

## Betsy's Farm Days: Stallion Extractor

The dim light of a lantern helped to keep the interior of the rustic barn lit even as the last few rays of sunlight disappeared to give way to night. The flickering flame illuminated the well-worn hay that lined the dirt floor that had been trampled by countless boots and hooves. Stables that used to house all kinds of livestock were currently being used to store pieces of random farming equipment. While there were quite a vast collection of different devices and tools, it was the newest addition that got the brunt of Betsy's attention.

It had taken quite a bit of time and patience, but Betsy had finally gotten her hands on a piece of high quality farm equipment. Brushing back her locks of brown hair to reveal her tanned, freckled face, her eyes gleamed over the metal contraption to take in every detail. The muscular arms she had acquired through hours of farm work had proven invaluable in getting the machine into the barn and modifying it for her needs. Even still, she could feel a slight ache in her toned legs from the sheer effort of moving in and setting up the device known as the Stallion Extractor.

For such an intimidating name, the machine was merely a horse semen collector. Despite its crude purpose, the extractor was a top of the line model that was a hot ticket item amongst breeders. The interior was custom made to be both inviting to any stallion that saw it, alongside having more than enough power to ensure it could outlast the stamina of an entire herd and still have energy to spare. Making her way to the business end of the saddle shaped object, Betsy set her gaze upon the deep hole. Rolling back her sleeve, she reached inside with her arm to feel the various bumps and grooves inside. Satisfied that she was getting her money's worth, she pulled her arm back and got ready to give the Stallion Extractor a test run.

While Betsy didn't have any male horses on standby to put the machine through its paces, what she did have was a vast collection of transformation potions created from her experiences as a shapeshifter. Though she was more than capable of changing her body at will, the particular form she had in mind required absolute control to avoid any unforeseen variables. Even the slightest mistake could lead to her body being twisted into a malformed beast completely unrecognizable from being human. With this danger lingering in her mind, she regardless moved ahead to strip down to her birthday suit.

Holding the clear bottle filled with pink liquid up to the light, Betsy's eyes focused on the swirling black particles that swirled about in the mixture. More worried about the taste than the actual dangers, she took out the cork and put the bottle to her lips. Chugging down the potion before she could have a chance to linger on the potential risks or the taste, she put the empty bottle aside and waited. Upon feeling her body begin to shiver, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath as she let the changes take hold.

The first thing Betsy felt were her pair of ears migrating towards the top of her head and molding into points covered in a thin layer of fur. A similar hide began to spread across her lower half, but never went above her waistline. As the hair reached her feet, they replaced her toes with a set of hooves that clopped around the barn floor. These blind steps let her feel the long hair that made up the newly grown tail that hung right above her butt. While the added features were a promising start for her transformation into a satyr-like horse girl, they were far from her main focus.

It was the emergence of a certain something that finally got Betsy to open her eyes. Momentarily glancing as the brown fur lining her lower half and her tail of chestnut hair, she kept her vision focused on the growing lump right above her womanhood. The growth started out

resembling a typical male penis, developing a shaft and tip to go along with a set of hanging testicles. While this should have sufficed for her usual sessions of self-pleasure, she was aware that she was going to need a little something extra to get the most out of the extractor.

Grasping her cock with one of her hands, she began to gently rub it up and down. The added friction seemed to do the trick in getting her blood flowing to speed up the transformation. As her member continued to grow out, she was forced to use both hands to keep pleasuring her lengthy protrusion. With her cock reaching a sizable two feet in length, she began to slow down to admire the bright pink coloring that formed along the shaft. Momentarily looking back towards her groin, she witnessed a stark contrast between her throbbing member and the black coloring that had taken hold of the penis's base along with the pair of soft-ball sized testicles that hung from below. Only letting go of her cock once it reached the three foot mark, she pulled her hands aside to get a good look. With a flared tip forming at the very end of the newly created penis, she was content in knowing that she had successfully grown an actual horse cock.

Waving about her enormous genitalia, she tried to get a feel for the extra bundle of nerves and sensations that came along with them. Her fingers began to squeeze and grope what she could of the member. Satisfied with the dick's thickness, she moved on to giving her new balls a good squeeze to judge their virility. As she continued to fondle herself, she was more than a little eager to feel the expected rigidness begin to take hold of her cock. Rather than put off the moment for any longer, she decided to give her latest creation a test before unleashing it on the machine.

Keeping a tight grip on her shaft, Betsy proceeded to vigorously rub along its length. Though she was more used to giving rather than receiving a hand job, she still had the knowledge of where and how to squeeze to give her cock the attention it needed. Through her

efforts she managed to force a series of moans from her lips around the time pre-cum began to leak from her lower head. While this should have been more than sufficient to reach her finish, she wanted to get a little creative with her new toy.

Kneeling down on the ground, she hoisted up her girthy cock and pressed it up against her torso. She held onto her member with one hand just long enough for the other to nestle it between her breasts. Pressing her mammaries into her shaft to keep it in place, she began to rub them along the length while trying to focus on the tip. This unorthodox position afforded her a wealth of new pleasure that came with a series of moans that began to sound more horse-like as she continued. Upping her pace once more, she threw herself into the throws of indulgence as she became a slave to her own desires.

With a few more rubs her dick finally let out its first load. Watching the cum shoot out of her tip, she leaned forward in an attempt to swallow it up. Her best efforts still left her lips a little too small to fully engulf the cock's head. However, that was still more than enough to let her receive a generous serving to sample her own flavor.

Swallowing up what she could of the semen's unique taste, Betsy pulled away from her cock and watched as it became rigid again. Slightly astounded at how her member could still be erect after such a vigorous masturbation session, she began to reach out to begin the process again. Before her fingers could so much as graze the shaft, her ears perked up as she recalled why she had modified her body in the first place.

Stumbling to her feet, she began to take cautious steps towards the Stallion Extractor. Walking on hooves was difficult enough, but her meaty cock wasn't making things any easier. Each stomp of her legs waved about the member, sprinkling droplets of leftover cum across the

ground. Her swollen testicles jiggled recklessly against her womanhood with every step, making her chew on her lips as she tried to deal with her rampant desires.

Eventually reaching the machine, Betsy tried to direct her cock towards the appropriate slot. Fumbling about with the unwieldy member, she eventually managed to slide the tip into the opening. Grabbing onto a pair of handles she had installed onto the device herself, she continued to push her cock as deep in as it would go. The various bumps she felt along the way served to further entice her to keep going. With her entire length inside and her balls jostling against the extractor's exterior, she was more than prepared to take the plunge.

Keeping a tight grip on the handles, Betsy turned on the machine and proceeded to viciously thrust in and out of the extractor. Once more the barn became an echo chamber for her equine moans as she gave herself to the pleasure. The constant movement swung about her swollen testicles, hastening her need to find release. Stamping her hooves into the ground, she gave it her all as she vigorously pushed her cock in and out of the opening. With her ears and tail standing on end, she eventually reached her release and filled the extractor with a load of cum.

Slouching against the machine, Betsy took deep breaths to try and regain her strength. These deep inhales let her absorb the lingering scent of lust that was heavy around her. Gradually standing back on her own two hooves, she moved to remove her cock from the extractor. She paused as she felt the machine turn on. The vibrations of the various bumps quickly brought her dick back to full erection again. Gritting her teeth as she reveled in the stamina of her new genitalia, she once more threw herself at the extractor to see just how far she should go.

Betsy's second session with the extractor was even more pleasurable than the last, filling the barn with a loud whinny as she orgasmed. The same could be said for her third and fourth ejaculation, with even more force being applied as she went in for a fifth. With each load of

semen shot out of her horse cock, Betsy's mind devolved into a whirlwind of animalistic lust. Time seemed to fade away as she gave all of her focus to using the extractor to meet the desires of her libido. Human moans became rarer as she continued to indulge herself, eventually becoming a mess of equine neighs and whinnies as she plunged her dick inside of the extractor over and over again. Though it felt as if the pleasure would never end, it was inevitable that Betsy would hit her breaking point.

Just as the sun began to peek through the window of the barn, Betsy gave one last thrust to fill the extractor with a final helping of her seed. Exhausted of every last ounce of strength, she slowly slouched back from the extractor to fall on her bottom. Her cock fell out of the opening with a pop, spilling the latest serving of semen across the ground. Watching a few more droplets dribble out from her tip, she finally took notice of the soreness that had been blocked out by her own indulgence.

Letting out a wide yawn from her night long session of testing out the machine, Betsy stumbled to her feet once more. Making her way over to the extractor, she turned off the power and gave it a soft pat to thank it for its service. Stomping her way over to a soft pile of hay, she flopped forward to be nestled by the makeshift bed. Turning over onto her back, she momentarily looked over at the extractor. Glancing at the leaking cum from the hole and the no doubt overflowing collection pouch, she knew the massive clean up job that awaited her.

Putting off cleaning duty for after she had some time to rest, Betsy got comfortable in the pile of hay. As her eyelids began to close, she let her gaze drift towards her lingering horse cock. After she got some rest, she would take the necessary potion needed to remove both it and her other equine features. Whether or not that would be after another session of using the extractor would be a decision she would make whenever she woke up.