

Barely able to suppress a sigh, I pulled out my phone, staring, frustrated, at the lack of a signal. Fuck. Stuck here in this shit show of a circus was one thing, but I didn't even have the usual joys of Facebook to distract me. Lovely.

Of all the things to do for a first date, I'd been invited to the circus. Like, the actual fucking circus! Can you believe it? I don't know which was weirder; getting asked to go to the circus for a date, or me actually saying yes!

My constant hours of internet searching had not yielded much in the way of dateable candidates. At least, none that warranted a second date with. Dating sites were not made with the guy's best interest at heart. Hell, I wasn't even looking for a hookup or anything. I really did want things to go well, with the right woman. Sex was nice, of course. But I was 35 and single. It was time to find a nice woman and settle down. Someone with the same interests as me. And hell, I'll say it. I wanted someone with a nice ass!

This one woman, Kelly, or at least who I assumed was named Kelly, who really knows with the internet, finally asked me out. And my dumbass self said yes. I mean, I hadn't been on a date in a couple of years now, so who was I to turn this down? I could get over her weird choice of it being the circus. Hell, some of the tricks that people did were pretty damn impressive. At least, I'd figured they would be.

At first, I just assumed that she was late. I mean, I guess I hoped that was all it was. I didn't want to think I would be stood up. But the odds that was the case were getting higher and higher the longer I sat there. I had her cell number. I figured she would have answered by now if she was really coming. It wasn't the first time I'd ever been stood up in my life, of course. But it was certainly not the best feeling, after waiting so long to have a damn date in the first place!

By the time the curtain rose, I figured that I wasn't going to be having any company for the show. She wasn't even answering her cell phone, so I figured I was shit out of luck, so to speak. I mean, I didn't want to think ill of her if something had come up last minute. There was every chance her phone had died, or she'd lost the address, or gotten hit by a deer on the way here... yeah, no. She stood me up. Didn't even have the decency to tell me. The nerve!

I mean, I could have left at any time. I didn't have to sit through the damn show if I didn't want to. I was an adult, after all. But, I had a stubborn streak. Plus, there was a slim chance that she would show up, as unlikely as it was.

The first part of the show was pretty interesting, I had to say. A man came out with 5 dogs, all show poodles from the looks of it. He got them to do a series of elaborate tricks,

making them jump through hoops and a myriad of mazes and such. It wasn't a bad show, all things considered. I recalled that most circus shows weren't allowed to use actual animals. Rights about the way they were treated, and all that. But I figured domesticated animals like dogs would be exempt from stuff like that. And they apparently liked being put through their paces for their owners, provided they were well treated of course!

The show went on for about five minutes, the dogs jumping around like trained acrobats. It was pretty good, I had to admit. I started to feel relaxed as I watched, thinking it wasn't too bad of a night. I mean, I was still pissed and hurt that I was stood up, but...

The second show was even better than the first. A woman came out on a horse, slowly trotting around the ring as she got up on the animal's back and stood there, reins in hand. She then proceeded to have the horse move faster, all while hanging off the side in an impressive display of acrobatics. It was rather neat to see how in sync she was with her horse as they put on a well-practiced routine for our enjoyment.

It was the third act that did me in. A man came out wearing an elaborate cape, brandishing a wand and a long black hat. Was he supposed to be a magician or something? It seemed out of place for the circus. But then again, I didn't come up with the program, so who was I to judge?

I started feeling a little judgy when it was ten minutes of hat tricks, pulling a stuffed rabbit out of a hat, 'endlessly handkerchiefs', etc. You know what I mean. Stuff that any childhood magician could throw on for a backyard birthday party. Hardly worth ten seconds of a sixty-dollar show, let alone more than ten minutes!

Not that my phone was getting any signal so I could time the show, mind you. It was really weird. I recalled it was working before the show started. Now, I wasn't getting even a single bar, and the clock wasn't even moving. That or my perception of time after being so bored out of my mind was messed up!

"Alright, for my next trick, I'll need a volunteer from the audience!" announced a loud voice. I sighed audibly as I looked up. I didn't mean to, not really. I mean, I was bored, certainly. But it was rude of me to say so out loud.

Still, I was not expecting the few rows around me to be giving me a dirty look. I was almost tempted to say something to them as they all raised their fingers to shush me. What was I, a little kid? Geez. The show wasn't worth paying attention to!

“How about you, sir?” the magician asked, and I met his gaze, only then noticing that he was pointing at me. A few of the other audience members who had been glaring at me annoyed all looked at me with an expression of expectancy.

“W-wait? Me? No, I’m good...” I said though the magician’s gaze had not left me for a reason that I couldn’t quite place. Why wasn’t he stopping? I said no, didn’t I?

I was about to speak out again, more forcefully this time, but the magician beat me to the punch. “You do want to come down and be my assistant for this part of the show, don’t you?” he asked, the words leaving me stunned. He was talking down to me like a child. Or, like I was being hypnotized. That shit wasn’t real. What was he up to, anyway?

Yet, I felt myself stand up and start walking down towards the stage, as though I was being hypnotized. It wasn’t the same, not at all as I would have imagined the sensation to be. It was more of a sudden compulsion like I didn’t want to say no or deny the guy. All the anger I had felt previously seemed to wash away at his words. He really did seem nice, after all. And I had no right just to blow him off when he was asking me to come up on the stage...

“Alright, what’s your name, son?” the man asked although he couldn’t have been more than in his mid-thirties, the same age as me. Still, I didn’t question his choice of words, Instead, I opened my mouth and answered.

“Adrian,” I said, feeling proud of myself as I did so. I had this strange compulsion to make the man happy by doing what he asked me. It was a weird sensation, but I couldn’t quite bring myself to reflect on it too much with how much joy it seemed to bring me.

“Well, everyone, let’s give it up for Adrian!” said the man, as the audience erupted in a series of cheers. I felt myself smiling weakly at that. I didn’t want to be here, but the man had asked me to come up here, right? I couldn’t leave him now.

I found myself wondering what he was going to have me assist with. I didn’t know anything about magic tricks. Usually, they had someone step into a box and had swords put through it or something of the like. That, or had me disappear under one of those trap doors on the bottom things. That, or he’d ask me to pull something out of a hat. Or maybe he would...

Yet, before I could think on it further, the man looked me in the eyes, lowering his voice like he was just speaking to me. With his microphone, I was sure everyone in the audience could hear. But, in the moment he made it seem as though he was talking to me and me alone.

There was something in his eyes that made me uncomfortable. The same thing I realized that I had seen when he had looked at me the first time. To my surprise, I hadn't noticed it before now. It was almost like they had a bizarre shade to them, somehow. Like they were almost... purple?

Before I had time to question it, the man's mouth was open again, that look in his eyes keeping me silent just long enough to hear his words.

"Now tell me, my boy, do you like horses? I would normally give you a choice, but our dog trainer is full up, and there are strict laws against using non-domesticated animals. Unless you really like pigs, but that trainer isn't ready yet! And, you like horses, don't you, son?" the man asked as though there was only one answer.

In truth, I didn't really care for horses. They were too big, too intimidating, too... smelly. I'd never really been around them all that much, save for childhood trips to barns and seeing them on parade and the like. I really wasn't that all into animals at all, if I was being honest.

But, when asked the question, I felt a little like a child knowing that I could only answer one way so that a parent would be happy. And, from the way the guy was talking down to me, that analogy was apt. I had no choice but to open my mouth and say "Yeah, I love horses."

That was it. No question as to why he was asking. No profanities or witty comebacks. It was strange. I wanted to say something else, anything else. I was starting to feel an annoyance at the process that was making me mad. What was he doing to me? And why couldn't I just say what I wanted to?

"That's the answer I was looking for! That's my boy!" the magician said as he came over and put his arm on me. To my determinant, I looked up to see him staring at me. That bizarre quality in his eyes was still there, but I couldn't quite place what it was. And no matter how much I wanted to deep down, I just couldn't quite pull away.

"Well, son, today's your lucky day! You get to work with the horses you love so much! You just gotta say so, and I've got the perfect job for you! Give this lucky young man a hand!" the magician said, and everyone burst out into thunderous applause. I felt more than a little pissed off at this point, and unfortunately embarrassed.

Yet, before I could really stop myself, the words were out of my mouth. "Yeah, I'd love to work with the horses!" came the reply, much more enthusiastically than I had intended. Hell, I hadn't even intended to say that at all!

Yet, the more I reflected on the words, the more sense they made to me. It was surreal. There was no way I would want the words to ring true for me. But there was no denying that they did on some fundamental level. It was almost like, I wanted them to be true because it made the man happy? Again, a very juvenile thing. But I couldn't deny that was where the feelings were coming from.

“Well, then, son, we have to get you ready! Why don't you show us your love for horses by whining for me? Whinny for your new Master!” asked the magician, as though it was the most normal request in the world.

I just stared at him for a moment, dumbfounded. Whinny? Really? He didn't expect me to try to mimic a horse, did he? What kind of juvenile prank was that?

Yet, before I could stop myself, my lips opened and I felt a sudden compulsion to cry out. I couldn't help myself. I practically screamed, all the while wanting, deep down, to appease the man's request.

Yet, the sound that escaped my lips was not one I had ever heard before. It wasn't even anything that I should have been able to make. I didn't recognize it at first. Yet, the more I cried out, the more the source of the noises I was making started to dawn on me. I sounded just like a horse!

“Aww, listen, everyone! Adrian here is super excited to start working with the horses! What a good boy!” the magician declared, to the cheers of the gathered audience.

I knew, deep down, that I should have been offended by the term 'boy'. It was a little offensive, after all. But, I couldn't help but feel a sense of elation at the words. He was so happy with the sounds I was making. But then, why did that make me so happy in return?

Yet, before I had the chance to think on it any further, the urge struck me again and I raised my head and whinnied loudly, to the eruption of more cheers. Never before was I so excited to be getting cheered on for anything!

“That's a good horsey! So excited! We better get you ready for your new job! Alright, boy, you're going to have to take orders for this position. That means you're going to need to be able to hear really well, especially for your new Master! Let's give him a nice pair of ears so that he won't miss a sound!”

I was a little confused at that. I already had a pair of ears, didn't I? But I did want to hear well, after all. Missing an order would be bad. Wait, order? I thought I was just supposed to be a magician's assistant for a little while. What was this about a job?

Yet, before I could reflect on it further, a tingling in my ears caught my attention. Lifting my hands to my head, a soft, velvety texture greeted me, and from further up than it should have been. I was frightened for a moment, feeling the skin turning warm and seeming to expand under my touch.

In my panic, I hardly noticed that the magician's arms were on my shoulders as he looked me in the eyes. "That's a lovely pair of ears you have there! I bet you can hear all sorts of things with them now! And they look so good on your head!"

I didn't even have the chance to respond to him as he lifted his hands and started rubbing the growths that were once my ears. I should have backed away from the foreign contact. But something about the way he was touching me helped me to relax. I didn't mind his presence so much, not when he was making me feel this good. And it was so hard to think of what was wrong with the ears when he was so adamant I had them!

As he rubbed my new extensions, I felt them twitch suddenly, flicking this way and that. As they did, the whispers of conversation from the audience became clear. Though I couldn't make out the words, the tone was one of confusion. Did they not like my new ears? Wait... ears... I shouldn't have...

"Don't you all love his new ears? Give it up for our new horsey!" the magician said, making a wide sweep of the room with his eyes. Everyone started cheering at that, drowning out any of the mutterings that had me confused.

Yet, there was still something that I couldn't quite shake about the whole experience. It was wrong for me to have long, pointed, velvety, moving ears, right? I mean, I was a horsey, right? Wait, I was supposed to work with horses, not be...

"Already, my good horsey! Let's get you down on all fours where you belong! Get down on your hands and knees for your Master!" the magician said, removing some of the fog that was weighing me down. I didn't need to focus on any of that if all he wanted me to do was just to get down on my hands and knees, right?

I lowered myself, getting on my hands and knees and looking up at the man expectantly. The position was a little bit awkward, but I stayed down there, assuming I had obeyed the

command diligently. Why he wanted me down here, I wasn't sure, but I was here now, wasn't I? Down on all fours like a...

"Let's let our good horsey have a treat, now, for being so obedient!" announced the man, brandishing a wand into the hat he was holding. Looking inside, I was shocked when he pulled out a carrot, still earthy with dirt on the stem, as though it was plucked fresh from a garden.

I stared, dumbfounded for a few moments as he held the thing out to me. I didn't even like carrots! How was this a treat? It was like he was giving me something meant for a horse. But wait, he had called me a... hadn't he?

Before I could reflect on it further, the scent of the carrot wafted into my nostrils, eliciting a rumble in my belly. I walked forward, opened my mouth, saliva dripping as I stared at his offering in reverence, Never before had I been so hungry, and never before had something looked so absolutely mouthwatering!

Reflectively, I bit down on the carrot, carefully so as to not hurt my incisors. Yet, the teeth that went into the carrot cut through with barely an inconvenience. I bit down again, pulling the carrot deeper as I ate. My larger teeth seemed to make short work of it, and my thicker, numb lips pulled it into the stem, not caring about the dirt that was on it. At the time, I was just so hungry!

The strange numbness in my mouth did not abate even after I'd finished my meal. It was as though my teeth were far too big, my lips numb and rubbery as I chewed the last of the carrot. I wanted to reach up and touch them, but I wasn't sure if I could. I was supposed to stay down on all fours, right? But what was wrong with my face?

"That's a hungry horsey! Well, if you keep being a good horsey like you are, there will plenty of treats for you before the night is out!" the magician said, gazing around at the audience. "Now, how about we get our new horse to prance around for us! I bet he wants to show off!"

No sooner had the words left his lips was I compelled to move forward, raising my ass up and down as I did my best to strut. It was difficult to manage while I was on my hands and knees, but I was determined to show off. At any point where I thought to question my stance, the magician's hand would rest on my shoulders and keep me down. He didn't even need to repeat the command. His touch sent a warmth through me that made me relax and eager to show off my body.

At first, the aches and pain of being on my hands and knees for so long really weighed me down. After all, I wasn't actually a horse, as much as it made me happy to play one for the

man. But, my legs were getting cramped, and I was getting my pants uncomfortably dirty. The palms of my hands, too, were getting filthy and starting to callous from the repeated action.

“Don’t worry, horsey. Just keep being a good horsey. It will get more comfortable soon, just keep it up!” said the man, looking into my eyes before I could even think of protesting out loud.

It was almost as though the man’s words were enough to send that spark through me. I got up on my back legs-back legs?-and hunched over, my ass in the air. The position was more uncomfortable than just being on my hands and knees, like doing some sort of aerobics. Yet, the more I stood like that, the more comfortable it became. Soon, I found I was easily able to keep up the position, even walking forward with no trouble. It was almost as though my arms were longer, or my thighs and calves were shorter. It felt weird, creating a series of aches that ran through my limbs and made me feel the need to stretch them. Each instance made it easier to stand and increased the aches and pangs running through me as I walked forward.

Yet, every time I desired to look back to see what was happening to me, the magician would take my chin in one hand and have me look up at him. He’d been following me around the entire time, teasing me about keeping up my pace ‘like a good pony’. I loved the words though. I wanted more. It was more than I could have ever expected to be praised like that, and my mind craved it like a drug. Never before had I felt so important!

My gait was starting to straighten out now like my arms were almost as long as my legs. This was not without consequence. My pants started to get really tight around hips which had swollen somewhat. My pants were loose around my calves, pulled taut around my bulging thighs. It was almost as though their proportions had changed entirely, making it hard for me to keep my pants from ripping. If this kept up, I’d have my whole backside exposed.

The feeling of wrongness was starting to creep into my mind once more the more I reflected on it. My legs shouldn’t feel like that. My pants shouldn’t be getting tight. And, above all, I shouldn’t be able to prance around so easily like a, well, like a horse. I had to look back, to see what was going on. It almost felt like I was somehow changing the more I pranced.

Yet, before I could even move my head to look, the man’s hand was on my face, prompting me to turn my gaze to him. “Don’t look back, horsey. Eyes up front on Master. Good horsey. Good horsey.”

I slowly started to forget what it was that I was supposed to be looking at back there. My body was able to prance, right? Just like my Master wanted. Wait, Master? Was that right?



I looked at him again, as though trying to piece together what the conflicting thoughts were telling me. As soon as my gaze met his, I started to relax. After all, he was my Master, wasn't he? If he told me not to look back, then there was nothing to worry about, right?

“Now, you just be a good horsey and keep looking straight ahead. Let's help you out with those nasty clothes of yours.”

As Master went back to start pulling off my clothes, I found myself wondering what I was doing with them on in the first place. They were nasty, weren't they? I felt instant relief as he helped pull down my pants, me kicking off my socks and shoes at the same time. I had to get up on my knees as he helped me lift off my shirt, which was a bit of an issue with how odd my body felt. But, with some awkward positioning, made more difficult from my forward stance, we finally managed it.

By the time he was done with me, I was left clad in only my underwear as I stood on my hands and feet, the position was much more comfortable than it had been. My feet were in the air a little, not long enough for me to stand flat on them. But, pressing and running around the ring as he directed was much easier now than it had been! The air was a little chilly on my naked skin but I didn't pay it too much mind.

Eventually, my Master called me over again, and I happily stopped, walking up to him and waiting for the command. My body felt much heavier at this point, but it was barely an inconvenience for me to stand still on my hands and feet as I was. It was almost like this was the proper way to stand, like I couldn't get up on my legs like I could before. Wait, then, how had I gotten down here? I was sure I had walked on my back legs, but...

“What a good boy Adrian has been! What do you all say we give him another treat?” the magician announced, giving that sweeping state to the entire gathered group. Once more, the usual mutterings were quickly replaced with cheers and applause.

I smiled at that, not caring that my lips were still numb and rubbery and that I could see part of them if I crossed my eyes. It should have creped me out a little, and, in fact, it did. But being the center of attention with Master's praise was hard for me to ignore. Besides, he was giving me another treat, something that excited me even more after the carrot!

The scent that wafted into my nose made my mouth water. Out of his pocket, the man produced three squares, more succulent smelling than anything I could ever recall. I snorted, eager for the sweet treats that were being offered to me. I'd never had sugar cubes, or really any inkling for sugar in general. But, at the moment, nothing that I could imagine could smell was any more mouth-watering.

The more I sniffed at the man's tempting offering, the more the rubbery, numbing sensation seemed to play over my face. It was more than just my lips this time; soon, my nose warmed, making my nostrils expand. I didn't mind though, not in the moment. To my widening nostrils, the scents only seemed to get better and better.

Yet, soon, my nose was too wide, so much so that it started pulling at the contours of my face. I could see the twitching, writhing flesh now, taking up more of my field of view as it seemed to expand. Soon, I had a hulking nose the likes of which any clown would envy! Though the skin seemed to be darker, brownish-black color as best I could tell. The entire thing itched as though being peppered with minute hairs that soon obscured the skin. I wanted to reach out and touch them, but I was helpless to do so without putting my body awkwardly off balance.

That wasn't the weirdest thing to happen to my face, however. The warmth of growth and aches of change started to settle into my jaw, making me wince as the bone audibly cracked under the skin. I moaned in that raspy equine baritone as more of my face pushed forward into my field of view. It was almost as though I could see it moving in front of me, the skin pulsating as it struggled to keep up with whatever was happening to me. The longer I stared at it, the more obvious it became that I was growing some sort of muzzle!

Eliciting a frightened whinny, I reared back on my hind legs, trying to get away from the man that was doing this to me. Tasty-smelling sugar be damned. Kind words be damned. I didn't care how handsome I was becoming for Master if it meant changing into some sort of freak.

I screamed my primal equine cry once more as the magician came up to rest his hand on my massive nose. Instantly, I felt myself calm as he looked me in the eyes, that now-familiar eerie glow making me relax. Before I could react further, the man put the sugar cubes to my lips and I was grasping them with pliable lips. The taste was nirvana, more enjoyable than anything that had touched my lips in my life!

"There, there, horsey. That's a good horsey. Wasn't that a good treat? Wouldn't you do almost anything for another one?"

The words confused me for a moment as I thought them over. I really would do almost anything for more of that delectable taste. It was almost more I could bear, putting the carrot to shame. And I did want to be a good horsey for Master, as much as I didn't want to admit. It simply felt so good to eat such a succulent treat, and, almost as good, to be given such praise for it!

“Time to prance again and show yourself off again stud! You can do that, can’t you, horsey?” Master asked, making me eager to strut forward and let everyone see how powerful I was.

Yet, the more I moved forward, the harder I found the motions. It wasn’t the aches of my hips and the repositioning of my shoulders that plagued me, though I was aware of them. Rather, it was my hands and feet that were making it harder for me to move. The circus ring’s grounds weren’t the most even, and tiny rocks and dirt were rubbing my hands raw. I wanted to please Master as he asked, but it was getting harder and harder for me to do so!

Master seemed to sense my plight and came over to me then, allowing me to stop lest I run into him. “Aww, you poor horsey! It must be hard to prance with your hands like that! Here, let me help you!” he offered, looking me deep in the eyes before reaching down and grabbing my hand.

Willingly, I lifted my arm for his inspection, not caring that its range of motion seemed somehow lacking. It was as though my shoulders had snapped forward, leaving me with legs like a horse. Horse? I was a horse, right? Master had called me as such. But, horses didn’t have hands and feet, as best as I recalled. Then why...?

Before I could puzzle things out further, Master’s hands were on my own, bringing it up as I awkwardly balanced. The warmth his touch seemed to bring felt wonderful, filling me with a sense of contentment that defied all logic and reasoning. It was as though the aches and pains were being rubbed out of my hands as he ran skilled fingers over them, invigorating them inside and out.

The warmth playing over my hands seemed to sink into my middle finger as two of the man’s own started to pull on it. I figured I should feel some discomfort from it, and I did, to a degree. But most of the struggle was from how my finger was being pulled outward, stretching like it was made of wax. The bones and joints within cracked and expanded, pushing at the rest of my fingers until it was the width of my hand. All of the other fingers wriggled there, helpless against the truck of my new, massive digits.

Yet, I couldn’t help but stare, fascinated as his fingers ran over the nail, turning it black as though bruised. The nail started to thicken, as though layers upon layers were bubbling up through the bed, leaving me with a massive oval at the tip of my finger. As the new expansion of my finger developed, its shape looked more and more familiar. It appeared that I was growing a horse’s hoof where my middle finger once was!

Part of me knew that I should have been frightened. My remaining digits were already stiff and unruly, and a lot smaller than they had been. In fact, if I stared at them, it really did seem like they were sinking into the skin of my arms until almost nothing was left to denote their presence. I was losing my hands to the single-digit hooves of a horse!

Yet, I couldn't bring myself to care as I stared into my Master's eyes, all smiles as he finally set my new hoof down on the circus floor. It was stiff and hard but barely registered the ground underneath. This was going to be far more comfortable to walk on, I quickly reasoned.

"There you go, my good horsey. A lovely new hoof! You'll walk much more easily on this!" the man declared, and it made me wriggle my butt in excitement. It was almost as though I wished I had something back there to move, but since nothing existed, I was forced to react like there was one. It was the only way I could think of to express my enjoyment!

"Alright horsey, isn't that so much better? Let's give you another front hoof before I do your smelly old feet!" Master said, reaching down and grabbing my other hand.

I almost grew excited at the idea of having a second hoof. I kept my fingers still as the middle one expanded like air in a balloon while the other ones cracked out of the way before descending into my stretching wrist. I was a little off-balance, standing on one hoof as I was. But a series of cracks in my arm seemed to straighten the position and allowed me to put all my weight on it without risking falling over.

Soon, I had a second hoof, just as pristine and shiny as my first. I set it down on the ground beside its brother, eager that I no longer had weak, useless hands to scrap and strain on the dirt as I strutted. I couldn't help but feel ecstatic at the notion that my back hooves would soon be granted to me, and then I could truly show off the way Master intended for me to be able!

"Alright, horsey, now let's do your back hooves! Turn around and watch me like a good horse!" my Master commanded, and I did just that, rotating my much-larger head to watch the process.

"Take a good long look at your lovely flanks. You'll need them for prancing, after all!" continued Master, running his hand over my hips and thighs.

Part of me should have been disturbed by the sight, and, in some ways, I was. It was only Master's words of praise that kept me from freaking out at the sight. My buttocks were massive, stretching my underwear nearly to the breaking point. The pointed shape of my hips forced them

into the air while my fat thighs sat underneath them. It was as though they'd shifted to adapt to the prancing motions and allow me to perform in the way that my Master commanded me to.

Yet, it was hard to feel that anything was wrong, especially as Master had me lift up my one foot to be pampered by his magic hands. My leg dimensions looked more like something fit for a horse. But, I was a horse, right? A good horse, if Master's words were to be believed. And, of course, they were. He was praising me and taking care of me, just as he would any loved animal. And I would do whatever he asked of me to keep being worthy of that praise.

"That's a good horse. Keep those eyes on me. Just watch as I give you a lovely pair of rear hooves as well," Master commanded, and I did just as he asked, watching both his eyes and his fingers as he did his work. I wasn't sure why he needed me to pay so close attention. He knew that I trusted him, right? Yet, I did as asked, watching as my middle toes were pulled outward, the bottom surface caving in on itself as hard keratin grew around it.

My eyes had a hard time focusing between the development of the hoof as his glowing orbs, but after a few moments, the action became easier. Eyes watering for a moment, I blinked a few times, realizing my pupils were much larger than they had been. The numbness in my face seemed to be increasing, indicative of growth if past experience was any indication. But I didn't mind so much as my eyes expanded, not only in size but in relation to my face. It helped me to see more of the world around me. Though, at the moment, my focus was only on my Master and what he was doing to my foot.

I was fascinated by the prospect of my toes dwindling away, layers of hard keratin forming from my new appendage as my middle toes grew to match my hind leg. It was easier to think of my legs as hind now, my arms no longer functioning the way they did before. Wait, why did I have arms, to begin with? Did that matter? Besides, I had front legs now, regardless of what I remembered.

Soon, Master was done with my newest hind hoof, leaving only one more leg to change as he left it to rest on the ground. My heels were taxed to the limit, and my bare foot was left bruised and calloused from just the brief bit of prancing I had been doing. It felt so much more natural to be on four hooves. I was therefore thankful when he stretched my heel, numbed my big toes, and expanded the puny human nail into a proper horse's hoof. The notion I had four hooves now left me ecstatic!

The sounds in the audience were starting to get concerning again, as though they were all talking in hushed whispers. I couldn't grasp the words too well, even with my new hearing. But phrases such as 'what's happening to him?' and 'Wasn't he a man before?' were starting to stick

out in my notice. Were they questioning what was happening to me? Wait, hadn't I been questioning the same...?

“No worries here folks, just getting our newest horsey ready for his next chance to show off!” my Master said, making that sweeping gaze with his eyes. I heard the audience clap and cheer again, making me relaxed. More than that, I was excited that I would be able to show off from them once more just as I wished to!

Once more, I tried to wriggle my butt in appreciation, but to no avail. There was simply nothing on my ass to move as I wished. I tried once more, focusing on my spine. There was a spark at my efforts, as though something motile was birthing its way from my backside at my insistence. I tried again, focusing all of my attention on what I perceived to be a growth. To my delight, it started to wriggle at my insistence. I really did have something back there!

As though in response to my excitement, the electric tingle began to intensify, making me squirm from the implication. It felt as though something massive was sliding out of my backside. It hung there, warm and twitching as the entire surface itched like it was being covered with fire ants. Yet, the itching soon died down enough that I could feel the coarse hairs I knew were there getting longer, running down over my flanks and prickling the skin on the back of my legs.

I started moving the appendage happily, feeling it swish over my rump as I lifted it in elation. Looking back, I really did have a horse's tail. And judging by the cheers that were coming from the gathered audience, everyone was elated!

“That's a good horsey. Good horsey! Let's get you all pretty and then you can show off to the crowds what a good new addition you'll be!” the Magician said, looking me in the eye once more with that intense stare.

I stood there, happily for his attention as he started rubbing the skin on my flanks, warmth seeping all the way in towards my muscles. The feeling left me a little sore, as though the muscles underneath were melting and reforming at the man's touch. Every inch of my innards was swelling with meat and tissue, bone crunching and reforming around growing organs. It felt like my innards should have been on fire, but all I felt was discomfort as my eyes followed Master and his tender ministrations over my flesh.

Everywhere his hands played over my skin proceeded with the pricking of rough skin and a coat of black hair. They matched the dark hairs on my tail rather fetchingly, though I wasn't really a judge of horseflesh. I'd never really been around horses all that much, finding them too big and... Wait, if I was a horse, wouldn't I know what it was like to be around them...?

It was starting to get a little hard to think as Master played his hands over my flanks, distending my belly and forcing my stance to readjust as my spine lengthened. I could feel every inch of my skin itch with the growth of fur and horsehide as it swept over my form. My flattened hips sank into the mass and expanded the flesh so much that it pulled the underwear that still adorned my body taut.

Part of me knew instinctively that I should have been concerned about this outcome. After all, I was clearly changing, becoming more like a horse if my fuzzy recollections could be trusted. Regardless if I had been a horse before now or not, the process of transformation should have been powerfully unnerving.

Yet, as Master rubbed more horseflesh into my skin, he kept whispering to me in the same calming voice. Telling me that I always belonged to him. That I was his good horsey. That I had always been with him, and that he was taking good care of me. Any time my thoughts strayed from that reality, all it took was a gentle touch of my chin to prompt me to look into his eyes, and the truth of his words returned to me full force.

With a loud snap, the elastic band of my underwear broke and the rest of the fabric tore unceremoniously off my frame. I was functionally naked, though, in the haze of Master's calming words and the bizarre nature of the transformation, I found it hard to feel any sense of shame. My tackle was far too small for the frame of my body, though I didn't care much about it at the time. And my anus was starting to expand, growing puckered as the skin stretched back under my tail. I whickered a little, the feeling of hairs tickling my anus making me slightly uncomfortable.

As my Master continued to rub fur into my skin and make me bulk out with muscles, an intense churning in my bowels caught my attention. Without thinking about it, my tail raised up and to the side, my rectal muscles relaxing. I felt instant relief as what felt like piles of horse dung were expelled from my backside, collecting around my hooves.

It wasn't until the smell hit me that I realized what I was doing. I was taking a dump in front of everyone, just like a horse might! It was more than a little humiliating, nearly bringing me out of my contented stupor.

Yet, my Master was there to look me in the eyes, even as they continued to swell up relative to my face. "It's okay, stud. You're a horse now, an animal. And animals do what they do. Nothing to be embarrassed about!" Master said, guiding me away from my mess. Almost immediately, a couple of stagehands were there with straw and a bucket to clean up after me. I

felt a little better after that, knowing that I had done nothing wrong or shameful. Even the laughs and chuckles from the audience did little to bother me any longer.

Master was playing over my hair now, and I could feel the steady itch of my hair getting longer. A series of cracks and pops were still ringing over my body as I grew larger and larger still. My neck was so thick now, and the coarse hairs were running down the lighter covering of my black equine coat. I had to adjust my stance several times as my body continued to bloat with mass and muscle.

Part of my mind was still concerned with the goings on to my form. It was unnatural to change, after all. It was harder to think of myself as any more than the horse that Master praised me for being. But there were all of these images of another life that occasionally played over my mind. I was not a four-legged horse when I came into this tent, I knew that. But such an existence felt more like a dream, a false memory that was fading the more I felt my body grow and change. It was hard to separate the truth from reality in my current state.

“Such a good horse. Only a little bit more now. Just let it happen. Such a good beast,” Master repeated, making me whinny with excitement.

My head was the only thing that continued to tingle now as the rest of my body took form. I could see more and more of my face as it stretched before me, moving my eyes reflexively and to the side. Eventually, my view stretched to even be able to see my massive flanks, truly putting my size in perspective. I was a beast now, and it was difficult not to love it.

My nose flared, drinking in the stinky musk of my powerful form. I could scent the audience members, though their odors did add to my hazy thoughts. They, too, were confused, a myriad of uncertainty even between their cheers and applause. I couldn't be sure, even though the realization that I was smelling emotions, not something I was familiar with. But it did creep into my mind just enough to make me question the experiences, no matter how much Master praised me for partaking.

Yet, there was another odor that soon crept into my mind, one that made me stop stiff. It awakened a relatively light sensation underneath my belly that had been thus far absent in my form. It filled me with a sense of purpose, meaning; one thing that mattered more than anything else I could recall. It prompted me with a single word that repeated over and over in my mind. More.

“Alright, ladies and gentlemen, our good horse here is almost done! How about we introduce him to one of his new coworkers? Let's give a big welcome to our other newest member, Kelly! I bet she and Adrian will get along swimmingly!”



Of course, I smelled her long before I saw her, but that mattered little to the beautiful specimen of horseflesh that was brought before me. Her ebony fur shone in the bright big top lights and she glided forward with all the grace of a champion show horse. That small corner of my confused mind was momentarily stunned at the sight of such a beautiful animal. But the animal that I was was more interested in the scents coming off from where I perceived to be her backside.

“Now, Kelly,” said Master, talking to her in the same tone that he used on me, making me certain that she belonged to Master as well, “you need to put on a good show for Adrian, here. I know you want him just as much as I know he’s going to want you! Be sure to show him a good time!”

There was something in the name that triggered another recollection in my mind, a past memory that was on the fringes of my psyche. But I couldn’t quite place what it was, especially when the mare turned around and raised her tail, showing off a backside that was quite different from the one I knew I possessed. Her swollen sex was on full display, winking open and closed and slick with fluids.

It was then that I felt the last changes to my form. I could feel my penis growing massive, engorged with blood as it started to bob underneath me. I couldn’t see what was happening, but I was aware enough of the sensation with my current lust. The skin was peeling back as the head flattened and the entire circumference fattened into what I assumed was a horse’s penis. My testicles came to life, swelling to the size of large oranges and dangling heavily on my backside as my cock spread to four times its length and more at the prospect of mating.

Any focus I had left in my mind was focused on the beautiful beast before me. It was her shapely ass that did me in, I think. A fleeting thought made that aspect of her physiology stick out to me. It was like I was waiting for... but then, why did I have to be patient for something that was right there for me, for the taking? And nothing I could imagine would have a plumper ass than this mare!

I didn’t really think too much about the act itself, lost as I was by the overwhelming urges to mate. I shoved my nose into her winking cunt lips, eager to commit her scent to memory. The taste of her juices was more than the finest wine as I licked with gusto, savoring her eagerness to be mated. By the time I rose up on my back hooves to mate her, struggling with the size of my cock and the position of her sex, Master was there to help me.

The equine part of my mind dominated me entirely as I thrust with purpose, digging my cock deep into her and seeking her vagina. I even had to urge to rise over her backside and nip the skin on her neck, as though holding her in place and preventing her from moving. It did keep me steady as I fell into an animalistic rhythm, feeling my end near. My balls were slapping against her cunt lips as I took her to the hilt, horse sperm buzzing through my cock as I prepared to unload.

It was at the moment of orgasm that my mind snapped. It was like a dam had broken inside of me, flooding my memories with those of the humanity that had been kept at bay. I had been human and had allowed myself to be humiliated by acting and becoming a horse in both body and mind. Not only that, but I had done so eagerly. What had been done to me to make that a reality?!

Yet, I could do nothing in the face of such pleasure as my cock spurted what felt like gallons of horse cream into the mare's waiting cunt. The pure ecstasy of bestial pleasure threatened to sweep away any of the human me that was still left. And it might have, had I not that stubborn streak. I wanted to fight through the tides of what was happening so that I might get to the bottom of it. And I managed, at least holding my own with my humanity even with the horse's instincts in a torrent all around me.

Even in the afterglow of such a powerful orgasm, the recollections of the last few moments were enough for me to hold onto. I swam the flood of memories and instincts, trying to fight through the chaos and center myself on shore. The best I could do was to hold on to those memories like a life raft as all that was human spilled into the mare with the rush of my seed.

My thoughts were still swarming as I got down off the mare, feeling my heavy body on the ground truly for the first time. It was bizarre to have my hooves touching the earth, little sensation under them. I was heavy, I knew that. Likely close to 1,000 pounds, but I had no eye for horseflesh. Because that's what I was now. 100% horse in body, and somewhat in mind if my urges to breed her once more were any indication.

I took a look at the mare before me, who had her tail raised and flicking over her used cunt lips. Great plops of my horse semen were leaking from her backside as she swished her tail over the spot again, her entire body alight in contentment. I found myself wondering if it was as good for her as it was for me. A stupid thought, I know. But part of me was fixated on the idea of having sex for the first time after so long. Priorities, right?

Here I was, having just turned into a horse and having just fucked a mare. Well, at least, someone who was a mare now. It was every bit as likely that she had been human once, like me. But, the more I reflected on the contentment in my loins, the more I realized that I was just

happy I finally got a good lay in! That had been my goal for the day, after all. Sure, she was a horse, but then again, so was I. When in Rome...

The fog that had been covering my mind seemed to have totally abated during the mating act. My Master, the magician, had been using his words and eyes to keep a hold on me during the change. I was slowly becoming aware of that, now. It seemed to make so much more sense when I thought about it. I didn't believe in magic, or, at least, not before today. But then, how else could my transition into a horse be explained? Any magic that could change me could surely hypnotize me into falling for it.

But, here I was, staring him in the face, well as best as I could as a horse. I could see how purple they were with my new vision, and found myself wondering how I hadn't been alarmed before now. Maybe they looked different with my human eyes? How was it that I couldn't remember?!

The more I stared, the more I started to realize that the man's eyes had no power over me any longer. I wasn't enthralled by his words of praise, even as he applauded my mating act and had the audience doing the same. Wait, he had power over their entire audience, too? Just by looking at them? Who was this man?

He looked at me once more, commanding me forward. "What a good boy you've been, Adrian! Why don't you come over here and get another treat? You've earned it!"

Again, the words didn't seem to hold the same sway over me that they had when I was in the midst of change. If he couldn't control me, I could fight him! Trample him, pin him down and make him change me back! If that's what I wanted...

What was I thinking?! The mare had been a good fuck, but I didn't want to spend the rest of my life as a sweaty, stinking animal! Right now, the mare was standing there, taking a dump just as I had done without a care in the world. I didn't want that to be me anymore!

A peculiar scent hit my nose just then, and I stepped forward, a little disorientated. But the instincts in my mind were strong, and I already seemed to know how to walk like a horse. I wanted to stop, but something compelled me forward, a little confused as I did so. The smell should have been familiar, though it was the first time scenting it as a total horse. It seemed that the intricacies of a sugar cube were more than my human nose could detect. But as a horse, it was better than smelling warm apple pie!

I found myself walking towards it, not of the man's compliance but of my own violation. I didn't harbor the same thoughts as I had the last time. No satisfaction for the words of praise

like before. I wanted the damn sugar cube almost as badly as I wanted the mare! And even if I didn't, my legs seemed a little stiff, like I couldn't help but move towards my meal even if I wanted to.

Soon, my lips were close enough to the offered treat, and I was lapping it up with the gusto of a man starved. The taste was sublime, even better than the last few cubes. My pallet was apparently much more sensitive to enjoy something like this so fully! I almost forgot my previous rage as I allowed the sugary taste to sit in my mouth for as long as I dared before it dissolved.

Yet, my focus was soon on the man again, the one who made me call him Master. How dare he try to distract me with treats! This time he barely used his words to subdue me. All he needed was a horsey offering and I melted like the sugar cube in my mouth! How dare he do this to me!

Filled with ire, I turned to him, to do something, anything, to make these people in the audience know that he was a trickster. Everyone was clapping and cheering me on, just as he wished it. It was infuriating, that he had made me become his steed. Worse was that I had just allowed it, lost to the whims of his words as I was.

Yet, before I could charge my bestial fury, I stopped. It wasn't an act of will but rather a simple lack of response in my muscles. I couldn't move. At least, not in a way that would lead me to hurt the much smaller man. Of course, I couldn't. There was no way he had made such an oversight. I physically couldn't cause him harm. Just as he'd likely planned it. Had he known I would be human enough to try? Or did it not even matter with the magic that had come over me?

I snorted and huffed my impatience, but it was obvious the magician, my new Master, had left no way for me to move without his direction. In some ways, this was worse. Before, as an ignorant man turning into a horse, I'd been happy to listen to his commands. But if I was forced to remember what had been, all that I had lost, every second of every day...

After a few moments of leaving me to lament my fate, the magician beckoned me over, looking me in the eye as he walked up to whisper in my ear. "Don't worry, Adrian. You'll make an excellent horse. You'll keep your mind, though you won't really need it for circus life. Your training will be quick, the hypnosis makes it easy to get your mind in the right state for our riders. Even if you're somewhat resistant to it, you just have to let your mind relax. And if you do, you'll be rewarded.

“We don’t often take from our audience, but today was your lucky day to be chosen. We needed a few more horses for this show. Be thankful you weren’t made a poodle if that wasn’t your wish! Your life will be one of ease and contentment. You will want for nothing, not even sex with our mare in heat! She was once like you, not seven hours ago, taken from our early afternoon show! She needs breaking in as well, but I assume you’ll be more than up for the task given your performance for everyone!”

“I do have to give you some credit, however. Not everyone can resist my powers as you have. You have a stubborn streak about you, and that might be more of a benefit to our stage show than a boon. Maybe we will be able to train you to do whole new tricks to draw in the crowds!”

I wanted to shake my head at the man’s words. But I couldn’t so much as move without his command, let alone hurt him. There was no point trying. Every effort to move left me with a pain across my body, like a weight was on top of me. All part of the spell, I assumed. I couldn’t even physically think about hurting him without causing myself great discomfort!

“Let’s give it up for Adrian! He’s going to be joining the show from now on! Don’t worry, he’ll be well-treated! Give him one more round of applause before he’s taken out back to spend some more quality time with his new bride!”

I looked out into the audience, wanting to scream, wanting to call out for them to help me. But, I was helpless to move my body as I was guided out of the ring, reins applied to my muzzle. I gave the cheering audience one last, mournful look as I was forced out behind the mare; she no doubt a victim of this as I was. My only consolation was that her heat was strong, and my cock was starting to slide out of its home once more as her hormones hit me full force and I prepared to mount her again.