

Looking around at the wide-open field before, I allowed myself to breathe in the scents, enjoying the warm summer air. Ignoring the more distinctive odors of animals, of course, though I would have to get used to those in short order. It would take some time, naturally. But, it was to be my lot in life and one that I took on willingly. And, if I was being honest, the pungent odors from the presence of animals were getting me a little hard, though only from the implication of what they meant for me and my life going forward.

I watched the truck driving away for the last time, at least from this perspective. People came and when from this site a couple of times a day to look after the animals here. Though the animals here were largely self-sufficient, part of the cost to be here went to local farmers and ranchers to come out and made some of the aspects of life that hooves couldn't quite deal with were meant. And they had ample experience looking after animals, so, why not do the same for people-turned animals, especially when they could pay!

I really took a moment to look around the field, what was soon to be my home for the rest of my life. I mean, that was to be my own choice. I could stay a day, a week, a month, as long as I wanted. That was the beauty of a place like this, after all. It was a vacation home of horse enthusiasts who wanted to spend time as one themselves in a combination of natural habitat and barnyard care. Many came here on a regular basis, some just to try it out for a weekend. But, either way, for those of us who shared my particular inclinations, it was the perfect paradise, with everything we could have wanted no matter how long our tenure was to be as equines.

Certainly, an interesting way to utilize nanite technology, for sure. But, with the ability to rewrite DNA to cure disease and keep the host safe even if their entire structure was broken down by storing their code within nanites, it was only a matter of time with the small yet growing society of transformation enthusiasts found such use for that technology. It was a luxury item, I'll admit. Nanite care was free. Using it to turn into an animal, a fully feral one? That easily entered the five figures. And, for the specifications that I had put forth, even more. But, it would be worth every penny, especially since I intended to make this my forever home.

In my case, my decision to stay here for the rest of my life was not one that I would be forced to live with. Well, that wasn't entirely true. I had nothing to go back to, not really. I had no family to speak of and few friends to say goodbye to. None that would really miss my presence in the real world I was sure. Besides, I had liquidated all of my assets, my home and car, and paid off all my loans. All I had was donated to this particular establishment, to pay workers and for more creature comforts that remained in line with life as a horse. There was nothing to go back to, or, as I told myself, nothing left to tempt me with should I ever want to change back.

Not that there was ever a chance of that, I was sure. I knew that the life of a horse wouldn't be the most glamorous thing for most people. Hell, I hadn't even been around them as much as I would have wished to be. As long as I could remember, I'd wanted to be around them. I found them beautiful, and majestic, even in their silly moments. Hell, part of me even wanted to *be* one, though that realization hadn't come to me until I was in my adult years and I'd found like-minded people on the internet. A fixation that was made all the better with the reality that it would be possible to change into a horse for real.

Once people had found the funds and enough interest, then it was only a matter of time before places like this sprang into existence. It didn't look like much, though, it was pretty expansive, even by horse standards. A massive field, thick grasses, and a bit of a slope a few miles off. There was a lake down below that, though I couldn't see it well from my current position. I had been told it was there, and that the water was regularly tested and even treated safely for horses. Not that the nanites allowed any diseases or parasites to infect the herd. One of the perks of nanite technology. They couldn't stop the aging process, and, really, that was for the best. But, there was no known disease or ailment that would prevent me from living a long life here with my herd, healthy as a horse, as it were.

The field itself wasn't fenced off or anything of the sort. This area was chosen specifically for its lack of large predators that would dissuade large herbivores like horses. Though some fencing would be ideal, in a way, it wasn't like any of the herd would wander off and get lost. All of them, all of us, I soon realized, would keep our human awareness and intelligence intact. Smart enough to know that the point was to be pampered in a barn as much as free to explore this rather large piece of land that had been purchased for our use.

The main structure was a rather modern barn, complete with all the creature comforts that we could imagine. A staff that worked off-site came in to clean up after us. Bringing us food, beer, treats, and other horsey comforts. There were scheduled grooming days that we could 'sign' up for, hoof care, washings, etc. The place was air-conditioned in the summer, and heated in the winter. We had blankets, bedding, and a comfortable place to rest and sleep in as horse-like conditions as possible without being too 'rustic'. And, of course, perform our other activities, though, for the most part, it seemed that none of the residents cared about modesty on that front.

There was one special reason that I'd chosen this particular ranch to live the rest of my life. My inclination was towards other men, well, soon to be other stallions. It was sexuality shared by all of us that were to live here, regardless of how long. There turned out to be many who desired equine forms that preferred the same sex, enough to pay for the space just for their preference. Other herds allowed a mix of genders, for those who wanted to be either stallions or mares and mate like actual horses, even bringing foals to term. Not that horses in other areas

couldn't be gay, of course. Still, this particular sanctuary was specifically for homosexual stallions, ones that wished to explore that sexuality with other horses who felt the same way.

As best as I understood the dynamics, the horses tended to be polyamorous, for the most part, at least. Some were couples on vacation, some made those special bonds with their new herd mates. But, it seemed that switching up partners was common, even with couples, who would be looking for a bit more exotic fun in addition to rutting as stallions. Consent and communication were everything, after all. Well, within the confines for equine expression. Horses were extremely good at communicating with each other through vocal expressions and body language. But, the usual boon on the nanites, telepathic communication, was to be turned off for one's tenure here. Something about authenticity and all that everyone seemed to agree to. For my part, I didn't want to speak like a human once I'd changed, anyway.

The length of change from human to animal was something that we had some say in, which was an aspect that excited me. You could choose to change in as little as a few minutes or as long as a day or two. I opted for the latter. It would be a little awkward to function as a half-man, half-horse for a brief bit of time. But, I wanted my last moments as a human playing with the horses, exploring their bodies in anticipation of growing into my own equine form. Assuming they consented, of course!

With that in mind, I figured it was time to meet my future family. *Herd*, I reminded myself. I was nervous as hell, of course. Would they like me? Accept me? Which ones were simply here on vacation, looking to have fun with their SO and be mad if I asked them to play? Which ones were here for life, like me, ones that would be my companions forever without me having any way to know or ask? I could have found out before hand, of course. There was a record of such things on-site. But, part of the excitement of being here was to find out all that information from an equine standpoint. There was a level that I could ask as a human, and I would, of course. But, ultimately, I would come to know over the weeks, months, and years that I would be living here.

It didn't take long for me to find the herd. There were seven stallions in total, from what I could see, unless one of them was away from the herd. Though, it was normal in the wild for herds to stay close together. Then again, they were all human once so maybe they spent time apart. Damn, I was so nervous even thinking about it...

One of the horses seemed to notice me, looking up and ears pointed my way. It was time for me to meet the herd. "HEY!" I called out, waving to them. Though I was ignored for a brief moment, eventually, a few heads turned up towards me. I waited for a few moments, the horses all raising their eyes towards me. "Can I talk to you?" I asked, loudly enough for them to hear. I wasn't really sure what I was expecting, but the horses were used to visitors. Right?

Walking towards the horses, I saw them each raise their heads, eventually looking over at each other and trotting over to me. It was powerfully intimidating to be near such powerful, beautiful beasts. To know that I was soon about to become one myself, that these horses would soon be my kin made me even more elated.

I sighed, taking a deep breath. It was time. I explained myself, briefly, as I was approached by the herd. The horses, for their part, stopped some feet away from me, lining up with the precision that likely was lacking save in show horses being guided and trained to do so. My heart rate went up at that, seeing that all the horses were staring at me, intently. It was as though they were wearing very human expressions on their features, as much as it showed through on equine face.

“So, I’ll be, ahh, joining the herd... full time from here on out. “ I managed to stammer out. On the horses, a white beast had been standing guard over the other six. The defacto head stallion, if my hunch was correct. It was him I turned to, and he seemed to nod at my presence.

Pulling out the injector system, I braced it against my skin, urging myself on. There was no going back once I did this. Well, not for me, at least. I mean, I still *could* go back. But I wasn’t. This was it. And, that was the way I wanted it to be.

“So, Ummm...I don’t know how to ask this...and I’m sure I won’t have to *ask* once I inject myself, but I’ll have about a day or two to fully join you...anyone that’s down to...ehm...*help* me along for the ride...in any way that you’re comfortable with...” I said, taking my shirt off and unbuckling my pants, for a show of what I meant. I mean, I wasn’t comfortable asking guys I had just met for sex, after all. But these were guys that had turned themselves into horses. Not only was there the notion that I couldn’t ask so overtly, but they weren’t even the same species. Well, not yet, at least.

To my shock and surprise, some of the horses whickered and snorted at that, nodding their massive heads as though in agreement. I smiled a little. I wasn’t sure how we would proceed. But, I knew that the next step would be for me to take off my underwear and inject myself towards the start of my equine transformation.

Pulling off my underwear, there was no denying the sheer lust I that I felt at the prospect of what was to happen. I was rock hard, more aroused than even I had been those last few nights of my humanity where I fantasized about this very day. The tip was already leaking, and I could feel the warm fluids dripping in the excitement of what was to come. It was everything I could do not to jerk off right then and there. But, with the horses so close to me, and my time with

them inevitable, I was much more inclined to see what they would have with me than to do anything else.

It was time. I took the injector, holding it with a sense of reverence before sticking it in my arm. I knew that if I waited any longer I might second guess myself. I wasn't made to be a human out here where my new herd lived. This was a place for horses, and I was eager to start my journey to become one. Through I knew I could turn back if I ever decided to, my intention was for this to be a one-way trip, to live my life as a gay stallion and wanting to see where that life led me!

“Well, it's starting soon, but I have it set to a couple of days. Anyone want to ‘play’ while I wait for it to start?” I asked, feeling more confident now that nanites were rushing through my veins, preparing to rewrite my DNA into that of my predetermined stallion's body.

My confidence was soon to be rewarded as a couple of the horses nickered their approval, obviously not opposed to the idea of a little fun with a human that was set to join them. I found myself wondering if any humans came here just to play and if the stallions enjoyed some interspecies courtship. Either way, it was fine, certainly consensual. Maybe I would even partake if the opportunity came up.

But, for now, I was the human, at least for the moment. I wanted to get to know at least one of the stallions as I slowly started to come into my own as one. The horse, seeming to get the hint, started slowly walking towards the barn, and I followed, watching his tail flicking over what I gathered as a massive, puckered anus. But, more exciting was the fact that his girthy equine dong was starting to slide from his sheath, definitely noticeable to my eyes as it began swinging. I went to touch it, the skin warm and rough and leaving me all the more excited to own my own in a few days. The horse whickered his approval, sending a shiver of excitement through my body.

It took a few moments, but eventually, I found a shower area back behind the barn, what I'd been looking for. The horse, seeming to understand what I had in mind, followed, standing still in the center and waiting. I wanted to clean his backside a little, figuring that even a tended stallion would be a bit dirty and not inclined to get so myself. Not that stallions really cared about such things, I figured, especially those that performed anal acts on the regular. But, I wasn't horsey enough that it wouldn't bother me, and I didn't mind giving my soon-to-be sex partner a bit of a wash.

As I cleaned him up, I really took the time to take in his sexy form. A thick, horsey musk still wafted off his form, even over the water. It wasn't offensive, not at all. Though, it was still strong, the scent of a massive beast in close proximity to me. It was exciting being that close to

an animal knowing that I would soon be massive and powerful myself. It made me all the more excited that I could finally be with them, for the rest of my life, though most of it as one myself!

The stallion, for his part, was ready for what I had in mind, even raising his tail to allow me to clean his nethers. I got a good look at his massive, meaty horse pucker, and felt myself growing excited. I wanted that for me as well, to have the backside of a horse, one that could take thick horsecock and pleasure my prostate like it was nothing. Admittedly, I was always one for size, and horses certainly seemed well endowed, even for their stature as massive beasts. They had to be, to make sure that their mates were satisfied. Regardless if those mates were male or female!

Coated with warm water, the horse shook a few times, though we both figured that the sun would eventually dry him off. His cock was growing longer, sliding out of the sheath on his groin and dangling there, a mushroom cap shape staring at me almost invitingly. Then again, there was that thick horse pucker, almost winking at me with excitement. I knew I had the consent to play with whichever I wanted to first, of course. But, where to start?

In the end, the sight of the horse's ass was what was really doing it for me. So, I decided to get in close to the beast, sniffing his rear and reaching down to cup those massive horse balls. It smelled, of course, coming from an animal. But, it really did it for me, exciting me to know that I would soon smell like this, that I would soon be an animal myself. I would be a stallion like this, my ass that massive, my cock that big!

I couldn't help myself. Sticking out my tongue, I started to lip the horse's ass around the rim, teasing the clean flesh and running over its contours. The flesh was thick, wrinkled, and elastic, as needed for a horse. I didn't care for the taste though it was fine enough after I'd cleaned it. Rather, I was more focused on learning its edges and its dimensions, and found myself wondering what it would be like to fuck it. Or, even more readily, what would it be like to own my own? What would it be like to be fucked in an ass this size by a cock that big? To be large enough in the downstairs department to fuck such a pucker? Damn, the thought was getting hard!

All I could do was hope that my efforts were doing something stimulating for the horse. I wasn't sure I was really stimulating him, though his stance seemed to lean into my rimming enough that I wasn't inclined to stop. I wanted to tongue him a little, but it was largely pointless, with the small tongue I possessed. Man, how I longed for a horse cock of my own! But, that would defeat the purpose of the anticipation build up to be changed already, wouldn't it? That was the whole point of taking a couple days to change, so I could play with the horses while slowly turning into one myself until I fully joined my equine brethren.

Still, I couldn't resist the urge to play with my cock, reaching down to rub it with one hand while playing with the horse's balls with the other, cupping them and feeling the weight of them in my hands. I longed for a cock large enough to fuck the horse, or, perhaps a pucker large enough to take his cock. But, that was neither here nor there, and I would be in possession of both soon.

Looking down at the horse's junk once more, I was reminded that my efforts were at least doing something to make him happy. I stared at his apparent eagerness, already salivating from the notion. I couldn't take a cock like that, of course. But I could at least try to pleasure it, and, hopefully, bring this stallion for what would be the first of many times. Besides, I really wanted to smell and taste what it would be like to be a horse before changing too much myself!

Getting down on the damp ground, I stared at the thick, black horse meat before me with a sense of reverence. The head was nearly the size of my hand, the pisshead drooling fluids as the crown flared back and forth in a display of the stallion's eagerness. I could really smell it now, a heavy, salty musk that made me hornier than I had ever been before. The chance to be intimate with a consenting male this big, and to soon be one myself, was indescribable. It was going to be the best experience of my life, in a long line of amazing experiences that I was about to undergo!

The horse was stamping his hooves at this point, as though begging me to carry on with my work. Not wasting any more time, I reached out with the tip of my tip, teasing his pisshole and nearly overwhelmed by the saltiness that the horse's precum seemed to possess. It was almost too much, my tongue teasing the opening and making the stallion sway above me. I had hit a sensitive spot, it seemed, one that made him sway just enough for me to keep up my oral ministrations.

Absentmindedly, an itch on my arm made me scratch, and I was surprised to feel the skin was a little warmer than I had been expecting. Looking down, I could see the space where I'd injected the nanites was a bit red, as though raw. Yet, on closer inspection, the skin seemed to be darker, and thicker, the texture noticeably different than my arm as I rubbed up and down. It was starting! I was changing!

My cock was on fire at the realization at this point, and I desperately wanted something to rut into. But, with both my hands needed to keep the horse's cock steady, I would have to wait until I had him to the edge to cum myself. I wasn't sure how much effort it would take me to sexually pleasure my partner. But, with how erect he was, I had a hunch that it wouldn't take very long!

Stroking the horse's cock under the crown with both hands, I licked and sucked at the head, peppering it with kisses and lapping up the fluids he leaked. I was hardly able to salivate enough to drink down the sheer quantity that he was producing. I was milking it as best as I could, the horse standing still and eagerly allowing me to do my work. I found myself wondering how much experience he had on the interspecies front, and hoped I could be a memorable experience before I took his equine cock in my horsie rump proper within a few day's time.

My own cock was on fire at this point, harder than I'd ever recalled myself being before. It felt as though it was straining at the skin, as though the erectile tissue was being pushed to its limits. It didn't hurt, not exactly. But, rather, it felt as though I was a little too small in my skin, like it was growing before the rest of the skin could keep up. To be honest, I had been expecting it. After all, it was possible to program the nanites to change a part of the body at a certain speed. And I'd wanted my horsecock to be one of the first changes. But, to have it happening so fast, I couldn't believe it!

Still licking and stroking at the stallion with one hand, I reached down with my other to tease the skin of my cock. Part of me expected that the skin would feel exactly like the stallion did under my touch, though it wouldn't have changed that quickly, I was sure. Still, the skin felt warm, and I could feel something akin to a twitching as I rubbed the flesh, as though the veins were pulsating underneath. I was leaking like a facet at this point, with my precum dripping down the shaft and making my strokes smooth. But, I noticed that my fingers were catching on a bit of the flesh, a swelling under my foreskin that made my heart race at the realization. I was growing my medial ring!

Much too quickly, I felt my balls tense and my cock go into orgasm. It made sense; I had been powerfully pent up since I had stripped down to change and play with the horses. And, although I didn't want to cum so soon, I realized that as an equine I would have much more stamina than a human, and cumming now would hardly be a determinant. Besides, I was an animal now, technically, right? Animals hardly held back under such circumstances!

Still, I managed to pull my face away from the horse cock head before me to see what had become of my shaft. The skin was discolored, for sure, as I'd hoped. Red in some places, it seemed to be darker in others around the head and the shaft. It had to be a little longer; it looked like my foreskin had been pulled down a little, no longer around my head as it had been. The contrast of the shades seemed to indicate a matte black and mottled shade that my cock would carry for the rest of my days. And there was the medial ring that was developing under the foreskin, even as that was being pulled further down...

The sight of my penis changing was too much for me to bear. I had to cum, and, stroking myself off faster with my eagerness, there was no chance of holding out. Though I wanted to

bring the stallion too, my own needs took precedence and I was remiss for not holding back. My balls throbbed, my first load with the nanites in my system as my cock shook and I sprayed my seed.

“AAWWW...FUCK!” I yelled out, not worried about the sound. No one would be shocked by the sight of a mostly-human man playing with the horses here. I allowed myself to fall into the sensations, cum leaking down my shaft and covering my hands. I actually shot a little on my belly, my entire body shivering and forcing me to blow further than I had ever before. And this was only the tip of the iceberg of my sexual escapades as a stallion!

Looking at the size of the horse’s cock before me, I found myself excited to have one of my own. Since I knew it would change first, relatively to my form, I had to find myself wondering how I would manage such a shaft on my human body. Hell, it would be so large that I could probably give myself a self-suck before I’d changed too much! I could just taste it now...

But then again, I didn’t really have to wait to taste myself, didn’t I? There was a fully functional horse cock in front of me, after all. All the horse cum that I could take, and then some, for the taking. Willingly offered, if the stallion’s whickers and stamps of insistent were any indication. I had to get him off, to suck him faster...

Starts stroking the horse’s cock faster

Imagines having one himself

His own cock is shifting

The other horse is getting ready to come

Wants to shrink down the load, figures he can’t

Gets sprayed by a stallion exciting

Calls out to the horse

Horse cums, sprays it down

Tastes some of the cum,its rank

Gets used to it

Cleans his shaft

Licks it

Gets used to the flower

Gets up, makes out with the horse

Horse cleans his head of cum

As the horse groomed my hair after I fun, I felt a sense of companionship, of bonding that I had never experienced in human life. Though, other people did

Takes stick of his cock

Foreskin pulled down, looks more like a horse's cock than his own

Color different, medial ring

7 inches

Not really a shaft, soon

Goes to get something to eat

Belly distends a little

Explores the field

Watches the horses run

Rides one bareback?

A little heavier

Horny again

Sexual stamina increased in the change

Loves the feeling of horse hide against his skin

Wants more

Rubs at his arms

More grows

Gets off the horse

Horse nips him

Two of the horses get together to rut

He asks if he can help the bottom stallion

Sicks a little

Loves the smell of sex

Cock is hard now, growing more

Muscles a little sore

Arms larger, more muscles

Excised

Keeps stroking off the horse

The stallion whinnies, likely cums

The beta comes all over MC

MC loves it

Like before, he licks him off

Skin changed in patches