

Sean woke up groggily, unsure of his surroundings. Certainly, he was not in his familiar bed nor anything resembling the travel lodges he'd spent his last several nights in during his cross country vacation. He had a massive headache indicative of the amount of beer and spirits he'd likely consumed last night. His back ached as though he'd spent a night on the cold hard ground. Something stank to high heaven, reminding him of a barn filled with fresh manure and sweat and hay. Had he drunk too much and passed out somewhere in the countryside? He allowed a moment for his mind to clear, trying to recall the events of the past evening, as he slowly opened his eyes.

He was very clearly in someone's barn. Early dawn light drifted in lightly through cracks in the rafters. He heard the sounds of horses nearby, though they were not visible from his vantage point. How much had he drunk last night? He noticed his traveling companion Jacob still passed out beside him, very much naked. In horror he realized that he too was missing his clothes.

They were in a large enclosure, like a pen or stall, with the door closed and latched. He stood up slowly and began to make his way to the gate. He heard the sound of metal dragging across the floor as he moved, and before he could make it to the gate something tripped him. He looked down to see that his right foot was ensnared in a metal chain attached to the center of the pen. Jacobs left leg was locked in a similar device.

"Hey, Jacob, you need to wake the fuck up now!", Sean yelled, panicked.

"Hey man, wha...hey what the fuck?!", his friend exclaimed, waking up and realizing their surroundings. He quickly took inventory of his own body and in panic made a move to cover himself. Sean realized the uncomfortableness of the situation and moved his own hands over his crotch. He'd never seen his best friend naked and was extremely perturbed at the very notion.

"What the hell happened to us?! How'd we get here?" Jacob demanded, signs of fear evident in his voice. Things like this didn't happen in real life, did they? The fear of the unknown situation weighted heavily on his thoughts.

"No clue. What's the last thing you remember? What did we do last night man?" Sean struggled against a haze, trying to focus on the last thing he remembered. Their trip had mostly been a blur, a whirlwind of fun and self-indulgence. What had been so special about last night to land them here?

"Ummm....fuck man I don't...wait a minute, didn't we come across a guy's farmhouse? Did he invite us inside? Oh fuck what did he do!?" Jacob yelled, the horror of their situation dawning on him at last.

"Ah, I see you're both awake" came a voice from somewhere in the barn. Sean looked around; it didn't appear as though anyone else was present. His gaze fell up a camera and speaker at the far end of the room, one that had avoided his notice until now.

"It's no surprise that your memories are a bit fuzzy. After effect of the nanites you came into contact with. Completely necessary and effective for my purposes, mind you. I have no need from drugs with these abilities but I'm afraid they elicit some similar effects" The voice continued, calm demeanor clearly evident through the occasional static of the outdated device.

"Drugs?! What kind of sick fuck are you?", Sean yelled towards the camera.

"Ah, I suppose you might consider me that, from your viewpoint," Replied the voice behind the camera. "No matter. You two are now mine to do with as I please, and I have a very special purpose for you. A new experiment to test on you. The particulars would most likely be wasted on those of intellect such as yourselves, but suffice it to say that I specialize in genetics and body modification. I prefer volunteers but often have to settle on individuals such as yourselves, who I am able to acquire without a lot of questions being asked. I recall you told me in your drunken stupor that you were both on vacation, on your way back into town to check into a motel, giving me the ideal chance to take you in for my goals with minimal risk of you being discovered. Not that anyone will be able to find you, of course, once you've finished changing shape."

"What the fuck are you talking about? Change us? Why?!", Sean yelled, frustration slowly turning to fear. This man was clearly insane; he had them both completely at his mercy, and yet he was talking with them. If he was going to harvest their organs, or whatever else the sick fuck might take hostages for, why waste the effort telling them about it?

"Again, I couldn't expect your simple minds to grasp the complexities of my research, and I doubt any explanation I could provide could do more than your experiences over the course of the next several minutes. The nanites I exposed you with while unconscious should be taking effect momentarily. I gave them a specific set of parameters, to reconfigure your bodies while allowing me to see the effects on your mentalities. They will change you, reconfigure you into a completely non-human animal. In this instance, I am testing a new variant of *equis caballris* DNA on you. As I expect you both to be lay people, I think it's better explained that you will both be changed into my own special variant of the domestic horse. These changes are quite permanent, and I expect the reality of your new situation to be rather daunting.

Sean couldn't grasp the full meaning of what the man was telling him. That was impossible, wasn't it? Did he mean that he and Jacob would be horses soon? He didn't want to believe it but the more the prospect occurred to him, the more he found himself wondering if it explained the bizarre situation.

Sean suddenly felt an intense itch around the skin on both his wrists. In shock he looked down to see his skin darkening, hairs on his arm thickening and spreading along his wrists. From the corner of his eye he noticed Jacob was staring down intensely at his own arms. In his panic he hardly noticed the sensation beginning to spread all over him, engulfing every inch of his flesh with an uncomfortable tingling sensation. He rubbed himself all over, ignoring his previous concern of nakedness, trying in vain to relieve the irritation. His skin felt warm all over, as though he'd been under heavy sunlight for an extended period. Slowly he felt his once smooth skin ripple and thicken, darkening even as his body hair multiplied, the dark brown coat a stark contrast to his natural blond.

"I see my nanites have taken effect. I will be silent now; I prefer to observe the transformation with no further interference on my part. I will see you soon, though of course you won't be able to communicate with me by then. That should be for the best after hearing your limited linguistic capacity," He added with that superior tone.

"Hey, what the fuck! Come back here!" Sean yelled at the camera in vain. He tried to shake his fist, but couldn't bring himself to remove his hands and lose the only little reprieve he had from the insistent itch that coated his body. Jacob too had given up the struggle to cover his nudity and was forced to rub himself down, feeling the frightening sensation of change as new horse fur marched across his prone form. Sean couldn't believe the speed at which new hairs sprang forth from their blackening hides, an assurance the strange man's words were coming to pass.

Sean was distracted by an ache in his feet, centering on his middle toe. Sean watched in horror as his toe expanded, pressing painfully against his other toes as it grew, while the remaining digits began shrinking into the soles of his feet. The nail over his middle toes darkened, stretching slowly across the skin to encompass the entirety of the circumference of his toe. He felt the bones in his feet ache as they twisted into new shapes, middle toe growing longer before his very eyes. His heel stretched further from the sole of his foot than he would have preferred to see, greatly expanding the distance between them even as his remaining toes pulled uselessly back into the base of his foot, slowly losing their mobility as he tried in vain to wiggle them. Soon each foot resembled what he recognized as a horse hoof, not quite fully transitioned yet but well of their way. His new hoof foot retained little of the sensitivity of his human limb; he could no longer feel the coarseness of the dirty barn floor beneath him.

Why the hell was this happening to them? What had they done to deserve this? He wanted to be back in his hotel room, thinking about all the hot women he'd seen in the taverns the last few nights, not stuck in some madman's barn turning into a fucking horse! What did anyone have to gain by turning people off the street into horses? It made no fathomable sense. Yet it did not matter as the changes progressed forwards, dealing their fates as common farm animals.

Jacob suddenly cried out in pain and grasped at his butt, rubbing frantically at the area above his cheek at his coccyx. He rolled over slightly, allowing Sean to view the writhing, pulsing mass beneath the skin of his friend's lower back. Something wriggled underneath, pressing up against

the flesh trying to push through. Jacob yelled and cursed as the growth painfully made its presence known, slowly tearing through the skin of his lower back, relentless in its drive to make its presence known.

"Holy fuck, is that a tail?" Sean asked, fear clearly evidence in his tone.

"No fucking way man, this can't be real, make it stop!" Jacob yelled as the growth gained inch after inch, taking on a texture similar to the skin on the rest of his body. Jacob's new growth itched incredibly as new hairs forced their way through the skin of the tip, far longer and more course than the rest of his new fur coat. Within moments the tail had grown out to a more respectable length, looking terribly out of place on his still mostly human backside.

"Can...can you move it?" Sean asked, fear mixed with a little curiosity. He knew he would soon have a tail as well; there was nothing he could do to stop it. He wanted to know what it felt like, to have an alien appendage he'd be forced to own the rest of his days. Final proof that he was destined to be a non-human animal.

"I think...oh fuck that feels weird man," Jacob replied, the tail lifting noticeably up expose his taut buttohole. He quickly lowered it again, embarrassed at the sensation of a cool breeze on his most private of places. It felt like an extension of him, a muscle he never knew he had. It felt good to move it, as though exercising a limb he'd not been able to move in some time. He felt a tickling against his buttock; he turned to see that the course horsehair on his tail had grown long enough to brush against his skin. He moved it again, for a brief moment forgetting the horror of his situation and enjoying the tickling sensation by swishing his now much longer and more elegant tail. He could see why horses did it so much as he watched his tail hairs dancing over the darkening flesh of his ass even as it slowly began to inflate.

By now thick horse flesh had overtaken much of their limbs and torsos, fur rapidly falling in place behind, Sean's a dark brown while Jacob's was a golden yellow. Sean noticed his belly had distended a bit, as though his ribs were pushing against the skin and muscle underneath. The changes were uncomfortable, though not as painful as they should be. Sean was thankful for the small favor. He couldn't fathom writhing on the barn floor from the full force of the pain that should be coursing through his body from the onset of such horrific changes.

A strong smell began filling the barn. It was one Sean remembered from summers working on his uncle's farm, a smell of sweat and horses. This time it was coming from him. Could their sweat glands have changed that much already? Sean's skin felt damn for perspiration, partially from the heat in the barn and partially from the panic he felt at changing forms. He had a frightening notion, that from now on the smell was a part of him, he would spend the rest of his life reeking of horseflesh.

An intense heat began to build up in Sean's crotch, distracting him from the itching and aches over the rest of his body. Focused on the sensation, he found himself suddenly feeling very

horny. What the hell was wrong with this picture? There was certainly no way the changes could be turning him this much. Yet he couldn't deny the pleasurable sensations emanating from his crotch. His dick had gotten hard, growing quickly past his usual 7 inch length and still going. It was beginning to look like something fit for a farm animal; the shape and width were all wrong, and the entire length was changing color, becoming a mottled pink and black to match his changing skin tone.

The tip began to flatten before his eyes, urethra growing wider to better accommodate the larger load his now orange sized balls would soon produce, or the gallons of piss he'd be uncontrollably letting loose underneath him. The shape was so alien to him as his familiar member took on a shape befitting a beast. The tip reminded him of a mushroom cap; flattened on the top with the thick shaft below. Yet through his fear he couldn't help but notice an alluring smell emanating from his arousal. Had he the thought to touch his face, he might have noticed how his expanding nostrils were beginning to twitch even as they flattened and grew towards merging with his upper lip, better able to take in the scents of his changing form.

He had to touch it, to feel the sensation of stroking such a magnificent member, the embodiment of any man's dream. His cock was bigger, so much bigger than he'd ever imagined possible. And still growing. He'd seen horses mating on his uncle's farm, had secretly admired the length and girth that nature had blessed them with. Even impressive against a stallion's build, he stared in awe at the clearly developing horse cock on his much smaller still mostly human frame. He could hold back no longer; he gripped the mutating shaft at first with one hand, and then the other as his member grew to equine proportions, one hand insufficient to the task.

The sensation was divine; any previous pleasure he'd gotten from stroking himself off as a human was increased 10-fold. He felt momentarily dizzy, a symptom of the amount of blood rushing to his engorged member being insufficient to fuel his still mostly human physic. Yet still he jacked himself off, thick rivulets of precum pouring from the tip, leaving his member slick and his task easier. The smell from his cock drove his ministrations onward; nothing else mattered, not his changing form, nor his emanate future as a farm animal. If this was what it felt like to be a horse, to sport such a magnificent member, he was happy to shed his humanity.

"Oh fuck, it feeighhhls so fucking good man!" Sean yelled, voice cracking as he was lost in ecstasy at the sensation rubbing his ever-expanding shaft. He could barely get his human fingers around his girth as it moved steadily upwards. The base of his horse cock tingled and an encompassing warmth emanated from the base and slowly working upwards in a pleasurable sensation. His member momentarily withdrew from his grasp as a thick cocoon of horse flesh rose up from the base to encompass his member. However, his lust was strong and he member quickly returned to full mast, even amidst the bizarre sensation of his new sheath connecting to his distended stomach.

Jacob noticed the change in his friend's tone. He didn't want to watch, didn't want to see his friend's cock growing larger and thicker with each passing second. Yet he couldn't tare his eyes

off his friend's feral equine member. He loved the look of pleasure in his friend's distorting face. He wanted to touch it, to help contribute to Sean's expression of joy. A passing thought alerted him that he shouldn't think that way; this was his best friend and another male. The thoughts didn't cease, however. The smell alone was turning him on, his own member beginning to harden with arousal at the scent wafting from his friend's developing horse cock.

He felt a tingle in his own crotch, signally the beginning of change in his own member. Part of him was excited; he friend seemed so enamored in his own horse cock and that made him wonder what it would feel like to have his cock own grow in his hands. It truly was the embodiment of masculinity, having a massive cock that stretched nearly to your face, so close you could almost lick the tip with your own tongue. He wanted to experience the sensations himself, to make him forget the worry and concerns of changing species, likely forever, and lose himself in the ecstasy.

Reaching down to rub at his own stiffening member, Jacob was shocked to realize that instead of ballooning outwards, as his friend's dick had, his own seemed to be getting smaller. In horror he watched as his once familiar penis began to sink into the flesh of his crotch, darkening to match the color and texture of his already mottled horse hide. What was going on? Why wasn't his cock changing to match Sean's?

An intense tingling in his crotch gave way to the appearance of a small opening that quickly began to widen, extending from the base of his former shaft to the base of his former ball sack, which too had begun to deflate and retreat within him. In horror the reality of the situation finally dawned on him. It was not only a change of species that the doctor had intended him to go through.

"No, fuck no man, I can't be a girl, I don't wanna be a mare man!" Jacob yelled, staring in panic at the horrific change that was encompassing his once male sex. Yet his cries did nothing to curb the onslaught of change that assaulted his most prized possessions. The slit he now sported grew wider, flesh stretching out to form the sides of his new vaginal lips. He felt his testes migrate deeper inside him, causing an uncomfortable sensation that quickly mingled with the internal changes he could feel within his guts.

Despite the horrifying nature of the change Jacob found he couldn't help feeling arousal emanating from his newly minted clit. He moaned a little, his opening beginning to widen, feeling the peculiar sensation of the flesh within begin to moisten with lust. The skin around his flesh had darkened, taking on the same mottled black as the rest of his skin.

Sean couldn't help but smell the scent wafting towards him from his friend's mutating crotch. The sight of his friend's developing horse vagina filled him with an overpowering lust unlike anything he had ever known. He had to get closer, to smell the alluring flesh, perhaps taste its salty offering with his now thicker tongue. The smell brought upon an even more intense

stiffening through his now molted black and pink horse cock. His hands were having a difficult time keeping up his ministrations as they began to ache, signaling the next part of his change.

The terrifying reality finally began to sink in. That sick bastard was turning his best friend into a female, a mare. And he, Sean, was to be the stallion. He wanted them to fuck, to breed for his own sick pleasure. There was no denying the erotic scent coming from his friend's developing equine vagina. He was in heat, he needed to fuck. Worse, Sean was very certain he wanted to fuck him, some equine center of his brain filled him with primal desire. This was his best friend since high school damnit! They'd often bragged about their sexual conquests to each other. How could he be having these feelings for him? Even though he knew them to be originating from his newly developing equine brain he could not deny them. The needy equine vagina his friend was developing made him hornier than he'd ever thought possible. His massive cock ached with the need to breed, to penetrate the moist lips before him and feel the heat of the vulva within.

Jacob too was overcome with the new sensations. He longed to touch his developing flesh, to be penetrated and feel his expanding depths be fully explored. He gazed at his friend's member with hunger; he wanted to taste that delicious cock, fill his essence with the scent that was driving him mad. The thought of it made him so wet, so horny. He could hold back no longer. Jacob moved his hand to rub the tiny sensitive bulb of flesh that had moments ago been his human cock head. The sensations were nothing like his former member, he was shocked to feel it was much more intimate, better than he could have ever imagined. He rubbed himself all over; every touch flooded his senses with an electric tingle. He wanted to feel more, to be filled with something large enough to full his needy cunt, to assault all his pleasure centers at once.

"Jacob, I'm sorry, I can't, huggieighhhh!" Sean yelled, feeling a sudden surge as his back cracked, relocating his hips towards a position more suited to the quadruped he'd soon be. His own spine began to ache, and a wriggling sensation from above his growing butt made him realize he was growing his own horse tail. It had already burst forth from the skin above his lower back, and in shock he realized he too could move it, up and down, back and forth, as new connections in his developing equine brain allowed him to manipulate the appendage as though he were born with it. He nearly giggled as he felt his growing tail hairs touch the skin of his expanding butt. He felt a moment's irritation as the tail hairs slid over his now much more muscled asshole. It had risen up underneath his tail bone and was much larger and more pronounced, to better aid in the last digestive steps as dictated by his changing metabolic needs.

"It's....it's ok bud, I want, I neeeeeightt!" Jacob cried, vocal chords changing as well as his neck began to thicken. He was so much larger now, he'd put on hundreds of pounds in mere minutes, and he wasn't nearly finished growing. His stomach had distended outwards, shifting muscles and veins writhing like snakes under his darkening hide. The texture of his flesh was now much more reminiscent of animal's hide than the smooth human skin he'd until moments ago been graced with.

So lost was Sean at the feeling of stroking his ever-expanding shaft at the scent of his friend's female sex that he hardly noticed his grip waning. His hands were changing as his feet had; the middle digit had expanded to match his arm width while his remaining digits had begun to shrink. His greatest concern now was not losing his human hands, his primary means of interacting with the world up until now, but rather that he would no longer be able to pleasure the magnificent rod he now sported. He gasped as his middle finger pressed outwards, as had his toe, the nail thick and dark. His thumb had shrunk and lost its dexterity, and his remaining digits fared no better as they slowly shrank into his palms. With a slick snap he was forced to let go of his grip on his cock as his thumb was no longer suited to the task.

In desperation he began beating at his cock with his thick hooves. However, it failed to provide any pleasure, or at least not nearly as much as he'd just been experiencing. He cried out in frustration, turning into a distinctive horse like whinny. He frantically rubbed up and down the shaft with his hooves, rocked his hips back and forth to allow his massive horse member to slide back and forth in its sheath, anything to stimulate the sensitive flesh and bring him to the orgasm he so desperately craved.

Jacob meanwhile was undergoing a similar transition in his own digits. In irritation, rather than panic, he noticed that his fingers began to stiffen and ache, retreating into his arm, while the middle finger ballooned outwards, nail thick and covering its end. He nonetheless continued rubbing the sweet fleshy bulb nestled comfortable in his groin, using his other proto hoof to penetrate his now slick opening. It provided him some relief, but it was not enough; he needed more, had an intense desire so alien to his male brain. He wanted to be filled, to be penetrated deep in his developing womb, to feel his vaginal walls clamp and tighten around his friend's slick member.

"It's ok bud, it's... fuck man, I don't know, I wanna...fuck can I touch it?" Jacob asked, tearing up at the implication of his words. He'd never had feelings for his friend before but he couldn't fight the urge. The massive molted equine cock his friend spurting was so damned sexy, and the smell...he leaked fluids all over his now thickened middle finger as he desperate rubbed at the sensitive bulb of flesh that had recently been his human cock head. He loved the pleasurable sensations his new horse clit gave him, but he needed more, much more, His loins ached with the desire to be filled by that magnificent stallion shaft before him, He longed to be bred, to be filled to the brim with viral stallion seed, to have a foal developing in his womb, the fulfillment of equine purpose.

Sean's expanding nostrils took in the scent given off by his best friend. He needed this, he had to have his friend so damn bad. Nothing else mattered, not the advancing horseflesh, not the muscle spasms that signaled changes within his body he could not fathom. He didn't care if it was gay or not, he couldn't deny the onslaught of lust he felt for his best friend.

A freighting thought passed his mind. He was steadily giving into his equine lusts; how long would it be before his sense of self; his human identity became totally immersed in bestial instincts? Would he remember that he had once been human? Or would he cease to care?

It didn't matter. The sensations from his cock were far too great, too exquisite. He didn't care if he was damning himself to the mind of a beast. If this was what it felt like to be a horse than fuck it; he was eager to shed the last of his human flesh for horsehide. His ears had migrated further up his head, muscles stretching and growing around them. He found he could twitch them, move them independently as they grew longer and pointed and covered with a thin layer of horse hair. He could not reach up to touch them with his now almost fully functional forehooves, but he could feel them grow and hear every sound in the barn, the birds outside, other horses in a field nearby, an electric buzz that reminded him they were being watched, studied. Most of all he could hear Jacob; the squelching of his muscles as he changed, the sound of his heavy breathing and increasingly equine snorts.

Most of all he could smell him. His face had slowly begun to push out into an equine muzzle. His teeth began to ache as they reshaped, flattened for an herbivorous diet. His nose had grown much wider; it had taken on a blackish hue and had stretched to merge with his upper lips, which themselves were larger and taking on a rubbery texture. The smells were overwhelming; Sean's olfactory senses could detect things he'd never dreamt fathomable. Yet it was quickly forgotten from the overwhelming rush of hormones that flooded his system from the smell of his best friend turned mare.

"Oh fuck man I neeighhd it, I'm so damn hooornneeeeeighhhy," Sean cried, unable to grasp his thick horse cock with his now front hooves. His shoulders ached as they rotated forward, elbows sinking into the thickened mass of his barreled-out chest. He couldn't rotate his arms around anymore; they lay directly in front of him, as he sat on his massive horse haunches, erect member still waving in the air.

Jacob slowly crawled over to his changing friend, touching the shaft with his changed hoof hand, disappointed at the lack of sensation from the contact. He needed more, he desperately wanted to pleasure the magnificent beast his friend was becoming. Ceasing to care if it was gay or not, Jacob slowly moved his proto muzzle over the heavy tip of Sean's erect member. He was thankful for the change in his face; there was no way his human mouth could have fully encompassed the glorious equine cock his friend now sported. Careful not to bite down with his thicker and more numerous teeth, Jacob moved his muzzle gently up and down, finding a rhythm as he used his now rubbery lips to stroke the vast expanse of horse flesh as he did so. He used his thick tongue to rub the tip of his friend's mushroom shaped cock head, loving the salty taste of Sean's precum, eager to taste the load that he could bestow upon him at any moment.

Sean, having lost the ability to pleasure himself, was thankful for his friend's tender ministrations, servicing his very needy flesh. His changed hips moved in response to the

wonderful sensation, face fucking his best friend as he lost himself in the pleasure. His hips rocked back in forth in rapid succession, the mental image of a mare's hindquarters at the forefront of his mind. He was so horny, it wouldn't be long now. He could feel his massive balls tense up, the sensation both strange and familiar. The orgasmic buildup was recognizable, but the size, the pleasure...it threatened to overwhelm his very being.

With a loud cry that was more equine than human, Sean let loose all over his friend's developing equine muzzle, a torrent of cum cascading from his nearly fully developed horse cock. Jacob was surprised at the quantity; he was hardly able to swallow it all as thick horse cum dripped from his muzzle, coating his chest and his friend in the sticky seed. He savored the salty taste, the scent driving him to new levels of passion as his brain translated with what it would mean, that he could be bred by this virile stallion, made heavy with foal, the ultimate fulfillment of equine purpose.

Sean nearly whited out from the sensation. His cock buzzed and tensed and shot rope after rope of sticky cum all over them both. The smell was incredible; it stank of virility, of lust, of him. He was comfortable in the knowledge that he'd come, but he wanted more. The beautifully underdeveloped mare had not been serviced. Her scent rang deep into his senses, and quickly brought a second surge of blood to his only recently deflated horse cock. Sean had no idea how he was able to recharge so fast, if it was a result of the flood of hormones from the changes or a horse's naturally short refractory period. He didn't care. He knew what he wanted, what he needed, and could smell how badly his friend needed it too.

"Jaaaccoob, I wanna....fuck, I neeeeeiiiiigggd to taste you!" Sean yelled, voice now significantly higher and more equine. He desperately needed to lick his friend's cunt. Part of him knew that giving in meant truly losing his humanity once and for all, becoming a beast. He cared very little at this point. The feeling of equine orgasm had been exquisite, and he was desperate to know what it would feel like to cum inside his friend's new vagina.

He stood up, quickly accustomed to the feeling of being on all fours, a sign that the equine centers of his brain had made new connections. He sniffed under his friend's tail, and Jacob obliging moved it out of the way, thick horse cunt winking and dripping fluids all over Sean's eager muzzle. Sean stuck his thick tongue out against the tender folds of his friend's flesh, licking at the tips before moving inside. The taste of his friend's horse cunt was marvelous; Sean lapped at his friend's needy flesh, relishing the sweet tastes of Jacob's sexual juices on his thicker tongue. Jacob loved the sensation; the aches and pains of his hips dislocating and reconfiguring into a quadrupedal stance were distant in the face of such exquisite pleasure. He craved the contact of a changing horse tongue on his vaginal lips, but he needed more. He needed to be filled, needed to know the sensation of Sean's stiff horse prick inside of him, filling him up and making him whole.

"Fuck meeeeeeighhh!" Jacob cried, voice changing into a whiny as his neck thickened and his ability to produce human sounds began to wane. His head itched incredibly; he was aware of

thick hairs falling over his eyes as he knew what must be his mane growing in, replacing his human hair. It fell thickly over his eyes as they began to move, migrating further apart as his face grew larger, thicker, heavy set jaw now a part of a distinctly horse like muzzle. He forehead had sloped downwards and flattened, streamlining his head, leaving less room in his skull for a human sized brain. His mind was awash in anticipation of the mating act. It began to dim, human thoughts fading slowly like a dream as equine desires took hold.

Jacob couldn't hold himself back; with another whiny he let lose a spray of piss all over his friend's muzzle and the floor of the barn. Instead of being disturbed by the action, Sean was tuned on all the more. The urine was laced with hormones that announced to his equine brain that Jacob was fertile and needed to be bred.

Without hesitation he reared up unsteadily on his new equine legs as he groped at his friend's backside with his front hooves. His taut horse cock lay stretched out beneath him, ready to enter his friend's moist needy flesh. Sean moved his cock over his friend's rump, all thoughts of human mortality washed away at the equine urge to procreate. He thrust his hips forward a few times, missing the mark, clearly still getting used to his new form. His eager cock bounced off Jacob's backside several times before finally curving upwards, hitting that sweet welcoming flesh as his length was taken inside Jacob's now spacious vagina.

Jacob couldn't believe how wondrous the sensation was; he felt every vain and notch of his friend's thick horse cock as it hammered away at his new vaginal walls. He needed more, he yearned to have his friend's cock buried deeper and deeper within in, impaled by its warmth, its girth. The feeling of being filled allowed him a satisfaction he could barely have even fathomed as a human. He ceased to mourn his lost species, his lost sex; the feelings of pleasure from his horse vagina erased the fear he had felt and replaced it only with anticipation from what was to come.

Jacob felt a deeply pleasant sensation building up in his loins. The onset of his first female orgasm washed over him like a tidal wave. He had no idea that his female sex could provide so much pleasure. Every cell quivered in excitement as the pleasure build to a crescendo, gushing over him and filling him with such bliss. He came hard, body shuddering in a mind-blowing orgasm that rocked his entire form, causing him to nicker in ecstasy. His vision whited out from the intense sensations; it was as if the world had stood still for only him and the wondrous sensation his friend's cock had provided him.

Jacob slowly came down from the orgasmic high, still pleasantly aware of the sensation of his friend's massive horse cock buried deep within his loins. He felt the last sensations of change rippling through him, of muscles twitching and pulling, his muzzle arching towards its final length. Of most significance were the stirrings in his mind that he knew to be equine instinct. He felt his conciseness slipping underneath his new psych, but he didn't care. The sensations from his equine vagina were divine; he'd gladly give up his humanity to be lost in this bliss forever.

One last fully human thought was of excitement; he felt a second orgasm building in his crotch, the sensations of his friend's massive member rubbing against his inner walls slowly building. As he felt Sean's cock quiver and tense inside him, ridges and veins dancing exquisitely in his cunt, he doubted Sean could hold out long enough to bring him again.

"Fuuuuccckkkk yes I'm commmeighttting!" Sean cried, turning into a truly equine whiny as his vocal chords transitioned completely and cut off the last human sounds he would ever produce. His cock tensed up, pulsing and quickening as he began to thrust uncontrollably into Jacob's womb, cock throbbing as several large loads of thick horse cum buzzed through the meaty shaft. Sean whinnied and neighed as sperm shot out of his massive member, filling up the mare under him and allowing his cock to float away in a sea of his own spunk.

The sensations flooding Sean's equine being were indiscernible in human terms. He felt whole, complete, invigorated inside and out. His thoughts slowed; he had successfully bred his mare, what had he been so worried about? His thoughts began to drift away, human cares evaporating in the face of equine contentment. He too felt the last of his changes, of horse flesh covering the length of his muzzle, of his mane dripping down over his large brown orbs. He was now a stallion in body as well as in instinct.

Jacob too felt a deep sense of competition in the mating act. He knew he'd likely be pregnant from the act and his heart rejoiced. He never knew the sensation of being female, of mating from a female perspective could be so fulfilling. He allowed his thoughts to drift away into equine bliss, all his fears and cares evaporating at the satisfaction of successful copulation. He, now she, was hungry, and the barn carried with it the alluring scents of food.

The now fully formed stallion dismounted his mate, tail swishing in satisfaction. Thick globs of horse sperm fell from the mares swollen vaginal opening and collected on the straw ridden floor beneath them. Somewhere in his mind, he still recalled he had been human, and that he had known this mare in another life, but such thoughts didn't matter. His body was slick with a frothy sweat, and he was incredibly hungry. Sweet scents filled his nostrils, not only from his new mates sated lusts but also of hay, of food. Standing side by side with the mare, he lowered his massive head and began to lip at the piles of hay on the floor, eating his fill.

His scent was thick in the barn, and he relaxed, contented that he was home. His stomach churned suddenly, and his tail lifted automatically, dropping a large load of horse manure onto the barn floor behind. The smell was strong at first, but it carried with it thoughts of curiosity rather than disgust. It was a smell of himself, and a smell of home, and he quickly forgot about it while he continued to eat.

The stallion spent several minutes gorging himself, before the scent of his mate beside him grew too strong to resist. His equine member dropped out of his sturdy sheath, nearly touching the floor with pre oozing from the tip in anticipation. He made his way over to his mate's rump, tail lifted to allow his easy access, releasing once again a reflexive squirt of urine onto her

mate's muzzle. He moved his muzzle in close to get a good sniff, licking the sweet juices from his mate's cunt, tasting the remnants of his own masculine seed. He reared up on his back legs, engorged cock now easily spearing his mates opening, once again drowning in equine bliss.

Gabriel entered the barn, eager to observe his new horses up close. There were many tests to be done; but for now, he was content to let his animals into the field, given a chance to acclimate to their new existence. He hoped they would retain some of their former intellect, such as it was; that was one of the new goals with his latest nanite trials. His partner Nate trotted in excitedly beside him, nose blackening a little to drink in the scents of the newly changed horses. Nate had a canine side he often indulged in; Gabriel was sure that someday Nate would no longer be able to resist the urge to be a four legged beast as well. He too harboured the same desires but for now his work took precedence.

Though they both had the ability to affect the minds of their subjects, lately Gabe had been more preoccupied with seeing the human mentalities change into animal without the influence of the nanites or his carefully crafted words. So far it seemed that the final results were comparable to their past experiments. He was quite certain that there would be several more mating sessions throughout the day; he would observe and enjoy those in his own way. Perhaps, someday, he would allow himself the pleasure of taking a new form, giving in to animal desires and lusts, letting go of human troubles. But there was still so much work to be done. That was his burden to bear for his genius, he supposed. He walked away, leaving Nate to play with their newest subjects while he began his work of analyzing the data, preparing for alterations for the next set of subjects he would inevitably procure.