

“Uggh, get away from me, you freak!” Julie yelled as she ran from the shaking woman. It was the third time today she had been harassed by drug addicts, and she had enough!

By now, she'd heard it all. “Can you spare some change for the bus?” “Can I use your phone to make a call?” “Do you have a cig I can borrow?” She was tired of it! Why did all these sickly, shaky people think SHE had the funds to alleviate them of their worries!? There must be plenty of resources in the city they could use for more than just a safe place to shoot up! Why the hell did they always make it HER problem?!

Julie stepped back carefully, not wanting to trigger a reaction lest the frail woman decided to chase her down. It happened once already with another druggie, and Julie had never forgotten it. She suspected a string of profanities for her inaction and rather aggressive retort to the woman's demands. But considering the pattern of such encounters, it was better than the alternative!

Yet Julie was not prepared for the response that she did receive. “You clearly are much better off than I. Yet, I am not worth the change you so clearly have in your pocket. Do you not think me human, girl? Perhaps it is you who is inhuman, hmm?” Called the woman as Julie continued backing away.

Julie blushed a little in embarrassment; the change she had in her pocket had clearly jingled when she abruptly backed away. It was only a few dollars total, maybe. She could have spared it. But then, why should she? That money was hers, after all. Sure, she'd gotten a student grant, but she had applied for it, and it was hers by right! If that tweaked-out woman wanted cash for food, there were plenty of fucking food banks! Julie didn't have the money to feed drug addictions. Why did that druggie have to call out HER, of all people!

Julie ignored the stares of passersby as she stormed her way to the bus depot. She hated coming downtown, but with her errands done, it was easier to catch the bus to her destination here. Thankfully, she had no more dealings with less-than

hospitable citizens as she boarded the bus, finding a seat in the back where she could be alone. She finally let out a sigh of relief as she took out her headphones and let her Spotify list on shuffle do the rest.

Julie was on her way to a farm near the outskirts of town where she'd gotten hired to help care for the horses used for summer camps held there. Two years into her college degree, finding a summer job to pay the bills and allow her to save for fall necessities was paramount. Yet with the high demand for summer student jobs, her prospects were limited, and she had to take what she could.

At first, she assumed a job caring for horses would be a dream come true. After all, what little girl didn't want to have her own pony? But the reality of the work was much less prestigious than she'd been anticipating. For one, horses STANK! It wasn't too bad out in the fields, just a bit of sweat and body odor that she had grown to tolerate. But in the barn, the enclosed scents of perspiration, manure, and piss were extremely pungent. Since most of her work shift was confined to that space, she'd begrudgingly learned to deal with it, if only because she currently had no other job prospects. And some days it wasn't so bad if she was being honest. Still, growing up in the city had left her ill-prepared for the realities of tending stabled animals.

Reluctantly, she walked through the employee entrance, storing her purse and grabbing her boots to get changed. She kept a set of barn clothes onsite, taking them home only to wash when necessary. She hated wearing the reeking clothes on the bus, resenting the looks people would give her.

Julie faked her best cheery smile for her coworkers and set to work. Since it was a Monday, and there were no riding camps, her 5-hour shift would only involve feeding, cleaning, and brushing the animals, which at least would pass quickly. And Julie would be alone, free to listen to her music and from the forced idle chit-chat she hated so much.

It was a hot day, and all the horses were being kept inside to prevent sunburn. Though the barn had air conditioning, it did nothing for the smell as Julie walked in the barn to start her day. Her first charge was a loan Clydesdale mare, Abigail, mostly used for wagon rides in the fall, though the kids at the camps loved coming up to brush her. She was extremely docile, and Julie had to admit she didn't mind working with her. She was a beautiful animal, if not a messy, smelly one.

Julie ran the thick brush over the mare, who barely paid her any mind as she carried on munching hay and swished her tail to rid the myriad of flies that had inevitably gathered in the heat. Julie's thoughts traveled back to the druggie woman who had harassed her for money. The homeless hag wasn't owed anything! Julie worked hard and did more with her life than waste it on drugs!

Lost in her righteous anger, Julie was unaware of the unnatural glow emanating from the corner of the room that steadily moved in her direction. A strangely comforting warmth seemed to wash over her as the light ran up her body. Yet though it seemed to penetrate her flesh, she was scarcely able to distinguish it over the heat from the barn, and it was quickly forgotten as Julie went back to her work.

Abigail's a lovely mare, Julie thought as a slight prickling emanated from her chest. Julie reached out one hand to scratch it, unaware of the few hairs that started to poke out of her flesh. Her skin was sweaty, the rivulets of perspiration running down her chest and hiding the strange texture from her. She ignored the tingling of her flesh turning black, or the numerous brown hairs peppering her skin and covering the blackening hide everywhere it burst from her pores.

As Julie worked her bush over the mare in a steady rhythm, she felt more and more relaxed in the presence of the beast. Abigail snorted as she raised her massive head to lean in the brushings. "You like that, don't you girl?" Julie said as she patted the mare's distinctive white stripe down to her pink nose. Abigale snorted and licked Julie's chest, making the girl giggle as she backed up.

Unbeknownst to her, the mare was rubbing her nose over Julie's changing flesh, and Abigail's careful tongue seemed to accelerate the growth of fur and the development of horsehide. Julie's chest started to itch furiously, and one hand reached down to scratch at it, not noticing the slick hairs through the sweat and saliva.

The itching was becoming more fierce now, playing over Julie's stomach and running up her neck. Julie largely ignored it, however, still transfixed on her task of grooming the mare. Even the sensation of flies brushing over her skin was of little concern. A part of her mind tried to flick her skin to shoo them away, knowing instinctively that she need not swat at them with her hands. The changing bits of her chest did indeed twitch at her prompting, shooing the annoying buzzing insects away from her flesh.

Soon the mare, her coat shiny and beautiful, stepped aside to allow Julie to finish her work cleaning the stall. As Julie shoveled, she noticed the need to rotate her arms a few extra times to remove the kinks that had overtaken her. She was used to the aches and pains of farm labor, but she had felt none of them in the two days she had been off work. Still, they seemed more insistent the harder Julie pushed, and more than once, she had to stop to rub her arms. The muscles underneath seemed to bulge a little, and she was a little disturbed by how strange they felt. She was sure she was putting on some bulk, but it couldn't have been that much mass already, could it?

Yet it was hard to focus on her concerns with her sudden hyper-awareness of the pungent scents of the barn. She had long since gotten used to them for the day, but there was something else in the air, something that Julie couldn't quite place. Whatever it was, it seemed to relax her, to wash away her worries about school, work, and money. She belonged here; this was her place to relax and let her guard down among familiar settings. It amused her slightly that she'd come to think of this barn as home but she had to admit it was a welcome feeling!

Julie knew she needed to get to work on the other horses, but something about Abigail's presence kept Julie in the stall. She went over to pet the massive Clydesdale once more, loving her thick, musky scent. She'd done an excellent job with the mare; Abigail had never looked so clean, so shiny, so...beautiful. Horses really were gorgeous animals, after all. And despite the smell and the size, it really was an honor to be able to work with them in such an intimate setting.

Julie figured what the hell; she had all evening to work, and for once, she was really enjoying hanging out with the mare. She sat down on a bale in the stall, just watching the mare eating and swatting flies. It relaxed her more than she could recall feeling in many weeks.

Yet the insistent itching was really starting to get annoying now, and Julie rubbed her skin through her shirt to alleviate the sensations. As she did, she noticed the material catching on her chest, as though something was underneath. At first, she chalked it up to sweat, but the more she scratched, the worse the itching seemed to grow. It was almost as though a thick carpet had sprouted up under her flesh.

An ache in her jaw quickly distracted her from the bizarre tingling in her chest. Julie stood up quickly, rubbing her lips to try to relieve the dull throbbing. It reminded her at first of swollen gums and several past dental visits. But the swelling was spreading far too rapidly, making Julie grow concerned. It was as though her incisors were growing thicker, pushing out of her gums while shoving her other teeth to the side. But that couldn't be right. The sensation was painless, as though she was under anesthetic, yet it continued to persist, poking at her other teeth as her gums continued to swell to accommodate the growth.

The shade of her expanding gum line started to blacken in places, giving them a more mottled appearance as they continued to expand around her new blocky teeth. Her four front teeth were hanging over her bottom lips and shoving her canines painlessly to the side. The thick slabs started to yellow, forming a slimy layer from years of use, even though she'd brushed them painstakingly every day.

Soon the tingling of growth began to subside, but her thickening gum line stretched her canines and molars further back in her mouth as her jawbone forced itself forward. What the hell was happening to her!?

The visage staring back at her was looking a little more familiar with each passing second. In particular, the thick slab-like incisors were a sight she'd seen every day for the last month of her work here. Her lower incisors were starting to expand as well into those same grotesque slabs, pushing her lower teeth further back in her maw as well. The slight stabbing as the third pair of incisors erupted at either end of her gum line seemed to confirm her suspicions. Her face reminded her of a fucking horse!

Recalling the itching on her chest, Juile finally lowered her gaze to the source of the discomfort. A dense patch of brown fur had spread under her shirt all the way down to her belly, so thick in some places that she could not see the skin. The sight of rough black flesh disturbed her, reminded her of horsehide. Was she...turning into a horse?!

Panic gripped her mind as she leaped to her feet, crying out with a voice distorted by her massive teeth. She nearly dropped her phone on the dirty hay but managed to catch it before realizing she could call her help. But the thoughts rushing through her head took precedence over everything else, and in her panicked state, she could hardly find the contacts button. She was turning into a horse! She couldn't....she might not have hands anymore! Or the ability to speak!

Julie dropped the phone again, raising her hands to her face as she cried out for help. But with no one else working, her cries fell on deaf ears. She knew she needed to do something, but she simply couldn't quell the panic rising from the recesses of her mind. Yet her fear did little to distract from the itch of sprouting horsehair. An uncomfortable swelling in her stomach suddenly pulled her tight shirt up, bringing her attention to the swash of equine fur aborning her belly. Similar twinges erupted all the way down her chest, pulling her work shirt taut as she added on dozens of pounds of bulk. Julie wasn't a small girl by any means, but

the added mass was more than her body could possibly support! Her shirt quickly rode up her chest as ribs forced it to barrel out and expanded painfully against the changing skin.

An odd sensation flowed through her beasts, as though their fat was starting to dissolve into her swelling flesh. Though she had never been particularly impressed with them, Julie did her best to grasp and try and keep them in place. Yet they continued to relentlessly meld into her warm horse flesh. She realized her nipples had lost all sensitivity as they faded into the blackening flesh without a trace of their former presence. Unbeknownst to her, they were entirely absent and had not lowered themselves towards the position of a mare's udder. Soon, the entire surface of her femininity was consumed by her changing skin, as though providing fuel for her still-ballooning chest and bulging rib cage.

Julie let out a little yelp as cramping in her feet suddenly made the size 8 work shoes become tight around her toes. One toe, in particular, seemed to be swelling uncomfortably while the rest felt stiff and numb. Her heel started painfully pushing at the shoe until the pressure became too much, and her leg won out. The backs tore from the leather, allowing her heels to continue to stretch and making her stumble forward.

All of a sudden, a blinding pain ran through her jaw, reminding her that her womanly visage was still warping. An audible crunch echoed through her skull as her muzzle extended a few more inches forward. Her lips felt numb and rubbery, and a much larger tongue ran its way over them to explore their new contours. Her gums felt large and disgusting in her mouth, and her bloated tongue found a space between teeth that slowly began to expand towards the back of her jaw. Though her teeth were still much too large for her mouth, if she crossed her eyes, she could watch her jaw crack forward in real-time as the dimensions of her face thickened. Even her nose was not spared as it filled out in front of her eyes, decreasing the gap between it and her equine lips.

Desperate to hold onto the visage of her humanity, she reached down for the dropped phone. Yet the combination of fear and disorientation caused by the much larger contours of her body making it a Herculean task. Still, she managed to grab the device and stare down in horror at the mirror, where she once so often enjoyed taking selfies. Gone was the woman she had been, her new features dangerously out of place on a human head. Her nose was starting to thicken to a consistency reminiscent of her rubbery black lips. An itching of brown fur peppered her chin like a beard as a similar tingling of white hair erupted from the bridge of her rapidly expanding nose. The muscles rippling under her jaw as it continued to creak forward were all too reminiscent of her daily charges here at the stable! Was this where she would live if she was unable to stop the changes?

“So, you’ve finally noticed it? Even one such as you should be aware of how horse-faced you are! You really are a stupid girl! But you won’t be human for much longer. Maybe you’ll make a smart horse?” Said a woman’s voice that Julie found somewhat familiar.

She glanced up from her phone in horror to see the woman from earlier today, standing at the edge of the barn. Her image had changed significantly from the frail drug-addled form Julie had recalled. She was now a rather beautiful woman, seemingly in her 30s, clad in a flowy white dress, clean even in the filthy barn. It was her eyes that gave her away, those penetrating blue orbs that seemed to stare into Julie’s soul. Even her voice carried the woman’s piercing tone from before, but this time it conveyed a hint of malice that reawakened Julie’s fear.

“How...what are you doing to MMEEEEIIIIIGGGHHH?!” Julie neighed, suddenly fearful of the sight of the being before her. There was no way such a woman was human, Julie was certain. No way she could change her own appearance so rapidly, or change Julie’s species! Unless...was she a witch? A demon? Did it matter?

The woman chuckled again, her laugh unnerving. “You really are a stupid girl. I was right to take away your humanity. Such a selfish being like you does not

deserve that lot in life. I was happy to let you on your way as I do with so many others. But really, the money jingling in your pocket was more than I could bear. I can distinguish the sound between change and keys, dear. And you could have even replied with the truth that you were a student or needed the funds. But instead, you lashed out, treating me less than human. You regard these beasts with more respect than the destitute. Therefore, you will live as one of them now!”

Julie tried to respond, but the pain in her hips elicited a cross between a groan and an equine whicker as her pants became unbearably tight. She reached down to try to pull them off as they dug into her skin. Yet there was no purchase for her fingers to pass the waistband as her lower half swelled well beyond the confines the jeans were meant to contain. The agony of her waistband digging into her growing hips and ass was beginning to grow unbearable. But the swelling of horsehide down to her crotch was more sturdy against such an irritation.

Julie was filled with shame at how rapidly her backside was ballooning outwards, growing tight against her panties and the denim prison that kept it from sight. Her ass was getting huge! Her gaze fell to the massive mare in the stall with her, blissfully unaware of the changes to her caretaker, whether part of the witch’s spell or the beast’s own ignorance. The mare’s rear end was so disgusting to imagine on Julie’s body. Yet Julie was powerless to stop it swelling outwards with muscle and fat, terribly out of place on her body even when compared with her still-expanding chest.

Julie shivered all at once as the back of her hips and ass recessed slightly into a position befitting equine flanks. The sudden shift exposed one of her most private places, and with a visible shudder, she felt her anus touch the fabric of her panties. She quivered as the circle of flesh grew larger, expanding tightly against the fabric and causing waves of discomfort she could scarcely tolerate. Julie felt her asshole swelling, the skin and muscle around its ring thickening as the entire opening puckered outwards. She had seen horse anus far too many times during her work as the smelly beasts lifted their tails to expose them, and now such a vulgar thing was part of her new physiology!

At the mere thought of equine tails, a tingling in her spine drew her attention to a growing protrusion above her ass. It stretched against the back of her jeans as its boney length filled with fat and muscle. Julie shuddered as new neurons shot up her spine, and the growth started to wriggle in her pants against her will. The entire tip started to itch as coarse hairs erupted along its surface, reaching down over her expansive ass and touching uncomfortably against her bare skin. Julie groaned as her anus started to rotate along with her intestinal tract as it moved ever closer to the base of her newly birthed tail, feeling horse hairs touch the open flesh of her pucker. It was revolting!

Despite the terror of the changes to her hind end, the unfortunate truth of her rearranging facial structure could not escape her notice as her nose puffed into view. The entire surface was swelling with pink flesh, though a light coat of white hair could be seen visibly coating the tip and the expanding bridge of her nose. Its growth seemed to fuel the expansion of her muscles as it bulked up far beyond what the confines of her skull were able to hold, yet still a far cry from the mare whose form she was acquiring. Julie could feel her nostrils expanding, the flesh moving to merge with her still fattening lips and protruding muzzle.

Julie sneezed reflexively from the force of her growing nose, and upon inhaling, she was hit with a barrage of new fragrances that made her a little dizzy. The level of detail was far beyond anything the human woman had experienced before in the barn. The background fragrance of hay elicited a rumble in her gurgling belly. The stink of manure held a certain curiosity, the hormones transferred by equine glands carrying a plethora of information Julie was barely able to comprehend. The sweaty scents of horseflesh, though once strong if not a little repulsive, were now a source of ease. The presence of her herd and the knowledge they were safe and healthy made her thoughts placid. Wait, herd?! Was she changing in mind as well as body!?

“Stop this pLEEEIIIISe!” Julie tried to cry out, but the words were distorted by her thickening neck and protruding muzzle. Julie awkwardly lifted a hand to her

lips in embarrassment, but the motion was restricted with her thickening chest, and she could not help but utter a series of equine snorts and whickers in her frustration.

“Why should I? You don't listen, do you? A degenerate like you is no better than a beast, and soon your body will match your mind!” The witch laughed, pointing an accusing finger in Julie's general direction as it glowed with an unnatural light.

Julie tried to beg once more, but the overwhelming odors hanging in the barn made it difficult to focus on the words. One scent, in particular, seemed to draw her attention, a pungent stench that only just now entered her awareness. It was a powerful stink, yet one that her senses seemed to find tantalizing. She found herself sniffing the air, as though trying to find the source of the musky smell.

To her disgust, the stink seemed to awaken something in her loins, something she'd never allow under normal circumstances. Despite herself, she could feel her groin moisten, as though finding the scent powerfully arousing. Try as she might, she could not force her focus away from the delectable fragrance, her nostrils sniffing of their own accord. In embarrassment, she could feel her panties and jeans soak through with her fluids, and she carefully lowered a hand over them in the vain hope that the witch did not notice.

Yet the tingling in her groin only worsened as her clit began to throb uncontrollably. An audible moan escaped her lips as the flesh of her nethers started to expand, pushing outward with a force that sent her vaginal cavity into climax. Unable to take the intensity of the erotic sensations, Julie fell onto her hands and shivered as the orgasm wracked her body. It was only when she noticed the sensitive flesh of her throbbing clit touching the taut fabric of her panties that she realized it had changed. But the sensation only served to extend her orgasm, leaving her blissfully unaware of the weight in her panties and the swelling that continued to overtake her most private of places.

Julie felt a little nauseous as her ovaries seemed to expand inside her, flopping out of her vaginal lips as they sagged downward. She groaned, feeling something swelling inside the fleshy sack that had forcefully ejected itself from her cunt lips. The now-familiar tingling of fur growth drew her hand inside her panties, and she winced as her trembling fingers touched the heavy sack. She could feel soft fur covering her newly-formed weighty balls, the sensation radiating through her as her orgasm diminished.

It was then that those same fingers brushed over what had become of her clit. The entire surface was sensitive, and even the slightest stroke of her fingers sent an electrical signal through her body. With trepidation, she pulled down her panties, allowing the girth to flop out into the stale air. The sight of the mushroom-shaped head, the mottled red and black running down a shaft still throbbing with veins carried with it a familiar image. A split in the new meat erupted from its head, exposing raw flesh as pricking brown fur covered the entire surface. She felt a relaxing warmth around the new organ as its fleshy home forced it forward, the skin fusing with her expanding belly as its length grew to mammoth proportions. The massive shaft and weighty testicles were far too familiar. She had a horse's penis growing from her crotch!

“WHEEEIIIIIGGGGHHHH!” Julie tried to cry out, but the words were highly distorted from her puffy lips and thickened muzzle. Not only was she changing into a horse, but she was also becoming a stallion!

“I told you, beast! I'm changing your form to match your mind! As for the horse cock, well...that is an interesting punishment. I don't know what that says about your inner thoughts,” the woman began, a sinister smile on her face.

The scent from before hit Julie full force, making her cock dance and leak on the ground with the need to release its hefty load from the swelling testicles Julie now had hanging from her crotch. The sound of Abigail stamping her hooves on the floor, whinnying and snorting her restlessness, drew Julie's attention. With the drastic nature of her changes, Julie hadn't noticed that the formerly docile mare was

now frantically swishing her tail as she turned around. That lovely scent seemed to hit Julie even harder, as though being wafted by that swishing tail while the mare's hind end was on full display.

It was then that Julie realized the woman had not been pointing at her direction earlier, but at Abigail, eliciting an intense response in the mare's physiology. Julie stared at the mare's backside, transfixed on the sight of her cavernous sex dripping fluids. It seemed to be winking open and closed by the mare's whims as her swishing tail blew more of that sweet musky scent into Julie's equine nose. Whatever spell the witch had used, the mare had now been sent into heat, needing a stallion to impregnate her. And Julie was evidently being transformed into that stallion!

Julie winced from the force of her growing cock, now leaking fluids of its own. Its extensive girth made her dizzy from the sheer volume of blood rerouted to fuel its growth. All she could focus on were the throbbing demands in her massive member. Julie had never needed anything so badly, to have it encompassed by the warm inviting folds of that mare's dripping cunt. She couldn't! Yet it was nearly impossible to resist the urges. And she'd never had a cock before...it was so massive, so needy...

"That's a lovely cock you have there, my dear," the witch said mockingly at the poor horse-woman. "The bigger and less flexible the animal, the larger their cock needs to be, after all. And no horse is as big or sturdy as a Clydesdale!"

Julie did her best to take her mind off the alien sensation of throbbing horsecock, knowing she dare not give in to the urges plaguing her body lest she fell further into the witch's punishment. Julie needed something else to focus on. A quick gaze around the room set her sights on her phone that had been dropped in the dirt. She reached out one hand to grab it, anything to keep her hand off her cock. Maybe she could still use it to call for help!

The phone beeped to life, returning to the camera function it had been left on from before. The visage staring back at her from the broken phone screen made Julie shudder in fear. Her nose was indeed massive, but more shocking was the streak of white fur down to her nose, just like Abigail's own. Her eyes were wide, looking out of place on a face that was steadily stretching out into a horse's muzzle. The irises seemed to darken from her normal green to the deep brown that made up dull equine eyes, and as she gazed helplessly, the pupils contracted into two oval slits. Her head was already so big, yet had so much further to go before it matched Abigail's own!

“You don't need the phone for that, my dear,” said the witch with a hint of a giggle. “Clearly, you can already see how horse-faced you are!”

Julie could only whicker in response as her pants grew painfully tight around her growing body, her massive ass forming tears in the weak fabric. She could feel her spine stretching out, adding more space to her flicking, silky tail as even more horsehair adorned its width. Her bulky thighs tore the seams in two along the sides as her calves enlarged to make up for the length lost from her sinking hips. She stood there, clad only in underwear as even that too started to expand and rip from the force of her massive, growing ass. Julie was standing as naked as a beast in the barn!

The ache in her backside seemed to intensify as her hips flattened. The bones underneath were forced forward into the flanks of her distended belly. Her lengthening spine pressed her ass further from her body, allowing more room for the widening hips to swell and support her now-gargantuan horse's ass. A crack resounded through her body as her pelvis rotated forward, forcing her femur closer to the trunk of her body. If this kept up, she would be down on all fours for the rest of her life!

“NNOOOEEEEEEIIIIIGGGHHHH!” Julie whinnied, terrified of the changes happening to her body. She tried desperately to raise herself back onto two legs, but with a thick, sloshing sensation of rupturing of tissue and sinew, she fell

forward onto the dirty floor, barely catching herself with her hands. She tried once more in vain to rear herself up, but it was no use. Her echoing whinnies expressed her horror at being a four-legged beast!

Her itching heels burst out of her shoes, the elevation allowing more of her flattening thighs to sink into her belly. The ache in her toes had disappeared long ago, leaving only a firm numbness where her bulking weight dug into the ground. In desperation, she tried to wriggle her toes, but the other four digits did not respond no matter how much she willed it.

In their place sat the remnants of her nail, still widening to better support her weight on the ground, the muddied hooves swelling to support her own massive bulk. The bones of her middle toe had stretched twenty times or more from their original size as they lifted her up higher into the air, the past metatarsal providing leverage for her stance. Each tarsal bone followed suit, as did her former toe bones, the distal bone in particular swelling inside her hoof as the nail thickened outside it.

An intense itching erupted from the pores of her toe as lengthening white hair burst through above the much shorter brown fur spreading down from her thighs. The sensations of new fetlocks brushing against the dirty ground made her raise her feet in fright. Yet even her lengthening legs were insufficient to prevent the irritation of the fetlocks from touching the filthy hay.

Yet even with the horror of the changes, the ache in her cock had not abated. In fact, as her larger nose drank in more of that feminine musk wafting from the mare's swishing tail, her turgid rod only became more engorged. Now it was nearly impossible to pull her attention from the needs in her newly developed stallion-hood. Though part of her mentality was greatly disturbed by the changes, she recalled instances from the deep recesses of her mind where she found herself wondering, just for a little while, what it would be like...to be male...

Barely aware of the actions, one of her hands moved back, gingerly caressing the warm flesh of her still-growing horse cock. The sensations welling from it were more exquisite than the feeling of its head pressing against her panties. Soon her fingers were running over the entire shaft, the veiny texture feeling alien yet providing her so much pleasure. Nothing she had ever used on her own clit had ever brought this level of stimulation!

Julie continued rubbing along the cock tip, feeling it flare out and drool a clear stream of precum all over her human hand. Julie was ecstatic; she allowed the fluid to lube her ministrations as she worked over her massive dick in tandem with its slapping against her ballooning belly. It was impossible to work her hand around its entire circumference, though she loved how thick it was. Eventually, her slick fingers caught on the edge of a ring of flesh in the center, and she whinnied her pleasure at finding the sweet spot. She was in absolute bliss!

“It’s nice to see you giving in to that aching cock, my dear,” said the witch once more, her words dripping with malice. “Better touch it while you still can! Not sure how much longer your hands are gonna last!”

Yet the words of caution were largely ignored as Julie grunted in her equine baritone. Her bulbous balls ballooned beyond the size of oranges as they swelled with seed. She could feel them aching as they hung heavily underneath her, throbbing with the need to explode. Though her hand was hardly sufficient to bring her the satisfaction her cock required, she could still feel the pleasure growing, rippling through her expanding hide and threatening to blow at any moment!

Yet her grip waned as the aches and pangs of change undulated through her chest. Her flesh packed on hundreds of pounds of muscle as her shoulders started to compress. Her rib cage was massive now, pressing almost painfully through the skin. A groan reverberated through her chest as her scapula folded inwards, forcing her humerus forward into her barrelling chest. With the increased lack of flexibility, her hand was forced from her cock, eliciting an angry whinny from her equine lips.

“I told you to enjoy it while you could. You can’t please that lovely horse cock now!” Laughed the woman while Julie frantically pawed at her chest.

Julie's hands were not destined to remain functional for much longer as a series of cracks and groans forced her middle fingers to the ground. The three bones within started to expand painfully, forcing the flesh of her middle finger upwards to compensate for the awkward position forced from her four-legged stance. The digit rapidly swelled in girth as well as length, pushing the rest of her fingers to the side. Julie did her best to wriggle the reducing fingers, desperate to keep them functional. But she was helpless as each finger and thumb was diminished to nothing and sank into her stretching wrists, never to be used again.

Meanwhile, the distal bone inside the middle finger swelled as the nail turned a muddy brown. The heavy keratin nails soon encompassed the former fingertip, swelling up like a water balloon as her new hooves dug into the earth from her increased weight. Like her ankles, the changed wrists exploded with thick white fur, tickling the tips of her former finger until they lost their tactical sensation. She tried to raise herself up to alleviate the irritation, but her massive trunk was too heavy to do so.

“There you go! On all fours, as befitting a smelly beast!” The witch laughed as Julie stamped her dinner-plate-sized hooves in anger, still unused to their weight as her chest muscles continued to bulk up.

“But I’m not entirely without mercy, oh no. I would never leave such a beautiful stallion without a mare to breed. Your former charge will do quite nicely!” The witch said, pointing her glowing finger at Abigail once more. The mate snorted, the scents from her loins all the more intense to Julie's widening nose as Abigail backed up her massive cunt towards the developing stallion.

Julie did her best to relax, to focus on anything but the pungent odors leaking from the mare's vagina. It took a Herculean effort to try and calm her mind,

but soon she found herself able to concentrate on the contours of her bulky body. Her flicking flesh and tail as her massive body now balanced on thick, numb hooves. Her compressing chest and swelling ribs just under rippling skin and expanding horseflesh. A powerful fear welled up in her mind, making her want to raise up and panic in equine fashion. The new sensations were all so foreign, yet much more preferable to drinking in the scents of sex that her new horse cock craved!

The gurglings in her ballooning stomach severed a sufficient diversion as she was overcome with discomfort. It felt as though snakes were writhing in her belly as her stomach, her lungs, and all her internal organs swelled to supply her massive Clydesdale body. At first, the rumblings in her stomach seemed to elicit hunger, and her flared nostrils became aware of the hay in the stall. But soon, the groans of her belly started pressing lower, into her intestines and moving backward in her digestive tract. A familiar urge started playing over her bowels, and all her experience with cleaning up after horses made her quickly realize what was about to occur.

Julie did everything she could to fend off the urge, her mentality accustomed to a human body that could wait to defecate as long as necessary to locate privacy. But evidently, horses had no such ability to regulate their bodily functions. Her tail forcibly lifted and moved to the side as her sphincter muscles relaxed. Several loud bouts of air added their scents to the barn before several large dapples of horse manure fell to the floor. Though she had thought herself used to the smell, never had she experienced it with such powerful nostrils, and the stench was more than her shaking head could eliminate.

The witch waved her hand in front of her, trying to dissipate the stink. “You truly are a beast, now that you reek of one!” She laughed, making Julie blush with what little remained of her human skin on her face. How far had she fallen from humanity if she was forced to simply relieve herself like the horses she so hated to clean up after!

Drawn from the disgusting habits of her body, the succulent scents of the mare in heat drew her nose upward towards the Clydesdale mare once more. The beast backed up towards Julie, undeterred by the smell Julie produced. Julie tried to pull her nose away but did not want to walk back over her mess in a body she was unfamiliar with. Her nose was thus forced into the mare's dripping cunt, and the musky perfume made Julie's head dizzy as it continued to change.

Julie could feel her ears twitch suddenly, new muscle swelling on the sides of her head making them twitch uncomfortably. The sensation of their elevation startled her so much that she nearly did back up. She felt them tickling as brown fur covered them. The tips of cartilage and flesh started stretching like putty even as they moved towards the top of her expanding skull. Their curved pointed shapes rotated with new motility, aware of every echo in the barn and the world just outside it. Part of Julie's mind tried in vain to locate the sounds of help nearby, but nothing of note could sway her attention from the dripping mare's vagina before her.

The ache in her sinuses grew more intense as her muzzle was nearly pushed into the folds the mare so insistently shoved in her face. It was as though her entire face was swelling to drink in the heady perfume of the beast's offering. Julie tried to turn her skull away, yet it continued to expand as her eyes pulled apart, blurring her vision. She could feel how massive the now-brown orbs were becoming, expanding her field of perception, though making it much harder to focus. Julie could recognize the entire barn now, unable to avert her gaze from the witch who so desperately wanted her to give in and become an animal. But Julie was a woman, damnit! She had to fight!

Yet the throbbing of her horse dick dangling under her still-swelling belly was all-consuming. It hung there, a massive turgid rod nearly touching her forelegs as it begged for release. There was no chance of willing it down with the mare's offering before her. Desperately she tried rocking her hips, feeling a lovely slap against her belly that seemed to alleviate the sensations somewhat. But deep down, she knew it wasn't enough. It was a drop in the bucket compared to the pleasure

that stroking it with her hand had brought. And without that, there was only one other alternative...

The scents wafting from the beast's sex were far too enticing to ignore completely. Julie knew instinctively she should resist, to fight the woman's condescending words. Yet the human's laughter was starting to fade from her mind with a mare in heat so near. Julie the human woman was becoming Julie the stallion, thinking herself a he with the need to breed a mare in heat. He found himself moving forward of his own violation, the savory scents demanding his attention. Before Julie could stop himself, his tongue was on the mare's sex, the savory flavor sending his lust into overdrive.

Julie backed away, hips trembling as he whinnied and reared up, trying to line his cock up with the object of his desire. With his eagerness and lack of experience, it proved a Herculean task to spear the needy hole, and his cock kept bouncing off the mare's expansive ass, making him nicker in frustration. Yet soon, a pair of warm human hands gripped his cock, pushing it forward and into the moist cavern before him.

The moment the former woman's cock touched the beast's cunt lips, any vestiges of resistance were removed, and he frantically raised himself up to fully feel himself inside her tight lips. Every inch of his cock enveloped by the mare's tight folds heightened his excitement and forced his still-stretching ankles forward until he finally found his place inside the beast.

His body continued to itch and twitch as the final wave of changes swept over his flesh. Not a trace of human skin remained, covered in the lovely brown fur of the Clydesdale he'd become. He still had some growing to do; the mare had started out larger than he and made mounting her difficult as he struggled to remain inside her lovely folds. But each thrust added more muscle and fat to his expanding ribcage, and soon the new stallion was crawling up her back, his purchase much more comfortable as he grew into a beast worthy to impregnate this mare.

Julie could feel his massive balls slapping against the beast, as his tempo built, and he grew ever closer to his goal. Part of his fading mind tried to resist, but at this point, he was literally fucking away his humanity, every human thought leaking from his head to fuel the seed swelling in his massive horse balls.

His skull resonated with the force of his forehead sloping and proving added girth to his equine visage. Though his ballooning skull forced the flesh of his head to expand, the contracting insides left little space for his human brain. It was forced to condense and eliminate the areas of humanity that the stallion no longer required. The force of his sloping skull added sufficient length to his muzzle to make his visage that of a proper Clydesdale stallion. Instinctively, the new stallion reached down with his proper sized-lips and bit into the flanks near his mate's neck, holding her in place as her cunt lips milked his expansive shaft for all it was worth. He could no longer stop the pressure building up in his testicles, and he didn't want to!

The orgasmic onset whited any lingering semblance of humanity from his mind, the pleasure of equine orgasm all-consuming. The new stallion whinnied as his balls fired a thick load into his mate's expansive cunt, feeling his cock float away from the sheer volume of his spunk. The stallion whinnied again, as loud as he could to announce to the world his triumph. He had successfully mated and claimed this mare as his own!

The stallion that had once been a human woman dismounted his mare, thick globs of semen dripping out of her vulva as she swished her tail in satisfaction. He then trotted over beside his mare and nuzzled her before reaching down to lip at some hay. His thoughts faded away to a blissful stupor as the scents of his sweat and stink flooded into his expansive nostrils and relaxed him in the knowledge that he was safe with his herd.

The witch smiled. She doubted there was much of the woman's mind left in the beast, and any minimal traces would be removed from the evening of mating the two Clydesdales were sure to partake in. She enjoyed punishing humans in

such a manner that they would serve the world as mindless beasts than arrogant humans. The girl had done her little wrong, not really, but her rude outburst was just sufficient enough to earn the witch's ire. And she, now he, would be well treated and cared for at this establishment, a powerful Clydesdale to pull wagons and provide the establishment with the next generation of his breed!