

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)
Part 13: By Any Other Name

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March 31, 2024

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Now, On To The Story

Ally heard the phone pick up on the other end, followed by the voice of a familiar goat. “Hey Ally—what’s up?”

“Well, Marci’s going to be out of town tonight, and I was wondering if, maybe. . .”

“... Maybe I’d like to hang out? Well, I need to run a few errands, but if you want to tag along for those, maybe we could hit the cafe afterward. But, uh, you’re gonna need your own way here.”

Ally felt Marci lean over their shoulder, talking into the phone. “I could drop them off and pick them up, if now works for you. Mostly, I kinda need to get going.”

“Oh, yeah that would work great! Want to drop them off at my apartment building? I can wait outside—it’s a lovely day today! Oh, and hi Marci!” There was a giggle from the other end of the phone.

“Well, we need to get ready, so see you soon.”

“See you soon!”

Marci headed to the bedroom to change—she was going to be doing a checkup for someone who was having changes done, and as a straight male, the patient preferred to only meet with Marci. Not being the jealous type (and having discussed this before starting with this line of work), Ally was perfectly comfortable with the arrangement. Well, except for one thing.

While Ally didn’t like to talk about it, they felt very uncomfortable being alone. Even if someone was just sitting with them reading a book in silence, there was something very comforting about someone else being there. Ally had told Marci about this before, and she always did her best to be accomodating, but sometimes life got in the way. It was something Ally had discovered about themself after their life had changed dramatically a few months ago. Prior to that, it had been a few years since the last time Ally had been fully alone for more than an hour or so at a time. The need to have others always there had slowly built up without the horse noticing.

Their thoughts were interrupted by Marci stepping out of the bedroom. Her shirt and jeans had been replaced by part of a fetishised nurse’s outfit. Ally couldn’t help but chuckle a bit at the sight. “I’ll put the rest on when I get there,” she said with a smirk, “But this was easier than carrying a whole change of clothes separately.”

The two walked out to the truck, and Marci fired it up. It started, reluctantly as always, and before long the pair were rumbling down the road. Trying to talk over the roar was always a lost cause, so Ally just looked out at the scenery. They had never had a driver's license, which was something they had been talking about with Marci recently. The ability to get around on their own was going to be much more important now than it had been before. Ally was in the process of saving up for a car to learn in, since Marci strongly recommended against learning in her truck. It was far too quirky, she had warned.

Ally's first paycheck was sitting in their pocket. They had wanted to give it all to Marci, to begin paying her back for covering their living expenses until now, but she had only let him pay back a small part of it. She had suggested that Ally start to get things for their new life. Maybe a new phone, or owning more than a single set of clothes, for example. Ally briefly wondered what the errands were that Gloria would be doing tonight—maybe they could take care of a couple of those things?

The horse's mind wandered, until they pulled into the parking lot. Sure enough, Gloria was sitting on a bench next to the front door, looking at something in her hand. With a kiss goodbye, Ally stepped out of the truck and Marci drove away.

"Hey, what are you looking at?" Ally asked as they walked over.

"Oh, just this jumping spider," she said, carefully holding it up, "I was sitting here and it just crawled up onto my leg a few minutes ago." Turning to address the spider, she continued, "Okay, little guy, I need to get going. Here, let me put you someplace where you won't get accidentally stepped on..." She lowered her hand toward the ground behind the bench, and with a quick jump, the spider disappeared into some of last year's dried leaves.

"Okay," she said, rising to her hooves, "First things first, I need to stop over at the department store over there to get a new phone charger. I think mine's giving up the ghost."

"Actually, mind if I do a bit of clothes shopping while we're there?"

"Not at all, as long as you model it for me," she replied with a wink. Ally, Marci, Gloria, and Robert had turned into something of a "couple of couples". There was probably a better term for it somewhere, but Ally sure couldn't think of one. Often if one couple was doing something, they would invite the other pair along. And it had been agreed that if *other* things happened between any combination of the four, that was perfectly okay.

The two set off toward the department store down the road from Gloria's apartment. It wasn't a long walk, and the two spent the time talking about how their weeks had gone. Gloria was busy at school, and Ally was doing initial consultations with a patient to have some changes done.

"Man, that sounds so fun, but also kinda scary," Gloria said, "Like I know you've said they vet people first with background checks and stuff, but like, what if they're not happy with the changes? Or if it turns out they're just not into you?"

"Well," Ally replied, "usually by the time it gets to us, if they're not happy with the changes, that has already come up and been dealt with. But as for not

being into me when they've had sexual changes done?" Ally paused to think, "I suppose if it was bad enough, they could be partnered up with someone different. But it sounds like that's almost never an issue. The profiles for partnering people up are very, uh, 'thorough,' if you catch my meaning."

"Might need to have you show me that sometime," Gloria laughed. The pair crossed the road to the store and stepped inside. Ally hadn't been inside this one before, so they started looking at the banners above the different sections of the store.

"Well, what I need is over in Electronics," the goat said, "Um, what kind of clothes are you looking for? I think I've only ever seen you in men's clothing?"

"I, uh, think I'll stick with that for now..." The horse trailed off, suddenly lost in thought. "O-on the other hand? If I'm starting a whole new life, maybe I'll change it up a little."

Ally felt Gloria's hand wrap around theirs. "You're kinda rebuilding your whole identity, Ally. You don't have to be shy while you're figuring out who you are inside." Her voice dropped in volume, "Besides, I'd never say no to seeing a sexy horse in a skirt!"

Ally let out a nervous chuckle. Still, Gloria's reassurance was comforting. Ally had been surprised to find that the biggest struggle seemed to have happened after things started to settle down. Everything during the transition had felt like a blur, as they were just trying to find a new living situation. But now that it happened and they were trying to settle in, Ally started to struggle with big questions in their life. Questions like "Who *am* I?"

Before, the horse had always kind of been whoever their ex-domme had wanted them to be. They were starting to try to find their own way now.

Gloria led them over to the women's section. "Okay, what are we thinking? I probably *should* mention that the way women's pants are cut, there's no way certain things of yours would fit comfortably into them. So on the bottom you would need either a skirt or a dress."

Ally browsed around, feeling a bit self-conscious. They had never really seen themselves as male or female, so much as they had identified as an object. In hindsight, that's probably what the domme at the underground club had originally been attracted by, when she struck up a conversation with the shy horse.

Putting that thought out of their mind, Ally continued to look around. As they browsed, they heard an unfamiliar voice from behind, asking, "Hello, can I help you ladies find something?" Ally turned, surprised, but the badger lady standing there didn't seem uncomfortable with the bulge visible in the front of Ally's pants. Indeed, she gave the horse a knowing smile and asked, "First time? There's no need to be shy, you know. If I may make a suggestion?"

After a moment of stunned silence, Ally replied, "S-sure."

"So, your fur is solid white, so I would recommend neutral colors. If you want something eye-catching, a solid black would definitely stand out. But if you're new to this and not looking to draw much attention, a warm gray would work nicely."

“Thanks!” Gloria said, “I’m here helping out my friend, but my fashion taste ends at ‘band t-shirt and jeans’ so I’m not much help on that side.” The goat girl gestured down at her current outfit, which matched her description perfectly.

“Happy to help! I’ll be restocking the rack over there, if there’s anything else I can help you with.” The badger walked away, leaving the pair to themselves.

“She’s always so nice,” Gloria told Ally, “She’s been working here since they opened, I think.”

After a bit more looking, Ally found a few that stood out to them. Picking them up, they glanced around the room.

“Oh, the dressing rooms are in the corner over here.” She led Ally over to them, and Ally stepped into one. As the door closed behind them, Ally exhaled a sigh of relief. They didn’t know why they were so nervous, but the horse supposed it was because this was all new to them.

Setting the skirts down on the bench, Ally pulled their borrowed, worn-out shorts off. “Oh...crap...” they quietly muttered. They didn’t actually own any underwear, at this point, and had gotten so used to not having any that they hadn’t considered it when going clothes shopping.

They looked back at the door to the dressing room. On one hand, they could go out and quietly explain the problem to Gloria. But if that badger saw them come out without trying anything on, she’d probably question it. On the other hand, they could wear them and hope for the best. *But on the third hand... Yeah, that should work!*

Ally looked at the four skirts they had brought in, picking out the one they liked the look of best. Since they were all the same size, if one fit comfortably, then the others should too. They were glad clothing sizes had changed completely after World Change. Concepts like “small” or “extra-large” no longer made sense when a mouse’s 2XL would have been a medium for an average dog. And different body types meant that “size 12” was equally meaningless. After all, a bear and a horse could be the same overall size, but the proportions would be completely different. Nowadays, everything was sized in inches.

Ally pulled up a light-gray skirt. It was a fairly wide, loose style, since the horse wasn’t sure they would be able to walk easily in something more form-fitting. After buttoning it up, they checked themselves out in the mirror. Ally had to admit, it *did* look nice. Maybe Gloria was onto something with the whole skirt thing...

They hesitated for a moment as they reached for the door. *Here goes nothing*, Ally said to herself as they opened it and stepped out. The horse was relieved to see only Gloria standing near the fitting rooms, and she gave them a warm smile as she turned and saw them. Walking over, she said, “Wow, you look really cute in that! How do you feel?”

“I... kind of a lot of things. But I kinda like it, I think?”

Ally felt Gloria wrap her arms around them for a quick hug. “See? Nothing to be scared of!”

“But like, what if people see me like this?”

The goat girl took a step back, and Ally could feel her sizing them up. “Well, the skirt hides things down below, so they’d probably just see you as a flat-chested girl like me.”

Ally nodded. “I, uh, I think I want to get all of them.”

“Yeah—you look awesome wearing one! Wanna look for other stuff too?”

“Um, I think I’ll just stick with this for today. It kinda feels like a big thing already, you know?”

“Yup, I get it. Well, why don’t you go ahead and change back, and then I’ll grab my cable and we can head to our next stop. I just needed to hit one more store after this, over by the cafe.” She gave the horse an understanding smile, “Don’t worry, I’ll wait here for you.”

“Thanks. I know it sounds silly, but that really means a lot to me.”

“Of course! Gotta take care of my horse friend, you know?”

Ally went back to the dressing room and quickly took off their skirt. They couldn’t help noticing that they had slid an inch or so out of their sheath, and a big, shiny drop of pre-cum was growing at the end of it. They could definitely see how stretched their asshole had gotten lately, forming more of a small slit than the tiny hole it had been before. Not being able to help themselves, Ally scooped it up with a fingertip and took a taste.

Thinking back to some of the things Clara had them do, Ally wondered if they might have a bit of an exhibitionist streak. After all, the horse had discovered they loved showing off to people they knew.

Quickly putting their shorts back on, Ally grabbed the skirts and stepped back out. “Alright, I think I’ll be getting all of these, then,” they said to Gloria.

“Great! Here, what I need to get is over this way.” The two went over to Electronics, and Gloria quickly picked out a new phone charger. Ally looked around a bit, but figured they would deal with getting a phone plan another time.

As the pair walked toward the checkout line, Ally felt the blood rush to their cheeks. What would the cashier think when Ally put what they were buying up on the counter? Noticing their worry, Gloria quietly said, “Hey, it’s okay. Nobody here is going to judge you. Maybe they would have a decade ago, but I’ve been learning myself just how much the world has changed since then. There are occasional people that may give you crap about it, but most are perfectly okay.”

Gloria pointed toward the huge nipples that were clearly visible through her shirt, “Like have you heard a single person mention these today? It’s just how I’m built, and most people recognize that. The ones who matter do, anyway.” Ally thought they heard just a little bitterness in that last part, but they might have just imagined it.

“Y-yeah. It’s just that my ex kinda drilled in that it was a bad thing to do.”

“Well, *this* particular goat thinks that if it makes you feel good, then it’s a *great* thing to do.”

“Yeah, you’re right. Okay, wish me luck!”

With a giggle, Gloria replied, “You’ll be just fine, but good luck anyway!”

Ally walked up to the counter, where a male tiger was working. “Hello there, did you find everything okay today?”

“Oh, yes—thank you!” Ally heard the register beep as, one by one, their items were scanned and bagged up. Ally uneventfully paid, got their change back, were wished a great rest of the day, and stepped away for Gloria to take their place at the counter.

Two minutes later, the horse and goat were walking out of the store. “Okay, you were right, that wasn’t a big deal.”

“See? Nothing to worry about! You know... I do have an idea, if you want to be a brave horsey.”

“Oh? What’s that?”

“Well, the other place we’re going is the opposite direction, so we’ll be going past my apartment. Want to wear one of those for the rest of the day?”

“Oh! Um, I kinda, uh, don’t have any underwear. Like, I don’t own any. Which is why I only tried on the one...” Ally stammered.

“Ah, okay,” Gloria said, sizing up the horse, “I don’t think I can really help you there, myself. On the other hand...” She pointed over to the porn shop across the street, “If you’re looking for something a bit fetish-y, we could probably get you something over there.”

Ally started to shake their head no, but a sudden tightness below the waist made them rethink a bit. “You think it would be okay?”

“Oh, definitely. Believe me, you wouldn’t be the first I’ve seen there in your situation. And I’ve kinda gotten to know their daytime employee.”

“Okay, I’ll give it a try.”

“Cool!”

A few minutes later, they walked into the porn store. There was a raccoon behind the counter, but otherwise the store seemed empty. “Oh, hey there Gloria! Brought a friend, today?”

“Yup!” she said, “And we actually need to pick something up for them.”

“Dare I ask?” he replied with an exaggerated wink.

“I... uh, need some p... pan...”

“Looking for panties that can accomodate something extra up front?”

Ally nodded, feeling themselves start to slide out of their sheath again.

“Okay, what you’ll be looking for is in the corner over there.”

“T-thanks!” Ally quickly walked to the corner, as Gloria stayed and started to talk with the raccoon. It was easy to find a pair that was the right measurement for the rest of their body, but the horse needed to find something generous enough in front to fit them, especially when unsheathed. They weren’t having much luck.

After a few minutes, they heard Gloria softly ask beside them, “Any luck?”

Ally shook their head, “Nothing, uh, big enough in certain ways.”

With a giggle, she quietly added, “Nothing that can handle your massive horse schlong, you mean.”

“Uh, yeah—that,” Ally chuckled.

“Well, it was worth a try.” The two of them started to walk back up to the front.

“Were you able to find what you were looking for?”

“Nah,” Gloria said, “They need something bigger in front.”

“Oh? Some of those are pretty generous.”

Ally saw Gloria turn to them. “Wanna show him the problem? He won’t mind, believe me.”

The horse unzipped their shorts and pulled them down a little, and the raccoon’s jaw dropped. “Oh. Uh, yeah, we would need to special order something like that.” Glancing toward Gloria before his eyes went back to Ally, he asked, “How does that even fit in you?”

Ally answered, “Oh, I’m just a bottom. It doesn’t even get hard.” They were surprised to find themselves not embarrassed talking about that, especially after how shy they were about just wearing a skirt.

“Huh. . . Well, if you can get me the measurements you need, I can special order one for you.” With a laugh, he added, “And if I didn’t have a boyfriend, I’d also ask what you were doing Saturday night.”

Ally gave him the size information, and the raccoon told them he would place the order today since he needed to put one in anyway. Just as they were about to leave, Gloria asked, “Hey, uh, do you have a place where my friend here could change quick?” She gestured at the shopping bag the horse was carrying.

“Officially? No, but if you go down to the very end of aisle five, there aren’t any cameras that point there. Just be quick, in case another customer walks in.”

“Thanks!” Ally quickly walked over there and began to change. Being a bit curious, they glanced at the shelves next to them as they pulled their pants off. They were labelled with things like “Feral”, “Incest”, and similar. Pulling their skirt up, they glanced up at the sign on the wall that labelled this section as “Taboo”. The horse supposed it made sense that they might not have a camera here, especially since they seemed to be going for the feel of a friendly neighborhood store.

They stuffed their shorts into the shopping bag and walked back to the front. Gloria said to the raccoon, “See? I told you they looked great in one.”

Ally gave a sheepish grin, then did a slow turn to let them see from all angles. While they felt very shy about what they were doing, they did have to admit to themselves that it was rather exciting.

“Good thing my boyfriend isn’t here to see this—I’d be a little jealous,” the raccoon laughed. “So, uh, what should I call you? I’m guessing not ‘he’, but it sounds like you prefer ‘they’ more than ‘she’?”

“Oh, um, yeah normally I go as a ‘they’. But I’m not the type to get offended either way.”

“Ah, interesting. So, nonbinary?” he asked, quickly adding, “Only if you don’t mind me asking, of course.”

“Well, more like, uh, ‘identifies as an object’, if you know what I mean.”

“Oh? Okay, that’s kind of a new one for me. What does that mean, exactly?”

Ally glanced toward the door, but the raccoon said, “Oh, it’s 2:00 on a Wednesday. Hardly anybody comes in this time of day. Honestly, you two saved me from another few hours of boredom.”

“Alright. So here’s the thing. I’m a horse, who has a bit of a subby streak. Male, female, doesn’t matter. Actually, basically nothing matters about who they are—I’m more than happy to please anybody, whether or not they want to do anything for me in return. I guess somewhere along the way, I started to see myself less as a person, and more as a toy? I’m sure that probably doesn’t make any sense, but at that point in my life, my entire life pretty much revolved around being loaned out to people.”

The raccoon nodded, “Actually, I think I understand better than you’d expect. Not me, but like I know quite a few people who are like that. There’s...uh...” the raccoon hesitated for a bit before continuing, “There’s quite a bit of an underground scene for things outside of town here. Like that’s where the weird stuff happens. But you’ve gotta know somebody to get an invite, you know?”

“Don’t worry,” Gloria said, “we wouldn’t put you on the spot like that.”

Ally chuckled, asking the raccoon, “Do the names Olaf, Teresa, and Greg happen to ring a bell?”

His eyes widened slightly, “Ah, already know about it?”

“Yeah. I used to be brown, and I always showed up with a doberman lady.”

“Wait... Are you... Crap, what was it? Ally?”

“I am, yeah.”

“Oh, shit! When you disappeared all of a sudden, I wondered what happened!”

“Yeah, uh, she dumped me. There was a lot going on behind the scenes, there.”

“Apperently! So where are you staying? I know you were living at her place before.”

“Actually, I have a girlfriend now, and I’m living with her. She’s really awesome, but she’s really shy about stuff. I can’t imagine her coming out to a meetup or anything like that.”

“Ah, okay. How about you, though? Will you be coming back out someday?”

“To be honest with you? I don’t really know. It was a lot of fun, and I’d love to, but not if there’s gonna be any bad blood between me and others.”

“Nah, none that I know of. Honestly, your ex stopped showing up not long after you. It seemed like she was waiting on the sidelines. Talked mostly to first-timers or ones who just wanted to watch. Actually, wasn’t that how she met you?”

“Yeah, I was one of the first-timers.”

“Crap, sorry—don’t mean to dig up bad memories!”

“It’s alright, actually. I’ve moved on, and you know? I’m really liking my new life.”

“That’s awesome. But if there were parts of your old life you liked, don’t think you need to walk away from *everything*.”

“Thanks. I might come back out sometime, but I’m kinda shy about going just by myself.”

The raccoon gave an exaggerated glance in Gloria’s direction, before looking back up at Ally. “Huh, if only you knew someone else who was into freaky

things. That seems like it would solve the whole problem, wouldn't it?"

With a grin, Gloria reached over and pulled a tag off of Ally's skirt before tossing the tag into her mouth.

"I hear there's a goat girl around here somewhere who enjoys a good time. Maybe try keeping an eye out to see if you can find her?"

"Okay, okay, I get it," Ally laughed.

"Just had to mess with ya," he replied.

After saying their goodbyes, Gloria and Ally stepped outside. After the fairly dim light in the porn shop, they needed to shield their eyes from the Sun until they adjusted. It was a beautiful day, with a mix of bright sunlight and big, puffy clouds.

"So, still worried someone will see you?"

"Being honest? Yeah, a little."

"Well, we can walk back to my place. If you want to change back when we get there, we might as well drop off our bags anyway."

As they walked, Ally felt the draft under their skirt. The horse had to admit to herself that the breeze over their large balls felt nice. *What am I so nervous about?* Ally thought to herself, *Nobody here knows me, besides people who wouldn't mind. Or, uh, I think Gloria gets turned on by it. And nobody can see that I'm not wearing anything underneath.*

Their thoughts were interrupted by a quiet, "Um, you dripped a bit on the ground, horsey. Thinking about something naughty?"

"Well...I..."

The two waited at a crosswalk, as a few cars beside them waited for a green light. With a mischievous grin, Gloria quietly continued, "Thinking about how nobody here has any idea that there's only a single skirt between them and that gorgeous dick of yours? Or that delicious, yummy butthole?"

Ally let out a soft moan, glancing around in case anyone had heard.

"Nah, we've got the whole sidewalk to ourselves. Nobody in those cars can hear us over the engines, music, and all that. Of course, they would *definitely* notice if I leaned you up against the stoplight, ducked under your skirt, and started slurping away. But we can talk and think about that aaallllll we want, and none of them will ever know, you drippy horse." Ally felt another large drip of pre-cum fall to the ground.

Almost too soon, the light turned green for the cars to go. As the crosswalk light changed, they continued on themselves. "And don't even get me started about how easy it would be to..." Gloria trailed off, giving Ally's hand a squeeze. A mink girl had just stepped out of the store they were passing, coming out to the sidewalk.

"Oh, hey Gloria. Nice day, isn't it?" The newcomer apparently knew her.

"Yup! Just out running some errands."

"So, who's the new girl?" *New girl? Huh... Maybe I really can pull this look off.*

"Oh, this is my friend Ally. I'm just showing her around town."

"Hey, nice to meet you Ally! I'm in the apartment next to Gloria's. I think I mistook you for someone else, at first." Turning to Gloria, she asked, "Who

was that other white horse, a couple weeks ago? They seemed pretty cool.”

“Oh! Um. . .” Gloria clearly wasn’t prepared for that.

Bracing herself, the horse replied, “Um, that was Ally too. . .”

“Okay, that’s pretty hot,” the mink said, looking Ally up and down before turning back to Gloria, “Oh! I managed to get tickets to the show next Saturday! You still wanted to go, right?”

“You did?! Awesome! Yeah, I’ll definitely be there!”

“Cool, I’ve got them back at my apartment, if you want to stop by when you get back. Just had to do a quick vodka run, then stopping by a friend’s place quick—should be back in about half an hour.” The mink turned to Ally and held out her hand. “I’m Erica, by the way. Nice to meetcha!”

Ally took her small hand and gave it a shake, “Likewise!”

As Erica walked away, Gloria gave a small giggle. “Good thing she didn’t look down, eh?”

Looking down, a small puddle had started to form below where Ally was standing. “Oh, um. . .”

Taking the horse by the hand, Gloria started walking. “In two minutes, we’ll be gone and it will have dried anyway. See? Nothing to worry about!”

“How. . . how are you so calm about all of this?”

“Uh, let’s just say I’ve always had a lot of fantasies. And also, people actually notice less about you than you might think. Even when Erica was checking you out, her eyes stopped at the bottom of your skirt. It’s not like she was *looking* for a puddle of horse juice dripping onto the ground, you know.”

Ally gave her a smile. As much as she seemed to enjoy teasing them and pushing the horse out of their comfort zone, she was always quick to comfort them or to let them know they had nothing to worry about. As much as they enjoyed the things they did with Clara, even the elephant woman never came across the same way. After their time together at the holiday party, Marci had said the same about Gloria. She was a very special lady.

“Okay, so we’re going past the apartment next, to drop stuff off. Think you want to change, or no?”

“I, uh, think I’ll stick with the skirt.”

“Cool! Oh, uh, sorry for calling you a girl earlier. I was just trying to think on the spot, and—”

“Oh, it’s okay!” Ally reassured the goat, “Actually, uh, that might have been part of why there was, um. . .”

“Part of why you left a puddle back there?”

“Y-yeah. . .”

“One moment, let’s get in quick. I’m guessing you don’t want to have this conversation as we’re walking down the halls.” The pair made their way to Gloria’s familiar apartment, and the door closed behind them.

Standing in front of Ally, Gloria took one of their hands in between both of hers. “Now Ally, I’m more than happy to call you anything you like. ‘Them’, ‘her’, ‘him’, anything at all. Do you want to sit and talk about it together? I could make you some tea, if you like.”

“But don’t you need to—”

“Nah, I can run my other errand tomorrow. Besides, that one may end up taking a little while anyway, depending on if I need to fill any forms out or anything.”

“Oh?”

“Yup!” Gloria said proudly, “I’m signing up to learn how to ride a bicycle! I never got to learn when I was a kid, so now I’m gonna learn! Also, it will make not having a car a whole lot easier.”

“Congrats! Uh, in that case, if you don’t mind. . .?”

“Sure!” She opened one of her cupboards, which was packed with about a dozen different kinds of tea, “Which one would you like?” She pulled out an Earl Grey for herself.

“Um, this lemon one sounds good.”

“Yeah, that’s a great one for nice days like today,” she took two packets out of the box, “I’m just in an Earl Grey mood, myself. There’s an old pre-World-Change TV show I used to watch recordings of with Mist—my dad. It was about spaceships, and the captain loved Earl Grey. So I kinda started liking it myself.”

As she filled her teapot and put it on the stove, she pulled out a pair of differently-sized mugs. Ally wondered if she had gotten the larger one after starting to date Robert.

“So yeah, I’m happy to call you ‘Mister Ally’, ‘Miss Ally’, ‘Ally the Toy’, anything you like. Because at the end of the day, no matter what I call you, you’re still ‘Ally’. And that’s the most important part! I know it’s a big question, though.”

“Well,” Ally started, “it’s kinda strange. Like I don’t really think of myself as one or the other. ‘Ally the Toy’ is probably the closest to how I actually see myself. But something about you and your friend treating me as a girl earlier struck a chord with me, and I’m not sure I can really explain why.”

Gloria listened in silence, but she reached over and rubbed the horse’s arm as she waited for them to continue.

“I think. . . Okay, so I guess I kinda accidentally gave some of my backstory away when we were at the shop. . .”

“If you want that to stay a secret, then I heard nothing at all.”

“Actually, I think that might be where some of this kinda came from. The hesitation, I mean. Okay, so I’ve told you the stuff about how Robert and I kinda got broken up by my parents?”

“Yeah, you have.”

“That was a very hard time for me. Like, anytime I felt like I was starting to find out who I was inside, I’d be told that was bad, or that it was only a phase. And after it happened time and time again, I started to reach a point where I didn’t really *know* who I was inside.”

“Oh, Ally. . .” Gloria gave the horse’s arm a squeeze, “I’m so, so sorry you had to go through that. It’s sorta like my family when I became a goat. But you’re safe here. Nobody here thinks you’re bad, or that anything about you is ‘just a phase’. You’re an awesome horse, you know that?” Ally shuddered a

bit, but nodded. “Okay, the water’s starting to boil, so I’m gonna pour your tea now. Then we can sit down and talk more.”

She walked over and dropped the teabags into the mugs, one into hers and two into Ally’s, followed by pouring the boiling water over both to fill them. She then came back, handing Ally’s to them before the pair took a seat at her table.

“Okay, so after that, I sorta. . . fell in with a certain crowd. One day, one of them handed me a note with an address on it, and a password to give at the door. He had just told me to show up there that evening. I didn’t really know what I was getting into, but he and I had, uh, played together a few times, so I figured I’d go. I arrived, and it was. . . Okay, so there are BDSM parties, right? I’d been to a couple of those. This, uh, went further than most, we’ll say. Like the ‘restroom’ was a big hippo guy with a funnel in his mouth, to give you an idea.”

Gloria nodded, blowing on her tea to cool it down a little.

“Well, I was just kinda watching. I was kind of in a mix of shock, shyness, and desperately wanting to join in with some of the things I was seeing. This doberman lady walked over and started talking to me. She seemed really nice, and began explaining a lot of what I was seeing. Well, we got to talking, and by the end of that night, she literally led me out to her car on a leash. I know that’s really fast, but there was just something about her, and my guard was down, you know?”

“I’m not gonna judge you, Ally. You don’t need to justify yourself to me.” She put her hand on theirs.

“Well, she was my domme for a few years, until, well, you were there for the aftermath.” Ally felt their hands shaking slightly, the intensity of old emotions flaring up. But Gloria’s hand didn’t leave theirs.

“But for those years, I could be anyone. If someone wanted to take a big horse cock? That was me that night. If someone wanted to dress me up and call me by their first girlfriend’s name? Well, I guess I was going to be Jennifer for the night. You get the idea.” Gloria nodded, and Ally continued, “It’s like I went from not knowing what my own identity was, straight to having a different one nearly every night. It was a rollercoaster, but having someone to *be* every night, even if it was just a role to take on, was just. . .” The horse trailed off, a couple of tears running down their cheeks.

“May I?” Gloria softly asked. Ally nodded. “Even if you weren’t getting to be *you*, you liked that you were getting to be *someone*. You’d always been told that the identity you tried to form was bad, so not hearing that was a whole new world for you. Am I right, so far?” Ally nodded again, eyes clenched tightly shut. “Actually. . . The changes you had done. That was a bit of the real you coming out, wasn’t it?” Ally nodded once more. “Yeah. At the time, I knew it was a bad idea, but—” They were interrupted by a finger on their lips.

“Sorry, but I needed to interrupt just for a sec. Being you was *not* a bad idea. You can continue, though, okay? Sorry, just had to say that quick first.”

“T-thanks. Well, uh, she really, really didn’t like that. Because all of a sudden, I wasn’t really as, uh, versatile anymore. She was making pretty good

money off of me, you see, and that meant she was making less, because anything that involved me topping wouldn't really work anymore. So, I guess that kinda gets you up to speed."

"Well, let's figure out who the real Ally is, then! In the end, you're the only one who can answer that, but that doesn't mean I can't help you find out what the answer is, you know?"

Ally nodded. They still felt shakey, but the tears had stopped.

"Maybe a good place to start is to think about the parts we *do* know. So, you had those changes made. Do you feel more like 'you' after getting them?"

"You mean, do I like my new body better than the old one?"

"Sort of. There's more I'm getting at, but we can start with that."

"I do. Like, one thing I do know about the real me is that my libido is, uh, significantly higher than normal. Always has been, actually. So exaggerating my, uh, equipment like this kinda feels like the inside matching the outside." Ally paused for a moment, "Wait, was that the question you were actually asking?"

"It was, and you answered it," the goat girl said with a smile, "Okay, so Ally likes a lot of sex. Now, you chose to be really, really big, even knowing it wouldn't be able to get hard anymore. That's not something a lot of people would have done. Why do you think Ally did it?"

Ally thought for a moment. "Well, I've always really loved to please others. I think that's probably why I always liked bottoming more than topping. And I felt like the softness just emphasizes that I am here for their pleasure more than my own."

"Okay, I could certainly see the symbolism there," Gloria replied, "Though that does make me wonder why Ally would want it to drip and dribble *so* much, let alone how much there is when cumming."

"Oh, part of that is the idea of my partner knowing how much I love what they're doing to me. Whether or not they're there for my pleasure, *most* people find it comforting to know that their partner is enjoying it too."

"Aaand the other part?"

"I, uh, really love the idea of being something of a cum-machine."

"Ooh! Okay, so we're starting to narrow it down quite a bit here. So, Ally loves the idea of just kinda being an object that pumps out cum in industrial-scale quantities." Gloria gave them a wink.

Ally nodded, waiting for the next question.

"Now, again talking about Ally's massive, dribbling horse cock. . . Ally could have gone with an equally messy pussy, instead. Why do you think they decided to have a dick?"

Ally sat and thought for a moment. It was something they hadn't actually thought about before, even when the changes were being made. "Take all the time you need," Gloria said, adding with a smirk, "Ally's identity has been a mystery for a long time. We're not gonna crack that case easily."

"You know? When I was having the changes made, somehow I never actually thought about changing that. Like I didn't really consciously decide to keep having a dick. I knew that was something that could be changed, but. . . huh. . ."

“Do you think Ally chose it?”

“I... don't think it occurred to Ally at all.” Ally fell silent for a moment, their mind starting to wander. *Miss Ally? I mean, when I've been around Three, I guess I did always get this kinda weird feeling when seeing between her legs. Like not horny-okay, also horny—but... was it maybe envy? What would Marci think, though! I mean, I couldn't!... Could I?* Suddenly, Ally looked back up at Gloria, realizing they had been sitting in silence.

“It's okay, Ally. I just asked you a really, really big question. I know it's gonna need a lot of thought. Why don't you take a sip of your tea? It's cool enough to drink, now.” Ally took a sip, enjoying the crisp lemon flavor contrasting with the savory tea.

After taking another several seconds to collect their thoughts so far, Ally replied, “I'm kind of torn...” The horse explained the feelings they had when they were around Three, as well as around some others their former domme had loaned them out to—dots the horse hadn't really thought to try connecting before. “But like, how would I explain any of this to Marci? I mean, I got her pregnant just a few months ago!”

“I think Marci would understand just fine. Like I've been getting to know her, and I really think what she wants most is for you to be happy.” With a giggle, she added, “Besides, I think Marci's been coming around on being with girls. But I know I've just given you a lot to think about. So, wanna come with me to get my ticket from Erica? I think I heard her door a bit ago.”

“Sure, that would be nice,” Ally said, with a mix of relief and sadness at the pause in the horse's journey of self-discovery. The pair finished their mugs of tea, and as Gloria took the teabags and gulped them down one by one, Ally asked, “Hey, uh, Gloria?”

“Hmm?”

“Could you, uh, not tell her to call me ‘they’?”

“Absolutely. Buuut if she's calling you ‘she’, and I'm calling you ‘they’, it could get a little confusing. Would you like me to call you ‘she’ over there, too?”

“S-sure!” Ally stammered. Gloria stepped around the table as the horse stood up, and Ally felt the goat's warm embrace.

“You make a really great mare, Ally. Maybe think of this as ‘trying it out’?”

Ally scooped up Gloria, the goat letting out a surprised bleat as Ally wrapped her up in a tight hug. “I swear, you're the best friend I've ever had...”

“Aww, thanks! And you know, depending on how you feel when we get back, I have some ideas to maybe help find out more about who the real Ally is.”

The two stepped out of the apartment, walking down to Erica's next door. Gloria hit the buzzer and announced, “Hey Erica, it's Gloria and Ally.” The door opened, and the pair were greeted by the mink.

“Hey, good to see you two! Here, let me grab your ticket quick. It came to thirty-seven, by the way!” Gloria pulled the money out of her pocket as Erica came back, and the exchange was made. “So, what are you two up to, tonight?”

“Well, we're not sure,” Gloria said, “might have some fun together after this.”

“Fun, huh? Aaand what kind of fun might you be talking about?” The mink was talking to Gloria, but her eyes were firmly focused on Ally.

“Oh, just the kind of fun my boyfriend and her girlfriend are both okay with.”

“Oh,” Erica’s ears drooped, but after a moment, she looked over at the goat, “Wait, but you’re in an op—”

“Yup.”

She turned back to Ally, “But you’re—”

“Uh, my girlfriend is with someone else as we speak.”

“Damn, I’m just stuck here with a vibe tonight. . . .”

Ally and Gloria exchanged a quick glance, before Gloria replied, “I mean, you don’t *have* to be all alone tonight. But, uh, Ally and I would probably have to keep things on the tame side.”

Erica laughed, “And here I was just thinking I’d be holding back for *you*. Always took you for a softie marshmallow.”

“Nah, I’m just quieter about it than you are,” Gloria teased.

“So, uh, if I *didn’t* want to be all alone with a vibe tonight. . . . My place or yours?”

“My bed would be a very tight fit for three, but it sounds like you’ve got a bigger one?”

“I do! Let me introduce you to Casa de Erica! Right this way.” The two followed the mink as she walked over and opened a door, leading to a dark bedroom. As she turned on the lights, Ally saw a large bed surrounded with rings to use as tie-down points, along with a very large wooden box labelled “Toy Chest”. “Ta-daaa!” she said, gesturing into the room. As the pair entered, the mink closed the door behind them. “So. . . shall we get undressed?”

“Actually, I have an idea,” Gloria interjected, “Why doesn’t Ally, here, keep her skirt on? A naked mink, a naked goat, and a topless mare?”

“Fine by me!” Erica licked her lips. “In fact, since after you and I break the ice tonight, we’re just one room apart, why don’t we make Ally the star of the show?”

“Sounds good to me, Ally. What do you think?”

Ally just nodded, head still spinning from being talked to as a mare.

“Alright, why don’t you take off this shirt and climb into bed? You’re, uh, kinda too tall for me to really do much when standing.”

Ally climbed into the spacious bed, pulling her shirt off before lying down in the middle of it. Erica walked up and climbed into bed beside the horse. “Mmm, I love flat girls like you.” Undoing her pants and starting to pull them down, she winked and said, “Hope ya don’t mind piercings.” As she slid them off and spread her legs to give Ally a better view, the horse couldn’t help letting out a small gasp. There was a large ring though the mink’s clit, a row of small studs down each of her pussy’s inner lips, and a low of larger studs down each of the outer ones.

Without a word, Ally reached toward the mink and ran her tongue along the full length of Erica’s pussy. The mink let out a small gasp, before Ally felt a hand on her mane. “Good girl. Do you want to lick me out, hmm?” Ally

nodded, but Erica moved away, “Not yet, but you’ll get your chance. For now, I wanna show you the rest!” Ally watched as Erica pulled off her shirt and bra, and Ally wasn’t surprised to see that the mink’s nipples were pierced to match. Do you liiike?” Ally just let out a moan.

Ally heard Gloria stepping out of her pants, seeing out of the corner of her eye as the goat girl took off her shirt too. “Very nice!” they heard Erica say as the mink took in the view.

Gloria climbed into the bed, opposite Erica. “Wanna know something else she likes?” the goat girl said, pointing down at Ally. She then tapped on Ally’s lip, and the horse opened her mouth. As Gloria positioned herself above Ally, a long string of spit dripped down onto the mare’s tongue, which she eagerly swallowed. “She was making out with a cow friend of ours, and she kinda discovered she has a thing for spit. And very, very sloppy kisses.”

Ally looked over at Erica and opened her mouth again, hopeful the mink would take the hint. Sure enough, a moment later Erica leaned over. Unlike Gloria, Erica loudly built up a lot of saliva, then unceremoniously spat it into Ally’s mouth. As the horse swallowed, Ally felt precum dribbling beneath her skirt. It was a combination of what the two were doing and how Gloria was talking about it that excited her.

Above Ally, each of the two leaned in for a kiss, and Ally felt their fingers and hands running over both of her nipples as they did. It started with a mutual, light peck on the lips. Then, tongues started to get involved and the sounds from above became more wet. The two broke the kiss, and one after the other spat out a mouthfull of their mixed saliva into the excited mare’s mouth. As before, Ally eagerly swallowed.

“Mmm, seems like Ally’s not the only one who likes sloppy ones,” Gloria teased.

Erica looked down at Gloria’s big nipples and let out a breathless, “Uhhuh. . . God, I wanna suck those right now.”

Gloria chuckled, thrusting her chest at the mink over Ally. “If you want me, then take me. Don’t be shy!” The mink opened wide, taking one of the goat girl’s nipples into her mouth. A moment later, Gloria trembled slightly and moaned, “Yeah, you can bite ’em. Punish me for being a dry dairy goat!”

The mink suddenly pulled away, looking at Gloria in surprise. “Oh, uh, sorry. That just kinda slipped out.”

“No, it’s just that I never took you for the subby type. Or, uh, the type who was into this kind of stuff at all.” The mink had climbed out of bed and walked over to the large wooden box. Opening the lid, she pulled out two long strings of clothespins, each tied together with a thin rope. Without a word, she climbed into the bed next to Gloria. With a wink, the goat girl leaned back onto her hands and arched her back.

As Ally watched, the mink clipped the clothespins to one of Gloria’s huge nipples. Not across the top of them, but around them in almost a spiral, clipping them to pinch the skin of her areola, then working her way up and around it. Each one looked like it was pinching the skin painfully, but Gloria’s whimpers were easily recognizable as pleasure rather than pain. Or at least, a mix of both.

She then repeated the process on Gloria's other nipple, with the goat going her best to sit still despite her excitement. Ally had to admit she was enjoying the show, as she couldn't deny the drops gathering on her thigh under her skirt.

Once Erica had finished, Gloria sat back up. "What do you think, Ally? Is it a good look for me?"

"Y-yeah!"

Erica gave the goat a toothy grin, "I can't decide whether to punish you or eat you out."

"Got a bit of a surprise for you there," Gloria chuckled, "I'm an anal-only girl, you know."

Erica shuddered slightly, "A-anal-only?"

"Yeah. Sounds like you like that too?"

"O-only giving, but I sooo love giving a butt-slut what she deserves. . ."

"Mmm, so a subby girl bending over and taking it up her ass turns you on, huh?"

"Uh-huh. . ."

From below, Ally had to admit to herself that she was enjoying the conversation. Gloria slid down between the mare's legs on the bed. "Though I'm even dirtier than an ass-slut. Why don't you come down here and watch this?"

The mink slid down and laid next to Ally, looking up her skirt. "Oh wow, she's hu—uh, hot! And—wait, is *that* her ass?!"

"Yup! But watch this." Ally felt her cheeks being spread, and a goat's familiar tongue give a long, wet slurp along the outside of her hole.

"Wow, gross. . ."

"Want me to stop?"

"Don't you dare!" Ally saw the mink lean down for a closer look. "You're really getting off on this, aren't you? But like, what if she has to fart or something?"

The licking stopped so Gloria could reply, "Then she would just let it out right in my mouth. Usually the ones I'm with don't even give me a warning first."

"That is *so* sick. . ."

"Then why are you rubbing your clit while I tell you about it?"

"Hey, sh-shut up!"

"If you slide two fingers in your pussy, I'll suck on her asshole instead of just licking it."

There were a few moments of silence, and then Ally felt a pair of lips against her loose hole. She let out a pleased whinny as her goat friend sucked and the mink watched. She already felt her orgasm getting close, but Gloria stopped too soon. The fully-unsheathed horse squirmed and whimpered slightly, but soon the pair slid back up next to them, though the mink took it one step further. Erica stood over Ally, pressing her pussy against the horse's lips.

"Since your friend here isn't getting her tongue anywhere *near* my pussy after that, I guess you're the girl who's gonna make me cum."

As Ally went to work on the mink's pierced clit, they heard Gloria say to Erica, "So, Ally and I were gonna have dinner tonight. Mind if I finish her off,

and then you and I can pick up where we left off afterward? Oh, you can come to dinner, too!”

“Okay, but I want to *watch* you use mouthwash first. And I’ll be counting off those thirty seconds with my phone stopwatch.”

“Deal!” Gloria laughed, then handed Erica the ends of the ropes of clothespins. “Just give them a nice, hard pull when you’re ready!” Reaching under Ally’s skirt, she said, “Between me slurping away and her eating you out, I know she’s nice and close.”

Ally felt Gloria run one of her hands across the patch on the mare’s thigh where the pre-cum had built up into a slippery puddle, then rub against the tip of her cock to ensure the goat’s hand was fully coated.

“So...” Gloria continued, while Ally felt herself stretching as that hand worked its way inside, “she shouldn’t last very long at all with a good fisting!”

There was a loud moan from above, as Ally buried their tongue as deep as they could. Even ignoring the difference in size, Erica was extremely tight, which Ally found surprising.

Just at that moment, Ally felt Gloria lean close, whispering so that only she could hear. “You’re such a good mare. Are you gonna cum for us? I know how soaking-wet you get when you do.” As Ally felt the goat girl-hand sink in all the way to the wrist, she heard one last, even quieter whisper. “Cum for us, you little foal-factory.”

Time suddenly seemed to slow down. Almost immediately, Ally felt her body tense before cumming. As she felt the first blast erupt from her, she involuntarily thrust hard upward. Her muzzle pressed against Erica, propelling the much smaller mink up and forward. Ally reached up, to try to catch Erica. Meanwhile, Erica instinctively yanked on the only thing she could grasp—the two thin ropes. As the clothespins were rapidly pulled off with one snap after another, Gloria’s eyes clenched shut and she let out an extremely loud bleat.

Ally looked over to check if her friend was okay, with the momentary distraction meaning Erica landed with a bounce, before falling out of the bed to the floor. It was about this time that the third or fourth blast of cum shot out of Ally, whose skirt had flipped up somewhere during the chaos. This one landed partially on Gloria’s chest and partially her own.

Before anyone else could react, though, Ally saw a finger point up from next to the bed. “*First*, though, you two are gonna help me clean this all up! Lemme just unfold myself here, aaand...” Erica appeared next to the bed, as the two stared—she appeared none the worse for wear. “Huh? Oh, I’m fine. Wouldn’t be my first time getting launched out of a bed, believe me! Just one of the risks of being a little mink!”

“Wait, what if someone heard that?” Ally asked, hit by the sudden realization.

“Relaaax,” Erica calmly replied, rubbing her shoulder, “I’m at the very end on the ground floor, the room above me is where they store the extra furniture, the neighbor across the hall has a class this time of day on Wednesdays, and you just came all over the neighbor next to me. You’re fine! Now, if you wanna grab all that stuff before it soaks through and toss it in the laundry basket at

the foot of the bed, I'll run it through the washer in the laundry room on the fast cycle while you two grab a shower. It can just air-dry while we eat." Ally had a feeling Erica had dealt with this pretty often before.

A couple minutes later, as Erica walked out with the laundry basket, Ally turned on the shower. *Hey, Marci? So, this is going to sound weird...* The horse began to mentally practice.