

Looking out at the barn around her, Chess felt a wave of trepidation from what she was about to do. She was naked, no possessions save the satchel of special ingredients that would mean nothing to a non-practitioner. But, even with the myriad of spells that Chess had performed since coming into her magical prowess, never before had she turned herself into a non-human being, one at home in the barn she found herself in!

The choice to perform this particular incantation had not been taken lightly. There were at least a dozen things that could go wrong. Hell, if there was any other way she could come up with a good chunk of cash in short order, she would. Though, given her innate abilities, it seemed that using a magic solution to financial woes was in order. Conjuring physical or electronic currency itself was banned in her coven. And, even she had to admit, this particular plot was rather ingenious, if not very risky!

For generations, every woman born to her bloodline was born with the potential for magical ability, something that was cultivated and educated via scholastic endeavors. Chess had been a rather gifted student, excelling in her studies over the achievements of her cousins. And now, in her mid-twenties, she felt she was able to take on any magical challenge within the lexicon of her coven's spell books.

Transformation spells were particularly difficult, things that few practitioners in her family had been able to master. Though human transformation was possible, such magics were generally used as last resort punishments on others. In theory, it would be safe to cast on herself, with only a set period of time till the spell wore off and she would return to human form. Surely, equine instincts wouldn't be too difficult to contend with, especially with her human intelligence and wits about her, right?

The reason for her temporary dip into equine-hood was as obvious as the well-dressed gathered crowd within the auction house to which the barn was attached. Horses, especially purebred ones, sold for thousands of dollars, easily. And, it took no effort to register the animal she was to become, tech-savvy as she was. Hell, the security was so low for this auction that Chess didn't ever need papers! It was easy to wait in the barn, change herself into a mare, and be back to her human self in forty-eight hours. The money earned from auction would be transferred to one of her accounts, and, with no way to trace the missing horse she would formerly be, Chess would have no obligation to give the new owner a refund! The perfect crime, so to speak!

So, here she was, in the stall marked for the beast she was to become. It had taken some time for her to sneak the materials from the house, especially ones she had to 'borrow' from her...friend. Crush was a more apt turn, but neither woman had yet worked up the courage to ask the other. Therefore, she had to be discrete, especially since the end goal was to gain the funds to try and purchase a rather expensive jewel, something that her crush and she could use to cast

more advanced magics, an act that was sure to get them in the intimate moment to ask the important question.

Starting the spell, Chess needed only to channel her magics through the objects to allow the change to take place. Part of which was the hairs from the tail of the horse she was to become, key in allowing her to provide pictures of the beast she was to sell herself as. It was a little unnerving, turning herself into a dirty animal for the next couple of days. But with the quick cash she hoped to make, it would be well worth the endeavor! Besides, horses were rather pleasant to look at, quite handsome, all things considered. Maybe being one wouldn't be so bad? Chess was soon to find out!

Much to her surprise, no sooner had she completed the incantation than a tingling started over her groin, an intense sensation almost enough to make her moan aloud. Reflexively, she put her hands in front of her crouch, though resisted the urge to rub, the ache in her sex begging her for stimulation. No toy could possibly bring her that level of arousal in such short a time!

No sooner had the sensations begun than they raced over her form, sending her into one of the more pleasant, if not unexpected, orgasms she had ever experienced. The waves of release washed over her, making her quiver and nearly fall forward once more from their speed and intensity. Though, even through the sexual relief she felt in the moment, the real fear of what it meant for her washed over her like a cold sweat. It was an old rumor from her days of study of why magics weren't used for sexual exploits or enhancements. Some magical energy could be expelled during rituals with sexual acts, making it possible that she might affect the duration of her stint as a horse!

Yet, all of that was forgotten with a sudden ache in her clit, the flesh suddenly pulled out between its home like a pearl being plucked. It was powerfully sensual, and Chess let out a real moan, the weight of it pulling on her groin as it slid out of her sex. Soon, the growth had expanded out an inch, fleshly shaped as though the tip was forming into a head as she watched. It was almost like a...but it couldn't be, could it?

It was then that Chess started to realize her mistake. She was certain that the animal she had collected the hairs from had been a mare but...having ordered them online, how would she truly have had a way to know? It was only from pictures she had seen the animal, and there was every chance it might have been a gelding. How had she not thought of this as a possibility?! Being a horse was one thing, but male at that! Chess felt herself flush with embarrassment. This was too much!

The worst part of the whole ordeal was that Chess had no way to stop the spell now that it had started. She had no choice but to allow the process to conclude, forced to be a very virile stallion if the size of the cock she was growing was any indication!

Her shaft was expanding all the while, blood being channeled from the rest of her form and leaving her dizzy. It was two inches now, the tip starting to crown with an obvious head, flattened into a mushroom shape. Veins were crawling from the flesh as it altered towards a pink shade, darker black patches soon playing over it. Though the girth of the shaft was relatively uniform, the center seemed to expand more quickly, a ring of flesh around it that almost drew Chess's hand down to rub it. The weight was more than she could bear, eliciting a deep moan despite her desire to stay quiet and not bring about unwanted attention. Yet, there was no holding back from the intense sensations, not just developing the sex of an animal but one of the opposite gender.

The discomfort grew greater as something shifted within her internal anatomy, almost as though her ovaries were descending through her fallopian tubes. Something fleshy slid from her vaginal lips from the outer rim and left no separation in the flesh. What resulted from her opening was a massive, black wrinkled sack, bulging from the force of the former ovaries that were implanted into the base. They were far more swollen now, orbs twice their size and expanding rapidly as the minutes ticked past. It was now obvious to her that Chess now possessed a set of stallion tackle, heavy on her frame to the point that she had to lean down to not be discomforted from the ache.

All the while, her stallion's cock was expanding, a slit opening from the lower part of the surface that began leaking fluids. Chess couldn't fathom why she was aroused from the change, but there was no denying the increasingly erect state of her stallion hood. The skin below the base of her member started to peel downward, forming a warm covering that might house it if Chess wasn't so damn *needy*. The formation of the sheath seemed to pull her horse cock upward towards her chest, and the rank stench of precum wafted into her dizzied mind, making her snort from the proximity. Though the sound was more equine than she was expecting, Chess was hardly in a mindset to care, arousal at the forefront of her thoughts.

Even the sheer force of the horse cock on her loins was not enough to keep her from being irritating by the itching playing over her chest, running between her breasts and pooling along her belly and groin like a masculine treasure trail. It was midnight black, as though a surge of testosterone had shot through her body, forcing hairs from the follicles over her groin, belly, and even her face like a beard, making her more of a male to match the penis she now wished to fondle.

Along with the hair came a surge of muscle, her arms bulking up to twice, three times their former size as the muscle fibers tore and reformed within to an equine configuration. The skin was pulled taut before altering from its pale human state towards a darkening black hide, coarse in comparison. It left her arms disproportionally massive, her thighs and hips bulking out as well before her chest began to barrel. She could easily be mistaken for a male, save for the breasts that she still possessed. Even those were soon not to remain on her anatomy, the fat and mass dissolving as they deflated into her chest.

A tingling in her face finally prompted Chess to reach up to check her teeth, feeling them become massive, pushing at the gums as those turned splotchy with black while the teeth thickened into square-shaped slabs. Too big for her mouth, the bones started to push at the skin, making space so she was not pained from the discomfort. The efforts left her face distended, cheekbones expanding as her front teeth were separated from the molars behind, leaving a bare expanse of gums between them.

Yet, the sheer force of arousal still straining from her cock was impossible to ignore for long, even with all the changes affecting her at once. She needed desperately to get off, making it impossible to think of anything else. Even with the very real fear that such actions would drain her of her magic and prevent her reversion on time, the ache in her testes was too much to ignore. Chess could think of nothing than stroking off her horse cock, both hands wrapping around the warm flesh from the sheer size of her member. Tremors of pleasure raced over her the moment she began to stroke, and Chess let out an increasingly equine whicker as she rubbed with reverence, tip leaking copious fluids to lube up her ministrations.

Seeming to accelerate the process, Chess could tell that her tailbone was separating, the bones stretching against the skin to form a nub pushing from the backside. It rapidly distended downwards, a fleshy appendage that started twitching of its own accord. The itching grew intense as though wiry hairs were bursting from every pore. Chess stepped forward reflexively, not expecting the tickling of those new hairs against her bare backside. It was hardly a deterrent to further masturbatory effects as she continued to stroke with the fervor of the beast she was becoming.

Next, Chess could feel her hips receding, their fat repurposed to hard muscle as the flesh of her crack exposed her puckered equine anus. Muscle bulked up around the rim, making the meaty orifice far thicker than its human equivalent. Her hips and thighs continued to swell, the flesh within pushing her pelvis precariously on the edge for her to fall over onto all fours. Though she maintained her stance for now, long enough to masturbate her sex to climax, it was not to remain that way for long as she transitioned from human to equine.

Stiffness in her fingers prompted her to stroke faster, the digits restricted as they sank into lengthening palms. The tips of her middle fingers were thicker, their nails swelling to encompass the surface as the fingers grew into them. Still, they retained enough flexibility to wrap around her shaft, their diminished sensitivity hardly a deterrent to an incoming equine orgasm. It was more than she could bear, worse with the rising mental image of where she would like to stick such a penis. Only a true mare could take her stallion shaft, milking her cock of all its virile sperm...

“Chess? Is that...what the hell?” Came a familiar voice, and Chess turned her head in time to see the familiar visage of light blond hair that could only be her crush. Mary slowly approached the changing woman, concern and fear in her features. Of everyone that could have come to see her in such a compromising position, why did it have to be Mary?!

“MEEEEIIIGGGHHHH! NNEEEIIIGGHHH!” Chess tried to call out, but her thickening neck had already altered to the point where she was no longer able to articulate the words with human cadence. There was no going back at this point as several thick globs of stallion cum shot from her shaft and coated the fur on her chest and what remained of her hands as it ran down her penis and onto the ground.

She was still whinnying as her jaw cracked out with a wet sound, something that should have been painful but was thankfully numbed by the process. Still, it was of little consolation for her with her...*crush* watching the change! How could she have been so stupid? She had left in a hurry, certainly, and had taken some of her friend’s materials for spell components. But for Mary to follow her here...there was no reason to focus on the how. She couldn’t ask her crush anyways, without the ability to articulate in human terms.

“Fuck, what are you doing here? Do you know how crazy this is...shit. I don’t know what you’re planning, but I’ll see if I can help. Wait here, I’ll be back,” Mary said as she took off, leaving a powerful flush to cross Chess’s features even under the horse flesh that had covered her cheeks. Not only to see her naked, mid-change but to watch her *cum*? As a *male*? Chess couldn’t fathom a more compromising position.

Still, there was little time to focus on such things with the changes still rushing over her. Her hands, by this point, were reduced to a single finger, the rest having sunk into her wrist to become vestigial before being erased from her bone structure. The remaining fingers managed to expand the girth of her wrists, leaving a thick, keratin hoof that grew out into an oval shape beyond the size of her front legs, needed to support her girth once she hit the ground. And, with how barreled her chest was becoming, it was growing ever closer to the time that Chess would need to be down on all fours.

A slick sloshing sound in her backside, followed by the wet crack of her hips restructuring, was the final nail in the coffin on her way to quadrupedal life. Chess allowed herself to fall over, awkwardly at first as her arms were an insufficient length to match her legs. Though that was soon to change with the expansion of her lower arms, and the shifting of her calves as they shrank in tandem with the growth of her heels. The same fate as her hands befell her feet, the middle digits expanding impossibly large and engulfing the rest on their way to becoming functional hooves. Soon, her stance was stabilized, the expansive hooves barely hindered by the hundreds of pounds she was putting on with each passing moment.

Shifting shoulders cracked audibly, forcing her muscular forearms inward as they flattened into the ever-widening expansion of her torso. Chess's breathing was heavy for a moment until her lungs expanded, ribcage cracking painlessly as it burst outward to accommodate swelling equine organs. Her stance had to be readjusted several times, the size of her elongating spine and massive upper body needing the additional space. She was massive now, almost a thousand pounds, and still not quite the size of the horse she would become.

The itching of hair and hide was ever-present, covering her body in waves of horse flesh, midnight black as the skin underneath it. Her tail, already fully formed, swished across her backside, the hairs tickling the more sensitive equine flesh that made up her ass and legs. A stretched, meaty neck formed a line of hair down towards its base, her own hair elongating into a thick-haired black mane to match the stallion in the picture. Every inch of her stretched face was coated in fur as soon as it grew, pushing out until it stood visible on her features.

Chess was hardly aware of her ears changing until they started twitching, their pointed, curved tips able to hear far more of the world than she was comfortable. She could tell the auction was starting, and although no one was nearby yet to take out the animals, it was of little consolation when Mary had already seen her in such a compromising position. Even as her muzzle stretched and forced her massive, growing eyes to the sides, Chess was too lost in the self-depreciation to really take in the faded hues of the world and the lack of focus that her surroundings now presented her.

It was the scents that widened nostrils, and an increased nasal capacity drank in that really drew her out of her depressive state, breathing in a plethora of aromas that escaped human sensibilities. The once more offensive odors of horses now carried nuances of health and vitality that made her intrigued rather than disgusted. And, not to mention the smells of humans, of equipment, and a myriad of other things that would take her hours to process. It was almost too much!

Yet, the one smell that caught her attention, a human one, had elements that her human brain found familiar. It was clearly Mary, and growing stronger, which in tandem with light

footsteps implied she was returning. Soon, Mary stood there, spellbook in hand and flipping through it to confirm the incantation that had changed her friend's form.

"Chess, are you still in there?" Mary whispered, not wanting to get caught. She was alone in the stall with a massive stallion, fourteen hands high though Chess had barely understood that measurement when she had registered the horse she was to become. She was pure black, save the brown rectangles of her eyes. Her black tail swished at gathering flies behind her as she stood on confident legs, body well over a thousand pounds of horseflesh. Most embarrassing of all was the cocoon of flesh that sat between her, no, *his* legs, massive testicles behind full of virile horse cum. His sheath had moved up his barreled belly, easy to signal his maleness to even the most casual observer.

For now, Chess could only nod her massive head in acknowledgment of her humanity. Though the flurry of equine instincts that had prompted her to masturbate were still present, if not now satiated by the powerful release, she was able to relax into the content mind of the stallion she was, surrounded by comforting scents. It took every ounce of effort not to perceive herself as male. But, ultimately, she was still herself, much aware as anyone that would be punished into an animal's body as part of the spell's original intention.

"I found your spell at the back of the book. I don't know what's going on, but you're stuck this way, right? At least for 48 hours. I can't figure out a way to reverse it until it runs its course. Why did you do this?" Mary asked as though she was expecting an answer. Chess wanted to respond, though had no idea how to play charades, as it were. And, even if she could, Chess wasn't ready to admit that she wanted to do so to purchase a gift for Mary. It was supposed to be a surprise, after all!

Yet, before Mary could think to ask any other questions, a pair of handlers stormed in, preparing to take the stallion Chess was to auction. "Hey, you can't be in here! Get out into the auditorium like everyone else!" One of them chastised her, and Mary nodded, apologizing profusely, not wanting to get into further trouble.

With that, Chess was left to the whims of the handlers. A few comments did catch her ears, ones cursing whoever left this stallion here without a bridle or any other equipment needed to guide her on stage. Chess once more chided herself for the lack of foresight, though there was nothing to be done for it now. At least she was still taken out in front of the audience, to the applause of those gathered at the specimen *he* had become. Though she had no basis for the feeling, it was impossible not to take pride in how much money *he* was generating, enough to make the whole endeavor worth it.

Yet, the sound of the final bid made her heart sink. Apparently, Mary had indeed joined those gathered and had made the highest offer by a wide margin. What was she doing? Surely, she thought she was helping but Chess knew Mary didn't have those kinds of funds. Chess would have to pay her back in full, making the whole endeavor fruitless! She wished there was some way to let Mary know to stop, but as things stood, there was nothing she could do to communicate as she was led back to the barn to await her fate.

Chess's enhanced hearing could detect some notes of the words that Mary was saying to one of the other auctioneers. Something about needing to house the animal for a few days before waiting to take him to her family's farm. Chess was being offered a spot in one of the local barns provided she paid for the horse's lodgings, of course. Chess sighed at that. It would be even more money now for the two of them on top of everything else. Still, there was little to be done for it as the man came to take Chess in a trailer, guiding her in and closing the gate as she was taken several miles down the road to what would be her home for the next couple of days.

The particular farm operation, Chess soon found out, was rather expansive. There were several other horses present, though once Chess was allowed to be exposed to them, she decided it best to steer clear. Though her equine instincts told her to seek out others of her kind, she was not inclined to get too close. Chess wasn't a real animal like them, after all, as much as *he* felt otherwise!

The whole ordeal of being a horse, once Chess got used to the intricacies of living in a body different than her own, was rather boring. Tugs of equine instincts played over her mind, minor stirrings mostly. But she was in control over her body, though, in some ways, that was worse than losing her mind for the duration of her stint as an animal. There was little to do to keep her mind occupied as she wandered around the field, grazing constantly, stopping a few times to drop piles of manure, or swatting irritating insects from her skin with her tail. Being a horse was boring, made worse by the fact that she was stuck in the form for two days. And she wouldn't even get the money she had hoped for, Mary having bought her without understanding the plan. The entire endeavor was for naught!

It was the morning of the next day that Chess noticed it. The shifting wind blowing the scents of the other horses towards her nose drew her attention to one in particular. More interesting than the rest, Chess found herself moving towards it, nostrils flared without really understanding why. It wasn't until *his* cock started to slide from *his* sheath, powerfully erect and rubbing at the grass underneath *his* massive bulk that Chess was aware of what she was doing. Yet, the stallion instincts within were so powerful, her human intellect was more along from the ride at this juncture!

The mare, evidently in season, was quick to notice the presence of a virile stallion, coming forth and flicked her tail in evident need. Walking over curiously to the beast, Chess was not even deterred when she let loose with a small squirt of urine. The stallion in her mind was in total control, as *he* started to lick at the mare's offering. It was clear she was reciprocating, stance firming for the weight of the beast on her back.

Instincts overwhelming her psyche, Chess mounted with a mixture of curiosity and excitement. The sheer force of blood in *his* prick made her dizzy and unable to resist even if she was inclined to do so. The fear of losing her magic was forgotten as her inexperienced body pushed *his* cockhead towards the tear-dropped-shaped opening that seemed to pulsate with need. Though Chess was no stranger to sex with females, never before had she felt the elation of a throbbing organ pushing inside, stimulated all over by the firm grip of a mare's willing pussy.

Yet, it was soon to become far worse. Even with a wide scope of vision, Chess was not expecting to see the familiar form of Mary walking up the hill towards them. But, by this point, Chess was cock-deep in the mare's vagina, and her mind was all but whited out from the sheer force of pleasure that was playing over *him*. It was all she could do to focus on the shape of her friend, who had spotted them by now and was running towards them with a panicked expression on her features.

Yet, the equine arousal flushing over *his* form was far too much at this juncture. All Chess could do was lower himself over the flanks of *his* lover and bite down on her shoulder, claiming the mare and keeping her in place before blowing *his* stallion cum. The orgasm was more than she could bear, and the moment of release washed away all feelings of regret and even her humanity, lost in the beast as *he* was. And, part of Chess's fading mind, as much as she didn't want to admit it, *liked* the fact of acting the beast she had become!

It wasn't until she fell off the back of the mare and that Mary was in earshot that a deep-seated shame fell over her. How could she let herself fuck a mare, an animal!? Even if she was one herself, there was no excuse. Stallion instincts be damned. It was all she could do not to let herself be kicked and scolded. How could she strike up a relationship with Mary after she'd seen Chess doing the unthinkable?

"What the hell are you thinking?! The more that you fuck, the more of your magic that you'll lose! You won't be able to change back! Don't you want to be human again!? Don't you want..." Mary's voice trailed off, and the guilt Chess felt was almost more than she could bear. All she could do at the moment was to muzzle her lover, assuring her of her humanity and the care that she felt, hoping it could someday be something more even though there was every chance that she had already ruined it.

“Alright, alright, I don’t know why you decided to put yourself as a stallion and up for auction. Though, actually, the more I think about it...that money went to your bank account, didn’t it? And I fucked it up...it was a stupid, risky plan, OK! How was I supposed to know!?” Mary said, trying to reason things out. “I don’t know how much if you is in there, and I don’t know how hard it is to resist the stallion instincts, but you can’t mate anymore! The more you do, the more of your magic will be lost, and the longer it will take for you to change back! I can’t afford to house you forever!” Mary said, making Chess lower her head once more in a sign of her despair. Yet, to her delight, Mary started to rub her mane, the touch of her crush making her whicker in excitement.

The next few days went by painfully slow and were not void of strife. Naturally, Chess did not turn back in the expected 48 hours, and neither she nor Mary knew how much her two ejaculations added to the length of her stint as a stallion. It couldn’t have been too much time, but as the hours ticked past, the more the two of them worried that Chess had fucked up and made her equinehood permanent. Of course, there were a couple of close calls, especially with the mare having already gotten a taste of *his* horse cock. She actively pursued the stallion, the source that could quell her obvious heat. It took everything Chess had not to give in to the instincts telling her to take what was offered, to mount and rut this mare as she so desperately desired to do. Worse was the stallion in her mind making the conflict between her former humanity and her current male gender exasperating. She took to sleeping outside, literally galloping across the fields to avoid the source of wicked temptation!

Mary came by often, staying as long as she evidently could, and helping to take care of her friend-turned stallion. Chess was embarrassed by the attention, being treated like an animal by her crush. Mary talked to her often, spellcasting endeavors, mostly, things that the two of them would discuss as humans. Yet, there seemed to be something under the surface, a hesitance in her mannerisms that might have gone unnoticed to the woman that Chess once was. However, to her stallion nose, there was a peculiar odor that came from the woman, one that she eventually understood to be a mixture of regret and trepidation. The reason for it was not immediately evident, though Chess found herself hoping that a confession of love was on the horizon, even if it was a long shot.

One day, in the middle of the afternoon, something washed over her, a familiar tingling akin to when she had changed initially. A feeling of elation surged forth, and Mary, too, noticed the recession of fur and muscle that was a sign of returning to the girl that Chess once was!

“Oh, thank god! Finally!” Mary said, and she went towards the rubbery equine lips that Chess still possessed, kissing the shrinking stallion. Chess was taken aback by this, not really sure how to respond. She couldn’t exactly kiss her lover back, as much as she wanted to. Though the contact lasted just long enough that it was far more than a kiss someone would give an

animal or even a good friend. Like there was an intimacy else to it, something that Chess had been hoping for all this time...

The change back was just as long as the initial process, though Chess was hardly aware of it, eager as she was to return to human form. It was unreal to be losing so much weight and muscle mass, the fur that kept her comfortable while naked. Her swishing tail, too, was missed, having used it many times to swat annoying flies. Though, she did relish the return of her fingers and hands, flexible arms, and bipedal movement. While being a horse had worked for the time, she didn't know how good she had it until it was gone, so to speak.

The last thing to return to its human configuration was her horse cock, the foreskin peeling back until her dong was on full display. It became half erect, much to Chess's embarrassment, though likely a response to the blood flow leaving her stallion form. Still, it was the worst possible final change, her penis retracting slowly from view as the tip opened to reform her feminine sex. She wanted to put her hands over it to hide it from view, but given the state that Mary had seen her in already, that seemed to be a moot point.

Finally, horse cock folded back into her vaginal opening once more, Chess looked at her crush, feeling herself blush at the notion she was naked. Mary, for her part, had been carrying a backpack and had the foresight to bring some of Chess's clothes. Wearing garments, or even being on two legs, was strange and alien for Chess as she stumbled a little, Mary needing to hold her up for a moment. The pair made their way across the field, past the fence and the other horses, including the mare, though Chess wasn't worried about that any longer, lacking her instincts and horse cock. Still, a look of longing crossed her features, as though deep down she felt she belonged in the fields and not the human world.

That expression was evidently lost on Mary as Mary held her hand, guiding her towards her waiting car. "So, umm...glad to have you back," Mary started, as though not sure what else to say.

"Glad to be back! Shame we didn't get that payday. Could have really used it on some materials for casting, huh?" Chess said, looking Mary in the eyes and seeing a look of longing reflected back at her. Could it be that she felt the same way, too? It was certainly starting to look that way...

"Um, Mary? There's something I've been wanting to tell you," Chess started, feeling strangely confident. As though some of her stallion mentality had held through the change, she decided there was no reason to hold back. And why not? If Mary had seen Chess act the stallion with a mare and was still interested in her human self, surely, she wouldn't say no if Chess was to ask her out...

“I think I know, Chess. I...like you...I’ve liked you for a while... you did it for me, didn’t you? To make money? You didn’t have to do that...” Mary said, still hesitant in her mannerisms, though now with a blush crossing her features. It was powerfully adorable, everything that Chess hoped to see and more!

“I...really like you too...ah, fuck it!” Chess said, before moving in quickly and taking her crush in a passionate kiss. Though there was every chance such a bold move would be rejected, Chess was remiss to care at the moment. To her delight, Mary moved into the kiss, taking her in passion and solidifying once and for all that Mary truly wanted the same thing that Chess had!

The taste of Mary’s lips on her own was everything that Chess have wished for and more. The love she had felt for this woman and the anticipation for this day could not compare with the actual event. It was like everything in life was falling into place, and Chess kissed Mary with passion, the feelings of lust flowing over her in droves. It was almost akin to the lust she felt as a stallion, and Chess found herself wondering once more if some of that equine instinct had carried over. Surely, it couldn’t have, but there was certainly precedence for taking her lover to bed as soon as possible. They had been friends for so long, and she had been so pent up over the past few days. Surely her new lover would reciprocate, as long as it had been since the two of them had feelings for each other.

Yet, Chess soon felt something was wrong. There was an urge to dominate, to take her lover by force. Though there were still in the field, still in public, the lust flushing over her form was almost more than she could take. It was as powerful as the stallion urges to rut, to fuck, and *mate*. She wanted, *needed* a cock to penetrate *his* lover’s vaginal lips, to take Mary like a mare, wishing that Mary *was* a mare...

The sensation of something wet on her crotch, followed by Mary’s panicked voice, all but confirmed that Chess was regrowing her stallion’s cock. The weight of it made her powerfully flushed, almost to the point of barreling over. How it was possible for her to change back was anyone’s guess. But the sheer size of her cock was almost more than her pants could bear as they tore from the front, cock-tip leaking as its pisshead reformed. It started to bob up and down even as the sheath pulled back from the head and aimed upward, leaking all over her shirt and winking with an oozing piss-slit and flaring stallion crown.

Mary, for her part, was startled by the sight, pulling back and staring at the changes with abject horror. “Chess, wha-what’s happening to you!?” She managed to choke out, unsure what was going on and too panicked to know what to do at the moment.

“I don’t know. Make it steeiiiiggghhhh!” Chess managed to speak, though her neck was already thickening, teeth blocky, and lips rubbery all over again. It seemed as though the changes were happening faster than before, her body putting on meat and muscle like it was meant to exist there. Her tail, her mane, her hooves. All were coming back like she was born a stallion, and her clothes could hardly take the strain, tearing off her body to make room for the black hair and hide of her stallion self.

Panic flooded Chess’s mind at that, trying, desperately, to recall anything from the book to account for the rapid reversion. Was it her hormones, her lust for her love? Was the spell truly meant as some sort of punishment, to prevent the subject from ever turning back to human? She had no way to know. Perhaps Mary knew more about it than she did, but Mary was currently in a panic over the change and was in no fit state to help.

The love that Chess felt for Mary, though still present, was starting to fade with the desires stemming from *his* horse cock. Memories of the mare were at the forefront of her thoughts now, the urge to take and mount and dominate her as befit *his* instincts. This girl, though familiar smelling, held little interest to the budding stallion brain that was shrinking in Chess’s skull even as the size of his head expanded, forcing his eyes around the field where he instinctively knew his mare to be. The mare was indeed there, looking at him, as though beckoning him forward, and Chess fell onto front hooves, moving as soon as his altering body was able.

The sensation of hands on his neck made him pause for a moment and blinking down with a massive rectangular pupil he could see that a woman was trying to hold him back, yelling something that he did not understand. The words were familiar, but they held no meaning for the developing stallion. The woman was clearly distressed, yelling and crying and trying to hold him back with her minuscule strength. But Chess could hardly bring himself to care about the presence of the girl, not with the desire to take his mare at the forefront of his thoughts.

Human reasonings were starting to fade into obscurity as he ran over towards the mare. The beast reciprocated by rubbing against his flanks, eager to finally receive what she had only been given a taste of thus far. Yet, impatient as she was, the mare soon turned around and raised her tail, exposing her winking cunt lips. Chess lipped at her sweet fluids, before getting up and spearing for her vaginal lips with the experience of an animal, even though he had only mounted a mare once. Chess was all stallion as he found his place in his mare, and started to thrust with the vigor that only a powerful stud could manage.

It was obvious, even to Mary, that her new girlfriend was gone. The stallion was all beast in mind as he blew a massive load into his mare’s cunt, propagating the new generation and his new purpose in life. Even Mary’s tears and rushing forward to hug the stallion’s neck could not

bring back the mind of the former girl Chess to the forefront. Perhaps there was still something in his awareness that recalled who Chess was, but that part was buried under the stallion he had become. Mary could only hope that any part of Chess in the stallion was happy with the form that he now possessed. But, deep, down, she knew that the stallion was here to stay...

The stallion, for his part, was happy, content, loving his new herd and the mares that were his to dominate. Only mares and geldings existed in his herd, and he took both in equal measure to assert his dominance. The humans present, for the most part, didn't bother him, only there to bring him in and out of his stall and tend to his needs. It was enough that he tolerated their presence, and even welcomed it on days when they provided treats and brushes!

Yet, there was one human scent he preferred more than the rest, one that came to see him regularly. It carried a familiar floral aura about it, like something from a past life that he sometimes strained to remember. Something about that human, more so than with the other humans that came to tend to his needs, allowed him to form a bond with her. She was the only one he would permit to ride him, and he loved the sensation of her on his back, the connection that the two quickly cultivated. Though she talked to him often, the stallion could hardly understand the words, though was still comforted by her presence nonetheless.

One day, the scent of an unknown mare entered his nostrils, one that was both familiar and unique all the same. She was a black beauty like himself, though carried an obvious blond mane that even his diminished colored eyesight could ascertain. Best of all, she was in heat, sex winking as soon as she turned around to expose herself. The stallion could not shake the sensation of familiarity with the beast, the companionship that surpassed his ownership of the other mares. Was it...? Yet, the term did not come to him, for the stallion had no capacity for such things.

Instead, the stallion covered his mare, with as much enthusiasm as he did any of her others. The mare was compliant, engulfing his cock, and even pushing against it to take him even deeper. It took no time for the stallion to cum, filling her with life-giving seed. Yet, unlike most of his mares, he did not ignore her after they had rutted. The mare came up to him, nuzzling his flanks and even kissing his rubbery lips. The stallion responded in kind, liping at her lips in an expression that he had never experienced but was somehow familiar all the same. There was a deep-seated sensation that something was *right* with the gesture, something he could experience with this mare alone. The stallion was left feeling content and comfortable as he continued to kiss his newly-bonded mare, sperm dripping from her cunt lips as they settled in for their lives together...