

Mike, his wife Rose, their son Mikey, and their dog Titan had never been happier. While their marriage had always been strong, it had begun to wane in recent years with the rigors of life and parenthood taking over. One of their earliest fetishes, the notion of physical transformation into animal forms, had largely been left by the wayside, something they'd teased each other about in the bedroom but nothing that mattered in their current lives. That was all to change, however, when Rose took a chance on purchasing some strange pills online, promising the experience of real transformation into the form of their choosing. Given their love of dogs, the two of them tried canine forms, and enjoyed a long, if not tumultuous tenure as mastiffs. In the end, they were able to turn back, and the rest was history.

Now, transformation to their familiar canine forms was almost a monthly occurrence, something they spent their weekends and holidays as mastiffs. Though at first, they were worried about leaving their son Mikey alone for so long, he was a good sport about it, having discovered his parent's love of transformation and supporting them in their endeavors. Their trust in him was undeniable, and they were generally close enough as dogs to watch over him and make sure he stayed out of trouble. It was over-worrying on their part, Mikey not being involved in anything dangerous, and hardly lonely with his friends and his parents in dog form, something he enjoyed spending time with when they weren't getting up to more 'adult' activities. Even their dog Titian loved the changes, knowing the canines were her masters in either form and enjoying spending time with them, considering them as packmates.

Now, however, the pair of them, while living and spending some time each month as dogs, were curious about branching out and trying some of the other forms the website offered. Nothing too extreme, of course, but another animal they'd wanted to try out for the longest time. Naturally, the two were of the same mind, and their next inclination for transformation was to take on the forms of horses. Something they would experience soon, once their latest shipment of the pills came in.

"See you at the fair?" Mikey said, his parents kissing him goodbye as he went off to meet his best friend Patrick. Though he enjoyed spending time with them in their canine forms, they had it under good authority he wanted them to join him there as humans. Though he figured when the mail came in with a pill package they were be spending much of the weekend as mastiffs, the disappointment on his face was obvious. Their goal was to surprise him, but seeing how sad he was, they let him know they would be changing for a few hours in the morning, then changing back and meeting him there for rides and junk food. Besides, being horses was to be a quick trip for them, something to see if they enjoyed it or not before finishing a way to spend a long time in horse form.

Mikey having left, Mike took his wife in a passionate kiss, Rose feeling her lust swelling "Ummm my stallion. Can't wait to take that horse cock inside me," she said lustily, and it was

tempting to make love right there, though they wanted to get out in the woods as soon as possible and be changed for most of the day. They would drive out with their car, leaving it locked and parked like they were on a hike. Then, assuming they were alone, they would ditch their clothes and the pills to revert to a place their horse forms could get them. With a field nearby, they figured they could get out and run around, eat, drink, and, most important, make love. Maybe more than once, though they would have to keep their eye on the sun to make sure they weren't late to the fair. Stallion stamina would be the determining factor, and as best as Mike had researched, it was likely he could have several goes in such a short amount of time!

"Can't wait for you to take my horse cock, my love," Mike said, kissing his lively wife and feeling his cock rise already. They had started making love more frequently since the pills were added to their lives, mostly within thinking about their time as dogs. But it was a moot point given it didn't distract from their energy to make love when in canine form.

With that, there was little need for them to say much else, rubbing against each other and embracing the love they had shared all these years of marriage. It was a special relationship, something they shared together that was theirs and theirs alone. Like a secret between them, something which elicited a remnant of their early years dating. It made their marriage all the stronger, something they were more than thankful for the technology to share in their deepest fantasies.

In the end, they decided not to take their bedroom fun to its obvious conclusion just yet. They figured there was enough time to do so as horses, and wanted to get to their fun as soon as possible to give themselves the most amount of time. Mike drove them out to the spot they had picked out prior. The excitement between them was palpable though unspoken, each imagining the size and power their new forms would possess. Having not been around horses before, they weren't entirely sure what to expect. It was an exciting experience, one they were sure to cherish and maybe repeat if all went well.

Eventually, the pair pulled to the end of the dirt road, knowing that it was a little bit of a hike to the field but not sure where else to part to park safely where they would not be found. Moving through branching and brambles, it was obvious the two of them were out of shape, sweaty and panting and tearing at their clothes, though they hadn't worn anything they cared about. That, and any nicks and scratches they experienced would heal after the changes were done, the pills reverting them back to their health. Mike always lamented it couldn't help them to lose a little weight as well, but there was nothing to be done for that, the pills seeming to recall exactly what they looked like before they swallowed them

Finding a tree and taking their clothes off to be placed in a backpack, the pills to change back within but accessible to a horse's lips, the two of them embraced before taking the pills,

swallowing them, and waiting for the familiar tingling of change to start over their forms. It usually took some minutes, and since they were turning into larger animals, the pair weren't sure what the time frame would be. But, as though right on time, a gurgling started in their bellies, followed by what they knew to be a light tingling through their entire bodies, a sign of the changes to come.

“Woah,” Mike muttered, feeling his ears twitch. Reaching up to touch them, he was delighted by the sensation of coarse short hairs covering them, hardly a unique experience given his penchant for transformation. But it was the sheer size of their formation that brought his attention this time, and he was pleased to feel them growing massive and round over his head, twitching and curving in on themselves. Naturally, their shape allowed him better hearing, and he was almost stunted by the auditory stimulation he was receiving.

Still, it was not enough to detract from the sound of Rose panting a little, her own changes staring with a lump out of her spine. Not a first for them, either, she was surprised to note it was much shorter than she was expecting, though larger than her canine equivalent. Rather, it was the itching of thousands of hairs bursting from the gooseflesh over it that drew her attention, and Rose reached down, touching them as they seemed to lower their way toward the ground, longer than her human body was meant to possess.

“Fuck, this is weird!” Rose said, feeling the coarse straw-like hairs of a horse's tail teasing over her ass and legs, full-sized before the next changes started.

A gurgling in their guts prompted them to reach up and rub at them, feeling them expanding rapidly at their touch. They were massive, almost too large even for their weight. Though rather than fat, both Mike and Rose were elated to feel the first packed muscles as love handles were drawn rounded, and taut, stretch lines forming and receding, making them both feel heavy and bloated.

As though happening in tandem, tingling in their rears seemed to prompt them to reach back and feel the puckers of their anuses growing almost too large for their anatomies, being forced to recede to make room for them. Situated under Rose's tail, she could feel it clenching before opening to relieve a rather loud and pungent fart. The smell hit Mike's nose and made him recoil a little before Rose chastised him with a “Hey, that's going to be how you'll smell in a few minutes too! Get over it!”

Still, Mike was having a little trouble with it due to the fact his nose was starting to flare, breathing in the equine flatulence with the abilities of a horse's nose. He could clearly smell their sweat as well, his face started to crunch forward as the skin of his upper lips turned rubbery and the two of them merged. There was so much else to smell, of course, but fixated on the changes,

he put it out of his mind, used to the sensory overload from his many times with a canine equivalent.

Rose was reaching up to scratch her hair, the follicles lengthening before turning white, running down a thickening neck, and getting in her face, much to her chagrin. Like their canine forms before, Rose opted for a white mare for Mike's black stallion. It was a crude joke, but one shared between the two of them as their necks started to itch with the formation of horse hide.

Finally, the tingling Mike had been waiting for started in his cock, and Mike felt himself pound erect almost immediately at the implication. He was more than a little turned on by the notion of owning a horse cock. Not that he, or Rose, for that matter, minded the size of his Mastiff cock. But the stallion member he would soon have swaying from his loins was more than he could bare to acquire, and it was everything he could do but touch it as it started to swell beyond what a human could manage.

Without a word, the love of his life was on it, licking the tip as she was prone to do before diving on his nob, making Mike reach down and rub the hair on her head, only briefly teasing her growing horse ears before moaning "Oh fuck yes my love, yes!" There was no one around to hear them, of course, and no repercussions for them to indulge in equine activities as loud as they wished to. Their ears and noses told them as much!

Rose, a lover of oral escapades, was more than happy to try her mouth at taking such a magnificent member. Soon, as she was to find out, however, it was far more than she bargained for, and soon it was tickling the back of her throat, making her repress the urge to gag. Moreover, it was soon too thick as well, making her jaw ache, and Rose sure she would have to return to licking the tip.

Yet, it was not to be the case as her own face started to crack forward, pushing outward and enlarging just enough so that she did not have to expel the cock in her mouth. Teeth tingled as they grew thick and slab-like, though she was careful to keep sucking without them clamping down. The taste was amazing, a little offputting at first being from an animal, though it was hardly sour to her equine senses. Part of her wanted to taste him before it swelled all the way, though it was changing fast at her insistence. It seemed as though her tongue was pushing down a strip of flesh, one that was growing hair and making her a little uncomfortable. But it was soon removed from her mouth, and even the flaring on Mike's head or the ring in the center was not enough to deter her interest.

With all the stimulation he was getting, Mike felt he was easily getting close, wanting to cum from his almost equine cock and eager for Rose to do what she could to take him. All the while, he rubbed her hair and mane, feeling the fur growing around her ears and down her neck.

Yet, his efforts were stunted by the tingling in his hands, most fingers shrinking while the middle ones started to get larger. Used to the notion of not having hands, Mike was rather comfortable with it, though losing most of the digits instead of having them stunted was a little bizarre, to say the least. Still, he allowed them to change, feeling the numbness against his middle fingers as they swelled to take up the rest of his arm. The articulations stayed the same though changed in function and position, and Mike was almost prompted to lose his erection from his self-exploration. Though with Rose's increasingly flexible rubbery lips, the pressure against his cock was enough to make him explode.

“Ohhhnneeeiggghhh <uuuck!>” Mike called out, the last of his equine whinny being translated to speech to both of their brains. It was a little incoherent, though obvious as Mike's swelling balls spasmed and he ejected a rather impressive quantity of horse cum down his wife's throat. Rose tried to take as much as she could, though much of her husband's seed leaked from her mouth. The taste was not offensive, though the viscosity and the quantity were something all different altogether. All in all, the experience was hot as hell!

The changes were hardly to slow down for the two of them, however, assess starting to get larger as hips swelled and thighs cracked with change. Hips receded and exposed puckered anuses, making the two of them a little uncomfortable. Pelvises were shifting within, altering bones dropping their bloating bellies downward and signaling the death nulls of their bipedal stances. Though Mike was ready for it, hooves fully formed, Rose still had to develop her own. Still, the changes were not to leave her without them for too much longer, Rose feeling her hands swell and their middle digits growing heavier with the formation of a keratin hoof. Though a little more alarming than losing her hands for paws, it was still rather pleasant to have them to fall onto rather than the tips of her fingers as much as she would have without them.

Gurgling of guts as internal organs altered was par of the course, though on a much larger scale than anything their mastiff forms ever experienced. With that, Mike let out his own unexpected series of belches, followed by his own loud fart, one that smelled even worse than Rose's. Rose chuckled a little at that, though was swishing her own tail over her anus, likely undergoing the same gastrointestinal discomforts as the changes altered their insides.

<See! You can't control it, can you?> Rose mocked, her voice coming out as a series of whinnies though interpretable as speech as much as the pills allowed for those who had changed.

<Yeah, yeah, I'm a big fat smelly horse,> Mike grumbled, feeling his own muzzle pushing forward, his vocal cords altered to allow equine speech. His face was pushing out further, rostrum taking in his equine stink though finding he was not as bothered by it as he had been. He, too, could feel his teeth altering, thick and slab-like within his thick gums. It was the flexibility of his lips, however, was truly elating. They were thick as the flesh bunched up and he

started to twitch them, to the point that he could almost work them like a gloved hand. It was harder than that, of course, and nothing like his hands, but it was better than nothing, and something he wanted to explore!

Feeling like they were falling over awkwardly, both were thankful their legs and feet were next to alter, middle toes stretching and forming the same nub of keratin nail at the base that clung weightily until it expanded to the size of their heels. Heels stretched, calves shortened relative to their bodies, and tights had fattened into their torsos. Soon, with compressing shoulders and longer front legs, the two were able to manage to stand on all fours, comfortably getting used to their ever-expanding bodies.

Though their skin was naked for the moment, both of their hides started to prickle intensely, making them sure their coats were to come in. Mike's ebony skin was harder to tell before it blackened further into horsehide, black fur covering in a wake around it. Rose's was blond, looking awkward over the black skin but covering it enough that it was soon completely obscured. Save for her rather sizable tits, something that did not retreat in size but was rather pulled down her belly. They were puffy and bulbous, Rose wondering what they would be liked to be sucked.

<Hey, where'd my nipples go?> Mike said, confused. He was used to having 8 as a dog, and although they were likely not as sensitive as Rose's own breasts, he still enjoyed nipple play. That was not something he would evidently get as a horse, one small lamentation but enough of an annoyance all the same.

<Stallions don't have nipples, sweetie,> Rose said, though it seemed her thoughts were elsewhere. As big as she was becoming, Rose couldn't help but lament her stature. Already shy about being a larger woman, she seemed even large by horse standards, belly bulbous and chunky. It was the same in her Mastiff form relative to the size of the dog she became, but as a horse, it was more than a little lamentable. <Why do I have to be so big?> Rose complained, taking a shaky step forward and feeling her body jiggle.

<It just matches being a horse,> Mike replied, not thinking anything was off with her equine form.

<Do you think I'm usually this fat?> Rose said in a moment of being self-conscious.

<No, of course not! I think you're beautiful! You make a gosh damn beautiful horse!> Mike said, and with that, Rose moved in to Mike's rubbery lips, and the two of them made out with a sort of awkward horsieness, passionate though messy all the same. It was a tender

moment, one likely not shared by natural horses but something that was nice to their human sensibilities.

Given their most changed bodies by this time, Mike thought it prudent to move toward Rose's backside, wanting to give that intoxicating aroma a closer sniff. Her tail was reflexively swishing, and she stayed still, body shivering with lust. The odor only served to turn him on more and more, and Mike could feel his cock sliding out of his sheath, tickling the grass in anticipation. It was so heavy, so massive, and everything he wanted and more as his balls swelled and his cock seemed to be growing even longer. He was certainly no slouch in the downstairs department, even as far as horses went!

With that, Mike went to sniff at her exposed sex, feeling the ache of his own spine start to stretch into a tail. It was enough of a distraction that Mike needed to pause, feeling the long hairs peppering his backside before they ran down his leg and even touched his puckered anus. He felt the urge to flick it, feeling the occasional fly light on his sweaty skin, something annoying though thankful his skin contained the mobility to shoo them away.

<Fuck Mike, I need it!> Rose whinnied, returning his attention to her backside and the sight of her winking cunt lips. The smell of it was intoxicating, like a fine wine, and amazing to his equine senses. Similar to how much his canine nose required a bitch in heat, Mike now craved his wifely mare in season, amazed by the sheer size of her cunt and its moist contours. It would likely need to be, given the size of the cock he had prepared for it.

<Fuck, you smell so good!> Mike said, before moving his nose and breathing on her nethers. He wanted to taste her, and reaching out with his pliable lips he teased the contours of her sex, making it feel amazing to the point Rose called out <Oh fuck, yes!> as he sampled her secretions.

Licking with gusto, Mike became intoxicated by the flavor, rich in hormones that trigger some sex-starved part of his equine brain. <Oh shit,> Rose said, and her relaxed bladder let loose with a few squirts of piss. Worried about what it would do to Mike, he seemed not to care, as though it had missed him, or worse, he had thought it normal and hormone laced. It was gross to be sure, but hardly the worst thing about their equine bodies, and Rose decided to let it happen as it would.

<Yes Mike, lick my...fuck, it's so good...oh, make me cum...> Rose moaned out her stance, bracing her back legs and letting him tongue her out to his heart's content. He kept licking with gusto, wanting to pleasure her and make her cum, even over the needs of his own cock.

<Fuck...want your cock...Ok, OK that's enough...put it in me!> Rose called out, and Mike stopped just then, realizing he had been reeling in mare pheromones. With that, he pulled back, lips dripping mare fluids and what he was worried was a little piss. But it mattered little at the moment with his need to mount and his wife's eagerness to take him.

<Yes, my love!> Mike called out as he backed up a little bit before spearing for her cunt with his massive cock. He was a little larger than she, but her stance was made to take it, and soon his front hooves were gripped against her and ready to take him inside.

<Yes! Mike! I need it so bad!> Rose called out, able to feel the prodding of his horse cock against her nipples as his slimy fluids wiped over her. And then...

It seemed as though minutes passed as Rose stood there, nothing happening as her cunt lips winked and leaked another bead of fluid. <Well? I'm ready!> She said, sounding a little bit annoyed, as though the mare pheromones flooding her mind were in control. She wanted Mike to fuck her, wanted an orgasm, but she seemed to be waiting far too long for his presence within her. What *was* he waiting for?!

Yet, the answer was obvious as the cock still sliding over her backside, as though spearing for her cunt and missing. Mike was likely trying, but it didn't seem to manage to get it in her. Sure that stallion instincts should have been enough for him to hit his mark, but like a new stallion, he was not able to, much to a whinny of frustration.

<I'm trying, I'm, trying! Can't you feel me trying?!> Mike said, the frustration palpable in his own voice. <You try to aim with this thing! It's like a fucking garden hose!>

Rose felt herself relax at that, and with that, her body ejected another, larger squirt of urine. She was embarrassed about her lack of control of such things, but then again, it was the body she was in and all par for the course as she understood it. Still, she was a little worried about what her husband might think if...

<Oh, that smells good, fuck I'm so fucking hard!> Mike called out, getting closer and closer to her leaking cunt lips. It seemed his cock was even more turgid than before like the contact was enough to turn him on to the point he might actually succeed.

<Gross!> Rose called out, but she was no more in control of his equine inclinations as Mike was, so it was of little concern if he was into it. Must have been a horse thing if->

<Oh fuck, oh FUCK!> Rose called out as the massive mushroom-shaped tip of her husband's horse cock pushed in, stabilizing for a moment before working its way all the way

inside of her. It opened her up, certainly from the sheer size of it. But with how wet she was from her season, it was obvious she was more than ready for him, and soon he pushed in, opening up her vaginal walls and settling within her, getting used to her insides.

<YEAH!> Mike whinnied, obviously excited in his equine body. <Fuck it's so tight!>

<Fuck, you're so big stud! Fuck me!> Rose called out, feeling her cunt lips gripping his cock and preparing to milk him for all he was worth.

Yet, as Mike reached to grip her flanks and started his equine thrust, Rose felt a little bit of pain, recalling what the serums had promised. They felt no harm in asking for an increase in sex drive and enhancement of certain assets. But with the very real ache in her loins as Mike started to thrust was almost too much and started to pain her to the point that she called out, and almost stepped forward with her massive black stallion on her back.

<Fuck, it's too big!> She called out, though as he continued to thrust, she regretted the words. After all, she was starting to get used to it, and the ache soon turned to pleasure as Mike paused his thrusts, calling out an annoyed <I can't help it! We both agreed that->

<Just fuck me, big boy!> Rose eventually called out, and Mike was quick to continue, calling out <This is amazing!> as his balls slapped against her udder and his horse dong plowed her insides.

With such stimulation, it was a wonder the two of them were able to last as long as they were. Rose felt her end coming from Mike's cock, and the stimulation within enough to bring her in tandem with the pounding against her cervix. <Fuck! Just like that, babe! I'm going to cum!>

<Me too, babe! Just a little more...my balls are so fucking huge!> Came Mike's reply, and he continued just as he was, hoping to bring them together.

It was Rose who came first, clenching on the cock within her as her eyes flickered and whited out. The orgasm made her entire body tremble, enough that she was sure she would collapse under the weight of the two of them. Yet, she was able to hold fast, feeling Mike on top of her thrusting faster and preparing her for the orgasm to him.

<Me too! Take my seed, my mare!> Mike called out, and with that, his hose-sized cock erupted with a flood of jism, filling Rose up and even leaking out as backwash. The sensations were beyond exquisite, making him nearly fall off her as he unloaded his burden, sweat frothy and bodies heaving from the exertion.

Eventually, Mike dismounted, and Rose moaned a <Fuck, that was good,> As he did so. Mike felt the breeze ruffling his fur, commenting with <Fuck, so sweaty>.

<You smell amazing,> Rose said, and with that, moved in to give her horse husband a kiss with rubbery lips. Mike replied in kind, kissing his mare wife and loving the sensation. Eyes closed, it was a tender moment between the two of them, something that horses did not share but felt right at the moment. It was awkward with their anatomies, but hardly a deterrent as they enjoyed the moment and all their new bodies had to offer.

<What do you want to do now?> Mike asked, to which Rose answered by reaching down and cropping some grass in the field where they were. Mike wordlessly followed suit, curious as to the taste and texture. Not something he consumed as a dog, Mike found the plants rather bland, but they went down easily enough, and he was soon standing beside his wife, moving and eating and chewing as he figured most equines spent their days doing if only to pass the time.

It took some time to eat their fill, figuring that was the case with the size of bellies they possessed. It was another need that soon took over again, however, the smell of the mare in heat eventually brought his cock to full erection. Rose looked up, an apparently impressed expression on her face at the notion that her love could go so quickly once more. She wasn't going to say anything on the matter, of course, but knowing how short his refraction period was, they could certainly have more fun before it was time to change back and head to the fair!

Though Mike was ready and raring to go mount her again, Rose had a different suggestion. <Why don't we sixty-nine? I want you to play with my udders,> Rose suggested, to which Mike said <Sure! Gonna you mount you again though if I'm up for it!>

With the flexibility of their necks, Mike and Rose soon found they were able to get at each other's genitals without even one of them getting down. Mike's cock as turgid as it was, it took little effort to wrap her lips around it, taking him inside and making him moan out with an equine <Oh, fuck yes!> Figuring she had her fill her direct vaginal stimulation, Mike went to lip at her exposed teats, making her call out with her muzzle even while keeping her husband's horse cock within it.

<Yeah! Suck my tits!> Rose called out, and Mike played his surprisingly pliable lips around their contours, teasing the nipples and allowing the micro tremors to flow up toward her vagina. Though he was unable to stimulate both directly with only his muzzle at his disposal, his snorts of hot horsey breath were enough to send shivers into her body, making her anticipate the penetrate she had received thus far. Rose loved nipple stimulation, and her horse self did not disappoint when it came to getting her off!

Mike, all the while, was enjoying the sensation of being sucked off, Rose's muzzle able to deep-throat him rather well. Thankfully, his cock was hitched up closer to his belly, and it was easier to get at least down to the medial ring, sucking on the head and moving it up and down within her muzzle to the point she managed a rhythm. <Mrrff, your cock's so big!> She was able to moan through her muzzle, loving oral and stunned at the size of his member, even in relation to their forms. It was far bigger than even what her horse's muzzle was made to take but she wanted it more than anything he had ever known.

<Fuck, suck me off!> Mike called out, feeling his end starting to come once more. His stallion stamina was beyond amazing to the point it was a wonder he could hold back. Horses in the wild didn't have the luxury of covering their mares for long and even being sucked off as he was enough to bring him close to the desired relief. And knowing how much his wife loved oral, he was happy to give her as much as she could take.

Rose was struggling all the while from the sheer size of her lover's member, though figured it was something she could manage if she tried. The pulsating behemoth in her mouth seemed to be getting close to gifting her a salty reward, and Rose was determined to take her prize as much as she could. Any moment now, the cries of <Bring me my love> all the encouragement she needed to know her efforts were appreciated.

It was hard for him to focus on sucking her teats as he was, sweaty and lost in lust. But he managed it, hoping he was successful with his goal. He wanted to make sure he broke from his efforts at just the right moment, teasing her cunt lips onto orgasm as he came himself. Always a generous lover, Mike loved especially in their animal forms to make it last, and as the threat of orgasm looked over him, he knew it was now or never.

<Fuck, I'm going to cum babe!> He called out, letting go of her nipples as reached up with pliable lips to tease her sex into release. He knew from experience a stallion's orgasm would be far too potent to allow his continued oral escapades, and he was determined to be a good stud and bring the two of them in tandem.

Feeling the pre-cum shooting within her muzzle, Rose sucked with all she had with her new equine muzzle. The pulsating cock was almost too much for her to hold with her lips, but she managed it, feeling her muzzle strained but deciding the struggle was more than worth it. She just needed a little more...her husband was going to cum...and she wanted to taste him so badly!

No sooner than the trembling organ start its uncontrolled release, her husband's flexible horse lips moved up toward her cunt lips, tongue teasing the insides before bringing her the rest of the way. In truth, she was on the edge from udder stimulation, and the direct shock to her loins was enough for her to cum right then and there.

Both spouses struggled against the urge to bring each other and enjoy the pleasures of the other's flesh. It was all Rose could do to keep her husband's horse cock within her lips, as was the case for Mike to keep teasing her lips. The efforts were soon rewarded, however, as Rose's muzzle was shot forth with horse cum, and Mike was granted a small squirt of fluids. Their cries of release were too equine to be understood, though their shared sentiment was felt as the two of them reveled in their shared orgasms.

<Oh, fuck...that was good, my love,> Mike manages to moan as much as he could while stunned from orgasm. The taste was sublime, though not as delicious as her canine equivalent, Mike decided in honesty. It was nice enough for the stallion he was and figured dogs just had a more refined pallet.

Rose, for her part, had cum dripping out of her muzzle, unable to swallow it all. The taste of it was better to her than even his human cum, but she wasn't going to tell her husband that. She was impressed she was able to take as much as she could without dropping it with the size of it and all. Not expecting her husband to want to kiss her with a mouth tasting of cum, Mike turned his head, taking her in a romantic embrace and not caring that his essence was on her breath. It was a tender moment between the two of them, something horses in the wild hardly started by excitement with such massive bodies besides.

<I love you so much, my stud,> Rose said, breaking the kiss.

<I love you so much too, my pretty mare,> was Mike's reply, making her tail swish and likely enough to make her blush if she possessed the ability.

<Hey, are you hungry?> Rose said, the grumblings in her belly becoming persistent.

<Fucking *starving!*> Mike said, his own guts demanding sustenance.

With that, the two of them got back to eating, the taste of grass even better with their bellies so demanding. Thankfully, their larger muzzles were able to crop enough grass to satiate their hunger, at least keeping it at bay. Horses, as much as they understood, needed to eat a ton, and with a field full of grass, there was little in the way of eating as much as they needed to.

<Hey, we should have brought apples or sugar cubes!> Rose said with a laugh, and it was enough to make Mike almost regret the lack of foresight. That would have been amazing, sensitive taste buds enjoying horsey treats the likes of which they could hardly imagine! It was still a little too early for either to decide how much they liked the forms, but both could agree the sex was amazing, at least.

Lost in his thoughts, Mike was hardly aware when his tail raised slightly and he passed gas, rather loudly enough that there was no way Rose's better hearing could have missed it. He went to apologize, embarrassed, but the moment he looked over at his wife her tail was raising and she farted as well, less inclined to care as she hardly raised her head from eating. It was soon obvious that she lost all her modesty, getting into the moment as the smell of manure hit Mike's nose before Rose took a horse-sized dump, the thump of her waste hitting the ground rather audible to their ears.

<Damn that smells!> Mike said, regretting the words the moment he said them. They were horses and horse shit smelled. Horses didn't seem to mind it, and after breathing it in, it seemed... not as bad as he figured it would?

<What, I couldn't hold it! Horses can't exactly stop these things!> Rose said, going back to eating but still sounding annoyed.

<Oh-shit,> Mike started before his own guts gurgled and he leaned forward and raised his tail without much thought. With that, he dropped his own load of horse manure, taking a piss too as his cock slid from its sheath. Some of it splashed on his legs, but he figured there was little to be done for it, and all he could do was hope that the smell didn't stick to his legs when they turned back. They still had to get ready to go to the fair eventually, and there was no time for them to get home and shower before meeting Mikey.

Not wanting to talk about it further, Mike moved away from the smell as best as he could, Rose following behind and seeming annoyed. <Oh, get over yourself! We're horses! Horses shit!> Rose said, but Mike just snorted his discomfort. <It's a little much, OK? I'm not sure I'm cut out to be a horse!> Mike whinnied. It maybe wasn't the form for him, though he wasn't going to voice that concern just yet.

Seeing her husband was feeling a little down, and wanting to lighten the mood again, Rose took off, galloping with her massive body without a sign. The power and majesty of her movement took Mike by surprise, and soon he was galloping behind her, taking off with a burst of energy he had no idea his body possessed. It was amazing feeling the wind in his mane, his muscles straining as though he hadn't had sex three times in a row. His body was all muscle, even the fat not slowing him down as he ran and ran, thankful equine instincts were able to guide his actions. Otherwise, he would have tripped over himself and gone sprawling to an early grave.

<See, this is amazing!> Rose called out, standing at the end of the field and swishing her tail. Mike came up to her, snorting and panting and hardly feeling fatigued from the running he

was doing, their bodies were powerful, almost majestic with the wind blowing through their fur and drying the sweat from their bodies.

<Yeah, yeah, OK you're right,> Mike finally conceded, thinking that the power in his body might be worth it. He could do without the smell and the size, but the cock was amazing, and best of all, it was nice and safe in its sheath as he ran. For now, anyway. He could likely go a fourth time if they had the time, but didn't they have to be at the fair soon? What time was it, anyway?

Downwind as they were, and distracted from the arguing, it was unsurprisingly that the sounds of approaching men went unnoticed as the two found a small puddle to drink from. Even the sensation of a rope around their necks went unnoticed until the two of them were being pulled by powerful hands. It was impressive they could move the horses with human strength, but the wranglers were used to horses, and they were able to move them in some direction before the two changed horses were able to put up a fight.

<Oh shit!> Mike whinnied, wanting to struggle to get away.

<Don't move! We'll get in shit if we hurt them!> Rose said, and Mike stopped, not wanting to be caught but not wanting the repercussions of struggling against humans. After all, they were animals now, and there were consequences of being aggressive. Why they were being roped was a mystery, but for now, they had to go along with it.

"Couple must have gotten away from the horse show. No one said anything, but here they are. No other farms around here, right?" Said one of the men.

"Just shut up and put them in the truck. The thing is going to start in less than an hour! Let them sort it out later!" Said the other man, as they guided the pair toward their parked trailer.

<Wait, horse show?!> Rose exclaimed. <I didn't hear about any horse show at the fair!>

<This seems kinda familiar,> Mike said, recalling their time with the dog catcher. But Mikely had no idea they were horses, and how was he going to come to their rescue?

<Hey, we aren't horses! Let us go!> Mike called out, forgetting that he couldn't talk to humans. His whinnies fell on deaf ears, Rose looking at him and staring daggers. Catching her eye, he eventually shut up, allowing himself to be taken down the hill toward the fair, something he hadn't realized, much to his chagrin. How the hell could they have known they were running so close to the show? And, more to the point, why did these things always keep happening to the pair?

Eventually, the pair were taken down to the corral, and placed inside with the other horses. It was connected to a barn, and Mike and Rose were quick to move inside, not wanting to get near actual horses. There were bits and pieces of words they could understand, like <New?> <Herd?> <Food?> and, to Rose's dismay, <Heat?>. Damn, why was it always males!?

<Kinda dumb, aren't they?> Mike said, comparing the nickering horses to dogs, which seemed to be more intelligent and expressive in their translated speech. Mike felt a sense of pride at that. Not that he was a dog, at least not all the time.

<What would horses even say? Hey, I hope I don't get sold to the glue factory. Hey, babe, going my way? That piss smells awfully good,> Rose said in a way of teasing her lover.

Yet, the duo wasn't quite fast enough for a filly to come up to Mike, sniffing and moving her nose toward his. Equine instinct taking over, Mike moved to sniff the sound of the mare, in a horsey greeting, before realizing what he was doing.

<Mike! The fuck!> Rose said, Mike turning around and looking sheepishly at his horse wife.

<You saw my snout, it didn't even open!> Mike said in protest, moving into the stalls and not wanting his wife to get the wrong idea. Besides, they wanted to get inside where they could at least fend off any more unwanted equine advances.

<How are we going to get out of here?> Rose asked, and Mike drew his attention back to the task at hand.

<I mean, we can work the doors of the gates with our mouths, right?> Mike said, moving over to try it. It was easy enough if he worked his lips, the gait opening and presenting them obvious freedom.

Yet, Rose stopped him before he could take a step out. <You do that and they just put us back here with a locked gate! They wouldn't think horses would be smart enough to work the lock but surely they would figure it out before too long! And we're at the fair, where are we going to go without getting caught?> Rose said, and Mike stopped, even so far as to redo the lock, something he had trouble with but eventually managed.

<What do they do if they separate us?> Mike asked, addressing the elephant in the room.

<I don't know, honey. We have to wait though, until there's a chance. I don't think they'll sell us for dog meat or anything, but what if they see I'm in heat and sell me to breed?> Rose asked, disgusted by the notion of taking any other stallion than Mike.

<Well, breeder might not be so bad...> Mike said before Rose gave him a look that could shoot daggers. <I'm kidding, I'm kidding! Lighthearted moment to lift the mood!> Mike said, though he certainly didn't feel that way.

<It didn't work...> Rose muttered, and Mike felt his heart sink at that. With so much on the line, they were fucked beyond even their time in the pound. What *were* they going to do to get out of it?

“And then the dogs came up to me and barked the moment I mentioned my uncles,” Patrick said, Mikey trying not to giggle at the absurdity of the situation. “I asked them if they had gotten any dogs recently, but they said no. Even gave each other weird looks when I asked about the dog toys they had around the house! I mean, I know they're into some...interesting stuff, but that was too much!” Patrick finished, looking off at the dogs that had run away after coming up to bark and invite Titan to play.

“When did they tell you they were into transformation?” Mikey asked. He had it under good authority who the dogs had been that Patrick was referring to, from one of the things his parents had said to him on one of their trips. And though he didn't know what their canine forms looked like, he was able to put two and two together as to who their parent's transformation friends were. It was quite a coincidence that his best friend's uncles were into the same transformation pills as his parents, and he didn't think his parents knew their buddies were the uncles of his best friend. Small town, and all that.

“Oh, not to long ago. I didn't believe it at first, but they did some tricks as dogs to convince me. I didn't want to see them transform, no thanks! And when they told me your parents knew about it too, I figured if you believed it, I would as well,” Patrick said, still being new to the whole idea of pill transformations.

I'm surprised the came out together without a leash. Didn't they learn anything from when my parents got caught that time?!” Mikey said, trying to keep the giggle out of his voice. It seemed the two of them were having some fun in their canine forms, and Titan, seeming to know them, wanted off her leash to play. Mikey figured they were taking a risk being off-leash as they were but it was their choice. Hell, he likely figured his own parents would want to join if they were dogs, but they were busy off being horses.

With that, Mikey felt some concern, having looked around for his parents for some time now. He wasn't sure how they were supposed to keep track of time, anyway, being out in the field. And wouldn't they be a little too dirty to be out at the fair? Not that he would be mad at them for not showing up, mind. But he couldn't deny it was a little disappointing.

A sudden tug on his leash shocked Mikey to the point it flew from his hands, and Titan took off after the other two dogs ran away toward the barns close by. Not caring about Wayne and Owen, they couldn't let Titan go, and it was almost impossible to catch up before the trio turned into one of the barns along the end of the fairgrounds. He hadn't even noticed before, but if Wayne and Owen were interested, it was more likely something worth checking out, Titan running along for the ride and seeing her perceived pack chasing something.

"Hey, wait!" Patrick said, not wanting his friend to go alone.

"I've got her, don't worry!" Mikey called back, not sure what they were interested in but needing to catch Titan all the same.

Meanwhile, Mike and Rose were still trying to come up with a plan, but there was no denying their situation was rather dire. Hell, no one even knew they were horses. Surely, Mikey would come looking for them, but thinking the two of them were dogs, it would be impossible for them to know his parents were horses, let alone which ones.

Worse was what was to be their lives if they didn't change back. Rose was still worried about being bred, hoping at least it was Mike to do the deed. But horses had such little autonomy in such matters, and who even knew where they would be taken in the first place?

<Ok, Ok, there could be worse,> Mike said, lowering his head. Being gelded was a possibility, though he had no idea had that worked. He'd just gotten his horse testicles, damnit! Not that he wanted to be a horse for another minute. Being a dog forever? Not preferable, but better than being a big stinky stallion in a horse stall for the rest of his life!

<And I'm in fucking *heat*. I know I can't get pregnant if I change back but like...> Rose said, voice trailing off.

<Hey, Mike? Rose?> came a series of barks, and the two of them looked up to see a familiar sight. The two dogs were clearly the same breeds that were worn by Owen and Wayne, family friends also fans of the transformation pills. And they had come to rescue them, surely!

<What are you guys doing as horses? Fuck, they smell the same even though they're horses!> Wayne said, the two of them sniffing, oblivious to the horse stench far stronger than anything the dogs could elicit.

<Fuck, what are they doing here? You guys need a helping paw?> Owen offered, looking up and wagging his tail.

<Well, shit, we can't understand dog!> Mike and Rose said in tandem. Even if it was obvious Wayne and Owen were in canine form, the smells were more than enough to confirm

<Doesn't matter, we're saved!> Rose said, figuring if they were here and recognizing their scents if they were barking. Even without being able to understand each other, they were experts in the field of canine body language and were sure their friends recognized the trouble they were in and would come back with help to get them out in time.

Even better was seeing Titan joining them, a sure sign that Mikey was on the way. As the familiar form of their son came into the barn, followed by his friend, Mikey looked from the dogs, wagging their tails, to Titan, seemingly more interested in two of the horses than any of the other ones in the stalls, quickly put two and two together.

"Mom? Dad? What are you doing in a stall? Horses? Really?" He said, as though in disbelief.

<Yes, baby, it's us!> Rose said, knowing no one could understand but figuring it was good to respond directly to make sure they could confirm it was really them.

<We're Ok for now, son, but we need you to come up with a way to-> Mike started, forgetting any plan made wouldn't be understood by anyone other than Rose.

"HA! Horses! Really?! I bet you've been really really hoarse standing there naked, huh?" Mikey said.

"Don't you mean more like neigh ked!" Patrick added as though their predicament was the most hilarious thing in the world. "What are you doing in the stalls? Was it pasture your bedtime?"

<Haha, very funny. Now, can you see if Wayne and Owen will->

“This must be quite the *nightmare* to be stuck in the stall!” Mikey said, still carrying on with the horse puns.

<Ok, ok, enough!> Mike said, stamping his hooves in irritation.

“OK, OK, geez, get off your high horse,” Mikey said, still giggling. “You guys have your stuff stashed nearby?” He asked Wayne and Owen. Figuring they had to, in case one of them had been caught, the two dogs took off, and Mike decided to stay there and wait to make sure the horses weren’t taken anywhere else in the interim.

“Hey, let’s get out of here,” he said, obviously not a fan of being around horses, or not wanting to get caught where they weren’t supposed to be.

“I don’t know man, I think I want to be around for the mane event,” Mikey said, and Patrick looked at him confused, clearly missing the pun in the comment.

<Oh for god’s sake, Mikey knock it off!> Rose said, getting irritated.

<Now, now, honey, that one was actually really good,> Mike said, feeling relieved now that the two adults would be able to get them out of there, hopefully before the show when they would be mixed up with the other horses. <So long as Owen and Wayne don’t *foal* around, we should be good->

<Don’t you start!> Rose said, staring daggers into her husband. Mike actually felt proud of that one and was wracking his brains, trying to come up with more horse puns before the two of them were rescued.

“Hey, kid! What are you doing in here?!” Came a voice, and Mikey felt his heart sink. He didn’t necessarily need to be in here to save his parents, but keeping an eye on them was paramount to making sure they weren’t taken away.

“Oh, Rarity! Buttercup!” Mikey yelled out, almost reaching over to hug the horses. “I’m so glad you’re safe!”

<Buttercup?!> Mike whined, not caring for the nickname.

<Hey, who says *you’re* Buttercup?!> Rose said, having the wrong opinion of the nicknames.

“They belong to my uncles!” Patrick blurted out, going along with it. “He didn’t mean for them to be brought out,” Mikey said, rolling with it. “They must have gotten out...I don’t know how but they’re not supposed to be here,” he said, not really sure how to explain it but figuring his uncles would have a better idea once they returned.

“Well, we did find them outside...” The guy said, and Mikey felt his heart leap at that. Of course, they would have. His parents wouldn’t be stupid enough to change among a bunch of horses up for a show, right? Then again...

<Yes! Good thinking Mikey!> Rose snorted, and Mike stood up as well, as though in a show of support. There was nothing really they could say that would be understood, though their sentiment got through, and Mikey ran with it.

“Can you check? I don’t know how they got out, but his uncles are going to want them...we’ll go get them!” Mikey said, and felt secure enough that they wouldn’t be taken off someone and lost to him. How Owen and Wayne were going to convince them and then get the horses out, he had no idea. But that was a problem for them to figure out once they came back, presumably with a better plan.

“Well, they better have something good planned,” Patrick said as soon as they got out of earshot. “It’s not like the owners are just going to let my uncles walk out with two horses.”

The fair staff did, in fact, allow them to walk out with the two horses, not asking questions. They were left with two extra horses after doing a head count, it seemed, and those two had been captured without any idea who owned them. They didn’t want to deal with trying to find the owners or taking care of horses that didn’t belong to the owners

“I don’t know how the hell that worked,” Patrick said, watching the two horses being led by Wayne and Owen. “Yeah, that was easy...” Mikey said, stunned by the whole thing. “They better fucking raise my allowance for this...”

<Finally!> Rose snorted, feeling the reins being loosened from her body and stamping her hooves in excitement. <Let’s get the fuck out of here!> Mike said, and with that, the horses were off, Wayne and Owen letting them go with a wave. Not like they would going to be captured again, mind, though the two of them didn’t want to risk it after the hell of the day they’d had both as horses and the time they were captured as dogs. The pair didn’t stop running until they were frothy with sweat, finally getting back to the spot the bags were. Both were eager to return to their bodies and leave the whole ordeal behind them.

It took some minutes for them to change back, though dirty and sweaty as they were they still donned their clothes. The fatigue from running carried over to their human selves, though none of the exercises did, unfortunately. And they still had the walk the distance back to their car, though the woods where they'd parked it.

"Fuck, we have to get in shape," Mike wheezed as they made their way back to the car. Rose just grunted, still too exhausted to even think of a response. It took them easily twice as long to get back and huffing and panting, Mike got into the driver's side, Rose in her side as they rested in the seats to catch their breaths.

"So, no more horses?" Mike said when he figured they were both of one mind on the subject.

"Why? It wasn't that bad, was it?" Rose said, as though the errant smell of horse flesh on their skin was pungent the moment they closed the car doors. Still, she didn't seem to mind so much, always the one of the two that had a tolerance for animalistic habits with her particular transformation interests.

"I mean, it wasn't so bad...not canine life, that's for sure!" Mike said as he started to giggle nervously.

"Well, we can't just be dogs all the time! There are so many other options for the pills. Don't you want to fuck me as a bull, or a tiger, or hell, even a snake!" Rose mused, obviously thinking of all the animals they could be turned into.

"Alright, alright! We don't always have to be dogs! No snakes though! And someplace we don't get caught or shot for once! People would freak if they saw a tiger!" Mike said, though it might be nice to give such a powerful form a try.

"That would be a nice change", Rose said, despairing, though knowing the more they used the pills, the more likely they would end up in some other ridiculous shenanigans. With that, Mike put the car in drive and took off toward the fair to pick up their son, dog, and hopefully not too much flack from their friends for getting them out of an obvious jam.