

Sitting on the edge of the bed in my new home away from home, I found myself wondering what I was actually doing here. Sure, the promise of a fat paycheck once I left in a month was a great insensitive. That, and my lack of steady employment leading up to this gig. But still, the prospect of staying in isolation for an extended period, with no phone or internet or any contact with the outside world was daunting. Not something I was down to do under normal circumstances, believe me!

I had some experience with isolation, having grown up in a small town. In fact, I liked extended periods alone. And I would have plenty of media entertainment as well. Books, games, movies, and anything I requested were promised to be provided. It was a dream come true, in some respects. A chance to return to those simpler times in my youth when these things were all I had to entertain myself in the days before the internet when I lacked even friends.

But I'd been spoiled, it seemed. Having been connected to the world for so many years made the thought of being cut off from that almost inconceivable. And I would have to endure through that for lord knew how long! My new place of employment was so far out in the woods that there was no hope of such access for my needs.

Still, I needed some funds, and the place promised to pay well. And I wouldn't be alone, not entirely. There were a fair number of staff on-site I would be seeing somewhat regularly. I would be working at a wildlife sanctuary of sorts, I'd been told. They took in rescued species and performed physiological tests on their well-being in captivity after they'd been reduced. It was an honorable endeavor, I believed. To be honest, I found the prospect of working with animals exciting. It wouldn't be too involved, just feeding and cleaning and the usual stuff. There were several types of physiological experiments being run on them, how rescues acclimated, and so on. I would be expected to help with those in whatever capacity I could. But still, I welcomed the opportunity.

The only real downside was that the place was extremely isolated, and the drive there was one of the longest and the worst I'd taken. It was at least eight hours of backroad, with no facilities or rest stops for miles. I was warned in advance and made sure to acquire the proper supplies before heading out on my trek. Still, it was rather troublesome to make it out here with only my music to distract me as I did so. I was lucky I didn't hit any animals on the way there!

The facilities proprietor, Dr. Cummings was kind enough to meet me when I pulled up. After getting to chat with him for a while, I determined he was nice enough, I suppose. Said he was thankful for the extra hand. I wanted to tell him I was thankful for the paycheck but held my tongue. Making a good impression was paramount if I wanted to work here the entire summer!

Afterward, I was taken through a series of labs filled with animal sounds and scents. I assumed those were used for medical needs and research, but I didn't ask. I was a little curious about the advanced locking mechanisms on the doors, but again, assumed they housed essential research that someone like me would not have access to.

There were other rooms as well, what looked to house some of the specimens that could not be kept outdoors. One room was entirely devoted to a rat colony, from what I could see. Other rooms contained barking playful dogs. There was a farm outside as well, of course, there I would be working. Though I was told I would be given a more thorough tour of those spaces once I had come out of isolation.

I was a little confused about that last part until it was properly explained to me. Some of the animals were ill, and vulnerable to diseases that could be accidentally brought from the outside. Every new hire was required to undergo a series of injections to be allowed in the presence of the animals. I would then have to be screened for a period of time to make sure the necessary antibodies were in my system before I would be allowed to join the staff. A month felt like it was a little extreme, but, again, I was being paid for the whole excursion, and I wasn't expected to do any chores or work during the time I was there. It was the perfect job, other than the isolation part. But, at least I would be visited by some of the staff to run tests on me each day, so I wouldn't be totally alone!

Unafraid of needles, I readily allowed myself to be injected. A little curious as to why I wasn't asked for my medical history upon application, I was assured by the doctor that I needed these injections regardless of my situation. I complied, though a little concerned by the sheer number of needles he had prepared for me. At least I was reassured by the doctor's words that any duplicate treatments would not hurt my body in the slightest. Even if he had injected me with something I already had an immunity to, that wouldn't be detrimental and might help the farm animals I would be working with.

So here I was, amidst my new creature comforts. I would need to be in here for at least several days, depending on the results of my blood tests. I was a little nervous about that. My only contact with the outside world would be the medical techs on-site drawing my blood. I was excited to get out and see the animals I would be working with, damnit! But, all in good time, I supposed. The place was relatively big compared to what I expected the accommodations to be. It was a single, massive room, with a separate room for a toilet and bath. It housed a big-screen TV, a treadmill, a weight bench, a decent-sized fridge, and a stove, along with my bed. I would have to entertain myself, but that was of little consequence for the few days I would be in here.

My only contact with the outside world was to be a couple of the nursing staff that would come in to take my blood twice a day for analysis. I thought that was a little frequent, but the

doctor assumed that it was necessary for the particular injections. I'd donated blood a few times, so I didn't think this to be too big a detail, so long as I had lots of food with iron to build it back up!

I was also told to let them know of any unexpected reactions to the injections. Though there was very little chance of that, it was still something they needed to know, regardless of how personal it was. I was a little shy at that, but again, who was I to complain? These were the experts, after all. And I was in no position to back out now that I was here!

The spot where I'd been injected itched a little, but I didn't let it bother me too much. I decided not to pick at the bandage, for now, getting on with my pre-work vacation. Or at least, that's how I chose to look at it like. I had all the entertainment a movie and game junkie like me could ask for. And, best of all, I was still being paid for it!

After a look at the exercise equipment, I decided that using it regularly would be an effective way to utilize my time here. Though I figured the weights might be off-limits for now due to the injections, the treadmill would likely be fine. And, best of all, it would help get me in the proper shape in order to work with the animals when the time came!

Popping in one of my favorite movies, I turned the machine on, starting slowly to get into the swing of things. Much to my embarrassment, I found having months with little activity made the run a bit hard. Sweating and panting, I eventually gave up, a little frustrated with my lack of physical ability. Still, I had some time to improve my health and intended to use it.

After a quick shower, I decided to check out the food situation. The fridge was well stocked with all kinds of fruit and veggies, and various bread and cereals in the pantry. To my surprise, there were plenty of sweets and candies, some that I really enjoyed and had requested. Yet, to my chagrin, there was not a bit of meat to be found. Not fish or chicken or beef. I wondered if the staff were vegetarians, but I figured it was rude to ask. Besides, much of the food was likely all farm-fresh, and I was excited to try it!

Settling on a salad with some sugary treats afterward, I continued my movie, mentally planning the next I would watch in sequence. As I did so, I couldn't help but be aware how the itching was bothering me from the injection site. I tried to ignore it, not wanting to irritate the area. But the longer the evening went on, the worse that itch seemed to get.

Deciding to take the bandage off, I was not prepared for what I saw. The skin seemed dark, as though burned from the injection. That was not uncommon in and of itself. What was a little shocking were the dark hairs that seemed to pepper the area. Shorter than my arm hairs, those black follicles seemed denser from the skin than my normal arm hair. Worse, the bruise

seemed darker in those areas where the hair was thickest. Was I having some sort of reaction to the shot?

I wasn't sure what to make of it, or, worse yet, what to do about it. I wasn't really given any instruction on how to contact the outside. I went to the door, wondering if I should try and leave to seek help. But then there was the chance of infecting someone else with something that could hurt the animals. So, in the end, I decided not to risk it. I would ask the attendants in the morning about it. Besides, I doubted anything would happen overnight, right? Right?

Despite my concerns, sleep came easy for me soon after my movie marathon. The weight of good food in my belly certainly helped. There was itching in my groin that really seemed to bother me for a while, but I didn't want to scratch it. I had noticed a camera in the room, and while I could technically just go to the bathroom to alleviate the itch, I just didn't want to bother.

The prickling on my arm was getting worse, however, and against my better judgment, I decided to scratch the irritated skin. It seemed as though the area of the bruise was thicker than it had been when I'd checked an hour ago. It was impossible to be certain in the absolute dark. There were no windows down here, making it a little hard to tell the time, let alone see in the dark. Besides, once my light was off, I didn't want to get up and check. There was nothing I could do about it at this late hour. Besides, I was going to get a visit first thing in the morning, and I figured I could bring it up then. Surely a rash wasn't going to kill me.

After some time, I awoke to a knock on the door and rising sheepishly from sleep I was greeted by two men entering with hazmat suits. I thought that was a little drastic, but I wasn't in a position to question it. They must really care about their animals, I concluded. That, or there was something in the formula that I didn't want to know about. I tried not to worry too much. They did this stuff all the time, right?

“Hey, morning, bud! Don't be modest! We aren't the shy type around there! I'm Mike, and this is Peter!” Said one man, exuberantly. I introduced myself as well, wanting to stretch my hand out to shake but realizing it was likely a bad idea. They were in suits, after all!

The other man, Peter, came in wheeling the expected cart of tubes, gauges, bandages, and tape. Instructing me to raise my arm out, Mike swabbed the site he picked on my arm and drew blood. It only pinched a little, a testament to how skilled they were. Mike chatted me up all the while, asking about how I liked it here, how I was enjoying the accommodations, and other general questions. Nice, normal people, their demeanor putting me at ease.

In my relaxed state, I almost forgot to show them the strange marking on my arm. I brought it up, Mike seeming more curious than alarmed about its presence. Gingerly, I picked off

the bandage, not really sure what I would find but more than a little worried. It seemed my concerns were warranted. The bruise had evidently spread in the night, something I could tell even before I took the bandage off. The skin was darker, almost black. It seemed to be peppered with more of that strange hair, dark brown, almost black in some places. I was tempted to touch it, but then didn't want it to spread, so I paid it as little mind as I could. That is if touching it could spread it. I honestly didn't know what to think with such a bizarre reaction right before my eyes.

Mike took a quick look at the patch and whistled. "That's quite the reaction! I think you're OK though, the bruise might keep spreading but that's just your body's reaction to the shot. Nothing to worry about at all! It will fade in a couple of days. It happened to me too. How about you, Peter?"

Peter just nodded, his reactions seemingly muted. I figured he was just the shy type and let his buddy do most of the talking. Still, I couldn't help but notice something in his expression, something that made me a little nervous. Was he...excited? No, that couldn't be right. What would he have to be excited about, anyway?

With that, they gathered their things, promising to be back later in the afternoon. I found that timetable a little odd but didn't think to question it. How was I supposed to know how often they needed to draw blood? Evidently a lot with how much the bruise had spread in such a short amount of time. Did they need to track it or something? I found myself really hoping that it would clear up in a few days, just to be on the safe side. It would be troublesome to put it out of my mind.

Afterward, the pair left, leaving me a little confused. Wait, didn't I have more questions? Well, not really, when it got down to it. That had answered everything important, even if I didn't really like the answers. Besides, there was no point in asking about the food situation. I figured it would be rude to ask if they were vegan, after all. And the greens and grains would probably be healthy for me, right? And, most importantly, they weren't very concerned about the patch of bruised flesh. Then, why should I be?

Deciding I was up for the day, I poured myself a bowl of surprisingly pleasant sugary cereal and sat down to watch another movie. As I did so, a surprising pain assaulted my backside, as though I'd sat on something the wrong way. Reaching down for any sort of spring or other obstruction, my seeking fingers found nothing. What was it that I'd sat on? Had to be something sharp, I clearly wasn't imagining things.

My fingers then traced over the skin above my ass as I still wondered what might have caused the ache. As they did, an odd bump met my fingers. Exploring the skin revealed a

half-inch protrusion from the spot, as though I'd sprained my tailbone. I'd done so once as a child, and the pain had been excruciating. But, other than the way I'd sat on it, I experienced no such ache. Then, what had happened? Besides, the last time I had such an injury, it certainly didn't cause the bone to stick out or anything!

I sat back down, more carefully as I paused my film to contemplate the situation. My mind tried to come up with any reason why an injection series might have caused my coccyx to extend. There seemed to be no correlation. I did want to check if they had a doctor on staff, but, again, I wasn't sure how to contact anyone outside the room. Fuck, why hadn't I asked when I had the chance?! I was thus forced to wait until my caretakers came back in the afternoon.

Soon after, my stomach rumbled, and I quickly made my way to the bathroom to take care of my business. The need was so urgent I was lucky I made it, blaming it solely on the greens. It was after I'd finished that I noticed something was off with my groin. I'd largely ignored it before now until I'd had the urge to piss. It had been present, I realized, especially as the men had come in to take my blood. But absentmindedly looking down, I almost yelled in fright. My penis wasn't the same!

I'd been cut as a child, and I barely had any foreskin to show for it. Not that I really cared, mind you. It was what it was. But I clearly had one now where I definitely shouldn't have. And not a small one, not by a long shot. It looked to be about half the length of the flaccid shaft, and deep enough that I could fit a finger in if I tried. Not that I looked at guys all that often, but I was sure that a foreskin couldn't go that deep. Still, it appeared to stretch down over my penis, not even causing a bit of pain as I poked around in there.

To my shame, the attention seemed to cause my cock to come to a half-chub. I blushed a little, even in the privacy of the bathroom. I hadn't touched myself in some time and had considered using my time in isolation to take care of some of that pent-up need. But, the idea was a little embarrassing, especially with the cameras in there. So, I decided to leave it there, even in the bathroom.

Still, the ache in my cock was insistent, and even the slightest touch of my fingers left me hanging, half erect. I couldn't help but notice how I was hung. I wasn't that big, was I? I'd never exactly measured myself before. But, I was definitely bigger.

I wanted to leave the bathroom, maybe do something to take my mind off things. I had to be hallucinating. That made more sense to me than the alterations themselves. But, my cock wouldn't go down, even in my pants. Even after waiting for more than twenty minutes or so, the erection wouldn't subside. I didn't want to go out there sporting wood!

Figuring that I was just really pent up, I took my cock out and started teasing the tip, just slightly. The action forced me to moan right away and leaked a steady stream of clear fluid. I'd never been so needy in my life, but it was clear I was needy now!

The newly-grown foreskin seemed to peel back somewhat as my cock became more engorged, redirecting my blood flow to fuel its girth. I stared down with more admiration than shock at how long my cock started to get. It was impressive!

Seeking hands soon grasped my shaft, stroking with enthusiasm. Part of me wondered if I needed cream or anything to prevent my cock from chafing. But with the amount I was leaking, I quickly realized that would be unnecessary. My fluid slipped between my fingers, encouraging me to stroke faster. I started pumping faster, seemingly eager for the release that I had been sorely lacking in my everyday life.

It didn't take me long to reach orgasm once I'd started in earnest. I could almost see the flesh of my ballsack expanding, as though growing plump with seed. The tension on my cock grew as the veins swelled with the necessary blood. I couldn't believe how close I was getting so quickly!

Yet, in my rush to reach orgasm, I forgot to grab a tissue or anything else to wipe it with. My eyes scanned for the toilet paper, but I was already about to head over the edge. I couldn't stop it now even if I wanted to!

"Uhhh... uhhh... UUUHHHH!" I moaned, a little embarrassingly as my cock spasmed and shot several gooey wads of cum onto my hands. I had nothing to wipe with and was a little embarrassed as I did so. But, it felt so fucking good, I couldn't complain!

It was when I went to clean myself off that I noticed something seemed a little off. The foreskin that I had seemed to have spread even further. And the skin was distinctly dark in some places like it was dirty. But even excessive scrubbing couldn't seem to remove the stain. And, as I rubbed at it, I was ashamed to notice that it was starting to get hard again, even though I had just reached orgasm. Weird!

I walked out of the bathroom, suddenly assaulted with hunger, even though I'd just eaten. Had it not been enough? Instead of a larger meal, I took out some carrots to munch on. There were some baby carrots in the fridge, and I devoured them rather ravenously. Soon, a couple of bags were emptied, followed by some stalks of fresh celery. Was it due to how farm-fresh the veggies were that I took to them with such ravenous need? I'd have to use the bathroom again at this rate!

I'd almost forgotten about the changes with how much I'd eaten. But once the rumbling in my stomach subsided, the itching on my arm brought my attention back to them. Looking down, I was shocked to see that the discoloration had spread even further. What was once a patch around the site had now extended itself halfway to my elbow. And I'd only checked it less than an hour ago!

The reason for that was soon as clear as the brown hairs that adorned my arm. The skin was likely black underneath, just as much as the bruise seemed to spread. But I couldn't tell, Not with how thick the hairs were. I couldn't even see the skin from how bad it was!

Pulling at the hairs confirmed that they were real, though I'd already known that. There was no way it wouldn't hurt, otherwise. But how had I grown so many? They didn't match the hairs on my arm. They were too short, and the texture was too coarse to be mine.

It had to have been the injection that did this. I'd heard of something, hyper... hyper something. I wish I had my phone for google. But, I'd already tried. There was no signal and no data provider that granted coverage out here. That was strange enough, in this day and age.

So, it appeared that the injections had a side effect of hair growth. But then, what about the alterations to my dick? It seemed the subtle changes were more than what a simple injection could explain. Yet, what else had happened to me? Were the three alterations correlated?

I had no choice other than to wait for the men to come back and talk to them. I hadn't bothered to ask if there was an intercom present, and I was still too shy to attempt to venture forth. Thus, I was stuck only with another movie before finally, the click of the door opening roused my attention.

The two men were the same as before, which was unsurprising. There likely weren't any more medical staff out here in place this small. Save veterinary techs, but these two could easily have been both.

"How's it hanging?" Mike asked me, a grin planted on his face. A blush passed my features as I realized the implication of his words. My cock was a bit bigger but... damn, there was no way he could know!

Seeming to notice my hesitation, Mike spoke up once more. "No need to be shy! I'm just teasing! But, seriously though, how have you been feeling? Any more side effects from the shots?"

“Well, I...” I started, not really sure what to say, I’d been so adamant about asking why my body was altering, but now that they were so open to knowing I was suddenly embarrassed. I couldn’t actually tell them, could I?

“Oh, you mean this?” He asked, and I blushed even harder before I realized he was looking at my arm and not my crotch. I rubbed the skin a little absentmindedly, not wanting him to see. But, it was a better distraction than having him look in more private places!

“Yeah, umm... it got worse. Is that normal?” I asked, wanting to keep the nervousness out of my voice but failing miserably.

“Yeah, I’ve seen it happen! It’s one of the reasons that we have to keep you isolated here! Let me see...” He started moving to my arm. “Yeah, it’s a reaction to one of the viruses that our horses get. Do you like horses?” He asked, seemingly out of the blue

“Y-yeah, I like them...” My voice trailed off a little at that. I had wanted to work with them more than the other animals, but I didn’t mind either way. I’d done some farm work in my youth and I was eager to revisit those times. Being around the horses had been one of the main perks of my taking this job.

“Yeah, we’ve got a few nice stallions on site. Rescues. They are really friendly, too. And can you imagine being that hung?! Wouldn’t that be nice!” He said with a little bit of a laugh.

I had to admit, the notion of having a cock that big wasn’t all that unappealing. But, it did bring me to recall the changes to my dick. The sight of it had shocked me, impossible for even the injection to ignore. And more changes had happened quickly in the time that I’d taken to touching myself.

A strange idea came to mind as I contemplated the man’s words. Horses had black sheaths, didn’t they? Like... But no, that wasn’t possible, of course. It was a silly notion, acquiring any features from an animal, regardless of the chemicals in my bloodstream. Besides, the shots were just a series of antigens to trigger antibody production so I wouldn’t spread any unwanted illness to the animals. Right?

Yet, the idea of having a cock the size of a horse’s seemed to stick in my mind, and I couldn’t seem to shake it. Such a massive, swinging member, to play with at my leisure. Think of the pleasure it could grant me!

I didn't realize I'd been daydreaming until the sensation of leaking precum in my pants caught my attention. I was getting hard, just thinking about the idea. And I had let it happen with guests present. How embarrassing was that?

I went to put my hands in front of my crotch but then forced myself to stop. If the nurses had seen it, then covering it wouldn't matter. And if they hadn't, then trying to cover it would only draw their unwanted attention!

"Are you sure there aren't any other changes? Nothing else we need to look at? You don't need to be shy around us. We're your doctors, after all," Mike said.

"Anything at all would be helpful. It's part of the research to look at any side effects, after all," Peter chirped in. I hadn't realized it, but there was a hint of an accent that I wasn't immediately familiar with. Eastern European, maybe?

Yet, I hardly had time to consider anything else with the blush that crept over my features. They knew. I knew they knew. It was only a matter of time before I had to broach the subject. It was part of the experiment, after all. And men had to talk to their doctors about that sort of thing all the time, right?

"It's my... Erm... penis," I said, the shame clearly present. I couldn't shake the fear of showing myself to these men, especially with the alterations that I had seen before. And certainly not erect!

"It's OK to be shy, Paul. You can show us. Nothing we haven't seen!" Mike said, with Peter agreeing.

Sighing loudly, I did just that, taking off my pants and pulling back my underwear to expose my throbbing erection. I hadn't thought of it until just that moment, but it was not normal for me to do such a thing with the erection that was plaguing me. I wasn't an exhibitionist!

Yet, to my shame, my erection didn't subside. In fact, the moment my member touched the warm air of my chamber, my cock got even harder, as though the exposure was a catalyst for the lust. The embarrassment I felt went through the roof! Yet, my cock continued bobbing up and down, rather than shrinking away in the presence of the men.

My humiliation was made even worse by the fact that the changes had progressed in the period since I'd last looked at it. The foreskin I possessed was even deeper, nearly all the way down towards the base of a cock that was at least several inches longer than I recalled. The bare flesh that continued to stretch out from my foreskin was a more pale shade than I recalled.

Several blotches of the black skin that covered my foreskin seemed to play over its girth. And I was sure I could tell that some areas of the leathery-looking foreskin were peppered with a brown shade that looked like...what?

No matter what they told me about side effects, it was impossible to deny that my member was not the same one that I had entered the facility with. I had no idea what had happened to my penis. It didn't look human. Its appearance escaped me, but it certainly wasn't the dong that I'd brought in here with me. How could the injections explain this?

"Ah, I see," Mike said, leaving over to take a better look at my cock. I shied away, though more from the shame of its appearance than his presence. He was closer to me than I should have been comfortable. But, his proximity seemed to comfort me more than turn me off. In fact, my cock was getting even harder, as though reaching up to his concerned features!

"What's... Ummm... happening?" I asked, not wanting to know the answer but needing to know all the same.

"It's a reaction to the shot, all right. You're super aroused due to an equine growth hormone that's part of the injection series. It only happens to a small number of participants, and it's completely harmless."

"You're one of the lucky ones, we call them! You're going to be super productive down there for the next few days if you catch my drift! Several times a day, easy! Want some help with that?" Mike offered like it was the most normal thing in the world.

"Y-yeah, sure..." I said, not realizing the implication of the words. Before I could protest, however, his hands were on my shaft, gently touching the flesh before running up and down with a gloved hand.

I moaned, not expecting his forwardness. I should have backed away. I should have protested. Surrey, such contact was very unprofessional! But, at the moment, the touch of his gloved hand was the most sublime thing that I'd ever felt in my life.

"There, there, buddy. Just let it happen. You're a big boy, aren't you!" Mike said, making me wince from the words. But, to my surprise, they did seem to allow me to relax a little and get into his strokes. His fingers were surprisingly skilled, running up and down the shaft at just the right speed and pressure. He seemed to know me even better than I knew myself!

With such skilled precision, it didn't take me long to reach the precipice. I tried to stifle a moan, not wanting to shame myself any further. But, given my arousal, it was impossible to do

so. And I was so close, that giving in to the pleasure was the only thing on my mind at the moment!

“Ohh, aaagh!” I shouted as my cock started to spasm, shooting a thick wad of cum up into the air, falling onto his hand and my cock and groin. It shot forth like a geyser, nearly touching the man’s face as it coated my groin with a sticky coat of smell spunk. I’d never cum so hard in all my life. How was it possible for me to blow a load that big? Surely there was no way that I could possibly be that pent up?

“Nice one dude! What a load! And that cock’s not too bad, either stud!” Mike said, patting me on the back. I smiled up at him, a little unsure about the compliment but willing to take it all the same. It was confusing to actually take pride in such a compliment from a man. It prompted missing grade school rhetoric about being ‘one of the guys’. I had to say, despite the bizarre nature of the compliment, I had to admit that it made me blush.

Wait, was I? I had to be imagining things, my mind concluded. I was still in a bit of a stupor, as best as I could tell. It was as though my head was a little foggy like I had run a marathon and was a little dizzy from overexertion. But, all I’d done was just masturbate, after all...

A pat on the back made me sit up again, not expecting the contact. It wasn’t entirely unwelcome, seeing how intimate our interaction was thus far. “Don’t sweat it stud! You just rest up! Our meds can do a number on you, and you’ll notice some side effects over the next couple of days. Don’t worry about it though! It’s all to be expected! Can’t say I don’t envy the boost in the downstairs department!” He said with a laugh, slapping me on the back before getting his stuff together and leaving me to my own devices.

The whole affair had me more than a little confused, though rational thought was still a little foggy. I didn’t want to think about it too much, given the circumstances. I had been expecting some side effects from the serums, though letting myself get jacked off by a guy was certainly not high on the list of expectations! Not that I minded, the more thought that I gave it. It was really nice getting the helping hand. And the guy seemed to like providing it as much as I did receive it. Surely, I wouldn’t say no if the opportunity came up again...

A strange sensation swelled from my cock as the head pushed its way through what I could only assume was my foreskin. I had been correct about how deep it was, all the way to the base of the shaft. Strangest still was how my semi-erection seemed to almost sit inside of it, like if it was flaccid, then it could fit all the way inside of it, hidden from view if that was possible. My cock didn’t look human, even more so than it had before my benefactors had come in. surely, the aide effects of any injection couldn’t do this to any cock. I didn’t know what kind of cock it

looked like, but it was hard to recognize it as any human could have. Maybe like an animal, perhaps, though I didn't know what kind of creature had a cock like this.

And then there was the hair that was covering it. I didn't realize what it was at first, not with how short it was. But, they made the color of it all wrong to the point that I was prompted to reach down and rub it. The brown shade, far from being my skin, was a coating of tiny brown hairs, so thick that they completely obscured the skin and made it impossible to see the skin. Even trying to pull it back was complicated, though the contact made my cock start to come to erection again, making me blush. Not that I minded the size...it was a few inches larger, as best I could tell. And Mike had been so enamored by it...

I was starting to get a little hard again, though the confusion of the hair seemed to keep me at half-mast. It was soft, and velvety, though made me a little nervous to rub it. It seemed to be mostly confined to my foreskin, though some of it was coating parts of my groin. My own groin hair was still present, though it seemed like it was short, less coarse to match the consistency of the hairs that were coating my foreskin. It had to be some sort of...what was it called? Hyperplasia? But I had no way to be sure without asking the two nurses. I made a point to do so when they came back in the morning.

Tracing my fingers over my belly, I was slowly starting to realize that the hairs on my belly, just above my groin, were a little longer, thicker in some places. Far from my normal blond, it was a darker shade, matching that on my groin. Though it was barely noticeable, it was almost as though my hairs were more numerous than they had been before. Yet, despite the alterations to my penis, I couldn't feel too bad about the hairs if they made me look more manly, right?

Looking around the room once more, my eyes settled on the exercise equipment. Despite having just cum, I felt an eagerness to expel the excess energy that seemed to play over my body. I never really did weights, or even did more beyond just regular walking. But with the way I felt, I decided that now was good enough to get started. Besides, if I was going to be working with animals, then it made more sense to bulk up while I was in isolation, right?

Warming up on the treadmill, I started running, my body feeling a little heavier than the last time I remembered. Worst, though my cock was in its odd sheath, y balls were heavier as well, enough to support the load that I was able to ejaculate. The more I ran, the more than slapped against the inside of my thighs, and the more uncomfortable it became. Regardless of how much I wanted to run, I eventually had to stop to prevent hurting myself. I had worked up a good sweat, the scent of my body odor a little off-putting but I soon became accustomed to it, at least enough that I could stand it.

Moving onto the weights, I figured I could get the energy out easily if I was sitting on a bench press. Deciding to start with a lower weight, I soon found that it was not, that my arms were stronger than I would have expected. Part of me knew that I shouldn't push too hard, that I hadn't done weights in a very long time and I would hurt myself if I did so. But part of me was energized, feeling stronger than I had ever been, and was eager to push myself to see what I could do and how far I could go.

So, in the end, I decided to double the weight, feeling a little bit more strain as I did my benches, though not nearly as much as I figured I would. It was enough to get some reps going, my body perspiring as I did so. Putting the bar down, however, part of me was still curious. Even with the danger of doing it without a spotter, I wanted to see if I could lift even more. My muscles were sore, though rubbing them seemed to reveal a layer of muscle that I was not expecting on my form. I could have sworn that I was bulking up like I'd been working out for months, not twenty minutes!

I had to say that I liked the layer of definition my arms possessed now. Rubbing the firm flesh made me more tent inside my sheath a little, loving the level of tone that I seemed to possess. The flesh was firm, the bulges of my muscle were well-defined, and each layer of tissue seemed to have expanded to levels that could not exist on my average-sized body. It was more than my arms as well; exploring my thighs also seemed to reveal a level of firmness that was beyond my previous contours. The muscle was a little sore, though it was the pressure of having worked out, even if I hadn't been able to do more than this brief half an hour!

The more I rubbed eagerly at my skin, the more resistance I seemed to meet, as though my skin had been peppered with dozens of hairs. Though the texture seemed a little bit off, not the same coarseness that I would expect from my own body hair. It wasn't soft, not exactly. But the hairs were rather thick, covering the skin and making it hard to see in some places. Others were red as though that same hair was getting ready to burst from the skin, irritating it as they did so. Other than hyperplasia, however, I didn't have a good explanation as to what was happening to my skin.

As much as I might not have wanted to admit it, the sight of all the muscle, my changed cock, and even the hair covering patches of my skin made me hard again. I was surprised by how much stamina I seemed to have, even after being jerked off by the doctors and all the exercises I was doing. But, there was no denying my growing erection and what it was doing for me at the moment. If I could get off this much from some sort of stimulant, then I wasn't going to say no, especially with how much I needed it!

A moan escaped my lips as my snake slid out of its new home, the mottled skin more sensitive than it ever had before. It seemed to extend out even longer than before if that was even

possible. My usual 5 inches were clearly almost eight now, though I didn't exactly have a ruler to tell. Still, it was the cock of a much bigger man, and the blood rushing to engorge the erectile tissue made me feel a little dizzy. Still, it was hard to deny the results, and I was certainly more than happy to think with my cock for once!

Even in my lust-fueled haze, I still could tell that the head was altered, far from its former rounded shape to something that looked flat, almost like a mushroom. I giggled at that, wondering if that term was now apt for me. I was really hung! Like a horse? HA! Wait, was that what my cock looked like now? I'd never really seen a horse's cock before. And the injection was supposed to get me ready to be able to hang with horses. Damn, it felt like being high having my blood thin like this!

I didn't have much of a choice but to go ahead with masturbating my sex, not with how needy it was. Despite the shape, the sensitivity was beyond anything I could imagine, and the entire girth seemed to throb under my touch as I stroked it. It was celery thicker, too, my fingers having trouble getting all the way around. If my cock got any bigger, I would have to use my hold hand, I ended up laughing to myself. I couldn't imagine having a bigger cock than this!

Even through my lust-fueled stupor, I was dimly aware that a numbness had spread into my masturbating fingers, as though the fingers themselves were asleep. I wanted to take them from my cock to try and work out the sensation, but I couldn't bring myself to do it, not with how damned *horny* I was. It was a weird sensation, almost like someone else was jerking me off. My thoughts drifted to Mike and Peter, and how much I had enjoyed his attention. And how quickly I would say yes if he offered to help me again when he came back...

Envisioning the man in my mind, it took no time for me to reach my end, my cock spewing my testicular load as the stick seed rolled down my shaft and coated my fingers and cock. Some of it even got into my sheath, but I was remiss to care, too enraptured with the vibrating sensations as I shook all over. It was even better than the last release, more intense as though my cock had gotten even more sensitive than the mere hour before I came last!

It felt like an eternity as I sat there, awash in the sensations of pleasure and riding the orgasmic high that seemed not to fade. It was a level of sensitivity that masturbation had never brought me before, leaving me absolutely delighted. I found myself hoping that the alterations to my cock, and all the ecstasy they brought me, would never end, even though I was told they were only to be temporary. Still, I was determined to enjoy it for as long as I could!

Still, I recalled that the numbing sensation in my fingers hadn't entirely gone away, lingering longer than it should have. Inspecting them made me a little concerned. The nails on each were darker, closer to a muddied brown or black. But it was the thickness of them that

really had me concerned. They had bubbled up about an inch from their cuticles, and the tips had run up along the tops of my fingertips.

Still, with the potent smell of my jism in my nose, it was hard to find a cause to be concerned about. It relaxed me in a way that defined understanding, making me almost sleepy, though still full of energy. I think the best way to describe it was content like I had achieved something immensely fulfilling. Actual sex would be better of course, but with the way things were going, I couldn't imagine anything better than the masturbatory experiences that I had thus far. Hell, I almost thought that I'd be down for a third time, but I was getting a little tired and I wanted to get some rest of the fun that the side effects could give me.

Deciding a shower was in order, I went into my bathroom, turning up the heat and allowing the water to wash over my body. It was relaxing on its own, and I felt the energy starting to leave me, fatigue settling in. It took a little time to get washed up with the amount of cum that had gotten on my fuzzy sheath. There were even some that had gotten down on the inside, and getting soap and water down in there was almost arousing on its own. That, and the fuzzy hair on my body seemed to slow down my washcloth. Still, I felt better, and certainly cleaner by the time I got out of the shower.

I was a little surprised, however, that the strange smell on my body, the one that I couldn't quite place. It wasn't bad, all things considered. I thought it might have something to do with the room I was in, even though it clearly hadn't been present when I first came in. The odor wasn't too offensive, however, almost making me relax and I got into bed and passed out for the night/

I usually didn't recall my dreams, unless I was drinking more than I maybe should have been. But that night I think my arousal had something to do with the vivid images that played over my mind that night. It started with myself naked, a bestial phallus even larger than the one I actually possessed hanging heavily from my groin. I wasn't alone, of course, and ready to go, even after I masturbated myself to conclusion as many times as I thought my arms could manage. Though my cock was no worse for wear, my testicles plump and ready to go again and again.

The others around me were male, cocks just as erect and as eager as my own. And just as larger, feral, and leaking copious amounts of precum. I was on them in an instant, sampling their bestial delights like sparkling wine as I lapped and sucked and brought each of them to orgasm in tandem. They, too, all gathered around me, sucking and lapping my cock as many times as my penis sprayed over them, coating them in sticky jism.

Even better was when one of them bent over, exposing an anus that was black and puckered and larger than anything a man should have been able to see. Though, at the moment, I

couldn't imagine a more erotic sight. I knew that I would finally be alleviated of my lust as I faced that thick, meaty pucker and pumped it full of my virile seed. Rubbing my dick against it, it took no time for me to penetrate his inner folds, the other man's rectum tighter than anything I tried my best to relax my rectum, allowing it to open and take the plump cock inside of me. It opened me up in a way that was more magical than anything I could have fathomed. It was bliss, though it took a few moments for me to get used to the size. Once I did, I was in heaven!

Being the center of such an orgy, there was no chance of holding back for long. Even though I had no inclination toward such things before now, being in the middle of it now was the most erotic thing I could have ever imagined. A decidedly bestial-sounding cry came from my cum soaked lips as we came and came...

The heavy stench of ejaculate in the air was what finally roused me from sleep. I stirred a little, uncomfortable from the wetness that was coating my groin and the blankets. There was a heavy scent of sweat as well, and that other omnipresent odor that I was slowly becoming accustomed to. Throwing the blankets off, I was hit with a wave of musk that made me dizzy. It was as though the smells were far more pungent than anything I had ever breathed in before. Despite the rather rank odors, I found they were making me hard all over again...

Yet, something was wrong. My cock was too large for my pajamas, that much was obvious. It was pointed in the air as it slid out of its sheath. The mushroom-shaped head was being tugged towards my belly, as though the sheath had spread up to encompass it. In fact, as I reached down to touch it, the warm cocoon of flesh really did seem to have merged with my groin and my lower belly. Though, I was disappointed to see that I looked a little bloated, as though I'd eaten a large meal. And the layer of fur seemed to have spread if the brown discoloration was any indication. It was a little perplexing, to say the least.

Yet, the sounds of the door opening distracted me from reflecting on things too much as Mike came back in, in tow. "Good morning Paul! You're looking fine! And I can smell that you've been busy, too!" he said with an air of admiration. Yet the realization that my nightly activities, largely against my will, made me powerfully embarrassed. Why hadn't he come in after I'd had time for a shower?

Mike seemed to notice my disgust. "Don't worry about it, man! It's all a side effect of the vaccination! Nothing to be embarrassed about! Now, it looks like you've been having some good dreams, but if you need another hand with that monster in your pants, just let me know! Not that I'm being forward or anything, but it's your call!"

I simply nodded, blushing furiously as he came over to me with his equipment to take blood. I help out my arm, allowing the needle to go in, though I barely felt it. He was good at his

job, I had to give him that. And he was certainly good at other things if memory served me well. In fact, the more I reflected on it, the more that I couldn't help but get hard, despite how much I'd cum the night before...

"You're coming along nicely. You even smell more like...well, more like what I'm used to working with, haha," Mike commented, making me wrinkle my nose slightly. I was a little embarrassed, thinking that I hadn't showered enough and stank of cum or body odor. I certainly couldn't smell that anything was wrong, at least as best as I could tell.

Mike seemed to notice that I was sniffing the air, trying to figure out what he was talking about so that I could do something about it. "No no, it's not a bad smell! Don't worry about it, dude! It's all good!" Mike chuckled, seeming to tease me for it.

I was a little confused by the smell, as much as I tried to put the idea out of my mind. I couldn't smell it, not exactly. But something in the air did seem to trigger my senses, causing a stirring in my loins that was now starting to feel familiar. It was the sensation of my penis sliding out of its sheath, the warm fleshy cocoon making me whine. Damn, getting hard had never felt so...good.

"Ah, there it is. There's our big boy! Let's get you some attention for that, stud! Then we can get the blood work done and you can go about your day! What do you say?" He asked, making me shiver. I wanted to say know. I should have said no. But I was so damn needy, I couldn't resist his offer no matter how much I figured I should.

Then again, why should I? It had felt so good last time. We were both consenting adults, after all. And I was certainly consenting. Desperate, more like. I would do anything for his touch...

It was then the sensation of a hand on my cock that brought me out of my lust-fueled stupor. I hadn't even given him a word of consent, but the man must have known by the look on my face. In truth, even if I had harbored any remaining resistance, it would have been removed the moment that he touched my penis.

"Pleeeeeeise..." I muttered, feeling a frog in my throat as I said so. Still, it was largely ignored as the man started to gently rub, using the fluid leaking from my urethra as lube as he stroked with one hand and then another.

"Ah, a two-hander now! Look at you grow! What a big boy! It's only going to get better before you have to get to work," Mike said, gleeful in his ministrations as he rubbed the mottled flesh.

I could only whine and whicker, that frog tight in my throat as I did so. I didn't mind the sounds, apparently my sex noises in the moment of being pleased. In truth, I had no control over my actions as my thick mottled shaft throbbed and the tension in my balls built. I wasn't going to last long and I didn't want to. Not with how sensitive my penis was. Not with how much I was leaking. And not with how *big* I was, longer than a man ought to be and twice the girth. Two-hander, indeed!

Yet there was something else that caught my attention, slowing the steady orgasmic onslaught that was ready to take over my being at any moment. My face was tingling, an intense sensation that made me twitch my lips. They felt numb, almost rubbery like they were fattening on my features. It was getting worse the more I was stroked off, as though the blood running into my cock was a catalyst. The skin was itching, my nose and lips swelling, and making me sneeze to try and alleviate the irritation.

Stranger still was the sensation of my ears twitching, as though responding to the itch that was irritating them so badly. It was as though they were trying to escape the tingling, numbing feeling that was overtaking them. The skin was prickling as though something was poking through, making me want to flick them more. And, to my shock, they *were* moving, as though I was prompting them to by will alone.

Yet even that was not enough to stop me from cumming, the swelling in my balls was getting far too intense. Mike's hands were way too good at stroking me off, and the pleasure was insurmountable. I couldn't hold back against the intense sensations and part of me didn't want to. Oh, fuck, I was going to...

"Oh YEEEEIIIIIGGGGHHHHH!" I called out, not really thinking about what I was yelling as sperm buzzed through my cock and up my shaft, erupting like a volcano. I felt myself spasming in my chair, desperate for every inch I could be granted in the pleasure of the moment. It was almost too much!

More cum than I should have been able to produce spasmed out of my cock, some of it getting on my chest and groin. Most of it ran down the shaft, covering Mike's gloved hand. Yet, I had a hard time feeling any semblance of embarrassment at the moment, lost in the orgasmic afterglow as I was. Besides, he had offered, right? I had nothing to feel ashamed about, no matter how much I'd cum, or what noises I'd made during.

Mike's words gave me confidence, quelling whatever voices in my head gave me any sense of self-doubt. "That's quite the load there, stud! What a good boy! You're going to fit in

here perfectly!” Yet, despite the bizarre and somewhat ominous nature of the words, I couldn't help but blush from the words of praise.

Afterward, Mike cleaned me up with a warm cloth, while I sat there, stunned by the whole ordeal. I was still shaking somewhat, the orgasm from a cock the size of the one I possessed a bit more than my body could handle. But the warm washcloth felt nice, as did the attention he was giving me. When was the last time I was cared for in such a way? Hell, when had I ever been expected to be?

“Alright big guy, let's get your blood work and call it a day. I'd say that you could use some rest after that, stud! Probably not too long, though, not with all that stamina you seem to have!” Mike said, Peter just smiling at me. I couldn't hold back the blush, no matter how much I wanted to.

I barely felt the prick of the needle as it went into my arm and drew my blood. I was still lost in the post-orgasmic reverie of having been jerked off so expertly. As my cock slithered back into its sheath, it was obvious that it was even larger than it had been before, if such a thing was possible. How I had grown so much in so little time as a reaction to some vaccines was impossible to say. I wanted to ask but was a little shy at the moment. After all, I had exposed myself to these men, and they seemed to take so much pride in my appearance!

After they left, knowing winks in their expressions, I soon recalled the odd sensations on my face, ones that prompted me to get up and look in the mirror. The numbing experience seemed to indicate some other changes to my form, though I wasn't sure what I was expecting. Still, as I stared at my altered visage in the reflection, I had to say, it was not it!

My ears, of course, were the biggest offenders. They stuck up above my head about an inch and a half long, and if I focused on them, I could actually move the damn things. The sensations were more than a little unnerving, though I was prompted to play with them, making them move this way and that. It was like discovering a new part of myself, one that I kept twitching subconsciously even while I was distracted by the other alterations to my face.

It was my mouth that seemed to have been the primary cause of the strange tingling. At first, I could have chalked it up to a more realistic poor reaction to the series of shots that I had gotten. My lips were puffy, and running them I was surprised by the almost rubbery texture that they seemed to possess. And my gums seemed a little swollen as well, puffy, as though my teeth were infected. Yet, aside from their relative size in relation to my swollen face. It was bizarre, to say the least!

But, I didn't have too much more time to reflect on it, not with a sudden rumbling in my belly. I was famished like I hadn't eaten in days. I hadn't noticed before now, lost in the sexual needs of my body. Still, there was no denying the intensity of the hunger. Thankfully, I had ample food, and I was certainly going to need it!

Part of me wanted to stop and make a salad, even though I never really cared for greens. But the moment I picked up a carrot to cut into it, it was in my mouth, and I was crunching down on the tasty tuber almost all the way up to the stem. The flavor was more than I had been expecting, as though my taste buds were amped up to an eleven. I was hungry as hell, and it was just the thing my body wanted to munch on!

I couldn't help myself. Quickly, I was chomping on another carrot, barely taking the time to chew in my hunger. My lips were twitching, pulling in my meal as my teeth made quick work turning my breakfast to slurry before I swallowed greedily. Another carrot, then another was devoured in a similar fashion. In the moment, it didn't even occur to me that I should maybe wash them. Thirsty as well, I pulled out my pitcher of water, not caring that I was dumping some of it all over my damp shirt, downing the whole thing before coughing and sputtering, having tried to drink too much at once. Damn, I had been thirsty just as much as hungry!

Finally, the hunger pangs had abated somewhat, though not before I devoured half my bag of carrots. Part of me was happy that I was so eager to eat my veggies, not having to worry about being unhealthy, at least. But the other part was craving more and was a little unhappy that I had eaten too much too quickly. Would they replace my food as I ate? I was sure they would, right?

I was still a little hungry and figured some candy would be alright, especially since I had the option to work it off on the treadmill. Yet, like the carrots, the bag of sweets was quickly devoured, even as I tried to go slow while watching one of my favorite TV shows. I tried to pace myself. I really did. But the flavors in my mouth were far more intense than I could ever recall, as though my pallet was completely cleansed and I was sensitive to every flavor and texture. They were the best-tasting treats I had ever had, and I couldn't even recall the brand name. Did I even know the brand name? I would have to ask later!

I was still concerned about the changes, of course, but, for now, I decided to ignore them. There was nothing I could do, and my benefactors didn't seem to be bothered in the slightest, either. Every time I had tried to ask I got the short end of the stick, as though they didn't want to answer me directly. It was more than a little annoying with the level of changes that had overcome me. Surely, they weren't natural. The hair, my cock, the muscle, my ears, and my face. And that thing sticking out of my backside like my tailbone was dislocated. What could explain

it? No matter how much I tried to distract myself, I couldn't seem to stop the thoughts from bothering me.

The sound of a loud fart distracted me from my thoughts, and I was hit with a waft of my own flatulence that nearly made me gag. Damn, I was smelly! A gurgling in my guts made me sure I had to use the bathroom, and right now. I figured it was part of my new vegan diet but still wasn't sure why the stomach cramps were bothering me so much. I went in to do my business, the smell making me need to flush several times during. I couldn't recall the last time I'd had a dump that big! But, eventually, I was done, though wiping made me aware of that growth above my spine that made me concerned no matter how much I tried to rationalize it.

What was going on with me? I wasn't sick, or, at least, I didn't feel like I was. I had a dick that looked like...I had no idea what. There didn't seem to be any shots that could make my ears move like that, or my face to look like...a horse? The term 'horse faced' came to mind, for some reason, and it just dawned on me that the hair, the nails, and the ears were all that I might expect to see on a horse. Maybe my cock was a horse's cock? I'd never seen one, so how could I know? And, did that mean that the lump was part of a tail?

I sat there for what felt like forever, trying to place my situation. Was the serum really giving me horsey attributes, instead of what they had told me about possible reactions? Still, there was nothing I could do without trying to call the outside. But, isolated as I was, I didn't have my cell phone. That, and I couldn't find a buzzer or anything else. There was a camera, one that I hadn't thought of the entire time that I had been played with by my nurses. Everything that we had done was on camera, sexual escapades and all. Fuck, why hadn't I thought of that before now? It was so damn embarrassing! How could I have allowed it to happen? Yet, in the moment, I needed it so bad it was hard to deny the urges, especially with help so readily given by my caretakers.

I don't know how much time passed as I did my best to take my mind off things. Watching TV and movies took up a good portion of my day, and I did have a clock that I could use to tell the time. But, given that I had nothing else to really do other than relax, and be hyper-aware of what I was starting to understand were the changes overcoming me. Hardly a bad reaction now, it seemed as though I was steadily changing, into some sort of equine freak. Even the deep dive into the show that I was watching could hardly remove me from the fear over what was changing me into...what?

Yet, my thoughts kept drifting toward my situation to the point I couldn't help but reflect on it. Though it should have been impossible, I was clearly changing in body into some kind of...animal. How far would it go? Would I change all the way...into a horse? Surely, the human body couldn't survive that. But, other than the aches and pains that I occasionally felt, I was fine.

More than fine, if the energy and sexual stamina were any indications. And, I was being monitored closely, my caretakers watching my every move and checking my blood work daily. Surely, if there was any risk to my well-being or my life, then I would know about it. Whatever *was* happening to me, it wasn't likely to kill me. Or, at least, that wasn't the intent.

Then, what *was* the intent? Was I some sort of science experiment? Though I hadn't seen anything like that on the way in, I was hardly shown much of the facility, given the 'need' for isolation. Maybe there was some secret experiment to turn people into horse freaks down here. '*Or horses...*' I thought, glumly. I didn't think such a change was possible, but if it were, these were certainly the beginning of it. I couldn't really fathom why anyone would want to change people into horses, eventually figuring it was beyond my ability to comprehend. Another question on the list of things to ask, I eventually figured.

Supper came and went, with more food than ever consumed in rapid order, followed by an equally large and smelly bowel movement. I was thankful that the toilet was able to take it, another sign that the changes were likely something that was planned. It made me sigh, wishing for the ability to take my mind off things that I couldn't control. Until I had access to my caretakers, or, perhaps captors, I simply had to try and live and hoped I didn't change too much more.

Still, there was a sense of restless energy that was hard to avoid. I was nervous, yet I felt confined in equal measure. There was a nervousness that made it hard to focus on anything I tried to do, a fear I couldn't quite quell. That, and the energy my larger body seemed to be producing made it difficult for me to sit still and watch TV. Therefore, using the exercise equipment again seemed to be the only outlet I could think of. And, given the power in my body, I had to admit, I was a little curious to see what I could do.

Two minutes on the treadmill gave me an indication. I wanted to try and start slow, but it was almost painfully slow within the first few moments. So, I found I was pressing it up steadily, not wanting to push my changing body too much but eager to see what it could do all the same. Soon, my feet were slapping against the treadmill, the speed at which should have left me winded in under a minute. But then five minutes passed, then ten, and I was still able to go, albeit at a decent pace.

Eventually, I had to stop, though not from muscle fatigue. Rather, it was a case of my sweat dripping all over the treads and making it slick. Also, my feet were bothering me, though not from the weight that I was putting on. It was rather a stiffness, a pressure that made me more than a little concerned. So, with that in mind, I stopped, all at once hit with a rank stench that made me wrinkle my nose. It wasn't as bad as my, Uhm, leavings. But it was worse than my sweat had ever smelled, as though there was something underlying that made me a little dizzy. It

was like a thick, pungent musk, one that sent a pounding of erection through my loins and almost left me dizzy.

Still, I had enough cognizance not to touch myself, recalling how fast I seemed to change whenever I tended to my maleness. Thinking a cold shower was just the thing, I headed to my bathroom, careful not to take off any of my clothes before then let I expose myself. A moot point, I knew, especially given my sexual escapades earlier on. But I figured it was better not to push things too much. Who knew who was getting off to the sight of me at my expense behind the camera? Now, wouldn't *that* be an interesting reason for changing me!? Some sort of sex cult or pornographic video series. Who the hell got off on that kind of stuff, anyway?!

Still, if that was the case, it was certainly working. It was getting almost impossible to resist touching myself, so, I figured I had a little time to get to my bathroom. As soon as I did, the stench hit me all at once, reminding me of what I had done here earlier. It was pretty bad, even by my standards, and I found myself wondering if it was this bad in close quarters, how was I supposed to work with horses all day? *'At least they have hay to keep the smell down,'* I figured, though it wasn't a comforting thought. After all, there was a real possibility that I might end up living in a barn for the rest of my life and not being able to get out.

Getting my clothes off turned out to be more of a chore than I was expecting. And it wasn't just from the fact that I was covered in tons of sweat either. It was as though they were a size too small like I had struggled to get them on in the first place. In fact, my shirt had ridden up my belly a little, exposing that patch of hair and horsehide that had covered me. And my shorts were tight against my thighs, as though I'd bulked up in the past few hours. Though, given the speed of the changes playing over me, that was a very real possibility.

Still, with some struggle, I was able to get them off, without tearing anything. I wasn't sure that if the time came I'd be able to get them on again, wondering if I should try and ask for some bigger clothes. Still, it was hard to worry about that for very long. The exposed body that I saw had changed, just as much as I had anticipated, or, perhaps, feared. The hide had swept up my chest, and my belly was rounded, more than my slightly chubby frame could support. It made me a little self-conscious, though, given the power and energy I seemed to possess, there had to be at least some muscle there. Still, I didn't want to rub the skin too much lest it come with any unwanted repercussions.

My fingers felt a little stiff, too, though flexing them seemed to take out the irritation. But there seemed to be something off about my feet, something that made me do a double-take. My middle toes were longer, twice that of the rest of the toes. Whether my other toes just looked smaller or had shrunk, it was impossible to tell. I was a little unnerved by the sight, wondering if

there was a chance I was developing hooves or something of the sort. Hooves like a horse, which sent shivers through my spine.

Still, with the feeling of my pounding penis and the stink I'd made in the bathroom in tandem with my own sweaty body, I was getting a little dizzy, and having a harder time focusing. Somehow able to ignore the stench, I got into the shower, allowing the tap to turn and the cold water to hit my dick before letting it warm up. The water washed over me, making me stunned by the force of it. Though, the cool water was enough to help my erection go down, at least for the moment. Soon, I was able to put on a more sensual shower, the warm water sinking into muscles that I wasn't even aware were sore until then. The comfort was gradual, and I allowed myself to stay in there for what felt like hours. Thankfully, the warm water didn't seem to be running out any time soon, and I was able to take my time running over the hide I possessed and the skin I still had. For now, at least.

Seeking fingers were reminded of the growth of my tailbone that I'd felt before, and I reached back, an inch-long nub meeting my fingers. I was glad that turning around couldn't really give me a view of the thing, as much as I didn't want to know the obvious. It was clearly a tail, though it lacked the hair of what I assumed a horse might have. For now, at least. I sighed out loud at that. I didn't want to be changed, but it was clear I had been and was still being changed if the markers were any indication.

Getting my hair and hide soaped up was an issue as well, though I managed it. It was coating my legs, my ass, and my belly now, where it had only lightly coated my groin. I was tempted to reach into my sheath to wash my cock, however, but figured there was a chance that in doing so I would bring me an unwanted erection. Besides, they had washed me off with a warm cloth, which was likely sufficient.

Yet, even after getting out of the shower, the scent of sweat and something else lingered in my nose, enough that I found myself questioning it. Did I... was that the smell of a horse? I wasn't sure, the odor was not something I had smelled in years. I was sure that something was off about my scent glands that my diet couldn't account for. It had to be a result of the serum, a bizarre change in a long line of changes that made me concerned for my future.

Before bed, I spent a good hour in the bathroom, after flushing a few more times to get rid of the lingering smells. Still, the heavy musk of my mind was fresh in my nostrils, teasing at the edges of my sheath and almost making me need to jump back into the shower. My nostrils for their part seemed swollen, red, and out of place on my features. I was really breathing in the horsey smells now, the changes to my nose likely the culprit for my awareness of them. Raising my fingers and pulling my lips back, ignoring the rubbery texture that was bothering me so badly, I saw that the thicker skin of my gums had black spots which made me nervous. Brushing

my teeth had no effect on the stains if that's what they were. I was nearly at the point of making them raw and bloody as I tried to eliminate whatever was on them. It took all that time for me to realize that it was, in fact, part of my skin now.

My gums weren't the only thing that had altered, much to my disdain. My incisors seemed bigger as well, though my swollen face matched their development. They did seem a little off-center, too, though I chalked it up to how swollen the rest of my lower face was. And, of course, there were those damn, twitching ears. Must have been two inches now and still growing, if memory served me about the last time that I had seen them!

Still, there was nothing much else to do and it was getting close to my normal bedtime, anyway. I decided to get into bed and wait till morning when I could question my benefactors. Or, perhaps captors was the better term, given the state of my body and the apparent lie I'd been told. There was nothing to be done for it now, although I could at least hope they gave me some answers. Or, the changes would continue enough that I would find out for myself...

My vivid dreams came once more, almost waking me up from the sheer force of the images. In my vaguely waking periods, I would have simply thought myself horny and pent up. Certainly, the stench of cum hit me once when I was up in the middle of the night. But why it was horses in the dreams with me, I couldn't be sure. My objects of sexual desire were the massive, sweaty beasts like I feared I was becoming. In the moment it was impossible to deny that was what was doing it for me. Though, the horses in the dreams were hardly dumb beasts. Rather, they were changed, like me. Had gone through the same process in this room, changing slowly and masturbated and coaxed into becoming placid, horny gay beasts.

Naturally, I was a horse myself, and mating the other stallions seemed as normal as my attraction to women before now. Their massive butts, swishing tails, tight assholes, and, above all, their dangling balls and swaying cocks really did it for me in ways that defied my understanding. Even more, the feeling of being fucked from behind, something that should have scared me, was, instead, powerfully arousing. I was a sexual beast if there ever was one, a sexually charged lightning rod of equine lust. My cock could easily go all day, slathering me in a sheen of the same sweat that had bothered my nose all day.

There was something else in the dream, aside from equine lust and desire. Rather, we were bonded beyond that, members of a group, a family. A herd, I soon realized, though the word had more meaning than that. I ate, slept with, and fucked these males. They, in turn, did so with me, a bond of companionship that was beyond anything that I had ever experienced. It made me long for that sense of belonging in real life, in the waking world. And, I found myself excited to see if that was soon to be...

The pain of something crushing my backside made me roll over for a moment, as though I was sitting on an arm. It took a few minutes, despite the dreams, to remember that I was now in possession of a tail. Yet, it was not only the pressure of the growth that was paining me. Rather, it seemed as though some of the hairs had caught under my...wait, hairs? I was sure that it had been bare before now. But there was no mistaking the pulling of hairs on the back of my tail.

A shudder ran through me just then as I reflexively moved the thing, twitching up and to the side. I wasn't used to a growth sticking out of my backside, and it was powerfully unnerving to move such a thing, a part of myself that hadn't been there before. I almost wanted to cry, to think of how far I'd fallen in so short of time.

Naturally, my flared nostrils picked up the stench of my body odor, the most prominent of which was the sticky semen that coated the bed. Enough those my testicular loads were...impressive, it was clear I'd cum more than once in the night, likely imagining a horse's rump or cock when I'd done so. Yet, it seemed like my cock was no worse for wear, actually halfway out of my sheath from the need to piss. Though, there was some arousal, given the thick scents of my horsey musk and cum that I'd ejaculated.

Yet, the need to piss was at the forefront of my thoughts, and I stood up, getting out of bed to make it to my bathroom. However, the moment I did was the moment I fell over, barely able to catch myself with my hands to prevent injury. It was as though my feet were numb, and not even there to catch my fall. What had...?

The reality of my situation was even worse than I had imagined. Staring down at what became of my feet, I let out a cry, one that sounded more like a horse than my own voice. My feet were changed, warped, altered from the primate stance that I had taken for granted until now. If they weren't already hooves, they were damn close now!

The needs in my bladder were getting instant now, and I had to bite the bullet and try to walk forward. Yet, it was clear that I was not ready for the changes in my stature that made me pitch forward, falling on my hands and nearly my face as I let out a distinctive whinny. I wasn't sure what was worse, falling over because my feet were barely hooves or the fact that in my panic, I sounded like a horse! That, and I was going to piss myself if I didn't get up!

Thankfully, the door opened soon, and Mike and Peter walked in, smiles on their faces changing to looks of concern. At first, I figured it was my increasingly equine state of being that was the cause of their worry, though I quickly figured they were expecting that part and were more occupied with helping me right myself.

“Are you alright, bud?” Mike asked and I nodded as surprisingly strong arms lifted me up and helped me regain my stability as I stood there, trying to balance as best as I could. I wasn’t sure that I could walk like this, though, as best as I could tell, that was the point, wasn’t it? To eventually get me on all fours like a...

“Here, boy, it's Ok. that must have been scary! Let’s get you something to calm you down, OK? Here you go!” Mike said, and he reached into his pocket to produce something that he held out for my inspection. Carefully, I sniffed at it, a succulent scent wafting from it that almost made me salivate. It was clearly sugar, like some sort of candy, but I couldn’t recall the last time something like that smelled so damn good! Reaching out with rubbery lips, I grasped the cube-shaped thing and pulled it in, the taste almost more than I could bear. It was amazing!

Yet, the needs in my bladder were becoming insistent, and I managed to mutter out “bathroom!” in my slightly guttural voice. The two men helped balance me towards my toilet, though I waved them off as I went in to close the door. Though I had to bend down slightly as my cock slid out of my sheath, the skin having tightened around my groin and pointing it upward slightly. It was a little messy, to say the least!

Thankfully, my caregivers had warm cloths for me ready to go, as though assuming I wouldn’t be fully successful. I was a little embarrassed at that, though I tried not to make a big deal of it. I was changing, possibly into an animal, and horses weren’t the cleanest of animals, after all. I shuddered at the thought of that being the rest of my life.

Though, it didn’t take me very long to be brought from those thoughts with the sensation of my cock sliding from my sheath once more. Though, this time didn’t come from the need to urinate. Rather, the caress was making me aroused, pulling my cock from its new home as I started to leak viscous fluids all over again. Dizzied by the sheer amount of blood I needed to maintain such a mammoth erection, I wasn’t able to ask the questions I had planned, or even recall what they were. Hell, it was taking all I had not to simply beg him from his touch!

Yet, I didn’t need to worry about it, given Mike’s penchant for stroking me off. Running one hand over the shaft, his other one teased the tip, where my penis had crowned, the flesh more sensitive in that spot it seemed. It was everything I could do not just to beg him to stroke me faster, though the waves flooding my shaking cock were almost more than I could bear. I was going to cum a flood and there wasn’t anything that I could do about it. Mike was truly amazing at what he did!

Yet, I was somewhat aware that my muscles were warming up, as though expanding over my body. It was subtle, a comfortable heat, one that made me relax into the sensations. It was as though I was getting a massage all over with heated hands, like the muscles were being

remolded, twitching under the skin. Though part of me should have been wary that I was being complacent in my body changing, that the sexual contact was making the process occur faster. But there was no denying how good it felt, how fulfilling it was to feel the muscles being stretched and pulled and reworked.

The sensations were even better by the touch of the other man, Peter, rubbing the twitching spots of flesh under the skin. It was impossible to get them all, that I was changing in so many places at once. But the knots in the flesh that he was able to comfort made the process all the more enjoyable, and I allowed myself to get into it, closing my eyes and feeling the sensations washing over me.

The only thing that bothered me enough to notice was an itching across my body, spreading up my chest and down my thicker thighs and legs. It was the itching over my wrists and ankles, however, that was becoming more insistent, and I gradually wanted to reach down and scratch, my body shuddering from the sensations. Though, it seemed that Peter was paying attention, and was on it himself, rubbing the growing hairs as they steadily lanced from the skin and spreading horsehide that was growing over it. It allowed me to really get into the moment, the relief of being teased almost worth the irritation of the itching in the first place.

Even through the cascading waves of pleasure, I was able to make out the voices of the men who were teasing me so exquisitely. It took me a few moments to realize it, but they were indeed giving me the answers that I had been seeking, or at least, some of them. But, given their adept fingers and wonderful ministrations, it was a wonder I was able to make out any of the words at all, much less question them about what they were informing me.

“There, that’s it, Paul. Doesn’t it feel nice...yes, just get into it, you’re changing, but you’re going to be so beautiful...a lovely stallion...several have come before you...and several will come after...a lovely herd of sentient horses here on-site...and several other species as well, though I think you’re one of the lucky ones, especially with your equipment...don’t you love your new penis?”

I could only whicker in reply, my throat feeling flemmy and distorted. Though, it was hardly an inconvenience, with my current inability to find fault with what they were doing. Even my fears of being unable to walk properly felt like barely an inconvenience with how much pleasure my penis was giving me. Their words, though what should have been infuriating, only served to bring my arousal to new heights as I prepared to blow the stallion load that I had waiting in my plump testicles. I had to admit, there was truth to what they were saying, leaving me unable to muster up even an iota of regret or anger at the impossible transformation I was undergoing!

“Don’t worry about the why...maybe we’ll tell you later but just look at it this way. You are being elevated from humanity in a way that so many others could only hope to achieve. And to think! All your needs will be taken care of for the rest of your life! And, best of all, plenty of stallions to take out those new lusts with! You’ll get lots of use out of that horse cock, believe me! Not to mention all the showers, brushings, and sugar cubes you can handle! Not a bad life, and not treated down like an animal at all! All for the data that just living and acting the way you want will give us! Hell, I might take the deal at some point, maybe you’ll see me in the stalls one day!” Mike declared, Peter only smiling, a stirring in his pants that I could notice despite myself.

The words left me feeling stunned. I knew that I was changing, the results were undeniable. I was becoming increasingly horsey as time went on, and even the words of reassurance on the first few days could not deny that. I was being lied to, brought here against my knowledge to be turned into a dirty farm animal. And the more they played with my junk, or I played with myself, the faster I seemed to change!

Yet, before I could protest too much, the hands on my penis started stroking faster, running up and down and lubed by my ample precum. The waves of ecstasy flowing from my cock were almost too much to hold back again, and there was an increasing part of my being that didn’t want to. Something about the notion of being an animal made me eager to let go and cum like my instincts seemed to require. And I was OK with that, except...

The aches in my muscles were only increasingly intensifying as the pressure in my penis grew to a crescendo. That part of me that should have been enraged was still there, still aware that the changes were getting to me the more I let these men pleasure me. But, that part was sinking below the surface of my awareness, lost in a sea of ecstasy that my equine phallus was granting me. I was about to shoot from a quivering horse cock, and everything in my mind came second to the level of euphoria that was burning through my sweaty body in a wave of pulsating pressure.

“OHEEEEEIIIIGGGGHHHHH!” I tried to yell, but my voice soon devolved into a series of equine whinnies. My massive black orbs throbbed and pumped an impossible quantity of sperm up through my penis and into the flared tip as it erupted in a wave of cum. So much shot from my shaft that it painted my barreled belly and coated the fur that had spread further from the spot. Naturally, some of it got over my benefactors as well, but they seemed not to care, focused only on my pleasures as they worked my shaft for all it had to give. And with the equine stamina they had gifted me, it certainly took much longer than seven seconds for my orgasm to subside!

With the size of my horse cock in relation to the stature of my body, it took me some time to regain my awareness of the release and get my barrings. I was sure that both Peter and Mike

were stroking down my size, telling me I was a good stud and coming along so nice. The notion of being told I was beautiful, and becoming more so as the changes went on was not lost on me, even in my lusty haze. Still, there was something both haunting and wonderful about the attention. I was getting more than I'd ever dreamed of, being treated far more regally than I could have imagined before in my life. Yet, at what cost?

Eventually, the pair took my blood and left me to sit there, still reeling from not only the orgasm but the repercussions of what it meant for me. I wasn't going to be working on the farm here, I was going to be part of it. Likely a permanent part, if my caretaker's reactions were any indication. They were gearing me up to not only accept the fact that I was becoming a horse but to like it. And the worst part was that I really was starting to like it if the sensations from my penis were any indication.

It was impossible to ignore the conflict in my thoughts and actions during the experiences of the last few days. I really had liked being pleased like a horse, to have such a massive cock and feel my loads being blown from both my own touch and the touch of others, even though they were men. Though I could do without the hooves, the hair, and the bulk, the cock was out of this world. It was almost worth the loss of my human body to experience even a modicum of those pleasures that my horse penis granted me. Almost.

I spent the afternoon pondering what my life might be like if the changes were to continue down the path that they seemed to be taking. It would be the death of the human me, or, at least my human way of life. If the difficulty I had walking was any indication, I wouldn't be able to live down here for much longer. Soon, I would be taken out to the farm, though something that was planned anyway, it would be a much longer stint than I had been expecting. Surely, I would, in fact, be living the rest of my days as a horse. With other horses, cared for, and at the whims of my captors. It was hard to think of them as simple caretakers with all that had been done to me without my knowledge or consent!

Worse were the human things that I was to lose the more I changed. Naturally, there was an entire room of familiar comforts that would mean nothing to me once I acquired hooves. My beloved books, movies, and video games. Nothing of that sort really mattered to a barnyard beast. Hell, I didn't even know if I'd keep my human mind enough to enjoy them by the time it was done. Let alone my senses....

Needless to say, I fell into a bit of a depressive state after that. As the hours ticked by, I tried to quell my growing anxiety by coming up with things about my soon-to-be life that wouldn't be so bad. There were certainly some pros to being an animal, after all. I wouldn't need to pay bills, or even need to earn money. All my needs would be taken care of, my food, my

cleaning, my care. It seemed like there was a good staff on hand to help with that. And, not to mention the cock! Have I mentioned the cock?

But then, of course, were the cons. Living in a stable, for one. Having to deal with the smell of my own waste until someone came to clean it up. That loss of independence was scary, to say the least. Not able to take showers, baths, eat when I was hungry, hell, even the ability to leave my stall whenever I wanted would be taken from me. All of my autonomy would be robbed of me, as much of an invalid as any poor soul in hospice.

There were more, of course. Simple primate pleasures like hands to operate the world would be taken from me soon. As would the senses I'd grown accustomed to all my life. How did horses hear, see, and *smell*? It was all so alien, so scary that this was to be my reality. And one that was coming on faster and faster each time I was masturbated to climax. Whether it be through my own hands or theirs, it was soon to push me over the edge toward an animalistic fate.

In the end, I decided to enjoy what I could while I still had the ability. It was sort of surreal, putting in some of the movies that had meant the most to me to watch for what was likely the final time, at least as I understood it. I didn't really know, so I tried not to think about it too much. Though, equine aspirations played over my mind to the point that I had no idea what the point was in enjoying my media. Would I even remember that I'd enjoyed them, once? What would be worse, forgetting all of the things in my human life or remembering what I could never experience ever again for the rest of my life, lamenting it all the while?

I was changing all the while, of course. Though, nothing too noticeable after the last growth spurt. I was heavier for sure, maybe gained about 30-40 pounds over the course of the morning. A lot of it was muscle in the top of my body, my shoulders and upper arms bulked up, and my chest and pecs barreled slightly. Though the skin was constantly itching with the growth of more fur and hide, I resisted the urge to rub it. Though it was silky and smooth, there was something about making its presence real on my body that made the prospect undesirable. That, and there was every chance I would spread it faster by touching it. That, or at least make its presence real, was not something I relished at the moment.

Naturally, my greater bulk required more to eat, and as much as I didn't want to gorge myself, I didn't really have the choice. Surely my body needed as much food as a horse, and my metabolic needs were likely far greater than even that to support the changes. And the smells of lettuce, carrots, and tomatoes were far more appealing to my nose in its changed state. It was everything I could not to crunch down on my meal with the desperation of a man starved. I found myself wondering if horses ate all day, a little bit here and there in an effort to curb the urges to eat. That was probably the case to a degree, though not something I relished doing. Still, after what felt like the world's biggest salad, I finally had enough in me to quell that ravenous hunger,

at least for the moment. There was plenty of food for me to snack on, at least, so I didn't have to worry about that if I was inclined to eat as my body required.

And, of course, after eating came the sensations of bloatedness and gas that I'd come to understand was part of the territory for being at least part equine. I didn't know horses were so...flatulent, and it was not something I relished having to deal with for the rest of my life. I was loud, I was gassy, and I was *smelly*. I would have gagged if it wasn't coming from my own ass, and I hadn't quickly gotten used to it.

Naturally, soon with the gas came the need to use the bathroom, and I was able to get to the toilet in time to use it, but only just. I had managed to hobble on my hooves, the urgent sense getting me up and moving fast enough to make it across the room to my bathroom. I could feel my tail raise, though my ass was bigger than the seat could manage. It took everything I had to hold it to make sure my much larger anus got it in the bowl. Though, the sheer amount of horse manure I needed to dump was enough that it sloshed up the water onto my ass, making me powerfully uncomfortable. Flushing was impossible, though it was soon not to be my problem anymore. It made me a little sad to realize that I wouldn't be staying in this place much longer, once my body bulked up and I was down on all fours. Maybe tomorrow, if the changes kept coming the way they were.

I also had to urinate, though was able to resist the urge until my mess was dealt with. Though, it was not easy, having to lean over the toilet as I was. I couldn't get my cock to point downward the way I was accustomed to, and that notion greatly bothered me. Not wanting to have no nose so close to my chest, there was little for it now as I let my bladder go as well. It was a little messy, and left me thankful I was human enough to use a shower. Though, it was almost impossible to fully hose off as I tried to wipe my massive body, the cloth not doing much by catching on the fur. Still, it was better than staying dirty, and I was thankful for the small favor.

To my chagrin, the warm water on my penis causes me to come to a half erection, my penis sliding sensually out of my sheath and leaking into the stream of water. Rather than being concerned, however, I stared in reverence at the thing, siding out nine inches, ten, twelve. Soon, it was fifteen inches, and possibly not even the final size of the horse cock I would wear the rest of my life. Though, at the moment, I was remiss to care, shocked at the size of the thing attached to my groin. I was *hung*, maybe even for a horse!

The blood rushed to my dick, and naturally, I started to stroke, unable to resist touching myself. A series of several pleasurable shockwaves rolled over my groin, moving up towards my prostate and making my orange-sized balls throb. Part of me knew that I couldn't touch myself, I would be speeding up my descent into equine hood by jerking off, maybe even losing my hands

in the process. They were stiff, the fingers having a harder time getting around my shaft. I was a two-hander, I knew that already. But if I didn't have longer middle digits, I would be unable to make it all the way around my cock. Still, I managed, jerking faster as I realized there was a chance the next series of changes might rob me of that ability.

All over, my body was warming up more than even the water was causing. It was as though my muscles were aching, getting larger against the spreading horse hide. I was bulking up, to be sure, but the tension in my muscles made me certain that they were altering further, some contracting further as others expanded beyond the proportions of my body. Even now I could feel how hard it was getting to move in a way I was used to. My arms felt restricted, my chest tight as my arms seemed to bulk into the expanse of my thicker torso and barreled belly. But, even with all the alterations, I couldn't bring myself to care in the moment. The pleasure was just too much!

Right on the precipice of release, I managed to let go of my cock, though much of the effort was due to the straightening of my middle fingers causing them to lose their grip. It was only a momentary reprieve, the sheer arousal I had for the size of my cock was enough to send me over the edge. The entire shaft shook violently as bursts of horse cum shot from the tip, blowing into the drain and nearly clogging it from the sheer quantity.

My orgasm lasted what felt like several minutes, though it couldn't have been more than twenty seconds. Still, it was twice the length of its human equivalent, and enough that I was barely able to stay standing, heavy as my body was. I was panting heavily, the water not even enough to wash all the frothy sweat from the exertion off my body. Still, I stayed in it, relishing the warm water against my skin, for what might be the last time. Would I ever feel the heat of a shower over my form once I had transformed fully? It seemed unlikely.

Drying off was a precarious affair, my balance askew and my hands having difficulty holding a towel. There was little point; I was able to shake a large amount of the water off my frame, though I did coat the already dirty bathroom with a spray of water. I didn't want to remain in the stench for much longer, though I couldn't help but notice there was a horsey smell still lingering on my body as I went out into the main room. There was nothing to be done about it now, obvious that the odor was a part of me.

With nothing else to do, I relented to the fatigue that was taking over and got into my bed. I didn't want to; there was every chance that I would change more as I slept, but there was nothing to be done about it now. And, I needed the rest, the orgasm having taken more out of me than I was prepared for it. Though, not without some snacks for good measure, my metabolism needing frequent boosts. Yet, despite my worry and fear, sleep overtook me easily, thankfully

enough, even over the worry that I wouldn't fit on such a thing for much longer, and would be prompted to lie down in a bed of straw for the rest of my life.

As usual, I was plagued by vivid dreams, horsey ones if my recollections were any indication. Though it was hard to tell, the warm sun on my hide, the sensation of my tail flicking against my bare ass, and my four hooves on the ground were as normal as anything I could recall in my human life. And, thankfully, I wasn't alone. There were others of my kind there, massive stallions all, with waving horse cocks. Ones that I wanted to get my rubbery horse muzzle around. Or, maybe take up my equine pucker, as my body was inclined to do...

The need to piss soon overtook my thoughts, and I woke up swiftly, my cock already out of its sheath. There was also an urgent need to empty my bowels, which had me all the more panicked to get to my toilet. I couldn't help but think *damn, already?! I had just gone last night, and had barely eaten anything in the interim*

Much to my disappointment, no sooner than I tried to get up than I fell over, my hips wide and my posture hunched more than I could manage. I tried righting myself, posture awkward and body much heavier than I could manage. It was as though the muscle memory was all wrong for the proportions that I possessed, which was likely a fair assessment, all things considered. Still, with the need to use the bathroom, I didn't want to literally shit the bed, not while I still intended on living down here!

The sound of the door opening made me whicker in relief, though the sound was decidedly more equine than I might have preferred, and I decided to stay silent, allowing them to come over to me and trying not to pass gas as best as I could. Though, with my equine body, it was an impossible task. Still, the men didn't seem to take notice, likely used to being around horses. Instead, they managed to pick me up, balancing my weight with an impressive amount of strength for the size I had added on.

"Whoa, there, buddy! Don't overdo it! You're a little more than halfway there, you can't walk so well yet, so don't strain yourself!" Mike said, the pair of them holding me steady and aloft as I stopped struggling, allowing them to help me.

"B-Bathroom..." I managed to mutter out, and my tail twitch, preparing itself to raise. It was everything I had to hold it in as the men got me to my bathroom, and as soon as I was in the room, I had to let go, dumping my horse manure and letting loose with a stream of piss. I was embarrassed beyond belief, but the men, for their part, did not chastise me, only wordlessly got me back to my chair before wiping me down. I was grateful for the feeling of cleanliness, though ashamed that my bathroom was all but destroyed in the process.

“Hey there, stud. I know you might not want to hear this quite yet, but it might be the case that the stalls are the best place for you now. No more worry about accidents, and you can’t get around on your own in that state. Plus, the other horses can help you adjust! What do you say, boy? Time to make the transition permanent?” Peter asked, and, for a moment, I seriously considered the offer. Was it time to embrace my equine life? Or did I want to hang onto the fantasy a little bit longer?

“Well, you don’t have to decide right away, stud,” Mike offered, before heading over to put gloves on as though waiting for something. I blushed as soon as I realized that it was to be my oncoming erection. Even if I wanted him to go away, didn’t want to be touched by this man, my body was clearly betraying me. It seemed as though regular attention, particularly by men, was something that I needed in my new form. And, even if it was going to change me more, I could no more resist than I could fight off the oncoming serum in my veins that was making me into a stallion.

In fact, the pleading expression on my face all but confirmed to the man the desperation in my body. “Pleeeeeease...” I muttered, the tones in my voice more equine than human. Though, at the moment there was little to be done for it. I needed to get off, and the notion of getting stroked off by such a manly specimen was almost more than I could bear.

It seemed that Mike was more than eager to help me, stroking my shaft gently until it rose to full erection. I truly had a cock the size of a horse’s now, almost 18 inches long and thick at the tip, eager for any stallion’s asshole. I was sure that my inklings were for other males now, as Mike had told me were the particular proclivities of the other stallions here. Though I was a little concerned about meeting changed people who were living as stallions, but that was neither here nor there, as it were. Right now I was only looking for the present pleasure that was to come.

The man’s hands were warm, not needing any artificial lubricant with how aroused I was and how much I was leaking already. spurts of precum were coming like a fountain, a prelude to the mammoth load I would shoot. My body, though much larger than I had been as a human, could hardly subsist on the remaining blood when so much was needed to fuel my cock! Added with the pleasure pulsating through my penis, it was a wonder how I would be able to stand it with any level of awareness.

Still, the changes were intense enough that I was able to perceive them, though I could hardly muster up an iota of care. It started in my hips this time, the bones shifting and thickening against the skin. Though it was thankfully painless, it was still powerful and disconcerting to see them jutting out of me like an emaciated cow before the muscle and fat could bulk up properly around them. Though, I could hardly bring myself to care, on my back as I was and being the handjob of my life.

The tingling seemed to seep into my belly soon after that, my stomach bloating as the skin underneath started twitching and writhing from veins pumping underneath. Organs shifting, I reflectively raised my tail and accidentally let out a bit of gas, blushing as I did so. Though, my benefactor seemed not to mind, still stroking me off without a sign on his face that I had done anything unsavory. I supposed it was par for the course of being a horse, and something that Mike was used to.

“That’s it stud, god you’re a big boy, certainly an envy in the downstairs department...not gonna take you too much longer to blow that load, now, will it?” Mike teased me, and I felt my cock shake at that, getting closer and closer to climax.

Part of me felt I should have been worried, that I had a hard time thinking about why any of this was a bad thing. I was almost halfway into my transition, and the more that I changed, the less chance I would be anything but an animal living in a barn. I could picture myself, a massive equine beast, grazing in a field before my herd mates. Mike was one, certainly, I felt that. But there was something else in the image, me wanting to be surrounded by other stallions, to have those horse cocks dangled to be sucked, to fuck me, or to have those black donuts they possessed penetrated by my horse penis. The images were powerfully appealing, and the imagination of my new life, one that left me excited.

It was the smell of my sweaty horsehide and the precum that sent me over the edge, my balls bunching up as they prepared to spill their load. Mike’s hands were so skilled, so perfect at pleasuring my penis that I couldn’t even imagine holding back even if I wanted to. So lost in the pleasure, I hardly noticed the sensation of something going over my cock, thin and rubbery like a condom or collection device. But the grip it had on my penis was enough to send me over the edge, and I whickered and whinnied with a decidedly equine cadence as my cock pumped and pulsed, cum filling the device to the point where it almost fell off with a splat onto the ground.

I panted, tired and sweaty from the release while Peter came up and took some blood. I wasn’t really sure why they needed so much, other than to make sure the changes were coming along. I didn’t say anything, didn’t try to stop them or anything. There really wasn’t any point, and I didn’t mind at this juncture.

“Well, out to the barn now? I know it’s a little inconvenient at this point, but it might be better to get you up there now. Though it’s a rough period, I’ll let you have the option for now. Can’t wait too long though, I wouldn’t say any more than a day with how nicely you’re coming along. Still, if you want some more time down here, I won’t stop you,” Mike said, patting me forming mane as he watched my cock slide down into its sheath. He gave me a wipe-down with a warm cloth, and it almost gave me another boner. I couldn’t help but notice the envy in his eyes

as he stared at my penis, the hunger. Though I didn't comment on it, still a little stunned from the intense orgasm and thinking about what my life would be like.

For now, I was left alone, though it hardly felt like I had an privacy. Hell, with the changes from that last orgasm, I barely held on to my bodily autonomy. I would have it back as a full horse, but in the middle of the transformation, it was impossible to really work my body in any functional way. I was top-heavy, for one, and I had to hunch over to really move around the room. I eventually took to crawling, the pressure in my backside too much to really make a difference. Thankfully I was large enough to reach my fridge and counter with no trouble, the first of many priorities that came to the forefront of my thoughts. With how much I had grown lately, I was *starving*.

It seemed as though my 'captors' had forgotten to bring me down fresh produce, and I'd eaten myself out of supplies. Though, I couldn't blame them, with the chance that I would agree to take them up on their offer and head to the barn where I would live the rest of my life. Though the notion of that would be like was more than I could truly contemplate right now. So, I figured it was best to focus on the here and now, and let come what may.

And, for now, I was ravenous, my belly bigger and my body needing nourishment. The serum changing me was some miraculous stuff, giving my body the proteins and material needed for me to grow and change without killing me. But, given that horses ate so much even in relation to their massive bodies, it was a wonder that I hadn't passed out from starvation a hundred times over. So, it was no surprise when I found a container of oats that I opened the top, tilting it towards my larger mouth and eating greedily. It was all I could do not to literally stuff my face, though there was barely any time between chewing my mouthfuls and swallowing to quell the burning in my belly.

Soon after binging into my bin, the dryness of the oats seemed to require an equal quantity of water, and I pulled out the pitcher, not bothering to use a glass. My thirst was far too intense for that anyways, and I tipped it up and tried not to flood myself as I drank. It was all I could do to pace myself, the challenge of quenching my thirst and hunger as I consumed more than was humanly possible. Though I could hardly call myself human any longer, in my changed state.

A hearty belch escaped my lips, the smell of oats on my breath making me all the more hungry. It was followed by a rather loud bout of flatulence, as though my innards were struggling with the new meal or my previous digested remnants. I was more than a little embarrassed, though there was no one in here with me to really shame in front of. And was it really shameful if my bodily functions were altering into those of an animal, alien to me but normal for the horse herd that I would soon be joining?

I couldn't help but reflect on that life, even though I had been avoiding doing so until now. I would be spending most of my days eating, right? Eating, grazing, and standing around other horses. What would that be like? Not to mention would I retain enough intelligence to find such a life boring, or would it be the perfect use of my time when I had the mentality of a horse? Would I even wait to retain thoughts when I was a horse, to miss all that I had lost and lament those things I would never have again? OK, too depressive.

Still, I was able to comfort myself with some rational thinking. Identity death couldn't be the case, right? Not if all the horses were gay, I was sure. Though, was it simply the lack of mares, or were all the sexualities of the stallions set in stone? Animals could be gay, certainly, without the pretense of humanity. I wasn't sure, and I didn't want to ask, figuring that if I was going to lose parts of myself, it was better to just lose them than worry about it coming.

Still, I couldn't help but think about some of the more appealing aspects of equine life. All of my human cares, money, possessions, hell, even needing to clean up after myself, would be gone. Not that I wanted to, but wouldn't it be nice, to give up all of those human concerns? Just standing around as a well-cared horse, better than most animals in the world as best as I understood. If I was going to be an animal, I would want to be one in this position, even over being free in the wild. Hell, and with all the sex I could want, with dummy mares or even stallions to play with.

Though I wanted to remain celibate for the time being, my train of thought prompted a certain level of arousal through my shaft that was impossible to ignore. I started stroking, almost oblivious as to the repercussions of such an act. It was obvious that anything to increase my heart rate accelerated the changes. And not only that, I had cum a mere few hours ago, making it a certainty that this action would change me in short order. But at the time, there was no denying how much I needed it!

Like my benefactors' efforts, it was obvious that my hands were of insufficient size to properly wrap around my stallion meat. I was a two-hander for sure, and it made it almost impossible to get the kind of pleasure I was accustomed to. Though, sensitive as my horse flesh was, it was a wonder that even the slightest tickle against it didn't make me cum right then and there. It was powerfully pleasurable, making me moan and whiny in my equine cadence before I was even aware enough of it to try and stop myself.

As my cock grew larger, however, I was slowly made aware of something that hadn't occurred to me before now. Though my belly was bulbous, my cock was even more massive, enough that it was longer than the hybrid torso I now possessed. And my mouth was longer as well, close enough that pliable lips could reach out and tease close to the tip. Before I was fully

cognizant of what I was doing, my lips were out, and licked the tip of my penis, making me shudder from the contact. I had never had the tip touched in such an exquisite way, and it was almost more than I could bare. And though I had never experimented with it before, the taste of my pre, brief as it was, hardly seemed to bother me. Did that mean I could...

Before I could give it a second thought, my prehensile lips were out and lipping at the tip of my horse cock, forcing a more tasty treat to leak out. It was a bit sticky, and I was leaking more than I could feasibly swallow. Though, I did my best, salivating profusely to try to take down as much as possible. Licking the head was sublimb, especially in tandem with my masturbatory efforts made for more pleasure than I was ready for. My thoughts started to waver the more I stroked off, the thickness of my fluids hardly a deterrent in my desperation.

As I feared, the tingling of change started to play over my body, heart rate up and pumping the serum faster through my arteries. Though I couldn't care, save the expansion of my belly and the angle of my cock, making it harder to suck myself off. But my lips were long enough and I could still manage to keep up with my oral ministrations. I was getting desperate, and not simply to halt the changes and their progressive onslaught. It was rather the desire to cum, the pleasure in my penis far more than I could take.

Yet, it was a particular tingle that made me pick up my pace, wanting to cum before I lost the ability to. For it was centering in my fingers this time, getting to the point where it was harder to move them over my cock through the present numbness. I was losing my hands, or at least to a degree, and without them I would need the help of my benefactors exclusively. Without them around, I needed to get off before I lost the ability and had to wait until the morning. I desperately wanted to taste my horse cum, this one final time I could get off on my own!

Thankfully, my panic did not deter the onset of equine orgasm or the opportunity for me to drink down my horse cum. My stallion balls started to throb, and reaching down, I was able to cup them enough to feel the expulsion of horse jism pushing through them. With the expansive size of the shaft I possessed, I had sufficient time to pressing my lips to my urethral opening. Though, I was not prepared for the sheer force of cum to explode forth, my cock waving against my numb hands and hitting me in the face more than it was getting into my mouth. Though there was some relief in that; the sheer quantity of cum was more than I could manage to swallow, without having to cough it up or choak on it.

Though the rank, salty taste of horse cum was far more present than I would have expected, as though the taste was something my altering body craved. It was pungent, musky, the odor thick and prompting my nostrils to flare to take it in. There was something about it that created an air of desire, and the texture was hardly a deterrent to its injection either. I found myself lipping at my lips with a thicker tongue, wanting to eat as much of my horse jism as I

could while the remnants of my orgasm force my cock to shake and empty my load into waiting lips.

Yet, I was soon unable to finish my tasting of the exquisite flavor of horse cum not even enough to keep me in the act. The fatigue from coming from a fully formed horse dick in a body that was not prepared for it to send a powerful wave of fatigue through my form. My eyes fluttered shut and I leaned down, head touching the floor and passing out with little fanfare. In the moment, I couldn't muster a care for anything else than the satisfaction of an orgasm that powerful and what it meant for my oncoming equinehood.

I wasn't sure how long I laid there, covered in my cum and snoring in a equine tone that would have awoken the human me easily. I was slightly aware that I was a little gassy, the smells and sounds making my nose and ears twitch reflexively. Though it was hardly enough for me to wake, fatigued as I was. It seemed as though the changes or the disproportionate size I possessed needed the rest. And, I was happy to fall into my circadian rhythms, giving into the rest that I needed and sleeping off the best orgasm of my life.

It was an ache in my bowels that prompted me to wake, my belly gurgling and feeling uncomfortably full. I tried to get up, but my hybrid anatomy left me stumbling to the point where I was falling over. And, the gurgling in my bowels was starting to get insistent, to the point where I didn't have time to get to the bathroom. I wanted to, desperately, but by the time I managed to right myself, I was essentially crawling toward the source of relief. But my body had other ideas and did not use toilets for relief from primal urges.

I could hardly keep my bowels closed before my tail lifted and my sphincter muscles relaxed enough that I began relieving myself right then and there. I felt powerfully ashamed of the act, but any resistance I had was most with my altered physiology. It seemed that horses had little control of their bodily functions, needed to relieve them several times a day as much as I was starting to do. And so long as they were relaxed and satisfied, they lacked the ability to hold back such functions, as I was to learn the hard way...

It seemed like a painfully long time until I was done relieving my bowels, and the stench of my manure burned into my nostrils to the point where I wanted to vomit. The reek of fresh horse shit was not something I was ready for with the enhanced senses. I figured I would grow accustomed to it when working with them, but to have it coming from my own body was more than I could bear. Though, thankfully I was spared the need to wipe, given the puckered state of my anus. It was a small reprieve, but it was something, given that I had no ability to clean myself with my altered anatomy.

It was soon to get worse as I was suddenly made aware of a pressure in my bladder, and I felt my cock slide from its sheath before the urethra erupted with a stream of piss. I was barely able to stand enough to avoid the splatter. But I could hardly resist the urge to empty my bladder either, the need to piss beyond the ability to hold back. Like the animal I was becoming, I had no ability to control my bodily functions while resting, my body having more intense urges than anything my humanity could compare to.

The sound of the door opening brought me out of my shame, and I looked over to see that Mikr and Peter came in, wafting their noses at the stench I had left. Though I was sure they worked with horses and their leavings on the regular, their natural reactions to such a stench made me feel powerfully humiliated. I hadn't wanted to be an animal and to behave like one against my human sense of embarrassment. But now that I was, there was no holding back from what I had to do with my newly changed anatomy.

It was then and there that I decided it was time. Even if my mess was cleaned up, something that I was unable to do on my own, I would be making another one in a few short hours. And this was not the place for my messes to be tended to. There was another location where others of my kind would do as they would and would be looked after. Even if I didn't want to admit it, I was more like those feral horses in body. Maybe it was time I lived like them as well? No, I didn't have the jurisdiction to make those decisions anymore. And there were some people in the room right now who did.

I didn't even say anything, just moved towards the door as both Mike and Peter came to either side of me, to help me get there. "That's it, stud, it's time. You're making the right choice, and you're going to love it there. All those stallions, eager horse balls ready to take you and cum with you in the most amazing ways. Not going to lie, I'm a little jealous!" Mike mentioned, and I felt a little better at that. After all, horses were happy to be horses, right? And I was, for all intents and purposes, more a horse than a human. So, why not live as one?

Once more, I was taken through the pristine halls, once smaller to me when I was still in my own body. Instead of feeling like I was being taken to my new home, I was painfully aware that such lodging no longer applied to me and that I should not be here any longer. I was a beast, and could not keep such a place as clean as this should be. Though, I could not deny the sensation of despair that came with being the last time I would ever be taken through such a place. In fact, it was more likely that wherever they were taking me would be the last place I would be taken for the rest of my life. That, more than anything else, left me feeling depression deeper than anything my human existence had prepared me for.

Eventually, I arrived outside, and my altered nostrils breathed in a scent that immediately brought my attention to what was out there past this building. The odors reminded me of my own

redolence, the scent of sweat and horse and waste, and all the things that came with animalistic life. There was something comforting about that, their presence almost making me excited to go toward them. Part of me, a growing part, wanted to see them and see where they lived, to know what my life would be like. Though, another part was terrified about being a part of their world, of losing my autonomy and humanity and truly allowing my new reality. Even though they were all once human, they surely had lives, experiences that were beyond my ability to understand. Though, soon enough, I would.

I was not expecting the sight that greeted me as I was brought into the barn, not seeing any of the animals outside on the way in. Two massive stallions were present, and in the middle of rut. The one on bottom had a fully erect, fifteen inch horse cock, slapping against his belly and whinnying his excitement. The top seemed to be biting down on his mate's neck, holding him in place as their balls slapped together. The stallion on top seemed a little higher over the bottom, though it made sense, covering another stallion more difficult than a mare, I would assume. Still, they made it look easy, rocking back and forth in rhythm and allowing both to come to eventual climax.

To my surprise, and perhaps a bit of disgust, the sight had my own horsecock sliding from its home, clearly excited by the sight of stallions in rut. Part of me felt ashamed by the act, that I shouldn't be aroused by this. It was bestial, raw, animalistic. But at the moment I couldn't fathom a sight that could turn me on more. I wanted nothing more than to be taken or take a stallion like the pair were currently partaking in. It seemed, at least that I wouldn't have trouble fitting in from a sexual standpoint, at least!

Mike seemed to notice the expression on my face, and if not, the erection that I had swinging from my groin gave away my desire. "Don't be ashamed, it's a normal reaction to the serum, and you'll be joining them soon enough. They were people like you, once, and they still remember, even if they probably like being horses more! But, you're not big enough to join them yet, that will be a few more days. So then, why don't we get you there!? A champion stallion like you needs to get off multiple times a day, and we have just the thing to help with that in the meantime!"

Part of me didn't want to stop watching the horses, and Mike and Peter were kind enough to let me watch as the one on top spasmed and filled his mate with horse cum. The slapping cock of the bottom horse soon blew its own load onto his belly and the straw on the barn floor. The scent made my cock twitch, already leaking copious fluids down into my sheath and the shaft. Still, I couldn't go to them, a combination of intimidation and my shifting body keeping me at bay. Begrudgingly, I allowed my handlers to lead me away to wherever they had in mind.

Whatever preconceived notions I had about horse barns, I had to admit that I was not expecting to be taken into a large room with a series of ten stands set up. Slowly, the term dummy mare came to mind, and with it, the expectation the men had for me. Was I to rut into these? Surely, but what was the harm? Well, it would change me more, but in my hybrid state that was hardly to be a concern. I didn't want to be a half-and-half, and turning the full way equine was my best option. There was nothing to be done for it now, and no reason to hold back the process.

“Here, let's get you up on the stands. Will have to adjust one, but we've done that before for the others. Won't take but a moment. I can tell the stallions got you all riled up!” Mike said, and I was left standing there at that, held by Peter and wanting to focus on what Mike was doing but currently enthralled by my penis. Though I couldn't touch it with my arms the way they were, needing the support myself lest I fell flat on my horsey face. Not something I wanted!

It seemed to take a painfully long time to wait until the stand was ready, and I was impatient. My cock was bouncing up and down against my belly, making it hard to think with all the blood that it needed. But, eventually, it was time, and I was allowed to come to the stand, the two men lifting up my hefty body so that I could climb in front of the dummy mare. My penis was jousting against the bottom of the stand, the sensations pleasant but not nearly enough to do anything for me. Though strong hands were soon to wrap around it, hoisting me up and making me think I was about to be jerked off. The sensation of the warm, cushy tunnel was enough that I was able to let out an equine moan and start humping away with my back legs. It was heaven!

Never before had any experience equated to rutting into this stand, likely designed to mimic a mare's sex, though I could hardly bring myself to care. I was more about rutting equine asshole, and I think the tightened contours of the dummy mare were doing the trick. It was better than masturbating myself or even having the two men help me out at the same time. My penis was enveloped all at once, leaving me to feel the full bliss of possessing such a thing. It was divine, even a cushion for my balls to slap against that made me think I was rutting into a stallion's backside. Though likely on a semblance of the pleasure I would get by rutting one of the stallions, it was still more than I have hoped for!