

Eddy walked out into the courtyard, blushing nervously as he was greeted by some of the other guests. Though he was wearing the expected black mask that accompanied such functions, everyone knew who he was. And why wouldn't they? He had been in their company many times during his relationship with the host. Even with the getup he was 'forced' to wear, there was no mistaking Eddy for anyone else. Today, that was much to Eddy's chagrin.

Eddy had been with Rupert for over four years now. They'd met at a lavish party that, in retrospect, Eddy had no business being at. Rupert's family was extremely wealthy, fueled by old money that stretched back hundreds of years. It had been a stroke of luck that they had the chance to talk. They'd truly hit it off, talking for hours about a variety of common interests. In truth, it was Rupert's way of life that had drawn Eddy to him. And the fact that Rupert was hot as hell! The two became an item soon after that first meeting.

In keeping with family traditions, Rupert loved holding regular social functions. Though none were more extravagant than his annual masquerade ball. It was the talk of their social circles for weeks before the event. Having attended a few throughout their relationship, Eddy had to agree that excitement was warranted. Eddy himself often looked forward to the annual function.

This year, however, Eddy's view of the event was somewhat tainted. He had fallen out of love with the man some months ago. Eddy's interests skewed towards some younger men he had stuck up conversations with at local establishments. Though he had not been unfaithful, not yet, at least, the urges to explore often played at the back of his mind.

Though initially, the thoughts of wealth and extravagance had fascinated him, Eddy quickly found that existence to be meaningless and blase. He had everything he could want, except for Rupert's time and attention. He was certainly attended to in a financial sense, and Rupert showered his lover in gifts. Yet Rupert had long since forgotten to shower his lover in affection.

Even the promise of staying with Rupert for the money fell short. The prospect of spending time with any one of those men held much more promise. Their lives had the potential to be vibrant and dynamic. It was a contrast with the dull monotony of the past four years with Rupert.

Eddy knew he needed to end the relationship at some point but had been putting it off for one excuse or another. The most staple of which was that his timing was never correct. There was always some event, some function that would hinder his former lover should a break up occur right before it.

So, Eddy found himself in attendance at his lover's masquerade ball, much to his trepidation. It was normally one of his favorite functions. Rupert's country house was lovely, and his employees always did an amazing job going all out with the decor. Eddy even found himself in the mood to enjoy it this year, if only for old time's sake.

That was before he learned the particular flavor of this year's ball. Rupert was to have the final say in the costume choice for each of the guests. Normally, this wasn't an issue. His staff and hired make-up artists had film-worthy talent, and they always did a phenomenal job. Eddy could never hope to achieve such a look on his own. Rupert's requirement to have chosen the costume and make-up for each guest beforehand was a little odd, but it seemed fun enough, at least at first.

Eddy was informed that he was to receive a more elaborate piece for the evening and had been instructed to arrive early, taking up most of his day. He was obligated to, of course, regardless of his preconceived annoyance. Even being stripped down bare was of little consequence. Eddy had been undressed and dressed up in front of these artists before.

However, he was not inclined to wear the spandex, padded pants that he was approached with. A little confused, Eddy nonetheless allowed the crew to start to dress him. Only when he realized what the costume looked like did he want to protest. Yet by then, it was too late to back out. He knew how much it would piss off Rupert if he did.

The tightly stretched spandex suit was filled with specific padding, making it very uncomfortable to fit his legs into. He had to put his feet into hoof-like shoes, larger than his feet would comfortably fit into. Once the make-up team helped pull them up all the way, he realized with some surprise that his feet actually felt comfortable.

He struggled a little to balance himself as the effects team pulled on the spandex suit and set all of its paddings into the proper locations. The ballooning ass, bulbous hips, and even the stretched heels made Eddy a little confused. In tandem with the wide feet, it made balancing nearly impossible. Eddy was given a few moments to try standing and even walking. It took some effort, but Eddy managed.

He was a little confused at the costume choice until the artist's hands played over something above the ass of his suit. Eddy looked down with some shock to see a rather realistic horse hair tail, docked as it might be in a show pony. But it was still a horse's tail. With that knowledge, the other strange bulges and even his stance were now clear. All in all, it looked like the back end of a pantomime horse.

Worst of all was the bulge on the *front*, one Eddy was only aware of when the artists started straightening his attire. Looking down, he was greeted to the sight of a soft, black pouch, sticking up nearly to the waist of the ensemble. Running all the way down to the crotch, its base sat just above a pair of stuffed balls, somewhat heavy now that the costume was in place.

It didn't take a genius to realize what Rupert had in mind for him. Though it was not unheard of for the costume designs to be less than 'tasteful', Eddy had never been the butt of the joke. Pun intended.

The implication enraged him somewhat. It was exactly this kind of shit that had put their relationship in a rocky place, to begin with. It was bad enough to deal with the embarrassment of having a somewhat realistic set of horse tackle on his costume. But he wasn't *owned* like a horse would be. Eddy made up his mind to break up with his former lover after this evening's events.

An opening at the top of the equine sheath made Eddy even more nervous. He didn't want to reach in and see how anatomically correct Rupert had requested the costume to be. For all Eddy knew, it was designed to come to full erection at some sort of trigger!

Thankfully, the rest of his piece for the evening was far more mundane. Eddy was gowned in a fairly typical dress shirt for this type of event. He noticed, with a sarcastic chuckle, that it had been hemmed to remove the coattails. After all, there was already a tail over his ass! A typical black mask completed the look, covering about a third of his face around his eyes.

Eddy was given the chance to look over the costume in full before he was done. For all intents and purposes, it did look like he had sufficient padding around the hips and ass to mimic equine proportions. If it wasn't for the latex-like sheen, he might swear it *was* real. To his chagrin, it was every bit as anatomically correct as possible. It was even complete with a black horse's pucker just underneath the tail, and the aforementioned genitalia.

Regardless of his preconceived notions of wearing such a thing in public, Eddy had to admit it was rather well done. If it had been on anyone else, particularly someone who had *chosen* to wear it, he might have enjoyed the look. Forced to wear it himself, Eddy was visibly pissed. Thankfully, the mask covered most of his facial expressions!

Begrudgingly, Eddy allowed himself to walk out of the make-up tent and into the courtyard. It was late afternoon, and the weather was beautiful enough to hold the event outside. A few guests were already standing around talking and sipping the first of many champagne glasses.

Despite their masks, Eddy recognized most of them. He knew there was no chance of not being recognized himself, which normally wouldn't be an issue. Given his state of dress, it was impossible not to be the center of attention. He didn't want to parade around like a show pony, but it seemed he had little choice.

Much to Eddy's irritation, it seemed as though he was the only one in attendance to be garbed in something flashy. Each of the guests had a distinct mask, some imitating animals, some plague doctors, and many of a variety of intricate designs. Eddy was sure there was a reason for each piece present, but he didn't have time to discern them.

All eyes were on Eddy as he entered the yard, beckoning one of the waitstaff for what he figured would be the first of many drinks this evening. Ignoring the look of confusion and mockery in the man's features, Eddy downed the drink in a few gulps and beckoned for another. He was eager to be buzzed before the main event began.

By now, everyone had taken note of his unique costume assignment, and the sounds of mutters and chuckles hit his ears. Eddy didn't give a damn, downing his second glass of champagne. If he was to be the star of the show, he wanted to have the courage to give them all a good one!

Eddy began to calm when some of the other guests came to talk to him, exchanging the usual pleasantries. He was able to play off the costume as an elaborate joke that Rupert played on him, which drew a mild bit of sympathy. At the very least, he wanted to make sure no one thought ill of *him* for the choice of garb!

The sound of a glass clinking drew everyone's attention to the stage, and a stunningly dressed man stepped up to a microphone. His upper shirt was black and buttoned with long coattails, sat upon a perfectly smooth white shirt, pants, and gloves. Long brown riding boots and a rounded helmet completed the look.

Eddy groaned. Rupert clearly saw him as a show pony if he was dressed up as Eddy's rider. The fucker even had the gull to have a whip attached to the belt of his pants!

Eddy downed his third drink, finally feeling the effects and able to drown out the sounds of chuckling as all of those gathered made the connection between the couple's dresses. He was starting to feel good now; if Rupert had it in mind to dress him like a horse's ass, then he might as well get drunk and play the part.

“Welcome, welcome all, to our annual masquerade ball! Whether this is your first time in attendance, or you are a returning guest, fear not! It is my custom to change up the festivities every year! No masquerade I throw is like any before it and will be like nothing to come after! Tonight, I present to you a unique experience you will never forget! ”

Eddy groaned aloud at his former lover’s usual speech. It had been the same every year they had been together, though it never failed to bring applause. Rupert’s money was paying for their night, after all. The least those leeches could do was to cheer for Rupert’s amusement!

“Tonight, we have a special show for you! I have taken up a new hobby, one which I think you will all find entertaining! My love, please join me on the stage! ” he yelled, motioning to Eddy. With Eddy’s unique costume, there was no trouble with pointing him out to the crowd.

Eddy sighed. The alcohol was swirling through his system now, making him emboldened. He was half tempted to tell Rupert to fuck off right there. But Eddy figured, if he was going to play an ass, then he might as well do it in front of the entire audience!

Getting up the stairs took some effort, in no small part due to Eddy’s state of inebriation. Yet, he figured, even if he was sober, performing the task in this costume would be daunting. Somehow, he managed, struggling as he reached the summit and stumbled over to where his lover stood waiting.

“Everyone, please give your applause for my first ‘victim’ of the evening, my love, Edward! ” he declared, moving in to gingerly kiss Eddy on the cheek. Eddy responded in kind, not wanting to kiss the man on the lips but wanting to keep up the charade before really sticking it to his former lover!

“For once, your drinking will improve the mood of the party,” Rupert whispered in Eddy’s ear. A half dozen retorts flooded Eddy’s mind, but Rupert was back to the podium by the time the moment had passed.

Forcing a smile, Eddy joined Rupert by the microphone. Rupert signaled for the applause to die down. “Now then, how many of you have seen a stage magician? ” he asked, and a few of the attendees raised their hands, though his declaration caused more murmurs through the crowd.

“I’m sure all of you have experienced one, at least, in your youth. Well, you know me, always the entertainer! ” Rupert declared, eliciting a laugh from the onlookers.

“While mere parlor tricks aren't enough to grasp the admiration of such a refined group of souls such as yourselves, I think that what I have in mind will suit your tastes! ”

“My dear, all you need do is take off your mask and stand there for a few moments. Be a good *stud* for us! ” Rupert said with a chuckle, as did everyone in attendance.

“Now, who has even been witness to a hypnotism demonstration? ” Rupert asked, and a few more cheers rose from those gathered.

Eddy couldn't stifle a laugh at that. Hypnosis? *Really?* ! That was Rupert's big stunt? What a dumbass!

Rupert was ready with a retort before Eddy could cry out his disdain. “I see you look a little skeptical, my love! Well, I was, too, before I perfected the trick! Once I have you under my power, you'll do *whatever* I say,” Rupert finished, letting the last note hang lustily in the air.

That elicited another cheer from the crowd, along with a series of wolf whistles and taunts. Eddy had the near-impossible task of keeping the rage off his face. *This* was the humiliation he had to endure! ? He had half a mind to break up with Rupert right now!

“Now, now, no need to be shy, my love! Not when you're already the star of the show! ” Rupert laughed. “I'm sure everyone has been wondering about your choice of costume. Well, if it isn't obvious, you're a horse's ass! In other words, you're the *butt* of the joke tonight! ” he declared, much to the crowd's excitement.

Eddy prepared to tell him to fuck off but then stopped. A better notion crept into his mind. Knowing the idea of hypnosis was horse shit, he decided to wait and pick his time. He could stop the show now, but it would be far more embarrassing for his lover to ruin the show mid-performance!

Giving a laugh of his own, trying to play it off, Eddy walked towards his boyfriend, making a show of waving his ass in the direction of the audience, to their delight. He aggressively threw off the mask, tossing it out into the audience where someone caught it with a hoot of excitement.

Noticing this, Rupert smiled too, leaning into Eddy's ear. “It's nice to see you playing along, darling. It will be more fun for everyone, especially yourself. ”

The euthanism of ‘darling’ did not escape Eddy’s notice. It was something that Rupert only used when he was exasperated with Eddy, which was not unsurprising in this circumstance. Rupert was just as displeased with Eddy as he was with Rupert. Tonight, regardless of what happened, was the time to end it.

Pulling out a silver pocket watch, Rupert directed Eddy to stand in front of him. Eddy couldn't help but notice the watch in question was tacky, likely something purchased at a local grocery store sales rack. Among other things, his time with Rupert gave Eddy an eye for quality in such trinkets. This, along with everything else, added layers of subtle insult that made Eddy fume.

“Now, stare into the watch, my love, let yourself relax, and hear my words,” Rupert said, dangling the watch in front of Eddy’s face.

Eddy played along, his eyes following the device as it swung in its lazy back and forth motion. He kept his eyes locked on the watch, though, in truth, he had difficulty doing so. Boredom made the effort unconvincing, but he did his best to pretend for the benefit of the crowd.

“That’s a good stud. My wonderful horse. Just keep watching the pendulum move back and forth. Just relax, and let your Master take care of you,” Rupert continued to whisper as the entire crowd went silent, rapt with attention.

Eddy did admit he felt relaxed, though only from the boredom of enduring staring at the damn swinging watch as the minutes ticked past. How much longer was Rupert going to make him stare at the damn thing? !

After what felt like an eternity, Rupert stopped, pocketing the watch and grabbing a riding crop from his belt. “Now, my love is completely under my power! But I’m sure you’ll all be wanting a demonstration? !”

The crowd cheered at that, yelling suggestions about what Eddy should be made to do. Eddy sighed as things like ‘ride him’, ‘make him walk on all fours’, ‘make him prance’, and other horsey things left their lips.

Eddy’s plan was clear, even in his inebriated stupor. He would go along with the first suggestion, then use the chance to tear off the damn horse costume and storm off the stage after upstaging his former lover’s act. Consequences be damned. He’d preferred to make sure all his affairs were in order before taking the drastic step, but this stunt was too much.

“Hmm, so many good suggestions. But let’s start simple, shall we? Why don’t we have him get down on all fours, like a good horse!” Rupert declared, to the cheers from the crowd.

Eddy almost did so just then, in his drunken state. But he stopped himself, the still-aware part of his mind realizing he hadn’t been given that order specifically yet. Waiting patiently, he looked into his ‘Master’s’ eyes, waiting for the command directly.

“Ah, look at that! Such an obedient stud! What a good horsey!” Rupert said, laughing along with the audience. Eddy felt his cheeks flush red but kept his stance, waiting for the chance to come.

“Now, my good stud, get down on all fours like the horse you are,” Rupert whispered huskily.

Eddy went to do as he was told, but something stopped him. Instead of getting down willingly, his body was moving of its own accord. Muscles tensed, he descended slowly, resting on his hands before sticking his ass up in the air. Though he felt the stance should have been uncomfortable, the suit’s padding made the posture tolerable.

Eddy felt he should panic, but it was impossible to do so in the state he was in. Was he *that* drunk? There was no other explanation for the way his body was acting. No way the hypnosis shit was real. Yet, Eddy couldn’t help but feel the position was normal, despite the circumstance.

“There, such a good horse! Down on all fours where you belong!” Rupert declared to the clapping of the crowd. “Such a good stud deserves a treat, don’t you all think? !”

One of the wait staff wheeled in a tray of lavish silverware and covered plates. Rupert thanked him as he lifted one of the coverings. To Eddy’s surprise, the only thing on the plate was a carrot, not even washed as though fresh from the ground.

“Here you go, stud! Just for you. Eat up!” Rupert said, picking up the carrot and holding it out for Eddy’s inspection.

Eddy stared stupidly at the carrot for a few minutes, wondering if this shit was for real. There was no way Rupert expected him to eat this, right?

Yet his thoughts of confusion turned to horror as he realized his lips were on the tip, and he was pulling it into his mouth. Any attempt to spit it out was futile as his maw instead bit down and started to chew.

The raw flavor, in tandem with the dirt, should have made Eddy vomit. Yet, instead, he found that it was tolerable as he continued to munch. Not the best thing he'd ever eaten, but certainly not bad. But, it was more than that. His Master was giving it to him, just for him to eat, like a good horsey. . .

A sudden rumble assaulted Eddy's stomach, and he ate faster, desperate to fill that void. Rupert held the carrot steady, allowing his ex-lover to polish it off, stem and all. Control only returned once the entire carrot had been chewed and swallowed, its earthy taste still in Eddy's mouth.

Eddy wanted to shake his head in confusion at the bizarre action. Yet, he was soon filled with a rage that made his blood boil. How dare Rupert humiliate him in such a manner? ! He wanted desperately to stand up and. . . what? What did he want to do to his Master? Wait, Master?

To his dismay, it seemed he was utterly powerless as whatever force Rupert was using kept him rooted to the spot. It was as though his mind was fixated on remaining still until he was given another command from his ex-lover. Though the notion enraged him, Eddy found holding onto that anger troubling as another sensation started seeping into his psyche. The idea of staying still before Rupert seemed. . . right, in a way that should have disturbed Eddy far more than it did.

"Did you like that, stud? Did you want another one? Well, for another treat, you're going to have to earn it!" Rupert said with a chuckle.

Eddy was forced to stare straight ahead for whatever Rupert had in store for him next. "Why don't we have our pony put on a show for us! Prance for me, stud!" Rupert cried, the cheers from the audience increasing in tempo again.

Without missing a beat, Eddy found his body moving of its own accord, his hips and shoulders shifting up and down as he strutted across the stage. The movements were made difficult by his awkward posture, but the padding in the suit's back saved him from any potential agony.

His body moved in ways that should have been troublesome for Eddy to maintain. But his former lover's words seemed to inspire him, and he was prancing as much as any show

pony. In fact, he found himself eager to show off his body, his motions flicking his tail and hair as he raised his head in a mock whinny.

“Good boy, Edward! Come back here to Master!” Rupert called, and Eddy stopped to do as he was told. On cue, one of the wait staff brought out a small saddle, and Eddy remained frozen as Rupert tied it haphazardly around his chest. It would barely stay on Eddy’s body. Rupert couldn’t really ride him like a horse. Could he?

Eddy wanted to protest the action, but it was hard for him to hold onto the intrusive thoughts. It was a powerful conflict in his emotions, to serve his Master or to fight for his dignity. In the end, the word dignity seemed to associate itself with pleasing his Master, and Eddy allowed himself to relax, waiting for the next words of order.

“What a good stud! Let’s ride you! Giddy up, horsey!” Rupert cried as he wrapped his legs around Eddy’s back and gently kicked the inside of Eddy’s ribs. Without missing a beat, Eddy started to move forward, and Rupert moved in tandem. He was unable to ride him, given the similarity in their statues. Yet Eddy felt a deep sense of satisfaction knowing that Master was with him.

Some cries of more inappropriate actions echoed in his ears. It was what Eddy determined was a different interpretation of the words ‘Ride him’. Ironically, Eddy was often the top of their previous sexual encounters, but that was of little relevance now.

Those thoughts in mind, Eddy felt himself getting a little hard, even in his current daze. He hadn’t thought it possible in his drunken stupor, but his cock was somehow pounding erect. He realized, a little disturbed, that he hadn’t had any underwear on through the suit. Still, Eddy figured the faux horse cock would hide any unwanted boners.

Yet, the sensations from under him seemed contradictory. Eddy’s cock pounded harder and harder, so desperate for release it was leaking. He could feel it bobbing back and forth as he pranced, reaching down towards the ground as his balls felt heavy.

Stopping, and signaling for Eddy to do the same, Rupert addressed the crowd once more. “How’s this for a show of my new-found powers!” he declared to the admiration of the audience.

Only when several chuckles and gasps went up did Rupert think to look down at Eddy’s very equine maleness. “Oh my, looks like Eddy took the phrase ‘go for a ride’ in another way! Now, now, Edward! We can’t be showing off like that in front of the crowd. Let’s save it for the bedroom, alright, stud?”

That got another laugh from the audience as Eddy felt the faux horsecock retract. How was it doing that? Did Rupert have some device that could trigger the cock to expand and contract? But that didn't explain Eddy's arousal. It really felt as though the cock underneath the suit was *his*. How drunk was he?

"I'm sure Edward is getting a little tired by now, so let's leave him with one or two more suggestions before he wakes up, yes?"

By this point, Eddy was finding it harder and harder to think. The buzz he'd felt from before had fully encompassed his psyche, putting him into a decidedly inebriated state. In tandem with the suggestions given to him by his Master, Eddy felt comfortable and placid. Why had he been so mad before? Master had been so happy with him, right?

The rest of the evening was a bit of a blur as Eddy allowed himself to relax into the idea that he was Master's horse. He was dressed the part, right? Any notions of hatred towards Rupert were not nearly as appealing as the idea that he was Master's loyal steed. He wasn't exactly a horse, not really. His body felt wrong for that, but he was happy to be a horse as best he could.

More words of commands echoed in his ears, and even in his drunken state, Eddy could ascertain that he was being offered food. Eddy crawled towards it, biting into another carrot, an apple, and to his delight, a sugar cube. After each food item devoured, Eddy received a pat to his hair from his Master's hand that made him shudder with excitement all over again.

Belly still hungry, the words 'graze' entered his mind, and Eddy looked around for more food to satisfy his appetite. Scents of heavy, fresh-mowed grass assaulted his senses and made his belly rumble. Like a starving man to a feast, he made his way towards the lush lawn below. In his haste, he nearly fell off the stairs, though his lowered posture made it easier to maintain his balance.

Before Eddy knew what he was doing, his lips opened wide, and he started pulling up clumps of sod, chewing and swallowing in his eagerness. Though the grass was much dirtier than the other treats, it was surprisingly filling, and Eddy found himself eating with gusto as he crawled on the ground.

The words "Make him take a dump" hit his ears, and Rupert, with a giggle in his voice, repeated the command. A part of Eddy's still-cognizant mind panicked at the idea. He didn't want to mess his pants!

Yet, he could feel his anus pressing against the fabric of the suit before the cool air kissed his nethers. As it did so, his rectum opened, and he deposited his load right behind him as he ate. Any fears or revulsion about the act faded away as he enjoyed the relief and continued his grazing. Jeers of laughter and disgust hit his ears from some of the other patrons, but Eddy paid it little mind.

The more he acted the horse, the more difficult it became to form coherent thoughts. He could feel a variety of other strange sensations from his body. The flesh of his backside was warm, tingling with a bizarre bloating over his skin. The surface under his suit felt overheated before the cool air blessed him with relief.

Soon, the weight of the evening and the strange sensations of his body hit him full force. Barely aware of the guiding hand of his Master, he was taken away, mind fading under the gentle embrace of sleep before he realized his destination.

The warmth of sunlight on Eddy's face made rousing from sleep difficult. His head was *pounding* like he'd been hit with a sledgehammer. It was the worst hangover Eddy could recall from recent memory. He would much rather try to sleep it off.

And he nearly did, fatigue as strong as it was. But the bed he was on was stiff as fuck. He tried to move his body a little to get comfortable, but it didn't respond to his commands. More than that, the surface underneath him was unmoving, even with his weight. It was like he had fallen asleep on the floor or the ground. How drunk had he gotten last night? !

Worse of all, something *stank*, like B. O. and hay and shit. It took him a few moments to recall where he'd smelled something like this before. The odor was reminiscent of a barn. Rupert had a structure built along the field beyond the country house. It was unused, the family planning to purchase horses but never having done so. But there were no animals there at present. So then, where was he?

Groggily opening his eyes, Eddy was indeed greeted by the sights of hay and wooden gates. The posh composition was in line with the structure of Rupert's barn. But there was no animals present. Yet, he could certainly *smell* them!

Groaning, Eddy opened his eyes wider, trying to take in the situation. His vision was blurred, likely a result of the hangover. Yet, he could tell he was on his hands and feet in a four-legged posture. It seemed more comfortable than it should have. His backend felt numb, the joints and muscles stiff, and their size all wrong. Though his head felt relatively normal, the

perspective was also altered. The stall he was in seemed smaller than it should be, though it was impossible to tell from the pounding in his head.

The feelings coming from his backside seemed to indicate he was still in the costume. The dimensions for the equine-like hips and legs were certainly right. His lower half itched fiercely, as though he'd forgone shaving. Yet, Eddy's shoulders ached a little too much for him to rotate his arm back to scratch. It was as though it had expanded in the night, perhaps blown up with air or more padding. Eddy couldn't fathom why the hell he'd fallen asleep in the damn thing, regardless of how inebriated he'd been.

Eddy tried to recall the events of the party, but his memories were a blur. He seemed to recollect a wide degree of humiliation involved. Rupert had made him act like a horse while in the stupid costume. And had let himself be treated like a horse like it was natural. Why had he done that? ! He'd pranced onstage, eaten carrots and cropped grass, and even...

Eddy was wide awake now and pissed off from the vague memories of what transpired. How dare Rupert try to pull that shit! He needed to get out of here and give Rupert a piece of his mind. Yet, when Eddy tried to struggle to his feet, the motion seemed to be impossible. It was as though whatever neural connections needed for bipedal standing were simply absent. No, not absent. It was akin to being reconfigured, as though his structure was designed now for something very different!

Still struggling through the sleep-induced stupor, Eddy tried to use his arms to help raise himself up. But as he attempted to lift his massive body, he realized that his hips did not seem to stand straight. Rather, his entire body felt *level*, like he was meant to be in this stance.

His gaze drifted down to his hands, and he gasped in a hoarse tone. His forearms were *massive*, like he'd been working out for years. They were easily twice the size of his former pasty arms. And though his four fingers sat plantigrade on the ground, Eddy could tell that the tips seemed a little darker. The undersides were coarse, as though the flesh had been rubbed down with sandpaper. What the hell had happened?

Now fully awake, with a deep sense of trepidation, Eddy looked to see what had become of his backside. At first, the spectacle didn't alarm him. It was the same horse's rear that he'd been given with the costume. He'd almost grown accustomed to the sight of it from last night's escapades, after all.

Yet, on closer inspection, it seemed much larger than it should have been. Eddy's hips were wide, giving way to thighs and calves that were thin and bony and ended in actual

horse's hooves. The legs were far more realistic than anything the costume could have conceivably achieved. It looked like, even from his angle, exactly what Eddy would have expected an actual horse's rear end to look like!

Before today Eddy would have never believed that it was possible. But it was clear as day that his ass and legs were that of a horse. Not just a costume, but an actual horse's parts, judging from the warmth he felt and the smell of his hide.

It should have been impossible for him to exist in such a hybrid shape. The contours of his horse parts were at least four times the size of his own. Yet, it seemed as though his human physiology had altered to make such an existence possible. His chest had barreled out to accommodate for the change in his backend. The skin of his flanks merged seamlessly into the horsehide of his hindquarters, as though it had always been that way. His human parts, save for the slight micro-adjustments to allow his stance to work, were all intact. The image almost reminded him of a mythical centaur, though without the extra legs and erect stance for his head and torso.

Even through his alarm, Eddy was able to take stock of his new equine parts. He was no expert on horseflesh, but the size, in tandem with the white fetlocks above his hooves, brought with it images of draft horses, possibly a Clydesdale. His fur was brown with white near his hooves and fetlocks, while the hair on his docked tail was a darker brown. It did not escape his notice that the coloration matched the suit.

To his disgust, the worst scents from the barn seemed to be wafting off his massive hide. The skin of his backside, where it met horse flesh, was slick with dried sweat. His fur was dirty, covered with hay from where he'd been lying on the straw bedding. He hadn't been around horses often, though the smell wafting from his form was almost familiar, its pungency associated with equine hide.

It was then that he spotted the source of the other smell. Sitting off to the side was a pile of what looked and smelled like fresh horse manure. He recalled dumping in front of the audience last night, now that his head wasn't so hazy. It had seemed natural at the time, though he'd had no control of the action. Now, given the evidence before him, it had seemed that he'd also shit himself in his sleep, like a fucking animal!

At that realization, he began to question why he was so disgusted with such a thing. Horses shit, after all. And wasn't he a ... no!

Memories from the night flooded into his mind. He had willingly acted like a horse at his master's commands. And why wouldn't he? Eddy was a horse, after all. Wait, was

he? The horse's hind parts seemed to confirm those thoughts. Yet, he was sure he was human. It was a powerful conflict in his psyche to determine what he was. He was certain he had been human, but the notion of being a horse was strong.

The sound of a door opening drew his attention, and Eddy felt his ears flicking in that direction. He wanted to reach up and touch them but couldn't do so with his stance the way it was. Had they changed as well? It seemed the muscles had altered to allow them a modicum of inhuman movement.

Eddy looked on with a bit of longing, wanting to see someone, *anyone* that might explain what had happened and what he was. He gazed up, less awkwardly than he'd expected with his changed stature. Rupert walked in, still dressed in rider's gear, though clean and fresh. Eddy felt equal parts enraged and elated to see his former love. The conflicting emotions almost made him break down. Which thoughts were his own? !

“Why, good morning, my love. Or should I say, my *stud!* ” Rupert said with a laugh. “I hope you like the new accommodations I provided for you! They are perfect for the equine specimen you are! ”

“What... who am I? What... did you do. . . ? ” Eddy managed to stammer out. The words didn't seem to sit right with him, as though he knew he shouldn't ask. They weren't something a good stud would need to inquire about, after all.

“Why, you're my good boy! My magnificent stud! ” Rupert said cheerfully. “Though you always were, I did take the liberty to make it stick! A little magic in that costume to change your body and make you complacent in being my stud in mind as well! ”

“I'm not sure how much you understand my words. The mental conditioning works a little *too* well. But, I feel the need to be truthful. The short answer is, I caught you cheating. I gave you the world, my love. And you went cavorting with bar trash. Did you think I wouldn't find out? ”

“I guess it doesn't matter anymore. After a few weeks, you probably won't even remember much before being my good stud. You're mine now, and I'm going to take very good care of you! ”

“If anyone comes to look for you, well, they won't find you here. It's part of the spell; to anyone who sees you, you'll look like a full horse. Only you and I will know the truth. And, after the stunts I had you pull, no one will question you breaking up with me! ”

“In reality, you’ll remain my good stud for a long time! Well, after I continue to humiliate you for cheating on me, that is. Last night was just the tip of the iceberg of what I’ll do. I won’t actually harm my stud, of course. Not physically. Hell, with your conditioning, you won’t even think it mental harm. It will be my vengeance to be enjoyed!” he finished with that same chuckle that left Eddy feeling somewhat unnerved.

Eddy looked up with a confused expression. He knew he should be angered by the words. He wasn’t cheating! His boyfriend was treating Eddy just like a possession. And, the notion of further humiliation was completely repugnant.

But any feelings of hatred towards his former lover were quickly quelled by the new needs in his mentality. He didn’t want to piss off his Master, right? Master was good to him. Master would look after him, and he would serve Master well, like a good horse....

“Now, my love, I have other affairs to attend to. I’ll be back for you as soon as I can. I have such fun things in mind for us to do together!” Rupert said as he opened the door to enter Eddy’s stall.

Patting Eddy on the head, Rupert reached into his shirt and produced something that smelled amazing. Looking at his outstretched hand, Eddy was delighted to see several sugar cubes waiting for him.

He went to reach out with his lips, but Rupert stopped him. “Ah ah ah. Not so fast, stud. You have to be a good horse for Master. Thank your Master for the treat!” he said, eagerly awaiting the reply.

Eddy’s mouth watered at the proximity to the treat. Yet, he couldn’t say such a thing to his Master. Wait, Master? No, Rupert was. . . he was...

“Yes, thank you, Master. I’m your good horse,” Eddy said, the words flowing from his lips and sounding sincere, as though he’d never been angry.

“Good boy! Good stud! Here you go!” Rupert said, as though talking down to a child. Reaching out his hand, he opened it and offered the sugar cubes. Eddy wasted no time lapping up the sugary treats without regard for the situation or how embarrassing it was.

After that, Rupert left, shutting the door behind him. Edward was to stay inside; the conditioning hadn’t completely taken over, after all. There was still a chance the human might win out, and he would try to escape. Once Eddy was fully a horse mentally, he would be

allowed to roam and graze the fields without supervision. Until then, he had to stay in his stall like a 'good horsey'.

Life as a horse was unsurprisingly dull. He had nothing to do but stand there, swishing his tail and flicking his skin to avoid the dozens of buzzing flies that thought it fit to light on his skin. His slightly-changed ears were more attuned to the buzzing than he would have preferred, and it served to annoy him to no end. He couldn't seem to get rid of them all, especially with his tail docked.

Even though he had hands, it was incredibly awkward to move them. He tried getting down on his side and straining back to swat them away. But, it proved to be a futile task. His arms were too short to reach all the way up to his ass. Thus, he was subject to being bitten over and over. While not as much of an issue to his equine parts, it really annoyed his human self.

The sensations from his new horsey parts were both disturbing and intriguing. He tried to work his hind legs, finding them moving forward with his arms in tandem. Though it took a few moments to get used to the action, he could indeed walk somewhat like a horse. His speed was dulled due to his hands, but it wasn't too bad.

He found himself wishing that Rupert would come back to visit if even to break up the monotony of the day. Though part of him was enraged that he would be treated this way, another part longed for his Master, the companionship that subjugation could bring. It was hard to hold onto the anger and hurt for more than a few moments before the thoughts of servitude came back, and he felt himself relax.

Soon, Eddy felt his belly ache, prompting him to look around for something to eat. All that remained in the stall with him was a bale of hay, untied and spread out near a trough of water. The scent was surprisingly alluring, and Eddy felt drawn towards it, salivating.

As soon as it touched his lips, however, Eddy nearly spat it out. The texture was dry, rough, and awful! Yet, part of him knew this was what he was supposed to be eating. He was a horse, right? Horses ate hay. And he was... no, wait, that wasn't right. But he was so hungry...

Ignoring the unpleasant flavor and texture, Eddy's mouth reached down to pick at the straw. Eddy couldn't grasp as much as he thought he should, which caused a bit of annoyance. His human mouth was too small! He tried his best to chew his meal, finding his back molars had thickened into what was likely equine equivalents. He was able to grind it into a slurry that he eagerly swallowed.

It took the better part of an hour to actually eat enough to satisfy the hunger in his belly. Eddy was largely OK with that. He had nothing better to do to alleviate the boredom of being here alone without his Master. And his body was massive, requiring a ton of food to fill. Thankfully, he found the flavor starting to grow on him, allowing him to eat more satisfyingly.

He had to stop several times to drink, the hay leaving his mouth feeling dry and sandpapery. It was embarrassing drinking from the trough, the water dusty and warm in the heat of the barn. But there was plenty of it, at least. It managed to quench his thirst, even if his head wasn't large enough to drink as much as he wanted.

Eddy was only drawn from his feast by an ache in his crotch. The discomfort caused his cock to start to slide from its sheath. The sensual moan escaping his lips only distracted him for a moment before he realized it was the urge to piss. He barely managed to turn around from his meal before his penis unleashed its urine. Eddy didn't even have a chance to stop or aim!

His cock only slid back in his sheath after what felt like gallons were drained from his bladder. The realization made him enraged once more. Cheeks blushing in shame, Eddy realized he had no control over his urges, just like a horse! Did that mean...?

The feeling of his cock slithering back into its warm house suddenly caught his notice. Looking down, he caught sight of just how *revolting* it was. The tip was mushroom-shaped, with a crown around the head. The moist flesh was mottled black with disgusting pink patches all the way down towards its blackened sheath. His balls were hanging underneath him, heavy and swollen from the load they likely contained. Was this what horse junk looked like?

Eddy was distracted from his exploration by a sudden grumbling in his bowels. Realizing the implication, he tried to stop himself, but his tail had already lifted, and his puckered anus had opened. He was helpless to control the act as another pile of horse manure dropped from his hind end. The stench hit his human nose like a truck, almost making him gag. Part of his mind knew he was a horse, but the stench of manure still *stank!*

The buzzing of flies coming to take care of his waste echoed in his ears, and he found himself growing more and more distressed. Was this to be his life now, eating and drinking all his waking hours? Having no control of his bodily functions as he stood alone in his stall, waiting for Master? Was he not a good horse? Was he supposed to be a horse? Nothing made sense!

After what felt like millennia, Rupert came back, carrying a bridle and saddle. Eddy jumped up, eager for any contact with his owner. Smiling, Rupert opened the door, letting him out with a bound of energy.

“What an eager horsey you are!” Rupert said, holding out several carrots, stems still attached. Eddy, in his eagerness to please, grasped at the carrots with his lips. He was thankful for the treat that his Master gave him.

Lost in the earthy flavor, he barely noticed that Rupert was fitting him with the saddle. Unlike last night, the saddle fit perfectly over his massive flanks. The leather irritated his skin a little but otherwise was fine. Eddy simply looked into his Master’s eyes, hoping for another treat.

“Now, now, stud! You have to do some training first! Let’s see how good you ride!” Rupert said, reaching up to rub Eddy’s cheeks.

Eddy, wanting desperately to be the stalwart stud, stood perfectly still. The tackle was uncomfortable but not too annoying. Yet the moment a cold, metal bit was put in his mouth, he nearly gagged. It was terrible!

Rupert’s hand was on his head again, and Eddy did his best to swallow, the metallic taste almost too much to bear. But, if it was what Master wanted, then he would do his best. Eddy stood still, ignoring the texture of the bit or the sensation of Rupert’s body crawling up on top of him. Yet, his owner was surprisingly light, and after a moment, Eddy became comfortable with the additional weight.

“Giddy up, stud!” Rupert said, digging his heels into Eddy’s flanks. Eddy did his best to stifle a moan, not wanting to earn his Master’s ire. The human part of him knew what the command meant, and he moved forward, hardly bothered by the weight on his back.

His forward motion was more difficult than he might have expected, the muscles in his front end not equipped to keep up with the equine hindquarters. He couldn’t actually reach a riding gait, no matter how much his owner dug his heels into Eddy’s sides. The pain was irritating, especially in the areas where his human flesh broke from the equine hide. But, Master wanted him to be ridden. So, Eddy was compelled to do his best, as irritated as part of his mind had become.

The hot sun bared down on his human back as he walked around the pasture that had been prepared for him. Despite the hide covering his ass, the human skin on his back was soon irritated and red. Yet, much to his relief, Rupert applied some lotion that helped ease the

discomfort. His skin was tougher than most humans. And, the cream helped to prevent any peeling or sun damage.

Though his fingers were rough, Eddy still felt every rock and irritation present on the trail. Part of him was thankful that there were no ‘landmines’ or any other obstacles in his path. He wasn’t sure how long that would be the case after he was let out into the field, but it wasn’t a concern for now.

A carefully crafted trail kept him prancing around in a circle. Eddy did his best to maintain a trot but ended up failing miserably. Rupert kept him going for what felt like hours, but Eddy did not feel any weakness or discomfort from the walk. His body, though unbalanced, was made for long treks. He even took pride in his ability to effortlessly walk with the added weight on his back, especially when Rupert patted his hair and told him what a good stud he was!

Afterward, Eddy was guided back to the stalls, a little sad that he was being taken from the field. He had been enjoying the sweet smell of grass and the fresh air and sounds. His senses were enhanced, giving him a greater appreciation of the world. He hoped he would eventually be allowed out here on his own. The field made a better rest place than the smelly inside of the barn.

His body had worked up a slick sheen of sweat, and his anus had been irritating him. He was delighted when he was guided to a hose and bucket, one of Rupert’s staff ready to spray him down. The water was cold, but not entirely unpleasant as his sweaty hide and soiled anus was cleaned. He smelled so much better now, too!

“What a good, clean boy you are! My special stud!” Rupert said, having another staff member bring over a tray of apples. Thankful for the praise, Eddy bit into one, chewing rapidly. He managed to eat the entire thing, including the core, in a few bites. He was allowed to eat his fill from the rest of the tray, and Eddy felt content and sleepy after his exercise and meal.

Guided back to his stall, Eddy was thankful the repugnant scents from before were gone. His stall was cleaned, and the hay replaced. His only concern was that he was being left alone for the evening. But with a few more treats and words of encouragement, he allowed Rupert to leave.

The night did not pass easily. The buzzing insects did not stop their relentless assault on his body. It was cold, despite the blanket that he had been given. And the coarse hay

did little to provide him comfort. It was impossible to remain standing with his bodily proportions, and he did his best to find a position that allowed him to lay down comfortably.

After an eternity of fits and stretching, he fell into a deep, restful sleep. His Master loved him, after all. He could endure his new prison for the chance to spend time with Master tomorrow.

Eddy awoke the next morning, feeling sore and stiff from the night sleeping in the stall. The cool air had left him shivering slightly, and he sneezed. Hunger assaulted him, and Eddy groaned, hating how much he needed to eat now. Worse of all, an ache in his bowels made themselves known just before his tail raised to take care of its needs. His cock slid slightly out of his sheath and followed suit, urine splashing on his legs. Thankfully, Eddy was at least starting to grow accustomed to the stench by now.

“Good morning, my stud! Aren’t you smelling more like the horsey you are! ” Rupert said as he entered, wafting his hand in front of his nose. “You’ve been a good horsey, haven’t you! I’ve got a treat for you! ” he finished, opening the door and beckoning Eddy out.

Eddy felt himself growing excited. Was he going to be given a treat? Allowed to be outside? Yet, he was guided towards somewhere else in the barn, making him confused. Wanting to serve his owner, he diligently obeyed.

Before him lay a massive stand, brown with an oval opening at one end. It was slick with some sort of fluid, one with a pungent scent. The only thing in the room, Eddy found himself wondering what the hell it was and what his owner had in mind for him.

“Go on, stud. Take a good sniff. She’s waiting for you,” Rupert said, leaving Eddy momentarily confused. What did Rupert mean, she? He knew damn well that Eddy was gay!

Yet, as he approached, a powerful stench hit his nose, and Eddy immediately felt himself growing hot. His horse cock slid out of his sheath, dangling towards the floor before moving parallel with his belly. Tip leaking fluids, he could feel the blood flowing towards his crotch and stretching it impossibly engorged.

It was then he realized what was happening. The stand was a dummy mare, made for collecting semen from horses. And he, as a horse, was expecting to fuck and mount it. Even with his sexuality, the scents of a mare in heat had an unwanted effect on his stallion physiology.

It was impossibly embarrassing to conceive of doing such a thing. But Eddy's cock was so hard. His balls had been so heavy, and Eddy had no way to empty them. Even lying down, his arms were too short to easily play with his tackle. And the scent was so enticing...

Before he could stop himself, Eddy was moving to the stand, raising his upper body and grasping for a set of handles that had been prepared for him. With one hand, he took his cock tip and placed it into the tight opening. The sensation of his sensitive head against the warm, moist leather nearly made him cum right there. But he was able to hold back enough to fully enter his target.

“That’s a good boy! Breed her, Eddy! Let's get some of that cum milked from you. A good stallion like you is going to be quite the producer!” Rupert declared.

The words of encouragement from his owner only served to make him more excited. Shoving his massive cock all the way to the hilt, Eddy started to thrust, carefully at first. It was hard to get a grasp on the motions with his new bodily dimensions. But the scent of mare pheromones in his nostrils, in tandem with Master’s praise, made it impossible to hold back.

Eddy began thrusting with reckless abandon. The world seemed far away as he worked the breeding stand. His thoughts whited out, the instincts of the being Eddy now was taking over completely. He needed to mate, to spill his seed and claim this stand as his own. It didn’t even register as inanimate, not with the potent pheromones it gave off.

With how massive his testicles were, there was little hope of holding back. With a cry of release, Eddy felt his balls swell with the oncoming orgasm. What felt like gallons of potent spunk blew from his cock and inside the device, making a sloshing sound as it collected in a basin at the bottom. More cum than he thought possible erupted from his member, sending waves of pleasure all the way to his brain. It was like nothing he had ever known, and the act eroded any doubts or embarrassment Eddy might have harbored.

“Thata boy! You did it!” Rupert said, teasing the back of Eddy’s tail and making him raise it in excitement.

A sense of pride washed over him as the last spurts of horse cum flooded from his cock. Eddy dismounted the dummy, feeling more relaxed and relieved than at any point in his life. It was far better than sex with Rupert had been. His entire body shook with the release as he did his best to regain his composure.

His gaze shifted over towards Rupert, who came up to him. No, not Rupert. He was Master. Master rubbed his hair and down along his back, running it through his fur and

towards his tail. There was no question in his mind that Eddy was a horse. One who had successfully mated. And one who had a loving Master to give him treats and praise him.

As he was guided back to his stall, Eddy felt contentment in a way unknown to the human he had once been. He was Master's stud now. A good horse. Nothing he could imagine from his former life could be more fulfilling than this. It was much better to lose the already fading facade of his humanity and live in blissful servitude to his Master for the rest of his days.