

Nat sighed, feeling bored and tired from the long work week that had passed him by like an eternity. By the time he finally got a day off, the exhaustion had left Nat with no desire to get out and do anything fun. Instead, his tired body had plopped onto the couch, engrossed with a video game, and some soda he'd had the foresight to purchase a few days in advance.

Nat had gotten up to grab something from the fridge when he realized he'd forgotten to check the mail in the last several days. He was largely unconcerned, having not ordered anything specific. But there were likely at least a few bills in the mix, and he thought it best to make sure there were none that needed his immediate attention lest he received repercussions later.

Groaning, he made his way out to the mailbox, stuffed with the usual fliers he'd come to expect. Such a waste of good trees. And, as he'd feared, there were a few urgent bills in the stack that he'd have to pay with relative haste. Yet one package caught his eye. It wasn't addressed to him specifically, but rather the occupant of the apartment. He normally would have trashed such a thing, yet something inside rattled when he picked it up.

Curiosity getting the better of him, he carried it into the apartment and opened it up. He did not expect the sizable bottle of what appeared to be pills. The product read "Natural Equine Enhancement", and it was clear from a quick read that they were some sort of male sex-drive stimulate. 'Guaranteed to boost libido'. It was obvious that Nat had never ordered such a product, nor accidentally scoured the internet for anything that could remotely resemble it!

Nat turned the bottle over in his hands a few times before trying to open it. Inside were several large, horse-sized pills, smelling faintly of wheat or hay. They were certainly bigger than anything he'd ever tried to swallow, save for the Omega 3 supplements he had been taking to get in shape. They had clearly been sealed, with no obvious evidence of tampering that Nat could discern. And if they were dangerous, he would have heard something on the news, right? More to the point, they wouldn't have made it through the mail system if they were a scam!

Nat figured what the hell. They were free, after all, and it had been a while since he'd gotten off. He'd had no desire to touch himself in weeks, and he could use a good go or two to really relax after a hard week of work. Not bothering to read the instructions, he took two, one at a time with a generous amount of water. They went down a little tight, but Nat was able to swallow them without choking, at least.

He set the bottle back on the table, his thumb hovering over the warning words at the bottom, reading 'For equine use only. Take one every few days. Side effects could occur from human consumption.'

Nat went back to his seat on the couch, deciding to channel surf until they had the desired effect on his libido, assuming they worked at all. He soon found himself engrossed in a documentary and forgetting about the pills. About 15 minutes later, he felt an odd tingling swelling from his stomach, making him flush a little. Was it the pills kicking in so quickly? That didn't seem right.

Yet soon, the sensations were centering towards his groin, and Nat was hit with a wave of arousal. It was as though every liter of his blood was redirected towards his cock as it expanded painfully in the confines of his pants. How was it happening so fast!? If the intense ache in his cock kept up, he would blow his load in his pants before even getting to enjoy it! What was in those pills, anyway?

Nat leaped up and headed into his bedroom, hoping to at least grab some tissue before the ache in his cock took care of itself. He could see the bulge in his pants swelling against the front of his jeans, far larger than the outline he was familiar with. From the gradual increase in size, Nat was worried it might burst out of his jeans! Nat struggled to readjust his pants, finding a position that allowed him to alleviate the ache, though the tightness had not abated. In fact, it had only gotten worse!

There was no way a pill could bring him to erection this rapidly. It wasn't natural. The cock he was packing was larger than he should be able to obtain. And if the insistent pressure was any indication, it was still growing! No matter how much Nat wanted to deny it, his cock was expanding beyond anything his lithe frame could support.

He felt another wave of dizziness overtaking him, the quantity of blood required to maintain such a beast more than his body could provide. Nat took a moment to steady himself, balancing against a dresser as he reached down for his zipper. He needed to free the beast, so to speak, or it might rupture something!

He tried to tug down his zipper, yet was unprepared for the pressure in his pants. His still-growing rod pulled almost painfully taut against the fabric. The size of the package he was packing was far more than the pants were meant to contain and made lowering the zipper impossible.

He stared in confusion at his massive meat, still unsure how he could be sporting such a thing. Yet it was impossible to deny how...good the pressure against his cock head felt. Even the briefest touch to his cock sent shivers of sensation down his spine, and despite his initial trepidation, he had to touch himself. His fingers traced over the tip, jeans slightly moist from the sheer amount of clear fluid he was leaking. A moan escaped his lips as his deft fingers played over the cockhead, exploring the new contours of its larger size. He was massive, his head growing beyond the width of two fingers, and his asshole large enough to finger as well!

Exploratory fingers reached over the size of the shaft, tracing the bulge all the way down to the base as he trembled from the sensitivity it now seemed to possess. Far beyond his modest 5 inches, the anaconda in his pants was pushing closer to 10 and was still slowly growing. Nat closed his eyes, awash in bliss from the sensations his penis awarded him. No masturbatory session had even granted him such pleasure!

Nat was scarcely aware of the sensations of prickling skin spreading down his legs, centering in his thighs. He could feel the heat playing over them, relaxing the muscle as it expanded to take up more space in his pants. It nearly caused him to fall over, his muscles feeling like putty as he continued to tease his tip through leaking jeans. He could feel an uncomfortable series of twinges in the limbs, as though his muscles were expanding and contracting with rapid succession. One hand reached down to explore the skin through the fabric as his average-sized thighs continued swelling at his touch.

The heat started moving past his knees, and all the way down to his calves. He flexed the muscles subconsciously, feeling their power as his calves too became swollen, pulling up the once-loose cuffs. His legs felt almost spring-loaded, brimming with a strength that had not existed in his minute frame. He could clearly see the contours of his muscular limbs through the jeans. Hands off his cock for a moment, Nat traced his fingers over the firm flesh, marveling at the tone his body was acquiring in mere minutes. There was no way a sexual supplement could be doing this, right?

As his exploratory fingers played over the skin, he was suddenly aware of a bizarre prickling that seemed to overtake them. It covered his legs like a carpet, as though ants were walking over the surface. Nat reached down to scratch, rubbing all the way down his legs as every inch of his skin prickled with the energy. It reminded him of a growing beard, but Nat had never had any significant amount of body hair before! He wanted to take off his pants but was too preoccupied with one hand teasing his cock and the other trying desperately to alleviate the annoying tingling.

Yet even though the distractions, Nat was still aware of a new pressure swelling in his feet, centering on his middle toes as their tips seemed to tingle. It felt as though the nails were being stimulated, spreading over the flesh of the digit as the keratin started to thicken, leaving Nat confused. His entire foot seemed a little tight in the shoe, as though they, too, were growing.

The sensations were bizarre enough that Nat was distracted from the throbbing in his cock to stare down at his shoe. He could feel his toes scrunched up in the ends as they continued to swell to unnatural sizes! It was quickly becoming evident that his feet were swelling several sizes too large for the shoes he had purchased. The growth of his feet was making it painfully tight in shoes that were not meant to contain them.

He quickly became aware that his heel, too, was starting to extend, the bones within expanding and making Nat pitch forward. He walked over to sit on the bed as his heel continued to lengthen several inches, leaving him unbalanced. He felt a little queasy at the notion that he might be growing a little taller from the enhanced leg length.

The size of his still-growing foot made it difficult for the modestly priced shoes to manage. He could see the laces pulled impossibly tight, until, with an audible pop, their bonds were undone. The glue binding the seams started to tear at the sides, the tiny opening extending as his larger feet sought freedom. It was obvious that his feet were not fated to last any longer in the confining shoes. Yet with how swollen his muscled legs had become in the strained pants, he had little recourse but to watch the seams tear apart in the center as the mass of his new feet came into view. Their girth continued to remove the binding, pulling the laces apart as the entire circumference of the shoe gave way.

Soon his new feet, double their former width, had entirely burst out of their confinement, leaving only stretched remains of torn leather in their place. Nat kicked them off, feeling their discomfort starting to annoy him. His socks were next to go, even though the white fabric was stretchy. Nat was thankful he always opted for cheaper socks; otherwise, he might feel a pang of guilt for their loss. A few sharp tears echoed in his ears as the socks were stretched beyond their limit, with no place to go as they tore around the center and exposed his changed feet.

Staring back at him were feet twice the size of their human counterparts. The nail on his middle toes was a muddied brown, swelling to encompass its entire

surface. It seemed as though the distal tarsal was growing, pushing against the rest, causing his toe to expand. It steadily lengthened, growing double, triple the length of his other toes as the entire space started to swell, pushing the rest of the sides. A light crack resonated through his foot as the bones of his sole began to contract to make room for the lengthening toe bones. Nat was happy he was sitting down; otherwise, he might have fallen over from his changing stature!

The sensations were flowing over the rest of his toes now, the familiar tingle indicative of change. Yet, in this case, the bones and tendons of his other toes seemed to be growing smaller and more flimsy. They lacked the same nail that adorned his middle digits, making him a little concerned. It seemed as though the toes were being pulled into his feet, while the middle digits ballooned outward.

Nat tried to wriggle his toes, but the muscles necessary seemed to have turned vestigial as his toes pulled further up his leg and sank into the warm flesh. It was incredibly uncomfortable, though thankfully not painful as his toes lost all feeling, as though they were no longer part of him. Nat could still tell they were dissolving into his skin, but all the nerves to denote their presence were absent.

It was far different than even the numbness in his middle toes; Nat could still feel a pressure from the middle digits to denote his floor underneath. He had only a single toe to hold him up, yet it had grown enough to support a creature much larger than his human self had been! The shiny keratin was thickening all over into an oval shape, the distal tarsal growing within to support them. The dimensions of the nails were increasing all at once, bringing their circumference beyond that of Nat's ankle! The bottom seemed flat, sturdy against the ground as the tip continued in that crescent shape that looked frighteningly familiar. Nat seemed to be staring at a pair of equine hooves!

!t was becoming obvious to Nat what was happening. He appeared to be changing to resemble a horse, much as was depicted on the pill bottle. Such things were impossible, yet there was no denying the evidence before his eyes. Humans didn't have hooves, after all!

His stretching ankles pulled his jeans up somewhat, and Nat was momentarily distracted by the sight of black hairs peppering the skin. Was that the source of the previous prickling? Yet it didn't give him too much alarm. If he had horse's hooves, it would also make sense he'd grow fur, right?

Nat knew he needed to get up and retrieve the pill bottle to find either a warning label or perhaps a number he could call. But it was nearly impossible to tear himself out of the reverie that the transformation had caught him in. His legs seemed to have completed their growth but were painfully tight in his pants. He needed to get them off, lest he ripped them, or worse, hurt himself.

Yet the sight of the outline of his dick captivated him once more. The stain from his expanding cock spread even lower than his knees, far beyond the confines of human anatomy would allow. His hands were back on his cock in an instant, rubbing at the tip and sending shivers of pleasure through his entire frame. It felt amazing, urging on his cock, making more musky pre leak from the tip. It was as though every touch, every sliver of sensation was urging his dick to expand ever so slightly inside his confining jeans. The sight of his expanding bulge was nearly enough to make him want to cum on its own, but Nat was in no hurry. The changes were rolling slowly over him, and he intended to savor every second!

A part of him deep down should have been horrified by the changes. He was turning into an animal after taking some strange pills. It was hardly an everyday experience! Still, even from the minor alterations to his limbs, it was evident that he was not to become entirely equine. The legs he had obtained were still very much aligned with his human ones, even though they had taken on very equine properties. And, even if he had a mind to be afraid, the pleasures ebbing from his growing cock were simply too sublime to grant him a moment of fear. Nat wanted to close his eyes and allow himself the rapture of touching such a mammoth penis. But if he did that, he would miss the alterations to his body!

The tingling of change seemed to stem from his hands now, and even as Nat continued to touch himself, he trained his eyes on his digits as the middle ones started to swell much as his toes had. The nail was thickening even as it turned muddy brown and started working its way around the entire surface of the digit. However, unlike his feet, the same nail was encompassing the rest of his fingers and thumbs.

A few cracks of stretching bone and accommodating joints resonated through his body as his hands started to swell up and a peppering of black hairs started to coat the backs of his hands. But instead of being on their way to full horse's hooves, as had become of his feet, it seemed as though he was destined to keep his hands, even though the thick nailed figures disallowed him the level of tactile sensation his human digits granted.

His palms continued to swell, the veins writhing underneath the flesh as shortened black fur erupted all the way down to the bulbous tip of each. Each digit thickened, lengthening slightly, though retaining their human range of motion as they trailed the thick stain of pre that coated his jeans all the way to his knees. They were easily twice the size of their human counterparts, looking comically out of place at the end of his still human-sized arms!

The prickling of fur growth no longer bothered him; though Nat was tempted to feel it, he knew his fingers would be unable to detect much. And besides, they were far too involved in pleasuring his cock!

Nat was surprised he hadn't cum yet but was impressed at the level of stamina that his form gave him. Still, from the amount of tension his teasing was providing, he was certain his first equine orgasmic would drown the floor in foul-smelling spunk!

His wrists finally began to widen to accommodate his massive palms while the pricklings of sprouting fur and muscle growth were spreading up his arms. Nat's eyes were drawn to the sight of swelling forearms, how the muscle seemed to



press taut against the skin as their layers literally doubled and tripled before him in mere minutes. Yet the skin always seemed to catch up before Nat could feel any discomfort from the alterations. Soon, thick, black horsehide pooled like liquid in a glass over the pale human flesh and was swept over by black fur, growing like weeds from the pores as his own very sparse hair altered to match.

Soon the changes swept over his upper arms, which excited Nat. He pulled his hands off his cock, wanting to feel the sensation of swelling under his touch. He admired the building, popping muscles as his arms slowly expanded. Nat closed his eyes for a moment, imagining what he would look like as a linebacker. He'd never fathomed this level of build on his human frame, but he couldn't deny how sexy it was to grow so much girth without lifting so much as a barbell!

Nat wanted to pull up his shirtsleeves to see what was becoming of his arms, but lost in his rapture, he had not done so in time. The building, rippling muscles were swelling the insides of his shirt sleeve, leaving the formerly loose sleeves impossibly tight. Nat tried to get his equine-nailed fingers under the cuffs, but they were too thick. Nat was forced to watch as his sleeves were pulled up on his bulging biceps as they continued to ripple with layers of muscle. The detailed definition took shape under his shirt sleeves, accenting his larger arms well as they ballooned beyond what he fathomed could be possible on human proportions!

The tugging against his shirt continued as his chest started to puff out, the muscles underneath swelling as well. In particular, his pecs felt like they might tear at the skin from the speed of their expansion. But he need not have worried. The skin painlessly stretched to accommodate his pecs, and soon they were comically wide before the rest of his torso could grow to meet them. Each end tugged at the corners of the shirt, filling the space until his shirt was forced upward to expose his still-human belly.

Next, his ribs stretched out against the skin of his chest, making him moan slightly as they made room for the larger internal organs whose growth made him

feel momentary discomfort.. His human equivalents were evidently far too inferior to meet the requirements of his horsey body!

The muscles underneath his chest expanded, forcing his skin to stretch in proportion to the rest of his growing frame. He enjoyed running his fingers across his flattened pecs, loving how his shoulders bulked up and allowed more muscle to be supported on his still-bulging biceps. He was on his way to becoming a magnificent muscled beast!

Soon the tingling stretched up from his fuzzy groin to his belly, and his formerly thin stomach started bulking up with fat. He could feel his already taut shirt tugged upward from the force of the expansion. It looked as though he had eaten a big meal, followed by drinking a beer keg on his own as his gut seemed to protrude. Yet it wasn't nearly large enough to obscure the sight of his cock, even as bent and confined as it was in his jeans.

Nat ran a hand over his swelling gut, feeling how firm it was, even despite the size it seemed to possess. There was certainly fat there, but underneath were layers of hard-packed muscles as befitted the beast he was soon to become! Nat had to admire the bear-like body he was growing into, even as his swelling paunch tugged insistently at the bottoms of his already awkwardly tight jeans.

His groin tingled, and he scratched it, keeping his equine digits above the waistband of his briefs. He could see the peppering of black horsehair, preceded by the spread of leathery hide, slowly encompassing his swollen belly and spreading up to his chest.

Soon his shirt was stretched to the limit as his beefy arms continued to grow to match the equine form he was destined for. The only irritation came from the continued prickling of equine hide, the short hair uncomfortable against the fabric of the shirt. But Nat had no way to remove it without tearing the clothing, and it wasn't ready for it to give up the ghost quite yet. He was surprised that the tiny shirt could contain the horse-man he was becoming and had to give credit to the

maker as his upper arms swelled to take every inch they possibly could in the taut fabric.

Yet it seemed that his growth spurt had not yet ended. He watched in fascination as his fuzzy belly continued to grow, the hard-packed muscle and fat that befit only the most diligent of bodybuilders. Each inch seemed to force his shirt up even higher to compensate as his belly continued to balloon. Soon, his shirt was tugged nearly towards his chest, looking more like a belly top than a properly fitting shirt!

Yet the more his belly grew, the tighter his pants felt against his swelling waist and growing gut. Nat tried for a moment to keep it in, but the growth of his stomach would not relent. It didn't help that his girthy cock was also getting in the way, adding to the strain from the sheer arousal such growth provided him. It was starting to become uncomfortable, and Nat was worried he might hurt himself.

Despite the low chance of success, his seeking fingers attempted to find purchase under the waistband, only to be met by too much resistance. Once again, his fingers tried in vain to pull down the zipper, but it had grown even tauter against his unrelenting cockhead. His fingers were far too thick and unruly to grasp the metal of the zipper, or even unbutton the jeans or unbuckle his belt. He was trapped!

With a heavy sigh, he leaned back on his bed, bracing himself as his massive body prepared to forcibly tear from the human entrapments. He had little reprieve from the pain as the stretched leather of his cheap belt started to pull apart, a tear forming from either side at the pressure his changing body was providing. With a sharp snap, the belt gave up its struggle, bursting in two as the clasp clicked against the metal, and Nat breathed a sigh of relief.

The button on his jeans wasn't far behind, struggling a bit between the fabric as the stitches holding it in place finally gave out, and it popped off, landing somewhere out of sight. His cock head sought an exit from the enclosure of the

zipper, and with a snap, the first metal connector gave way. It was though permission was granted to the other connectors to release with a series of satisfying snaps. With a mighty pop, the front of his jeans finally gave way, a welcome reprieve from the pressure plaguing both his cock and belly!

With that, the meaty horsecock he now possessed flopped outward, still confined in his undies but far more comfortable than it had been. Nat breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the tension relent, and the surge of growth in his cock double now that the pressure was released!

The faucet of leaking precum in his already damp pants drew Nat's attention downward to the girthy horse cock he had ignored for too long. Grunting from pleasure, he ran his new, meaty hands over his manhood, making it bounce up from his touch. With delight, he realized he was feeling the head change shape under his touch. The tip of his cock seemed to be flattening through the fabric, but it was impossible to know for sure. Exactly what did a horse's cock look like?

The head of his leaking cock melted into the cleft as its entire surface flared and pressed against his already soaked briefs. Its circumference continued to expand, and as Nat traced his thick fingers over it, he could feel a bulbous ring form from the flesh in the center, an equine medial ring. His other hand reached down, teasing the weighty balls that were swelling with horse cum and making even his breathable briefs uncomfortably tight.

At last, the twinges of changes started encroaching over his neck, making Nat wonder what he might look like with an equine head atop his new body. The fur and horseflesh crawled up his neck, and Nat could feel his jaw start to twitch uncontrollably. A raised hand met warm skin and even warmer horse fur as his jaw ached slightly and started to press forward. His teeth felt off, and a seeking tongue ran over rubbery lips and gums. The dentures themselves were thickening, flattened into a herbivorous configuration even as the space between his front teeth and molars was separated with an expanding gumline. A quick glaze in the mirror

revealed a growing snout with raised lips and hilariously splotchy horse gums and teeth!

Nat could see his nose extended towards his equine lips, even without aid from the mirror. He sneezed a little as the nostrils expanded, and the tip of his pink nose tickled with equine fur. The motion forced him to inhale deeply, and his heightened olfactory abilities detected the thin layer of sweat his body had been acquiring. The scents were a little unfamiliar, but their potency only served to send a twinge of arousal into his cock, making Nat moan in a much lower pitch than he was accustomed to.

He paused a moment, a little off-put by the sound of his voice. He tried speaking a few times, voice cracking as his throat and neck continued to expand. He was frightened at first, trying to work his new muzzle to enunciate his words. But soon, his tone started to stabilize, and Nat found himself moaning in his new deeper baritone, loving how the deep, masculine voice accented his powerful, muscled visage.

Lost in the pleasures of his new equine body, Nat was scarcely aware his expanding nose bridge was pushing his thin glasses off his frame. Too late, he tried to reach and grab them, but his clumsy fingers lacked the dexterity as his glasses fell with a thump to the floor. He momentarily cursed the broken glass, but then realized that his new hooves were hardly bothered by stepping on even the largest glass fragment. Besides, his eyes were shifting, and although they were positioned awkwardly on his growing skull, their visual acuity seemed improved compared to his human counterparts!

His entire skull cracked from the force of the change, yet Nat felt no pain. On the contrary, the sensations only served to send more shivers of pleasure through Nat's equine member. He was somewhat shocked that he hadn't reached orgasm yet! He could feel the short-cropped human hair atop his head sprout like weeds into a mop of black equine mane. His forehead sloped even as his head continued to stretch forward, and Nat stared fascinated as his skull shifted his ears

relatively higher. The tips began to grow pointed and sprouted their own coat of black fur before the flesh melted like putty as they reached above his horse head. Nat nearly giggled when he realized the flexibility they possessed and spent a few seconds moving them this way and that with their new muscles.

A rather equine gasp of surprise left his lips as something above his expansive ass seemed crushed into the mattress. He stood up abruptly, reached back to feel a mass that twitched the instant he touched it. Craning back his long neck, he was able to see the growth swelling out of his tailbone. It began to wriggle as the tip and then the entire surface erupted with coarse fur, the same as on the top of his head. It grew several inches, hanging down from his backside as it involuntarily tickled the back of his legs and his ass, making him giggle that equine tone.

At last, the tingling seemed to subside, and Nat regarded his form in the mirror, the stallion-man visage he now seemed to carry. Despite the horror of such a drastic alteration, Nat had to admit that it looked rather fetching on his frame. He was a far cry from the scrawny human he had been, at least a few hundred pounds heavier than he had been (all muscle, of course) and at least an inch or two taller.

His clothes were painfully stretched all over, though Nat didn't mind. It was amazing how...TIGHT they were now. His shirt was a small, stretched over his now XXL frame. His bulbous gut pulled the shirt taut up his chest, the bulging biceps stretching the arm sleeves to the breaking point. He flexed a brawny arm, and with a satisfying pop, a few of the seams came undone. He was so massive now, so powerful, and the clothes didn't feel worthy of the muscled beast he'd become!

From the way they had pulled themselves expertly over the contours of his body, he could see every divot and rise in his new musculature. His pants were just as tight as his shirt, his powerful muscled thighs stretching against the fabric. They, too, accented his exquisite tone. The lines of muscle raced all the way down to the cuffs, which themselves were pulled tight up his calves. If he flexed them a little,

he could hear a few micro-tears in the denim. He felt that even standing up or walking might tear them off his massive frame!

Nat figured he should finally go get the bottle, now that the changes were over. It didn't matter if he liked the results. The fact they had occurred at all was more than unnerving. People turning into stallion-men was not a common occurrence!

Yet as he started to move towards the kitchen, another wave of dizziness raced over him, making him pause to reorient himself. His entire body slowly tingled in that now-familiar way that signaled increased growth. It was almost as if he was continuing to change, though he had no idea why. Wasn't he done? His mind raced for a few moments before recalling he had downed not one pill, but two. Was the second pill starting to kick in now?

He looked up, the ceiling dizzyingly closer than he would have preferred. He seemed to inch slightly closer with each passing moment as his calves and torso stretched. How big was he going to get? His arms seemed a little longer, aching slightly from the strain of expansion. With every inch, his cuffs grew more strained, and the bottom of his shirt pulled almost painfully tight, beyond what it could manage. He was going to burst out of his clothes at any second!

A snap in the elastic band of his underwear indicated the first of several strings giving way from the force of his cock. The flared cock tip shoved its way against the frail fabric, and with it, another popped band. Nat stared excitedly, unwilling to touch himself at such a crucial moment. The idea of ripping from his clothing from a muscled stallion-man body was the most erotic thing he could think of!

The still-present fabric of his white undies stimulated his flattened cock head exquisitely, making it push against its prison as it grew inch by inch. Nat couldn't believe how massive it was, or how big it might still get if the changes continued!

With a final pop and a tear of the damp, musky fabric, his equine cock was finally free, flopping into the stale air of his bedroom, before its turgid length started to force outward once more. Nat gazed in fascination as his new shaft grew thicker, its surface mottled with pink and black as its veins pulsed. Nat could feel a tingling from the base of his cock as a patch of skin drew its way upward over his formerly cut dick. The warm skin covered him like a cocoon, spreading up to merge with the flesh of his groin, just under his protruding belly.

Nat started to stroke his cock, gently feeling every inch as his ample precum provided the proper lubrication. The other hand reached down to cup the softball-sized horse testicles that were now part of his anatomy. It was as though he could feel them swelling with thick equine cum that he longed to spill. He could feel his body steadily growing, and knew that his muscled frame would soon tear from his human trappings. The thought of being big enough to rip apart his clothing was a powerful aphrodisiac.

By this point, his shirt was riding all the way up to his chest. The seams in the arm sleeves stretched to their limits as more of the individual ones gave way. His muscles were already so massive, beyond human proportions, and still managing to add on more layers as each once stretched and tore and rebuilt even larger in mere minutes. Yet Nat felt none of the pain experienced by bodybuilders as the pills allowed him to simply swell into a more equine visage.

Soon, a tear resounded from the back of his shirt, running down from the neck and the bottom as Nat's swelling shoulders demanded more room. His biceps tore away the cuffs, two distinct tears running up to the arm sleeves. All of the remaining strings keeping his arm sleeve to his shirt relented from the force of his straining pecs, and Nat rejoiced at the release of pressure as his powerful frame outgrew the need for them.

Nat could feel his ass cheeks bubbling up against warped remnants of his jeans as his tail played over them. The previous relief he felt was gone as his furry hips swelled with bulk that made even the torn jeans prepare to pop off. Yet his



muscled body was hardly more than slightly discomforted from the tightness, and any agony he might still have felt was taken from the pleasure ebbing from his horse-dick.

He was barely aware of the cuffs of his pants being pulled up his calves, ripped tight at the edges as they raised as high as possible. Yet soon, the still-growing girth of his lower legs was simply too much, and the soft sounds of tearing made his ears twitch. Even that was not sufficient to remove the pressure in the fabrics. A series of tears resonated up his calves, covering his hips and exceeding hard-packed horse muscle and fur everywhere the jeans gave way.

Nat could tell his waistband was soon to go, as his gut continued to distend, and his ass and hips continued to groan their growth. The tightness was starting to become uncomfortable once more, and Nat reflexively tucked in his gut, though with a different goal in mind than allowing a brief reprieve. He inhaled deeply, forcing his powerful paunch against the frail fabric as with a pop, his hips and ass tore out the back. The remaining strings were pulled undone, and the jeans were left to hang over the sheer size of his hips and ass. Several more satisfying rips resounded, allowing his sweaty horsehide to breathe. The ripped remains of his jeans started to fall off in chunks until nothing remained to hide his muscled equine legs, which had still not ceased their growth.

Nat was aware of slight dizziness as his stretching legs and growing chest allowed him a few more precious inches. The stain was not lost on his shirt as it continued to tear at both the back and front, the rips inching closer and closer to each other. It was obvious that Nat would outgrow them, but the relief in pressure was starting to show in the tearing. To accelerate the process and rid himself of the rags, Nat flexed, allowing his already shapely pecs and biceps to literally pop out with double, even triple the number of visible muscles. The tears accelerated until his shirt was pulled clean apart, falling to the floor in split halves as he lightly dusted off his black-furred horsehide.

Finally free from any human garments, Nat stood up to admire his equine frame in the mirror. He loved the sight of his horse-man self reflected back at him, his thick nailed hands stroking his cock as the pressure built in his balls. Nat could REALLY smell himself now, the odor of sweaty horse mixed in with the precum leaking from his engorged horse cock. The masculine stench reeked of power and virility and made him hornier than he'd ever been in his life. He had to admit, the pills delivered on their promise!

The familiar prickling played over his chest, and Nat wondered for a moment what was happening. It seemed as though the testosterone fueling his veins wasn't quite done with him yet as the coat of horse fur became peppered with thickening hairs stemming from his groin. The prickling ran all the way up from his bulbous gut towards his powerful pecs. It gave him the look of a treasure trail, one carried by only the biggest bears. Nat had to admit, it accentuated the look of his muscled, equine body rather well!

Finally, the prickling settled on his face, where a beard would have existed if his human form had the proper genetics to grow one. But it was something his equine body made up in spades. He watched in the mirror as long, black hair peppered the surface, growing thicker as they stretched from his equine chin. He marveled at the sight of the facial hair accentuating the contours of his equine muzzle. He now sported a rather fetching goatee!

The sight of his testosterone-fueled fur growth was more than enough to send him over the edge. His powerful arms stroked lovely up and down his horse cock, threatening to explode at any moment as the pressure built. He could feel his balls starting to churn as they prepared to release their equine load. His strokes became erratic as his pleasure built, and he let out a loud bestial cry as his release blew over him!

Even the equine sounds coming from Nat's mouth did little to disturb him as torrents of horse jism shot from the tip of his equine cock and coated his hand, the carpet, and his mirror with his seed. The rank male scent of ejaculate only served

to spur on his pleasure as his balls throbbed, and his cock jerked and spurted out load after load. No sexual experience could ever equate to this first equine orgasm, and Nat was nearly blown away from the sheer force of his masculine release.

Finally spent, Nat collapsed, his powerful legs giving out from the force of release. His body, big as it was, lacked the readiness to fully handle the sensations, and Nat fell hard onto his bed. His twitching ears were greeted to the sounds of the wood in his box spring cracking apart. Similarly, the springs in the mattress were crushed, and the metal was bent beyond repair. Yet Nat felt no pain from the impact; his massive, partially equine body was far too sturdy to be injured by such a thing.

He rose slowly, careful of maintaining balance in his new body as he did so. He felt a little unsteady on his hooves, but his legs were sufficiently large enough to lift himself steadily. He took a long hard look at his equine body in the mirror, admiring every contour his new form had to offer. He could still see some of his human self in his face, though the features were mostly equine. The masculine goatee had been a nice touch, hanging off his horsey chin from the sheer volume of testosterone pumping through his veins. Thankfully, his eyes remained mostly forward-facing and human, but his scent, hearing, and even taste were more in line with a horse. He was thankful he packed the fridge full of greens!

But it was his muscled, manly form that had really enraptured his attention. He traced his heavy nailed fingers over his pecks, drawing over their length, marveling over their thickness and ease of flexibility. His fingers trailed down over his bulbous belly, hardly able to even see his legs and feet from its sheer size. Yet it was far from fat, his shapely belly full of bulges and veins and hard-packed muscle under the sturdy beer belly of a draft horse.

His arms, too, held much promise, lines of muscle, and depressions of tone that couldn't have existed on his human frame. Endless lines of divots, ridges, and veins poked out just under the warm, sweaty horsehide. In a trance, Nat traced his fingers over each, trying to commit each to memory, in case this form was

temporary. They continued exploring the long muscles in his legs, stretched taut and stringy, and leaving long lines of tone in the skin that ran all the way down to his calves. His horse tail flicked casually over his hips and ass, ticking the ridges of his asshole and making Nat nicker in delight.

Lost in his exploration, Nat could feel his horsecock rise to the occasion, sliding out of its fuzzy, cum stained home as it sought to bring him the pleasure of equine release once more. Now better able to control himself, Nat was able to bring his hand down to cup his massive testicles, to truly feel how BIG he was. Even with his strength, his balls felt heavy, swelling with seed as the testosterone surged through his body. And his cock was so long, swaying back and forth as it relaxed, steadily growing from his sheer enjoyment of the new form. Nat must have been standing 8 ft tall, but he was able to nearly touch his horsecock with his muzzle if he tried hard enough!

Nat just stood there for what felt like an eternity, enjoying the swelling of his equine cock once more, aroused at the thick male musk in the air. He was quite impressed with the effects of only two pills. Yet Nat found himself wondering what more could do. He figured perhaps now wasn't the time to overdose and risk inhuman alterations to his form. But what about after the recommended time? How big would another pair of pills make him? The thought sent another burble of cum from his girthy horse-meat.

Another part of him wondered if he should contact the pill provider, try and figure out what was in those things that could turn a man into a muscled stallion. Maybe they could change him back? Yet with a horse's cock in between his legs, massive and needy, and smelling of rank virility, did he even want to go back? Smiling, he rubbed his thick nailed hands into the volcano of precum erupting from his horse cock, and prepared for another round of emptying his thick black balls from their heavy burden.