

“Wonder what shit they’ll have us do?” Ollie asked, Sid simply responding by shrugging his shoulders. Jackson was more inwardly worried, though didn’t want to show it. He’d doom scrolled about some of the things that other frats had charged their pledges to do, and while most of it was considered off-limits by college rulings, there was little they could do to prove it, and most frats had some sort of stupid stunts they carried on with each group of new recruits. So, ultimately, they were stuck doing whatever they needed to do to get in, and at the whims of their soon-to-be frat bros, not wanting to fuck it up lest they lose respect or worse of all, be kicked out with no where to live during school.

Jackson’s fears were allayed somewhat after being introduced to the three older frat members, Tobias, Mica, and Casey. They were upper-class men, the only ones left after the last batch of frat members had graduated, or, more likely, flunked out. It was little matter; this frat had three single rooms opened, and reasonably priced, Jackson considered it lucky that he’d gotten in. and with that in mind, he was willing to put up with whatever stupid crap the three men alluded to that they would need to undergo to be ‘approved’ to the frat.

Yet, what they had in store for their new frat brothers was more ludicrous than anything Jackson could have prepared for. Taken into the living area, the trio was privy to the sight of three massive stands, looking fitter for a barn than anything Jackson had been expecting to see. They looked like what he understood to be dummy mares, though was unsure if that was what he was looking at. Though he was confused as to their purpose, the ideas that came to him were more and more disturbing to the point he was almost inclined to back out now.

“Well, here’s your challenge! In order to become part of this frat, you just got to get up on these loaned dummy mares and give them some loving! It shouldn’t be too hard, how horny freshmen always seem to be. You should be glad we made sure you were able to get some the first week of college!” Tobias said, the other two laughing at that.

Jackson stood there red-faced, not sure what to make of the circumstance in its entirety. It was beyond absurd to be expected to fuck one of the damn stands, something far too large for them besides the embarrassment of pulling their pants down in front of their future frat mates. Hell, Jackson was sure he didn’t want to do it if that was the expectation, though, at this close to the beginning of the semester, there was little chance of finding other lodgings. Not wanting to go back home, he steeled himself thinking it was the most embarrassing thing he could be asked to do yet seeing no obvious way out of it.

It seemed the other two guys were of a similar mind. “What the hell?! You can’t make us do that shit!” Ollie said, and Sid walked up beside him, defiantly. Jackson wanted to join them but figured even a revolt wouldn’t be enough to get them out of this without consequences.

“That’s the pledge. Take it or leave it, there’s the door,” Tobias said, firm and unmoving. Jackson had already steeled himself for the inevitable that he might have to do so. “Can we at least take some time to think it over?” He asked, and Mica simply replied with a simple “Twenty minutes.”

“Dude, I’m not fucking doing it!” Ollie said though uncertainty was present in his voice. Jackson said nothing, figuring he had already decided he would do whatever it took.

“But we need a place to live don’t we all?” Sid asked, and Jackson nodded, feeling the same way. He didn’t want to do something so embarrassing, but if they did kick them out over it...could they? Was it worth taking that risk?

“Yeah, but it’s really gay though, isn’t it?” Ollie said, exasperated.

“Yeah, and it’s for horses, we aren’t going to fit,” Sid said the obvious, none of them making the comment about dick sizes.

“They aren’t going to see our dicks, right?” Jackson said what he thought was the obvious.

“Well, not in the stand, but,” Sid stammered, seemingly rethinking things over.

“I’m not going to be able to get off with them watching,” Ollie said, as though he’d finally made up his mind.

“Well, that’s not going to be a problem,” Mica said, the three of them obviously listening in. Coming into the room, Tobias brandished a small jar, the scent of its contents rather rank. “Apparently, a little of this, and will bring out the stallions in you! At least, that’s what that woman said,” Tobias finished, seemingly committing to the prank.

In the end, the three of them decided there was no way for them to say no. It was stupid, it was disgusting, and if they were filmed, which was likely, there would be no living it down. It was likely not the stupidest thing new frat pledges had been asked to do in their lives, for sure. But it was certainly up there, and not something they wanted to dwell on. In the end, feeling it was the only way to assure their place in the frat, how could they say no?

Nervous as hell, Jackson took off his shirt, unbuckled his pants, and stood there down to his underwear. Taking the same cue, the other two young men did the same leaving themselves shivering from nervousness. To their relief, Tobias came over with some shots, and the three of them downed them in one go, a bit worried about the booze ruining their libidos and hoping it

would at least calm them down. Then again, it wasn't like they actually needed to nut in the thing, right?

That was unfortunately not to be the case. "So, you guys are done when you fill up the dummy mares like good studs," Casey said, and the three of them shuddered. There was no way they could get horny in such a state, and even pretending to mount the dummy mares was more than they could bear. But they were in too deep now just to pick up their clothes once more and head out, right?

"Don't worry, this stuff is guaranteed to work," Tobias said, scooping out a little of the cream and pulling it at the back of the dummy mare. As though part of the ritual, Casey and then Mica moved to scoop out some of the cream for where a horse might be able to breathe it in, though there was little chance of it working for the three men. Was it actually something made for stallions, like real mare pheromones? That wouldn't do anything for them, right?

Yet, Jackson's attention was soon drawn to Ollie, who was the closest of the trio to his own stand. He was sniffing audibly, as though overtaken by an odor that none of them could quite identify. He seemed to have an unnatural fixation with the device, even to the point he was pulling down his pants and exposing a rather large erection. Feeling ashamed, Jackson wanted to look away, though, like a train wreck, his eyes were fixated on the sight.

As though in a dream, Ollie moved forward, lining up his rod with the hole in the stand. He had to rise up on his tiptoes to manage, but he did manage it, cock stuck in the mount as a moan escaped his lips. Soon, he was thrusting, underwear down around him, and more interested in the obvious pleasure he was getting rather than the face he was being watched.

Staring stunned, Jackson was about to say something when the sight of Sid moving out of his periphery drew his attention, as though the same scent had attracted his attention. Jackson was confused. Certainly, the smell couldn't be so alluring that it would cause them to lose their inhibitions. But the moment the scent hit his own nose, Jackson felt his cock going into overdrive, pounding erect in his pants to the point of leaking. He was impossibly horny to the point that it was nearly impossible for him to resist the urge to get off, and the dummy mare before him was made for that very purpose.

Without further fanfare, Jackson pushed himself forward, taking his cock out of his underwear and pulling out his cock before pushing it forth within the confines of the stand. The material was warm, moist, and felt amazing against his erection to the point Jackson couldn't help but start to thrust. The material wasn't as tight against his cock as he might have liked, but the was still comfortable enough Jackson was prompted to start his thrusts, wanting to feel his cock stimulated beyond what simply touching himself could manage. He could touch himself,

and in fact, no longer felt any embarrassment from the notion of doing such in front of the rest of the frat. But the craving to fuck, to rut, was something he could not manage to resist, and he called out with an “Ah, fuck!” as he started to thrust in earnest.

Slick sucking sounds echoed from the three of their stands in tandem, as though lubricants had been prepared on their insides. They were all fucking with fervor at this point, needing to get off at the scent of whatever had been applied to the inside of the dummy mares. The sensation of rutting into the stands was more than he could imagine to the point where he could almost see himself a stallion rutting into an eager mare. It was powerfully arousing, and all his previous concerns about doing such a thing were eroded at the prospect of the promise of pleasure.

“Look at the freaks! They’re really doing it!” Mica said, with Tobias adding, “The woman really was right, they can’t resist!” Jackson could hardly bring himself to care about the words, however. It simply felt too good too right, to keep fucking, and no amount of embarrassment was enough to pull himself out of the stand he was embedded in.

“Hey, you guys told them to do it!” Casey said, moving closer to the stands. “You guys can stop now, this is getting a little gross.”

“Yeah, I didn’t think they’d be that into it. Guys, you can fuck off now. Guys?” Mica said though Jackson could not bring himself to care about the words, needing to get off more than anything he could bring himself to care about in the moment.

The only concern Jackson was able to muster at the moment was the size of his cock, far too small for the stand he was fucking. It was pleasant, to be sure, and it was giving him at least a modicum of stimulation. But the more he fucked, the harder Jackson found it to imagine being able to get off from it. He wanted, more than anything, to have a larger cock, one suited to the stand he was fucking and the intensity of the scent he was drinking in so eagerly.

To his shock, Jackson was about to get his wish. A strange tingling started to play over his loins just then, beyond the pleasurable sensations of his sensitive rod. It soon grew toward a numbing sensation, something he could not immediately place but one that only seemed to accentuate his pleasure. It grew to the point it seemed almost like his cock was getting larger, pleased in several places as though it was larger than it possibly had been before. Jackson was hardly in a position to care, wanting his cock to get even larger than humanly possible.

Yet, the swelling within his cock was hardly to be the only sensation he felt, as all-encompassing as it was. A heat seemed to center on the hard of his penis, as though it was getting larger, flattened, and remolding into a different shape. He couldn’t tell for sure, of course,

given his lack of sight of his penis. But the more he seemed to wish his cock to grow, the larger he perceived it to be, as though he was willing it into a different shape. The one sensation that seemed to stand out, however, was the skin around the head starting to pull back, as though it was catching on the inside of the stand and tugged down toward the base. It was as though the foreskin was peeling from the rest of the shaft, catching at the base and collecting there as the sweat seemed to cling it to the rest of the skin of his groin.

The more his foreskin seemed to stick to his groin, the more his cock continued to hitch upward, as though repositioning itself upward rather than horizontally as he was used to. The whole affair made him want to rear up even further lest he accidentally pull out and lose the stimulation he so desperately craved. And it was getting harder and harder for him to keep his cock within that warm embrace he craved so fervently.

Standing as high as he could in desperation, a series of cracks and pops within his legs seemed to grant him the stature he craved to the point he was more comfortable fucking the stand. It was as though his heels were stretching, lengthening enough that his upward-turned cock could better plant itself within the faux mare cunt lips he was so eagerly fucking. The effects had his socks stretching to the point they were kicked away, unable to keep on such extensive heels. Though with the heat within his body, Jackson was happy to be rid of them. That, and the length of his heels allowed him to better rut in the stand, something that was steadily becoming his whole world.

So lost in the sensations from his sensitive prick, Jackson was hardly aware that it was getting larger, filling the stand and being more tightly encapsulated within its warm contours. He was thrusting harder now, cock so large on his frame that he was pulling in and out, a strange ring of flesh catching on the inside of the stand and dialing up his pleasure to unfathomable levels. In order to keep up with the size of a load such a penis could produce, his testicles began swelling as well, slapping against the front of the device until they became almost painfully inflated. He needed to get off as much as anything he'd needed to before, and any rational thought seemed wiped from his mind from the sheer amount of blood and energy need to sustain such a mammoth member.

Those stray thoughts lingered in his mind, about the embarrassment of doing such a thing in front of other men, or that his cock was clearly not the size of the one he had started with. It was just as likely that the more he thrust within the dummy mare the more the changes seemed to accelerate, but every time he tried to pull out, the sucking against his penis and the pleasure it wrought kept him deep within it. Jackson wanted nothing more than to pursue the pleasures to their inevitable end.

The sensation of something tickling his ass made him want to reach around for his naked backside, as though hair was rubbing against it. The moment he focused on it Jackson felt something move, as though he had something sticking out of his spine that could twitch, swishing its nearly grown hairs over it. The sensations were particularly sensitive over his anus, something that had grown thick and meaty in the interim. It tickled him, feeling rather pleasant, though providing only a modicum of the pleasure that the pounding against the device was doing it. The thing on his backside, something he was starting to understand was a tail, began swishing of its own volition, as though a show of the joy he was receiving from the primal mating act.

With that mental image, Jackson was able to draw his head around to see his contemporaries in the midst of rut much as he was. Yet, their faces were drawn out with flared nostrils, and their ears were twitching, eager for the pleasures they were being granted. With the mental image of his own backside in mind, Jackson couldn't deny the possibility they were turning into horses. Well-endowed stallions by the size of the cock on his groin. The notion terrified him that he was losing himself into an animal, and doing so eagerly as much as his cock was being forced into the breeding stand over and over.

The fear was enough that Jackson regained the motivation to try to pull out. Though with the size of his cock, such was impossible, feeling as though it had swollen to the point the material had wrapped around it like a cock sleeve to keep him in place. It was likely designed that way to keep a stallion in place until his ejaculate could be collected. And with that, it was obvious Jackson was stuck there until the inevitable end, one where he would likely be a stallion fully in body! No matter how much he tried to push against the stand, to stop thrusting, he could not manage to stop or escape, while the three that had done this to him watched on in silence.

Trying to push away once more, a moment of weakness made him look down at the sight of thinning fingers, joints popping and snapping as they seemed to degrade while he watched on. It was as though they were being pulled within his wrists and palms, shrinking and weakening all the while. Soon, he couldn't even move them, save the middle ones, which seemed to be swelling with bone and tissue. Worse was the swelling of the nail around the tips of them to the point it seemed he was growing a pair of horse hooves!

"Help meeeeeiiiggghhhh!" He tried to call out, scared for a moment at the sound of his voice. It was not that of the human he was, leaving him to fear for his fate. Yet, in the moment it felt too good for him to want to stop!

Trying to push away once more, Jackson was drawn to the realization he couldn't feel the stand under him like his sense of touch was robbed from him. The tips of his fingers were encroached by a hard keratin nail, getting larger and taking the entire first third of the digit with it. They were getting massive, and weighty under him as their surface turned brown and they

expanded even beyond the width of the massive digits. There was little left of his remaining fingers at point, the bones of his wrists and palms having reshaped within to form what he assumed to be the bones of a horse's forelegs, though was more afraid he possessed them and the implications of what they would mean.

Soon, nothing remained of his hands, hooves thickening in circumference and diameter, thinning on the insides, though he was barely able to perceive what was happening with the shape of his now forelegs. The muscle in his upper arms were building all over, bones cracking and alternating within making it impossible for him to flip them around and see the other side. It was maddening to have them, especially as his sweat-soaked skin started to prickle and itch with the growth of what had to be equine hair and hide, brown in some places and white in others above the blackening skin. It was maddening to feel it spread all over his belly and back, down his hips and up his shoulders, without the ability to scratch. Even his beard was starting to fan out into the beginnings of horse fur, lighter on his chin and moving up toward his sideburns. The only thing that could possibly relieve the irritation was to continue fucking, sending ripples of ecstasy through his being and eradicating the prickling across his skin.

Further changes worked their way toward his lower half as his ass expanded and hips pulled out to expose more of his puckered horse rectum to the swishing tail. Having to adjust his stance several times, Jackson could feel his pelvis shifting, girdle reorientating and making it harder for him to stand. Part of him was sure he would not be able to stand upright anymore, though his new stance allowed him to hunch over the dummy mare and thrust with renewed vigor. The moderate increase of pleasure was enough to stave off his fear of the changes, though in the back of his mind, he was aware he was fucking himself away and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

Having already stretched, his heels were at the right angle to allow his stance within the stand to solidify. Belly bloating, his hips were condensed within what would soon be equine flanks, while his calves thickened and shortened in relation to his larger heels. Fat and muscle jiggled underneath them as they bulked up and became coated with brown hair. The longer his heels stretched, the more he was forced to stand on his tiptoes, the middle toe wiggling and stretching and pushing against their contemporaries to the point he figured they were going the same way as his fingers. The same weight underneath them removed the sensation of the floor underneath him, and Jackson knew with limited awareness that he was on his way to growing his own hind hooves.

By this point, Jackson's now massive horse body was feeling like it was getting close to the inevitable release. He thrust faster, anatomy allowing himself to do so with more energy than a human could manage. His body was thickening all over, belly and ribs expanding as he belched a little from the influx of gasses. Organs were surely swelling, though he barely felt their change

within them. His barreling chest was massive, engulfing the size of his upper arms as they cracked and sank into his flanks, forward-facing as much as his pelvic girdle had altered. Even his neck was getting thicker to match his massive torso, hair peppering the growing surface as his neck and head were thrust over the stand, allowing him to see down and experience a swelling of dominance in his being over the stand he was rutting into. It was almost as though he was a stallion in thought as much as body, feeling ownership over the stand as much as the stud might with his herd.

All that remained of his humanity was his head, though that was soon to alter with an expansion of his teeth, pushing their mates to the side as his mouth was forced open and he began to drool. Teeth felt dirty as though they were being coated by a yellowed enamel, something he could see if he squinted downward. He could perceive his jaws stretching to accommodate them, pulling at his lips and gums and leaving him with a goofy equine-looking visage. Jackson was sure his friends looked the same, but could not bring himself to look over, not wanting to confirm their fates were the same as his own.

Yet, the decision was soon to be taken away from him, jawline stretching and frontal bone extending, forcing his eyes to the sides of his head. It was bizarre to see the range of his vision growing, to the point he could see what looked like fully formed horses in place of the young men that had been there priorly. The colors of the room seemed to alter, eyes getting larger and likely forming the standard equine rectangles to match his former human friends. Though it was soon too wide, and his vision blurred to the point where only the bridge of his widening nose could be perceived, and it was a little alarming, though he was currently more focused on scents, particularly the ones from his own fluids and the ones placed on the stand he was fucking.

With the expansion of his skull toward more equine-matching attributes came a twitching of his ears, and Jackson could feel them moving upward on his head, being drawn there but the reshaping of his skull. He found he could twitch them, feeling them itch as they became covered with a soft coat of velvety fur. It was almost nice to do so, but like the flaring of his nostrils or the pliability of his lips, he hardly had the resources to focus on things too much, not with the ever-growing pressure in his penis to the point he was full to bursting.

With the itching of his hair running down in a line over his neck, Jackson's fading awareness was cognizant that the changes to his physical body were almost done. But there was little concern with the loss of his humanity with the pressure in his balls growing more and more intense. His testicles were full to the brim, and his massive horse rod was throbbing with the need to cum, to whinny and take the stand as his own. Hell, part of his mind wanted to reach down and bite the stand's neck. Though his neck was large enough he wasn't in a place to do so, and within the warm fleshy sensation of a real mare's cunt under him, the instinct was moot.



It ultimately didn't matter. Jackson felt himself getting closer and closer, as though his entire being was fixated on the orgasm to come. Like the beast he had become, his need was focused on procreation, of staking his claim on this mare, this stand, and filling it with his viable semen. Any fears for his humanity fell short of bringing him out of his lusty stupor, the stallion he was in total control. Even the human part of him wanted to submit to the stallion instincts, finding them more satisfactory than anything the human had ever known. No more school, no more worrying about lodging, just this scent and the pleasure his cock could grant him with a single, final thrust...

“NNNEEEEEIIIIHHHGGGGG!” Jackson exploded as his cock unloaded its burden and with a series of squelches, his balls were emptied into the device's container. His cock was on fire, turgid behind belief, and a thick sheen of sweat covered his being as the stallion finally felt relief. The sounds of the other two stallions reaching their end rang in his ears, though he cared little about their own pleasure, lost in his own like the dominant stud he was.

It took some moments for his cock to soften enough to be freed from the stand, though Jackson welcomed the sensations against his rod as long as they lasted. Feeling dizzy and content, the new stallion got down from his faux mare, shaking his massive head and taking in the room. He was still alive, still recalled he had been Jackson and once human. The force of stallion hormones coursing through his veins prevented his cock from sliding all the way back into his sheath. He was still horny, still powerfully erect like the young stallion he was. And the scent of the mare pheromones on the stand served to dial up his lust to new levels, to the point that he was tempted to get back on the stand and prove his dominance over it once more.

However, the smell that had turned him on so much was still in the air, more powerful now even over the stench of his ejaculate and the sweaty horse hide covering the three of them. It was like the stand, only stronger as if the source of it was nearby. The more he breathed in the air, the more the molecules of a mare in heat burned into his mind, bringing his cock to bear and preparing him to mate as he was intended to. And the scent was coming from what he perceived was the still human men in the room with the three stallions.

Staring stunned, Casey, Tobias, and Mica were unable to move as the former humans dismounted, looking nothing more than normal horses on breeding stands, as though they had always been that way. They were terrified, knowing what they had been and unable to will it away as a shared hallucination. No one would believe them if they were to show the stands to anyone, and the presence of the horses would likely be seen as nothing more than some kind of frat prank. And while it certainly was that, none of them, even after getting the stands, were told it would turn out like this! They just wanted to fuck with the guys and make sure they would get

off on it while they filmed it, not turn the guys into horses! Shocked by what was happening, phones were turned off, not even able to finish the filming as proof of what they had seen.

There was another very real possibility that had the three of them unable to run away to get help. If there was something in the stands that had changed their future frat mates, had it afflicted them as well? Getting close to the stands would likely be enough to trigger its effects, and none of them wanted to turn into horses in their own right. The beasts *stank*, not only their sweaty bodies but also the cum leaking from each stand, stallion loads rather impressive, all things considered. But, with the horses in the way, and the stands so close to the door, there was every chance they couldn't escape without being caught by the stands' influence and changed themselves.

“You guys still in there?” Casey thought to ask, though the horses had no ability to respond. There was no way to know if the horses could understand the words if any humanity remained in their heads.

Yet, the horses seemed to look up at that, all three in tandem as their massive nostrils sniffed the air. Heavy footfalls echoed on the floor as the three of them approached, backing the men into a corner with nowhere to go. “Nice horsies...good horsies...” Tobias muttered, not really afraid of the horses though intimidated by the presence of such beasts this close to them. While they were placid animals, they were far too large to get by, and could easily trample the three young men if they were so inclined to.

Yet, instead of being aggressive, the stallions moved to sniff them, licking their faces and lipping them with their pliable mouths. It was more than a little unnerving, but at least the equines beasts were being friendly, and all three men reached out to rub their noses, more out of a sense of self-preservation rather than admiration for the stallions. Reciprocating their approach was probably the best way to go about things, they figured in unison, and the stallions seemed friendly enough, maybe to the point they would allow the men to try to escape.

Reaching out with massive, rounded tongues, each of the stallions in turn started to lick the hands of the men still standing there, preventing them from patting noses and making them try to push them off. But the horses were insistent, and there was little the three of them could do with meager strength to push the horses away.

“W-what are they doing?” Mica said, nervous and sweating. His hands were moist and sticky to the point he figured the stallions would stop, yet they seemed to be licking at the skin on their hands as though lapping water.

“Fuck, they must smell the mare on us...” Tobias guessed, not able to smell it himself but sure that the stallions could, and that might be the cause of their interest.

“Fuck, so sticky...” Casey moaned, fingers stuck together with the saliva. He tried to move them but found they were stiff and unresponsive, annoyingly so the more he tried to move them. Almost as though...

“Fuck my hands! They’re changing my hands!” Tobias called out, pulling away from the one stallion and showing off fingers that were actively shrinking into his stretching palms. The middle ones seemed to swell from all the saliva, making his nail expand to the point of starting to become equine hooves. Having seen it happen to the other men, there was no doubt in his mind as to his eventual fate.

“Why is this happening!” Mica screamed, the same thing happening to his own as he struggled to push the horse away. Not sure about the substance on his hands or if it was the catalyst for the changes, he still wanted to escape, thinking there might be a chance to escape if the stallion allowed it. It was bizarre they could be changing into horses, and none of them wanted to be mere animals. But given the state of their former frat pledges, it was likely the changes were to race to their inevitable conclusion.

Without saying a word, Casey tried to push over the stallion tending to his hands, unable to do so with hooves. Being in the center of the trio, he was not trapped on the sides of the walls as the other two. But his escape was soon hindered by swelling in his hips, making him trip and fall flat on his face. His ass was swelling, tight against the fabric of his skin, and eliciting a moan to escape his lips. The reality of the situation was not lost on him, knowing it was more than his hands he would lose along with the rest of his humanity. And a wider ass was par for the course!

Horried, Tobias and Mica could only watch as their friend’s ass grew larger and larger, pushing at the fringes of his pants and preparing to tear its way out. They could feel their own posteriors starting to pressure the back of their pants, and it was hard to focus on anything else but their changes and the stallions in front of them that were the obvious cause. But the thing happening to their friend was so grotesque they could not tear their eyes away from the spectacle that was sure to happen to them as well.

Turning around and sniffing at the poor man on the floor, the stallion seemed to be interested, more than just friendly with the sight of his cock sliding out of his sheath, leaking cum from his prior orgasm. Taking the back of the tight pants in his equine muzzle, the stallion, likely formerly Jackson, lifted with his powerful neck muscles, tearing the fabric with a loud snap as Casey’s pants and underwear were removed and his growing ass was exposed. It was

already dark, skin changing and piebald fur covering the skin as Casey moaned his sight of relief from the release in pressure.

Casey was soon panicked, however, as the horse started to lick his ass and hips, running up and down over them and making him squirm. Unseen by the other two men in the room, his cock was at full erection, turned on by the stallion's hot breath and the sensation of his tongue reaching against his widening pucker. The sensations were so powerful to the point he was sent into an expected, though not unwelcome orgasm, making him shiver and groan as the front of his pants was stained with cum.

“Ohh...fuck...why...” Casey moaned, feeling his balls being licked and more semen being coaxed from them. By the time it was done, it felt as though the rest of his seminal contents were being unloaded to the point where the release no longer felt pleasurable. Casey continued to blow into his underwear, the fluids soaking through and their pungent scent making him almost gag from the proximity of the smell.

Yet, it was soon to become far worse than that. Looking back, he was aware of the swaying stallion's cock still leaking fluids, as though ready to go again. Despite the fact he certainly didn't want to be a horse, there was no denying his admiration for the size of the dick that the stallion possessed. With the tingling starting in his loins, Casey figured he was soon to grow his own cock the size of the beasts, and the thought of orgasming from such a member was almost enough for him to forget the terror of the loss of humanity.

Yet, the next thing to happen sent shivers through his entire body to the point that he feared for his future. Instead of getting larger, his cock seemed to be shrinking, sucked into his groin with a sensation almost painful. It was as though his cock was inverting on itself, pulled inward as his piss slit widened and his testicles seemed to deflate. Casey could not see his cock through his pants, though figured such was a blessing, given what he perceived was happening to his member.

What remained of his opening seemed to tingle with sensitivity as it widened, sending a pungent scent into the air that made him powerfully confused. It didn't turn him on, not exactly, but he was still aroused nonetheless, the source of which unknown. It was as though an invisible force was tugging his sex toward his anus, which itself felt numb and massive and sat between widening hips. Its implication was hardly understandable, though the notion he was turning into a horse in the first place was powerfully unnerving.

It wasn't until the horse's tongue started to lap at his sex did the reality of what was happening hit him like a ton of bricks. It sank into his sex, finding a moist, warm leathery tunnel more sensitive than even his penis had been. How the changes had affected him in the first place

made no sense. But the fact they had touched what had to have been mare pheromones made it more likely that rather than be changed into a horny stallion, he was on his way to transformation into a slutty mare, more useful to the already changed horse. And as the stallion started to lick him, sending orgasmic shivers toward his sex, Casey found it hard to care, wanting to get off and cum and alleviate the heat that was slowly burning its way into his mind.

By this point, the size of the horse's ass was massive, with growing hair and hide, and the beginnings of a nub itching with the growth of hair. Even the tickling of the horse's tail hairs on the stallion's nose was not a deterrent as he continued to lap at Casey's cunt lips, drinking the sweet nectar and bringing the changing mare close to cum. He wanted to scratch the floor but could not do so with hooves, and was forced to stand under the stallion's whims as wracks of orgasm moved through him to the point he whited out.

Lost in the pleasurable experiences, Casey was hardly aware that his nipples were fading from his chest, their tissue being subsumed and repurposed toward something else. That same tissue slowly blossomed from his groin, just below his ballooning belly. Prickling of hair around the skin made him shiver, not realizing what was happening but loving the sensation. It wasn't until the stallion's seeking tongue reached down to tease the flesh that the term nipple came to mind, and pliable horse lips teased the formation of twin nubs that sent additional waves of pleasure through his being. Casey was in possession of an udder, and could only whicker in excitement as his lips turned rubbery and vocal cords began to shift.

As much as Tobias and Mica felt they should be disgusted by the display, the heat in their own loins was enough to send them into orgasm, filling their briefs with cum until their testicles were completely emptied. The pleasure soon started to ache, though it soon seemed their own sexes would go the same way. Cocks inverted, skin turned black and leathery, and mare cunts blossomed with the scent of heat and an aroma that had the remaining two stallions pushing for access to them, almost knocking them over in the process. And it was getting harder and harder to find a reason to resist, knowing they would end up as horses and equine heat screaming in their minds to be released.

The changes were steadily encroaching over their bodies, making it harder and harder to stay against the wall and deny the stallions the blossoming virgin mare cunts they so desperately craved. Bellies were bloating, pushing up shirts around fattened chests. Asses were swelling against impossibly taut jeans to the point that tears started running down the back of the underwear. Though disconcerting, it was at least a relief that the nubs of growing tails were no longer trapped as they grew long broomlike hairs and started swishing over puckered anuses and rotating, widening mare cunts. Shoes were becoming impossibly tight, middle toes thickening against the rest and the fabric of the leather to the point they would surely burst through soon.

Yet, even with all the changes, the former men found it harder and harder to care, given the lust in their even widening loins, to the point they were dripping with fluids within their stained pants. Nostrils started to flare on stretched noses, breathing in not only the scent of their own heat but the precum leaking from the engorged stallion shafts as well. The aroma festered in their loins to the point that rather than fear their fates, they simply couldn't wait to be mounted. Falling on all fours, bursting from their clothing, and taking stallions on their growing backs filled their minds to the point they could no longer call out to each other. Though part of their minds should have been disgusted by it, like the spell that entrapped their former frat mates, it seemed the urge to be mares and breed was so powerful it could not be denied no matter how much dwindling humanity tried to protest it.

With barreling chests, expanding skeletons, bloating bellies, and massive asses, the three of them were well on their way to becoming mares in body as much as the other former men had become stallions to breed them. Eventually, Tobias and Mica moved from the back of the wall, able to trot with their four-legged stature to the point it felt almost natural. Reflexively waving their tails, the aroma of horse heat burned into the minds of former humans, to the point they no longer cared they were human if they could even remember that fact at all. All that mattered was the stallion's need to breed, and equine stamina was such that it allowed them to come to full erection even after just having rutted into the dummy mares.

It was Casey who felt the stallion mounting him first, the rest of his body almost fully changed, save for his head, though even that was starting to swell with an expanding jaw and aching teeth. It was of little matter, however, his body being the perfect size for the former human to mate him. Casey didn't even recall which horse was which at this point, loving the sensation of the stallion breathing over his nethers before getting on top of his back and gripping the sides of his flanks. With a whinny of triumph, the stallion began spearing for his eager cunt with a thick mushroom-shaped horse cock. Nothing he could conceive of was more desirable at the moment, and he reached his tail eagerly, trying to rub his cunt against the stallion's cock to take him inside.

The moment he was penetrated, Casey's mind went into overdrive, loving the sensation of being opened up with a massive horse cock. It was almost painful at first the point he was not sure how to perceive it. Though the moment it started thrusting against his lips was the moment that Casey went into orgasm, his heat being at its apex to the point he could not hold it back. Knowing that a feminine sex could cum multiple times in succession, his humanity was little more than along for the ride, loving the pleasure his body could grant him. And with the size of the horse's cock within him, he wanted nothing more than to feel it building his release once more, taking the stallion's cum and fulfilling the primal desire burning into his mind to the point he could no longer think.

Out of the corner of his growing, rotating eyes, Casey could see Tobias and Mica getting fucked by the other two former humans, each raising their tails and wafting their pheromones toward their suitors in an effort to be bred. With the eagerness in their equine testicles, it took little prompting for the stallions to cover their new mares, preparing to fuck marehood into them with a load of semen. Casey could only feel excitement for them, knowing they were about to experience the same bliss and happiness for them almost as much as he was eager to be filled to the brim with horse cum. And with the pounding against his cervix, Casey was sure it wouldn't take his stallion long...

Each thrust seemed to fuck more of the horse into him, though Casey was remiss to care at the point he was being changed to match his suitor's desires. He could tell his face was pressing out, jaw cracking as the bones and muscles thickened toward equine proportions. His teeth and gums felt numb, as though they were expanding, a widening intercostal area for his massive dentures and splotchy gums. Ears started twitching, muscles under them writhing as the ears pushed upward, curving and growing pointed and moving to take in the sounds of equine sex in the room. Most prominent of all, however, was the stench of horse sweat and cum burning into his widening nostrils as the slick slapping sounds of the horse's cock within him overtook his senses. The stallion's stink turned him on more than anything had a right to, Casey feeling like he was on the precipice of his third orgasm, wanting nothing more than to be pleased and take the stallion's load as a reward.

Feeling the horse's cock throbbing more intently within him, Casey was sure the stallion within him was going to cum. And the more he thought about it, the more he wanted to be filled with the sticky cream, life-giving and fulfilling that powerful biological need that pervaded his mind. He wanted to lose himself in the moment to the point that he no longer felt his identity as a human male, but rather than a mare. She now wanted to take his seed inside of her to the point it nearly sent into orgasm the moment of. Casey wanted to hold back, however, being filled to the brim with horse cum as her body filled into the mare's form she saw herself as bringing the two of them together as the product of biological need.

With that, the stallion bit down on her shoulder, and she whinnied, the stallion blowing his load into her womb and making her shiver with relief. She, too, was soon to cum around him, her clenching cunt lips sending that wonderful shiver of arousal through her to the point that she could no longer think. The warm fluids being pumped into her were sublime, and the tremors of biological reward were almost more than she could bear. Even the sounds of the other stallions blowing their loads and the stench of equine orgasm in her nose were not enough to deter her from her pleasure, each of her new herd enjoying their burdens to the best of their new abilities.

Eventually, the stallion dismounted, and with a rush of semen that leaked in ropes onto the floor, Casey, or the mare she had become, names were not necessary to her new being, was

relaxed in a way that surpassed human understanding. It was a moot point that she retained any humanity, given her pleasure from the mating act. Her intense heat was quelled for the moment, her womb feeling full and satisfied in the way only a virile stallion could quell. And with that out of the way, nothing else mattered. She wanted to belong to the herd, to the stallion she had mated with, and little else mattered to her altered mind, knowing he was close and able to cover her as many times as she required. Her former frat mates turned mares were part of her herd as well, and she was thankful for them, given their presence in her new existence and the stallions she shared with them in equal measure.

With that, the three mated pairs of horses made their way out the door, able to do so with limited human intellect and even with their massive bodies, scraping by but only just. It was the scents of the outside that called them, their bellies demanding attention now that their sexual needs had been satisfied. The luscious lawn looked tantalizing now to their altered minds, and each turned to graze, swishing their tails over their anuses and cunts, the now-females satisfied for the moment. But they would surely need more than one mating to ensure insemination and their heat was quelled. And to their limited sensibilities, that was all that mattered...