

An irritated groan escaped Mark's lips as he tossed and turned for what felt like the fiftieth time that night. Eventually, he resigned himself to lay in bed, awake with his troubled thoughts. His mind kept playing over all the places where his wife might have gone each night for the past weeks.

Each possibility was worse than the last. Images of all the men she knew flashed through his head, making Mark flush with rage, wondering which one she found more attractive. Which one was fucking her.

Mark had been married for three wonderful years to Melissa, who he believed was the love of his life. In Melissa, he had found who he thought was his soulmate. They shared the same taste in movies, music, and even the same dry wit and cunning comebacks. And Mark had never felt more sexually satisfied when they made love than at any point in his life.

It took only six months of courting for Mark to know that Melissa was who he wanted as his partner for the rest of his life. The day they'd been wed had been the happiest of his life. Preparation had not even felt like a chore, even with Mark wanting everything to be perfect before they committed to spending the rest of their lives together. And it had been.

Their lives together naturally fell into place in the ensuing months. Mark had been promoted at work, allowing their shifts to line up and giving them more time to enjoy marital bliss in the evenings. They were able to afford a down payment on a decent house. Money was sufficient to put savings away for vacations, luxuries, and perhaps, eventually, children. They had their separate lives, of course, but it was wonderful to be together at the end of every day.

Several months ago, without warning, their marital bliss started to fall apart. It started simple enough. Melissa seemed more focused on her hobbies than normal. Mark wanted to give her the space to explore her passions and was naturally supportive. He found it weird, however, that Melissa refused to discuss what those passions were.

As time went on, however, Mark began to grow more and more concerned. Melissa began postponing trips, dates, and even regular meals together. Soon, simple things like talking about their days seemed a chore that Melissa preferred to ignore. Mark had no idea what the hobbies entailed, but whatever the distraction, it was now the focus which her world revolved around.

Melissa soon spent nearly all her off-work hours in her private study, only coming to bed after Mark had long since fallen asleep. Mark saw her so infrequently that it seemed his wife

was a stranger, even though she still shared his home and bed. It went without saying that their lovemaking died out overnight. He couldn't even recall the last time they had coupled, and even those last few times were met with disinterest.

Melissa seemed distant, even when he did catch her outside her study. There always seemed to be something else on her mind, something urgent. It was as though her thoughts were far off, living in a moment beyond the present. It reminded him of a shy kid anticipating Christmas.

There was obviously something she pined for, but it was not something she discussed with Mark. To his dismay, that thing seemed not to be Mark. It was a painful realization he had finally come to after a few weeks of reflection. Any preconceived notions of 'happily ever after' seemed only to be in Mark's head. Had it all been a lie? Or perhaps something he had done in recent months had pushed Melissa's interests elsewhere? He couldn't help but feel a swelling sense of shame from the state of his marriage.

Given the current state of their matrimony, Mark was shocked to return home one night and see his wife standing outside of her study. She seemed to be fixated on a new-acquired painting that she had hung on their wall. So enraptured with its sight, she didn't even notice Mark's presence as he crept up behind her, curious.

Melissa seemed to be staring into the image of a massive mare, her tail raised and her hindquarters on full display. Mark's initial thought was that of confusion. He knew that Melissa had a fear of horses from her childhood. It was one of the first things she had told him when they'd been courting.

They'd been driving past a farm, and Mark had stopped to admire a pair of geldings standing and grazing. Melissa had shuddered, recounting a tale from her youth when, at a riding camp, she'd fallen off a horse and broken her arm. It had taken weeks to heal. Worse, she'd been scarred from the sight of the massive beast rearing over her. It didn't escape Mark's notice that she continued to seem a little nervous each time she saw an equine. Why would she buy herself something like this?

Yet his confusion turned to shock as his eyes took in the scene before him. Melissa was rubbing the painting behind the mare's raised tail while simultaneously stroking her crotch. Mark figured she might have been absentmindedly scratching at an itch, but as he watched, Melissa's lips seemed to be trembling. It was almost as though she was...

“What are you doing standing there?!” Melissa shrieked, only just realizing that her husband was present

Seemingly ashamed, she removed her hand and ran towards her sanctuary. Mark tried to follow, but she quickly slammed the door and wouldn't answer his pleas. Disgusted, Mark pulled the picture from the wall and threw it angrily into the trash. What the hell had he just walked in on?

It took him a few days to gather the courage to approach her on the subject. Melissa denied ever owning it, to the point where Mark simply got frustrated with her and ceased his line of questioning. In addition to not getting any answers, it served to widen the gap between them. She was even more distant then, no longer even bothering with simple greetings as she came home from work before making her way into her secret sanctuary.

One particularly difficult day after work, Mark returned to see a figurine of a horse sitting on the counter. Surprised, Mark went to ask Melissa about it but decided to drop the subject when he realized she was once more locked in her study. He assumed it had something to do with the painting but wasn't in the mood to approach it and left it at that.

To his surprise, the next day, Mark came home to another similar figurine, this horse a different color. Mark was starting to become irritated and threw the thing into the trash. A few days later, a third joined the collection. Melissa hated horses, didn't she? How was that the focus of her hidden interests? It soon was obvious that Melissa's focus had turned into something bordering obsession.

As the weeks went on, Mark's anger turned into concern, and he decided to pursue reconciliation and understanding with the woman he'd wed. Yet whenever Mark inquired about her activities, even casually, she evaded the questions, giving him vague answers or ignoring him entirely. Whenever he pressed, Melissa seemed irritated with him.

Soon, his thinly veiled attempts to communicate turned hostile, a stray word turning into a fight that always ended with Melissa slamming the door to her study. Mark wanted desperately to try to work things out, but his attempts were met with cold silence or outright hostility.

The longer their periods of fighting went on, the more obsessive Mark became about Melissa's bizarre behaviors. Nothing he could conceive of bode well for the future of their marriage. Melissa kept her study meticulously closed, but sometimes, when Mark walked by, he could hear what strangely sounded like equine vocalizations coming from computer speakers.

Even with such brief knowledge, he could reach no sensible conclusion, no matter how much he reflected on it.

Then came the frequent late nights Melissa spent out of the house after work. At first, Melissa gave the excuse about running late at her firm. Soon, the long nights became a regular occurrence, at least several times a week. More than once, she hadn't come back at all, only returning at daybreak to shower and prepare for her work shift, leaving before Mark even had the chance to see her.

It didn't take long for Mark to put two and two together. He didn't want to accuse her outright of having an affair. There was no tactful way to do it. Technically, he had no proof. On the off chance he was wrong, he would only escalate their tenuous situation.

So, he waited. The option of calling a P.I. was always available, but he couldn't bring himself to take such a step. There was a part of him that trusted his wife, no matter how bizarre the change had been.

Still, the weeks of uncertainty were starting to grate on his sanity. Mark used the time between her absences to search through her belongings for a trace of her activities. He had even scoured her laundry, looking for a scent or mark that might have been left by a man. Yet, no matter how insistent his efforts, they all turned out fruitless. No notes, no gifts, no extra cash, nothing remained around the house to potentially incriminate her.

With no tangible evidence, and his reluctance to seek outside assistance, Mark was forced to wait until he had the chance to confront Melissa directly. Yet no opportunity presented itself with how absent Melissa had become in his life. Even if he was able to talk to her, what could he possibly say?

The waiting took its toll as the weeks went by. Mark was losing sleep, becoming irritable at work to the point of being written up over yelling at a coworker over a minor slight. He was asked multiple times about potential problems outside of work but deflected the questions, not wanting to admit there was something wrong in his preconceived paradise.

Finally, after weeks of suffering in silence, Mark had enough. Melissa was once more gone for what would likely be another long night. He had all the time in the world to break into her office and get his answers. Mark wasn't sure how to proceed; he had no experience lock picking. Nor did he want to bust down the door physically.

Yet with half a bottle of rum in him, Mark finally decided to say fuck it. The lock was nearly impossible to break, but the wooden door frame seemed weak to having his entire body being shoved into it. With a thick crack, the door creaked open, and Mark was finally confronted with the source of his wife's bizarre behavior.

Upon entering, Mark was immediately hit with a musty smell that reminded him of a barn. Gagging a little, Mark nonetheless allowed himself to take in the room, shocked at its dirtied state. Clothes were strewn all over the floor, covered in straw and hairs and stains that Mark would prefer not to know the source of. It seemed undeniable that Melissa had been spending many hours in a barn, leaving the clothes that she'd worn here hidden and unwashed.

That wasn't the only confusing thing about the room, not by far. The walls, shelves, and even the floor were covered with the knickknacks that Mark had seen weeks ago. There were dozens, far more than what he'd surmised she'd ordered with the amount of packaging he'd seen in their recycling. Everything from stuffed animals to toys to models of horses littered the room. She even had several more paintings of horses adorning the walls, some as explicit as the one he'd seen her staring at that day.

Mark could hardly believe what he had stumbled into. Yet there was still more, much more. Melissa's computer desk had several drawers down the side, some of which were open. That musty, intense barnyard stink wafted from them, along with another scent he'd once been accustomed to. It was one that had hung over their bed every night after they had made love. The unmistakable smell of her sex that only a husband could know of his wife.

Mark didn't want to look into the drawer's contents, but his curiosity had gotten the better of him. Opening them fully revealed the most shocking items of all. It appeared to house a variety of dildos, fleshlights, and other sex toys that Mark hadn't even known Melissa had been into. The scent was wafting from them. They had clearly not been cleaned, or well looked after, making Mark a little ill. It was one thing for her to possess such things, but why would she leave them in such a condition?

Shock over the presence of still-dirtied toys aside, the shapes and designs that met his eyes were truly disturbing. A massive, two-ended dildo sat in one drawer, clearly coated in dried vaginal fluids. The smaller end had a studded shape, likely designed for maximum vaginal stimulation. It looked no different than anything he might have seen in a sex shop.

It was the other end that had Mark worried. He wasn't an expert on equine anatomy, but given the decor of the room, the silicone, thick toy was likely modeled to resemble a horse cock.

It was hollow, covered in a dried, white latex-like fluid hooked into a tube that ran all the way down to the base, sitting above equine-sized model testicles.

That wasn't the only thing in the drawer. Alongside it was a massive, rounded object, closed on one side with dried latex. The other side took a few moments to register, its cut-off dimensions seeming out of place on the bare model. In the center of the pear-shaped sex toy was a massive, tear-drop shaped slit. It sat below a smaller hole, rounded and wrinkled around the circumference. The larger opening was almost cavernous, the inner designs intricate to where it opened into the back. Like the tip of the model cock, its surface was coated in the dry, white latex that Mark was starting to understand was meant to emulate semen.

The image from the painting hit him, and Mark realized he was staring at a model of a horse's vagina. He nearly retched right there. This was far beyond a simple fixation. Judging by their condition, the toys had been used often. Not to mention the cost of such a custom job!

Mark shook his head, the sights of the toys appalling. It was disgusting to find the woman he loved was turned on by such taboo toys and fetishes. If Melissa had the gull to bring up these proclivities in the bedroom, Mark would surely have said no!

His hand accidentally brushed the computer mouse, and the screen came to life before him. Mark looked instinctively, expecting to see a desktop background or perhaps a login screen. Yet evidently, it was left on and set to a video that started playing over the speaker.

"What the fuck?!" Mark shouted at the video of two horses in rut. A massive, brown-furred stallion was humping a smaller mare, the slick sounds of their sex blaring over the speakers among equine whinnies. Why had Melissa been watching this!?

Mark tried desperately to close the video, which he soon realized was over twenty minutes long. It seemed, to his disgust, that it was a compilation of various scenes of horses mating. What kind of fucked-up shit was this?

Closing the computer, Mark backed up, leaving the room as quickly as he could. He was far too buzzed to bother securing the door again, desperately wanting to be as far away from the sights as possible.

Later that night, Mark found himself lying in bed, which had become his routine as of late. The scenarios played over and over in his mind. There was no correlation between her obsession and any potential infidelity. At least, not with a man. Was Melissa bestial? What was she doing out on those late nights?

To Mark's shock, he did not experience his wife's wrath upon her return home early the next morning. She had come in, showered, and left before Mark even rose for the day. The door to the room was still broken, though he had no way to tell whether or not she had checked out the room. There was no denying she would know Mark had gone in, but how could he brooch the subject?

Nothing about what she was doing was illegal, per se. All toys and videos and imagery was extremely fetishized, but using them was not a crime. Yet it was not something Mark could even conceive of discussing with her. Certainly not something he could work out with her. Should he suggest a divorce? Mark spent the rest of the day in a daze, unsure of what to do.

A surprise phone call from Melissa's office was on his message list as he checked his phone later that day. Evidently, Melissa hadn't been to work in several days. Her boss was concerned about her health as the reason for the absence. Mark was asked to call back as soon as he could. Yet, he had nothing to tell them. The notion that Melissa was missing work hadn't even occurred to him.

Later than evening, bottle in hand, Mark prepared to drink till he passed out, the booze his only reprieve from the bizarre circumstance he found himself in. Yet, to his shock, he heard the door opening and the familiar sound of his wife's footsteps entering. Her voice echoed softly in the kitchen, a one-way conversation suggesting she was on the phone.

Mark stopped on the stairs to their bedroom, straining not to make a sound. The lights were off; there was every chance that Melissa would mistake him for being asleep and speak unfiltered. This was his chance to get some answers.

Though he was a significant distance from the kitchen, he could still make out enough of the conversation to grasp the situation. "-Yes. I'm ready. I know-final step. No, I've waited long enough. I-no, he doesn't know. He might have-I don't care. He can't understand. You-better than anything. I can't do this anymore. I-coming. Tonight. It has to be-yes, I need-thank you," Melissa finished as she ended the phone call.

The sound of the front door opening broke Mark from his stupor. Forgetting everything he'd seen from the room the night prior, Mark gave chase, grabbing his keys as the lights from his wife's car lit up the yard. Not wanting to risk exposure, Mark waited until the lights disappeared down the dark highway before turning on his own car to give chase.

There was a chance that he would lose her, but it was a quiet evening in their suburb, with no other vehicles to distract him as he quickly found his wife's car stalled at a stoplight. Mark slowed his speed, wanting to follow her but not wanting to give away his identity. He had to make sure she reached her end destination so he could get his answers.

Rage filled his slightly buzzed state as Mark drove, using every bit of will power not to slam on the acceleration and smash into her car. How dare she do this to him?! All memories of what he'd seen in office faded as Mark recalled the words of the phone call. Regardless of what else was going on, there was clearly another man involved. One that likely lived on a farm and got her into some kinky shit involving horses.

The drive took Mark out into the country, along miles of farmland that seemed to confirm his suspicions. Melissa was clearly heading out to a farm to meet her beau. There were no other cars on the road, and Mark was a little concerned she might find his presence suspicious and try to ditch him. Yet, on the long stretch of country road, with nowhere else to turn off onto a highway, he figured there was little chance of that as they both kept driving.

Eventually, Melissa's car turned down a dirt road that led to a massive horse ranch operation, or at least what Mark gathered to be from the road signs he had encountered on the way. He turned off his car, allowing her to drive down the dirt road and out of sight. Mark considered going after her on foot, but the driveway was long, and he figured he could risk driving a little closer.

He thought he may have missed a turn-off as they passed where the signs indicated were the 'main facilities'. Yet, it was clear from Melissa's car lights that Melissa had not followed the main driveway. The path she had traveled down was less maintained than that road had been. If the homes and stables and riding trails were in the opposite direction, where was Melissa leading them to?

Half a mile down the road, Mark finally did turn his car off and got out. The half-moon gave just sufficient light to illuminate the path leading up to a rather large facility. Mark carefully took his phone out for the added illumination that it provided as he crept towards it.

The stench of barn and horses assaulted his nose all at once, even in the crisp fall air. Mark hated the smell, glad that, at least in the beginning, his wife was as averse to it as he. Mark didn't mind looking at horses from a distance, but close up it was another thing entirely!



The sounds of voices and the soft light from within the building prompted Mark to turn off his phone as he approached. He did his best to tread carefully, not wanting to alert anyone of his presence.

An outer door was slightly ajar, possibly from where Melissa had entered. Not wanting to be seen, Mark crept around the side of the building, looking for a window he could peek into. He had his phone's camera at the ready to snap some proof of his wife's infidelity.

Mark could make out bits of conversation from inside, though he was surprised to hear a second woman's voice in addition to his wife's.

"-Melissa, take-long sniff. She's-for you. Tonight will-the night. You've-this, haven't?-Stallion-you'll be."

"Yes-Need-so bad-fuck Mark-fuck-men-mare-heat-can't wait-how-longer?"

The words infuriated Mark as he slowly gazed up towards the soft light at the window. They made even less sense than the phone conversation he'd overheard or the memorabilia he'd found in her office. There was no other man, or at least not one present, that seemed to excite his wife. It really sounded like Melissa had a thing for real-live horses! There was no way this could be his wife, the woman he'd wanted to give the rest of his life to.

The sight before him from the window was far more grotesque than anything he could have prepared for. In the center of the room was his wife, staring into the backside of a massive horse. She was clad in only her undies and shirt, her pants strewn around the dirty straw on the floor. A woman in a white coat stood behind them, making some notes on a pad and muttering some words of encouragement.

"Soon, Melissa, just a few injections, and you'll be ready. Take all the time you need to explore your would-be mate. Though I suspect you won't have nearly as much fun as you will once you receive your first dose," she said in a tone that reminded Mark of a parent talking to a child.

Melissa didn't respond. To Mark's disgust, she moved close to the mare, who raised her tail in response. Mark knew nothing about mares or at least anything beyond a layperson. It seemed as though the mare's sex was puffy, swollen, and dripping fluids. Mark got the impression, as disturbed as it made him, that the mare was in heat.

Melissa seemed unnaturally fascinated with the mare's sex as she moved in closer, her eyes glazed over. Dirty fingers traced the edges of the massive beast, making the mare stomp and swish her tail in either agitation or need. Melissa's hands were soaked with juices, but it seemed not to bother her.

Her tongue then stretched out, slowly in anticipation as she sampled from the eager beast. The mare, for her part, seemed to welcome the attention. She even stomped her hooves and let out a whinny from the simplest of contact.

Mark did his best to keep from throwing up as the scene unfolded before him. Mark wanted to burst in to pull his wife away. There was no way Melissa was here of her own volition, right? This had to be some sex cult or shit like that! But then what? Would she even want to come with him? She looked so enraptured with the depraved activity.

He could only stare in disbelief at his wife teasing the eager mare while the other woman looked on, seemingly pleased with the scene. "That's it, Melissa. This mare was once like you, and look how happy she is now! Soon she will be yours. We just need to get you into the back room and prepare our guest to join us," she said, turning to look with a smile at Mark through the window.

Mark turned to run, but all at once, a painful blow met his head, and he was forced down onto his knees. A much lighter pinprick pressed against his shoulder, and Mark hardly had the wherewithal to look up before his eyes fluttered shut, and he lost consciousness.

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A white-hot burst of pain lanced through his head as Mark slowly woke, raising his hand to rub the spot. To his shock, however, his hands were bound behind him. "What the fuck! Let me out!" he yelled into the void, realizing he was alone in a small, dimly lit chamber. Beyond what seemed to be a plexiglass wall, it was pitch black.

He was clearly still in the barn; the scents of hay and horses hung heavily in his nostrils, making Mark sneeze a bit. This room seemed more of a lab than a stable, with a computer, workbenches, and racks of test tubes and syringes and medical charts of horses. Several labeled shelves and a few fridges lined the walls. Was this some sort of vet set up?

The lights suddenly flashed on, and Mark was greeted to the sight of the room beyond. To his horror, his wife was standing there, face and hands still covered with drying mare fluids.

She had a dreamy, far-off look on her face as she stared into the void, seemingly unaware of Mark's presence.

Nothing else mattered to Mark as he called out to his love. "Baby! What's going on?! Wake up! Help me!" he yelled, hoping to all hope she would hear him.

To his surprise, Melissa slowly turned her head and regarded her husband with a look of confusion. "Baby, that's it! Help me!" Mark cried, struggling in his chains. "Can you get me out of here?"

Melissa only gave him that dreamy look as she turned around to stare ahead once more. Mark continued to beg and plead, but his cries fell upon deaf ears. Whatever awaited her seemed far more important.

"Ah, perfect timing! I didn't want to keep your poor wife waiting much longer. She's been anticipating tonight for months, after all," a voice said as the woman from before walked into view.

"Who the fuck are you?! What did you do to her!?" Mark yelled, pulling helplessly on his chains once more.

"Who am I? That doesn't matter, at least not to you," said the woman, an arrogance in her voice that made Mark shiver with rage. How dare she not answer him!?

The woman continued, not at all phased by Mark's demeanor. She had him at her mercy, after all. "What I did to her, well, I can answer, though you won't like it. I don't really care, one way or the other," she started as she walked up to Melissa and produced an alcohol swab, wiping Melissa's arm up and down.

"She didn't tell you, did she? Of course, she didn't. Why would she? When she learned what I had to offer, anything trivial in her life became a distant second," said the woman, motioning towards Mark when uttering the word 'Trivial'. Mark wanted to protest but held his tongue. It seemed the woman was keen to give him an explanation, as fucked up as it might be. He had to be patient and listen before making his next move.

"Melissa came to me months ago. It seemed she dealt with a bit of trauma regarding horses in her youth. A passing bit of knowledge to you, I'm sure. It weighed on her deeply, though. Enough to attend one of my sessions. I offer exposure to horses for those who are afraid, you see. An ability to see those beautiful beasts for what they truly are."

The woman clearly saw the look of confusion and disbelief on Mark's face and continued. "What she didn't know is how deep my techniques run. I gave her a plethora of material to help her overcome her fears, which, in turn, helped to prepare her for tonight. Images of their power and beauty. Images of herds and their bonds. And, above all, images of horses mating. All hidden within the mundane materials that she looked at day in, day out. All designed to make one obsessed with horses."

"And, for the right people, my subliminal messaging grants the desire to get closer to their equine kin. Not in the way you think," she added, quickly, noticing the look of disgust on Mark's face. "It goes deeper than any mundane human attraction, at least in those who make good candidates. Unfortunately, of that particular group, only your wife was a good match. Still, she has proven an invaluable test subject, and, in return, I am about to give her what she's only known to dream of since I put the idea in her head and provided her the means to do it."

"What the hell are you talking about?!" Mark yelled, struggling at his chains again.

"I'm talking about taking her obsession with horses to a level she could not have fathomed without me. The need to be with horses, as one herself. The idea that she might change in body as well as in mind. To spend the rest of her life as the equine I've made her desire to be. And, tonight is the night she takes that final step!"

Mark stared in dismay, wondering what the hell she was playing at. What final step? Bestiality? Or was she going to keep his wife here as some sort of sex slave?

Despite knowing that he was held fast by the cuffs, Mark struggled to get away, yelling and cursing. He had to get out of here and take his wife with him to save her from whatever hell this madwoman was putting Melissa through. It had to be some sort of mind control. Mark had no idea what he was going to do if he got loose, but he still needed to try and escape!

Yet, no matter how much he struggled, he couldn't manage to budge the binds holding him in place. After several moments, he stopped, panting and sweating his exertion. Looking up, he could see the woman was staring at him with an annoyed expression on her face.

"Are you done yet? Though I have all night, your wife is rather eager to enter her new body. I have no intention of delaying her transition any further," said the woman, reaching into her coat and pulling out a capped needle.

“Here, Melissa. There’s no going back once you take the first dose. But you don’t want that, do you? No, of course not. Just a few more pricks, and you’ll be the stallion you’ve wanted to be for months. A powerful, muscled beast, ready to impregnate all our mares in heat!”

At that, Melissa started frantically rubbing her clit, her sex dripping with desire as she opened her mouth and began panting. She wasn’t bothering to speak at this point. Her mouth simply opened and salivated at the prospect of whatever was in that injection.

“What the fuck, a stallion?! Stop this bullshit!” Mark yelled, the adrenaline running through his veins and giving him the energy to fight once more.

“You think me crazy, don’t you? I don’t give a shit, frankly,” scoffed the woman, turning her gaze away as she continued to prepare Melissa.

“You’re even more pathetic than Melissa told me. Even if she did once love you, that was erased as soon as the escape she’d always wanted was placed in front of her. Hell, in the last few weeks, she mentioned you not once. You were little more than a minor part of her former life. You mean nothing to this magnificent stallion!”

“What the fuck are you talking about? Stop with this hypnosis horseshit!” Mark yelled, his struggles much weaker as he tired from his exertion.

“As for your brutish question, I see no point in wasting my time explaining the process to you. She will become a stallion by the end of the night, completing her dream. She is not the first, and she most certainly won’t be the last,” the woman finished.

“I think even a simpleton like you will understand once you watch the process begin. Even if you don’t, I think having you watch will provide me almost as much entertainment as seeing Melissa’s rebirth!” she finished, gently taking Melissa’s arm.

Melissa still held that far-off look in her eyes as the needle pierced her skin. A shiver ran through her from whatever fluid was being pumped in her veins. The doctor removed the needle, applying a bandage before disposing of it in a sharps container. She then walked away, quickly preparing another syringe while keeping her eyes on Melissa’s trembling form. Melissa was sweating now, one hand running over her warm skin while the other pumped furiously at her sex.

Though Mark usually enjoyed seeing his wife pleasuring herself, in this circumstance the sight disgusted him. Yet his eyes were still fixated on Melissa’s hand running eagerly over her crotch, pinching the fringes of her clit. She seemed to be digging into the folds, fondling the tip,

and attempting to pull it out. The action should have been painful, but Melissa seemed to have no qualms about abusing herself in such a way.

Mark soon realized that it was not self-mutilation she was after. Fingers seemed to grip on to something larger than her folds should have been able to hold. The flesh within was engorged, though did not appear to have the same appearance as an abscess. Mark, for the life of him, could not understand what it was he was witnessing.

Mark continued to stare in horror as Melissa's fingers pulled at the thickening organ. It looked as though her clit had actually started to stretch at her insistent tugging. It now hung outward a couple inches, the protective flesh surrounding it receded. If Mark didn't know any better, he'd say that Melissa was pulling out the beginnings of a cock!

The more he watched the process, the more the organ did seem to resemble a phallus of some sort as it continued to grow at his wife's insistence. Much larger now, it began to bob up and down from its weight as Melissa continued to pull at it. An opening suddenly appeared at the tip as it continued to grow. Mark was certain that the outside was beginning to throb with veins to provide the necessary blood flow, though it was hard to make out its shape with her hands in the way.

Mark wanted to look away from the disgusting sight of his wife jerking her sex into a penis. But he felt the moment he did, he would think the entire event an elaborate hoax. How was such a thing possible? He still thought the scientist mad, having infected Melissa's mind with some sort of poison to make her bestial. But what else could explain the growth of a phallus from her sex?!

In his disgust, Mark hardly noticed that something was pulsating within her groin, pushing towards the damp opening of her vagina. An oozing sack of flesh started to slide outwards below her phallus-like clitoris. The sight of it was akin to giving birth. But what was being ejected from Melissa's cunt lips was like nothing that could ever occur naturally!

The dark-skinned flesh continued to thicken, filling nearly the entire gap by the time it was done. It appeared wrinkled, almost black under the slick sheen of sexual fluids covering its surface. It made several squishing sounds as it migrated outward, hanging from Melissa's groin. The only explanation for its presence was that Melissa was growing some sort of ball sack!

Her former cunt lips were slowly closing inward as their edges lost their former sensitivity. Yet Melissa seemed not to care, too enraptured with her developing cock head to worry about the feminine pleasures she had once known. Her cock was thickening all the while,

its circumference spreading to fill the gap where her womanhood once sat. Between the two masculine protuberances, nothing was left of her former vagina as the opening was sealed completely.

Every stroke beckoned it outward a little more, bringing it to four inches and still growing. It was nearing the size of his own member, though the shape and color were all wrong. Mark couldn't place the developing features, but an increasingly fearful part of him was worried that it might be on its way to becoming an equine member.

It seemed as though her internal plumbing had rerouted to the oozing cockhead that Melissa was now frantically rubbing. The fluids leaking from her growing member were currently clear, though they likely weren't to stay that way.

Two hardened orbs swelled to press against the wrinkled skin, even as the sack itself continued to grow. It was hard to make out their exact shape even as the skin continued to envelop them. Mark was certain they were the beginning of testicles.

Enraptured with the sight of Melissa's developing cock as he was, Mark hardly noticed that darkened skin was starting to spread over her wrists. Even through the slick fluids from her masturbation, it soon became obvious that something was changing. The skin looked coarse, darkening towards a matte black that continued to spread like a rash up her wrists. Mark swore he saw something twitching over the new skin, sprouting rapidly like weeds. Was it... hair?

Mark's eyes rapidly played over her body, wondering what else might be changing. He didn't want to believe his wife's body was altering in inhuman ways, but the evidence was overwhelming. A sudden twitching drew his attention to her ears, which were growing ever so slightly. The flesh didn't seem real as it started to melt, stretching the tips into points that reached up towards the top of her head. New muscles seemed to writhe just under the skin at their base, granting the ability to move them.

The changes to her head did not stop there. Mark's glance was drawn to her lips, which had darkened to the appearance of off-color lipstick. The skin around her mouth seemed to thicken, taking on an almost rubbery texture as it parted to expose her teeth within. Mark was not prepared to see Melissa's incisors pressing outward at an angle, as though straining inside a mouth that was not meant to accommodate them. Her gum line, too, was widening, and it seemed as though patches of black disease had coated its surface.

Despite the evidence before him, Mark couldn't bring himself to believe his wife was actually turning into a horse. That kind of thing only happened in cheaply made B movies. The science should not have existed for such a transition!

Even more disturbing was how much Melissa seemed to be enjoying the experiences. Her facial features were twisted into a grimace of pure ecstasy, even though the process should have been painful. The more she seemed to alter, the more excited she became by the prospect. It was likely in no small part to the changing genitals that she was furiously rubbing, evidently trying to milk every inch of pleasure from her new sex.

As though reading his thoughts, the woman in the lab coat spoke up. "It's a technique we have been researching here for some time. The ability to change one animal into another, specifically, humans. The mind does not survive in other species, sadly. Something about the higher human cognitive function allows the change to progress into completion."

"To further our research, we use volunteers. The process of convincing one to undergo the treatment is long but effective. It does require the proper candidate to begin subliminal messaging. Once the idea is implanted, a treatment is concocted with input from the individual. Most donate their wealth to our facility through several unrelated channels before they go 'missing'. Ultimately, it is the will of the participant as to when they will undergo the final change."

"No, she wouldn't choose this! You forced her! Cut the bullshit!" Mark yelled, exasperated.

"She could and did. Though, part of it was your own doing, at least in her choosing to partake in the final journey tonight. The nature of the process is that it drastically increases libido. The anticipation of having altered genitals, in tandem with lewd equine imagery, is powerfully erotic. When you caught her in the act, indirectly though it was, she had no choice but to accelerate the process. The notion of limiting those urges is not something Melissa will have to concern herself with now that she is relocated here."

"Many of the beasts we house here were once human, and a few are the offspring of our converts. We use former humans, now horses, to facilitate the process of transition that you will see occurring tonight. Our animals have incredibly high libidos, even the mares that are with foal. It is not uncommon for mares to crave intercourse up until the final weeks of their pregnancy."



“For this reason, we prefer to use transformed equines to accelerate the process of changing new converts. Though, in this stage, many of the subjects prefer the chance to explore their new genitalia first,” the woman said, motioning to Melissa’s continued masturbation.

Mark continued staring in horror at the sight of Melissa’s changing sex and body, barely registering the mad scientist’s explanation. He could hardly comprehend that Melissa currently had a five-inch cock sticking from her crotch. It was far thicker than any human equivalent and growing all the while. Melissa continued to stroke it with one hand while tugging at the developing glans with the other.

“There are many other uses for former human-turned equines, particularly in our facility,” the woman continued as if the circumstances were the most normal thing in the world. “No matter the breed that the individual has chosen to become, they are always the perfect candidate for training for both the riding and equine therapy programs we offer here. Though, most of the former humans are essentially equine in mind, if a bit more intelligent and compliant. Particularly, when it comes to mating!”

“You twisted bitch! Shut the hell up and stop this!” Mark yelled, struggling against his cuffs once more in vain. His wrists were red and chaffed, and the pain was starting to become unbearable. But that did not deter his rage at the woman who was about to take his love from him.

“I have no desire to stop this, nor does Melissa. Whatever rhetoric you might spew, I am helping her become the horny stallion she has dreamed to be for months. Though, in truth, I also find the process highly erotic, as do many of the other staff. Video is being recorded for us to enjoy later, as well as for research purposes. The culmination of a rewarding life’s work that we can enjoy ourselves and help others to enjoy!”

A wet slopping echoed in the room as Melissa continued to masturbate her new sex, tugging her cock out even further. It was now seven inches long and still growing, eager to meet Melissa’s trembling fingers. The flesh of the tip was black, the glans flattened into a mushroom-like shape as it continued to flare outward. The skin around its surface was also black, turning pink in patches that spread down the shaft.

To Mark’s disgust, the skin at the bottom of the glans started to peel downward, the dark black skin growing fuzzy with reddish hairs. Running all the way to the shaft’s base, Melissa’s hand seemed to tug it downward, encouraging its development. The skin soon pooled at the base, the sheer size of Melissa’s developing horse shaft forcing itself out of it.

Melissa's new equine sheath was now fully coated in rusty brown fur, the flesh melting like wax to flow into the skin of her groin. It began merging like a zipper, quickly pulled up to her stomach, which seemed to have packed on a few pounds from the change. This new position pushed her cock upward, nearly so that it touched the contours of her breasts and sweaty chest. The new position did little to hinder Melissa's masturbation, however. The simple shift in posture soaked her shaft with thickening fluids from the urethra.

Mark stared on in horror as the frequency of her ministrations increased drastically, as though she was desperate to reach ejaculation. Slick fingers played all the way down the length, undeterred by the medial ring of flesh that had developed there. Her testicles continued to swell, veins erupting on the surface of her ball sack as it hung heavily down from her groin.

"YES... YEEEEEEIIGGGHHHH!" Melissa whinnied loudly as several large ropes of horse jizz blew from her balls and swelled the insides of her shaft.

Mark watched in horror as the entire shaft visibly throbbed with its load and several ropes of cum erupted from the surface, dripping onto the barn floor and running down the entire length of her cock. A few more equine whickers escaped her lips as the cum pouring out of her penis slowed to a trickle, a few thick globs still bubbling from the tip.

After what seemed to Mark like an eternity, Melissa's horse penis started to slide down towards the inner folds of her newly-developed equine sheath. Melissa stood panting for a few moments before her slick fingers reached up to scoop a sizable amount of cum from her shaft. Lifting it slowly, almost in reverence, Melissa brought it to her lips and lapped it greedily, as one might an ice cream cone. Despite the pungent scent, Melissa seemed not to be bothered as she savored the taste before reaching down to scoop some more.

A loud clapping broke Mark from his trance before he could vomit from the display. "Bravo, Melissa! Great show, stud!" the woman cheered, clearly excited by the fruits of her depraved labor.

"Melissa, no! You have to fight!" Mark yelled, rubbing his wrists raw as he tried to get free and to his wife. He knew there was no reasoning with the psychotic bitch that was doing this to his love. Mark's only chance was to try and reach Melissa, no matter how far it seemed she had fallen.

"You really are a fool. This is getting boring, even for me," said the woman, walking over to the drawer nearest him and pulling out a roll of duct tape.

Mark thrashed and flailed but was utterly helpless as the woman stuck several pieces of the tape across his lips, preventing him from screaming. The woman was unnaturally strong, and he was forced into silence as she walked over to Melissa with another syringe, dripping and ready to enter his wife's veins.

Just as that was happening, a pair of men walked in, carrying a heavy-looking piece of equipment. It appeared to be a slanted leather stand, with thick legs at the bottom to keep it steady. Mark tried to place where he'd seen such a thing before. It took a few minutes, but then finally clicked. He tried in vain to plead for Melissa to run away when he realized it was a dummy mare! Melissa was expected to fuck it with her new cock, and in the process, make herself more into a stallion!

The woman merely smiled as the dummy mare was set up, and she went to work injecting the next series of fluids into Melissa's veins. Melissa, meanwhile, simply stared forward, a dreamy expression on her face. It seemed as though her mind was dulled somewhat, perhaps still in the post-orgasmic throes of her stallion sex.

Mark could only watch helplessly as the woman returned to the lab to retrieve a spray bottle containing a milky white fluid. Confused, Mark nonetheless focused on the events unfolding as the lab-coated-woman generously sprayed the back of the dummy with the bottle of fluid. Mark caught a faint whiff of the substance. Though, to him, it smelled only like a sweaty horse confined to a barn.

The woman clearly recognized his confused features. "Mare pheromones. Meaningless to you, for now. But they will soon encompass Melissa's world. Watch," the woman said as if Mark had a choice to do anything else!

To his horror, Melissa seemed to be enraptured by the dummy mare before her. She sniffed audibly with nostrils that were starting to flare even larger than before. Walking over to it, Melissa pressed her darkening nose to the dummy's end, inhaling deeply.

Though she had orgasmed not moments before, Melissa's cock came to a full erection once more, sliding the rest of the way out of her sheath. Bobbing up and down, it seemed to be seeking the target of its arousal, as though desperate to fuck.

All the while, her already brown nose seemed to widen, looking comically out of place on a head still relatively human-sized. Minute, velvety hairs started to pepper the surface as the sides formed thick slits that ran all the way into her jaw. Her upper lips, too, were expanding, those already comically large incisors poking out like buck teeth. Mark couldn't be sure, but it

looked as though a third set were growing in between her incisors and canines, the space of her expanding muzzle allowing them room.

A series of pops resonated from the top of her head as her already-pointed ears stretched even further. A fine coat of reddish fur covered them as they rose above her human hair, flicking her excitement. The sides start to curl in on each other, a series of long hairs adorning their insides.

Her own short cut hair seemed to extend. Though it was new hairs underneath pushing them out that caused their removal. Mark was reminded of how insistent she had been to keep her hair short in recent weeks. Was it in defiance of the human she hated to be?

Mark nearly jumped back when a crack resonated through Melissa's head. Her eyes carried a pained expression as her skull pressed tightly against the still-human flesh. But Melissa didn't seem to care. The alterations to her visage only allowed her better vantage to sniff and lick at the offering before her. The expanding parietal bones allowed more room for her nasal cavity to partake of the potent pheromones the doctor had so generously applied to the dummy mare.

It quickly became apparent that sniffing the faux sexual object was insufficient to meet his changing wife's needs. Grunting, Melissa tried her best to shove her cock into the fake mare's vagina. Though it had been positioned for a smaller creature than the stallion that Melissa was to become, she still struggled with her mostly-human size. Her horse penis was still too small to make a proper dent in the dummy mare.

That was soon to be relieved when a crack echoed through the bones of Melissa's heels. Mark looked on with a mix of disgust and horror as the bones pressed almost painfully against the flesh, till it gave way, as though made of play dough. It was a shock that Melissa didn't fall over from how rapidly her heels extended. Still, she pitched forward, her cock getting closer and closer to the moist, prepared hole.

It was obvious that her cock was still growing, veins throbbing from the influx of blood to maintain its engorgement. Yet, Mark's focus was entirely on Melissa's changing feet. The middle toes of each foot started to swell in tandem, filled up like an air balloon. Their sheer size pushed away from the other toes as their tips grew swollen, the skin darkening towards the same consistency as her nail. The keratin itself was stretching to meet this new flesh, giving room for the changes inside what would be her hooves.

It was a horrific sight to view all remaining eight toes collapse in on themselves as the bones and tendons within all dissolved to fuel whatever chemical process was changing Melissa. Though a bit wobbly on her feet for a few moments, the size of her middle toes was soon sufficient to hold her weight. The keratin seemed to cover the entire toe tips by now, their contours becoming more oval to match the shape of horse's hooves. They seemed to sink into the dirty hay strewn around the barn as Melissa's changes added more weight to her body.

Mark couldn't imagine the pain of undergoing such a process. To have the bones thicken so rapidly, joints and tendons cracking before they had a chance to reform into their new configurations. Mark didn't know much about anatomy. But, he was still able to visualize the bones rippling under the skin before it darkened towards equine hide.

If what the woman's words related were true, dozens or more people had been changed. And they'd all been willing, brainwashed into wanting to turn into dirty, horny animals for the rest of their days. Were they happy after they transformed? Did they retain enough humanity to understand that happiness?

Such a change should have been crippling. Yet Melissa didn't seem to be experiencing any agony from the transformation. The added height simply allowed her slapping equine dick to slide towards the dummy mare's opening. Her urethra continued to leak all over the dummy mare's underside, while her nose was drinking in the potent pheromones as she prepared to rut.

Her eyes drifted up to Mark's own, though Melissa didn't seem to notice or care. Her eyes, those lovely green eyes Mark had fallen in love with, were muddied brown, the pupils dilated and changing in shape. The wide irises seemed fully enraptured in the waves of lust flowing from her still-growing cock. Though Mark hardly had a point of reference, it seemed as though her expressions were no different than a stallion in rut. Was she changing mentally already?

Mark could only watch in silence as Melissa's spine started to show through the sweaty flesh of her back. The bones pressed tightly against the skin until they forced a visible bump to protrude. It seemed as though the bones were snapping under the skin, making room to grow and fuel the extension. Mark nearly leaped up when the damn thing suddenly twitched. It took him that long to realize the bare fleshy-growth was to be Melissa's tail.

Melissa seemed to be getting frustrated now, her cock slapping against the bottom of the dummy mare. She had grown powerfully erect, her cock reaching beyond 15 inches at this point. Mark figured she should be dizzy from the blood being drawn to fill the corpus callosum tissue, but Melissa seemed as alert and active as ever.

Struggling with her new body, Melissa seemed to be unable to rear herself properly. Though her back legs had swelled larger, they were still awkward in operating her hybrid physiology. The lack of a warm, tight tunnel on her cock left the soon-to-be stallion frustrated, stamping her back legs and huffing. Even her tail was flicking, as though a sign of her impending equine body language!

“That’s alright, Melissa. A lot of stallions struggle their first time. Here, allow me to help,” the woman in the lab-coated offered as she donned a pair of rubber gloves. Walking over to the struggling stallion-woman, the woman reached down and gently took the throbbing horse cock at two different points. With practiced precision, she gently pushed back and upward enough that the flared tip sank into the end of the dummy mare. The brief exposure was all her equine instincts needed to take over as she rapidly thrust the entire length inside her target.

The relief on Melissa’s equine features was instant. She started thrusting forward with no regard for her surroundings. It seemed her entire world was centered on that massive horse cock and all the pleasure it could provide. Mark tried helplessly to cry out to her, but even he knew it was futile by now.

Mark couldn’t be sure, but judging from the speed of sweeping black flesh and peppering of reddish-brown fur over sweaty skin, the change was coming faster. She was literally fucking herself into a horse!

Melissa was rearing up on her hooves now, thrusting forward awkwardly before her leg muscles could grow into their new shapes. It seemed she wouldn’t need to wait long from the series of twitches emanating from her hindquarters. Another crack echoed in Mark’s ears as her heels continued to press upward, as though responding to her need to gain height. Though her calves seemed to contract a little, it was only an illusion in comparison to the length of her new equine cannons.

Mark wanted to look away as Melissa turned around, her entire ass on display as she tried desperately to hilt herself in the dummy mare. Normally, Mark found the sight of her ass one of the most erotic aspects of his wife’s body. Yet now, covered in sweat and starting to turn matte black, Mark couldn’t stand the sight.

The muscle and fat around her hips continued to swell underneath the skin. Yet it wasn’t fast enough to cover the thickening hip bones pressing against her flesh. It was as though the bones themselves were widening, flattening on the sides as they prepared to relocate into a new

position. A wet, sloshing sound played over her sweaty form as the muscles underneath knitted back together to allow her transition to continue.

Next, her backside started to widen, slowing her sexual conquest by forcing her to readjust her stance several times. The further her hips stretched outward, the more of her ass showed through. The pale pink skin of her anus was on full display as the hole started to widen. The coarse black flesh, in tandem with the new, twitching muscles underneath, gave her a perfect horse's anus! To finish the transition, the location of her new plumbing shifted upward, until it sat just under the extension of her spine.

Her tail continued to grow, pressing out several inches as it sought to cover her air-kissed anus. Though the bones of her spine still poked through the pale flesh, the added fat and muscle proved a more tail-like appearance. Missing only a signature coat of coarse horse fur, the appendage looked frighteningly out of place on her changing body.

A peppering of gooseflesh started poking from her still-growing tail, spreading its entire expanse. Suddenly, several hundred hairs lanced forth like weeds, covering her entire tail with roan red fur. Much longer than anything her body sported thus far, they started to tickle the exposed skin on her anus, making the flesh visibly twitch. The growth stayed raised as she rutted faster into the dummy mare, a flag to signal her virility.

With her new posture, Melissa pounded the dummy mare to the hilt. Her muscled legs thrust furiously with the eagerness to rut. Weighty balls slapped audibly against the back end of the stand, while sticky fluid leaked out from the opening as it coated her cock.

A loud whinny escaped Melissa's protruding lips as her thrusts became erratic. Pumping faster and faster, a wet squelch resonated from the dummy mare. It was clear from Melissa's sweaty form that she was ejaculating, her stallion cum filling up the tube at the other end.

After resting for a moment, the soon-to-be stallion dismounted, wobbly on her hind hooves. Though her upper body was largely human, her backend was stable enough to somewhat balance, though not entirely on all fours. There was a bizarre, half transformed monstrosity where Mark's beautiful wife once stood.

He hadn't wanted to believe it was possible that his wife could be mutating into a stallion. Even when the changes had started, he denied the insanity that the scientist was spouting. But the state of his wife's body, now more than half that of a horse, was impossible to ignore. Worse still, the massive cock hanging from her belly seemed to be the source of her desire, proof that Melissa truly wanted this body over all her humanity had to offer!

“She never belonged to you,” said the woman with a smirk, noticing Mark’s pained expression. “You hold no interest for her as you are. This is what your wife craves now!” the woman exclaimed, turning towards the door to the outside.

The steady clapping of horse’s hooves entered his ears, and Mark followed the woman’s gaze to see a massive, black horse, being guided by the same two men that had carried in the dummy mare. Mark didn’t want to look at the beast, knowing all too well what its purpose was.

Yet, he was just as upset to see the men were both sporting wood. Their coveralls were stained from leaking precum, and Mark was disturbed by the apparent size of their cocks. Were they part of the experiments as well?

Mark didn’t want to look in the woman’s direction, but her silence spoke volumes. To his disgust, the woman had one hand down her pants. It was clear what she was doing, not caring about the presence of anyone else as she pleased herself. It was depraved that anyone would find such a process arousing, much less in the presence of several other people. This farm was evidently full of sick fucks!

Mark’s look of disdain was not lost on the woman as she trembled, a shock wave running through her as she evidently came. Still, her cold eyes locked on to Mark. “You’re jealous, aren’t you? How sad. Why don’t we show you what it is that your wife desires more than you?”

On cue, the men guided the mare around so that her backside was on full display. The mare, for her part, stomped her feet a few times in impatience. It seemed she was more eager for the stallion’s attention. But, she was still privy to her handler’s whims and was thus forced to stand still, her sex on full display.

Mark wanted to turn away, but something about the situation forced him to look. He wanted to know what it was that had enamored his wife, had taken her away from him. The mare was evidently in heat, her vaginal lips swollen and flared. The entire crevasse under her anus was moist with slick, feminine fluids. The orifice was moving in and out, as though winking. The sight was revolting!

Soon, the mare’s impatient had the two men guide her across the room headfirst towards a paddock. Leaving the door open, her reins were tied to the stand, though the mare allowed it quietly. It seemed as though the process was familiar to both mare and men.



Melissa, meanwhile, was sniffing the air excitedly. The mare's pheromones were permeating her nostrils and causing them to flare in and out. She seemed to follow the scent's source, though it was a struggle with her altered physiology. Still, with some help by the two massive men, she was guided behind the mare, giving her the chance to sniff at the offering.

Melissa could hardly hold back as she forced her nose into the mare's vagina. Her tail flicking, Mark could make out her massive tongue reaching inside, lapping at the beast's juices as she would a fine wine. Nothing else seemed to matter to Melissa as she continued to eat out the mare!

Though she seemed engrossed in the sexual act, her body was currently not changing to the degree that it had. Mark foolishly allowed himself to think maybe the changes had stopped, that she wouldn't want to exist as a hybrid creature and be asked to change back.

Of course, he had no such luck. The scientist, halting her own masturbation, walked over with her third and final dose of serum. The prick of the needle was barely noticed as Melissa continued her oral ministrations. There was no doubt in Mark's mind what the end result of the experiment would be.

Melissa continued her work into the mare's cunt with the fervor of a starving man given a feast. Her rubbery lips traced the contours of the mare's leathery sex, truly exploring her would-be mate. Her entire body seemed to tremble with excitement as she lapped with gusto, evidently savoring the flavor of the beast.

To Mark, the scent of the horse in heat stank. He had no idea how Melissa could stand being in such proximity, much less to be lapping at it. The taste must have been terrible. But Melissa seemed to take to the beast's backend like it was the most delectable thing in the world. Either her nostrils had changed to find it extremely palatable, or her desire for the action outweighed the disgust of the scent.

Mark wanted desperately to look away from the bestial scene. It was all too reminiscent of the imagery that he'd seen Melissa exploring long before this nightmare. But Mark couldn't tear his eyes away. He still held out the minute hope that somehow he would either wake from this nightmare or that Melissa would come to her senses and relent from her depravity. No matter how slim that hope was, he had to hold on to it.

The mare, for her part, seemed to enjoy the attention. The attendants had let go of her reins, allowing her to stand free in the breeding stall as Melissa's growing body played over her sex. It was clear that she was allowing the cunnilingus of her own volition. Her hooves were

stomping on the ground, her tail raised high, and her hips thrust backward. She wanted Melissa to eat her out as much as Melissa seemed eager to perform the depraved action!

Who had she been in her human life? Did that matter now? She was an animal now, a horse. A slave to the whims of her heat and instincts. And soon, Melissa would join her. Perhaps forever.

Copious amounts of fluid now leaked from her winking sex as the mare constantly adjusted her stance, eager for the maximum amount of pleasure. Mark had no experience witnessing equine courtship, but he was certain this wasn't the norm. Seldom did stallions eat out their mates to such a degree before the mating act.

The sheer volume of sexual juices running from the mare was increasing in tandem with her bodily vibrations. Slick fluids were dripping from Melissa's lips as they quivered to drink down as much as possible. The contours of her mouth were altering, thin whiskers around the tips soaked as the blackened flesh expanded. The larger she grew, the better she could please her soon-to-be lover, covering more of the mare's flesh at once.

The quivering in the mare's body suddenly intensified as she stamped her hooves wildly. A raised head and a flickering mane were preceded by a loud whinny. It was obvious, even to Mark, that she had reached orgasm. Visible tremors shook her body, skin flicking in an attempt to drain every ounce of pleasure from the action.

Melissa seemed to have no intention of stopping there, however. She simply lapped at the fluids like drinking champagne. The action caused the mare's cunt lips to quiver, winking back and forth as Melissa carried out her task. Her nostrils twitched as she drank in both the mare's perfume and lust.

Even as Mark stared, he could tell his wife was entering the final stages of her transition. Her nose was growing larger, mare fluids dripping off the surface as she huffed and snorted. A crack of bone and tearing of tissues resounded through the mare's cavernous folds as her face pressed forward. Veins and muscles wriggled under the flesh like snakes as her face grew far past its former proportions.

Mark could not watch any longer. Yet, even when attempting to turn his head away, his gaze was distracted by the sight of Melissa's horse dong dangling underneath her growing body. It was still growing, nearly fifteen inches now. The head was coated in clear leaking fluids, dripping in a stringy puddle onto the floor.

The entire shaft bobbed up and down against Melissa's belly as she carried out her oral stimulation on the mare. It was growing larger, eighteen inches now, as it strove to reach her chest and neck. The entire girth swelled with tissue, blood filling the corpus callosum and preparing her for the final push into-stallion hood. The mushroom-shaped head flared as the tip continued to leak more fluids. Mottled flesh ran all the way down to the base, where her sheath sat folded up. Her pendulous stallion balls swung underneath, almost comically large for her form.

Despite the pleasure that Melissa was taking in pleasing her mare orally, it was obvious that her growing horse cock needed to implant herself deep in the mare's womb. Yet, her body was far too small for the task despite how much she had grown. Her cock flailed helplessly against her belly, unable to find a hole to fuck.

That was not to last. A wet crack emanated from Melissa's backside as her hips bulked up with fat and muscle. The skin writhed and spasmed underneath, nearly ripping in several places from the sheer amount of meat being added. Melissa had to readjust her stance every few seconds as her backend continued to balloon outwards.

It looked comically out of place to see how large her lower half was becoming in relation to her already moderate-sized torso. It was easily twice its former size now as it continued to grow, looking more in place on the mare before her. Melissa had to move backward several inches, nearly falling forward from the awkward stance.

Yet, Melissa seemed determined to remain fixated on her goal as she continued to eat out the mare with gusto. Her too-small human arms grasped the beast's flanks, seeming like the fingers digging in should cause some annoyance. But the mare, too, seemed enraptured by the bestial acts. She was just as invested in continuing the cunnilingus as was Melissa. Whenever Melissa started to fall back, the mare backed up with her, keeping Melissa's growing muzzle level with her winking cunt lips.

As Melissa continued to lick, her body swelled with mass, as if she was eating herself into a horse. Her belly was clearly distending, as though being filled with water. Crevasses rippled across the flesh, crawling under the skin like stretch marks as her stomach enlarged.

What was once gaunt flesh, connected by flaps of taut skin, soon swelled with fat. The mass of meat expanded to compare with the still-growing hips and buttocks of the stallion that Melissa was to become. Her stomach almost seemed to sag, the weight of it too much for her changing body to handle. Yet, soon, the flesh started to firm, her stomach muscles taking form and eliciting a slick slapping as her cock smacked against it.

A series of cracks resonated from her spine, as though it was breaking apart. From the evident injuries, new bones seemed to swell against the flesh before it could keep it. It was clear to Mark that there were more bones in her spine than there should be, even with his limited anatomical expertise. The growth of her spine sent several creaks through her body as her stomach continued to distend, taking advantage of the added space.

The swelling in her stomach continued up her torso, broadening her chest slightly as Melissa continued to change. Much to Mark's chagrin, the fat in her breasts started to deflate, their mass seeming to flow into her ballooning chest. Though boobs had been one of his favorite aspects of his wife, he was sure she was happy to be rid of the last of her femininity as they faded into the mass of an equine chest.

Another series of wet cracks seemed to radiate from the inside of her chest, making Mark gag. It was distressing to watch a body change it in such a way, and Mark nearly wretched. Melissa's ribs were protruding from her spreading flanks, threatening to tear through the skin before it could stretch to keep up. They seemed to indicate her eventual size, protruding through her flanks as they continued to expand to equine proportions.

The next crack shook her shoulders as they compressed inward. It should have been painful, but Melissa did not seem to mind, the flavor of mare juices keeping her enraptured. The blades kept flattening under the skin until they sat parallel to her flanks. Her arms seemed to sink under the barreling chest, no longer capable of rotating in human dimensions.

It was clear to Mark that Melissa was moving towards the size needed to mount a mare. Yet he had not been expected for her to suddenly pull back, nose dripping mare fluids as she moved forth with surprising speed. Her front end lifted, and she rose up on the horse's back, grasping her sweating flanks with trembling fingers.

Even though her arms were restricted and weak, Melissa was able to pull herself into position. Her massive cock tip was under the mare, teasing the edges of her underside and even her udders as it tried to make its way to its goal. Melissa's entire body seemed to tremble with every inch of contact that her penis made with her eventually mate.

Yet, it seemed like no matter how she tried, Melissa could not get her cock to reach the target of her desires. The mushroom-shaped tip simply careened off the mare's rump, teasing her udders or missing entirely. Melissa whinnied her frustrations, obviously impatient at her lack of experience. The mare, too, seemed frustrated, stamping her hind hooves and whickering with the need to be filled with that glorious organ.

Fortunately for the two of them, the scientist was there to help once more. Getting under Melissa's stretching belly, the woman carefully grabbed her new stallion shaft, causing Melissa to go still. Once more, using her skillful precision, the scientist took the stallion's cock and pulled it back, hardly able to work the unmalleable flesh.

Yet, with some effort, she was able to guide the eager stallion's dick towards its goal with a slick sloping sound as it entered the moist, warm folds of her lover. Mark hardly could call the beast he was staring at his wife anymore. It was impossible to see it as anything but a stallion!

Melissa's hips started gyrating rapidly as she found her place in her mate. The look of equine triumph was visible even from Mark's vantage point. Her hips forced her massive cock all the way inside until it was parallel with the mare underneath her. From her position, it looked like Melissa's stallion cock was all the way inside the mare's cunt, to the hilt. Whickering her excitement, Melissa started thrusting her hips forward, getting into the mating act with the focus of a beast in rut.

"That's it, stud! Fuck yourself into the stallion you're meant to be!" the scientist cried, rubbing the stallions expanding neck and encouraging her exploits.

At the simple touch, more of Melissa's pale skin was covered in blackening equine hide. It was only her chest, head, and arms that had thus escaped the onslaught of equine hide that threatened to coat her entire body. But as the veins and muscles rippled under the skin of her chest, it was soon followed by a wave of roan fur, far faster than it had spread prior. It seemed as though, be it the final serum or the final push of equine lust, Melissa's changes were coming faster.

Her shoulders and upper arms continued to expand, sinking into the barreling flanks as her shoulders were forced fully forward. A flap of loose skin connected with Melissa's elbow, almost making her lose her grip on the mare's flank. Her fingers were the only thing that allowed her purchase until she readjusted her stance.

The timing was perfect; no sooner had Melissa gotten her footing back than her middle fingers started oozing forth like bread dough. The digits spread up the mare's backside as the nail swelled into her sweaty hide. What remained of her human phalanges soon retracted into her widening front legs. The bones shifted within, their motions visible through the flesh spreading down to the edge of her equine forelegs.

The stubs of keratin stretched into saucer-sized equine hooves, the bone within surrounded by swelling tissues. They soon expanded to the size of Melissa's hind hooves, gripping the mare's sides tightly as her thrusts increased. The slick slopping increased in intensity as Melissa literally fucked herself into a stallion.

Another series of cracks rang through her body as her neck pulsed with the growth required to have it meet her chest. Thicker, wiry hairs sprang forth from the top of the neck, flowing down to one side until it fell below her neck. Her own human hair was falling out, the follicles replaced with the wiry hairs of a horse's mane that shook in tandem with Melissa's thrusts.

"That's it, stud! Claim that mare as your own, and with it, your new life!" the scientist exclaimed, still petting her flanks. Melissa seemed ignorant of the presence of the human, only focused on spilling the load that her massive equine testicles had been waiting to empty all evening!

Mark's tears were flowing freely now, making it hard to see. Mark wished, desperately, that he could look away. Yet, he saw it as a final act of mercy for his former wife, to watch the final moments of her humanity before she bred herself into a beast, possibly from the rest of her days!

All that endured of her humanity was her face, though the throbbing of growth under the skin signaled it would not remain that way for long. The bones in her skull were shifting, parietal bones flattened as her frontal and nasal bones pushed outward, two, three times their former size and still growing.

It was the shifting in the temporal bones that had Mark most concerned. He could see the upper part of her skull start to compress, and with it, her braincase. Horses had such small brains in relation to their bodies. Any intelligence or human awareness Melissa might have retained was surely swept up in the animal she had become.

Her head was growing massive, heavy as she was compelled to bite down with massive equine dentures. Through the expanse of spreading muzzle, Mark could see the imprints of new teeth swelling in her jaw. The molars were guided backward, leaving an interstitial space between them and the incisors. Soon, the mass of her muzzle hid them from view as Melissa's incisors continued to nip into the mare. The mare whinnied slightly from the pain, though the sensation only served to have her thrust back into her mate, bringing her close to the edge.

Hide swept over the remnants of her head as it stretched into its final shape. All that remained of Melissa's humanity was her eyes, the wonderful eyes that Mark gazed into lovingly each night. As they swept around to the size of her head, the light in them seemed to fade, one last time. Now, all that remained were equine rods, solidifying her form into that of a stallion.

Mark's tears continued falling as the last bit of humanity faded into the horse that had become of his wife. Had he not seen it before his eyes, he would not have known the beast was once his love. She was all stallion in rut as her thrusts became more uncontrolled, as though her end was nearing.

Raising her head with an equine whinny, the slick sounds of rubbing fluids increasing in intensity. The stallion started to rock uncontrollably, and a thick, musky scent hit Mark's nostrils. There was no doubt in his mind that she was cumming, that her virile semen was being pumped into the mare as she completed the mating act.

As the stallion dismounted, thick globs of horse jism fell to the hay with a splat. Melissa backed up, body slick with sweat from both the change and exertion. A heavy clop radiated from her saucer-sized hooves as she backed up, getting used to her new, massive body. Yet, she seemed to own it, skin twitching and body shaking like any stallion after mating.

The mare, for her part, was flicking her tail in satisfaction, cunt no longer winking as cum continued to drip from her folds. Now with the room to back out, the two men, their crotches wet with semen, came to grab her reins. She was pulled gently out of the breeding stall, very compliant now that she had been bred. Melissa sniffed after her, cock still half out of her sheath. But, it was obvious even to Mark that she was spent, at least for the time being.

The scientist came up to her, now clearly him, petting his head and offering him some sugar. Melissa moved his lips to take in the sugary treat and exposed his yellowed teeth and splotchy gums. He was all horse in his actions, no humanity left in his body or mannerisms.

"That's a good boy. Good Mathew," the woman said before turning to Mark. "I think he needed a new name, don't you agree?" she said, that smirk to her voice that made Mark's blood boil. "Oh, right. You can't speak. Here," she said, walking over to the chained man and painfully ripping the tape from his lips.

Ignoring the pain, Mark cried out, all the anger and rage directed to his voice. "Change her back! Stop this! Fucking listen to me!" Mark continued to cry, tears running down his face.

“No, I don’t think I’ll fucking listen to you,” the woman said, mocking Mark’s pleading tone. “I have no intention of changing her back, nor would she want me to. You’re as stubborn as a mare with your persistence!” the woman finished, a gleam in her eye that made Mark shiver.

“You fucking bitch! You made her a fucking animal! Melissa, why!?”

The woman only laughed, finding the display hilarious. “Men. You think you can control me by demeaning me? I have you exactly where I want you. You belong to me now. I control you. And, I’m going to enjoy putting you in place at the receiving end of a horse’s cock!”

“Please, I just want my wife back...” Mark cried, his voice tapering off to a whimper. All traces of his former bravado were gone. He truly was scared now after what had happened to his wife. What would be of his love now that she was a horse, owned by the residents of this barn?

It was then that those last words made Mark’s blood run cold. It hadn’t occurred to him before now, but it was unlikely that, after what he’d seen, the woman would let him go. Though he had not been a willing participant, there was no reason why she couldn’t use the same formula to change him.

Worse, he had spent the better part of the experience pissing her off. He was at her mercy and had given her no reason not to torture him. The woman was clearly mad and had a sadistic streak. Not only could she change him into a horse, but she could make him suffer all the while.

The woman took a moment to regard her victim before taunting him. “I can see the wheels turning in that nearly empty head. Yes, you’re going to join your wife. You should be happy! If you loved him so much, you should let him choose what makes him happy. And you can delight knowing that you’ll be with him as he acclimates to his new life. What a supportive husband!”

“No, no, no, no! You can’t! Please! I don’t want to be a horse!” Mark yelled, changing his tune from anger into fear.

Yet, his mewlings fell of deaf ears. The woman went to her drawers, opening them to reveal a series of vials. All were similar to the fluids that had been injected into his wife, now stallion. Ignoring the man’s cries of protest, she selected three. Placing them into her coat, she grabbed a clean syringe and loaded it with one of the vials.



Mark tried once more in vain to struggle out of his restraints but only succeeded in rubbing his wrists raw as the woman approached. Taking delight in his panic, she grabbed his arm, holding it in place with that inhuman strength. Teasing the bevel over his skin for a moment, she plunged in the needle, pushing the mutagenic formula into his body and sealing his fate.

Mark felt a shiver of fear flow through him as the chemical in his veins threatened to change him at any moment. No doubt part of the sensation was a placebo effect. But the longer he waited, the more it was likely that the feelings were the beginnings of change.

A growing warmth in his groin made Mark painfully reminded of the first change to his wife's body. Almost immediately after the realization, he could feel the blood flow into his phallus, making him pound painfully erect. The desire to touch it and alleviate the ache was all-consuming. Yet, he couldn't imagine rubbing himself through his pants in front of all these people! As perverted as they were, Mark was determined not to stoop to their level.

Yet the heat from his body was getting more intense, and Mark began sweating profusely, the stink of his body almost palpable to his nose. Perspiration was pouring from his flesh in rivulets, making his clothes feeling terribly uncomfortable. Despite himself, Mark took off his shirt, desperate for the cooler air of the barn. Feeling it was hardly enough, Mark unbuttoned and took off his pants, leaving him clad only in shoes and underwear.

The moment that his hand brushed against his cock through the fabric, his fate was sealed. Even the slight touch was enough to send him into orgasm. A moan escaped his quivering lips as his balls throbbed and his cock shot a massive load into his underwear. Cock still shaking, his balls continued vibrating as more and more semen flooded his briefs. The load he was producing seemed impossible, yet it simply would not stop!

Mark had no reprieve other than to touch himself, the siren song of his cock taking with it all notions of modesty. He stroked himself furiously, craving every pump as his balls emptied themselves. Never had he felt such pleasure from an orgasm before!

The sheer amount of semen ejected from his balls instantly brought his thoughts to his love. Her horse cock was so turgid when she'd ejected an explosive quantity of cum. Was his phallus changing in the same way?

The mental image of a horse cock held fast in his mind as the sticky cum lubed up Mark's hand. He continued to rub, the rank stench of his ejaculate hardly a deterrent. It nearly felt

painful, as though they were being sucked dry and absorbed into his body. But the mental sight of horse cock, in tandem with the pleasure he felt, made it impossible to stop.

Control only returned when no more jism flooded from his cock. Mark collapsed on the soiled straw, exhausted from the most potent orgasm he'd ever felt. It was a wonder that he hadn't been chaffed from the pain of losing what felt like his entire testicular contents. His soiled underwear slid down his legs with a splat, beyond repair.

Yet, the sensations of post-coital letdown were far different than anything he'd known. Instead of feeling satisfied, he felt very empty, painfully so. It felt like his ball sack was retracted into his body. Mark could swear it was getting smaller. But it was impossible, given the sheer size of Melissa's cock. He should have been swelling with horse cum, not feeling his sex shrinking!

Despite the presence of the woman, Mark took his own member in his hand. He was terrified to feel that it was getting smaller, even more so than its flaccid state should allow. The longer he stared, the smaller it grew, the urethra widening as it did so. After a few moments, the urethra had grown wide enough that it could no longer be considered the head of a penis. His man-hood was slowly receding into the flesh of his groin. The widening slit had spread so much that it allowed the deflating skin of his ball sack to retreat into it.

Mark's worst fears were confirmed. It was obvious that he wasn't becoming a stallion. The massive, thick mottled horse cock like that of his wife was absent on his sex. In fact, his genitals more matched her first conquest as a stallion. If the changes continued, he was doomed to become a mare!

"Maybe you aren't as dense as you seem. You finally realized it, didn't you? Well, you begged to be allowed to rejoin Mathew! There you go! You'll make a wonderful mare, for him and any other stallions that would love a horny slut like you!" the doctor declared, clearly delighting in Mark's horrific reaction.

"Y-you can't do this to me! Help!" he yelled as his groin began to ache uncontrollably.

The newly developed flesh was growing moist, mucus leaking out of edges that were starting to fold and curl in on each other. Every inch of his ever-widening slit became covered with slick fluids, yet it was not nearly enough to subside the ache that was beginning to plague him. It felt as though every inch of his flesh was becoming more sensitive than anything he could fathom.

“I just did, dumbass. You’re going to be spending the rest of your life as a mare. You’re going to get fucked into submission. And, best of all, you’ll get the rare chance to participate in one of my rare experiments with an unwilling subject. I can’t wait to see how much your mind goes as it gets fucked away!”

“No, make it stop, please! Ahhh!” Mark yelled, helplessly. The erotic sensations were increasing with each passing second as his slit grew wider. Every inch of blackening skin tingled with the promise of oncoming pleasure. Though the throbbing centered on the former flesh of his glans, the entire surface of his sex ached with the need to... what?

A burning rose from the edges of his groin, radiating through his crotch and up to his chest. His body broke out in a sweat as every inch heated up. It felt as though he had entered a sauna. The heat was sweltering! His exposed skin wasn’t human, the shade all wrong for his normally pale tone. The darkened patches seemed to be pooling outward, threatening to overtake his naked skin. Tiny white hairs started to pepper some of the black patches, giving him the beginnings of equine hide!

Yet he couldn’t focus on the changes with the agony assaulting his nethers. Every inch of the flesh craved contact, burning with its need. He needed something inside of him, to stimulate the new desires that cried out to his psyche. More than anything, he needed... what? What was that craving? To be filled, and penetrated? Was this what being a mare felt like?

Images of his former wife’s change played through his thoughts. The massive equine phallus that has stretched from her loins. The mushroom-shaped tip, the mottled shaft, the thick black sheath, and swaying, orange-sized balls. Most of all, he recalled the stink of cum and the sheer quantity that her shaft could produce. The idea of such a marvelous cock made his loins shiver with both lust and disgust. He wanted that slimy shaft inside of him!

The realization hit him that not only was he changing genders but that his libido had been heightened. Not only was he turning into a mare, but he was evidently in heat! He wanted, no, needed to be fucked by a horse’s cock!

“You poor thing! Your vagina must be aching so terribly! You’ll be ready for your former wife soon enough. But in the meantime, let’s get you something to quell that heat!” the woman exclaimed as she moved to a further corner of the room.

Mark could only whine as the heat in his loins grew more insistent. It was like a furnace requiring kindling to stoke the fire. He needed something inside of him, to press against all the contours of his ever-expanding cunt lips. It was as though his backside was expanding in

response, making room for the equine womb that was taking hold. He could feel his hips widening, his sex lifting in his backside as it expanded to accommodate the horse cock his psyche craved.

It took every ounce of willpower not to stroke the insides of his cunt lips. Part of him didn't want to further debase himself in front of the woman by giving in. Maybe if he proved a non-valuable or uncooperative subject, the woman would let him go. Though he had wanted to get his wife free and out here, he couldn't do that if he was made her mare!

The other thing keeping his hands out of his feminine cunt lips was the realization that it would do him little good. He knew nothing about mare anatomy, less so how to please it. But the sheer intensity of his need told him that his hands were not nearly sufficient, especially as it continued to expand to impossible depths for his human body. Only a horse's penis could dare to satisfy his new lusts!

The expanse of his growing cunt-lips forced his intestines and anus to quiver as they shifted on his anatomy. His asshole started to clench as the meat grew puckered and almost prolapsed as it settled just below his tailbone. It kissed the warm air, making him shiver without the protection of his butt cheeks. It was disgusting how massive it felt on his backside! Did horses truly have such big holes?

The shifting of his nethers brought his attention to his tailbone, and how his spine was pressed almost painfully against the skin at the back. He wanted to reach back and touch it, but the sweaty, coarse flesh was offensive to his senses. Mark could only stare back helpless at what was shaping up to be the beginnings of his tail!

The moist, curved flesh of his feminine folds grew coarse and black as horse flesh spread to connect with his protruding anus. It screamed at him with the need to be touched, to be filled. Was this what an equine's heat felt like? Or was it something in the concoction that he had been given?

Even beyond the ache in his sex, the sensation of his nipples tingling drew his hands unconsciously upward. Yet, instead of the familiar muscle of his pecs, he felt something warm and squishy at his touch. Rubbing the area insistently, Mark realized that the skin reminded him of the texture of his wife's breasts. Was he...?

Looking down, he was shocked to see black skin was puffing out of his chest. The nipples themselves were protruding, swollen as though filled with fluids. The areolas were twice their former diameter, growing larger as he watched. Mark wanted desperately to pull his hands

back, not to fondle the tissue. It reminded him too much of his wife's own. And, worse, the sensation of touching his new breasts sent shivers through his own loins, ones that not even touching himself could cure!

“Good to see you enjoying it!” A sound broke Mark from his temporary reverie. He tried desperately to take his hands from his breasts, but he could not help but continue to rub the mass of areolar tissue. Even though the horsehide was steadily encroaching over his face from his former beard, the blush was still readily visible on his features.

“Now, now, don't worry, pretty lady! You're just learning the beginnings of pleasure from a mare's perspective. Many men have come here to have their new mare cunts filled with horse cock! You're not the first to like it!” she said, brandishing the toy she had gotten to grab.

“No! I'm... you're making me do this, you bitch!” Mark yelled, helplessly. He needed desperately to try and resist, to get away and prevent the next injection. But he could no more retreat with his dignity than he could keep his hands off the mammary tissue that was heading southward on his form!

“Now now, girl! Let's get you some of the tension relieved!” she said, brandished the toy that she had gathered. Mark shivered at the sight of it. He had seen something similar in Melissa's drawers, the perfect silicone mold of a horse's penis. And, to his utter shame, he was being asked to place it in his own developing mare's cunt!

Mark tried desperately to back away as the woman approached. Yet, the needs in his body kept him frozen in place. He was sure that he didn't want to be penetrated by any member, let alone the silicone one before him. But the ache in his sex and the heat that was now washing over his body needed exactly that!

To Mark's absolute horror, he found himself rooted to the spot as the woman went behind him, mocking him all the while. He immediately bent over, despite himself. His cunt lips winked of their own accord, as though anticipating the penetration. Though it was not the warm, throbbing horse cock that his changing psyche craved, his mind did not differentiate as it prepared itself for penetration.

He hadn't noticed it before now, but a scent in the air, as well as one on the toy, had made him react instinctively. It was a thick miasma of male equine pheromones that caused his body to tremble with lust. It easily left him moist and ready without preparation as the woman began to fuck him with the toy.

All he could do was whimper as the faux-mushroom-shaped tip touched the fringes of his nethers. Mark hardly realized it, but his feminine sex was finished its transition to its permanent mare-hood. It presented just as would a beast's, winking as beads of fluid leaked down its surface.

Sensing the presence of something firm and thick in the proper configuration, Mark's mare lips opened up, taking the head in as far as it could as the woman slowly, gently pushed the shaft inside. Nothing could have prepared Mark for the electrical charge that rippled over his form as his new womb prepared to take the horse cock fully. It opened him up in a way that the formerly straight man had never known. Each inch teased his inner walls in tandem with the gentle thrusts that the woman was making. It was clear she had experience.

"That's a good girl. That's it. Take it nice and deep. This will be your life now, after all. You have to be ready to take in all our boys here. They will be eager to meet you!" the woman teased as she started to thrust the horse-cock dildo with fervor.

Mark moaned, unable to fathom the pleasure that his body was receiving. Each inch of his inner walls sent waves of pure bliss rippling through his frame, over and over as they would crash against the ocean. Unlike the male equivalent, each thrust continued to build his pleasure, threatening to send him over the edge with each sensation.

Mark was hardly aware of it, but each thrust he received increased the tempo of his ongoing transformation. More hide rippled over his flesh, followed by white furs that soon obscured the skin. It swept over his skin in a wave, covering his widening hips, expanding ass, and thinning legs with what would soon be his new coat.

His stomach began to bloat, the muscle and fat writhing under the skin like snakes, creating thick veins and stretch lines under the expanding hide. The contours looked awkward over his frame as parts of his equine body bulked out against the human hide, as though a virus trying to be expelled. Yet, the more he gave in to the toy in his loins, the more of his body gave way with fat and muscle. Even the bones under the skin threatened to break free as they proceeded to shift to a more fitting form.

Mark's eyes closed, overcome with the pleasure of the change as he allowed himself to fully give his humanity over to it. It happened so gradually, there was little hope for his mind to resist as the change overtook him. Any resistance he harbored was temporarily erased as the building waves brought him to orgasm. He was so close... just a little more...

“Ohh... eeeEEIGGGHHHHH!” he yelled, an equine-sounding whinny escaping his lips from the changed muscles that had reached his thickening neck. Yet, he didn’t care. The rush of mare orgasm whited out all thoughts of resistance or reason.

The fading pleasure allowed a small semblance of sensation to reach his psyche as Mark became aware of the ongoing changes. The prick of another needle was almost entirely missed, though its effects could be felt as Mark allowed his reverie to overtake him. His ears started to twitch, the muscles rippling under the skin allowing them to do so. His nose twitched and he sneezed, the nostrils widening slightly as the flesh grew black and somewhat rubbery. His hair itched, the skin of his lengthened neck tingling with the growth of coarse hairs that teased the sensitive flesh.

Yet, it was difficult to muster up the will to resist with the second wave of orgasm that was steadily encroaching over him. Mark’s shifted body tensed up as the penis inside of him continued to thrust against his grip on it. His mare’s cunt wanted desperately to stroke life-giving seed from the faux horsecock inside of him. In turn, its presence threatened to send him cascading into release once more

An even more equine-sounding whinny escaped his lips as he orgasmed again, this one more pleasurable than even the last. It was as though his body was a sexually charged lightning rod, and the cock in his cunt was a storm that kept bearing down on his loins. Each orgasm triggered the onset of the next in sequence. Was this what it felt like to be female, to be a mare?

At last, a groan escaped his lips as the cock was taken from his cunt. His empty sex winked its frustration, missing the stimulation it provided. It was maddening, to have something so magnificent inside him and then have it ripped out against his will!

It was then that Mark started to realize what was happening. Not only had he allowed himself to be fucked like a mare, but he had welcomed it! It had been more than he ever could have expected. Far better than any sexual experience his male-self had known. He couldn’t want this, shouldn’t want this! It was deranged, depraved! And yet, his body still craved more.

His body was so inhuman now. His ass was massive, forcing his anus and cunt to stick out in the air. Something twitched on his backside, itching from the growth of coarse hairs. His hips were wide, though hardly able to hold him upright with the weight of his distended belly and chest. His nipples hung painfully from his chest, closer to his belly than where they began. His skin was mostly discolored, except in the areas that were now coated in white, sweaty fur. He could see his bulbous nose in front of his face now, and his thick neck made speech troublesome!

“What a good girl! You liked that, didn’t you?!” the woman asked as she reached up to rub Mark behind the ears. His new mobile appendages twitched in response, making Mark aware of the extent of his changes. And he had just let it happen, as complacent as Melissa had been!

“I don’t nneeeiiiiggghhhh! NNEEEIIGGGHHHH!” Mark whinnied in his panic. Yet, as soon as the words came out of his mouth, he closed it, embarrassed from the equine expressions that he was making. He sounded exactly like a horse. He’d lost his human voice!

“There, there. Easy girl. EEAAASSSSYY. That’s it. You can’t talk anymore, my girl. Can’t protest. But, you don’t need to anymore. There’s no other fate for you. This is your life now. And you love, it don’t you? Good girl!”

Mark desperately wanted to protest. But he was too afraid that he would reveal more of his lost voice if he tried. All he could do was try and run away. He was larger than the woman, after all. And maybe if he got away, kept that cursed object from his dripping cunt lips, then he might change back on his own. It was a slim hope, he knew. But in this case, it was the only chance he had to retain his humanity and expose this crazy sex-cult shit.

Yet the moment he took a step forward, he nearly fell over. His widened hips had allowed him to stand with the increased weight. But with his still-growing body, he could not move forward, let alone run!

“There, there girl. It’s OK. I know you want your mate. Even if you got outside, the scents of stallions would make you bend over and raise that tail. But you don’t need to strain yourself so soon! No, no. Mathew should be rested and recharged by now. You’d like that, wouldn’t you girl!? Your former wife, fucking you into form. You’ll get your wish, after all! While you still remember it,” the woman said, cruelly.

The sounds of boots crunching on the hay make his ears flick, and he turned his larger head to see the two men from earlier approached him. Mark turned to move away and try and escape, but ended up tripping over his own body. Before he could fall over, however, the men were on him, taking one arm with each as they steadied him. Mark was sure that he should be able to pull away with his new bulk. But, the men held an unnatural strength as they kept him aloft and in place.



Mark allowed himself to stabilize his stance as the men held him up. He wasn't sure of their intent, except that he wouldn't like it. Still, he was in no position to try to protest. Falling down on his face wouldn't do him any good

Yet when he saw the woman approach with what he knew was the final syringe, he panicked, whickering and snorting with his desire to get away. He knew that it would be the last one needed to cement his equine changes. Once he was injected, he would end up like Melissa, fucked as she was before becoming a horse forever.

Yet, no matter how much he struggled, his body could not pull away from his assailants. "Now, now, girl, calm down! There, there, girl! It's OK. One more little needle, you'll hardly feel it! You might as well stay still, girl! Our boys here have held back needy stallions at nearly 2000 pounds!"

"I know you need horse cock, hun. You want to get out and meet our wonderfully hung studs! But, you have to wait just a little more till this serum takes effect! You don't want to hurt yourself!"

Mark felt himself blushing furiously at the woman's words. At the thought of having a real horse cock inside of him, his cunt lips winked, beads of fluid dripping onto the floor. His enhanced senses picked up the musky miasma of his need. The pungent stench of his heat almost made him gag!

Yet, he couldn't help but imagine what a stallion would think should one sniff his nethers. He whickered softly, twitching his still-forming tail. Coarse hairs peppered its surface, though none were yet long enough to cover his exposed vaginal lips. Still, in the state he was in, their exposure was paramount in attracting a stallion. Having a massive, mottled horse cock to wrap his tight cunt lips around enveloped his entire thought process at the moment!

Lost in his reverie, he hardly noticed that the needle had entered his arm, pumping him full of its clear fluid. No! Mark desperately tried to pull away, to save what semblance of his humanity that he still had left. But it was too late. The woman was already walking away to dispose of the needle in the nearby sharps container. The sting of the injection was barely registered. Only a warmth spreading from the site denoted its presence in his system.

Panic turned to resignation as the scope of the situation dawned on him. It had taken only three injections for Melissa to fully change. He, too, had received the entire injection series, the final one evidently a catalyst for his full progression. He would never change back if the woman's words rang true. He would live on this farm as a mare, force fucked regularly until his

belly was swollen with his offspring. Taking those stallion's cocks as often as his heat demanded...

He shook his head, feeling his still-growing mane brush against his neck and making him shudder. Why was it so hard to remove the intrusive thoughts!? He had entered this barn a man and had never desired to be anything but. Yet, it was impossible to deny the needs in his body. No amount of willpower seemed to have any effect on the pleasure of the flesh that screamed its resolution to him!

Mark could scarcely fathom any level of arousal that topped what his mare loins were giving off. It was far beyond starvation or thirst or sleep deprivation. It was a primal need, one beyond his understanding. And his increasingly-equine body didn't want to understand it, so much as quell it as quickly as possible.

The two farmhands were pushing him forward, but Mark didn't resist this time. All of his focus was on his moist, winking equine cunt lips and how he might have their needs satisfied. Even as he was led towards the breeding stall, and the implication sank in, he did not resist. The waning human part of his mind knew it was futile, anyway. Even if he struggled, there was little chance of it making a difference.

"My, what a worthwhile experiment you've been, girl! It seems my serum works just as well on the unwilling! You've been such a good girl! I'll make sure I get you time with our most experienced studs!" teased the woman, that mocking tone lost now that Mark had evidently given in.

Mark panicked a little as he entered the stall. The space was wide enough for his soon-to-be equine body, though it was still a little uncomfortable for his changed sensibilities. Still, he obeyed. The stench of fresh horse semen and the thick musk of stallion pervaded his senses, far stronger in this space than it had been anywhere in the barn. He knew the purpose of being brought in here and awaited it with anticipation.

It seemed as though the woman could read him like a book. "Not yet, girl! You aren't big enough to take what we did to your former wife! She's a big boy, now!"

Mark whickered his disappointment, before realizing what it was he was doing. He moaned internally, the equine desires stronger than any sensibilities he could retain. Every inking he perceived about the horse cock that could satisfy his new needs sent his mind into a haze!

The tingling of change flowed over him freely now. A warmth enveloped his hands as the bones within started aching. It seemed though they were stretching through the skin, pressing almost painfully against their prison. The skin of his palms started to expand to compensate. The bones pushed further into his middle digits, making them expand slightly as the tips started to tingle.

Before he knew what was happening, the woman's hands were on his own, running up the skin as it continued to warp. "Let's get you changed more for your mate! You need four strong hooves to support both his weight and yours!" the woman taunted.

The arms holding him down prevented him from moving as the woman continued to rub his palms, encouraging them to stretch. The bones snapped and grew, fusing into new shapes that greatly decreased their mobility. That, in tandem with the woman's strength, prevented him from pulling the hands away as they continued to warp.

Horsehide swept down his wrists, covering his palms and spreading down to his middle fingers. The itching was far more uncomfortable than the other changes thus far, perhaps due to the lack of something in his sex to dull the sensation. The woman's hands were all he had to focus on as she ran them down his middle fingers, drawing them outward. The snapping of his bones made it nearly impossible to move the fingers any longer, now forced to be used to stand on.

"WWEEEEIIIGGGGHHHHHT! NNEEEEEIIIGGGHHHH!" Mark tried to protest but could do nothing to affect the change that was overcoming his digits. His hands, his primary way of interacting with the human world, would soon be gone. All that would remain would be hooves, useful for nothing other than supporting his weight.

As thorough in acceptance of this fate, the remaining fingers on each hand started to crack and tingle before withdrawing into the flesh. All sense of their former presence was reduced to a phantom agony where they once existed. The joints, muscle, skin, and even the bones snapped and dissolved and were absorbed into his body.

All that remained was a single finger, though it was soon to be repurposed for his new anatomy. The nail on his hands was already blackening, spread over the surface, and covering the formerly sensitive skin and distinctive fingerprints. Soon, the nail had surrounded the entire digits, melding outward as the most distal bone of each drew into it.

The woman continued to rub his middle fingers, encouraging the keratin of his nail to spread and expand. Soon its mass had doubled, tripled, enough that it was the width of his

human wrist. Yet, still, it continued to grow. The mass of the new nail weighed heavy on his arms, even as they bulked up under the hide.

“There, there! A nice set of hooves for you! These will help lift those stallions on your back, girl!” declared the woman, partly in jest. Though, in her tone, there was a growing admiration for Mark’s form that was hard for him to ignore.

Mark shook his head, flaring his nostrils and flicking his ears in a sign of equine irritation. He didn’t want to be a mare, much less possess any attributes that could entice a stallion!

Yet his winking lips and flicking tail drew his attention to his backside once more. The horsehairs had grown long enough to touch the flesh, making him wince as they played over his sex and anus. He was only reminded how good it had felt to give in, and it erased any of the notions of disgust for his impending mare-hood. Why wouldn’t he want hooves if it meant his stallions would have an easier time mounting him!?

His new hooves, though still gaining mass, were nearly indistinguishable from those of any of the horses he’d seen this far. A similar tingling from his bare toes seemed to indicate they would be developing into hooves of their own. But It was becoming harder and harder to worry as the warmth of the change stimulated his inner walls. Even the loss of such an important attribute was barely felt with the promise further changes brought with them.

So enraptured by the warmth of his changes, Mark hardly noticed as the woman’s hands were on his shoulders now, pushing gently to encourage them to press inwards. As though in response, the bones started to flatten and compress, a snap signaling their reorientation in his body. The process forced his chest to barrel, making the distinction between chest and ballooning belly far less obvious.

All the while, Mark could feel his new mare teats moving lower, the mammary glands reforming just below his stomach, where once his human groin sat. The fleshy tissue was bulbous now, leaving his two black nipples to hang helplessly. His teats were so sensitive, providing some stimulation to his nethers without direct contact. Yet, a panic started to overtake him. Without his human hands, he had no hope to touch them now!

Yet, to his delight, something firm and nimble started grasping at the baggy flesh of his udder. The sensations were divine; never had he imagined his nipples to retain such sensitivity. A series of light whickers escaped his lips as the woman’s fingers gripped on each nipple,

running up and down them in sequence. His diminishing intellect couldn't help but form a mental image of a foal sucking at his nipples, drinking his milk as it nursed...

Lost in lust as he was, Mark was not prepared to feel the tip of the sex toy teasing his nethers once more. It easily slipped inside his slick opening, making him stamp his stretching feet. The stimulation was far more than he was ready for, and Mark's mind whited out from the shock. His body felt like a sexually charged lightning rod, used for a pleasure that Mark was only now able to conceptualize. He was becoming a powerful beast, one for being fucked and clenching on the powerful rod of a stallion.

The now-familiar sensation of dwindling digits assaulted his feet as his stance shifted slightly to compensate for the growth of his middle toes. Their feeling against the dirty straw was soon alleviated as the nail overtook the tip. He could scarcely feel the rest of the digits disintegrating, not even bothering to twitch them for a final time.

Stretched heels made him shift forward, allowing his backend to take more of that glorious cock deep inside of him. His stance became elevated, allowing his hips to settle into shape as his ass swelled to its proper equine parameters. His thighs swelled with muscle as they realigned and merged with his still-stretching flanks. Everything above the knee was pulled into his widening belly, bringing him gently down on all fours as he was unable to retain his bipedal stance.

"That's a good girl. There, there. Just let it happen. It won't be much longer now," said the woman, reaching up to rub the new mare's mane, making Mark flick the skin on his neck slightly.

Yet all Mark cared about was the massive faux-horse cock teasing him. He was so close to orgasm once more, with the waves of the next hot on its heels. This one seemed even better; though his cunt was looser around the toy, having grown more expansive, it also provided more space for internal stimulation.

"NEEEIIGGGGHHHHH"! he whickered, body alight with orgasmic sensation once more as the toy hit all the right places of his new anatomy.

His body quivered with sensation as it was rocked once more with release. Mark had lost track of the sheer number of orgasms that he'd experienced at this point. Finally, his body was starting to feel the effects of relief. His form relaxed a little, his cunt trembling somewhat as the toy was pulled out of him. Once more, he felt that emptiness sadden him, though, for the moment, it wasn't nearly as damning.

Yet the changes were not done with him. Mark felt his tail twitch reflexively as his innards ached and groaned. His distended belly seemed to swell even more as his stomach and intestines expanded to equine proportions. His body had not quite grown with his new internal anatomy, and Mark felt an uncomfortable sensation in his backside that forced his tail to raise reflexively.

A gurgling started omitting from his bowels, and in his relaxed state, Mark felt a rather embarrassing bout of flatulence escape his backside. Before he realized what was happening, his tail had lifted further and his pucker began pushing out piles of horse manure. He tried to clench his bowels to stop the process, but his muscles seemed forced open, intent on relieving himself in equine fashion. It was powerfully embarrassing, relieving himself with no control in front of these people.

“What a messy girl! Don’t worry though. You’re a horse now, and animals do what they need to do to take care of their needs immediately. This will be your life now, best to get used to it!” the woman said as she backed away to avoid the pile and the pungent smell.

The stench burned into his nostrils, making the still-bare skin of Mark’s face flush even more. Did horses truly have no control of their bodily functions? He’d never heard of a modest horse, after all. Was this to be his life now, relieving himself like an animal wherever he stood? In many ways, that was worse than the idea of being a mare!

Within moments, the two attendants had placed sawdust over the manure pile and were shoveling it up into a disposal bin. The scent still lingered in Mark’s nose, and, not used to fresh manure, made him wince in its presence. Yet, soon, his nostrils grew accustomed to the pungent stench, and he even forgot about it with the scent of his own heat still lingering.

To his dismay, however, his dump was only a brief distraction to the needs in his loins which immediately began to flare up. He winced a little as his vaginal opening seemed to widen even more, impossibly eager to be fucked and filled. It seemed as though the vaginal intrusion had only a brief effect on quelling his lusts. He still needed to be fucked!

His torso continued to swell, his spine cracking as it continued to grow, allowing space for his belly to extend. His ribs, which were pushing out of his gaunt flesh, started to fade into his swollen flanks. He was massive, his torso and trunk well on their way to equine size. The white fur left no patches of skin bare as hide swept over his neck and threatened to move up his head.

The only parts to remain human were his head, which was greatly out of proportion with the rest of his body. His ears twitched as the coarse, wiry hairs of a horse's mane sprang from the follicles. His nose was long and brown, flaring at the pungent equine scents that pervaded his senses. Though equine features were still present, he largely remained human in his expression of equal parts fear and lust.

The expression was not lost to the woman as she came around to stroke his still-human cheeks. "There there, girl. You're almost there. I think you can take Mathew now, girl. We'll go grab him for you!" she said, motioning for the two men to go and grab his former wife.

Mark shuddered at that. He knew there was no chance of turning back. Yet he wanted to fight. He wished that there was a way that resisting would help his cause. That a potion or a person willing to help him was just beyond his grasp if only he could break away. But at this stage, any hopes of rescue were likely a pipe dream, a distant fantasy of another life that was no longer his.

He wished he could fight, although the needs in his body were likely to overwrite any semblance of resistance he might have mustered had he the will to. In the presence of a stallion, he would likely grow weak and turn his tail to expose his winking cunt lips. Though the toy had been wonderful, the presence of the smell and the promise of warm horse cock was too much for him to bear.

The woman was still rubbing his cheeks as they swelled with mass. "There, there Mark. it will all be over soon. You'll have that moist cunt filled with horse cock. You'll be bred and mated as much as you want. And when Matthew is done with you, we have lots of other stallions that can't wait to get a whiff of you. I bet you'll smell irresistible to them, given how strong your heat is!"

The woman regarded Mark with a look of consideration before going to speak again. "You need a better name than Mark. That's not going to suit a lovely mare like you girl! I think Mary would be the perfect choice. Mathew and Mary, together again soon!"

The sound of the name made Mark rear up with nervous energy. He didn't want to be Mary. He didn't want to be a mare. It didn't matter how much his cunt lips needed it. He wasn't a mare, he was a man!

"There, there, girl. It's ok. Just be patient. Here he comes!" said the woman, motioning for Mark to turn his massive head.

The sounds of hooves clipping on the ground would have tipped him off anyway, however. His eyes widened as the stallion that had become of Melissa was guided inside. The hulking beast trotted in with a gait that screamed dominance. Though Mark was not a judge for such things, there was no denying the beast's stature. The mere sight of the powerful stallion made Mark weak in the knees.

She was now a he, Mark's body screamed at him. There was no mistaking that dangling horsecock under his body for anything else. And that potent male stench of equine sweat and hormones wafted into the barn as he was whisked inside with a bluster that made Mark shiver. He was a stallion ready to breed, and Mark needed that horse cock inside his swelling cunt lips!

Mark felt his body grow weak from the presence of the dominant beast as Mathew was guided just behind him. Mark felt himself tremble once more as the stallion's hot breath hit his exposed nethers. His tail was raised like a flag, leaving his offering exposed and at the ready. His cunt was winking opening and closed, beads of fluids running from the insides and down his legs.

In his relaxed state, Mark felt his cunt lips open and a thick, pungent jet of urine splashed out and onto the floor. Some of it hit the approaching stallion on the nose as it did, making Mark worry that he would turn away his stud. The noxious stench of piss, however, did little to deter Mathew as he continued to blow hot breath onto Mark's loins.

A whinny escaped his lips as the sensation of something warm and wet assaulted his marehood. Mark leaned into it, feeling the stallion's massive tongue lapping at his leathery lips. It was beyond phenomenal to have his sex pleased in such an intimate fashion as the stallion continued to lap at the fluids leaking from his eager sex. The stallion seemed to savor the salty fluids, chin stained with them as he continued to please his prospective mate with enthusiasm.

Yet, soon, it stopped, too promptly for Mark's liking as he whickered with an irritated snort. Mathew responded with a snort of his own, blowing more breath on Mark's nether before pulling back. The changes to his neck allowed Mark to crane backward to see what Mathew would do. To his equal parts fear and delight, the stallion was backing up, front legs reaching towards Mark's hindquarters with obvious intent!

Yet, the men's arms were on him in an instant, holding him back from jumping on Mark right then and there. A shiver of relief washed over Mark before he realized what it was he wanted. He didn't care about his humanity or his virginity or his gender. Those things were all gone. He wanted this male, he wanted to be fucked. The fact that the stallion was once his wife was of little consolation. He would have taken any stallion with an erect cock!



Mathew the stallion waved back and forth, stuck in midair as the men held him steady. Mark whickered his disapproval as his cunt lips winked their desperation. Why was he being denied something before him when he clearly needed it so badly!?

“There, there, boy. Steady. EEEAAAASSSY. She’s almost ready. It’s her first time. Slow. SLOWLY. That’s it. OK, back up, let’s go. EASY boy. EEAASSSY,” said the woman, treating Mathew like the beast he was in mind as well as body.

Mark instinctively firmed up his stance, preparing himself for the eventual conquest. He knew that he was still not large enough to take the stallion easily. The beast’s cock was far larger than the one he had been teased with prior. And the weight of his former wife would be a struggle, even with his bulk. But he was sure that he needed it, more than anything.

“That’s a good girl! That’s it. Just a little more. Just be patient, girl! Just have to get you ready!” she said as she walked towards Mark’s backside. “That’s a good Mary. Let’s see you,” she said as she reached out and touched Mark’s cunt lips. Mark shivered slightly, though, with the stimulation he’d received prior, it was but a drop in the bucket.

“Yes, she should be ready. She’s wet enough, and should be opened up after all that teasing!” she exclaimed, looking back towards the two men. “Let him down, gently!”

At that, Mark soon felt the touch of the stallion’s hooves on his flanks before the weight of the beast slowly fell upon him. Had he not been properly prepared to take the stallion, Mathew would likely have injured him during the act. But his body was massive now, and his cunt lips were wide open and ready.

He braced himself further as the full weight of the beast fell upon him. The moment the mushroom-shaped tip touched his nethers was the moment that Mark stopped thinking of himself as a he. She was Mary the mare, a lustful being that was eager to take such a prize as a stallion’s cock inside of her. She was as female as the leaking cunt lips that replaced her loins made her believe. And she was excited to take those feelings as far as they would go!

Lost in anticipation, Mary was hardly aware that the stallion was prodding her cunt lips which his eager erection. Her hips leaned back into it, shifting to try and capture her prize. To her dismay, the massive horse cock teasing her loins kept careening off her backside, always either too high or too low. It seemed Mathew was still getting used to his stallion’s body, struggling to get into a proper mating position. The wait was maddening!

Yet, like before, the woman's hands were there to help as they guided the stallion's penis into Mary's eager folds. It slipped in wetly, teasing Mary's opening before pushing all the way to the back. Though the toy had been relatively long, an actual horse's penis was far larger, opening up Mary's cavern to a degree that she had not been expecting.

The moment it truly entered Mary's backside, a sensation of electricity shot through her body like a discharge. The waves of intense pleasure were more than she could bear as she snorted, backing up on the stallion's cock as she begged for every inch it could give her. Inside to the hilt now, the pleasure grew in waves as Mathew started rutting her in earnest, evidently as eager to fuck her folds as Mary was to take him.

She closed her eyes, eager to fully immerse herself in the sensation of being fucked. Everything about the stallion in her cunt was magnitudes beyond what she had experienced from the toy. No male sexual experience even came close to giving her the pleasure that her mare body did. Every vein, every divot, and every inch of the stallion's cock became known to her as she allowed herself to give in to the fucking. Everything was pure bliss!

Mary only winced slightly from the sensations of her face stretching forward, cracking as the bones restructured. Her jawbones deepened, forcing her muzzle to extend and a truly bestial noise to escape her rubbery lips. An expanded sinus cavity allowed her nostrils to drink in more of the perfumes of the barn around her. Yet, of most note were the ones wafting off the sweaty stallion on her back and the precum leaking from her cunt as his horse cock kept plowing into her with enthusiasm.

Mary winced a little from the sensation of her teeth stretching, her incisors making room for several more as her swelling skull created a space of gums between the rest of her dentures. The bone around them grew yellowed with age as the gums themselves grew splotchy with dark patches.

A whicker escaped her lower jaw as the muscles in her lips allowed them to pull back and expose her gum line. Even in her lust-fueled haze, she allowed herself to play with them, drawing them back and accentuating her sexual pleasure. Every inch she gave into the mare gave her more ecstasy than anything in life had a right to!

The last thing to go was her eyes. Though she was unaware of it, the irises were darkening to deep brown, spreading to cover the entire surface of the eyeball. A black, rectangular pupil sat inside, almost obscured by the massive equine orbs. They were steadily pushed to the sides of her ever-growing face as her skull continued to warp.

Mary was only aware of her change in field of view after she opened her eyes, feeling her first true orgasm oncoming. No longer forward facing, she could now see much of the barn from where she stood. From her new vantage, she had a perfect view of the stallion on her back as he continued his thrusts with fervor. Though colors were washed out and focus seemed limited, Mary could still appreciate the view as the beasts took care of their burden.

As her body went into overdrive, orgasm threatening to overtake her at any moment, Mary felt her thoughts drifting. All of the fear, the doubt, the horror of the change, and waning regrets for lost humanity were distant in the pleasures of the flesh that she was to receive. It was so much simpler and peaceful this way. Mary knew she should try and resist, that the changes were making her into a mare in mind as well as body. But, lost in rut as she was, it was impossible to recall why such resistance was necessary. This was better.

The only thing to bring her out of her reverie was the sensation of her quivering cunt lips sending crashing waves throughout her body and making her whicker in excitement. Never had any orgasm felt so divine. Nothing before or since could match the magnificent stallion's cock thrusting against her, the force of his power rocking her entire body.

Even as she rode the waves of orgasmic release, a second stirring was soon behind as the cock in her cunt started quivering uncontrollably. The stallion was about to release his load! Mary felt her lips wrap tightly around his cock, eager to stroke him and take all that he had to give her.

Even the pain of his teeth on her neck did little to quell her pleasure as the beast prepared to unload his burden. Sweaty horse flesh rubbed against her own as the stallion shook violently, his cock flaring and pushing her open impossibly far. Yet, her elastic cunt lips excelled in stretching to accommodate the stallion cock in her cunt lips, and she took him tightly, eager to milk him for all he was worth.

Soon, his cock started spasming, sending torrents of jism through it like a garden hose. Mary could feel the hot, viscous cum splash against her inner walls and she simply gripped him tighter, the sensation more sublime than anything she was prepared for. This was the climax her equine instincts had been craving ever since the onset of transformation!

“NNNNEEEEEIIIIIGGGGHHH!”

“NNNNEEEEEIIIIIGGGGHHH!”

Their corresponding cries of release echoed in the barn as the male filled her with an impossible load of cum. Mary was no expert on horses but the sheer quantity was enough that it splashed into her cervix, filling her up and even leaking out onto the floor from her cunt lips. Her body could scarcely comprehend much beyond the second and third waves of bliss that were assaulting her. Never could she have imagined that multiple orgasms could feel so good!

Control and memory only began to return when she felt the weight of the beast begin to pull off her. His cock slid out with a wet sucking sound, and Mary could feel their combined juices dripping from her cunt lips and on to the ground. Though she briefly lamented being empty, there was a part of her that was satisfied with the mating. She had been filled and taken by a magnificent stud. She had come to release several times herself in the process of bringing her stud along with her. Nothing could compare to the level of satisfaction and contentment the mating act brought with it!

“Good girl! Good show!” the woman said, though Mary’s trembling body barely heard any of it. She was still only focused on the slowly fading waves of orgasm over her body and the feeling of hot horse cum leaking from her rump and soiling the straw beneath them.

The musky scent of stallion still in her nose, she felt him come over and lip her neck slightly, as she returned the gesture. Part of her mentality recalled who he once had been, and was thankful for the return to be at his side. But, it was soon lost in the equine pheromones perforating the room, and her body settled into more comfortable, equine thoughts.

Yet, her peace was not to last long. No more than fifteen minutes passed from their last sexual exploit. Yet, Mary felt her cunt lips grow warm with the need to be fucked. Before the semen had even dried inside her, her vagina was winking again with its needs. She wanted to be fucked again, filled with as much horse cock as her body could take!

“Someone’s eager! We don’t want you to hurt yourself on your first night! But, it is your spouse that’s giving it to you, after all. And I think he has a few more rounds in him. Consider this your wedding night!” the woman said.

But Mary was inclined not to listen. All that mattered was the stallion on her back, the weight of him as he prepared his mount. And when he thrust into her, the world whited out, her only thought to have this stallion ride her and fuck her into the mare she now was!

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Months passed as Mary was forced to adapt to the simple farm life of a mare. Unlike the willing participants, Mary had not lost fully herself to the instincts. She was still very much herself, aware of every action her body took. Though she could not communicate directly, the staff was very aware that her consciousness was not the same as the other charges-turned-equine. They reasoned it was in no small part due to her stubbornness; most of the subjects allowed themselves to willingly give in to equine instincts. Though Mary had grown to love the sex, the lack of desire to become an equine seemed to translate to a greater retention of her human sensibilities.

The negative effects on her mental health waned in those first few weeks as she adapted to life as an animal. Grazing, dumping where she stood, and the boredom of associating with beings of a lower intelligence weighed heavily on her psyche. But, as time went on, she found herself falling into the routine of life as a mare. The simplicity of existing allowed her a peace that was hard to come by in the human world.

Mary was, unfortunately, subject to the whims of ‘conditioning’. Each day the woman came to her, repeated the mantra that she was ‘A good girl’. ‘A pretty girl’. Worst of all, the woman brought with her treats that made Mary salivate. She then repeated her words while brushing Mary’s flanks, the warm touch making her shiver in delight as she was tended to.

Much to Mary’s chagrin, the tactics were steadily wearing down Mary’s resolve. It was easier to give in to his new life and instincts, especially at the promise of pleasing her masters. It felt good to give in, to get those regular treats and brushings. She was steadily becoming Mary in both mind as well as body.

The researchers had the perfect bait to keep her compliant, a visit from one of the stallions, usually her former wife. Though she had access to many of the stallions on the farm over her tenure as a mare, it was Melissa, now Mathew, that she favored best. Whether or not it was a connection still between them or the fact that his cock was more massive than any of the other beasts, Mary wasn’t sure. Either way, Mary looked forward to Mathew’s visits!

The heat in her body was impossible to resist, a fact that initially filled Mary with shame. It was worse that she’d lost her species, her life, and her love’s humanity. But to lose her cock and be forced to take horse cock into her new vagina was a nightmare all of its own. Worse was how much her body needed it, how painful it was to wake each morning with her vagina leaking and empty. She was only satisfied with a stallion had covered her, stimulating her vaginal walls and leaving her mare cunt dripping semen.

Once, she would have thought such a fate would be worse than hell itself. Being forced to get fucked against her will, humiliated into giving in every session, with jeering and taunting from her captors. Yet, as time went on, and the sexual stimulation became too much to bear, Mary felt herself coming to terms with what she was. A massive, sexy beast, with a dripping cunt enough to encourage massive horse cocks to penetrate her folds like the slutty mare she now was!

She was certain that the conditioning had played no small part in her acceptance. But, whether it be Stockholm syndrome or not, Mary found herself coming to enjoy and even anticipate her daily breedings. The sugar cubes and apples after each one was a welcome reward for her good behavior!

Though her winking lips were dripping horse semen for the second time that day, Mary was well aware of how unnecessary the mating act was, from a biological standpoint. Soon, she would have a foal to nurse, and the thought of having her udders milked, in tandem with consistent breeding sessions, made Mary's loins ache with anticipation! This was to be her life now, even after being filled with the next generation. And, as the days went on, the reality that she was to be a horny, breeding best for the rest of her days became a dream come true rather than an inescapable hell!