

Greedily, I chug another beer, burping loudly before laughing exuberantly, much to the chagrin of my friend group. It's Friday night, and my fraternity is throwing a party. There isn't a real occasion for it, but that was never necessary in this frat house. Hardly a weekend goes by without some kind of near alcohol poison-inducing event! The risks of college life, I suppose.

I've had my eye on one of the party-goers, Christina, for a few months now. My best friend, Tim, had been egging me on to ask her out for weeks now. I'd never really talked to her one on one, but she was a friend of a friend, and I hoped to strike up a conversation tonight.

Feeling a little shy, I manage to find her with a group of friends and join in on what they are discussing. I knew enough about the movie series that was the topic of choice and even made her laugh with a well-timed pun. I'm not sure if my advances are clear, but I want to at least try and ask her out later on, once another drink or two has boosted my confidence.

Alex, another good friend, mentions something about the new kind of beer he'd brought for this function. It was a gift that his uncle passed along to him for my frat, brewed on a local farm and not yet available on shelves. I have to admit, it is pretty good. It goes down smoothly, making it almost impossible to tell how much I've had. But from the way I seem to be stumbling to get my next cup, I am certainly drunk!

A funky odor wafts into my senses just then, reminding me of my past summer volunteer position at one of the farms outside of my town. It is the smell of stables, of large animals in close quarters. It isn't putrid, not really. Just the stench of big farm beasts with strong body odors.

I do start to wonder where the foulness is coming from. Surely it isn't the beer. It has a rich, earthy smell, like wheat or maybe hay. But it doesn't smell like farm animals. Or, at least, it didn't when I'd started drinking it.

My eyes catch my buddy Alex, who also seems to be sniffing the air. As he does, his eyes lock with mine, sniffing me for a moment before he wrinkles his nose in disgust. I start to protest, but suddenly the animalistic body odor hits my nose 10-fold. It's as though it's wafting off my friend's somewhat damp skin. I, too, take a deep whiff, confirming my suspicions. My buddy stinks like a horse!

"That reek coming from you? Next time, shower after you take a roll in the hay!" He says, pinching his nose and taking a step back from me. The indignity! I'm not the one that smells like a horse!

“You're one to talk! You stink like the jackass you are!” I declare, waving my hand in front of my nose to show my distaste for his stench. We both know the other is teasing, but it is still bizarre that the smell seems to have a human source. It doesn't make any sense!

“Shut your fAAAAWWking mouth!” He says, by way of jest. I start to chuckle at his accurate imitation of a jackass. Yet I don't see the gleam of humor in his eyes. In fact, he seems a little surprised that the sound came out of his mouth.

“Fuck, you eEEEEIIIIven bray like one!” I retort, wanting to assure myself that he is indeed joking.

But there is an inflection in my own voice that bothers me even more than my buddy's voice. I try to clear my throat a few times, but the heavy tone is still there, making me sound a little hoarse. Alex tries to play it off, but I can tell he is perplexed. I see him getting another beer and join him, not really knowing what else to do.

The night goes on, and the smell in my nose starts to fade as I grow accustomed to it. It doesn't seem to be coming from a single source. In fact, I can tell that all of the party-goers are enveloped with a horsey smell. I am certain that's what it is now, having spent many summers working in horse stalls and preparing them for riding lessons. Maybe there is something in the beer, something that perforates through my skin and makes me smell like hay or wheat. That must be it, I think. Any hay smell makes me think of horses!

Starting to find it a little warm in the house, I soon realized I am sweating significantly. At one point, I head out to get some air, but it does me little good. The night is humid, and I simply find my shirt sticking to my sweaty body. And to make things worse, it seems to be tighter than I remember, wrapped taut around my frame as though it has shrunk by more than one size. Yet I figure it is just the heat and don't pay it too much mind.

I go back in and see Christina by herself getting another drink. She, too, seems sweaty, her shirt and jeans tighter than they were before. Yet they only serve to accentuate her curves, and I can't help but find the image attractive. Her face is lovely, her blond hair long and surrounded on either side by pointed elvish ears. She is bent over, pouring her drink out of a spigot as her expansive ass moves side to side, the bulge above it tenting in her pants. I have never seen a sight more attractive.

I walk over to her, feeling more confident than I ever have. It's as though I can scent in the air how receptive she is to my advances. I want to talk to her, but more than that, I want to smell her. To kiss her and mate and... Wait, what? I certainly want to get into her pants, but only after

getting to know her better. Yet my booze-addled mind wants nothing more than to bend her over and mate with her, right here! A sudden surge in my cock seems to agree with my predisposition. I can't recall the last time I felt so horny!

“Hey beautiful,” I say, smiling with a grin that felt too wide for my face. Normally, I'd be ashamed to ever speak that way to anyone. But it felt so right, here at this moment.

“HEEEEEIIII stud,” comes the reply as she raised her head, grinning at me with black lips and thick buck teeth. Nothing has ever looked sexier to me, and I lean in to kiss her, to follow my instincts and take what I want.

She's leaning in to kiss me back, and the taste of hay and barley are on her lips. I can feel my cock tenting in my pants, and I desperately want to take her to bed. Or, perhaps even right here, right now, in front of everyone...

Suddenly, I am distracted by the feeling of another eager bulge pressing against my own. Curious, I pull away to see a massive tent in Christina's jeans, even more so than my own. Is that a cock? Does she have a cock too?

“Is that an anaconda in my pants or are you happy to see me?” She says, seemingly eager and impatient for me to resume my activities.

“That's quite the bugle you're packing too, princess,” I say, without missing a beat. As soon as the words are out of my mouth, I regret them. I don't mean to be so offensive, not knowing her personal information. And truth be told, I find her so beautiful I don't even care. I want her either way, regardless of what is in her pants.

Yet Christina clearly doesn't feel the same way towards her own endowment. She blushes furiously, reaching up with one hand to rub her reddening cheeks and the swash of brown hair that has sprouted like a thick beard. She takes one glance at the swelling mass under her pants and runs off towards the bathroom.

I feel immensely ashamed, but there's nothing I can do about it for now. Groaning at my ruined chances, I take another cup of beer and rejoin my friends. Alex is in the center of a group laughing now, braying like an ass, making fun of his own noise from earlier. It seems as though he has the ears to match now, sticking up above his thinning hair. The sight looks rather amusing, and I laugh out loud, that same hoarse tone making me blush.

Alex turns around and smiles, his teeth thick and yellowed like all of ours seem to be now. His face seems swollen, his nose thick and brown as he chuckles. “Why the long face, bHHHHHAAAAAWWd?” He says, which causes me to reach up and touch my jaw.

To my surprise, it seems to be extended into a blunt muzzle. As I look around, I can tell that I’m not the only one with similar features. Long faces, tight clothes, pointed ears, and bulges at both ends of pants seem commonplace. I have no idea what’s going on, and it’s hard to think about it with how much I drank.

I am once again distracted by a choir of brays, laughs, and whickers. My buddy Tim suddenly bends over, letting out a noxious bout of gas that makes me crinkle my nose from the stench. Yet he seems not to be bothered as he remains hunched over, trying to alleviate something pressing painfully above his ass.

He grunts and snorts as the thing gets tighter and tighter in his jeans. For a moment, I think there is no way his growth can break free. Yet his ass is massive as well, several sizes too large for the pants he has on. It won’t take much for him to burst from the confining clothes. And the notion of seeing such a thing got me hard as hell once more.

“AAAhhhh NNNNEEEEEEEIIGGGHHHHH!” He whinnies as a thick-haired horse’s tail tears its way out of his pants, stretching the fabric and popping even the elastic band of his underwear. The silky hairs of his tail continue to lengthen as it swishes over his expansive ass.

His jeans are falling to the floor now, and I have a clear view of his backside. I know I should look away, but I can’t seem to manage. His entire ass is covered with short blond hair that accents his tail well. He lifts his tail, and I can see that the skin of his asshole is black and puckering into a massive donut-shaped hole. He really does have a horse’s ass!

Yet it is the sight of his junk that has me most concerned. Instead of his balls and cock, I only see a massive cavern, opening wider as I watch. The skin is wrinkled and leaking as he stands up, shaking from the warm air on his backside. The flesh starts to pulse, as though it has a mind of its own. If I didn’t know any better, I would swear that he has a vagina!

Alex, too, brays, then bends over in pain as though something is pressing at his own pants. He tries to reach down to pull it out, but he can’t seem to manage it. His fingers are smaller, and his thumbs don’t work the way they should. He can’t get his shrinking digits under the waistband. Still, the force of the growth of what I assume is his tail won’t keep confined in his pants for long!

He grunts loudly, closing his brown eyes as he seems to concentrate on having it grow out of his clothes. With a resounding pop, his underwear snaps apart, and the denim pants tear in the center. Soon, a massive brown tasseled tail sways back and forth, exposed to the warm stale air. Yet unlike Tim's junk, Alex has a swelling pair of brown orbs, much larger than the human ones he likely had before. Underneath see a thick black snake, looking as familiar as the equine sheaths I am accustomed to seeing on the farm.

"I HAAAWWWWWVE a tail! HAAAWWWWW!" Alex brays as he stands up, his tail swishing behind him. He plays a stiff-fingered hand over it for a few moments before he becomes uninterested and goes back to his still half-full beer. It's like he doesn't even care that he has an animal tail sticking out above his ass. In fact, none of the party-goers seem to care about their bestial appendages.

I, too, feel something massive swelling in my pants, and I have a suspicion of what it is. I reach in to try to pull it out, but my thumb doesn't seem to work well either. I can't get my fingers under the waistband of my jeans, but from how painfully tight my ass seems to be, I figure it won't be long until I burst free. I whinny as my ass stretches impossibly large, causing micro-tears to form in the fabric. I push out with my rear, twitching my growing tail to try and alleviate the intense pressure. My skin is tough, but the agony is getting harder to bear. Thankfully my clothes won't last much longer, not with how massive my butt is becoming!

With a resounding rip, my ass bursts out from my pants and undies, splitting them down the middle and exposing my tight equine pucker and heavy balls. I snort as the weighty orbs bounce up and down, free from the confines of my clothes. I clench my asshole a little, feeling uncomfortable now that it is exposed to the air. It seems thick and meaty, protruding outwards, unlike my former human equivalent. It moves under my tail as is befitting for the horse's anus I now own.

The feeling of having my own tail is surprisingly exhilarating. I spend a few moments trying to swish it back and forth, whickering as it plays over my massive rump and exposed pucker. I reach back with thick fingers to feel it, the coarse hair surprising to my touch. It is exactly what I recall a horse's tail feeling like in my grasp.

Everyone in the room seems to have an equine appendage coming out of their own backside. The sounds of rips and tears echo through the room, accompanied by a chorus of whickers and brays. All of the attendees seem enamored with their new equine tails!

That isn't the only change, however. I can see how massive my nose is now as it flares in front of my face to drink in the equine sweat perforating through the room. My shirt is even tighter as my

shoulders grow hunched, the muscle and bone underneath forcing it to barrel out. I want to reach up and tear it off, not really caring that it will be useless afterward. After all, my pants are already toast! But my arms don't want to work the way I remember they should. And even if they did, my dwindling fingers are no longer up to the task. So I am forced to feel my swelling chest pushing painfully against the frail fabric as my bulk causes it to rip and tear.

My skin grows rough as black flesh spreads just ahead of the midnight black fur covering my horsehide. My sweaty skin grows overheated from my coverings, but my bulk will soon tear out of what remains of my clothes, so I don't mind too much. My shoes are tight as well from my single massive toes desperately struggling to pop free. The pain is diminished, however, from how firm the keratin nail is where my middle toe once sat, and I can largely ignore it.

It is the potent musk in the air that is attracting my attention now. Every torn pair of pants exposes a backside that is as horny and needy as my own. Dripping vaginas and throbbing cocks adorn the room as each of my changing friends tremble with need. I can feel my own cock tenting in what remains of my undies, and the scents and sights in the room just make me harder. I need to mate, to breed, and from the looks of things, so does everyone else! This party is on its way to becoming an orgy!

Despite how little my mind is working, I can't help but notice there is an even number of males and females, though my party had been mostly men. Yet I can tell what has become of many of them, their modest human cocks seemingly replaced by equine vaginas. I feel I should be disturbed by this realization, but I simply find myself excited by the prospect of having willing females to mate. From the scents in the air, I can tell most of my now-female friends now need a stallion such as myself!

Even in my hazy drunken mind, I can tell that there are a variety of equine species in the room. Most of them are horses, but there are a few donkeys, mules, and even a pair of zebra dudes, with massive asses and twitching tails bursting out of torn jeans. I laugh, a distinctive equine sound as I witness most of my friends in various states of change and all acting like animals. Many of them are down on all fours now, holding their cups with rubbery lips as they continue to down their beer. Their larger sizes require much more alcohol to maintain their drunken state, after all!

The smells in the air start to become much more rank as the mentalities of the party-goers start matching their equine bodies. It is as though everyone has been holding in their bodily functions and are now unable to locate the proper facilities. I chuckle as Tim raises his long furry tail and drops a load of horse manure without any regard for his surroundings. He stands still as his

bowels empty before my eyes until eventually, his tail lowers, and he walks away, oblivious to what he's done.

Part of me knows I should be disgusted by the animalistic action. Yet the stench of sweat and manure seems to relax my mind. Instinctively I raise my tail and add my own dapples of stink to the gathered scents, finishing it off with a spray of urine from my hose-like cock. The odor is pungent at first, but soon gives me a sense of belonging. The stink reminds me of my fellows, how I am a part of a healthy and virile herd!

My attention is drawn to Alex as he brays loudly. He is now down on all fours as he, too, raises his tail and relieves himself. He gives me a distant look after he finishes, as though he is hardly aware of my presence. It's obviously hard for him to think, as it is for me in my drunken state and diminished intellect.

He is hardly human anymore, and in his bestial embrace seems to allow the transformation to proceed more rapidly. His spine extends with a wet crack as his hips realign and his nose stretches. His thickening neck is now adorned with a rather fetching, bristly mohawk. I can see his chest barreling outwards, his fingers fusing into hooves as he bucks and kicks with his newfound freedom. Regardless of the bizarre circumstances, it is obvious that Alex loves being a donkey!

One of my other buddies, Caleb, is down on all fours and lapping at some spilled beer. Even though my vision is distorted from my longer muzzle, I can tell that Caleb has become a jenny. The scents wafting from his expansive cunt are just as intoxicating to my own senses.

This fact is obviously not lost on Alex as the new jackass sniffs and licks at Caleb's need. Caleb brays and pushes his growing ass back towards his would-be mate. A stream of rank piss is all the encouragement Alex needs. I watch as the now fully formed jackass leaps up on the backside of the jenny and thrusts forward, spreading the female's moist cunt lips with his taut equine cock. It doesn't take much for him to find his rhythm as he rocks in and out with a wet slopping sound.

I am sure that some of Alex's expression remains in those brown, asinine eyes as he drools and bucks and brays with true equine ecstasy. The donkey underneath him looks just as pleased as the two of them fuck themselves into true asses.

The sight just gets me hornier and hornier. My cock is swaying heavily underneath me as I lower myself to the floor. Everyone else is down on all fours, after all. And the smells from this level are even more intoxicating to my big brown nose. I can see my nostrils flare as my wider nasal

cavities drink in all the equine perfume in the room has to offer. I am essentially hotboxed in the small space, the stink of equine musk clouding any lingering doubts I might harbor!

My spine is getting longer, my hips sloshing and crunching audibly in my ears. I can feel my tail lengthening, and I just swish it over my backside, tickling my heavy balls and thick pucker. The weight of my ballooning stomach just makes my top-heavy body lower downwards even further. Yet I don't mind. The idea of joining my fellows in bestial rutting is all that I can focus on in my drunken, equine stupor.

My shoulders rotate forward suddenly, sliding into my flanks and making me comfortable in my new stance. My ribs are pushing against my chest, expanding with every breath. My skin prickles as every inch becomes covered with that dark equine hide and equally black fur. I end up on the tips of my fingers as my thickening nails hit the floor with an audible thump. But the remaining two digits are more than enough to support my weight as I settle into my new shape.

I feel something sniffing my crotch, and I look down at the long-nosed face of Tim licking at the engorged cock tip hanging near the ground. My wider field of vision allows me to see every inch of his sexy mare form as I feel his rubbery lips on my cock. In seconds he's sucking down my pre, giving me the best head of my life. I have no idea how he's so good at this, and I stamp my hooves in pleasure. I feel a sense of dominance over this man turned mare, that he is mine now, that he needs me to mate him and fill him with a filly. As is my duty as a dominant stallion.

Soon, he stops his oral ministrations and lifts his head, trotting forward and raising his tail to expose his winking sex. The scents wafting into my still-enlarging nostrils are more than I can resist. I rear up on the back of my former best friend-turned mare, whose expansive cunt is eager to take my cock into his newly developed folds. It takes some effort, but I am eventually able to stabilize myself on his back as my hips start guiding my horsecock towards its goal.

“Fuck meeeiiiiggghhh!” He whinnies, his need obvious, even through the increasingly-equine inflections. I can't resist, even if I wanted to. The sound of his voice, combined with the rich smell of mare in heat makes me shove my cock deep inside his moist opening. Despite my inexperience, it takes no effort to find my place inside his throbbing, ready vagina. A few thrusts and I am in position, humping away my remaining humanity.

A sensation in my rear makes me crane my neck in time to see a draft horse sniffing my taut black donut. A passing human thought recognizes the clothing around the horse's neck as the ones that Christina had worn earlier. She is now fully changed, a massive draft stallion desperate for purchase inside my virgin pucker. Though I've never taken anything in my ass before, my clenching equine pucker seems to ache from the prospect.



I lift my tail and reposition my hips to better allow the massive draft to fuck my horsey anus. Hers, now his cock is rubbing all over my taint, oozing thick pre and moistening my opening. I grunt and whinny even as my own cock is forced further into the new mare's vulva. Her tight lips take my horse's penis and make my position steady as Christina shoves his own taut rod deeper into my male tail hole.

I whicker loudly, unused to feeling my asshole filled, much less something the size of a horse's cock! Yet the deeper it is forced forward, the more comfortable I become with its girth inside me. The flared tip starts leaking in my bowels, making me whinny and snort from its warm moist fluid. The tip teases my massive equine prostate, and I can feel the waves of pleasure ebbing into my massive horse cock.

Every thrust of Christina's cock makes me pick up the pace in my mare's cunt, forcing Tim's sex to take my length even deeper. My mind starts to fade under the onslaught of equine pleasures, but I don't care. No human experience could ever compare to this!

Though I am engrossed in my equine mating ritual, the scents of other rutting horses still stick out in my mind. Some of them are breeding females, like me, while other stallions are deep in their male lovers. Even some of the females are nose to vulva, lapping at each other's needy cunt lips. Gender seems to matter little with the desires of my newly-developed horse flesh. Everyone is engaged in carnal acts, and the scents of equine lust in the room only serve to spur my own inevitable end.

The three of us rock back and forth in perfect unison, the stench of my sweaty bodies and massive equine genitals more than enough to secure my release. My thoughts continue to fade under the onslaught of bestial pleasure ebbing from my loins. My massive softball-sized orbs beat against the ones on the male above as my end draws near.

Part of me wants to enjoy the feeling of my bodies rocking together forever, but that part is fading under the primal need to rut and cum in my mate. I feel my orgasm approach like a freight train and can't stop even if I wanted to!

“NnNNNNNNEEEEEIIIGGGHHHHHH!”

“NEEEIIIIIGGGGGHHHHHHH!”

“HHHHEEEEEHHHHHHHAAAWWWWW!”

The sounds of equine release echoed in my ears as my massive cock pumped exuberant quantities of horse cum into my mare's cunt. My entire body shivers in release as I spill my load. The mare's cunt lips grip my cock like a vice as she drinks up every ounce of my virile seed.

The force of my spasming rectal clamps on my lover's cock is enough to bring him as well. I can feel his massive horse cock twitching uncontrollably as a torrent of stallion seed fills my ass. I nicker uncontrollably, loving the feeling of warm seed in my bowels as much as the cum still ebbing from my own horse cock.

Slowly I get down off my mount, my thick jism dripping in thick plops from the mated mare's cunt. All around me, the stench of horse jizz and sweat and vaginal juices fills my nose as my equine frat brothers experience their own equine orgasms.

Yet right now, my mind only focuses on hunger. My massive belly needs to be filled now that my lust is sated. I flick my tail in annoyance as I try to sniff out a meal. But there's nothing to eat among the scents of my mating, sweating herd mates. I dimly recalled a field of lush grass outside but am unsure how to reach it.

My massive ears pick up the sounds of cars outside, and humans talking. I can barely make out the words 'frat' and 'stupid college kids' and 'horse'. Though the words have little meaning to me, I don't seem to mind. The humans are far too small to harm me. I can hear the doors to the building opening, and the scents of sweet grass and hay enter my nose. One of them comes up to me and offers me a sugar cube, and I grasp it in my lips eagerly, desperate for the sugary treat.

I don't even mind when someone puts a bridle over my nose and guides me outside into the cool night air. I am happy to move towards the scent of food. My own musky odor is soon joined by those of my new herd. I feel safe and secure in a way that I have never known as my last human recollections finally fade, and I am led into a trailer to be taken to my new home.