

Horsing Around

For AmazingGamer17

By TheSpiralledEye

Rebecca flew through the forest on the back of her horse; her long brown hair flowing behind her much like the stallion's mane. She loved this feeling, the rush that came from riding atop such a noble and powerful beast; how anybody could prefer driving or biking over it was beyond her. Fun as racing through the forest trail was though, it did mean her ride would swiftly be over. She gave a sad sigh and slowed to a trot as she approached the barn; her allotted time with Storm, her favourite horse, was almost up. She came to this riding academy every weekend, spending almost every spare cent she had on riding. She gave Storm a soft pat on his nose and he knickered at her. He was such a beautiful creature, as were all horses; so powerful yet beautiful and free; Rebecca had been jealous of them as long as she could remember.

With a sad smile she passed Storm's reins over to the stable hand and watched him be led away. If only she could ride every day, but the hobby was expensive and working as a freelance illustrator didn't pay anywhere near enough.

"Same slot next week?" The stable manager asked as she walked back to her car.

"Of course, with Storm if possible."

"Already done."

After the exhilarating ride it felt so wrong climbing back into her cheap, junkbox of a car. At least she didn't have a long drive ahead. The country roads were long and deserted as always; to say her house was in the sticks would be an understatement. Still, she loved it for one simple reason; every few days she could spy a wild horse in the plains behind her little cottage. When she'd first moved in as a bright eyed nineteen year old years ago, she had often daydreamed about befriending one of them, riding them bareback through the fields. It was wishful thinking of course; something as free and strong would never be willingly tamed. It was something that made her love them all the more.

Most girls obsessed with horses in their girlhood grow out of it somewhat; looking back on their crazy horse girl phase with embarrassment but not Rebecca. If anything her love, no obsession, with horses had only strengthened as time went on. It meant that as an adult, she had few friends but that did not bother her; she much preferred the company of animals anyway.

By the time she got home and settled herself down on her horseshoe bedspread her post-ride malaise had set in. She missed the feeling so much, already counting down the hours till next Saturday when she could ride again.

“If only I had been born a horse,” She sighed, “Life would be so much more fun.”

Her legs squirmed slightly at the thought; she had often had fantasies of such things but learned to keep them a secret. When her parents had discovered her sketchbooks as a teenager, filled with drawings of her as a horse girl, they had been very clear about how sinful such wishes were. She'd been careful after that, making sure to wipe her browser history each time she searched up images like those once in lieu of drawing them herself. She'd tried to stop, really she had; she'd even tried experimenting with BDSM in the hopes the riding crops and bridles used could satisfy her needs. They never did. No matter what her partner did it was only when she finally imagined herself as a beautiful, powerful horse girl that she could cum. Thinking about it was making her wet but she shook it off; she really should be working on that new illustration for her publishing house's new book. It would be a welcome distraction from both her depression and the temptation to be naughty.

She grabbed her laptop, glancing out the window to the open grasslands behind her house, saddened to see the herd was not present. Maybe tomorrow. She always liked working while they were around, it almost felt like she was one of them, in a strange way.

As she flipped open the screen she was met with an email from her favourite coworker; Justine. She was the only one who understood her love of horses and didn't think it was weird. In fact, Justine seemed just as into them as she was. When she had casually revealed she was a furry, Rebecca had just about hit the roof; finally somebody who actually understood. Though Justine was more into foxes and other animals, she did know a few good sites for horses that really got Rebecca going. Granted, their friendship made kicking the habit of getting off to such things hard to break but who was she to turn down such an open and understanding friend?

She clicked open the email, excited to see it was from her personal account, not the work one.

Hi Rebecca,

I know you just finished your weekly ride and are probably wallowing already so I found something to cheer you up! It's a super fun site, they do all sorts of animals but check out the horses videos. I think they are right up your alley. Seriously, they are so good, you just have to try them. Looking forward to our ride tomorrow, it's been forever since I have done it though so be patient with me!

See you then!

Justine

The message brought a smile to her face; this is just what she needed. Fuck being good, she was already a little horny why not cheer herself up with a good orgasm? The art must be good if Justine recommended it. Filled with gleeful anticipation she removed her shirt, letting her heavy double D tits fall free. She never wore a bra if she could help it; especially when riding, she loved the feeling of her tits bouncing as she rode, free just like the creature between her legs.

Ready and eager, she placed the laptop down and clicked the link under Justine's message, and immediately felt a little disappointed. The website looked old and boxy, like it was from the 90's or something, complete with the red and yellow flashing title at the top:

WELCOME TO ANIMAL HYPNOSIS, PICK THE ANIMAL THAT SUITS YOU BEST!

Animal...hypnosis? That was a new one. She knew the kink existed of course but wasn't that all about submission? None of the freedom and power that came with being a beautiful horse girl. Still, maybe there was something to it if Justine was recommending it so highly. With a shrug she clicked the image of a horse and was led to another page of images, without thinking she clicked the dark black mustang and was treated to...a black screen.

"Wow, amazing job Justine, what a letdown."

She was just about to click out of the page when she realised she couldn't. The window edges had disappeared, along with the useful X button. Great, an old site like this was probably full of viruses and now so was her work computer. She sat back in a huff just in time to see a white dot appear in the centre of the screen. White lines sprung from it and began to twist and expand until a swirling spiral filled the entire screen and Rebecca felt a strange sense of calm fall over her; it was...mesmerising. They were so pretty, Rebecca found herself leaning forward to see them closer, her vision darkening at the edges so that her whole vision filled only with the spiral. Each rotation making her feel more relaxed. A soft voice, a woman's met her ears and sent a shiver down her spine.

"*You are a horse.*" The voice whispered, Rebecca moaned, already she knew this was going to be amazing. Justine had been right, this was right up her alley.

"*A proud, virile stallion.*"

Wait, what, a stallion? No she wanted to be a beautiful mare, she must have clicked the wrong video without realising. She reached forward to try and pause the video but found she could not. Her arm was hanging limp next to her, resting against the chair and no matter how hard she tried, it would not move. She tried to look away from the screen but her eyes were glued to the spiral; each time her vision strayed the swirling waves pulled her back to the centre. She couldn't fight it.

“No...wrong...video...” She whispered softly, her head tilted slightly but that's all she could manage.

The trance had her in an iron grip, each second she stated into the spiral it got stronger until she couldn't remember why she was fighting at all. The spiral felt good, it felt so nice, the voice was so soothing, she could feel each word taking the place of her own thoughts as her mind became more and more blank.

You have a long wild mane and tail. You can feel it now, swishing back and forth above you taut butt.”

She could, her beautiful tail. Her hips shifted slightly to feel her spine move with it. It felt so good.

“You have a long, girthy cock and balls swollen with seed.”

There was so much heat between her legs, it felt almost as though something was swelling there, filling her. Rebecca moaned, the sound catching to sound almost like a neigh at the end. Instead of gentle sways her hips began to buck slightly, she was filled with the need to thrust.

“You love your powerful horsecock, you cannot sate its need. The desire to mate with a beautiful mare is all you can think about.”

Rebecca could feel slickness soaking through her panties, her nipples were hard as diamonds. Yes, she needed to mate, even another stallion would do, anything.

“You are powerful, full of muscle and might, none could withstand your allure.”

Her insides were aching, breath coming in short gasps; she was on the edge. The need to cum was so strong but she could not, not without the voices permission or another horse person to plunge her throbbing cock into.

“You stand upon your hooves, strong tough hooves. You love them. Not just your own but other peoples, the sight of feet, human or horse will greatly increase your sex drive as you remember this feeling. The feeling of power and lust filling you.”

So close...

“On the count of three you shall awaken from this trance, your horse self laying dormant inside your mind. Next time you see a stallion you shall awaken and your true horse self will emerge.”

Rebecca’s hips were bucking upwards now with abandon, she swore she could feel it, her horse cock being squeezed.

“One.”

Thrust.

“Two.”

Almost there-!

“Three.”

Rebecca’s mind was instantly free of the trance, the spiral disappearing just as she surged forward, cumming hard and soaking her panties as pussy juice squirted out of her. Her whole body shuddered almost violently as her muscles contrasted and then relaxed, pure pleasure causing her to go limp in her chair. That was...incredible. Never in her life had she cum like that, so wildly.

“Fuck.” She breathed, “That was...I don’t think I can go back to just pictures again.”

Still, it was a little odd, listening to the stallion option, she was almost tempted to watch the mare video straight away but she was already lightheaded from that orgasm. Probably best to wait until tomorrow, after her ride with Justine. She got up on shaky legs and wobbled over to the bed, too exhausted to even shower she fell into a deep sleep almost instantly. Her dreams filled with fields of women that she ploughed into until they were both screaming from ecstasy.

Rebecca woke the next day feeling oddly refreshed, even if her sheets were badly in need of a change. She showered to get the sticky substance off her skin and then laid back on her bed, happily painting her nails ready to go out. When she had finished drying them her eyes slid down to her feet. She'd never really painted her toenails before, it seemed like a waste especially when nobody would see them through her riding boots but for whatever reason she couldn't shake the feeling that she should. Taking out the sky blue polish she applied a layer lovingly to each nail, smiling to herself as she wiggled the toes back and forth in the morning light. How had she never noticed how lovely her feet were? A ping from her phone told her Justine was already on her way to the stable and she leapt into action, pulling on her favourite jean shorts and blue shirt to match her polish. Hurriedly she pulled her hair into a ponytail and glanced over to the mirror to make sure none of her hair was out of place. Instead her gaze fell to the picture of a horse on her shirt, it was old and faded but still, it stirred some strange feeling inside her stomach.

For a moment she blinked, confused, before she remembered the time and dashed down to the car. She was probably just having an off day, a good ride would help clear her head and shake off the funk though. The closer she got to the stable the more her anticipation built, she was so excited! Even if Justine wasn't up for cantering or galloping yet it would feel great to be back on her mount with a good friend for company. Once they were on the trail and out of earshot they could discuss those videos. Just remembering it made Rebecca bite down on her lip and she hadn't even tried the mare one yet, her true fantasy. For once, she actually had something to look forward to when her ride finished.

She pulled up and parked, spotting Justine leaning back against her car waiting. Rebecca would never say so but Justine really did look like what most people imagined a crazy horse girl would at their age. Her curly red hair, big glasses and freckles made her look like the geek girl found in all those 80's teen movies, just aged up a few years. Still, she was beautiful in her own way; Rebecca actually liked how her freckles dusted her whole body, even her arms and legs which were now on full display in the morning sun. Justine sometimes joked that she was dappled, just like a horse coat. She looked up from her phone and smiled, running over making her flip flops slap against the gravel.

Rebecca felt her centre of gravity shift slightly, eyes focusing down at Justine's feet. They were bare save for the thin plastic bands wedged between her big toe. They were so...pretty, fascinating really. The freckles from her upper leg faded a little, giving the skin there a soft yet textured look which Rebecca found instantly fascinating. Her toes all pretty and pink under the sun, nails painted a clear sheen to make them sparkle in the sun. Almost like a freshly polished hoof. To her great surprise, Rebecca felt a familiar twist in her gut as a warm feeling began to grow between her legs. She'd never been turned on by feet before but now looking down at Justine's beautiful feet she almost felt naughty, like she was seeing something intensely private and sexual.

“I know.” Justine groaned, “I didn’t have any riding boots and my sneakers were soaked through from gardening yesterday. I thought maybe they would have some shoes I could borrow?”

Rebecca swallowed a few times to try and wet her dry mouth. The last thing she wanted was for Justine to cover up those pretty toes but how could she stop her? You cannot ride horses unless you wore closed toed shoes, it was one of the rules.

“Yeah, let’s go ask.” Her voice was strained and evidently Justine noticed.

“Are you okay? You sound a little husky.”

“Just a dry throat.” Rebecca smiled tightly, forcing her eyes up to her friend’s face. “I’ll be fine, let’s go sign in.”

Rebecca felt hyper aware of every step she was taking as she desperately tried to get her hormones under control; there was something about the musty, animal scent in the air that was driving her even more wild. Not to mention her eyes kept slipping to Justine’s feet a few steps ahead; the elegant curve of her heel, the soft padding sound they made. She felt out of control, biting down on her tongue in a last ditch effort to stop from getting more turned on. What the hell was wrong with her? She’d never been into feet before, or women, let alone together! Maybe it was a good thing they wouldn’t be galloping today, riding up and down, bouncing her crotch against the saddle like that while she was so turned on; it would probably result in some very embarrassing behaviour. Besides, Justine was her only close friendship, the last thing she wanted to do was ruin it by getting all weird.

Almost in a trance, Rebecca signed them in and paid, fortunately she had done this so many times she could perform the actions without thinking too hard. She was about to bid the stablehand farewell and head over to the barn when she noticed the name on the reins she had been handed; Daisy.

“Is Storm not available?” She asked, “He’s my regular horse, we know each other well. I’ve never ridden Daisy before.”

“Sorry.” The stablehand winced, “Normally we’d keep him free for you on the weekends but he’s been asked to stud.”

Another hot flush raced across her body.

“Stud?” She whispered.

“Yes, a local farmer bought his mare around so we’ve put them in the back barn together with the small field to themselves.”

Rebecca’s palms were sweating, she knew what studding was, of course she did so why did the mere mention of it make her heart race so suddenly.

“Don’t worry, Rebecca.” Justine said, placing an arm on her shoulder, “I am sure Daisy is a nice horse.”

She just nodded, the place where Justine’s hand rested burned even after she took it away. She had to get ahold of herself, she was a fully grown woman for crying out loud, not some hormonal teenager incapable of self control. Maybe she could excuse herself to the bathroom before they went and grabbed their tack, she could get off quickly and then be able to think a little more clearly. Yes, that was a fine solution she would just-

“Rebecca? Where are you going?”

She froze, she had been so lost in her thoughts she hadn’t even realised she had walked straight past the main barn following the trail to the back of the facility where the stablehand had mentioned Storm and his new mare friend were.

“Sorry.” She flushed, “Just got lost in my own head there for a moment.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Justine’s brow furrowed, “This isn’t like you, normally you’re racing toward the stable the moment we get here.”

“Yeah I just...slept funny last night.” She tried, Justine raised an eyebrow, not looking like she believed that for a single second.

Rebecca opened her mouth to give some other excuse but froze, jaw open, eyes focusing past Justine’s shoulder to the field behind her. There was Storm, her beautiful horse, galloping the edge of the field with her new mare friend in tow before disappearing into the stable.

“Rebecca?”

She tried to answer but all that came out was a deep moan; the ember of arousal that had been burning inside her flared to a full flame. That voice, the one from the video last night echoed inside her mind;

“Next time you see a stallion you shall awaken and your true horse self will emerge.”

Her true horse self? What did that mean? She didn't know, what she did know was that she had never felt so horny in all her life. A thrum of energy passed through her body, sending pins and needles across her skin; she felt as though her entire form was a live wire.

“I think you need to sit down.” Justine said looking even more concerned, she reached her arms around Rebecca's shoulders and began to lead her into one of the smaller stables, empty, all the horses having been taken by riders already.

They had only just stepped inside when Rebecca felt a pressure at her feet, they felt as though they were swelling, pressing against the inside of her shoes. With a groan she stumbled to a kneel, unlacing the boot and kicking them off to see her socks already fraying and begging to tear. Her feet were already twice their usual size, yet the inflation wasn't painful; it felt almost nice, like a stiff muscle being stretched after hours of stillness. There was a gasp from Justine just as the socks finally gave way, tearing to shreds as a mighty hoof burst forth, a slight blue sheen to its black keratin.

“Oh...Oh,” Rebecca could only gasp, looking at those powerful hooves should have made her feel horrified but instead they only fed her lust.

“What is happening!?” Cried Justine, “Should I go get help?”

“No! Stay I...oh Gods, it feels so good Justine you have no idea-ah!”

That tingling was spreading, her thighs began to bulk with added muscle as short, smooth fur poked up through the skin. She felt her ass go taught as the muscle there tensed and swelled, tearing her shorts and panties clean off as she grew. Rebecca took a few wobbly steps on her new hooves and leaned against the wall, panting heavily as a pressure appeared above her tail bone.

“Oh my god.” Justine whispered, sounding less horrified and more turned on than before, “You're growing a tail...”

She could feel it, her spine elongated to accommodate the new limb; it started long and ropey before flaring into long tangles of wild hair. Rebecca twisted to see it, experimentally shifting her hips to let

her new, sexy tail move through the air. She was forced to step back, looking down at her front again as the muscles there began to seize, her flat, smooth stomach growing bulky as abs bulged and muscles swelled. She had never felt so strong before and exhilaration at her own newfound power rushed through her.

The elastic band keeping her hair tied back snapped as the hair began to sprout from her neck and upper back in a long line; a mane. She tossed her head from side to side, feeling the hair brush against her sensitive skin as yet more fur grew out to cover her entirely.

“Oh God, Oh my god!” Justine’s hands were over her mouth, eyes wide, “Oh fuck you look so...good.”

“I feel good.” Rebecca moaned, stumbling back against the wall and sliding down it; her body was still changing, each new addition sending waves of pleasure through her.

She could feel her face getting longer, nostrils flaring and hard teeth grinding as her skull changed to accommodate her new equine shape; a fully anthropomorphic horse, just as she had fantasised so many times in the past. Her dream was literally coming true; and speaking of cumming...

There was a pressure, a mixture of almost pain and pleasure in her core that was pushing down between her legs. She tensed, feeling as though something solid was moving through her, she bore down on it, groaning as how good it felt. Maybe it was instinct or perhaps some lingering memory of the video but she knew what was coming even before it began to grow between her legs, a horse cock. It replaced her pussy instantly, the great girth already hard as it pushed out of her. Balls spelled behind it, so full of seed they were flushed and tight.

Justine moaned and Rebecca looked up to see her friend flushed red, a dark patch visible on the front of her shorts. Her legs rubbed together and Rebecca looked down toward those feet, so small and dainty now compared to her muscular horse form. The transformation seemingly complete, she gasped, already on the cusp of an orgasm. Never in her life had Rebecca been so painfully horny, it felt as though she would die if she didn’t get off soon.

“I didn’t know the video would do this.” She mumbled huskily, liking the deep timber her voice had taken on.

“Me either...” Justine gaped, “Oh gods you look so hot though.”

She fell to her knees between Rebecca’s spread legs, hand tentatively reaching out to touch the hard on.

“Can I...?”

She looked so desperate, just as turned on as Rebecca and a surge of power filled her new horse form. She had done that, she had reduced this woman to a whimpering, begging mess simply with her presence. With a sense of domination she did not know she possessed, Rebecca reached forward, grabbing Justin’s feet and gently dragging her up toward the cock.

“I’d rather you use these.” She whispered, pressing the feel to either side of her shaft, moaning when they made contact.

Justine could only nod and began to roll her hips, raising her feet up and down Rebecca’s girth making her eyes roll back in pleasure. Her feet were so soft in the arch, yet rough at the heel and toes; it was such a juxtaposition of sensations she felt overwhelmed. Her hooves scraped against the wooden floor as they shook with the intensity; it only took a minute of feeling those feet against her for Rebecca to see stars. Balls tightening she tossed back her head in a deep neigh as orgasm washed over her; her cock pulsing as thick seed spurted from its slit. She felt it dribble down the shaft and she flopped back into the hay, trying to catch her breath.

Normally after she came she felt light and relaxed but there was none of that this time; instead she felt intimately aware of just how full her balls still were, how her shaft was still half hard. Already desire was pooling in her lower stomach; she was nowhere near sated.

A delicious, tingling pleasure passed over her cock and Rebecca looked up to see Justine licking the cum away.

“Sorry,” She murmured between licks, “I just...couldn’t...resist...I have always wanted to do this...”

Rebecca couldn’t answer, she was too caught up in moaning at the feeling of that delicate pink tongue on her cock. Justine continued long after she was clean, running her tongue along the hot flesh and moaning the sound sending vibrations up her shaft and bringing her cock back to full hardness. Rebecca could feel her balls tightening again, the pressure was almost too much; she had to have release. She got up on her elbows, looking down at the woman between her legs; Justine’s nipples were clearly visible even through her bra and that damp patch on her front had grown. She looked up at Rebecca with pupils blown wide with lust. For the first time in her life, Rebecca felt a surge of confidence, her new horse mouth twisting into a cocky grin.

“Want to go for a ride?” She asked huskily, grasping the base of her cock and giving it a slow pump.

She watched as Justine's eyes followed her hand up and down; taking in the length, the sheer size. Her eyes turned hungry.

“God yes.”

Without hesitation Rebecca reached forwards, grabbing the tiny woman with her now bulging muscles and lifting her into her lap. Justine braced herself against Rebecca's now broad shoulders, running her hands along the smooth hair like she would when petting a horse. One hand slipped down her side to rub at Rebecca's flank and she sighed, leaning into the touch. Justine quivered as she slowly removed her clothing, a wet, sticky sound filling the air as she peeled off her shorts and panties to reveal a soaked mound of hair.

“I just...I never dreamed I would get to do this.” She moaned, resting her hole against the tip of Rebecca's cock and shivering.

She was so big even the tip threatened to stretch the woman to her limit. Rebecca could not stand it any longer though, that wet heat pressing against her sensitive tip was too much. She needed it more than water or air. Placing a firm hand on Justine's hips she gently forced her down and both of them groaned. That tight, wet heat felt exquisite and she could not help but buck upwards, forcing more of her girth inside as Justine trembled.

“So big,” She gasped, “I-I can't take it all.”

“Yes you can.” Rebecca replied harshly, “You have no choice.”

Justine forced her hips down till they were flushed together, a deep, primal wail coming from her throat from being so full. Rebecca could feel her cock being squeezed on all sides, her tip squashed up against the very deepest part of her friend. She began to thrust, forcing Justine to bounce up and down her shaft, each time the air rushing from her lungs.

“Oh! Ah! Yes!”

Her pussy was pulsating, rhythmically squeezing Rebecca faster and faster as the woman neared climax. Pure ecstasy flowed through her veins and she began to thrust up even harder, brushing against Justine's G-spot and causing the woman to scream. The sound was enough to push Rebecca over the edge and with one final hard buck she felt her balls squeeze, pumping hot seed up into her

horsecock and then into Justine. The orgasm seemed to just keep going, Justine continuing to bounce even as cum dribbled out of her. Rebecca could only hold her hips and continue to thrust helplessly; her balls still to tight for comfort.

“Yes! I’m a-almost-”

Justine tightened around her as she fell over the edge, drawing out another orgasm from Rebecca as her balls slapped against the woman’s round ass. She collapsed back into the hay, Justine atop her, both of them breathing heavily. Rebecca’s whole body thrummed with energy and post coital bliss and yet; she was still not satisfied. Her balls began to swell once more, already filling with seed. She groaned in both pleasure and frustration; was nothing ever going to be enough? She was exhausted, yet horny; though her mind was clearer now than it had been before. Enough to control herself just a little bit.

Justine was still impaled on her mighty length, now only semi hard, her inner walls still tight enough that it was a near permanent tease. Her pussy quivered, tightening around Rebecca’s cock and threatening to tease it back to full hardness. It took a great deal of willpower but she gripped hole of Justine’s hips and eased her upwards, making the woman shiver and moan as the length teased her inner walls until finally, they were separate. Justine was limp, still recovering from the strength of her orgasm and came to rest across Rebecca’s muscular chest.

“That was...”

“Intense.”

“...Yeah.”

They laid there for a moment, Rebecca’s nostrils flaring as she took in the scent of the woman against her. Her heavy cock finally softened between them; she could not put her finger on what was missing that would truly satisfy her but a moment later she did not need to worry about it. A weak pulse of energy washed over her and Rebecca felt herself changing; muscles deflating, breasts growing and hooves separating back out into feet as she changed back into a woman. She sighed in pleasure feeling that thick girth ascended back into her body, for a moment, it felt as though she too was being impaled before her pussy reformed. Justine’s weight against her suddenly seemed so much greater without her equine muscles and she began to shift until her friend scrambled away.

Her clothing was in tatters, not a shred of covering left and suddenly all the confidence that body had given her vanished along with the strength. Rebecca curled around herself in an effort to hide her nakedness and the inherent awkwardness of the situation slammed into both her and Justine.

Her friend was refusing to look at her, mumbling about going to find spare clothes for her or something as she hurriedly put her shorts back on. There were bound to be some riding clothes somewhere in the stable she could wear, at least long enough to sneak back to the car and get home. The sound of neighing from the neighbouring field sent a shiver down her spine; instinctively she knew, all it would take was once glance at a horse and she would change again. That trance was forever placed in her mind; that sexual beast would always be inside her, ready to come out at the slightest provocation. And yet...she did not feel horrified or scared, not even a bit, no instead she was full of temptation and anticipation. She wanted again, she loved the feeling of being a strong, powerful stallion, of plunging deep into a woman. Part of her was tempted to run outside to see Storm again just so she could feel it but she managed to hold back.

Lovely as Justine was, she was not quite right yet, there was something missing. Speaking Of, her blushing friend was back, ill fitting clothes in hand. Rebecca took them gratefully and quickly dressed herself.

“I think it’s probably best if we don't go riding.” Justine said, looking at her feet; her beautiful, delicious feet. “I am a bit...sore.”

“I think you’re right.” Rebecca nodded, “I think we should just go home and...maybe you could come over tomorrow and we can talk once we’ve had some time to process all this.”

Justine just nodded, turning on her heels and hurriedly walking away, leaving Rebecca alone with only the smell of hay and horses for company.

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Rebecca had tossed and turned all night, unable to take her mind off the memory of her transformation. Not only had it felt good in a physical sense but the sense of power she felt in that body was indescribable. The knowledge that no woman, no mare, would ever want to deny her was such a turn on; and her dreams were filled with horny horse women all begging to be ploughed into the ground.

When she woke the next morning in a cold sweat she swore she could feel that pressure in her lower abdomen, the same one that had preceded her cock growing in yesterday. Much to her relief and disappointment, the pressure disappeared and she remained human and female. Probably for the best considering she was alone; of course, she wouldn’t be for much longer.

A wicked smile formed across her face as she remembered Justine’s face yesterday; how just seeing a hot stallion was enough to reduce her to a whimpering mess of lust. It had been her who found the videos in the first place, perhaps it was time she tried one herself; after yesterday she knew

her friend would be more than willing. Full of anticipation she jumped from her bed, she had a few hours before Justine would likely arrive and she wanted to make sure everything was perfect. She showered and made sure to dress in clothing she was not overly attached to before setting up the laptop in the living room just in time to hear a knock at the door. Rebecca's heart began to race as she ran for the door, taking a moment to compose herself before taking hold of the knob.

When she opened the door Justine was already pink in the face, fiddling with an errant curl of her red hair.

"Hi." She said in a small voice, "I'm so glad you didn't call and cancel...I wasn't sure if you still wanted to be friends after how I acted yesterday."

"How *you* acted?" Rebecca gaped incredulously.

"I basically took advantage of you, you'd been hypnotised by that video, you weren't yourself."

Rebecca waved her inside and slowly led her into the living room to sit down while assuring her.

"No, Justine, yesterday was wonderful. You have no idea. I never knew how good it could feel to be a stallion but, ah, I can't wait to do it again."

She was getting red in the face just thinking about it. Justine squirmed a little, sitting down on the couch as guided.

"Again?"

"Oh yes." Rebecca smiled, opening the laptop on the coffee table, she had the video already loaded, "With one small change; I want to be fully satisfied this time and to do that. I need a mare."

Justine's eyes grew wide, sliding from Rebecca's face to the laptop, locking on the spiral that was slowly forming on screen. Rebecca kept her eyes forward, not risking getting snared as Justine already was. Her eyes were wide, jaw slack as a sexy voice whispered;

"You are a mare, a horny, mare in heat..."

"Oh yeeeeees." Justine moaned.

Already Rebecca could see her new mare form in her mind's eye; the dappled hair, the red flowing mane, she would be magnificent. The perfect thing to plunge her throbbing horsecock into and finally be satisfied. The sound of a whinny out the window made her pussy throb, the wild horses were here. All it would take was one glance out her window to transform again but she had to be patient, she wanted Justine's trance good and strong so that they could change together. It was hard not to get drawn in by the sensual voice coming from the speakers herself, in the end she had to leave the room, Justine's moans echoing down the hall and making her wetter by the second until finally there was a sharp gasp as the video finished and the trance was broken.

She returned to see Justine with a sheen of sweat across her pink skin, her pupils still blown wide with lust. She finally met Rebecca's eyes and swallowed.

“Am I...like you now?” She whispered.

Rebecca smiled, gently taking her hand and opening the back door to the open fields where she knew the wild herd was waiting.

“Let's find out.”