

Like a vagabond, the Rider came into each new space with little fanfare, his mission to help those in need of a new lease on life. Perhaps not in a way they might have envisioned, though that mattered little. His tactics, unique as they were, did not exist in the mortal world or even on the mundane plane of existence in man's world. But no one ever remained human enough to witness them in any meaningful way. His touch was felt by those that sought a simpler life, and his purpose was to provide it to them. Other such beings existed, of course, though their paths seldom crossed. Many chose forms to mold their chargers into that which suited their whims, and the rider was no exception. And he, for his part, had a penchant for equines, their herd mentality, their loyalty to one another, and their gentle demeanor most appealing to him. And, in the end, all those his touch became beasts of equine birth.

Enough magic persisted that the Rider's presence was not remembered, even by those he decided, for whatever reason, to remain human. Not everyone was destined for an equine existence in his wake, though in his mind, equines were preferable to people. Still, he could not entirely affect the balance, only sway it in a way that he preferred. And whenever he had the opportunity to affect that balance, he did so.

Once such local he passed in his travels was a beach resort, one that relatively wealthy patrons attended for weekend getaways. The Rider could adjust reality simply to have himself appear as a life coach guru of sorts, one the wealthy could come to with any problem for free with the Rider's coveted advice. And the Rider would have some advice or solution to their problems in turn that would be solved for the rest of their lives. For, how could the problems of humans persist when their lives were given bestial meaning by joining an ever-growing herd of their formerly human peers-turned-horses?

"My fucking parents! God! I'm twenty-one, damnit! I don't care that they paid for the trip. They won't even let me out of the room to see a guy! I wasn't going to-I just wanted to meet him for drinks! And now I'm stuck here!" Kelly whined, one of the only patrons in the lobby and thus feeling she could be as frustrated as she wanted.

Having been here over the weekend, Kelly had an online courtship with a man her age that she knew would be at the resort as well. She wasn't expecting it to go anywhere, after all. Nothing too physical. But if the opportunity arose...she wouldn't say no, not necessarily. It would be her first time, and she did really like him. In truth, there was no denying she wanted to at least try her hand to see where things went. No pressure, but with the right mood, she would entice him to the bedroom and see where things went.

Not that the Rider was the right person to vent these troubles to. But she was only allowed to stay within the building, lest she not be allowed to return home with her overly religious family. But he had approached her, seeing her alone and thinking her to be in need of his services. She did not even realize who was talking to her and might have been too nervous to speak having realized it before. But by the time she recognized her visitor, Kelly had already spilled her story and was prompted to digress the rest.

The Rider only nodded, giving her a knowing smile. He was rather fond of listening to any ills that a potential client might think to bring to them. Romance was something equines did not content with, not such as humans wasted their time with. With the herd in tow, horses needed only periods of heat to copulate and add to their numbers, though a dominant stallion was usually in possession of mares in heat. He wondered if she a stallion could be made of her potential date, though that was not the problem at hand. He could tell, with his magics, she was in the time of her cycle, something that humans were ignorant of. Again, something that made humans better off as horses, an easy problem to fix by their resident dominant stallion!

Another sense he got was that she was starving, something else humans were so silly about. When hungry, eat, right? Horses had so much more sense about such things, their massive bodies needing constant nourishment. Knowing just the thing she required, the Rider handed her an apple, something to take the edge off what would soon be a mare-sized appetite. She looked at it confused, not really sure what to make of it. But she had been hungry, after all, and figured it wouldn't hurt to take a bite of it...

Several apples later, and feeling a little bloated, the Rider grinned, knowing her mind was malleable into his whims. "There, there, isn't that better, now? You can't have a proper breeding while on an empty stomach!" He said, and Kelly nodded, eager to disobey her parents and make the rendezvous they threatened to disown her over. The fear she felt from her religious family seemed moot in the face of that greater need. Why should Kelly care about anything other than...wait, breeding? No, no, she was just going to...but then what? Wasn't that the point? Why shouldn't it be when...?

It was more than that, she realized, as a shiver ran through her loins. It was as if she needed for sex like it was her time to if that was the right reason. It was a strange change to notice. Rather than the standard lust she felt, this was rather simplistic. It was the right time to take things further with her mate, so she would. Mate? She hadn't seen him in person yet! Hadn't smelled him yet...what would he smell like!?

"Why don't we head out together? We can meet your future stud and see if he's worthy of you!" The Rider said, and Kelly agreed, following him out into the yard from a door she was sure hadn't been there before. The fact it was there did not seem to bother her in the slightest, nor

was the fact she wasn't supposed to leave the grounds lest she was banished from her parent's house. It was hot and stuffy in there, and she longed for the evening air on her bare skin. The clothes on her body, tight as they were becoming, made her uncomfortable to the point she needed to take them off. Though she left them on for now, a bit of shame conflicted with her mind as she stumbled out, feeling a little top-heavy.

Something else compelled her forward, the notion she was alone and wanted to meet a contemporary. The Rider was a nice companion, sure, but to her altering intellect, he was obviously a master and not an equal. She needed the safety of numbers, the sanctuary of the herd, though her mind was not coming up with the term *per sae*. The fact she was bloated and gassy, belching, and occasion flatulating was not something she was bothered by, and knew that an equine equal would not be disturbed by something as silly as bodily functions.

“I bet you'll find him quite the stud! And no time like the present, being in season as you are! You'll need a good stud to sire your first foal!” The Rider said, and for a moment, Kelly protested. Though the sounds coming from her mouth were a little distorted, she didn't seem to mind, the Rider nodding in understanding her hesitance. Kelly wanted to have sex, sure, but she had never wanted kids, never wanted the responsibility. But then again, why not? She would need foals to nurse from her teats, ones enlarging on her chest and starting to move toward her belly and lower. She rubbed them, not caring she was in the presence of the Rider, again, coming to understand he was not the same species. He was there to guide her, and she would follow him if it meant quelling the needs in her cunt.

The closer she got to their eventual rendezvous, the less comfortable she felt in her own clothes. Why such a pretty mate needed her body, Kelly could not fathom. Part of her was sure she had worn them all her life, but she could not determine why? It made no sense to want her sex on display for a potential suitor. With that, she kicked off her shoes, pitching forward a little on feet that were swelling from the base. The Rider was there to hold her up, however, and Kelly moved forward, happy to have her owner there.

Though she was not able to tear her dress off, the size of her growing ass managed to do it for her. Tearing echoed in her twitching ears, and it was uncomfortable, making her want to cry out her annoyance. Still, the force of her ass and hips was enough to do away with the garments, to the point that her new tail was able to swish over her enlarged backside, relaxing her as she grew into a more sensible body.

Scents from the ocean made her nose flare and her heat grow in its excitement. She wanted to get to him, yet could not smell a stallion like herself. Where was her suitor? A whinny of panic escaped her rubbery lips but there was little to be done for it. Kelly was in the presence

of her owner and trusted he would guide her toward his goal. And he would surely guide her to a worthy mate...

Sam looked out toward the beach, checking his phone one more time. He was sure she wasn't coming and was immensely disappointed in that realization. Not that he had his hopes too high, sadly. Kelly had been an amazing match, and she was old enough to live on her own away from her religious parents. But with their tight leash on her, even being a mere few hundred feet from his love, there was no chance of them meeting, much less consummating anything.

Turning around to head back to the hotel, Sam was stunned by the sight of a horse being led toward him, not expecting any of the animals to be present at the resort. Still, for a moment he didn't think too much of it. A further examination of the animal, however, showed it wasn't a horse, or at least not enough of one. It was walking on two legs, though its torso was massive, and hands were halfway warped into hooves. He could tell its ass was massive, and its face was pressed out into what seemed to be a pseudo muzzle. It looked like some horrific merge between a human and a horse, and to his dismay, it was walking toward him!

Kelly was changing all the while, fingers stiff and middle toes stretching out into hooves. She didn't care that she was massive, knowing she needed to be to take a stallion on her back. The Rider helped her down, and she allowed herself to land on her middle fingers, nails thickening into the start of hooves heavy enough for her to stand. Nose stretching out further, the scent of a male came to her awareness, and for a moment, Kelly felt excited. Was this to be her male? No. he wasn't a stallion, he was one of the owners. Then, where was the stud she sought?

"That's it, girl. Go to him. Trust me..." The Rider said, touching her on her massive neck and installing a bit of his magic upon her. If the man was to be the stud she sought, then her touch would make it so. And it was obvious she wanted it as much as he wished to grant it to her!

With that, Kelly moved forward, eager for the touch of a stallion and remaining human intellect still able to understand the words and their meaning. The mare's instincts were strong in her mind, however, and envisioning the man as a stallion in her mind was starting to take over. A slice of her awareness knew that this was the man who had her so enamored, the one she wanted to take things to the next level with. The one that would deflower her mare cunt!

Sam wanted to move, to run from the monstrosity that was more horse than woman by this point. But something held him fast as she moved toward him, walking gait looking more comfortable the more she moved to him. The huge beast stopped, whickering and snorting as the rest of her nose pushed out and she regarded the man with rectangular eyes, the sight of which

betrayed no humanity. By the time she reached him. Sam was sure that he'd imagined the changes and had just seen a real horse move toward him.

Though he was nervous about being in the presence of such a massive beast, the horse seemed gentle enough, and Sam was remiss for not noticing the nose as it stretched out to its final form, breathing onto the man and making him shiver. Reaching up to touch her, something about her presence made him relax, as though he had been waiting for her. But any reflections on that were lost as he started to rub the mare's nose, laughing as she reached out with her lips and started licking his face.

Yet, her next move was to shock the poor man, the mare pulling away and leaving him to delight over the coarse texture of her fur. Just as suddenly, she looked down at his crotch, breathing a heavy blast of warm breath on his groin and making him shiver. Though the action was reflexive, it had the effect of transferring the Rider's magic toward him, influencing him to become the stallion she so greedily wanted.

Stunned for a moment, Sam backed away, the warmth in his crotch starting to intensify. To his dismay, the heat seeped into his cock, bringing him a surprising erection. Wanting to put his hands over it to hide it from the distant man watching them, Sam's eyes settled on the mare, and a surprisingly mobile nose started sniffing and twitching in her direction. The scent of the horse was randy, if not offensive. Yet, there was something else in her aroma that made him get even harder. As embarrassed as he should have been by her presence, Sam found himself moving toward her backside, sniffing with a nose visible in front of his face. He felt larger and bloated, but that was ignored with how enamored with the sight of the mare, finding her beautiful and more interesting than he had ever found a horse before.

The Rider smiled, seeing how fast the would-be stud was getting into it. Normally, he liked to take his time, allowing the mind to change toward more equine inclinations before the body took shape to meet those desires. But the man had been horny and wanted to meet his online crush to take her to his bed, regardless of what he told himself otherwise. It made the perfect catalyst for his change, and he would make the first of many studs for the Rider's new stable enterprise.

By this point, Sam was behind the mare, watching as her tail flicked and started to lift and move to the side, exposing a thick, puckered anus and a moist vaginal slit, one that seemed to wink at him with her need. Sam couldn't help but stare, part of him was disgusted by what he was staring at but part of him was fascinating. It wasn't the sight of it that interested him, even as his face started to widen and his eyes were moving to the sides with it, color vision changing as reds and blues seemed to fade from him. It was of little matter, given the overwhelming pungent

aroma wafting from it, and Sam felt his cock surging in his pants once more, enough to tear at the fabric from its size of it.

By this point, there was little left of the former human woman's mind, left as only the mare in heat. That fleeting part was about to be fucked from her, but she cared little for its loss. Being a mare was so much simpler, and there was nothing she needed with her owner so close. The former human was able to slide into equine bliss as she let herself go, not caring that she was about to reflexively fart in the man's face, her body digesting the apples she had been given.

Sam, hit by the pungent stench of equine flatulence, was nearly forced backward, eyes watering in disgust. But the more his nose enlarged, the more his rostrum expanded, the less the manure-like odor seemed to bother him, and he went back to sniffing the mare's cunt with eagerness. Even as her vagina squelched and a few pungent squirts of urine hit him on the nose and soaked into the hairs that had grown there, Sam was not deterred, a veil of equine lust settling over his mind and making it impossible to focus on anything else.

Without thinking, Sam started to lap at her cunt lips, the urine and juices leaking from it rife with pheromones to make his head swim. Lips were numb and rubbery, teeth thick and blotchy, and tongue massive, Sam was able to lap at the mare's cunt enough that shivers ran through her body. Though he wanted more, wanted to mount the mare that he was steadily seeing her more of an equal than an animal, he was far too small to mount, his cock too minuscule. So he was prompted to continue his oral ministrations, waiting to grow into the stallion of her desires.

And he was not to wait very long, back legs stretching with lengthening heels and thickening middle toes. The force of his growing hooves was enough to push through his shoes and he was able to rise up, grabbing the horse's ass and trying to bump through his pants. The pressure in his pants was getting intense, not only from his massive horse's penis but from the growth of his ass and the thing swishing above it. Cracks and pops were starting to resonate through his form but Sam was unaware of it. His mind was focused on the singular goal, to mate his mare and...his love? Kelly, the woman he had...woman? Not horse? Did that matter? He needed what he had in front of him right now, what he could smell and hear!

With that, the force of his growing bulk tore through his clothing, pushing at the short and tearing his back, covered with sweaty horse fur. The scent of his musk and hide sent a powerful shiver through his being, forcing his cock to burst through the confines of his pants. The head was inhuman, crowned, black, and mushroom-shaped at the tip. It mattered not what it looked like, but rather that he needed it implanted within this mare's cunt. His ass burst through as well, his swishing tail running over a massive anus as his hips and legs swelled, allowing the

stallion to cover his mate. He was humping her legs now, cock exposed and moving for her sex in a failed display. But at the rate his body was growing it wouldn't take him long to get there.

With an excited whinny, no human inflection left in the voice as the head of the penis moved into position, his backside finally the right size to hit home. Though he was still too small to fully cover the mare, he wouldn't be in a few moments. Fingers largely absent for the singular digit hooves, Sam gripped the mare's sides with his powerful body, stretching muzzle and still present canines wanting to nip the shoulders of the mate to keep her in place and claim his prize. Like Kelly before him, Sam was about to lose his humanity, but there were no regrets, the needs of the stallion more potent than anything else he could have imagined. Living in the moment, taking all he needed, and with no regrets, he allowed himself to sink into the stallion, covering his mare as his massive load entered her womb, giving both beasts exactly what they craved.

“Ah, young love,” The Rider said, using his magics to place reigns over his equine charges. Already, his influence was able to turn one of the outer buildings, once used to store golf carts and the like, into a barn, devoid of those human things and fitted with stall and straw for his new herd. They would not go unnoticed for long, but by the time they were, the Rider figured he would have solved more problems for approaching humans that would be a non-issue for the equines they would become...

“Fancy a drink?” The Rider said upon returning to the bar, happy that his first conquest had worked out so well. The bar was starting to fill up, and, normally, people would be lining up to see him. And he would welcome that once enough equines had taken over. But for now, he was more content to take a few at a time, bringing them to a more preferred equine existence.

Three men sat at the bar, having a drink at the end of their shifts. They were shuttle drivers, and chauffeurs, ones that had not been tipped or even acknowledged much as of late. Normally it wouldn't be such a point of contention, but they weren't getting as many tips from a resort that people paid good money for. So, be it the stingy nature of the clientele or their lack of skill at the business, tips were at a low and the three of them were in lament.

“Sure, it will have to be the last one, though! Can't drive home on too many!” Ralph said, cheering his coworkers.

“Can't afford 'em with the weak tips we've been getting!” Hugh rerouted, to which the three of them lamented in tandem.

“Well, that's a shame! Though, I have a proposal if you're interested. Want to never worry about tips again? Perhaps increase your driving skills in the process?” The Rider offered, and the three of them looked at each other, the idea sitting well with them.

“Well, for another round, I'd hear you out!” Dan said, and with that, the Rider filled them with suds, getting them a little tipsy in the process. Horses moved beer, after all, and those three would be large enough to hold their liquor by the time the Rider was done with them.

“By the time I'm done with you, you'll be pulling carts yourselves!” The Rider proclaimed, taking them outside into the yard. Where their work cabs were usually parked were a series of pull carts, rather large like the sorts of things horses might pull.

“Where did these come from?” Ralph asked, perplexed. He was sure they'd come out of the same place he had gone in, right? Ralph wasn't drunk, not with only two rounds in him. But he couldn't deny the feeling of something being off, a little tipsy and top-heavy as he stumbled toward the carts with curiosity. Hugh and Dan followed their de facto leader finding no issue as to why their usual cabs had been moved.

“Why, they're there for you! Why don't you give pulling them a try? I assure you by the time the evening is over, you'll be much better at your jobs!” The Rider declared, and Ralph gave him a look of confusion. How the hell were they supposed to pull *that*?

Yet, there was something about the man's words that had him feeling confident like the Rider could tell no lie and he, in fact, could pull one of the carts if only he tried. So, he allowed himself to be hitched to the front of the wagon, wondering why the cart's straps and bridle were able to fit around him when it was clearly designed for a horse. At the moment, he didn't think about it too much, only excited to see if the Rider's words would prove true and something he could achieve with work.

Looking around, Hugh and Dan had attached themselves to their own carts, leaving Ralph to wonder what it would be like to pull one of his own power. He'd loved driving all his life and being on this end, essentially the engine was curious in its own right. So, with some effort, Ralph moved forward, trying not to strain himself too much lest he pull something with his aging body. But, imagine his surprise when not only did the cart move under his own power but without straining himself, Ralph started walking, the feeling leaving him elated.

Still, there was a limit to what they could manage, and the three struggled, pulling in tandem to the best of their abilities. The three of them felt the need to challenge each other, even as they struggled to move their carts only a few feet. It was a game of sorts, and sweaty and strained as they were, there was no denying the three friends had acquired a vitality that went

well below their years. It was nice to feel that strong, that mobile, and to engage in childish games, something they had not partaken in since youth.

The good feelings were only to keep rolling as the further they pushed, the more effective their strength seemed to be in pulling the carts. Bulging muscles seemed to pull at their clothes, and the wheels turned easily as though the three were made to pull carts in this manner all their life. Best yet, there was something mentally fitting with the efforts as well, more satisfying than driving around guests. It was of their own volition to pull these carts, and their only mutual wish was to have a trainer guide them in their duties.

The more their clothes were stretched toward the breaking point, the more confused the trio became. With their skin slick with sweat, their clothing quickly became uncomfortable and restrictive. Their bodies were bulking out in all the wrong places, making it more obvious the clothing was wrong for them. “Why don’t we get those off you, boys? You don’t need clothes anymore, anyway. Not to mention all that sweaty hide being confined under them!” The Rider said, following the trio’s endeavors. A hand came on Ralph’s shoulder, and the force of energy caused his body to burst through them to the point where they were rendered from his frame. The sounds of tearing echoed in twitching ears from the other two, and with that, the men were naked from pants and shirts, even underwear discarded from the force of massive asses.

With their size came a top-heavy body, one not suited for moving forward on wobbling legs. The weight was getting to be too much, though Ralph was hardly in a position to care, loving the power in his body. Soon, it was an impossible task, and he had to stop, wobbling on precarious legs. The disappointment he felt with that made him whicker and wish to stomp his feet in frustration. He wanted to pull, damnit!

As though sensing his frustrations, the Rider came to his once more, taking Ralph’s fingers and rubbing their already stiffening contours. Middle digits were pulled out to the width of their arms, and the thick nails at the tips were rounded into sturdy hooves. For a moment, Ralph felt a wave of panic flow through him, the stiffened hooves not something he wished to own. Where were his fingers?! How was he going to drive with these?

Yet, the Rider was still with him, now rubbing a thickening neck and the horse hide and fur growing across it. “Time to get down on all fours where you belong,” he whispered, and Ralph immediately felt calm and relaxed. Without thinking, he allowed himself to lower, cracks and pops resonating through his thickened torso as the position became more comfortable. Any panic he perceived prior was gone, the stance proper for his being and allowing the altered muscles to manage on his frame.

With his ever-increasing muscle mass, Ralph was steadily finding his ability to pull the cart increasing. As his frame continued to enlarge, the reins he'd attached to himself grew with him, though he had little awareness of such things, harder to think as it was becoming. Gone was the urge to pull the carts in competition with his friends. Now it was a simple rhythm he was eager to do, a purpose in the act that defied understanding. Though as his neck thickened and his skull started to contract on itself, there was little to be done for it, thinking in the traditional sense a thing of the past.

Ears flicking curiously, the Rider touched his nose, prompting Ralph's nose to push out just slightly, sniffing the sweat of the others. They smelled of herd, the odors that came from them speaking to health and vitality, and other things that confused a waning part of his mind. For the stallion, identity was now tied to scents and not names, relaxed into the actions, pulling carts in sequence with the others of his herd.

Body fully changed now, a sense of curiosity followed as the Rider started to motion for them to move in tandem. On the grounds of the resort, the trio was guided in large circles, tight enough that they kept moving within them without further prompting. It reminded them of their colt hoods, a time when their mothers taught them to adhere to a circle within the herd. Soon, the actions were reflexive, the Rider's influence no longer needed to guide them as their instincts took place.

Being broken into a bit was a little cumbersome, as were the halter and harness. They were uncomfortable, the reins, in particular, annoying in their field of vision. Stopping the three of them for a moment, the Rider even manifested a saddle, something the trio of wild horses wanted desperately to fight against their skin. But even the briefest bit of training was enough to open their minds to the desires of the 'herd leader' for them to resist the urge to buck and kick, and the Rider was soon left with relatively placid stallions, ones susceptible to further training. The perfect riding horses for the newest resort.

The Rider stared at his newest conquests, feeling proud to have made such eager horses. They would serve in their former capacity, only now geared toward a riding stable rather than the useless gas guzzlers they possessed before. Needing only hay and grass to fuel their new purpose, and giving nutrients back to the soil with their droppings. Such an efficient system, in the Rider's opinion. And they would be joined by many more soon as the Rider served his purpose...

"Well, indeed I do! It's not an uncommon request. There's no need to worry yourselves over such trivialities," the Rider said, regarding the trio with the certainty of his claim.

Janet, Isebelle, and Maranda had been friends for years, though closer when the final of their husbands were divorced from them. The settlements were generous, if not stressful. At least they were able to maintain their lavish lifestyles to a degree, though it was a moot point given their lack of men. All three were rather on the large side as a result of their decadence and were desperate for some weight loss options. So far, their fortunes had not yielded acceptable results, and their hope was no meet the Rider to share their woes and perhaps find a new solution.

“Come with me, I have just the solution,” the Rider replied, and with it, led them out a door the trio did not notice. With that, the scent of horses and barn hit their noses, making the three of them gag. How they had gotten to a horse barn, they had no idea. But the dofts and whinnies made them sure of the building's inhabitants and their dirtier habits.

Isabelle moved for the door, looking for the path back to the hotel. Surely, whatever the Rider had in mind for them could be taken back through the hotel. But where the door had been, seemed to be replaced by a wooden wall. There was no gap in the wall, no indent that could account for their escape. They were effectively trapped in the barn, all three women panicked now at the unexpected surroundings.

Creeping along the wall to the opposite side of the barn, the trio was gifted by the sight of a massive pile of apples, the fruit sitting in a crate at the back of the barn. Beyond was a closed barn door, the lights from outside framing its borders. It was only a quick walk, and they could escape from her, questions as to how they'd ended up there forgotten.

“Now, now, don't leave before having a snack! There are plenty of apples, and I know you've been starving yourselves. You must be terribly hungry!” The Rider said, moving from behind a hay bale and shocking the three women. Figuring he was still present to help them, the three paused, unsure how to make of the words. It was healthy food, to be sure. But as part of their diets, such food would only be welcomed for so long before bad habits resurfaced.

“I couldn't...that's not the solution. I can only eat so much fruit and veggies before I break and go back to the take-out!” Maranda lamented, words sounding tearful. Truthfully, she wanted nothing more than to eat better and lose this damn jiggling belly. It had been months since she'd been in shape, and she was sure it was only getting worse!

“I bet to differ! My technique will have you eating your greens for life. And you'll be a healthy weight for life, so long as you get your proper exercise. My techniques have a guaranteed success rate, and I think you'll be satisfied with the results!” The Rider said, and with that, he picked up one of the apples and handed it to Janet.

Looking it over for a moment, Janet was sure she wanted to decline. The notion of eating in a barn where horses messed in wasn't a favorable offer. No sooner had the apple been handed to her, than her stomach rumbled fiercely, and the smell of the fruit slowly became more mouth-watering. Not really caring for apples, Janet was fascinated by the fruits, almost salivating from the thought of biting into them. Without thinking, she went to take it, biting into it with gusto. Soon, the entire apple was consumed, core thrown to the floor as her belly continued to grumble, one not nearly enough to satisfy her.

“Go on, go on, there are plenty to go around! Honestly, I think you could all use the pounds!” The Rider said the first positive affirmation for their stature the women had been given in years. With that invitation, all trepidation was removed and the other two took what was offered, biting into the apples as though they had not eaten all day.

Not needing any further prompting, Janet was biting into another apple, and then a third as she haphazardly threw the cores to the floor. A fourth was consumed, Janet barely taking the time to breathe, pausing only to let out a hearty belch that stunned the other two women. But their own hunger soon won out, and Isabelle and Maranda were reaching for seconds and thirds of their own.

“Excuse me,” Janet said as she burped again, only this time followed by a pungent fart. Never imagining she could do something so embarrassing in front of their friends, especially with the smell to come from her actions, the other two seemed not to care, wrinkling their noses for only a moment before they went back to eating their fill.

“Now, now, no need to be shamed by bodily functions. They are perfectly normal! You should be able to live a life without shame for such things, after all!” The Rider said, giving Janet another apple, which she devoured greedily without a second thought. She should have been full with one or two, but her surprisingly thicker teeth seemed insatiable, even as her belly barreled and her lips grew rubbery and numb.

Soon, Isabelle was to let out her own loud fart, ass growing against her pants with the effort. Something stuck up above her spine, weighing as it gained the ability to do so. Strangest still was the puckering of her anus, massive and meaty and making her skin twitch as it rubbed against the fabric of her clothing. Though annoying, it was soon alleviated with the force of growth in her hips, rendering the pressure of her pulled panties moot. Soon, she was feeling the warm air of the barn kissing her backside, far more pleasant than the pressure as she continued to eat, picking up one apple and then another, even chewing through the cores.

Maranda was wriggling the growth over her ass, also now exposed, almost distracted by the sensation of growing hairs tickling over her anus and cunt. The sensation of her slit growing

was a little taxing, spreading over her perineum and filling the space. She had bigger concerns at the moment, pliable lips tearing into the juicy flesh of her dinner with excitement. As though in response to her emotions, her tail seemed to twitch with enthusiasm, eager to have so much food in front of her to sate her unlimited appetite. And the more she seemed to grow, the hungrier she grew, to the point Maranda felt she could eat the whole thing by herself if she was inclined to.

Though Janet was still powerfully hungry, the realization she had consumed so many apples in such a short time made her somewhat ashamed. Feeling her guts gurgle and her belly expanding made her terrified, thinking that even apples had been enough to make her grow to double and triple their former size. It was the opposite of the effect she had wanted to see, and that panic raised to the breaking point as she tried to back away from the pile, nearly falling over as she struggled with a pot belly that had pulled her shirt over it.

“What’s happening to meeeiiiiggghh?!” She called out, surprised her rubbery lips could not manage to articulate the words in the way she was used to. What was wrong with her voice? Why was she so damn *hungry* to the point she would gorge herself in such a way?

Yet, there was no denying she wanted more, that the apples were the best-tasting thing she had in her life. Her equine lips were almost watering with the urge to taste more, and her groaning belly, tearing now at the fringes of her shirt. The conflict in her mind was powerful, to keep eating and growing, or to try to resist. Regardless she was vaguely aware her eating was having a rapid effect, though not fully sure what that meant for her.

The Rider was there, however, rubbing her hair and encouraging it to tickle down the back of her head into a sort of mane. “Go ahead and eat! It’s OK. You need to put on the weight, after all. Social convention means nothing to a beautiful mare like you,” he said, and something within the words resonated with Janet in a way she had not been expecting. Why he had said mare was confusing but...beautiful? She hadn’t been called that in quite some time, and the realization sent a shiver through her body. If she was becoming beautiful if it was these apples doing it to her, there was no denying that she needed to eat more!

“But...myeeiiiiggghh figure!” She managed to moan out, tail swishing over a backside that was steadily tearing its way out of her clothing. The rags fell to the ground like waste, discarded for the form she now possessed. She did not mind the warm air on her skin or puckered anus, however, the skin itching with the peppering of horse hair to find it away. Even the sensation of her sex on display, able to be seen by her friends, did not seem to bother her, the scents of sex on her nose natural and unconcerned. Even her panic over her weight was soon to abate, the mental struggle in its death throes as the pleasure from eating and growing could no longer be denied.

“It’s OK. You need horse-size proportions, after all. And you’re nowhere near done!” The Rider said, rubbing the back of her neck and causing more fur to grow. The man’s touch was harder to deny, his presence conforming and his words speaking truth to the point he had Janet doubting herself.

With the next apple, however, Janet felt her bloating belly push her forward to the point she could hardly stand. Guts gurgling, her tail lifted reflexively, and she let out another series of equine flatulence, the smell more akin to the manure in the stall than anything she should have been able to produce. She was hardly able to care, not wanting to fall over on her hands and be unable to hold herself up. Seeing this, however, the Rider came over to her, rubbing her hands as she reached to grab the apple from it and held it in her lips as she bit into its flesh. The Rider’s hands started to work their way over the fingers, pushing them inside her wrists and working out the center one into a single digit from which the hoof grew.

Panic flooded Janet's mind as her new equine hooves hit the floor. Not for the loss of her hands, her way of interacting with the human world. It was the rationalization she could no longer eat those delectable apples her stomach craved. Yet, that was soon to be allayed the moment wider eyes caught sight of Maranda down on all fours, lifting apples with massive lips and devouring them just as easily as before. Trying it herself, Janet found her numb, rubbery lips were easily able to lift the apples, and massive, slab-like dentures bit through to the core and grinding molars turning the remnants into a slurry. The wet cracks and snaps of her jaw enlarging, giving her a wider mouth, only served to make it easier to eat, and Janet welcomed their ongoing effect on her.

Lost in her feeding frenzy, Janet hardly noticed the stench of waste as the wet plop of horse manure hit the floor behind her. Looking over, it seemed that Maranda had her tail raised and was in the middle of taking a very horse-sized dump. The pungent smell made her nauseous for a moment until it started to settle, no longer bothering her like it should. Maranda never stopped eating, tail still raised as a spray of urine was ejected from her cunt lips, Maranda not bothered by the scent of her waste either. The same sound and smells from Isabelle were not enough to deter Janet from her meal, and she continued to eat, belly still expanding and guts still gurgling.

Without thinking, Janet raised her own tail, leaning forward as her bowels moved and piles of horse manure fell to join the mess on the floor. Control of her bowels and bladder was entirely absent, a stench of urine following the last dapple of horse manure to hit the floorboards. Yet, rather than being repulsed by the act, Janet simply kept eating, enjoying the relief to the tension building in her body and thankful she had room for more!

Soon, the cracks and pops of her massive frame ceased, and the constant readjustment of her stance was no longer necessary. Janet finally felt full, though more than that, powerful and satiated in a way she had never known. Memories of human lives were replaced with youth as a colt, then a broodmare, though she had not birthed any foals of her own. Still, a myriad of flavors burst over her tongue, the taste of the apples still on her breath.

Yet, she was not too full to receive what she recalled was her favorite treat, the scent of a sugar cube in the Rider's hands making her sniff and move her head in that direction. Seeking lips wrapped around the cubes with eagerness, the flavor burned into her mouth, loving the treats and the lack of worry she had in indulgence. Wait, worry? The moment concern over what she was eating entered her mind, it fled, the last remnants of human thought gone forever.

The sound of a door opening brought with it the bartender from the side where the door was still able to open. With his abilities, the Rider was able to determine he had made his way through the one-sided door, wondering what had happened to the women and worried about their safety. A noble goal, to be sure, though the Rider had no use for free thinkers. Wondering if his new mares needed a stallion, the man's intentions seemed too pure for that. He wanted to care for them, and the Rider had purpose for employees at the resort as well. This man would be the first of many!

Eric, holding his nose, was stunned to find he was in a stable, three horses at the end and the sounds of several more in the stables beyond. They stank to high heaven, the pungent odor of fresh horse shit obvious from the source behind the three mares. "What the-where the fuck did these horses come from?!" He declared, shiny shoes trying not to step in the muck as he wandered around, wondering if the women from before were in here somewhere.

The sight of the Rider caught his attention, and he started to move toward him, the likely source of the women's absence. Yet, the Rider simply looked at him, grin on his face as he decided the man's fate. "Hey, you, what did you...oohhh..." Eric muttered, thoughts starting to fade as his mind came to understand what was going on. The mares were his charges, he had looked after them for as long as he could remember. Images of bartending and high-class clientele were replaced with barns and shovels and horses. Best of all, contentment settled in his mind, as though caring for these massive animals was the most rewarding thing in his life. Shovel in his dirty, sweaty hands, Eric moved toward the piles of manure, shoveling shit out of the way as the mares stood there, rubbing against him as he did so as they would with an old friend.

Eventually, full for the moment, the Rider guided the three newest mares to their stalls, his influence changing part of the hotel to grow his stables. It was growing with each new convert, giving them plenty of hay, water, and supplies to keep them well tended to. A few at the

establishment would need to remain human, to make sure their equine charges were well-kept. But as for the rest, well, the world would do with more horses, after all!

“The fucking pool is closed for cleaning?! For the fucking money we paid!?” Greg bellowed. Jan worried about her husband making a scene again. She was going to hear about it from her sister again; the woman was not at all a fan of her brother-in-law. It was a wonder that Julie and Harrison had bothered to come along with them, especially after the last time they had gone on a vacation together. But, the two couples were here now, and so far, it hadn’t been too much of a catastrophe. That was until the pool...

“It’s just a fucking pool! Get off it!” Harrison called out, balancing a bottle of beer on his belly as he sat there, his thin wife trying her best not to say anything. The two men, though usually amicable, were not the best of friends while drinking, something they both partook in spades over such trips. Much to the chagrin of their wives, though there was little to be done for it.

They were not the only ones lounging out by the pool area, the day warm and the breeze refreshing. The smell of something akin to manure bothered some of the patrons, as though the hotel was in the proximity of a farm operation. Yet, anyone who went to complain about it did not return, and nothing was thought of as their absence again. Eventually, the rest found the distant smells more tolerable, some even saying they’d seen some stables against the building and wondering if it was worth asking for riding lessons later in the day.

Sensing the use of his abilities, the Rider was soon there, standing behind the gathered people. “I see you’ve found our watering hole for the horses. It’s still too dirty, though, and we haven’t had the time to get it cleaned up. We’ve been considering asking for some help, though we don’t want to bother the guests...”

Yet, the moment the Rider’s words were uttered, was the moment inhibitions were lowered to the point that those gathered welcomed the idea into their hearts and plans. “Why don’t we help out? We can all go swimming afterward,” Jan offered, and Julie nodded, motioning for her husband to get up and try. He did so, not out of her prompting but of some sort of desire to join these people. It was strange, but as he did so, a sweep net had been placed in his hands, and he made his way to the pool, cleaning some of the algae with the others, each with their own cleaning implements in hand.

With that, the twenty or so people gathered started to work in synch, moving, cleaning, lifting, and preparing what was magically turning from a pool into a pond. It was even as much

as the grass was playing over their bare feet from the concrete they had gotten used to. There was a sense of comradery in the work, something that relaxed each and every participant. Greg was even standing guard, to make sure that no one came to disturb their work. With that, each of them was allowed to work in peace

The sound of her husband farting should have pissed Jan off, but with clippers in hand, she couldn't bring herself to care. Nor did it bother her that her own sandals were snapped apart, nearly knocked over by the formation of a single thick nailed digit at the bottom. She was a mare in her prime, in her heart with her mate and stallion, and...wait, what? She was...her husband was...a hell of a stallion if his massive ass and thick gut were any indications.

Soon, the air was filled with the pungent odors of sweat and equine flatulence as each of the workers filled out all over, swimsuits tearing for bulky equine hides. Greg's anger at the pool's state had abated with any other human thoughts in his head, as his ears twitched and he stood on guard. He would drink from the water, his expanding belly and rubbery lips growing drier and needing to quench the thirst of a stallion of his stature. But not until his expanding nose made sure there were no threats to his herd. Beyond the smells of humans and other horses, there was nothing to threaten his command over the herd, and he allowed himself to fall onto stiffening middle fingers, contentedly whickering as his body grew into its proper stature.

The water, too, was changing, any remnants of chlorine soon gone so that it was safe for the growing herd to drink from. Many of the changing humans got down on their hands and knees to drink, asses swelling and hips snapping to make the positions more comfortable. Some struggled with their bodies before front legs grew to match hind ones, but it was soon to be remedied as the herd grew into the bodies they were likely to wear for the rest of their lives.

With that, heads started to expand, skulls compressing on brains and removing pesky human thoughts. Any concerns about husbands, petty fights, poor marriages, and anger toward each other were lost in the flood of equine instincts and newly created memories of having grown up as the horses they were becoming. The Rider was happy to witness this; human thoughts were so unnecessary, so troublesome. Horses had enough intelligence to be trained, to be of service, and to function within their social groups. A much more fulfilling existence, the Rider thought so. He had already helped so many find this new purpose, and would soon come to aid the rest on the resort as his powers grew, and their reach with them...

The sounds of equine whinnies caught George's attention as he looked out at the herd of horses all drinking, mating, or grazing around the lush grass that had spread over the poolside. He was dead sure that had not been the case when he looked out at the pristine pool area, devoid

of grass and horses besides. Yet, upon further inspection. it was the sight of the hybrids in the pool, people with massive asses and fingers at the end of horse's legs that really made him scared. Equine heads on human bodies groomed each other as they burst out of clothes, swishing tails moving over massive asses and clops of hooves as they fell over on all fours echoing before the ground itself turned to lush grass. The sight was frightening in and of itself, something that should have been impossible though there was no denying what he was seeing before his very eyes. Calling room service, George had no idea what he would say. At the very least, he wanted a different room. Surely, there was something in the water here that was causing him to hallucinate!

Yet, as the bellhop came up to show him to another room, the elevator opened up to the smell of hay and dust and manure, making George want to retch. He was clearly in a horse barn, and he never really cared for the animals, finding them smelly and imposing. Surely, he was high as fuck, even as the bellhop's clothes started to change and he was little more than a dirty, sweaty stable hand, shovel in hand and looking ready to clean up after the horses here.

Bowels shifting, George was privy to the knowledge in those last moments of humanity that one of the horses was to be him. His pants ripped from the pressure of his ass tearing them open, and a newly birthed tail lifted to let out a pungent equine fart followed by a large pile of manure. Not able to bring himself to panic, his widened eyes soon dulled into equine rectangles as his growing muzzle pushed them to the sides. Flared nostrils drank in the room with some eagerness, the scents of hay eliciting hunger, the odors of manure telling him about the health of his herd mates. Clothes ripping, body putting on over a thousand pounds of bulk, he soon fell to the floor on his massive hooves, human thoughts fading into another hungry horse as he started to chew the nearby hay while his caretaker cleaned up after him.

The Rider smiled at that, his influence spreading to those watching from their hotel suits. With the power he had already elicited, it was soon time to change everyone in the facility. Anyone who came across the afflicted would be influenced by the magics as well. It was only a matter of time before the Rider's dream of a beachside riding resort would soon come to fruition...

The sudden overabundance of horses at the resort did not go unnoticed. Yet, part of the minds of the patrons had changed by this point, thinking they had gone to a riding camp inside of a luxury hotel as they had. Why some who were never equestrians or privy to the animals at all would be in such a place, they had no idea. But, soon, those thoughts of concern turned to more equine endeavors, such as grazing, mating, and herd mates.

Some of the rooms themselves joined the stalls on the side, carpets turning into hay as their occupants fell to the floor, clothes ripping out of massive bodies. Food in the rooms turned to apples and carrots, the doors became swinging stalls, and cries of panic soon turned to equine whickers. Many of the staff, already in service to the patrons, were to lose their proper suits for dirty farm clothes, shoveling shit, hauling hay, and preparing a variety of equine enrichment for their equine charges. By now, there were far more horses than humans, though none had thought to question it, some hundred new equines and their caretakers that would live full-time in their service. And, the rest of the world would be none the wiser for their absence!

Francis, the hotel manager, had been getting calls all day, complaining of barnyard smells, the sounds of horses, or the lack of staff to tend to their needs. Thinking them to be prank calls of sorts, their sheer volume in the last hour or so made him concerned that some sort of malady had befallen the establishment. There were no farms or horses for miles, no way that such equestrian endeavors would be coming here. And yet...

Eventually, paperwork done, he and his assistant Tina moved from the main office to the lobby, where the smell of horses and their waste hit them both at once. The sight before them was beyond anything they could have been prepared for. Where the lobby should have been was covered with hay, a stable with a massive area for horses to wander freely. There were dozens of the beasts present, some eating, some simply standing around, and most grotesque of all, some stallions that were attempting to cover mares. It was so bizarre, beyond his ability to comprehend that Francis thought he had woken up from some bizarre dream or the like.

It was soon to be shown far worse than that as beyond the contented horses, some were in the middle of a monstrous transformation. Some horses had fingers at the end of hooves, asses still confined in pants, or shoes and socks being shaken from hind hooves. It did leave the man to wonder...but it should have been impossible, right? Yet, there was no denying the sight of what had to be people becoming horses before him. As impossible as it was, there was little in the way of possible sources for such hallucinations, let alone an explanation for their cause.

A startled whicker came from beside him, and Francis looked over in time to see Tina's lips swelling, pulling back into a decidedly equine gesture that exposed yellowed dentures and splotchy gums. A tearing sound echoed from the back of her blouse as her ass swelled beyond its confines, a tail swishing over her enlarged hindquarters. Despite the horror of the sight, there was no denying her head expanding, eyes widened and ears twitching as she tried to rub the mane that was once short-cropped hair. It was for naught shoulders rotating forward and a single digit engulfing the rest and her new hooves took hold, never to touch anything again.

Francis wanted to run, to escape the same fate for himself. Yet, the sound of footsteps coming toward him made him pause, thinking a man was still present despite the circus of

horrors around him. Yet, the man only grinned, coming to rest a finger on the manager's head, eliminating his thoughts and fears for the situation. A new set of memories and experiences were soon to replace them...

“Shouldn't you be getting back to work? She's in need of your care,” the Rider said, and what that, the former manager found himself in possession of a shovel, the smell of his sweaty and dirty clothes hanging in the air, though he cared little to be bothered by it. None too soon, but his former crush-turned-mare raised her tail and dropped a pile of manure for him to clean up. The pungent smell of shit should have been enough to make the man retch, though the more he stared at the pile, the more repetition came to the forefront of his thoughts. Without further thought, the former manager moved to shovel the shit, something he had done every day for as long as he could remember. It was his lot in life, but he loved the mare and would do whatever was required to care for her.

The Rider grinned, the last of the hotel staff given new purpose with his magics. There was so much to prepare for the resort to be turned over for equestrian endeavors, and he would oversee it. But for now, it was time to rest and enjoy the fruits of his labor, and the gift of equine hood he had granted all those at this former beachfront resort.