeing any of the animals outside on the way in. Two massive stallions were present, and in the middle of rut. The one on the bottom had a fully erect, fifteen-inch horse cock, slapping against his belly and whinnying his excitement. The top seemed to be biting down on his mate's neck, holding him in place as their balls slapped together. The stallion on top seemed a little higher over the bottom, though it made sense, covering another stallion more difficult than a mare, I would assume. Still, they made it look easy, rocking back and forth in rhythm and allowing both to come to eventual climax.

To my surprise, and perhaps a bit of disgust, the sight had my own horsecock sliding from its home, clearly excited by the sight of stallions in rut. Part of me felt ashamed by the act, that I shouldn't be aroused by this. It was bestial, raw, animalistic. But at the moment I couldn't fathom a sight that could turn me on more. I wanted nothing more than to be taken or take a stallion like the pair were currently partaking in. It seemed, at least that I wouldn't have trouble fitting in from a sexual standpoint, at least!

Mike seemed to notice the expression on my face, and if not, the erection that I had swinging from my groin gave away my desire. "Don't be ashamed, it's a normal reaction to the serum, and you'll be joining them soon enough. They were people like you, once, and they still remember, even if they probably like being horses more! But, you're not big enough to join them yet, that will be a few more days. So then, why don't we get you there!? A champion stallion like you needs to get off multiple times a day, and we have just the thing to help with that in the meantime!"

Part of me didn't want to stop watching the horses, and Mike and Peter were kind enough to let me watch as the one on top spasmed and filled his mate with horse cum. The slapping cock of the bottom horse soon blew its own load onto his belly and the straw on the barn floor. The scent made my cock twitch, already leaking copious fluids down into my sheath and the shaft. Still, I couldn't go to them, a combination of intimidation and my shifting body keeping me at bay. Begrudgingly, I allowed my handlers to lead me away to wherever they had in mind.

Whatever preconceived notions I had about horse barns, I had to admit that I was not expecting to be taken into a large room with a series of ten stands set up. Slowly, the term dummy mare came to mind, and with it, the expectation the men had for me. Was I to rut into these? Surely, but what was the harm? Well, it would change me more, but in my hybrid state that was hardly to be a concern. I didn't want to be a half-and-half, and turning the full way equine was my best option. There was nothing to be done for it now, and no reason to hold back the process.

“Here, let's get you up on the stands. Will have to adjust one, but we've done that before for the others. Won't take but a moment. I can tell the stallions got you all riled up!” Mike said, and I was left standing there at that, held by Peter and wanting to focus on what Mike was doing but currently enthralled by my penis. Though I couldn't touch it with my arms the way they were, needing the support myself lest I fell flat on my horsey face. Not something I wanted!

It seemed to take a painfully long time to wait until the stand was ready, and I was impatient. My cock was bouncing up and down against my belly, making it hard to think with all the blood that it needed. But, eventually, it was time, and I was allowed to come to the stand, the two men lifting up my hefty body so that I could climb in front of the dummy mare. My penis was jousting against the bottom of the stand, the sensations pleasant but not nearly enough to do anything for me. Though strong hands were soon to wrap around it, hoisting me up and making me think I was about to be jerked off. The sensation of the warm, cushy tunnel was enough that I was able to let out an equine moan and start humping away with my back legs. It was heaven!

Never before had any experience equated to rutting into this stand, likely designed to mimic a mare's sex, though I could hardly bring myself to care. I was more about rutting equine asshole, and I think the tightened contours of the dummy mare were doing the trick. It was better than masturbating myself or even having the two men help me out at the same time. My penis was enveloped all at once, leaving me to feel the full bliss of possessing such a thing. It was divine, even a cushion for my balls to slap against that made me think I was rutting into a stallion's backside. Though likely on a semblance of the pleasure I would get by rutting one of the stallions, it was still more than I have hoped for!

A peculiar scent in the air brought me pause, one that was rank but intriguing in equal measure. It reminded me of the horse barn, musky and seminal all at once. I slowly realized that it was some sort of potent hormonal cocktail, one that spoke of the stallions and their virility. After all, every dummy mare stand needed an extra boost for the stallion in question. And, as inclined as I seemed to be towards the same sex, the scent of a stallion was exactly what was in order.

Though at the moment I could really only focus on the scent itself, its potent musk bringing my cock to impossible levels of erection. I pounded erect, feeling my flared cocktip being enveloped by the inner folds of the stand. It was heavenly, the pleasure rocking all the way through my prostate and making me grunt and whicker with the build-up. My balls were slapping violently against the base, though it was cushioned for my pleasure, so it wasn't too much of an inconvenience. Though my larger body was a little awkward, the lust from the grip on my horse cock and the scents of stallions burned into my nose were enough to bring me blessed relief. I felt my body shudder, my balls throbbing and the cock spewing its burden inside of the container. My entire cock was rubbed sensually as my orgasm overtook me, bringing me a sense of bliss that felt somehow more intimate than anything I felt this far on my stint of equine hood.

Coming down off the stand, a sensation of fulfillment came over me just then, one that went beyond anything that the human me could recall in recent memory. It was as though I'd achieved it all, that I had mated and dominated the stand. Some equine instinct welling up within me, no doubt. At the moment it was difficult to really reflect on the experience beyond the satisfaction that came with it.

“Good boy! That's a good stud!” Mike said, rubbing the back of my neck and mane and sending ripples of pleasure through me. The attention made the afterglow somehow more pleasant, a connection that spoke to some swelling equine part of me. Though, content and placid as I was, I allowed them to take me to the stall, the place I was to live for the rest of my life.

It was a rather nice stall, I guess. Mike and Peter reassured me that it would work for my new physiology. Part of their studies involved us living as much as true horses as possible, behavior and interactions, and such. Though we would be groomed and cleaned and looked after to a point better than most owned horses. Given attention and toys and space and the best food and treats. It really would be an equine paradise, it seemed.

Though the words meant little as the reality of my situation sank in. Through all the experiences of the past few days were leading to this, it still fed into my despair to realize that my body was now suited to this type of habitat. How far I had fallen from humanity, and how little I had left before I was little more than an animal. A well-kept one, but that was a little consolation with the reality that I was to lose my humanity. The back-and-forth struggle was steadily coming to an end, as my change reached its inevitable conclusion.

I almost forgot the presence of the men in the stall with me, though Peter had taken off for the moment as I was set down. Mike was rubbing the back of my neck and tail, relaxing me slightly from the fear and anxiety that was plaguing me. I was a little unsure how he could tell, though I was sure my depression was coming off me in waves. “It's ok, stud. It will take some

time to get used to, but I'm sure you're going to love it! All our other herd members will love you, don't worry!"

His touch did have an effect on my mood, I had to admit. Even if he was treating me like a horse, I almost was one. And there were equine pleasures to be had, I experienced firsthand. Certainly, the sensitive spots on my skin, flicking from the contact, welcomed the touch of his fingers. Those things I wouldn't have much longer. Fuck, I didn't want to think about that...

The scent of something succulent hit my larger nose just then and looking up in time to see Peter's return, what looked like a feed bag in hand. Placing it in front of me, I started to salivate, hunger pangs hitting my belly and making me ravenous. I didn't want to debase myself by diving in, but again, why not? I certainly wanted to instinctually. And it made more sense to act like a horse, some semblance of equine acceptance that would surely be best in the long run. It was a little comfort to move into that mindset, though probably for the best in the long run. And I was so damn hungry...

It seemed that my meal was to be some granola mix, various grains, and chunks of things that my eyes couldn't quite distinguish. Though my nose and my stomach said enough, I stuck my proto muzzle inside and started to lip it up with those pliable lips. I could grab the different pieces, I found, and the moment I did was the moment the flavors burned into my mouth, far more integrated than I could have ever expected. Had my taste buds changed that much in the interim? There was little time to reflect on it with how much I was starving, and I bit into the bag with the gusto of a beast. My mouth was able to distinguish different flavors and textures with precision, but it meant little with how much I needed to eat, my massive belly needing filled. I could hardly keep up with my hunger, like an animal with no self-control and given unlimited access.

Lost in my feeding frenzy, the scent of something else hit my nose, one more familiar to the human me. It was alcohol, wheat, and hops that seemed almost as interesting to my equine sense of smell as the food that was in front of me. There was a bucket there, a metal one that smelled strongly of booze. Mouth watering, I sniffed at it, wondering why I was being given such a thing. I hadn't been allowed to drink while I was downstairs, of course, the dangers of being isolated with it clearly obvious. But, now, if it was OK to do so as a horse, and I was being offered it, well, then...

Not bothering to reach my hands down into it, knowing that I soon wouldn't have them to begin with, I started sucking, drinking as much as I would water. The flavor was amazing, far more integrated than anything I had ever tasted. I was somewhat of a beer connoisseur, though I couldn't distinguish the brew with my equine taste buds. Still, it didn't matter with how much I

enjoyed the flavor, and I lapped and sucked with fervor. It wasn't unlike I was dizzied, a little buzzed, that I pulled my head up, staggering a little as my handlers laughed at me.

“Haha, that's a good boy! Not that we keep the horses here drunk, mind, but if you ask nicely we don't mind sharing every now and then! Or, more often than that if you're good!” Mike said, patting me on my board back before rubbing my neck a little. I had to admit, it was comforting, and I felt myself relax into it, buzzed and content after one of the most potent orgasms that I had ever experienced. Something that was likely only to get better the more that I changed...

The urge to empty my bowels soon came to the forefront of my awareness, though there was nowhere to go. I didn't want to take a dump in front of these men, though there was little to be done for it, given the circumstances. I had only a little time to move away from Mike's touch before my tail lifted and my sphincter relaxed as I unloaded my manure. Mike just giggled a little, and I felt I might have been more ashamed had I not been a little more buzzed. There was nothing to be done for it, however, horse that I was, and barely in control of my bowel movements. At least the smell wasn't as bad, the odors of manure background enough that I was starting to get used to it.

Mike and Peter left at that, one going to get a shovel and bucket, and the other to go outside to where some of the other horses were. I continued to drink my brew, taking a step back to take a piss as well and not wanting to deal with the splatter. I didn't bother to stand; though I was largely crawling on my hands and knees, it wouldn't be the case for long, and I simply watched where I was moving. Buzzed as I was getting, it was harder for me to think that this stall would be my home for the rest of my life, rather than a temporary stopping place for...what?

The sound of hooves clopping hooves grew my gaze upward, looking to Mike and two of the stallions that would likely make up my herd mates. I couldn't help but glance at them, in particular, their male assets. I know, it should have been silly. But given the horse's rear on my own backside and my soon-to-be fate, it wasn't something I needed to feel shame for. Rather, I was more interested in knowing if the former men wanted me as much as I might be interested in them...

My gaze stayed on them the entire time, both being brought into a large stall beside mine. Through the wooden beams, I could see their activities. Naturally, they did not need much convincing, though were happy for the care that Mike and Peter gave them. A wash down, particularly in their rears, some grooming, and rub downs that came from both the caretakers and the horses, showed a bond that I almost envied. I knew it was coming for me as well, that I would be like those horses and have the companionship of herd mates. It was interesting to watch, though it was hard to determine the edge between interest and jealousy.

Still, I couldn't stop watching as the horses were tended to, most interested in their erections as they lipped and groomed each other in unison. It was a tender moment, one that gave me a semblance of hope for the future. The horses, as best I could tell, were acting like horses, but they seemed almost...happy? I wasn't sure if that was accurate but I hoped whoever they were in their past lives, they were, at least.

Naturally, as I was inclined to understand, twin horse cocks started sliding from their sheaths, dangling there as the two prepared to rut with some anticipation. The smaller one turned around, pristine pucker on display for his mate as he raised his tail and wafted some horsey pheromones toward his perspective mate. The other horse took several big whiffs, licking along his backside and gently nipping at his ballsack and making his smaller lover nicker his approval. None of the contact seemed painful, or unwelcome, rather an eager mating ritual of two stallions that well knew each other's bodies.

Mike's hand was on my shoulder before the pair had finished their pre-mating dance, and I turned to him, the look of perplexion and desire evidently not lost on my changing features. "These two are mates, a gay couple that came to us through our underground networks. A handful of our horses here were volunteers, after all. Heck, if we were able to advertise our programs here, I'm sure we'd be full up with people wanting to become horses. But don't worry. As much as I've seen, they do consider sharing now and then with other stallions!"

A blush crossed my features as the implications of the words hit me. I didn't want to...but then, of course, I wanted to...this would be my life now...and was it to be so bad?

With that, the sounds of another horse approaching caught my attention, having not realized that Peter had left to get another stallion. This one was alone, and, seeming to catch a scent in the air, started to whicker and snort excitedly. I had to assume it was the horsey musk of his herd mates taking each other, the one of the back of the other and spearing for his tight anus. Yet, to my surprise, looking over at the horse's gaze, he seemed to settle on...me. It was as though he was sniffing *my* musk, as much as I was mesmerized by his own sight. Was the stallion interested in...and why was it I was so worried about what a horse thought of me?

"This is our newest stallion, well, save for you, of course," Mike said, by way of explanation. "Though most of the stallions here will share, you see, there is currently an uneven number. Therefore, he has yet to have a stable mate among the herd. We hope that you'll take on that role, perhaps, depending on how the two of you get on. We hoped that you both would be amenable to spending the night together. No pressure, of course, but if you were open to trying..." Mike offered, and I had to admit, the idea was not entirely unwelcome. I didn't know any of the horses, after all. It was weird to think about, but if it would inevitable...then maybe I



could give it a try? I was surely amicable to the idea of getting to know the horses more. Maybe...he would be as well?

Looking over at the roan beast, a smile crossed my horsey lips. He was powerful, beautiful, even though I didn't have a reference for horse flesh. He was certainly amicable towards me on a physical level, I could tell as much from the size of his erection. At least 16 inches and dangling from his groin as his nostrils flared back, taking in my scent. I could feel my own nose flaring back, the scent of the stallion burning into my brain and telling me more about the beast than eyes could manage. As much as my brain had altered to discern more equine experiences, I knew that this stallion was in his prime, that he was erect and eager and had recently mated, another stallion I had not yet met. But it was more than that. There was something in his odor that spoke of...desire? Longing? I didn't have the words for it. But putting human words to the experience seemed to sit well in tandem with equine instincts.

I hadn't realized my own erection had come to attention before it nearly hit my muzzle, though not before my mammoth belly stopped it. I wanted to reach out and touch it, but there was little to be done with my hands in their current state, shoulders sunken as they were. I could, but it would be a struggle, and likely change me more to make it impossible to pleasure myself. Though that wouldn't be an issue as I got to know this stallion, after all.

“What do you say, Jack? Want to go in and say hello?” Peter asked as he opened the door to my stall and allowed the stallion to enter. I felt a small sliver of agitation at the beast's presence, though I was soon bathing in the equine musk and potent pheromones. The scents made me whicker and snort, the tone of my voice more horsey than human. Though, it wouldn't matter soon, given the state of my changing body. I would be as much a stallion. As the magnificent beast before me. And I couldn't bring myself to find any fault with that at the moment.

“Well, that's the spirit! Go say hello!” Mike encouraged, running my sinking shoulders a little and making me snort my approval. I couldn't move very well, getting up and hunching over. Mike did his best to stabilize me, and before I could move too much, the stallion was on me, sniffing my face and licking my own horse kisser with a thick pliable tongue. I giggled a little, more of an equine chuff as he did so. Reflexively, I reached out my own tongue and started to lick him again, our tongues accidentally entwining. His breath was strong, though not offensively so, and I was able to get into it, my cock bobbing down intently as I got into a rhythm.

Though my hybrid anatomy did me in, and I fell backward, yelping slightly as it crushed my tail slightly. I was able to raise up on my hips slightly, lifting my tail slightly to get it out of the way. Waiting for me to stabilize, my equine lover then reached down with pliable lips, teasing the head of the shaft and licking the salty pre that I was leaking in rivulets. A whicker

escaped my lips as my shaft started to loud to full arousal, almost showing its way into the stallion's shaft. With some surprising skill, the horse's lips pulled the tip of the shaft all the way inside, thick tongue teasing around the crown and moving down the mottled shaft. With that, the horse's lips traced down towards my medial ring, the heavy muzzle sucking gently but firmly. Enough to give me more pleasure than I could have ever imagined. Enough to make me whicker and snort and cry out my equine ecstasy. I was getting the blow job of my life and I couldn't imagine any more physical pleasure!

Lost in reverence of the attention I was receiving, my hands seemed to move of their own accord, stiffening middle digits brushing against the horse's kisser, though barely able to feel the warm skin with the thickness of the nail. It was the best I could do to encourage the actions, waning him to lick and suck and bring me glorious release. Though I'd cum not half an hour before, my stallion's tackle was thick and heavy and full of horse semen. The stallion was a tender lover, and if he kept up this rhythm, it would take me no time in order to reach the blessed release. And I couldn't imagine wanting anything more!

Equine moans escaped my lips as the fully formed stallion continued his oral ministrations. I couldn't help but feel that he was giving me an audition, as much as I was auditioning for him. Though that was hardly the case. It might have been a first date of sorts, though we were animals and such was unnecessary before copulation. Still, it was an interesting perspective toward the ordeal, one that I kept in the back of my mind as I was sucked off with all the skill and finesse of an experienced male.

It was hard to hold on to any thoughts as the horse continued to suck me off, barely inconvenienced by the size of my shaft as he did so. He was clearly skilled, there was no doubt about that his lips pulled up my and held me there as his tongue worked over my glans and rubbed the entire crown of my horse shaft with gusto. My cock was being pumped in and out, pliable lips holding me in place as his copious saliva mixed with my precum, drinking it down though drooling somewhat. I could feel more meat and muscle poking at my skin, stretching it further to allow room for more equine-sized proportions. And, for better or for worse, my fingers were twitching, their joints pulling further into my wrists and limiting my tactile abilities even more. Scary as it was, I was sure it was inevitable and figured it was time to let it happen and revel in the pleasure that was to cum. All I could do was moan and whinny, my cock leaking more heavily as the sensitivity in my shaft grew my lust to new heights.

With such pleasure to my phallus, there was no chance of holding back, and I allowed myself to fall into pleasure, balls churning and shaft spasming before my copious horse load blew into Jack's muzzle. A fully equine moan of approval escaped my lips as my cock spewed its load into his muzzle, sperm buzzing through my member and filling the stallion's muzzle with my seed. I nearly whited out, the warmth of the horse's muzzle, the dexterity of his lips, and the

skill at which he sucked me off was nearly too much for me to stay awake. My horsey eyes fluttered open and shut a few times, but I did manage to stay aware through it, even as the pounding waves of pleasure cascaded through my being.

Eventually, the stallion pulled off me, cock bobbing up and down as it slid back down and almost touched the floor. It was still leaking fluids, though the stallion had done a good enough job of drinking down most of my semen. Though it was starting to slide back into its home, the thick miasma of musk stayed in the air and allowed me to keep somewhat out, if not limp.

No sooner than I started to regain my faculties then the stallion came over to me, planting his hooves at my sides, though needing to spread them out a little so as not to seem like he was mounting me. His own cock was powerfully erect, bobbing underneath him as his piss slit winked open and closed, leaking its own clear fluids. The sight of it made my mouth water, as sexually arousing as anything I had experienced thus far. I really was turning into a gay horse, and I wanted to perform oral on this former man-turned-stallion as much as I had enjoyed experiencing it performed on me,

Still, I hesitated a moment, looking at the stallion and my changed hands as I raised them in reflex to grip the penis and hold it in place. They were useless as such, and would likely continue to be the more I changed. My latest actions had made them worse, and they were likely one change away from being permanently hooves. And I was just letting that happen? Even if I had no choice in the matter, there was still something self-sabotaging about the action, no matter how pleasurable it had been at the time.

That wasn't the only question that came to mind, starting at the beastly phallus being offered me. A slight trepidation overtook me, wanting to suck such a cock but not really sure about the morality of such a thing. Though it was nearly a horse myself, enough of my humanity persisted to resist such inclinations. But I was able to quell that hesitation through a combination of rational thought and animal lust. After all, I was a horse myself, and he had been a man. We both had the capacity to be consenting adults, so why hesitate?

With that, I reached out with my thick muzzle and wrapped my rubbery lips around the tip, drawing him in as much as he had drawn me. The salty fluid stuck out to my taste buds right away, though it was somewhat pleasant, almost as much as my grains had been. Having no idea if that was art of equine taste buds or had been engineered as such by our benefactors, the flavor was sublime, eagerly drank down by my copious precum. Lapping the fluid came naturally, and the horse whickered slightly as I managed to get my lips around it, eager to sample all he offered with my thick tongue.

The more the horse pushed forward, the more I was prompted to wrap my rubbery lips around it, my jaw surprisingly flexible to get around it. It was so large, dwarfing my own, and I was certainly worried that my half-changed muzzle could manage. Though, somehow, I did, without even aching my jaw as I got it around the stallion's shaft and took him as deep as I could go, getting up off my back and using my new center of gravity to balance myself as I went down on him with gusto.

The action really made me aware how much larger my head had become, and the distant cracking and popping of my muzzle pushing forward was indicative of that change to come. Though there was nothing for it, given that my larger muzzle made sucking horse cock all the more enjoyable. What started as a slight struggle managed to quickly become comfortable, more so than it should have from the short amount of time. Each inch allowed me to slide up more on the horse cock, using the stallion's example to hold him in place and allow myself to start sucking with intention. There was pride with not only the act itself, but something about my anatomy allowing the ability to please such an amazing being.

The changes continued, though I did my best to ignore them in my quest to please this male. My teeth, for example, were aching, the enamel and bone expanding and pushing them to the sides as they expanded. My gums were thicker to compensate as well, and likely splotchy, though I was far too busy to look in a mirror and tell. There was a space without teeth, I was sure, one that allowed Jack's cock more room to expand, and as that space increased, I adjusted the cock in my mouth to allow his cockhead to flare and sit comfortably in my growing muzzle.

Though my hands weren't good for my, fingers nearly gone as they were, I could still flex them slightly, and came to the decision to try something that this stallion likely didn't get to experience with his usual fare of herd mates. Reaching up, hard to do with my shoulders hunched the way they were, I was able to brush them against the stallion's balls, feeling the warmth and softness even with all the tactile discrepancy that I lacked. The stallion seemed to whicker his approval, and I started to rub them gently, feeling them throb as the combination of the contact and my persistent sucking was likely drawing his end to a close.

It did not take my contact with his testicles to learn that the stallion was getting close to cumming. Thicker strings of precum leaking into my muzzle were a clear indication, as well as the throbbing of the stallion cock in my lips and against my muzzle. He was going to blow, and in my excitement, I simply started to suck faster, wanting to drink down his load as much as he had mine. Though part of me worried about the flavor, what I was sampling so far was enough for me to keep going. It was only the sheer force of throbbing stallion dick that left me concerned, though my own anatomy had likely altered enough that it wouldn't be an issue.

I was soon to find out. No sooner had I prepared myself for the onslaught of stallion cum then my benefactor blew his load, veins throbbing and shaft pulsating almost violently. I was able to manage keeping hold of it in my lips, though it was difficult. Jack was a beast in body and allowed himself to cum as one, no care for my comfort as he prepared to blow his burden. And I had to admit I would have it no other way, desperate to take the horse's load the way of the animals that we were. And I was soon to get my wish as my muzzle was flooded with horse cum, the force of which was almost enough to make me gag. Though I held firm, the flavor, and texture was hardly a deterrent for me as the horse cum was blown into my gullet. I had to struggle to keep the shaft in my mouth as he unloaded, what felt like an eternity though was still a larger orgasmic period than anything a human could ever know.

Eventually, the stallion's erect subsided enough that it fell from my mouth, even though I kept my grip on it for as long as my lips would allow me. It, too, hung limply from his groin, taking a few minutes to retreat into his sheath as much as my own was. Stunned from the intensity of the sexual acts, I lay there a few moments, arms resting at my sides as much as my altered anatomy would allow them to. Though eventually I tried to right myself, stunned by how much my shoulders had sunk into my sides. It was a struggle to manage getting up, and my attention was drawn to the sight of my fingers, stiff now to the point where my efforts could do nothing to prompt their motion. By morning, they would be useful as nothing more but equine hoofs.

Even as the stallion moved across the stall to drink some water, I couldn't help but feel the tears flowing. It was silly, I knew, to be mourning my humanity after what I had just done. But then again, was it really? Any sort of change was hard, and I was not only changing my entire life, my future, and my experiences, but my species as well. It was a lot to take in over a relatively short period of time, something nothing my life had prepared me to undergo, and crying was a normal reaction, to let out the pent-up stress and feel at least a modicum of release from the tension.

Through my tears, I was barely aware that the horse had returned, until his thick tongue started caressing my cheeks, licking the salty tears. I was a little confused, thinking he liked the flavor, but after a few moments, I started to realize that he was comforting me, like a friend or lover might. I wanted to reach up and rub his head but could not with equine shoulders and hooves. So, instead, I pulled back, looking him in the eye and kissing his lips with my slightly smaller equine ones, closing my eyes to get into it. I could taste my semen on his breath, but after what we had done together, it was hardly a deterrent.

The first one to break the kiss, the horse got up, moving over slightly onto some of the hay before laying down, lifting his head and shaking his mane as though gesturing me to join him. Exhausted as I was, I was not in a place to argue, moving towards him and resting my

massive head on his even larger belly. With the booze in my system, his semen on my breath, and the sexual tension finally release, it did not take me long to pass out, falling into equine dreams...

Eventually, I did wake up, the scents of horse piss and manure pungent enough to my senses it was obvious that my stall mate was relieving himself. Though I forced myself to accept the smell, all parts of equine life. He did have the sense to use the corner of the stall by a drain, evidently used to such a life and habits as they were. Even well-groomed horses could not fully evade their bodily functions, and it would be impractical to have us live any other way. Besides, I knew from personal experience how impossible it was to hold it in for any length of time, save for standing in front of a proper disposal location and waiting for my bowels to do their thing!

It was the stiffness in my hands that brought my attention lower, and I closed my massive brown eyes, not wanting to see what had become of my hands. The reality that I had changed more in the night was not lost to me, and only a numbness persisted in the digits where were likely my fingers. I didn't try to move them, knowing instinctively that nothing would happen should I try. But, there was no denying the reality of my changes and their inevitably. So, I decided to open my eyes, seeing before me the sight of almost perfectly formed horse hooves. A loud sigh escaped my lips, but there was nothing to be done for it. I didn't even cry this time, the energy having left my body last night. There were small nubs along the sides of them, perfectly indicative where I once had fingers. But it was evident that even though would be gone soon. They would be good for nothing more than walking on, and that was something I would have to get used to going forward for the rest of my life.

That wasn't the only change to overcome me last night, which shouldn't have been a surprise. Though my chest was heavy, seemingly buried, my ribs expanded even more. Breathing was easier, I had to admit, one advantage of the changes. Surely, I'd be able to run like the powerful beast I would soon be, a fact which filled me with a little joy. Though with it came a restricting with my arms, the shoulders sinking inside of the barrel of my chest and placing them squarely underneath me like front legs. I would be better for it in the long run, I decided, so I didn't reflect on it any further than that.

Getting up was naturally a struggle as well, my haunches too large and my chest too heavy to get on two legs. Again, with my front hands as hooves, there was little need to stand on two legs, though I wasn't sure my new appendages could stand my bulk. Well, not time to test but the present, I figured. It was a little wobbly, but the muscle in my arms had developed enough I was able to stumble forward, much like a colt taking its first steps. But, eventually, I managed to hold my weight, feeling almost comfortable as I did so. My first time on all fours, where I would stand for the rest of my life.

There wasn't much for it as my own flatulence hit my nose and the need to relieve myself came to the forefront of my thoughts. Moving over to the edge where my stall mate had dumped, I had just enough time before my tail lifted and I was pushing out my own morning manure pile. The relief I felt was immense, however, needing to empty before I filled my belly, which almost immediately started rumbling. Horses, equines in general had poor nutrient retention, I had read before coming to work here. They needed to eat often to make up for the requirements of massive bodies. Thankfully, there was plenty of food in the stalls with us, though I quickly realized I had never eaten hay before. My mate, for lack of better term, seemed to be enjoying his own without complaint. And my own muzzle was changed enough that I should be able to eat hay. So, I walked over, trembling from the distortion in my anatomy but managed to get to the bale. My mate nipped the back of my neck as I did so, though the feeling of his rubbery lips on my neck and mane made me feel comforted somewhat. It was nice, even as he stopped to go back and fill his belly.

My own internal grumblings prompted me to do the same, and I did so eagerly, reaching down with my rubbery lips to pull up plenty of hay. My teeth were already in a configuration to pick up piles of hay and push them back towards my grinding molars, ones that I didn't know had changed so much already. Surely, they were yellowed and slab-like, as I became more and more aware of now that I was eating. But, to my dismay, I found that the taste was bland, and I wasn't too fond of the flavor. It was better than I was expecting, though it was hardly a deterrent to eating my fill. Dry as it was, my mouth was salivating as much as a fountain to devour my hay into a slurry. The more that I chewed, the more the blandness started to become tolerable, to the point that by the time I swallowed, I was pulling up another mouthful, the hunger in my belly enough that I didn't want to stop lest the hunger pangs get to me.

I don't know how long I stood there, eating and chewing and feeling my massive, warm body rubbing against my fellow stallion. There were some things that came to the forefront of my thoughts, like other horses going about their morning business. Some were even mating, the whickers and snorts of equine rut music to my ears and prompting my fat equine cock head to slide from its home. Though I was so hungry that I couldn't focus on them too much, horny as they made me. In fact, it was difficult to, my mind going into some sort of stupor as I ate and felt the other horse eating beside me. There would be time to relieve our sexual urges later, I realized, being literally hungry as a horse!

Lost in my breakfast as I was, the movement of the stallion beside me startled me to the point I almost fell over, being pushed by the other horse. It wasn't enough to knock me flat, though my change in stance did prompt me to sit back down on my haunches, on my side and looking up with my massive head to see the beast was rather erect. Swallowing the rest of my meal, I looked at the stallion's offering with a different kind of hungry. He was horny, stallion rod pulsating and already leaking from the prospect of mating me. And, though I might have

been offended in a different life, I was simply too aroused at the prospect. He wanted to mate? I was game!

No longer did I hold the fear of changing further, having gotten over that initial threshold of losing my hands to hooves. I wanted to be rid of this hybrid state, to change the rest of the way and experience all being a horse had to offer. I was already in a mostly equine state, and even in the interim of eating, I had put on weight and mass in my chest, belly, and muzzle, looking more equine out of the corner of my eyes than even when I looked when I awoke. And I wanted all that being a horse in body had to offer me. Including being fucked in my horse pucker as all the other animals here seemed to be enjoying...

But that was neither here nor there, to say the least. Eager to get my rubbery lips around his tasty cock, I was a little surprised when Jack reached down with his own muzzle, licking the tip of my cock and making me whicker. The pleasure radiated through my body as much as the veins were pumping the transformative fluids through my body, making me more the stallion that I now longed to be. It was faster, somehow, as though my willingness to change was spurring them on even from the slightest bit of sexual contact. And I was Ok with that, not wanting to be stuck as a hybrid and desiring to change the rest of the way into an equine life. Even the notion of losing some of my mind was distant, given how much humanity seemed to be in the horse eager to engage in sexual acts with me. I was getting bigger, bulky in all the right places where I was building toward the stallion I longed to be. One large enough to take this male's penis inside my rear!

Though it seemed impossible, the penis slithering out of my sheath was larger than it had ever been before, though in my lust-fueled haze, it was impossible to be sure. Still, it seemed to be 18 inches now, bigger than before but no longer making me dizzy from the rush of blood needed to fuel such a cock. It hung heavily on my groin, though my testicles were large enough to fuel it now, and I no longer felt that same fatigue at being erect for this long. The stallion seemed to enjoy the view, lapping gently at the flared tip and making me whicker with excitement with the blow job to come.

There were other, less desirable changes happening to my form, but it was of little consequence given the loss of my hands. The rest of the digits were sucked into my wrists, lost to equine anatomy, and no longer maintaining even the stubs of bone. Though surprising to myself, I didn't mind their loss. After all, I didn't need them anymore, not for my equine life. I wanted hooves, I wanted to be able to walk on all fours. And more than that, I wanted to be a horse like my lover, to be a horse like him, large enough to take his cock in my bowels, or perhaps be in a position to mate him. But in the interim, I was happy to be sucked off and taken by the stallion, the stimulation to my cock head but a prelude to what was to cum.



After a painfully long few moments, Jack took my stallion's penis even deeper in his maw, lips wrapping around the flared head and drawing it in while lowering his muzzle over my shaft. It was pure equine bliss, the powerful muzzle nearly able to take all 18 inches to the hilt. He seemed to struggle a little bit with the girth, and I could feel my flared cock tip playing over his gorge. But soon he found a comfortable space within my cock and started using his lips to run up and down my shaft, drinking down my pre-cum with no effort on his part whatsoever.

With such stimulation to my cock, it was clear I wouldn't last long. And I didn't want to, finding no fault in letting it happen as it would. After all, equine stamina seemed to allow several times a day if presented, and I would be remiss for not allowing the level of equine bliss that I could partake in. So, I closed my eyes, reveling in the most amazing blowjob I had ever experienced. It put the one from yesterday to shame, though I chalked that up to the level of change I had undergone in the interim. Even if it wasn't much, the distinction was enough that I could hardly hold it in. A decidedly equine whinny escaped my lips as my cock throbbed and spasmed into Jack's mouth, forcing horse cum down his gullet. It was taken down as eagerly as his breakfast was, it seemed, the stallion used to taking horse cum and as gay as the changes made me.

The afterglow was amazing, though short-lived. Part of it was equine stamina, apparently able to forgo a human's lengthy refractory period for further mating. Though another part was my eagerness to taste his own seed once more, the after-effects are still in my palette and making me crave more. With some effort, I was able to get up, struggling with my hybrid anatomy and bulk in all the wrong places. Though there was no denying the efforts were easier than I was used to, though I hardly minded that my body had altered. It made it easier to manage being on all fours with my altered anatomy. Given that I was to be a horse, I allowed myself to feel it properly, knowing it was my place and accepting it even with a sense of pride.

The other horse's dong dangled there like a horse, enticing me to reach down and sniffing it with reverence and expectation. I wanted nothing more than to get my lips around it, and with my thickening neck and pliable lips, it was little difficulty to get all the way down. Taking the flared head in my lips, the flavor of precum on my tongue brought me back to yesterday when I had drank it down so eagerly. I wanted to experience it all over again, and the stallion's eager rod was ready for it, hard as stone and thick as a beer can. It took some time to get it up into my muzzle, but it had been yet another feature that had altered overnight and I was able to take much of it, at least down to the medial ring. It felt odd sliding in and out of my lips, but pleasant all the same. The grooming lips of my equine mate were all the encouragement I needed, and I allowed myself to get in a rhythm as I orally pleased the powerful beast.

To my delight, it took little time for him to reach his orgasm, the pulsating rod almost enough to take it out of my muzzle. I gripped as best as I could without using my teeth, and the

taut member started to leak more copious fluids before the main event. It came in a few violent waves of horse cum, almost forced down my gullet to the point where I was prompted to gag. But, I was able to take it all, the flavor earthy and pleasant. Some of it was left to leak out of my muzzle, but I was not worried, especially when Jack came over to lick my lips, not caring about the taste of his cum on my breath.

After that was my first full day experiencing equine life. We were let out of the stalls by Mike and Peter, likely to have our stall cleaned, which I didn't mind. Being out in the warm spring air was joyous, the breeze blowing on my fur and mane and keeping away the biting insects I was sure would be a thing. It was the scents of nature, outside the overpowering musky horse stench in the barn, that truly interested me, however. The grass was particularly enthralling, even appetizing to my equine sensibilities. It was relaxing to just eat and graze, even though I wasn't particularly hungry after my hearty breakfast and my afterward 'desert'. I could certainly eat more, and I knew horses needed to eat a ton every day.

Reaching down with my massive incisors, I cropped up a decent mouthful, chewing and swallowing like I had with the hay. It was sweaty and a little juicy, not as good as hay, treats, or beer, but still it was nice enough. It certainly seemed to hit the spot, and I was reaching down to crop more without realizing what I was doing. It was easy to fall into a rhythm at that, cropping and chewing and swallowing while my tail flicked over my rump, leaving me in my equine stupor. I knew I was growing and changing all the while, but it was just so hard to focus as I ate, as though the food and the wind and the scents in the air made human thoughts so trivial.

I went about my day in such a manner, looking up only to see the sun had crept across the sky to show that time had passed. It was nice, in its own way, not having anywhere to go or any deadlines to meet. I was living in the now in a way that surpassed a purpose of anything that I knew in the human world. I didn't even mind as I ate, dropping a manure pile and moving away to carry on with my grazing. There was nothing to be done for it, save to avoid my waste and the waste of the other horses from the barn. Rather than being offensive, the scents of their leavings drew me in slightly, information on their health and status present in the odors that left me more curious rather than disgusted as I thought I might be. I decided to let my equine instincts take the wheel and do as they would. I could fight them if I wanted to, but why bother? I was a horse at this point, and I figured it was best I act the stallion I was, to get used to it and the body that would soon be mine.

There was one other thing I was aware of as I walked around by myself. The other stallions were nearby, and part of me, both the horse and the human, didn't feel worthy enough to go and greet them as they grazed together. But, somehow, deep down, I knew that was OK. I was a new stallion, and it would take some time for me to be fully integrated to their equine instincts. And the more I grazed with the other horses nearby, the more content I felt. Even though the horses

weren't beside me, I felt a kinship with them, that they were herd, they were like me. I didn't know them, didn't know their scents as much as I would have wanted, save for Jack, who wasn't too far away, which was nice. But even though I was new, I didn't feel excluded like I had worried about. I was as much a horse and a member of the herd as they were, and it was a safe place for us. What else did I have to worry about?

Of course, I was changing all the while, growing into the equine form that I had once feared but now was excited for. My chest barreled, down to my shoulders, which were by this point absorbed and pushed forward to allow my equine gait to stabilize. My hips were wide as well, supporting my massive belly and no longer explaining the bones underneath against the skin. My neck was thickening all the while, and even my lengthening legs could not keep my muzzle from reaching the ground at the grass I so eagerly craved. My muzzle ballooned outward even further, and I was sure that I could take horse cock within it been further, closer to the base like Jack had for me. I was sure to show him when next we mated!

Eventually, sun waning in the sky, Mike came for me, calling out "Common, Paul! Let's get you nice and groomed!" And I followed him, kind of eager for the attention I would receive. It was indoors at the end of the barn, a wide room with a hose and a drain in the center, and I was sure I would be scrubbed down and hosed, making me excited. I had been dealing with the drying cum on my cock and belly and the sweat from my sexual escapades from the past day or so. The water was thankfully warm, and he was throughout, even spraying my ass to clean it out a little. Eventually, he applied some soap and water, the sensation against my hide comfortable and allowing me to relax. I just stood there, letting him do his work as he whispered soothing words to me. I loved being touched, my equine hide carrying many erogenous zones, ones I would have never guessed at. One that I wanted more attention to, that was for sure! Be it this man, or, perhaps, Jack...

The sensation of a brush playing over my hair and hide made the skin twitch as though trying to get into it. The feeling was amazing, making me feel invigorated inside and out. Not as good as grooming, of course, but it was nice all the same. Probably the best I could get from a human. Wait, a human? It was true that moniker no longer applied to me, horse as I was. And, thinking like one seemed to fit better with me now, something I was willing to fall into.

Even after I was cleaned and dried off, a horsey smell persisted in my nose, though not as pungent as it had been. The soap could hardly eliminate the scent of my own hide, though it was hardly potent to my sense of smell. It rang of me, my own scent marker that was starting to make more sense to my mind in its current state. Though a little surprised it could not be so easily eliminated at first, I had to admit I was rather pleased that such a permanent part of me was intact even after such a thorough washing.

Dried off as I was, I was still not expecting Mike to reach down with some oils and started to play over my penis. Hair-trigger as I was always on, it took only his touch to bring me to arousal. I was starting to love the sensation of my cock sliding out of its sheath, sensual and enough to make me leak each and every time. It was simply sublime to get erect as a horse, and in my relaxed stupor, it was getting harder and harder to recall why I had been so upset in the first place over being a horse. Sure, it was against my will but...if I knew it would feel like this...would I really be able to say no?

Lost in my self-reflection and relatively foggy thoughts, I was not expecting a now-familiar sensation of someone licking my flared tip to bring me to attention. It was a lot smaller than Jack, and I certainly couldn't smell him there or anything of the like. So then what...?

With my eyes having moved to the sides of my head as they had been, it was harder for me to make out what exactly was going on. But out of the corner of my vision, I could tell that Mike was down on his knees, dirty and sweaty as he was. But it was the feeling of his tongue, such as it was, on my cock that had my attention. Those firm, farm hands were still oiling my cock, cleaning and prepping it for attention. The slick sensations of hands on my cock caused pleasurable waves to radiate from my shaft, through my testicles as they swayed with their load. I was sure my body was swelling all over, still not in proper equine proportions, though it was of little concern at this point. I wanted my body to complete, and there was no point in denying myself the pleasure of such at this stage of the changes. And even if it was this man who was sucking me off, I felt no resistance, no annoyance, only the pleasure of what would happen from the culmination of his experiments on me.

Mike's human mouth was hardly enough to get around my cock, not that I really minded, however, he was still doing wonderful things with my piss slit, tongue almost enough to fit inside it from the size difference in our statures. It was his hands that were really the stars of the effort, however, running up and down my cock in ways that made me whicker with ecstasy. It was more than I could bear to stand against, and with such attention being given to my needy, weighty balls, it was a wonder that I would be able to hold back very long. If Mike kept this up, there was every chance I was going to cum right in his face!

And that seemed to be exactly what he wanted. A stallion whinny escaped from my lips as my balls tightened and my pulsating cock unloaded a not-too-modest bolt of stallion cream into his face. I could tell his mouth was open, though there was no way he could take all I have to offer, virile beast as I was. Though it seemed not to deter him as he got up, face full of cum and reeking of my equine essence. I couldn't help but reach out my thick tongue and start licking it up, no stranger to the taste of horse cum or even my own.

Eventually, he smiled, grinning with cum stained lips as though he'd won the lottery. "Thanks, stud! Couldn't help myself, needed to see what you could give myself!" He said though the words confused me a little. Honestly, I didn't expect they did that with the horses here, not that I was complaining, mind. It had been nice, but there was still something in me that wanted to take horse cock in my ass, especially now that it had been prepared for me. Still, stallion stamina was hardly to be inconvenienced by a simple blow job!

Something was bothering me as Mike left, the stench of my cum in my flared nostrils dampening my other awareness. A strong, horsey odor came to the forefront of my thoughts, one that was not wafting off my own form. I was used to that randy aroma by now, as well as it sat with me and the spaces I had been in. This one was from a different horse, one that I had not scented even from the other horses at the barn. Almost as if...no. It really didn't matter either way. The man had a horsey scent about it, he worked with other horses all day. And if he wanted to have a little fun...we were all able to consent, as best as I understood it. Maybe I was just being paranoid?

Such thoughts were hard to focus on too much. The scent was gone, why was I worrying about it? I was more concerned with the pleasant afterglow of sex, as well as the slight ache in my asshole that begged for it to be abused. I had no idea anal stimulation would be such a strong incentive for my passions, especially having never experienced it before. Be it from the dreams or what I'd seen the other horses partaking in, I wanted to be fucked myself, put in my place by a massive stallion and have myself switch on occasion. The oral had been a good first date of sorts, but both my human mind and my equine sensibilities wanted to go all the way!

As though coming to grant my wish, a strong scent entered my nose just then, one that I recognized from my stall that could only be my new equine suitor. Peter had gone out to get Jack, who had not been as groomed as I had been yet, though his cock was slick from fluids and the oils that had been used, likely to make penetration easier. I was more than happy to have him prepared for me, as much as I knew horses partaken of same-sex pleasures in the wild. They really did treat us well here, better than any animalistic life I could imagine, that was for sure!

"Easy does it boy it's his first time, don't break him in too hard! He should be big enough for you to take him, though!" Peter said, and Jack snorted, nodding his head in a human level of understanding. I could do nothing but raise my tail, exposing my puckered anus, glistening and prepared for the horse cock to come.

I wasn't really sure how my body knew enough to brace my stance, getting ready to take something on my back that was likely heavier than I should. Thankfully I was mostly changed by this point and there was little chance any of my humanity remaining by the time he was done with me. Though a part of me was a little concerned this was the final straw, I wanted it more

than anything I could imagine. I would not lose myself, I would not be denied my humanity. All the things I had cherished in my life, the video games and films, and even things like having hands were worth losing for the physical pleasure that being a horse could provide. And, I had a wonderful mate to see where things went with...

Jack's warm breath on his ass made me shiver and stamp my hooves, not expecting his thick tongue to play over my cleaned pucker and start to tongue me a little. Having never experienced the sensation before, my equine senses went into overdrive, not expecting my anus to be so sensitive and loving it all the while. It felt like the stallion knew my sweet spots inside and out, or at least another horse's as much as he must. His tongue was doing wonderful things to my backside, the action more intense and intimate than any sex I had experienced, even by this point. I wanted to fall back into his ministrations, to allow myself to give over to what he could grant me. My penis was slapping against my belly and sending wonderful shivers through my entire frame.

I was vaguely aware the intensity of the changes running through my form was expediting, and that my equine frame would be fully formed by the time we were done. I realized the final alterations of my muscles stretching, bones creaking, flesh crawling up my face, and, most of all, my face pressing out into its proper shape. It was strange to think of myself a horse by this point, but that was preferable with the companionship I felt with the herd, or how much I wanted to fit in with them. And I soon would, just a little more...then I would be a horse...

Though the pleasure to my rectum was sublime, it was only about to get better with the insertion of the stallion cock I knew was coming. An excited whinny from me was all Jack needed to know that I was ready for the next step. My cock, which had been eagerly bobbing against my belly, was already leaking, and my asshole was literally clenching and unclenching with the need to be penetrated. Pulling back a little, Jack moved forward with the instance of a dominant stallion, rearing up and gripping onto my flanks with powerful hooves. I could feel his horsecock spearing for my rump, eager to bring me the rectal stimulation I so desperately craved. Feeling it careening off my backside, rubbing the sensitive flesh was amazing in its own right. But I needed more!

It seemed unlikely that Jack could hit his mark without some outside interference. And Peter was there, willing to aid with a helping hand, no doubt. But I was clearly underestimating the skill the former man had as his fat cock head started to press against my anus, and I pushed out with it, wanting my other rim to take it inside. With a somewhat painful pop, the head of his cock made it in, my rectum somewhat elastic enough to take something as thick as a horse penis inside me. And it took him no time to push the rest in as far as it would go, with little regard for my comfort. The animalistic act of rutting was enough to bring me close, the tension in my loins reaching the breaking point. It was exciting!

Panting a little from the exertion of getting up on my back, Jack paused for a moment, trying to get his bearings. The weight on him on my back was rather cumbersome, but not something I couldn't handle. I liked having him there, though more so the penis that was attached to him in my asshole. It was amazing, opening me up almost agonizingly so, though sending more potent waves of pleasure through to my prostate and through to my groin. It was getting harder and harder to hold back the pleasure in my loins, which was only to increase in potency as he began his thrusts. Something I was insistent that he do sooner than later!

An excited whinny and a backward thrust into his cock was all Jack needed to know that I was ready. His tempo was almost too much for me to bear as he started thrusting all at once, nearly making me topple over from the force of it. But I firmed my stance and prepared to take the full force of it, wanting to feel equine breeding in its entirety. The sheer intensity was beyond anything I had ever felt, and I let myself go into it, my body a vessel of earthly pleasures as my mind whited out. Everything around me faded, the barn, the human, and even thoughts and concerns for the future were erased in the moments of equine ecstasy.

Awareness only returned at the moment of orgasm, my cock spasming and spraying horse jism all over my belly and the ground below. The cleansing on my donut on the stallion's penis was enough to bring him as well, the walls tightening around him as he spasmed and blew his semen within in. The force of it filled me with warm fluids as the backwash ran from my abused ass, though I was remiss to care, part of me as eager to know this stallion had dominated me as much as I felt from my own pleasure. Being with this stud was its own reward, it seemed, as much my pleasure to give as to receive. And I had received a massive stallion's load as my gift!

Bodies thick with frothy sweat that I was only just now becoming aware of, Jack pulled off me, cock sliding out of my abused pucker and leaking his horse fluids out of it. I rather liked the sensation, proof of our sex as my skin flicked in excitement and contentment. I was trembling from the exertion, though it was a good pleasure, and as the stallion walked around in front of me, I reached out with my lips, taking him in a horsey embrace. Jack seemed to share the sentiment, kissing me back as our benefactor clapped from their performance. I had forgotten he was there, and the scent wafting from his groin was enough to know he had enjoyed the show. I didn't mind though, no longer embarrassed about such things in my equine body.

With that, we were hosed down again for our sweaty fur, and my ass was cleaned of the sticky fluids. It was nice, standing beside my mate as we were cleaned, body shivering in contentment from the post-orgasmic bliss that never seemed to end. For the first time in the last several days, it was obvious that the changes were done. The persistent aches and tingles of flesh moving and remolding had abated, I slowly started to realize. That made me far happier than anything had a right to, as though I had come home in a way. In body and spirit, a blissful

contentment that would do me well in my new life. I was excited about the mundane life of a horse, its pleasures giving me more joy toward the now than humanly possible.

There was one other thing that came to my limited awareness, too focused on the moment for my usual self-reflection. That ever-present concern of what would become of my mind, my humanity, had finally abated. I knew this was it, I had horsey thoughts and instincts, but enough human awareness to enjoy such things from a perspective I had enjoyed all my life. Not that I had too much energy to think about such things. My belly needed filling as much as my ass, and with my new mate beside me, thoughts and concerns were unnecessary in the face of such satisfaction...

### **Epilogue**

The sound of birds chirping was the first thing to enter my awareness as I opened my eyes, awash in the thick scents of my stable. The sun was just coming up over the horizon, and my body, while slightly fatigued from yesterday's escapades, generally felt the need to get up around this time each day. There was little reason to stay asleep, my belly rumbling and my body functions needed tending to. A simple morning ritual, but one I had come not only to expect but to enjoy. There was nothing wrong with being an animal, doing as an animal did, and waiting with patience for the less mundane aspects to take me out of my equine instincts for the pleasures the human me had come to relish. Right?

Life as a horse, honestly, took some getting used to for me. I had hints of what actual bestial life would be like in the early stages of the change. But it was a prelude to actually living in a barn, being an animal in a barn full of my fellows. I was a little anxious those first few days, knowing this was to be the rest of my life now. But as times went past, I quickly started getting used to the animalistic life and accepted that this would be the rest of mine. Besides, the pleasures of being a horse were far better than the downsides, that's for sure!

Being an animal, and losing much of my autonomy, was a scary prospect at first. I had no hands, of course, and even after weeks of having lost them, I still lamented my lack of them. There were so many things in my human life that I had taken for granted. Even getting in and out of my stall was troublesome, though I eventually managed to unlock my gait with my muzzle. Not that I had many places to go, mind you. When I wasn't with my handlers or the other stallions, then I was content to sit in my stall, either resting or chewing on some of the hay that was always present. I was always hungry, and it could get a little annoying when I was away from food for too long. At least there was plenty for me to eat, and plenty of exercise activities to keep off excess weight!



The smells in the stall, of course, were rather pungent, mostly coming from my own waste. But the hay on the floor where I relieved myself helped to bury most of the pungent scents, and my nose found enough nuances in both my manure and that of the other horses that lived in the stall so that the scents were more interesting than repugnant. It was the fact that I had to go several times a day, and had little control over my bodily functions that bothered me the most. But, we were cared for and cleaned up after several times a day, so the usual rigors of being a horse in a barn were largely taken out of my hooves.

Had I been told I was to be a horse for the rest of my life, I wouldn't have preferred to eat hay all the time, even if I found it decently and filling though relatively bland. Still, with all the treats I was given, it was largely a non-issue. Beer was at least a once-a-week delight, and getting drunk as a horse, even though I could hold my liquor, was always fun. We didn't do too much when buzzed, in part not wanting to damage our equine bodies. We were pretty fragile for our massive size, all things considered! However, we had the advantage of fantastic medical treatment beyond anything a vet could provide! That same serum that changed us could be used to cure our injuries, returning our bodies to their proper forms as much as they had been when we were changed. Could they ever change us back to human? Would I ever want to with the promise of a lifetime of equine pleasures before me? I think I knew the answer

It took some getting used to lacking human sight the way I always enjoyed. I think that, along with my hands, it was the thing I missed most. I did take for granted the range of colors that the human eye could pick up, something not needed for equine life. I guess it was important to our benefactors that whatever studies they did involve the most authentic experience possible for the equine participants. And, once I accepted that, I was able to find some things about my vision I actually enjoyed. Being able to see the way around me, for one. And to know where my mate's muzzle was when he was fucking my ass, so I could reach back and kiss his rubbery lips, something that we both seemed to enjoy whenever we had anal sex. And something we partook in often, I can attest to!

The rest of my senses made up for that lack of primate sight, I was soon to find out. My hearing was amazing, something that added another layer of awareness of the world around me. It intensified everything around me, like listening to a soundtrack in a car's speaker and being fully immersed to hear all the intricacies to the instruments. It was a weak metaphor, especially since my hearing was far beyond that, the world full of sounds that I would never have thought to exist. Hell, even in my own corner of the world the sounds were enough to keep my brain entertained to try and make them out with a combination of my equine brain and human intellect.

It was really my sense of smell that did things for me, however. I can't really describe the equine ability to smell in human terms. Nor would there be any point in doing so, save to say how it became my primary sense. In a way it compensated for my lack of sight and vocalization,

giving me information I didn't need to ask for and knowing things without needing to see them directly. In some ways, it was like being blind and being able to see the world in a new perspective. My nose knew where my herd was at all times, when our human handlers were coming, and, best of all, what treats they were giving up. Oh, and the sense of smell made everything taste so much better beyond anything I could have anticipated. Even hay and oats made the most delectable meals I had ever eaten, not to mention fruits and veggies. And I nearly died for sugar cubes and beer!

Honestly, those first few days in the room thinking I might be a horse for the rest of my life didn't make up a fraction of the actual experience. For what could a human truly know about being a horse? Hell, one of my biggest worries was being bored all the time. There was no time for that! I needed several hours a day to graze, to sleep, and to simply trot around with the power of my body. And then there were my herd mates to tend to. Yes, I know we only stayed in a small space, our stalls and the fields beyond the compound. But the minute differences in their scents really kept me interested. I knew where they had been, what they had eaten, and who they had fucked (something I especially liked when it was me).

Oh, and have I mentioned the sex? A little bit of horse cock was all I needed to get me through to anticipate the next time I would take it in my muzzle or my ass. Damn, I was such a subby gay horse! Though I had Jack as my mate, we shared often, with both verbal and body language based consent of the others. And it was nice to mate with each of the stallions in turn, a bond with the herd that went beyond anything I knew as a human. That horse instinct to belong, to gain safety and securities...we ate together, grazed together, and fucked often. Something I would never have as a human and something I longed to carry for the rest of my days.

My biggest fear was also alleayed as well, in those first few days. I was still me, could still think with awareness of what I had been and my new situation. But for the most part, I was stallion in my actions, thoughts, and desires. It was simply easier to be the horse I was, since I was living that way regardless. In reality, I was some sort of hybrid between the two, somewhere in the middle, though I didn't big myself down with labels like that.

One label I did prefer, one that came from my human handlers, was mate with Jack, something I didn't need to verbalize I knew was true. We always slept together, ate together in the same stall, and were never far away from each other in the fields. Though we mingled with the herd and shared partners, he was my primary mate, and I was always eager to take his horse cock. He knew all the best ways to pleasure me, and I him, something I learned from trial and error over the first few months into my tenure as a stallion. We switched it up often, one of us in the mood for something and offering it through body language. It was amazing learning all the ways we could make love in our new bodies, and sometimes, we couldn't always wait till our

grooming sessions to partake, leaving his dirty and sweaty and a little gross by human standards. But, I had a hard time caring, if I was honest!

Thankfully, as messy as some of our sexual escapades could be, we were cleaned once a day in a way that even most groomed horses were never tended to. I knew the hands got off on the sights of us mating, I could smell as much. And with as good as it felt to have sex as a horse, I couldn't blame them. I had it under good authority that at least some of my herd were former employees and that we would soon be joined by a few more. And we were more than happy to welcome them into the herd...

It was Mike's hand on my cock that brought me from my reverie, and I whickered excitedly, always loving the way he jerked me off. Jack, being in the stall with me, sauntered over, cock sliding out of his sheath with that whiff of horse musk that really did it for me. We stood side by side, flanks touching as the massive man struggled underneath us with his bulk. He wouldn't be able to do so much longer, not with how much larger he was getting. But I would take it when I got it, and he was such a slut for horse cock!

Flicking ears tickling my belly, rubbery lips started playing over the fat head of my horse cock, taking it in far further than a human could. His other hand was stroking off Jack's cock, though I knew from experience it was getting stiff, and he was losing his fingers, something that would happen sooner or later. It was interesting that his one hand was losing its dexterity while the other one was still human confused me, but then again, what did I know about how the serums work? I was happy for the literal hand on my horse cock to help me out before he lost them! But by that time, I would have his horsey ass to fuck, so in my simplified mind, it was a win/win!

If I had to guess, not that I really cared, if I was being honest, was that exposure to my horse cum that had been the catalyst to his changes. Hell, I had no idea if that was the case, or rather if he had injected himself with the same thing that I had been injected with. It didn't matter in the end. His face was rubbery, tongue massive, and muzzle enough to get around the mushroom-shaped head of my horse cock, though he couldn't take it all the way until his muzzle grew to its proper equine proportions. He had a lovely piebald pelt growing in, and the way his new tail swished over his puckered anus, wafting the heady stench into my nose made me melt! The aroma even made me lick his rear from time to time to tease him for what to become as his changes reached their inevitable climax.

This wasn't the first time Mike played with the two of us at once, and we weren't in a position to say no. His changes were coming slower than ours, maybe due to the way he'd been infected, but it was hard to say. He hadn't moved in with us, still able to move between stalls with some human flexibility. He had his own stall but liked to come into ours, we being the most

recently changed horses and me being the doner to his changes. And, given his proclivity for horse cock, we weren't in a position to say no to his continued presence. He always brought us to orgasm with his visits, though while he could, he cleaned our stalls and gave us extra treats. I would miss those times, but it would be worth it to have another horse's ass to fill!

Given the skill of his tongue and the touch of my mate against me, I wasn't inclined to hold back much longer, My testicles, as they often were, remained full of horse cum, and they were eager to blow their contents into the man's changing horse muzzle. And with the whicker and shiver running through my mate, I wanted to join him, to cum at the same time and give the changing man exactly what he wanted. Our thick wads of horse cum!

"NNNEEEIIIIGGGHHH!" I called out, stallion I was as my cock shot into the man's muzzle with such force that it popped out of his mouth and sprayed his face with horse semen. I knew from past experience he wouldn't mind, however, loving the pungent goo and how much it turned him on. The same scent came from my mate, spilling his semen on the floor and his belly, making him whicker his own orgasm. I loved cumming together with my mate!

Yet, it was the next thing to occur that really did it for me. Mike, covered in cum and not bothering to clean himself, moved under my cock, making me adjust my hooves to allow him to do as he wanted. Before my cock would retreat into its home, Mike moved his tail to the side and his anus around to rub against my cock head. For now, there was no way my cock would fit into his ass, even with how elastic the rectal tissues were. But he loved the stimulation, loved my warm cum and slick fluids being rubbed onto it as a prelude of what was to come. He even went so far as to move in front of me, raising his cum-covered ass for my inspection. Without hesitation, I moved to lick his pucker as he jerked himself off with steady hands, snorting his lust without the ability to speak. I knew from experience that he didn't need it anymore!

As the time soon came for him to truly accept my cock inside him for the first time, I enjoyed watching him from the perspective of a horse this time rather than the other way around. I loved being a horse so much I now knew with certainty I would not want to be changed back if given the option. And soon, Mike would as well, having given in willingly without being misled as I had been. But I didn't care. I wanted, loved being a horse, and looked forward to a long life of sensual pleasures the likes of which a human could never understand, much less hope to receive in their new lives.

Won't you join me?