

Sighing loudly, Alex clicked through the various websites, trying to find something, anything to deter him from going through what should have been a silly plan. Looking for ways to make easy money online was not the best use of his time, he knew. And, given the fact Alex was checking websites listing prices for horse semen, it was even less so for a layperson that hadn't invested thousands of hours and dollars raising and housing the champion beasts. Of all the ways he could be trying to search to make a quick buck, this should have been one of the last. And yet...

For as long as he had been mature, Alex was cursed, for better or worse, to start to change into a horse at the briefest of provocations. Though he was generally able to keep it in check, Alex had a distinctively equine side, one that would cause him to physically transform should he encounter the proper stimuli. Not sure whether his parents or himself had come across a cursed object, pissed off the wrong witch, or had the magical potential in their DNA, it was undeniable that this was his lot in life and something that he had learned to live with to the best of his ability. His mother had not been forthcoming on that front, something in her past powerfully embarrassing that she would not discuss even when drink was involved.

To Alex's chagrin, the urge to change came often, bringing on equine characteristics that took some effort for him to resist. It was even worse when he was around equine-related stimuli. Such included but was not limited to being around horses, particularly mares, seeing pictures, or, as was most common for him, participating in pony play activities in the bedroom, especially when he acted as or was talked down to like a horse might be. Even looking online at equine stimuli as he had been doing was a risk factor for his changes, though, thankfully, nothing had come of it this time.

Perhaps the worst thing about the whole affair was Alex's suspicion that his lineage was more horse than human. Sometimes he wondered if he was born a horse rather than a human, and had changed sometime in his youth, only to be prompted to change back after puberty. Either way, it was something that grew worse and worse into his twenties and beyond. Hell, as though equine was the natural form of his kin, Alex found he was infertile for human women, and even in human form, his testicles produced horse semen. Imagine explaining that one to his doctors!

Overall, Alex felt embarrassment in his equine side and his inability to keep it entirely at bay. There were many occasions when he would neigh or nicker reflexively, or even act out some horse-like gestures, such as flipping his hair from his face. He did his best to keep a hold of himself, though it was impossible to fully repress the occasional embarrassing nicker in public. Often, his hair would grow coarse for a time, even to the point where haircuts were the only option. If he wasn't careful, his eyes could bulge and form equine rectangles, or the tips of his ears could grow pointed, nose flaring, and jaw starting the jut out. Most shameful of all, though

only known to his roommate Dilong, his groin hair could change into silky hair, and his crotch would enlarge and turn black and leathery.

There was no denying how much Alex considered the changes a curse, having lost many a job from staying home to hide equine changes like ears, rectangular slitted eyes, and worse of all, the start of his wagging tail. Often the sounds of clopping from thickened toenails or the grunts of equine whinnies were enough to commit him to bed in shame of his equine side. His depression over the changes stemmed from his shame of a deep-seated love for them. Alex knew he needed to let the horse out but was never able to do so in the way he truly craved, save for one hobby he and his roommate shared.

Thankfully, even a complete change was not permanent, Alex able to turn back by suppressing his stallion urges and thoughts. Though with the horse instincts at their apex upon a full change, it was a difficult endeavor to completely repress them, especially the longer he stayed in horse form. Akin to imagining such things taking a cold shower and focusing on human food, tastes, and the like, it was not an easy matter when his mind so easily shifted toward equine endeavors. A full day was the longest stint he'd performed so far, and he was not in a hurry to repeat the experience.

Until now, that was. With mounting bills and the lack of steady employment, making some quick cash was becoming less a luxury and more of a way to survive. Though he had never reflected on using his equine body for financial means, the moment his friend brought up the idea, Alex was on the computer, surprised at how much money the animals could generate in short order. And, he already had himself as the animal in question...

"Find anything?" Dilong called, passing his bedroom for the third time in an hour. Surely, he was worried about his friend changing all the way in the house from doing the research. Or, perhaps he would be looking to get in on some action, which would hardly be the first time, given their shared proclivities.

"Oh, yeah. A few grand per sample, easy. And you know how much I can go when I...yeah?" Alex said, a little embarrassed.

The two were all but in a relationship except in name only, but that didn't stop their bedroom fun. Alex would swear he wasn't into guys in a normal setting, a sentiment that Dilong shared with him. They were, however, very much into the equine body that Alex grew into whenever they performed bedroom activities. It was something that Alex was thankful for upon his friend learning of his secret. Ponyplay was naturally one of the first things they tried, something Dilong was very much into. Alex was less into it at first, but his stallion's body was hypersexual, and he soon appreciated the attention. He even allowed Dilong to give him a proper

‘horse greeting’, where Dilong would breathe gently onto Alex’s nose as a way of introduction or presence.

Thus far, the two of them had simply masturbated together, both of them into it as Alex was turned partway into his equine self. They had never gone further, neither in terms of having penetrative sex nor allowing Alex to change all the way. But, if they were going to allow Alex to be milked for his valuable sperm...He was thankful Dilong was willing to do it!

With that, the two of them worked together on a plan to use this new knowledge to their financial benefit. Yet, they soon hit a roadblock, one rather extensive to their plans. Becoming a horse in a controlled environment to be jerked off for sperm was one thing. But such sales would not work for just any horse. Alex would need to be registered in some events, put up on a farm, and be allowed to compete and win in order to be eligible for donating sperm at a profit. At least Dilong, with his persistence and skill, managed to track down a buyer for Alex’s horse self. All they needed to do was change him, get him ready, and let his new trainers do the rest, hoping that human intelligence persisted enough for him to win the competitions.

With all the preparations made, the two of them made their way to an isolated field, where they would meet up with Dilong’s contacts once the change was done. Dilong assured Alex the proper papers were forged, though he would have to be blood tested to determine his worthiness to participate, otherwise, the entire endeavor would be for naught. Then, he would have to change back and not be caught in such an embarrassing circumstance while naked. With so many things that could go wrong, it was almost not worth it to undergo the plan in the first place had they not been desperate and, to be honest, a little greedy after seeing the price tag that came with horse sperm. Still, with as far as they had come, neither was prepared to back out now.

Getting naked, Alex felt his cock shrivel into himself, more than a little embarrassed about doing such a thing outside the bedroom. Though Dilong knew exactly how to please his prick, just the right way to let the horse out. Donning a bridle, Alex waited nervously for the familiar words to start the change, knowing he would be unable to resist the moment he heard them. “Goody horsey, just relax, let me take care of you...”

The moment the horse brush touched his hair, Alex felt himself start to get hard against his better inclinations, cock coming to full attention within a few moments. He honestly loved being treated as a horse, an animal, and getting his friend to take the reins, so to speak. Even out in a wide open space where someone could theoretically come along and see them, Alex couldn’t resist the words as the familiar tingling started over his form, signaling that his changes would soon begin.

As was the next obvious thing to follow, Alex could feel his member starting to grow even larger, that familiar rush of blood as the erectile tissue expanded within to equine proportions. It always made him a little dizzy at this point in the change, though delighted at the same time to feel his human meat expand, adding inches in mere moments. It remained a human's penis for the moment, but that was soon to change, giving him a stallion's hood before the rest of the changes took place. Whether it was his own desires or not, it was always his member to transition first during their pony play teases, and Alex would have it no other way!

Alex's cut maleness started to peel back, a painless parting of skin that allowed his longer member to bounce into the air while the excess skin pooled at the base. Soon, the larger than humanly possible penis started to discolor, splotches of black mixed with an increasingly pinkened shade that ran all the way to the base. The head flared to double the girth of the shaft as its crown became peppered with tiny nubs. His piss slit started oozing pints of fluids, lowering to the bottom of the head. Soon, his bobbing member began to point towards his stomach, a newly formed silky sheath hitching to his groin and belly.

"There, that's it, let the stallion out...you're a big boy, aren't you, stud?" Dilong whispered, petting the back of Alex's head and making him moan. With that, Alex could feel his ears twitch as though they wanted to be rubbed. His friend was eager to oblige, knowing it was a sensual spot and making Alex whicker a decidedly horsey sound as he did so.

With that, Alex stroked his cock, eager to get off and enjoy the changes. Normally, they jerked off together, or Dilong helped him out if his hands became non-functional. But this time, Dilong would have to work him all the way into a stallion if their plan was to succeed. "Yeah...that's it...such a big boy...good horsey...stroke that cock...while you still have hands..." Dilong whispered, reaching up to hook an oversized bridle onto Alex's head. It was gear they had used in the past, though seldom a thing that he grew large enough to take advantage of. The effect was doing it for him, especially as Dilong tugged on his reins, making him lean into it and prompting a wet pop to resonate through his jaws as they pushed forward to better fit the equipment.

Yet, it was the rubbing of his back that prompted the next major changes, skin itching as hair grew across the surface. A further prickling against his tailbone was what really did it for him, sensing it was getting longer and forming a bump that erupted with a flurry of coarse hair the moment it began to twitch. Soon, the hairs started playing over the back of his hips and legs, and Alex giggled in a deeper, equine tone.

"Yeah, that feels good, doesn't it, horsey..." Dilong whispered, reaching down to stroke that area at the base of his tail that made Alex melt. He loved the sensation, growing more and more sensual as his horse flesh grew sensitive and the changes continued to encroach over his

form. He swished his tail eagerly, feeling it brush over his backside as it started to move almost reflexively. It felt amazing to receive one of his favorite teases that Dilong gave to him, and Alex knew it was only going to get better from here.

Next, his backside started to grow, and with it, his hips parted to reveal his anus, the muscles writhing and pulsating into a black-skinned equine pucker. Something that once embarrassed him, Alex loved the attention he was getting, Dilong willing to reach back and rub the sensitive flesh, teasing around the rim and making him elicit a series of equine-sounding whickers. It was at this point Dilong usually brought him, teasing his ass and horse cock in equal measure before he showered the two of them in equine seed. However, Dilong was careful to not end their fun, figuring it was a good time to try going all the way in more ways than making Alex a total horse. The edging was almost maddening at this point, stallion hormones coursing through his being.

All the while, Alex's torso was getting larger, too, breaths coming in deeper as a forest of black horsehide peppered with brown hair erupted from his skin. This part of the change was powerfully uncomfortable, something Alex had only experienced a handful of times. The pain of his bones stretching, his organs growing in ways he could scarcely comprehend. Though with his friend's hand on his cock, and the other one teasing his rear, Alex was able to relax into it, letting the infrequent changes come as they would.

"That's a good horsey...take deep breaths...just let it happen...gooooood horsey..." Dilong encouraged him all the while, gently coaxing rivulets of precum to leak from his flared cocktip. Experienced as he was, Dilong did not bring his equine lover to orgasm, simply keeping Alex erect and stimulated and eliciting wheezing breaths from his flared nostrils. Alex let himself get into it, getting over the hurdle of mid-change so that he might be a horse in body as was his birthright.

Through his wheezing breaths, Alex became aware that his mouth was expanding from the force of his teeth enlarging, dentures thickening and yellowing, and making his breath taste foul. Equine breath was unpleasant, something he was thankful to get used to once his mind altered with his body. Horse instincts were used to being in a horse's body, after all, and using the thickened teeth to crop a grassy diet was all par for the course. Still, the sheer size of equine dentures was too much for his current mouth, giving him a comical appearance that Dilong couldn't help but chuckle at.

That level of change was a far cry from the sensations in his ears once they started to twitch involuntarily. The muscle below formed enough to move them before the contours of the ears stretched and pointed, the edges curling in on themselves as their surface peppered with equine hair. It was not the first time in recent weeks he had grown horse ears during the change,

loving the feeling and relishing the sensations as he was jerked off. The sounds of the world around him were amplified, though Alex did his best to ignore them for now, trying to focus on the pleasure of the change.

Yet, the worse part of the change for Alex was to come. It was always unnerving, though there was no denying their necessity for equine life. The tingling in his fingers denoted it was time to lose them before the swelling of the middle digit began its inevitable alterations. The implication of what he was to lose, his ability to interact with the world robbed from him always frightened him, but there was nothing to be done for it, knowing he needed to be fully feral for their plan to work. Worse, he would be stuck that way for several days and weeks, with only thick hooves to keep him off the ground. As hot as he found the changes, there were certainly some drawbacks to the process, indeed!

Alex could only stare as his other digits shrank away, twitching in their death throes before being reabsorbed into his wrists and gone from his anatomy. Thickened middle fingers soon took up the entirety of his hand, looking foreign and awkward as they flattened, the bones shifting to equine standards. A tingling numbness started running over the tip as his nails thickened, and Alex knew he was about to lose all tactile sensation from them. Oh well. Probably for the best, given the kinds of things he might step in as a horse!

Dilong was there the entire time, rubbing the skin of his former fingers and helping ease the aches of transformation that came with it. He helped stiffen the digits, worked the muscle into the spaces between former joints, and even encouraged the hollow innards of his hooves to form, though Alex could no longer feel the man's touch as their sensitivity was taken from him. As the keratin continued to expand, his fingers within it, Alex was left with functional hooves and sighed just slightly before accepting their presence on his body.

"Such a good horsey...just let it happen...you're becoming such a handsome stud!" Dilong encouraged, and Alex felt his ears flick into the words of praise. It did always feel amazing to be talked down like that, treated like an animal as part of their bedroom games. And, it certainly helped the transition to full equine hood, something that Dilong had never seen but something he was nonetheless eager to assist with!

At this point, Alex was aware he was to get down on all fours soon, body bulking up all the while and making it hard for him to stand. Though with his front hooves complete, he figured there was no reason not to, hips precarious as their internal structures altered. He was slow enough that there was no pressure from the impact as his front hooves hit the ground. It was for the best with his pelvis shifting into its new state, cracking and pushing through the meat and muscles of his hindquarters, and leaving his expanding equine ass into the air. The golden brown

fur of his horse's tail covered it as he flicked it around, the sweat of change already attracting the occasional fly.

“That’s a good horsey...good horsey...down on all fours where you belong, that’s it...” Dilong encouraged, and the words helped Alex relax into his posture and get down, feeling his backside altering so that the position was almost comfortable.

Of course, his legs had to shift as well, hips flattening with their internal bones as a flap of skin attached them to his ever-increasing flanks. Thighs and calves stayed relatively shorter and made him sink backward before his heels stretched to make up the slack. Middle toes were growing much the same way as his fingers had, and Dilong got down, Alex’s horse cock bobbing against him as he rubbed the discomfort out of Alex’s digits. It helped him relax into the changes, allowing him to let his toes go from his anatomy. Soon, standing on the tips of his fingers and toes felt almost normal, his arms having thinned out but retaining the muscle he needed to support his massive weight.

By now, his neck and head were growing in proportion to his expanding bulk, and Dilong moved his hand along Alex’s neck as though encouraging his mane to grow in. The dark blond hair matched his brown coat rather fetchingly, Alex had to admit. With his head still mostly human, he couldn’t see the coarse hair growing. Rather he was aware of its color from his past changes. Dilong was there to rub it in, making the itching of its sprouting more comfortable. “There there, such a handsome horsey...almost changed...then I can finish having some fun with you...” Dilong whispered. Dilong had seemed oddly into the notion of finishing off his friend as a horse. Alex didn’t question it, currently horny as hell to the point he was slapping his massive horse dick against his groin in a bid to get off.

Cracks and pops resonated through his skull as the rest of his head started to change, expanding and pushing his eyes to the sides, something that Alex always felt unnerving. For a while, he could see all the way around him, wider than anything humanly possible. But then it was too wide, and the rest of the world around him turned blurry, taking a few blinks for him to reacquire the clarity he was used to. Though he could see, it was much more difficult to make out things around him, now posing a vision based more on movement. Though he could see with the same stereoscopic vision he was used to, it was only an area just above his blind spot that granted such clarity. As his eyes started to bulge in their sockets, the colors of the world faded, in particular the greens of grass and reds in his friend’s shirt. Something he had experienced before but unnerving nonetheless.

Skull sloping, the size of his muzzle was allowed to fully flow outward, making his massive tongue and teeth finally feel comfortable. An intercostal area opened up between molars and his canine teeth, thickening gums likely turning splotchy though he’d never used a mirror to

see. Massive nostrils sat on the ends of the muzzle, and gums flared and stretched, more flexible than anything he could imagine on his frame. He recalled as much he could from past bouts of equine hood, cropping grass in quantities impressive for his size. And he could flare them too, equine body language that even with his inherent instincts was full of mysteries. Alex felt a calm settling into his mind and making him more comfortable in his skin as the stallion enjoyed being in what he perceived to be his natural body once more.

“That’s it...all done! What a handsome horse! Such a good stud! Let’s get you worked up, boy!” Dilong exclaimed, and Alex felt a shiver running through his body. Though usually loving the arousal the initial change gave him, Alex was even more excited for what was to come. It would be the first time he would cum with a full stallion’s body, not just with the cock and some equine features on the still-human frame.

Whickering his excitement, Alex stamped his hooves, massive body shaking his cock and indicating his urge to be jerked off. The moment a pair of firm hands gripped his penis was the moment that Alex felt his eyes roll in his head, more aroused than at any time he could recall. He loved being jerked off, of course, but to be jerked off as a beast, an animal was powerfully exciting. What would that feel like to cum from that? He was about to find out!

Dilong was equal parts firm and gentle as he rubbed Alex’s horse rod, slick sucking sounds ringing in Alex’s ears as his friend skillfully ran up and down his rod. One went over his length, while the other held from just under the tip of his mushroom-shaped cockhead. Dilong knew well his friend’s preferred way of being stroked off with a horse’s cock, though the angle was a little off from the size of his horse’s body. Still, Dilong managed to make it pleasurable, not letting his hands slide off his cock for even a moment as he continued to stroke with expert precision. With his massive balls slapping against his friend’s body, how could Alex manage to hold back for long?

Yet, the more he was jerked off, the more his thoughts turned to equine endeavors, imagining rutting and fucking like the champion, dominant stallion he was. It was nice having the hand to help him, and he was powerfully turned on. Yet, there was something missing, like the stimulation of a mare’s cunt lips on his cock, the scent of her pheromones, and the grip of his hooves on her flanks as he bit down to claim her...why wasn’t he experiencing these things that part of his brain was sure were *right*?!

Still, the part of his mind aware of his humanity remembered Dilong and all the satisfying fun they had together. It was enough to bring him to the edge, knowing it was Dilong jerking him off and how much Dilong loved to pleasure his equine hood. With that, the pressure building was more than he could manage as his balls prepared to blow their burden. Without any ability to hold back, the stallion Alex had become reared up, almost knocking his friend over with the



power of his equine body. Powerful tremors raced through his body as his cock spasmed and shot like a firehose, spraying semen all over the ground and even some on his belly. The orgasm lasted longer than even the times when they had gotten off mid-change, Alex feeling himself shivering with the intense release.

“Yeah...that a big boy...good boy...good horsey...” Dilong continued to tease, even though the change was done and there was no practical purpose to continue any longer. It seemed he longed to treat Alex in such a manner, something Alex was not complaining about if truth be told.

Eventually, Alex was finished, feeling the last of his horse cum clinging irritatingly on his cock head, though there was nothing to be done for it, horse that he was unable to clean himself. Dilong, too, stood up, sniffing the musk on his hands from having touched such a massive seeking cock. Licking them a little, knowing it was his friend and not some dumb stallion, Dilong seemed to let himself get into it a little more, grinning as he did so.

“Can’t do much more than that, or else I’d have some explaining to do!” Dilong had said, and Alex didn’t have to think too much about what that meant. It might be fun in his own right, Alex a consenting adult, even if one was a different species.

With that, he had only to wait a few hours for the buyer to come to pick him up. He would at least have to be tied to a pole to make it seem more natural for someone to come across him without the trailer he should have been brought in. Wanting to make sure they weren’t caught mid-change, Alex had recommended they do the change early. So now he figured it was prudent to get used to his body once again, not something he had much experience with as of late. Walking around was easy, given the instincts and rewiring of his mind to work his body. Walking gait secured, Alex tried trotting, Dilong moving with him to encourage him, though he was hardly a horse trainer, and there was little purpose in doing so. His body was able to manage it, instincts knowing how to get into the rhythm of things.

Hungry and sweaty, Alex figured it was worth a try to reach down and clip some grass, something he had tasted before and found he didn’t mind. The flavor was bland, if not refreshing somewhat, and Alex’s nimble lips started to graze with vigor, needing more food than he was ready for even knowing how massive his body was. It soon became clear he would need to eat most of the day in order to meet his dietary demands. Still, there was something relaxing about the act, given the lack of anything to do while waiting.

Eventually, it was time for the trailer to arrive and money to be exchanged for Alex’s temporary leave as a horse. Dilong would not have much in the way of contact with him, though Dilong could access the farm on occasion and aid in his grooming and care. Being put up in a

stall should have been an expensive affair, though Dilong had somehow managed it for a split of the profits. How he managed, Alex hadn't bothered to ask, but it was a moot point, given he had made it work. They had to put forth some registration fees and the like, taking away the rest of their meager savings on a gamble. Perhaps worse of all, Alex couldn't be turned back each day, not wanting to be caught and thus having to essentially live as a horse in the interim.

Alex was eventually led into the trailer, the scents of dry hay more appetizing than he could have expected. Never having tried it before, Alex found the sweet flavor surprisingly pleasant, more flavorful than the grass, and in larger quantities for him to eat his fill. It was easy to get lost in feeding as the trailer bounced along the road, taking him to his eventual home for the next several weeks. At least the action allowed him to stay in the mindset of a horse and lower the chance of his unwanted reversion!

With that, he was taken to a rather small, if not private stall, given hay and bedding, and left for the evening. Part of him was thankful he was not subjected to the other horses, his mind feeling a dominant streak compared to them, though the human him did not want to issue a challenge. Fatigued as he was, Alex wanted to lie down, but with his inexperience with his form, he didn't want to risk it. Eventually, he passed out standing up, the scents of other equines and his own odor lulling him into a deep sleep, horsey thoughts plaguing his head.

Having never been a horse for more than a day at a time before now, Alex was starting to realize why it had never been a desirable affair, as much as his instincts dictated otherwise. For one, his sense of smell was far enhanced, including the scents of his own waste and those of his contemporaries. The stench of horse sweat, manure, and urine persisted in his nose at all times, most of all when he had to relieve himself, something that came frequently with little control. Biting insects were quick to follow, and no matter how much his tail flicked and his skin twitched, Alex couldn't be fully rid of them. Though he didn't mind the taste of hay and grass, he had nothing else to sate his appetite, no treats or anything of the sort to vary up his diet. That, and the other horses, though kept separate from him for now, gave him a sense of longing and distaste in equal measure. He wanted to be closer to them but would have to fight that dominant streak, one that required he challenges some of the other stallions. It was also maddening to constantly undergo the mental disconnect!

Not everything was so bad, however, and he did find some things about equine life that were not only tolerable but almost pleasant. As easy as it was to live as a horse, Alex was able to fall into the rhythm of things, eating, standing, and taking in the world through an equine viewpoint. Though his vision was awkward from a human's standpoint, his hearing and sense of smell were top-tier, and he loved the information they provided him. Hours would literally fly by as his equine mind was allowed to drift, creating a sense of peace beyond human understanding. And Dilong came to visit him every day, grooming Alex and talking down to him in that equine

way that Alex loved. With all that attention, it was easy to remain in the guise of a horse with little chance of him reverting to his humanity, as was their goal.

The training itself, however, was an entirely different affair. His equine instincts struggled with the training and against most human interactions, especially without Dilong around, the only human his equine mind felt truly comfortable around. He unknowingly possessed a distinct free-spirited stallion attitude which his handlers often commented on, much to their chagrin. 'Wild catch' was one term he heard used over and over. Though his chocolate brown coat and blond mane were the subject of compliments, being a rare color morph and a handsome, healthy body beside. Alex could not help but feel some sense of stallion pride over that fact. And, as the days went by, his handlers seemed to think he was showing great promise, although he was very stubborn, he would likely be broken in soon. Alex resented that somewhat, though knew it had to happen.

Although he and Diling had done some ponyplay prior, this was the first time he was treated as a real horse, making the whole affair troublesome. Getting used to the gear was harder than it looked, the leather material uncomfortable against his skin, and taking everything Alex had not to resist. Even with human awareness, his horse urges made him rear the first time a saddle was put on his back, urges that he always possessed but could repress while in human form. The bit, in particular, was annoying, and he refused to take it at first, though his handlers knew a few tricks on that front. Fingers pushed in the gap in his mouth, and with a quick pull, the bit was in. Alex chewed and tried to spit up at first, but the bit was anchored in his muzzle and there was nothing to be done about it. After an adjustment time, Alex got used to the bit and snorted, accepting it in his mouth. Part of him knew he needed to get used to it either way, but it was certainly not easy.

Next, Alex was led around a circle while tied up to break him into the saddle. Just walking as a horse was easy enough for him, but learning all the gaits was harder than he thought. Though he knew the terms of trotting, canter, and other walks, learning to change to them all while wearing a bit, bridle, and harness was a rather arduous affair. Over the next few days, Alex did not come to enjoy being saddle any more than he had when they'd first begun. Almost as bad as a bit, Alex bucked the first time it was put on and it took some time for him to calm down. It was akin to being grabbed on the ass unexpectedly, though Alex did his best to endure it, knowing they were shaping his behavior. Alex knew he had to endure the training no matter what, and that his instincts alone would not be enough to proceed with his plan.

After hours of such work, Alex found himself tired and sweaty, though he was not to be left that way. Afterward, he was washed and groomed, something he thoroughly enjoyed. The saddle stayed on him, however, something that Alex lamented. After his washing, a rather sweet smell entered his nose, one he recognized as oats, which elicited a rather happy nicker. Alex did

enjoy oatmeal as a human, likely due to his equine heritage. With some eagerness, he started to lap them up, finding them delicious and gorging on them with gusto with his thick, rubbery lips. Though the metallic taste from the bit took away from the flavor, he soon devoured the entire bucket.

Eventually, he was relieved of the saddle and the bit for the day. Alex partook in a few munching motions and eased his lips which were still strained by the bit. In his stall, he was able to chew on some hay, drink his fill, and relieve himself. Part of him didn't want to admit how good hay tasted to him, but there was no denying how satisfying it had become. Hell, part of him felt better eating hay than his usual breakfast of fried eggs with bacon and toast!

Soon, Alex's practiced mind was able to avoid struggling and took the bit willingly. His trainers were surprised by the level of progress that he was making. Getting broke in with every step of his newly shod hooves, a process Alex did not enjoy but something he was able to force himself to endure. Alex was sure he was moving toward being a domesticated horse with each clip and clop and trot. In a way, he felt some humiliation, though it was the stallion instincts within him as much as anything else. The human him knew Alex needed to do so for the sake of the plan. After he won them some money, he could ditch the reigns and neigh loudly, running in a pasture unshod, unbridled, and... Alex shook his head at the intrusive thoughts. He would, of course, be turned back into a human after this was done! Right?

There was some good news, Dilong brought to him one day while he was stuck in his stall. Alex had gone in for a medical examination during the first few days, where his hooves, teeth, face, mane, and coat were all checked to determine his breed and value. To Alex's chagrin, he received excessive examination of his testicles and penis, being rubbed and squeezed and taking everything he had not to lose himself in a rut. Blood work had also been taken, and the genetic sampling tests had come back on his pedigree. It was determined he was of very fine breeding stock, a purebred Silesian horse, also known as a Slaski. That made sense to Alex; his grandparents came from Silesia, as much as his mother had told him. They were not the rarest breed by far, used for light field work and draft work, as well as riding.

One thing his breed was known for was driving, one of the disciplines of equine competitive sports. So, with that, he was given a heavy draft harness, blinders, and a DEAM bridle, and put in front of a wagon for driver's lessons. With practice, he had learned the proper gaits, pulling the cart and getting used to dispersing the weight over his strong body. The blinders were something difficult to get used to. Alex was accustomed to the idea of having some control and acting a bit on his own with human awareness. But now he was forced, more than ever before, to allow someone else to guide him. It was unpleasant to be only steered by the bit pulling his mouth to the right side and a whip stinging his horse's ass. It was difficult at first for him to be broken in to give up full control, though much faster than any other horse they had

trained in the past, as best as he was aware. The trainers seemed to say so on their own on more than one occasion!

In the end, honoring his horse heritage, Alex developed quite a talent for driving. His jumping, too, was more quickly acquired than expected, and Alex even developed a liking for dressage on a personal level. His handlers were very impressed, and his horse ears always twitched in delight whenever he heard a compliment. Alex had quickly turned himself around from a wild catch to one of the finest disciplined horses they ever had. He was confident and proud of his equine abilities, knowing he would win the competition and bring them the much-needed cash.

Soon, it would be time for him to turn back after jerking off in a tube to collect his semen. His sperm would be worth something even without his trophies, and he was well on his way to the first competition. He should have been excited by the notion their plan was coming to fruition and that it would only be some more weeks before he was able to revert to his humanity and enjoy the fruits of their labor. But the more he stayed the horse, the more comfortable it was becoming, and the less appealing his human life seemed to be. It was of little consequence for now, not able to change back yet. But, someday soon...

Eventually, the day came when it was time for him to compete, and Alex did his best to prepare mentally from both aspects. He needed to draw on all the training and motions he had been settled into, though he had the advantage of a human mind to relay them. Alex followed every order to the letter, equine instincts dictating his moves as Alex transferred memory to instincts and allowed his performance to sail beyond anything the judges had likely seen before. With such a successful show, there was no way he couldn't see himself getting a desirable score!

Alex wasn't sure his standing, though the medal pinned to his gear seemed to indicate he had won some higher placement. That was all he needed to do, he thought, to raise the value of his sperm and bring the lucrative payday that he and his roommate had longed for. Mission accomplished, as it were! Dilong came to congratulate him, saying there were a few more tournaments coming in the following weeks, and asked if Alex would stay a horse. He nodded yes, knowing that his time as a stallion could have otherwise come to an end, but not caring. By this point, he had indulged his equine side for so long that it felt almost normal to the point that it was sometimes hard to recall what life had been before.

Yet, it seemed like his handlers had other plans for him. Kept alone as he was, Alex was not privy to the fact that several of the mares on site were in heat and that direct insemination was preferable for his breed. Therefore, the day he was moved to another facility and a stall within, the scents of mares and their heat burned into his massive nostrils and made him whicker in confusion and lust. Not allowed to meet with them just yet, Alex was left to snort his

frustrations, alone in his stalls as he was. He wanted desperately to yell out for help, but could only scream in his mind, things like *Why don't I have hands? Where's Dilong when you need him!?* Alex lamented the high wooden fence separating them. Alex reflexively gritted his teeth, fleming in the process, a very equine gesture. Thankfully, he was able to release himself to go out into the field, though it did little to remove the smell of pheromones from his nose.

With his testicles quivering, the urge to relieve their tension was all-consuming. He tried to walk it off, but his rock-hard erection was swaying under him with every step he took. It almost felt like his balls might explode if he didn't get off. A clumsy attempt to move his front legs reminded him they no longer worked that way. It left him trotting infuriatingly, kicking at the grass, cock bouncing against his belly, and his balls wiggling within his tight pouch. The sensation on his penis was rather pleasant, and he repeated it a few times, loving the stimulation but still not finding it enough to get him off in the way he needed. As the moments passed and he grew closer, Alex felt the urge to bite down on something, to hold onto anything to keep it in place. Part of him was sure it was a stallion instinct, and needing to sate it, he moved over to bite down on a wooden fence. That, in tandem with the kick of his back foot on his cock was finally enough to bring him blessed relief.

“NNNEEEEEIIIGGGHHH!” He cried out, not caring if any humans heard him as he blew his load all over his belly and the grass. It was a primal need to call out, the stallion Alex was claiming his territory. Part of him was disappointed in the way his cock was not fully engulfed by a warm mare's cunt, but there was little to be done for it without a mare's cunt lips to quell his need.

It was sometime later when he had another medical examination, and subsequently chipped, and registered as a horse. Even when he changed back, he would have to remove it lest he was found out about his curse. It felt bizarre to be chipped as a horse, officially logged into a stud book that his semen could be used to inseminate mares. It was almost like a finality to his form like he was a true horse and always had been, something that felt right to his psyche yet something that he felt conflicted about all the same.

It was during that medical examination Alex overheard the plan to have him breed the mates directly, rather than collecting his sperm for in vitro fertilization. It left him more than a little nervous, not wanting to mate with the mares and his human side being disgusted with the notion. Though even when he was reminded he would be required to sire the mares personally, Alex kept his composure, drawing on his equine training to not be seen as suspect. This wasn't part of the plan, damnit! He didn't think a championship horse like him would need to be put out of stud, as it were. Worse, Dilong was nowhere to be found, with no way to protest his eventual treatment. He wasn't sure why his friend had stopped coming around as much, and couldn't even

ask when he did. Maybe it was because he was ‘sold off’ and Dilong simply didn’t have as easy access. Alex had no way to know for sure.

Worse was how frisky he was becoming, now stabled with the other mares and smelling their heady aroma of need with each passing day. Each whiff from their swishing tails and the sight of their glistening vulvas made him more and more sex-crazed, essentially leaving him to masturbate frequently by thrusting against his belly and spilling his seed. Their heady presence in tandem with the power of his stallion body kept him constantly aroused. He did his best to keep his self-pleasure secret, not wanting his caretakers to know what he was doing and encouraging him to mate. Yet, he wasn't sure if he could fight the instincts if he was presented with a stall with one of the mares in heat!

As the days went by with no Dilong in sight, Alex felt his apprehension growing, knowing he would soon be put in a position to mate. His own human feelings were conflicted, Alex not wanting to do such a thing with a natural-born animal. Yet their presence called to his instincts, and it was hard to battle through the confusion troubling him. By the time he had finally come to terms with it, Alex was sure he wouldn't be able to properly resist, as much as it would be detrimental to his future. After all, if he felt enough like a horse, would he even be able to change back? He'd never been a horse for this long, and it was already hard to focus to the point of being able to revert the change. Or to change to human, Alex was starting to understand. His horse self felt more natural at this point, and since it took so much concentration to remain in his human state, perhaps this *was* his natural form.

Far too soon, the time came when he was led to his first mare, and Alex reflexively shied away from it at first, bucking and rearing against his better-trained instincts. But without injuring any of the humans, there was no way to pull away from them, and he was forced into a breeding stall with a waiting mate, one whose scent indicated she was in heat. Eventually, Alex regained his trained composure, unable to resist against the extensive training and having been worked into a good stallion.

Before he could stop himself, Alex walked into the stall, the gate closed behind him so there was no way for him to escape even if he was inclined. All at once, he was overwhelmed by the scent and sight of the mare’s pussy, something she kept on him in full display. Every human instinct in his mind was telling him to resist, to shy away. But the conflict in his mind was maddening, knowing he shouldn’t but needed it to the point it was impossible to resist. Instead, he was able to make it around the mare, nipping her back and neck and allowing the stallion instincts to take over, so long as he wasn’t directly mounting. With that, Alex finally felt himself safe from further unwanted actions.

Yet, that was not to be the case for long. Letting himself go and not even holding onto a modicum of restraint, Alex was on the back of the mare, rearing up and spearing for her moist lips with his thick equine cock. The moment he realized what he was doing was the moment his cockhead slid inside her, sending waves of sexual ecstasy through his entire being. It felt so good that his penis pushed in reflexively, front hooves gripping onto her sides as he slid all the way up inside of her. The mare thrust against him, and Alex started humping, wanting to pull out and stop himself but unable to deny the powerful instincts to mate. He could do naught but barely fight the cascading waves of pleasure, even going so far as to reach up and nip the nape of her neck, holding her in place as he took his pleasure and claimed his prize.

Pumping as he was, it took little time for him to reach his climax, feeling his balls churn and his cock spasm against her eager folds. Equines, as he was, did not last in the midst of the canal pleasures, the deposition of semen their main goal. With no regard for the mare's comfort, Alex felt his cock unloaded and spill what felt like gallons of horse sperm deep into her cervix. The mare, for her part, seemed to grip his cock in her cunt lips as though milking him for all he was worth. The pleasure made him white out, and for a moment, Alec forgot that he was balls deep in a mare, mating away like the horse he was with no regard for his former humanity.

A deep-seated shame fell over Alex the moment he pulled out of the mare, semen leaking from her cunt as she swished her tail over her backside in a show of contentment. He couldn't believe what he had done, yet there was no choice but to do so in the moment. He could not have resisted the stallion he was with all the willpower in the world, and his lamentation was for the situation he was put in rather than the action himself. Any pure-blooded stallion would act the same, and he was denying part of himself. He was a horse and perhaps had been ever since he changed for that first time. Or even before he was born, Alex was coming to suspect. Still, he snorted his distaste, allowing himself to be taken back to his stall with at least some contentment over the mating act and some relief from the internal tension in his balls.

With that, Alex decided he needed to revert to his former self as soon as possible, not wanting to live this equine existence and that particularly distasteful aspect that came with it. Yet, with as long as he had been a horse, it was starting to feel more of this real life. Perhaps it was, the curse more of a reversion to a proper stallion state than turning him into something he was not intended to be. Hell, perhaps even some of the horses in the stalls had been humans once of his bloodline, having given into equine life as he eventually had. Without the ability to speak to them in human terms, there was really no way to know.

Desperate now, Alex braced himself, focusing on his human form and imagining what it was like to be human again. It was a daunting task with so many equine stimuli around him, especially with his cock still pleased from his mating. It was the mating that truly enraptured him, an equine instinct of ownership that left him reeling. It was more fulfilling than anything he



could recall from a primal perspective, and even thoughts of Dilong couldn't draw him all the way out of it. Even when he did focus on Dilong, the memories were not of their human games or chats, but rather his teasing of Alex's equine side, almost to the point he wished to stay this way, to be the horse Dilong held in such reverence...

Hours passed, Alex unable to bring up a modicum of tingling that would send him back to his human form. Every time he tried to focus on his humanity, something from his equine life drew him back, to the point it was almost impossible for him to deny he preferred his equine form. Hell, it was always the one he was subconsciously trying to revert to while in human form, right? And there was that growing suspicion about what his mother had kept from him, that he had been born a horse, able to shapeshift to human and not the other way around. Then, did that mean...?

Eventually, Dilong came to him, informing Alex they had his samples and the plan had gone through. It was fully safe for him to revert; Dilong even had his clothes on hand and rubbed Alex's nose, encouraging him to return back to his humanity. But, by this time, even the scents of his humanity on the clothing were not enough to bring him back. And, to him, Dilong smelled more like an 'owner' than a friend or anything else a human might equate to him. No amount of rationalization could bring him back from that, no matter how much Dilong tried to work with him otherwise...

As the months and even years slowly passed him by, Alex became accustomed to the reality that he might be a horse forever. At first, he lamented it, taken away from his humanity and any future he might have with his roommate. Alex was torn between everything he had known and everything he had come to gain from his equine life. Yet, try as he might, there was no denying how fulfilling his equine body was for him, making it impossible for him to find a reason to change back. Though with time and training, Alex eventually found some purpose in life, competing in many competitions to win and being milked of his sperm to his own pleasure, or in a mare or breeding stand. He loved being an obedient horse, one that was loved and revered and had purpose with the humans around him. It sat right with him, as though he was living in the body he was born with rather than the one Alex had fooled himself into thinking he was supposed to have...