

Mini-Story: Mare-ied to the Job (Man to Mare TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Bill is an aging jockey who wishes to be a young racing stallion, the perfect 'afterlife' he can imagine. But things go wrong when his manager realises that business would be much better with a fertile broodmare instead . . .

Mare-ied to the Job

Billie let out a neigh as her foal kicked within her womb. The young and very fertile mare could never have imagined her life would turn out this way - equine, female, *pregnant* - but here she was. Even as she ate the grass and hay that was now so delicious to her, she still remembered back to a time when she hadn't been a breeder for the next generation of race horses, but instead a great jockey racer herself.

She'd been Bill back then. She'd won more than a few competitions, earning medals and trophies and prizes. But as time passed, Bill had gotten older and no longer able to stay in the game. More jockeys moved on to involve themselves in the sport in more managerial ways, but not Bill. He just wanted to race. He was sick of all the paperwork and aches and pains and bloody *people* that got in the way of his enjoyment, and could imagine no finer life than simply being a racing stallion, just like his trusty Thunder, who was still in his prime.

So when a young woman professing to be a witch came to town, Bill simply had to see this 'Morgan.' He was sceptical, but she quickly showed him her talents, impressing him greatly and telling him to return the next day with the money she wanted. He told his boss his plans to become a horse, and to expect a new racing stallion in the morning. Little could he have known that his boss would then proceed to meet up with Morgan the Witch in secret, offering a far larger prize in exchange for a twist upon Bill's desire.

And so it was that, ignorant of this, Bill turned up to see Morgan outside the race course. He paid her, and paid well, and with a smile and a one-liner he'd long since forgotten, she got the magic started. Bill surrendered to it, grinning as his body swelled and changed, becoming a powerful horse, muscular and mighty and beautiful and - and without anything between his legs.

It was then that his boss revealed himself, and the reason for the deception given. As a racing horse, Bill could certainly bring in the cash, but Thunder already existed. What was needed was a fertile broodmare to make the next generation of racers, and now Bill would be exactly that! To the former jockey's horror, *she* realised that she was in heat, her new animal parts greatly desiring to be entered, her womb filled with life. And, having already

known this eventuality, it was then that his boss unveiled Thunder, his own great stallion sniffing her feminine folds and moving to mate with her.

“Don’t worry,” Bill’s boss said. “He used to be human too. My old partner. Had the same with as you. I guess his went a little more successfully. But don’t worry, you’ll be contributing to the sport for many years to come, Bill. Morgan here has even given you an extra long lifespan and heightened fertility to make sure of that!”

Before Bill could neigh further in protest, or kick his damn head in, Thunder mounted her, and then it was too late. Her body was too aroused, her new self a lustful mare in need of a stallion. And when he entered - and by God the stallion was *huge* - she could only snort and neigh in arousal and humiliation.

That had been over a year ago. This wasn’t even Bill’s first foal. She’d already birthed one healthy stallion, and now had another mare growing within her. Both would be of the finest stock, she knew; she and Thunder were an item, it seemed. It wasn’t exactly the life she desired - she certainly missed the racing - but at least in a few years she’d be known as the great broodmare of one of the finest lineage of racehorses the world had ever seen.

That, she sadly mused as she ate more hay and put up with more hooved kicks in her belly, would have to suffice. Well, that and her special sessions with Thunder, once she stopped being so embarrassed by them. It wasn’t like they’d be stopping any time soon.

The End