

Sighing a little, Shaun finally stopped walking, more bored and frustrated than tired. He had been out for a longer walk today than usual, almost several hours in fact, and he wasn't quite ready to stop yet. In truth, he wouldn't mind walking until he reached the fringes of humanity, for as good as that would do him. And that was why he was out here, far further than he had walked before with no intention of going back home to his mediocre life just yet. It was as if he could ever walk away and truly leave it all behind for a simpler life. Sadly, such was impossible, as much as he could come up with a way out of it.

The one good thing to come from his walk was when he'd passed a farm field some twenty minutes back, where a herd of horses were by the fence, grazing. Shaun wished he was close enough to maybe pet them, though that was not to be without crossing the field and looking oddly out of place. Still, he couldn't help but admire them from afar, loving their beautiful coats, intriguing shapes, and how perfectly he thought their evolutionary design was. Alas, poor as he was, Shaun had never been able to get close to the beautiful creatures and figured he had to settle for seeing them from a distance.

In fact, looking at them for as long as he dared awakened some longing in his heart, as though he wished to join them. As bizarre as he found the notion, the lives led by the horses were more appealing to him than his own human experience, to the point that he almost wished he'd be born a horse. Hell, he'd even said it aloud, a wish to be a horse, not the first time that he'd had such a notion. But it was certainly brought to the forefront of his thoughts now as he stared at the beautiful beasts, swishing their tails without a care in the world. A simpler life, indeed, and something that his heart seemed to crave.

Almost wishing to turn back now that he could see them one more time, Shaun stopped, wondering if he had gone far enough. There was no honest escape from his life, his mediocre minimum wage job, his mountains of debt, and his lack of time for friends, love interests, and hobbies. All that was waiting for him back home, and there really was no escape from real life. All the walking in the world would leave him exhausted and dead, and despite not wanting to go back to what little of a life that he could call his own.

Little did he know, his words had not fallen on deaf ears. Though he could not see them in the light of day, several shapes played over him, looking like swarms of insects in the afternoon light. They were beings that did not belong to this world and spent very little time here, usually to play upon wayward mortals. But in this instance, his words seemed to spark something within them, wanting to grant his wish in only the hope he did not truly want it and would find some discomfort in its implications. Either way, their natures would be satisfied, and they worked what little influence they had in tandem over Shaun's body, a heat and irritation ruining through him from an unknown source.

The heat was enough for him to pause, fanning his shirt and wondering how the walk was getting to him now. He wanted to pull off his sweat-stained shirt, but it was stuck to his skin at this point, and he was sure it would rip as he went to take it off. The smell of his body odor was a little strange as well, more pungent than even the walk could allow for, but Shaun did his best to ignore it, thinking it might be getting sick and wanting to turn back, so far from potential help and even cell phone service.

Yet, a dull ache in his fingers caused him to almost drop his phone, feeling them stiffen and weaken, as though they were coming apart from within. They didn't hurt per se, though a tingling numbness soon overtook them to the point he was sure he was coming down with a heat stroke. The sensations were coming over both of his hands in tandem, as though the fingers were weakening, getting smaller as much as he could tell. It seemed the effect did not apply to his middle digits, the fingers slowly swelling longer and thicker and seeming to push what remained of the rest to the sides. It was a little jarring feeling them stiffen, losing his grip on his phone to the point it fell to the ground, cracking a rock as it did so. Shaun could hardly care as his middle fingers continued to swell while the others pulled in toward his palms to the point he could no longer move them if he tried.

The changes did not stop there, as the tips of his fingers swelled even faster, the nails turning dark before his very eyes. The same was happening to his other fingers as well, though, with the amount they were shrinking, it seemed to be a moot point, a remnant of something that no longer applied to his form. It was the middle fingers that had all his focus, stiffening and strengthening as their joints and tendons persisted within their new mass, albeit growing larger and leaving them ungainly on his form. They were heavier, as well, even as the rest of his fingers and thumbs retracted into his palms to give them the space they seemed to require.

Still having little clue of what was happening to his hands, Shaun was left to stare as the now brown nails started to thicken, curving around the edges as they swelled around the entire surface of his fingers. Looking down, the edges seemed hollow from the bottom, forming integrated patterns the likes of which it took a few moments to come to terms with. The thicker they got, the more his tips sunk into them, and the more their alien shape on the ends of his arms started to make sense. Soon, the former fingers were as thick as his wrists, leaving nothing left of the other fingers left on his form. In fact, they almost looked like...horse's hooves.

With the sight of two fully formed hooves on his body, feeling heavy and numb on his body, there was only one conclusion he could draw. Be it some celestial force that had heard his wish, or some other entity whose presence he could hardly fathom, he was being changed, losing his humanity, his hands, for horse's hooves. And that was hardly to be the only change if the same tingling running over the rest of his body was any indication...

As terrified as he was by the notion of being an animal, losing his humanity, there was something almost peaceful about the idea, pleasant, almost. It was certainly doing something for him, the numbness settling into his groin and sparking his lust to life, despite himself. His penis was started to poke against his pants, and part of him wanted to touch himself, though there was little he could do without his hands. Against his better inclinations, Shaun found himself wondering what it would be like to possess a cock like that of a horse. And that notion alone was enough to bring his cock to bear, almost painfully so in his pants to the point he felt he could cream his pants.

It was not his cock to grow first, but rather a lump at the back as his spine pressed out into a noticeable bump, pushing against his jeans and underwear. It soon became somewhat painfully confined there as it continued to steadily extend, the bones in his spine separating against the skin as meat and muscle wrapped around it. The more he concentrated on it, the more Shaun found he could move it, twitching it back and forth as it gained the ability to do so. With as tight as it was, Shaun was able to concentrate hard enough to push it out of the back of his pants, sighing with relief as it did so. Still, it was hardly enough to stifle the itching playing over it, as every inch started to poke out with hair, likely the long, thick hairs making up his soon-to-be horse's tail.

The tingling of change was soon to settle into his hips and ass, swelling them against the fabric of his jeans to the point he was sure they would burst. It felt pleasant at first as the muscles separated a little and even his hips pressed against the skin in tandem, the muscle within far larger than what could fit on a human frame. They were impossibly wide, several sizes too large for the pants he was wearing, and weakening the fabric to the point the only way to remove them was to burst out of them. It was a little uncomfortable against his growing bulk, getting tighter around him to the point he grunted from the strain. Still, there was something about the notion that left Shaun elated. He was growing a horse's backside, and he couldn't be happier!

With the growth of his backside came a puckering of his rear, something that came to his attention as his hips parted slightly and brushed against the fabric of his underwear. Shaun let out a moan at that, the sensual sensations of the skin kissing the outer skin of his rear. It was enough for him to push out, eager for more sensation even as his bowels trembled a little. With the need to fart, Shaun let it go willingly, one more pungent than he was expecting. Rather than being embarrassed about it, however, Shaun had to giggle, realizing that if he was really turning into an animal then he wouldn't have to hold it in, a kind of freedom that was almost welcome.

The notion was more than a little arousing, cock tenting hard in his pants, quickly growing beyond its confines and begging for attention. His heart was racing, his body heating up even more as he continued to sweat profusely. It was not the increase in his manhood's stature that really did it for him, but rather that his member would soon become that of an animal, a sign

that he really was changing. And Shaun was there for it! No sooner than the head of his cock touched the air then the tip of it started to flatten, the skin around the head forming a crown of sorts composed of rounded nubs. His pisshead widened, moving toward the lower part of his head as it continued to engorge, the erectile tissue taking far more blood than Shaun's body could supply. It caused his head to ache a little, though he was still able to maintain his awareness as the rest of his member continued to warp toward something befitting a farm beast.

All the while, the circumference of his penis continued to swell, making it weigh almost heavily on his groin, swelling almost impossibly large as it added inch after inch. Shaun wanted to reach down to stroke it though with fully formed hooves, he was unable. But with the pleasurable sensations his rod gave him, Shaun was not inclined to wish for it to stop, even as more skin rigged away and exposed a leathery sheath, with a mottled pink and black cock underneath. It was almost uncomfortable to feel his former human foreskin pull his member toward his groin. The silky skin of his sheath soon erupted with a coat of fine fur, and Shaun wished he could feel it, though there was nothing he could do to manage it with unruly hooves. Besides, even if he could, he knew it would be a two-hander! Even with that in mind, Shaun reached down with his stallion appendages to try and get off. It was impossible to get them to stay against his cock, though Shaun was feeling desperate, humping with all he had against the brief stimulation. His heart raced faster from the contact, aroused beyond belief that he was changing, and wanting it to continue if only he could feel these amazing sensations lasting.

Lost in the size of his cock and the swelling of his testicles within, Shaun was almost unaware of the continued expansion of his backside until the sounds of tearing reminded him of the assets he was to gain. With that, his pants tore down the back, exposing horse hair and hide as his swollen hips and bulky thighs did away with unnecessary human things. A thickening waist burst the belt of his jeans, though Shaun was thankful for it, giving room for his testicles to sit under them. Likewise, his swelling posterior broke the waistband of his underwear, the useless things popping under his cock and hanging there for a moment before they fell to the ground. Perhaps most bizarre of all was the swelling of his anus, protruding from his rear as the flet pucked and the skin turned matt black, thick and muscled and fully exposed, twitching reflexively with its new ability. He was glad ot be rid of them, feeling them tear off for something better, something bestial and animalistic.

Through all of that, Shaun kept his focus on his penis, trying desperately to bring him release. Still, letting out a cry of surprise, Shaun was not expecting the sensation of his tail hairs rubbing against the exposed skin of his anus and balls, or the skin over his back legs before they had time to cover with brown horse hair. It tickled, reminding him of what he now owned and how it marked his further bestial devolution. The sensation of air blowing on his backside left him to whimper excitedly, tail flicking flies from his rear, though his elastic skin was able to twitch in response to them as well. He delighted in the sensations, everything so new and visceral

as his body continued to swell, next taking the rest of his clothing with him. As his sweaty horse hide expanded under his shirt, Shaun wanted nothing more than to be free of it, to feel his naked form in the wild just like the animal he was becoming.

With some urgency, Shaun worked to stroke his cock off, unruly with his hooves though not without some desperation. With how unstable his stance was becoming, Shaun was sure he would fall to all fours soon, and he wanted to jerk his cock off before that possibility was removed from him. At first, it seemed possible that from the size of his cock and the way his sheath forced it closer to his lips, there was a chance that he could bring his lips to it and get the rest of the way off. That was not to be the case as his belly suddenly bulged, rounding as the bones within his spine and ribs pushed out impossibly large, making noticeable indents in the skin before it swelled to hell up. His chest, too, was quick to barrel, leaving his cock to careen off his skin and Shaun to whicker his frustrations. It was one thing to prevent it from reaching his lips, but another when his efforts to reach it again were in vain, the cracking of bones in his sternum pulling his shoulders within and leaving his legs stuck below his engorging body. Still, the sensation of it slapping against his belly was sublime, and he felt it slapping against his horse hide, aroused all the while from the process of change.

As his rib cage continued to swell and further distort his top-heavy frame, Shaun felt himself reflexively panic, letting out a decidedly equine whicker as his neck thickened and his vocal cords seemed to go with it. Itching across it and his broadening back drew his attention as thick hairs worked their way from the skin even over the encroaching horse hide. Soon, the hairs parted to one side, weighing heavily as they forced the basis of his mane, even as the short hair over his head warped in consistency to match what was becoming of his equine form. Still, there was more excitement with the changes with what they promised as more of his cock slapped against his belly, his heart racing faster and causing more blood to further engorge his horse's penis.

With his hips massive and chest barreling, Shaun was unable to see what was happening to his feet, though the pressure against his shoes made it obvious. At first, the sensation of his toes compressing, middle digits expanding against the inner barrier of his shoes was easily felt, pressing almost uncomfortably against the outline. But as his middle toe started to swell and the nail thickened over it, dulling the sensations, Shaun was almost unable to perceive it was still compressed within, the nail swelling out into an equine hoof. Trying to twitch the rest of his toes was in vain as they were pulled within his heel, leaving nothing of their presence like his fingers before them. As the saucer sized appendages burst their way from the shoe's stitching, Shaun was left unable to feel the shoe around them, though the firmness against the ground was enough for him to know he was rid of them. Eagerly and with surprising force from his meaty thighs, Shaun kicked them away, glad to be rid of them as he stepped over his discarded clothes in disgust, cock still slapping against his belly as he did so.

With the impossible posture he was forced to maintain, Shaun wanted to stumble forward, though resisted for now, given the action might cause him to keep over before his anatomy shifted enough for proper four-legged travel. Still, he was sure that, even with the shifting of his lower legs and the extension of his heels, his legs were changing toward a more equine configuration to the point such would soon be inevitable. With a series of sharp cracks of bone within his pelvis, the decision was made for him as he stumbled forward, holding out his front hooves to catch himself. Only a dull thud resonated through his body as his thighs flattened further, a stretched bit of skin fusing them with his broadening belly. Thinning upper and lower legs allowed him to maintain his weight rather well as his heels stretched further and solidified his stance. Shaun figured he could walk or even run now that his legs were parallel.

Shaun still had some growing to do to be rid of the rest of his human clothes, the stitches pulled precarious taut by bulk that no human was meant to possess. Soon, the pressure against his shirt was too much as with a series of sharp rips, his collar all the way down to his belly pulled it apart, to be left in rags around his swelling toros. The pungent scent of horse hide burned into his human nose, and Shaun delighted in that, feeling natural to be fully rid of clothing and more like the animal he longed to become. His barreled chest sank into a distended belly, one that allowed space for the proper organs of the horse he was becoming. Shaun could only imagine the changes that were going on within him, a larger stomach, heart, lungs, and intestines, amongst others. How his wish was enough to keep him alive, Shaun could scarcely say, but it was a wonderful experience to be changing as such, and he longed to see it to conclusion.

He was not to wait much longer with the thickening of his neck and the spreading of horse hair and hide, leaving little human skin as it spread over his hips, down his legs and arms, and up his bulging neck. With the knowledge the changes would soon conclude, he reflexively started to thrust his hips forward, leaning too far and becoming top-heavy for his bipedal stance in his efforts to tend to his erection. However, with his hands turned fully into hooves, the shock of falling over was barely felt, the stance more natural as his shoulders compressed and his skeleton adjusted to make the stance both permanent and natural. With that stance set in stone, Shaun was left to thrust forward, cock slapping against his rounded belly and leaking copious fluid from his piss slit, a prelude of what was to come.

By this point, little remained of his human form, save for the swelling of his body and his comically small human head at the end of his neck. However, it was soon to change as his jaw started to extend, cheeks swelling to meet his neck muscles and already allowing his mouth to open larger than humanly possible. Shaun was soon to be granted the visage of a stallion, one no different than the one that had initially spurred on his desire. And Shaun couldn't be happier!

First, the sensation of tingling over his ears made him wish to reach up, skin prickling with the growth of velvety fur as their cartilage expanded and their insides swelled. Muscles at their base allowed them to move at his prompting, and Shaun delighted in their new abilities, rotating them halfway around to take in sounds from all over. The world, the birds and insects, and a myriad of things he could not quite place were made known to him. Shaun allowed himself a moment to enjoy the abilities before the rest of the changes took his face, the sounds from a horse's perspective beyond anything his human experience could have prepared him for.

Lost in their pleasant sensations, Shaun was a little alarmed with his face started to crack forward, jaws stretching and cracking painlessly as the muscle and tissues swelled under the skin. It seemed impossibly disproportionate against the size of his skull, though it was starting swelling all over, bone and muscles pressing against the skin as it stretched to keep up. Shaun could see it forming in front of his face, getting numb as it did so. His jaw cracked ever forward, massive maxilla and mandibles joined to a thickening neck to allow the range of chewing motions that equines enjoyed. It was almost heavy on his neck, though as the muscles swelled to keep up, Shaun found it more comfortable as it slowly grew out into an equine shape.

It was his teeth to alter next, incisors thickened as their edges squared off and the roots pushed into thickened gums, which themselves swelled within his new mouth. The force of them seemed to shove his other teeth out of place, and Shaun was panicked for a moment as the intercostal space grew too wide, leaving a massive gap as his jaw stretched out into equine proportions. What remained of massive molars grew thick and slab-like, able to grind his meals into a paste as a thickened tongue sat within his jaw, filling the widening space with equine proportions. Most interestingly of all, however, was the thickening of his lips, forming an almost rubbery consistency as Shaun experimentally pulled them back, finding them far more pliable than humanity possible.

The force of his muzzle growth took his nose with it as it popped and stretched to fit around the rounded contour of his growing face. The skin across them became peppered with short whiskers as the ends of them swelled to merge with the skin of his upper lips, pulling over his nasal passages as he played with flaring his lips. They were soon massive, and even the act of breathing was enough for him to draw in a plethora of scents that went beyond his understanding. His own randy odor came to the forefront, but even the former human scent clinging to the torn rags of his clothes was enough to make him aware of what he had eagerly discarded. Still, there was little care for such things with the promise of a new life, and Shaun was happy to let it go, more focused on the variety of odors his increased olfactory space was taking in. It became a game of sorts to try and figure out what specifically he was smelling, but it was largely a facet he would explore in the coming days and weeks.

All the while, the size of his head was growing well beyond anything he could fathom, forcing his eyes to shift toward the sides to make room for his rostrum. The orbs expanded in their sockets as well, and Shaun blinked them a few times as they watered, adjusting to his new equine vision. Colors were washed out a little greens and reds unknown to him as the grass and the trees dulled. Soon, the scope of his vision was too wide to focus as he was used to, though came with the added benefit of reaching all the way around his head, privy to any incoming movement. Not that anything could threaten a beast the size he was now!

As his head forced itself into an equine configuration, the pressure of his skull seemed to collapse on his brain somewhat, though it was largely a phantom feeling. Still, there was a facet of Shaun's mind that didn't want it to change, wanting to remember who he was and explore equine life from a human perspective. And whatever force saw fit to change him was apt to grant him that wish, even as the stirring of equine instinct erupted through his brain and allowed him to see the world as both horse and human. The cessation of the tingling changes was a sign he would remain this way, and Shaun delighted in it, happy to be in such a wonderful form and excited for all it would bring.

His cock, which had remained out of its sheath and erect all the while, was still leaking with the urge to be stimulated, and even though Shaun lacked the hands to do anything about it, the thrusts of his hips were enough to increase the pressure in his penis to the point of no return. Letting out an equine whicker, nothing human left in the tone, his testicles spasmed and his head flared before what felt like liters of horse jism was ejaculated from his member, spilling over his chest and belly and clinging to the horse fur that now coated him. The pleasure radiated through his form, skin twitching as his orgasm went on a little longer than what he was used to as a human. Something he wanted to enjoy for the rest of his life as his cock started to deflate, and his member was drawn within its warm him, hanging from his belly for the next time it would be needed.

Though it took some time, Shaun was able to make it back to the herd he had stumbled upon that had initiated the wish in the first place. It was no trouble for him to clear the fence, though he figured for the most part the horses were inclined to try, staying with their herd mates within the expanse of grassland they had to graze. Shaun was soon to find out, though he could only hope he would be accepted as the other stallions sized him up, some asserting dominance as Shaun allowed his place to be set. It was a wonder he had one at all, and soon, he was grazing side by side with the other equines, allowing their scents to burn into his nose as he learned about them and the world.

The rest of the afternoon was spent gracing with the herd, his hunger substantial as he ate his fill from the exertion over the changes. The taste of grass, though rather bland, was rather palatable, and part of him was excited to taste hay, vegetables, and sugar, enjoying equine



delights with his new sense of taste. All of his time was spent eating, something that sat well with him, relaxing with no other worries than to fill his belly. And fill it he did, the grass plentiful as he walked around, getting used to his new stance.

Soon, the gurgling in his bowels started to grow intense, and Shaun was prompted to raise his tail to fart rather frequently, a result of his grassy diet. There was some arousal in the act, something he could control but something he allowed to happen as it needed to. Animals did what they did, and the stench of his flatulence was rather a constant reminder of the beast he was.

The grumblings within his guts soon grew in intensity, and Shaun was sure he would need to take a dump soon, the first of many a herbivore such as himself would need to expel the copious waste from a vegetative diet. There was still some time for him to get to a corner of the field to relieve his bowels somewhere out of sight of his herd. But knowing he was an animal, he let himself go where he stood, enjoying the freedom of shitting when necessary and not having to hide it away. Part of him realized it was far more practical while grazing, and a welcome sensation as his pucker opened and the force of several large clumps of manure fell from his anus, collecting in a pile below his hooves and growing steadily with the sheer quantity his bowels had to expel. The relief was instant, Shaun swishing his tail over his anus to shoo the flies that were drawn to the stink as he moved away from his mess, content to keep grazing as though nothing had happened. The act sent a surge through his penis, powerfully aroused from the pressure against his prostate as he defecated, as well as the freedom in the act that being an animal gave him.

Soon, a more insistent urge swelled from his bladder, and Shaun felt that, too, was to be relieved where he stood, animals pissing wherever they needed to without care. It was almost sensual to feel his cock skin starting to separate from the sheath within, his pisshead pulsating as a heavy stream of pungent urine was forced through it to splash on the ground below. It collected below him in an ever-growing puddle, liters of horse piss as it splatted against the ground and the back of his legs. Shaun was unashamed of the act, however, as natural as for any animal. The freedom, while a little messy, was more than welcome, just one more stress that was absent from his new life and all that it would bring to him.

Though he had no idea who owned the herd, he was soon taken in as one of them, the question of his presence going on only for a while as his new owners accepted the gift that had been left there. Shaun was able to settle into equine life easily, getting to know his herd mates through scent and touch. He was comforted to be with them, part of a herd, and bonded in a way that defied his human self. To his credit, he was left with his testicles intact, and Shaun took to masturbating in an equine way, aroused by the notion he was an animal now and free to do so at his leisure. There was something about equine life that sat with his mind, as much a fulfillment of his desires as he could have hoped it to be. And Shaun was happy to live this way for the rest of

his life, a simpler existence fulfilling his sexual desires beyond any human goal or dream he could imagine.