

Coming to slowly, the overwhelming scents of hay and animal sweat hit Aaron's nose as he struggled to move, feeling something like cool leather against his belly that he couldn't quite explain. It was quickly obvious that he was restrained, unable to move with the cool metal of chains against his wrists. Much to his embarrassment, he was quick to discover he was naked, on his belly and looking at the wall of a barn, likely the one he had so foolishly sought out without telling a soul where he was going. He wanted to call out for help, though stayed silent for the moment, figuring the only ones to come to his aid would be his captors, not people he was quite yet ready to face. If only he had known where his foolishness would end up...

Like many of life's terrible decisions, his motivation for being here was a woman, Tanya. They had a whirlwind romance at first, and it seemed to be slowly blooming into something strong and lasting. Yet, her many faults, in particular gambling, led to frequent fights, and eventually, they parted from each other, something all of Aaron's friends told him was for the best. Always the stubborn one, Aaron couldn't quite let it go and he kept tabs on her, albeit largely out of a sense of duty rather than the hope they would get back together. Tanya was going down a dark path, after all, debts piling up and errant funds being spent on luxuries, perhaps even substance abuse, though he couldn't be certain.

For better or for worse, Tanya kept in regular contact with him, albeit mostly for financial aid or to get her out of another jam. Yet, when she went dark a few weeks ago, alarm bells went off in Aaron's mind, especially given her last words spoke of being followed, people coming to collect their debts in whatever form that might take. Of course, Aaron took his concerns to the police, who promised to look for her with the same level of sincerity as chasing a rainbow for a pot of gold. While Aaron was persistent, it was obvious he was on his own, not having the funds for even a private detective and having exhausted favors from friends, all of whom were of the opinion he should let it go and leave Tanya to her deserved fate.

It took weeks of looking over call logs, raiding her apartment with the key he still had, and rifling through her internet history to come to the conclusion she had been meeting her debtors at the site of an old barn in the middle of nowhere. Part of him wanted to take that information to the authorities, but having been some time since Tanya had gone missing, he felt a sense of urgency to check it out himself. Likely, the trail was already cold but Aaron needed to know all the same. And without a word to anyone, he found himself driving out there, hoping to all hope he wasn't too late.

What happened next was a bit of a blur. He had entered the barn, not to find an abandoned building but rather a decently refurbished one, the smells of animals signs it was in use. Not sure what to expect, he entered the building, only to be hit in the back of the head but something, first to knock him to his feet and then to knock him out before he had time to look up

and view his assilent. Whoever it was, they had apparently chained Aaron to this stand, one he was able to assume was used for animals to breed and semen to be harvested. Likely the only thing they had to tie him to, though leaving him nude was a little bit of a puzzle. What the hell was going on?

The sounds of hooves clopping toward him made him look over as best he could to a large door, one that opened to reveal a rather large, muscled man guiding a massive draft horse, a stallion by the looks of him into the room. The horse seemed to pause and sniff the air for a moment, a flash of something strange in his eyes as the man reached up to pat his nose. "Oh, this is a surprise. Something about the scent you recognize? I didn't think there was much of you left in there. Either way, it's bound to make for an interesting reunion," the man said, letting go of the horse and moving in front of Aaron, leaving him embarrassed to be seen there in the nude, totally exposed and vulnerable.

"Ah, the boyfriend. Ex-boyfriend? It doesn't matter. I've heard all about you from Tanya, of course. Didn't think you would make it here, but you always were a meddlesome one, from what I gathered. It's all for the best, I think. You've been snooping around, and I get the feeling you aren't inclined to stop anytime soon. At least you'll get your answer, whether you like it or not. And I'll be rid of your interference, without a trace left of you for anyone else to find," the man said, gloating over his victim.

"Who the hell are you?!" Aaron raged, though his threatening tone was moot, given his compromised position.

"It doesn't really matter, does it? You might remember it going into your new life though you won't be able to speak to tell about it. It really is a fascinating process, and I won't ever really know what life will be from your new perspective," the man said, almost seeming to talk to himself rather than directly to Aaron.

A shiver of fear ran through him just then, figuring he was going to be killed, or done away with in some other unpleasant fashion. Though with the way he was carrying on, it seemed he wouldn't be done away with entirely, bringing his thoughts to a variety of scenarios, each more threatening than the last. Human trafficking and slavery came to the front of his thoughts, figuring there were things worse than death and knowing he had no control over his fate regardless.

Aaron's mental state surely didn't go unnoticed, though the man was still not inclined to inform Aaron of his fate, rather musing over his reactions. "You should be afraid, I would think, but I doubt over all the reasons you're thinking. I would try to explain further, but I think the process will speak for itself."

“I’m getting a little ahead of myself. I should start with your ex. She owed us a lot of money, which should be of no surprise. And she had no way to pay, so we got tired of waiting and eliminated her,” the man informed him, nonchalantly.

The realization hit Aaron like a ton of bricks, and he couldn't help but feel tears running down his face. He had loved her, as abusive as she had been, and she didn't deserve death for her mistakes. And maybe if Aaron had gotten to her sooner...

“Now, now, there's no need to cry. She's not gone in the way you think. Sorry, I do forget how things sound to people outside the loop. No, bodies can be dug up, and traces of evidence can be found. After all, even you, an amateur, found your way here! I prefer a different way to get rid of someone and hide all traces of someone. It's a bit unorthodox, I should think, but it's effective nonetheless.”

“Would you believe me if I told you this stallion here was once your love? Be honest,” the man said, and Aaron's gaze shifted to the horse, a look of confusion on his face as he did so.

“What the hell are you on about?!” Aaron said, anger returning to his voice. He didn't want to be helpless, and didn't want to incur the man's wrath should Aaron pissed him off. But why the hell was he saying such weird shit, leading Aaron on with no noticeable goal?

“Well, the ability to reconstitute one being into another is not on the market just yet, but it is possible. For a small minority, ones that I'm privy to. I only wish in this case I had a chance to have her change in front of you so you can see it firsthand, but that would require keeping her imprisoned, and there was no guarantee it would be you to get here first, rather than law enforcement, which would be harder to do away with.”

“You're crazy! Just fucking kill me and get it over with!” Aaron raged. The man was clearly insane and had Tanya killed, though didn't want to admit it. It didn't matter. Aaron would be done away with sooner or later, and it was a waste of everyone's time for the man to go on and on about shit that didn't make any sense.

“Kill you? No no! I would much rather humiliate you! Nothing you've done, mind. More of an accessory to your ex, who pissed us off to no end. Alas, either way, we can't let you leave with how much you've been snooping around. Also, you'll give us a chance to test a new procedure, something we can use on future victims if that means anything to you! I don't really care in the end. Either way, you're going to be fucked, and I can carry on all day but you won't believe a word I say until you experience it firsthand.”

Aaron continued to lob obscenities at the man, which went ignored as he moved to a shelf in the corner of the barn, returning with a container of some sort of gel. Without a word, he drew some out with a gloved hand and smeared it over Aaron's backside, making sure to finger his ass a little as Aaron screamed for him to stop. Yet, with how firmly he was strapped with the dummy mare, he could hardly be willing against the intrusion as he was fingered and covered with what was, to him, a foul-smelling salve, one that was generously applied.

To Aaron's alarm, it seemed the stallion was more than a little interested in the smell, walking over to Aaron of his own accord. Soon, Aaron could feel the stallion's hot breath on his asshole, making him try to clench himself against the sensations. The presence of the beast so close to him made Aaron nervous not sure what the endgame was but not want to find out.

“She's in there somewhere, I should think. Not that a layperson could tell, mind you. She's gotten used to being a stallion, living the life and experiencing the instincts to the point she likely enjoys it more than her humanity. She's certainly a champion on the breeding stand, and we will likely put her to study soon. After you are added to her, of course.”

Before Aaron had a chance to question the bizarre words, the stallion was on him, getting up on the breeding stand as though she was as prepared to rut into it. For his part, Aaron was thankful her weight was held up by the dummy mare and not his back. Yet, instead of the stand's opening in line with her cock, it was Aaron's anus instead, and Aaron gasped out as the flat, slimy tip started rubbing against his backside. Surely, there was no way he could take such a thing inside him, ass clenched as it was. Yet, it seemed as though whatever fluid had been applied to his asshole had seeped into his skin, and with some shock, Aaron could feel his traitorous anus relenting, as elastic as it would likely need to be to even take a horse's cock.

As though to seal his fate, the man moved to grip the former woman's cock and shove it against Aaron's exposed opening. With some force and a resounding pop, the fat tip was pushed inside, and Aaron opened his mouth to scream from the obvious pain. Yet, other than a discomforting pressure, there was no agony, even from a cock that should by all accounts split him in two.

“This will feel uncomfortable at first, though thankfully for you, the salve numbs the nerves so that you'll feel no pain. I can't say that your insides won't be harmed, but that won't matter in a few moments. And the horse cock within you will feel like just another part of your body, which is...well, that would be telling. It will give me great pleasure to see when the reality of your situation finally dawns on you.”

Aaron could only moan as the horse found herself inside of him, pushing in further than Aaron would have thought possible. Surely, she was nearly all the way to the hilt of her member,

and such was confirmed when she started to hump, forcing her cock in and out and surely causing irreparable damage. The discomfort was beyond his imagination, and Aaron could only moan out, wanting to curse the man but unable to. He could only hope that the stallion came soon and pulled out, even if it came with a rush of reeking cum.

Yet, no matter how much the horse humped his backside, she didn't seem able to reach release, and Aaron was forced to suffer every agonizing sensation. It was powerfully uncomfortable to feel the beast within him, and he wanted nothing more than to eject her. Yet, he was helpless in the face of such a beast, his ass nor his muscles far too weak. Aaron could only continue to groan out his discomfort, the man watching his agony with a curious grin, surely a sociopath to allow such torture.

Even though the all-encompassing sensation of being bred, Aaron was soon made aware of the fact there was something else happening to him, a brief reprieve against the persistent onslaught. His own cock seemed somewhat aroused by the action, and pressed against the bottom of the stand as he was, Aaron was given sufficient stimulation to be brought to release. Never in a million years could he imagine being aroused by such a scenario, yet the ache against his prostate was almost pleasant, especially as he grew accustomed to the beast's size. And given the persistent pounding to his rear, it was likely he wouldn't be able to hold out, whether he wanted to or not.

To his shame, it seemed that his state of arousal did not go unnoticed by his captor. "You might as well enjoy it while you can. It's the last time for you, at least from that perspective. I do wonder how much the end result will differ for you, and my only regret is that I won't be able to ask. Oh, well. Vis a vis."

Aaron wanted to yell out his frustrations, though the moment he did his cock went into orgasm, making him cry out his pleasure instead. It seemed as though an impossible amount of jism was being drained from his cock, even as crushed as it was against the stand. Aaron could feel his cum pooling around his groin, sticking to the skin and forming a warm puddle. It almost hurt, like his balls were being squeezed of all their burden. Yet, helpless as he was, there was nothing Aaron could do but continue to moan, his captor grinning like a maniac all the while.

It wasn't until his orgasm died down that Aaron realized that the horse on his back had stopped thrusting, having hilted him but seemingly unable to pull out. Pulling back reflexively, Aaron groaned as his body was tugged backward as well, even against his restraints. The discomfort became so great that he wanted to be torn apart if only it would stop, though it seemed to last an eternity, much to his disdain.

It took Aaron some time to become aware that, while his insides were still stretched and open, the cock within his bowels was not there, at least not in the way he was just now becoming used to. It was powerfully confusing as warmth began to fill him, moving from his bowels all the way through his body. His body still seemed a vessel for the horse's penis, but it was no longer inside of him, as much as the conclusion made no logical sense.

Much to his relief, the man moved in front of him, taking his restraints and pulling them off him. "You fucker!" Aaron called out, though the man simply ignored him, moving to the backside of the horse. The purpose of which confused the man, though when he raised a palm to slap the former woman on the ass, Aaron called out, though not fast enough for the horse to pull back, and to take Aaron with her.

Sticking out his hands, Aaron was barely able to prevent his head from hitting the dirty floor. It didn't hurt to be tugged by the horse, as much as he figured it should. With that, Aaron tried to struggle forward, the stallion standing there for a moment, flicking away some flies with her tail and snorting from the discomfort against her cock. Yet, Aaron found that not only he couldn't move her, but himself, as well, as though he was stuck. It was more than that, the pain of being elevated was not present. Almost as though the stallion was somehow part of his...

"Ah, the process is coming along well! I was sure it would, though as you can understand, it's one of those trial-by-fire types of scenarios. Still, it's likely going to be successful, and I'll have the satisfaction of collecting first-hand data, as well as making you unable to talk to anyone again. Do try to enjoy it, if you can. It's not going to get any better for you if you're even able to remember any of it!"

Aaron was silent, determined to grip the dirt and pull himself away from this terrible fate. Yet, the more he struggled, the weaker his arms felt, as though the muscles within were starting to tear apart. They were sore, though not painfully so, thankfully. Still, it was of no reprieve when he could barely lift his arms, the struggle making him feel weaker and weaker.

As much as his arms could barely flail, his legs were in even worse shape, and Aaron was hardly even able to tell they were there. It was as though his hips were swelling with some sort of fluid, the bones within his legs quivering and dissolving without any ability for him to move them. He was still aware of their presence on his body, a warmth filling them as with every part of his being. But no amount of struggle would allow him to move them, making him call out his panic in a slew of curses.

The man, for his part, said nothing, looking at Aaron's legs with some sort of bizarre interest. Not wanting to know, Aaron's gaze moved to match the man's, still needing to see why he was staring there so intently. Quickly, Aaron regretted it. As much as he could perceive the

presence of his legs, the warmth encompassing them seemed to dull the sensation of his skin shifting, blackening before his eyes as though crisping. The flesh was leathery, rough, and starting to pull back into his hips as though muscles and bones were absent and all he possessed was baggy flesh. Worse, Aaron hadn't first realized his legs were so close to the horse's testicles, something he became aware of as they bobbed against them. And he was just in time to clue into the fact that the texture of his legs alarmingly matched that of the horse's ball sack.

The implication was lost to him though filled his mind with terrified images, making him struggle with renewed vigor to escape. Yet, somehow, his body seemed even weaker than before, as though the energy from his form was being robbed from him. He felt odd, bloated, and thicker all over as though something was being injected into him, leaving him stiff and lethargic. Though he was aware of the warmth of the horse's sack touching his legs, there was nothing he could do to pull it away. Much to his disgust, the skin seemed to fuse together, knitting into place as the skin of the horse's balls merged with his own. And the girth of the horse's testicles was made aware to him as well, heavy on his backside as though one with him, as terrifying a prospect as that was for Aaron's future.

Soon, Aaron was distracted by the sensation of his hair falling out all over his body, not just atop his head but also every inch of his body. He had been sweating profusely, though it didn't seem like his now naked body could produce anymore. And, as much disgust as it gave him, Aaron couldn't resist the urge to look at his body, alarmed by how red it was all over, the skin pale with massive veins pulsating under the surface. They were things that should not have persisted in his body but were likely the source of the fluid, bloating sensation that was plaguing him.

A strange tingling sensation drew his have down toward his groin, though Aaron was becoming increasingly aware his neck was stiff and such a movement was being robbed from him. Still, he was in time to view the remnants of his cock, still coated with his cum and aching against the sticky fluid. With his testicles shrinking and only a nub where his penis once was, Aaron couldn't help but scream his horror. Yet, to his disgust, only a wet gurgle escaped his throat. A swelling in his neck forced him to look forward, and he was spared the horror of looking at the bare skin of his groin, wondering what was happening to him and nearly ill from the implication.

“Don't worry, you won't be needing them anymore, not with what you'll be used for,” the man laughed, moving in front of Aaron where he could still view the man's expression.

“What are you doing to...oh fuck...” Aaron tried to whisper, through a wet belch, followed by a disgusting, musky flavor on his breath, one that made him wish to vomit. He tried

to gag once more, though it seemed he was unable, body vibrating from the effort though also as though the veins within him were somehow attempting to assimilate him.

A sensation of tugging on his back lifted him from the ground, and Aaron tried once more in desperation to grip the ground. Yet, it seemed like his arms had been replaced with lead weights, and couldn't manage the energy to move them more than an inch. It was even worse when he tried to move his legs, finding them unresponsive as though they no longer belonged to him. He could not turn his swollen neck to see, but the sensation where his legs once were felt heavy, bloated, and seemed to separate from his hips as something fell from within. He was vaguely aware their remnant skin was swaying back and forth below the stallion, making the beast back up and snort. Aaron was sure he must have been weighing the beast down, though was somewhat aware he was smaller, his face further from the horse's front legs as he was pulled further upward against his will.

A sticking sensation against his back seemed to draw him more erect, as though part of his skin was peeling harmlessly apart to connect with the horse's groin. More skin was drawn from his body than Aaron was sure he had. Still, it was almost like the bloating had burrowed into his very skin, altering his tissues and reformatting them into something he was afraid to think might be akin to a horse cock's erectile tissue. That was only confirmed as he became aware of a silence in his chest, as though his guts were no longer gurgling. Worse, there was every chance that the beating in his chest, something he had always taken for granted, was absent. Yet, how was he still alive?

The added skin seemed to peel apart even further, and Aaron was increasingly aware that his mass was diminishing rapidly, either dissolving away or converting to erectile tissue. He could feel the warm flesh merging with the horse's skin, the ability to move it robbed from him as more of his torso converted. It was repulsive made even worse as the skin prickled with the itching of hair growth, like what might persist on a horse's sheath...

“She had said you were a prick, though I bet she couldn't have guessed that you would be a prick!” The man said, with a bit of a chuckle.

As much as Aaron's face could still permit blood flow, his skin flushed as the full implication of his fate sank in. He was turning into a cock...an organ...something to be used without any control of its own. Without even a mind, a fate worse than death. Why didn't the man just kill him rather than force him to undergo such shame? He wanted to call out, to curse the man, to beg to be changed back, to wait from this absolute nightmare. Yet, weakened attempts to open his mouth only allowed a wet gurgling to escape, along with disgusted him but he could not even gag away.

“I did say she was the horse, didn't I? Seeing is believing, as they say. Though even if you had watched her becoming a horse in full, I still doubt you could even imagine I could turn you into her cock! I'd love to get your perspective on things, of course, but you likely can't speak anymore. The shame of the process, but what can you do? I'll have to take whatever observations I can get, but so far, I'd say it's going swimmingly!”

In one more vain attempt to decry his fate, Aaron opened his mouth, starting to drool against his will. To his disgust, it seemed the consistency of the fluid was more akin to pre-cum than what he was used to. It was followed by that rank, musty taste on his breath, and Aaron could only elicit a sad gurgle, tears in his eyes while he was still able to make them. The more he bobbed up and down, the more the taste grew, fluid oozing out of his mouth and dripping over his chin and neck. He wanted desperately to reach up and rub it away, though his arms were far weaker than they should be, and he could barely even raise them from the ground, let alone move them to his mouth. It was as though his weakened body was losing its autonomy the more he merged with the horse, to the point that he would soon no longer have any control over what remained of himself.

“Ah, she's already excited! That will make things easier for both of you, I should think, I do hope you're able to enjoy it, for as long as you can,” the man said, moving toward the table to pick up a container of salve, the purpose of which escaped Aaron. But with his thickened neck and the stiffness in his torso, he had no ability to move at all to see other than what was directly in front of him.

It took him a few moments to realize that not only was he no longer breathing, lungs likely subsumed by the stallion's body he was becoming a part of. There was no way he should still be alive, still thinking. He wasn't sure if that was a good thing, given the fate presented before him. Perhaps it might have been better to have died before the changes finished and not be forced to persist in a living nightmare. Yet, he was still alive, still aware of what was happening to him as his cheeks started to bloat rapidly and more disgusting fluids oozed from his mouth and dripped down his chin and neck, for as long as he still possessed them.

Aaron couldn't be certain, but it seemed as though the changes were coming faster as more of his body continued to shrink. He had barely been aware of it, but his body was much thinner than it had been, no trouble for the horse to handle now as his back was forced to slap against the horse's belly. He could barely move it at all, even his arms as they started to shrink faster than the rest of him. His fingers, elbows, and shoulders were all starting to literally melt as the veins throbbing across his body pumped more and more of the horse's blood into him, taking over his own. Soon, Aaron couldn't feel his arms any longer, nor see the remnants of them pulling into his torso, though had to assume that the extra material was fueling the expansion of erectile tissues that mostly comprised his torso now.

“I have to wonder what it feels like for Tayna as well, though, of course, I can’t ask her. Ah well. It’s a start, and with this process, I can start a whole new slew of trials,” the man said, coming back into view and taking the cap off the container. Aaron couldn’t smell it over the scent of precum in his mouth, but the horse could, and Aaron was able to detect a stiffening in his body, one that caused him alarm. It was amazing he could still feel even with most of his body fused with the horse and converted into equine tissues. The weight and swaying of his testicles, for one, was an ever-persistent sensation, one that was almost pleasant with how swollen they were against what had become his sheath. Had he been in another circumstance, he might have taken some pride in the fact his body had produced such an impressive tackle. But such was impossible with the implication of what they meant for his future, and Aaron was forced to feel every action within the horse’s groin as any humanity was steadily robbed from him. His skin, too, seemed to be more sensitive than ever, especially in the areas where he was slapping against the horse’s stomach or rubbing within his sheath. In fact, it was almost sensual enough that he almost wanted more, despite what was happening to him in the end...

At this point, little remained of his humanity, save for his head, though even that was soon to be taken from him. His shaft-body was longer, thin, and still thinning, almost tapering toward his former neck. Yet, in relation to his shaft, his head was swelling much larger, preparing for its final stretch into the shape of a horse’s penis. His head was already puffy, and becoming more so as his mouth seemed to stretch a little, nose threatening to shrink into the skin. His ears were much smaller as well, though he could still hear for the moment, albeit largely distracted by the sloshing of fluid in his former legs or the horse’s excited heartbeat above him. Even his eyesight was starting to become milky, keeping them open a chore that he was sure to lose any moment. Though he was determined to see as long as he could, the end game was beyond daunting, and the reality of such left him terrified to the core as the changes moved toward their inevitable conclusion.

Even as he lost his sensory abilities, Aaron was still fully able to smell, his nose was absent by this point but aware of odors all the same. His sense of taste, too, was somehow amplified in the wake of his waning senses, as disgusted as he was by the flavor of horse pre on his tongue. Still, there was nothing he could do to avoid it as the consistency thickened and the stallion he was attached to walked forward. Even over the musk of his breath, the scent of something else rank and somewhat familiar reached his nose, and Aaron’s penis body was soon angled up to look at the breeding mount, the stallion’s evident goal. Given the rank odor from the salve the man had used, it was likely an attractant to the horse, and Aaron felt fear running through him, his former body pulsating with arousal and stiffening beyond anything he could imagine.

“I don’t suppose I’ll ever really know how this feels for you,” the man said, grinning. “But it’s got to be one hell of a blast. I hope there’s enough of you left to enjoy it. Either way, this is the end for you. I bet you never thought you’d go out like this!” the man said with a laugh that steadily faded from his ears as the swelling of skin subsumed.

Once more in vain, Aaron tried to open his mouth, though only managed to elicit a sad gurgle that was soon erased as his ear holes closed up. By now, his neck was about the same circumference as his body, face flattered as his former chin flared into an oval with a crown of bumps lining the surface. His back had peeled apart to form a warm, silky horse's sheath, as what remained of his former legs were fully formed horse testicles, hanging heavily behind the stallion's legs. Yet, the more visceral sensations were those coming from his skin, even the warm air sending shivers through his being. It carried with it an intense anticipation, wondering what it would be like to feel pressure against him. Even his throbbing insides were enough of a prelude to what would come, and despite the horror of the scenario, a part of him wanted to know, in his death throes of humanity, what ecstasy might come from fucking the dummy mare for the stallion's pleasure.

He was soon to find out as the stallion mounted the stand, and Aaron could feel his head pressing against the side of it, sending waves of sensation through his entire body. He wanted to cry out but was quick to realize that even his mouth was taken from his control, and had forced its shape into an oval slit, one still leaking horse pre. There was little of the shape of his face left, flattened into a uniform cavern having removed the bridge of his nose and even the bones. His eyes were present, though barely, and it was getting harder and harder to see as the world blurred around him.

Yet, in the moment of pleasure, Aaron could hardly care about it, the horse's cock trembling in anticipation to fuck the stand and get off. Aaron was along for the ride but it was an explosive trip, even the slap against the stallion's belly making him tremble with need. The taste of horse cum on his breath was almost pleasant by this point, especially as fluid leaked up his shaft, teasing his sensitive insides and clouding his thoughts. All he could hope for was that even as his brain dissolved into erectile tissue he would at least experience the orgasmic rush from his former body before his mind was removed forever.

Even as his body was forced inside and his view was enveloped in darkness, Aaron found, for better or for worse, his mind was intact, albeit washed in sensation beyond anything his humanity had known. He was sure he could no longer see at this point, though it mattered little, his world covered in darkness from the stand. He could still smell, much to his delight, drinking in the musky salve and feeling his body stiffen beyond his understanding. He was being stimulated all at once, the sensations far too overwhelming for him to lament his fate or fully process the horror of being rendered into little more than an organ.

Better yet, the horse started to thrust, forcing his body all the way out of his sheath and tenser than Aaron had been all his life. In an effort to escape the horror of his fate, Aaron let his mind go, enjoying the pleasant vibrations pulsating through his entire body at once. His former mouth was spewing horse pre-cum by this point, thicker and almost palpable. Even as his tongue and teeth dissolved, Aaron could still taste it, and he was ashamed to admit that he liked it, as much as he felt he should loathe his fate.

After a short amount of time, the tension in his horse testicles and lower regions started to build, almost too rapidly for Aaron to anticipate. He wanted to hold back if he could, though he had no control over any part of his body, now at the whims of the stallion that was once his love. Her equine mind had no inclination to hold back her pleasure, forcing Aaron's semen to burst through his body with the intensity of a tsunami. Body burning from the pleasure, Aaron felt his piss-slit mouth spewing liters of horse cum, the taste far more intense than anything in human experience. It was enough to white out his being, and Aaron was sure all he was would be erased forever.

Yet, as soon as the last globs of horse cum spewed from his former gullet, Aaron felt his entire body starting to deflate, all the blood running from his body and leaving him to flop over. As though by reflex, his diminishing body started to pull upward towards the part of his body that had become a sheath. As the sensitive flesh of his body rubbed against the inside of the warm cocoon, his mind started to fade, his body was warm and sleepy, as though he had done it all. There was a part of him that thought he felt a vibration running through him, as though perhaps the man was slapping his ex on the ass and making her jiggle his penis body. But such awareness was outside his new body now, and Aaron felt his entire being retracting as the sheath closed over his head, warm and safe until the next time he was needed...

In the ensuing days, Aaron was left to get used to his new existence, still unable to comprehend how his mind was present within at all. For all intents and purposes, he should be dead, unaware, and unable to feel as his former body was used for the stallion's purposes. Though he hadn't wanted to die, he wasn't sure what a life as a cock would be, akin to being aware of his body while in a comatose state. Such was a terrifying future for him, though without any way for his life to end, Aaron was left to the whims of the horse's needs, thankful that his periods of wakefulness were limited only to when the horse needed to use him. For the rest of his life, he was able to sleep, mind largely shutting down in the comfort and warmth within the horse's sheath.

Most facets of his new life were far from pleasant, even as the days passed and he was forced to get used to it, without any ability to influence his outcome. Naturally, he was used several times a day for waste disposal, a fact that was almost unbearable the first time it happened. As much as he should have lost any abilities to taste or smell, he could still sample everything that came up his former throat, now partially his urethra. And that included the pungent taste of heavy urine, something the horse had to tend to many times a day. That first time, he was roused from sleep within his sheath not twenty minutes after his first orgasm, and Aaron had no idea what was going on. He could feel his body sliding from the warm cocoon of flesh, and for a moment, he was left to enjoy the sensations, rubbing pleasantly against his own skin. But with what was to come next, Aaron was likely to change his mind.

Something in his former midsection starting to build, like a sensation of immense pressure that Aaron had no control over. His entire body went turgid, the pressure almost pleasant against his insides as something liquid was forced into him. It took him a few moments to really understand what was happening to him, even as an impossible amount of fluid was being forced through him at high pressure. Yet, as the fluid shot out through his former mouth, the hot, rank taste erupted into his senses and made him wish he still had the ability to gag. Yet, he had no control of his former body or resist the oncoming torrent within. With an aggressive force, liters of horse piss were spewed from his mouth, seeming to go on forever and the rank stench and taste burned into his very being. The sensation was insufferable, and Aaron was forced to feel the most humiliation he'd ever experienced. It didn't even go away as his body relaxed and he crawled back into his sheath, dribbles of piss still oozing out of his former mouth that never seemed to go away.

Such became his fate to be used several times a day for the singular purpose, and it was nearly impossible for him to get used to it. His remaining sense of smell was to be his bane as the stallion often dumped a load of manure between emptying her bladder, something Aaron was forced to smell just as pungently as the horse's piss. Still, after what seemed like the first twenty times or so, Aaron started to grow accustomed to it, being his sole purpose in life and at least feeling somewhat pleasant against his insides before being relieved of the horse's burden. The conflict was troubling, but in the end, Aaron figured the alternative was to go mad, and that was not something he could afford, even if this was to be his life.

Yet, not all was dismal as sometimes his distention from his home was for another purpose. While spread between several instances of taking a piss, the stallion was often inclined to masturbate. Aaron had no way to mark the passage of days, though the horse's erections were relatively regular, and he was at least able to feel his penis body slapping against the stallion's firm belly, sending waves of sensation through his very being. It was pleasant, especially as the taste of horse cum on his breath erased the stink of piss. And he had come to relish the taste, especially the sensation that came with orgasm and the flood of horse cum oozing from his

former mouth. Such an existence was fleeting, the only reprieve was the fact that Aaron was able to sleep during those times he was not in use. Being used to piss was akin to waking in the night and falling back asleep once more, and as much as it pained him, the moments were brief enough he was able to maintain his sanity. Yet, it was the times he was used to mount the breeding stand that made him fully aware again, the taste of the salve and sensitivity against his body that gave him a brief sense of purpose.

It was all a drop in the bucket to those rare few times, however, when he was to be used for his true purpose. The taste and scent of a mare, another horse, were so distinct and unique they awoke his senses in curiosity. The taste was almost pleasant, the warmth of a mare's sex wrapping around him in a way that defied any sensory experience thus far. They coaxed far more cum from his testicles, and with such pleasure came a sense of purpose beyond his mere existence. Covering a mare, propagating for his body, and tasting her offering before gifting his own...a worthy moment in a sea of monotony that was his new life, for as long as he maintained his awareness of the world and accepted his purpose as an horse's organ...