

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)
Part 14: Marci's New Life

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Disclaimer

This story is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual people/places/events is entirely coincidental. Also, this story contains acts which should not be attempted in real life and does not constitute advice, suggestion, instruction, etc.

This story contains material suitable for adults and should not be read by anyone who is under 18 or for whom it is illegal to view adult and/or sexual material.

Extra Disclaimer

This particular story requires an extra disclaimer, I think. This is the darkest the Gloria series is ever going to get. If this isn't your thing, future parts will be written assuming not everyone will have read this one first.

Now, On To The Story

“We just want to keep you here overnight, to make sure that everything is okay, Miss Johnson,” the doctor explained, “The adoption forms are being finalized now, and your little foal will be going to a loving couple once they are ready. Sounds like your visitors today will be taking you home tomorrow, then?”

The exhausted mare looked up with a smile, “I think so. It will either be them or another friend of mine.”

“That’s very good,” the doctor wrote some quick notes on the whiteboard indicating her condition, then stepped toward the door, “For now, I’ll let you get some rest—you’ve had a big day!”

As the door shut, Marci adjusted the bed slightly to get more comfortable. She didn’t feel sleepy, but her body needed some rest.

The mare reached for her phone, hearing a small *ding* just before her hand reached it. Picking it up, she had just gotten a text from Clara.

“How are you feeling, foal factory?” Marci gave a crooked smile. The elephant loved talking to her that way, no matter the situation.

“Like a deflated balloon. A very, very loose deflated balloon,” she replied.

“Want to play tomorrow? Your hood arrived today.”

“Sure, I’ll see if Ally wants to join us.”

As she was halfway through typing a message to Ally, a reply popped up from Clara. “Actually, I want it to be just you.”

The horse paused for a bit, then replied, “But, like, I just gave birth to Ally’s foal today. I mean, I really should be spending time with him.”

“If you want me to drop it, all it would take is two letters, breeder.” Marci let out a tiny whimper. She knew Clara was choosing her words to excite the mare, and yet. . .”

“What would you want to do to me?”

“I have some ideas in mind. And don’t worry about Ally. I’ll just tell him what I have in mind is probably outside of his comfort zone, so far.”

“Any hints?”

“I want you to think about aaallllll the things it could possibly be tonight, until you fall asleep. I’ll be there to pick you up tomorrow.”



As the large door of the elephant's playroom closed behind her, Marci stripped off her clothes, watching as Clara did the same. "I loaned Lewis out to some friends for the night, so we will have the place to ourselves, for now."

The mare was led over to the bed in the middle of the room and laid down on her back. She saw Clara reach down beside the bed, pulling out a black hood made out of what looked like thick latex. As the mare lifted her head, her world went dark as it was pulled over. It took a moment of adjusting for her ears to get through the holes, but after that she found it surprisingly comfortable.

"Now, let's start with this," she heard Clara open a drawer of the bedside table, then the sound of a bag being opened. "Open wide. I'm just going to give you a little snack." Something that felt like a very large gummy candy was dropped into her mouth, and Marci began to chew it up. "Good horsebitch. Now, you just swallow that, and we'll get started..." The mare eagerly gulped it down. She was sure it was more than just a piece of candy, but that thought just excited her.

Without another word, Clara spread the mare's legs. Had it always been this warm in here? Marci tried to remember, but she just couldn't seem to. Her thoughts were suddenly filled with a warm, fuzzy sensation as Clara started rubbing her clit. The mare moaned and whimpered, unable to stop herself. Her hands made their way toward her breasts, but her whole body just felt so heavy. After struggling a moment longer to reach, Marci gave up and let her arms fall onto the bed.

"That's it, foal factory—don't fight it," she heard Clara say, as she felt the warm, fuzzy feeling move downward. Suddenly, she felt... maybe discomfort? If she did, it was buried under so much pleasure that the mare could barely tell. "You can always tell a good breeder. My fist just popped right in." Marci let out a long, low moan at the realization that Clara was fisting her.

"It's so hard to touch yourself," the elephant continued, lying down next to her. Marci let out a pitiful, desperate whimper as the large hand slipped out of her pussy with a wet *squelch*, "And yet you feel sooo much pleasure from my touch. But now, you pathetic little horse, reach up and touch my boobs."

Marci's hands moved easily, with none of the weight that held them motionless a short time before. Before she had even realized it, her hands were gently squeezing and caressing Clara.

The elephant chuckled, teasingly, "Thinking is so hard right now, isn't it?"

Marci nodded, starting to feel almost like a spectator in her own body. Everything still felt so fuzzy, but the moment her hands touched the elephant's breasts, a wave of pleasure washed over her.

"Mmm, very good," she continued, "That candy will make you more... subservient. Does a good horse even think of its own pleasure?"

In a haze, Marci shook her head, then heard her own voice saying, "Only yours..."

"Such a good slut," the other woman said, and a pleasant tingle rushed up Marci's spine at the praise. Clara reached down, and as a finger touched her lips, Marci opened her mouth and swirled her tongue around the fingertip. It tasted familiar, like—

She heard the door of the playroom open. “Don’t worry,” Clara said, “Just keep licking.” The elephant then said, probably to the new arrival, “So, did you do as I said?”

A female voice replied, “Yeah, even did extra on the way here. This the new bitch?”

“Yeah. Just had its first foal, so I figured I’d give it a taste of what was coming.”

“I see you’ve already got her dosed-up?”

“Yeah. She’s all yours for now.” Marci’s body was aching with need, hearing them talk about her like this. She let out a whimper as the elephant pulled her hand away, before sliding out of the bed.

Thankfully, the eager mare didn’t have long to wait as she felt someone new climb into bed. She felt them straddle her body, before the very strong smell of sex hit her nose.

“Why don’t you start licking?” she heard a surprisingly sweet voice say, “You’re gonna be doing a lot of it, so it’s best to get used to it early.”

Marci didn’t need to be told twice, as her tongue reached out for a lick. Once she found her partner, she explored to see who or what they might be. Was something they had said strange? Marci couldn’t quite tell, and that thought was quickly washed away by the pleasure of starting to worship someone else.

Whoever they were, their hole was practically hanging open. Marci heard her talking as the mare’s tongue slowly ran along its hanging lips. The flavor was just as intense as the smell, and the mare shuddered as she licked up some sticky slime from them. “I don’t usually bother washing it anymore, since it just ends up taking another load right away anyway. You can lick out what’s left of the last few. Just a couple dogs at the gas station who wanted to take turns knotting some zebra-hole on her way here.”

Marci pushed her tongue inside, and was rewarded with a trickle of cum mixed with the zebra’s pussy juice. Well, “juice” might not have been the right word. It was more of a thick, slimy mix of flavors.

“Ahh, you like that, don’t you? I’m already knocked-up, so any cock is good for now. Dogs are short enough I don’t have to worry about them going too deep when I’ve got another foal on the way.”

She heard Three’s familiar voice, off to the side. “Her friends seem to be more into anal, so she’s not used to eating pussy yet.”

Marci felt the zebra shift on top of her, then stop straddling. A moment later, the zebra was beside her, and she was surprised to feel a pair of wet lips press against her own, followed by a tongue sliding past. The mare let out another moan, as her hands reached out and bumped against a pair of very large breasts.

“Your owner used to own me too, you know. I don’t think she ever even learned my name. I was only ever called ‘Womb’ when I was with her.” The zebra moved closer, whispering into Marci’s ear, “She would bring one stallion after another over, breeding me like *livestock*. Sometimes I would be blindfolded so I couldn’t see who they were, but they always got to know who I was. Sometimes I would be drugged and wake up with cum pouring out of me.” Marci let

out a loud whimper. It sounded so perfect, and she needed it so badly...

"Jealous, are we? No control of who knocked me up, when it happened, or even knowing who they are? I once carried a coworker's foal, back when I had a job, and I never knew until he said something years later. Mmm, I still think about him seeing me every day after that."

"Please..." the word slipped out, with Marci unable to stop it. Did she even want to stop it? Did it matter?

"One foal after another, my body changed. I got more loose, my small, firm breasts turned into the animal-udders you're feeling now. My life changed too. Lost my job and moved in with her. Even gave b-birth in this very bed..." The zebra's voice started to sound a bit shaky, and if Marci listened, she could hear the wet sounds of her partner pleasuring herself.

"B-but one day, she got bored of me. She had met someone new," Marci heard a loud, wet *squelch* and a deep groan from the zebra, then felt a slimy hand being pushed into her own pussy. Marci writhed, feeling pleasure welling up inside as she thought of the filth from the mare being pushed into her.

"Please spit in me/dots"

The zebra laughed, "You remind me of myself when I got started. Why don't I get this hood off, so you can see me?" She felt a tug on the hood and closed her eyes as it was pulled off. As the mare slowly opened them, she still had a hard time getting the world to come into focus.

When it finally did, there was a zebra mare sitting on the bed next to her. The zebra's breasts were huge, and a few drops of milk had dribbled from their nipples. Looking down, she saw that their belly had been shaved, to reveal a very large tattoo: "My own son's breeding mare"

Marci didn't realize that her jaw had dropped, until the zebra leaned forward and spat a large wad of saliva into her mouth. Without a thought, she gulped it down, followed by a needy, "Thank you..."

"She got me this tattoo one night, then gave me to my own son—I was his eighteenth birthday gift." Seeing Marci's stunned expression, the zebra whispered, "Wanna know a secret?"

Marci gave a jerky nod, feeling like she was about to explode. She felt the zebra's hand start to rub her dripping-wet pussy as her partner continued.

"Just like STD's, inbreeding really isn't a problem anymore."

Marci's eyes rolled back, her orgasm hitting like a tidal wave.

She heard a booming laugh from Clara, sitting close to the bed. "I knew you wanted to be a foal factory, but I never expected that!" She saw the elephant and zebra exchange a glance, but between the drug and being mid-orgasm, her mind was far, far away.

The zebra looked down at Marci, "You know, it took me *years* to be broken enough to want that. Looks like your new bitch already needs it."

Clara dropped another piece of candy into Marci's mouth, holding the mare's mouth open. "You know you could never tell Ally about this." Turning and handing something to the zebra, she asked, "What do you think of her?"

The zebra thought for a moment, then moved down between the confused mare's legs. Marci looked up at Clara, her eyes filled with need, but she was

surprised to feel cold metal just inside her pussy. As she let out an open-mouthed whimper, she felt it push deeper and deeper inside, before finally bottoming out at her cervix. It felt thick, whatever it was. Marci saw Clara lean over her, a thick rope of drool streaming down from the elephant's lips and into her waiting mouth. It seemed to go on forever, but just as she was starting to worry it would overflow, the elephant pulled away and closed Marci's mouth.



As the mare began to chew and swallow, Clara looked down at the speculum inside the horse, being slowly opened as her former partner turned the thumb-screws. As her current mare chewed, she gave a smile of satisfactions at the needy whimpers she was hearing.

The elephant hadn't bothered telling Marci that she was recording all of this. After all, it was only for her own enjoyment later. Besides, she knew their group of friends would record things like that, from time to time.

"You know," the zebra asked, "I've been wondering. You're doing the same kinds of things to her that you did to me, right?"

"Yeah," Clara answered.

"So, why didn't you keep me around?"

The elephant thought for a moment, then replied, "Do you remember what you were like, when we met? Cute, nerdy, dating some nice girl?"

"Yeah, I remember."

"The real excitement is ruining that, for me. Taking someone like you, and turning you into what you are now." She turned and looked over, "Do you regret it?"

The zebra shook her head. "I don't, but if I had known I wasn't going to be yours forever, I wouldn't have agreed to so much back then." After silently turning the screw three more turns, she nodded toward Marci, "She seeing somebody?"

"Yeah," Clara replied, "Another horse. Nonbinary type, changed themselves so their dick doesn't even get hard. Puts out a ton of cum, but I just don't have a use for them."

"You always did like girls best," the zebra sighed.

"Miss me?"

"I do. What I've got now is great and all, but I really miss the things you used to do to me. Besides, he loves fucking me, but I think he wants romance, and I'd rather just be a slave. But you've got her now, and it sounds like you've got someone else?" The zebra started absentmindedly rubbing her pussy as they talked—a holdover from a different kind of "candy" the elephant was quite fond of giving her partners. While it was illegal, she had her sources.

"Yeah, he's a pig. Mute, huge masochist, but something about him always brings a smile to my face. He's not really my type, and I can't explain it, but..." Clara gave one of the mare's milk-swollen breasts a squeeze, causing

a bit of it to squirt out onto her hand as Marci arched her back with a loud groan. Holding it out to the zebra, she was pleased to see them close their eyes and lick her hand clean.

“Maybe I’d use your udders to fatten up my pig,” she said, “I’m not sure what I want to do with him, yet.” She gave the zebra a wink, “Never stolen the same bitch twice before, Womb. Maybe this time I’ll bother asking what your name is. Probably not, though.” The zebra gave her clit a hard squeeze and clenched her eyes shut.

“It’s funny. World Change meant that I could have all the time in the world to really reshape and ruin someone. But the whole ‘anti-aging’ thing also undoes a lot of it, over time.”

“Well,” the zebra said, nodding down as she masturbated, “maybe not everything.”

“What she’s having right now is a safe one. No long-term effects, no addiction, nothing. Maybe I would push her even further than I went with you.” The zebra squirmed as she spoke, clearly a bit jealous. *Good*, Clara thought to herself, *maybe I’ll take her back, after all.*

Turning her attention to Marci, she saw that the mare had swallowed the last of her snack. As she reached down to rub the drugged mare’s clit, she wondered aloud, “I think I know exactly what I would give her, though. When she’s not drugged, she gets very, very talkative. It would be fun to slowly get rid of her ‘off switch’, without her knowing why it’s happening. . .”

The zebra paused for a moment. “Uh, don’t you think you should make sure she’s okay with that first? I—ahh. . .”

“She told me before that I can do whatever I like,” Clara replied, sliding three of her fingers into the zebra to distract her, “Besides, we both know this is turning you on. You don’t want to stop when it feels *so* good to keep going, do you?” As the zebra shook her head, Clara chuckled, “Wow, you really are nasty down here, aren’t you?”

Between moans, she replied, “Well, I—mmm—did what you said. No *ahh* washing until you invited me over. Getting more cummm. . .” she trailed off with a shudder, before continuing, “Getting more cum got hard, until I started holding it open for them to jack off into, so they didn’t have to touch me.”

Suddenly pulling out of the zebra’s sopping-wet hole, Clara finally began to take her own clothes off. She usually liked to be the last to undress, as a way of asserting dominance. As her massive cock flopped free, the zebra let out a quiet, “Oh, wow. . .”

“Haven’t seen this yet, have you Womb?” The zebra shook her head. “You’ll have plenty of time to get used to it later,” the elephant continued, walking over toward one corner of the room. She entered a code into a keypad, and a hidden compartment opened up. “Let’s see. . . This is the hardest part,” she chuckled, “A new bitch only gets one ‘first time’ with this stuff.”

After deciding, she grabbed a bottle from the compartment, hitting the button to close it before walking back. She came back to the pair of equines making out in the bed, with the zebra lying next to Marci. The elephant felt her cock starting to harden as she watched for a bit. Still, excited to begin what

she had in mind, she eventually interrupted, “Okay, Womb, my turn to have some fun with her.”

The zebra rolled away slightly, then watched as Clara took her seat next to the bed. “What are you giving her?”

“Well,” Clara explained, “without getting into the labcoat and pocket-protector stuff, she already gets off on degradation. This cranks that way up. This was from shortly after World Change, when people were still trying to figure out how to make these things work. I was already working in pharmaceuticals at the time. Some things just ‘fall off the truck’, you know. And since it’s purely chemical without a biological component, in an air-free container, there’s no shelf life. Careful, though, this stuff is permanent.”

As she poured the bottle into the horse’s mouth and Marci gulped it down, she heard the zebra ask, “You know you really shouldn’t be doing this, yeah?”

“I don’t see you trying to stop me.”

“It’s not my fingerprints on the bottle.” Clara noticed the zebra glaring slightly at her, but she didn’t make a move to intervene.

“Well played, guess I’ve gotta give you that one,” Clara laughed, “Why don’t we let everything run its course. She should be ready in a few hours. In the meantime, I’m going to wash my hands.”



Marci gradually started to come back to her senses. Had she fallen asleep? Something felt strange, but she couldn’t quite put her finger on it. There wasn’t a way to tell time in the playroom, but she wouldn’t have known when she went to sleep anyway.

Something bumped against her lips, and Marci slowly opened her eyes. It looked like the zebra was still there, which the horse was glad for. It took a moment for her to realize the zebra was kissing and nibbling at her lips, but when she did, without a word she started to kiss back. As she tried to roll toward them, she felt something press uncomfortably against her thigh.

Seeing her confusion, the zebra smiled, “It’s okay, just a speculum. You passed out for a little bit there. How are you feeling?”

Reaching down with one hand, she bumped against the metal device. As she gradually regained her senses, she became aware of a dull ache between her legs. “What’s it for?” she asked, “Is everything okay?”

“Everything’s just fine,” the zebra said, and Marci felt a pressure against her g-spot, “She just wants to keep you stretched out. You’re nice and stretched already, so she wanted to push it just a little further.”

Marci groaned from the sensation, spreading her legs wider. The zebra leaned in close, whispering, “You pissed the bed while you were asleep, you dirty girl.” Looking down at her shocked expression, they continued, “We both watched, you know. With your breeding-hole stretched wiiide open, we could see everything.”

The mare listened as the zebra described it spraying out over the bed, slowly reducing to a trickle down into her cavernous pussy. Without realizing it, her hand strayed down to her clit, rubbing and touching it as she listened. Seeing her reaction, the zebra added, “We didn’t bother cleaning you up. In fact...” Her partner pulled away, leaning toward the foot of the bed to look, “I can still see some piss sloshing around in there. But since you’re already a mess, no point in worrying about making it worse.”

The zebra pulled Marci’s hand away, then moved to lower their head above the horse’s pussy. As she watched, they put a finger to each side of their nose, blowing snot directly onto her clit. Marci let out a long moan as a wave of pleasure rushed over her. “I dunno what it is,” she told the zebra, “but I’m really in the mood for that kinda thing tonight.”

“Mmm, and what kind of thing is that?” they asked, moving next to her again, as Marci reached for her pussy once more.

As her hand made contact, she shuddered and replied, “Like rubbing zebra snot all over my clit... Ah... Sorry, it just feels so *good*.”

“You know, Clara was telling me that you’re into a looot of weird stuff. While we wait for her, why don’t you tell me about one?”

“Mmm, I love eating ass,” Marci said, a bit surprised to hear it come out so easily, “I love the taste, especially when it’s dirty. Sometimes they’ll let out a fart right in my mouth. I like it best when they don’t say sorry afterward.”

“I guess nobody really apologizes to their toilet,” the zebra commented, getting a whimper from Marci, “I have been bred, over and over, and now even by my own son. I’ve been milked. I’ve been fisted, I’ve swallowed who knows how many loads of cum.” She leaned in close, whispering into Marci’s ear, “But I would never, *ever* do that.”

Marci gave them a wink, still rubbing her clit, as she added, “Clara will even shit right in my mouth, sometimes. She said there was just something about treating a knocked-up slave like a toilet that was a huge turn-on for her.”

“You’re such a sick bitch,” the zebra teased, their hand going to one of their breasts, Suddenly, the mare felt milk squirt across her chest. “It’s not cum, but you needed at least a little white stuff on you,” they chuckled.

Marci looked over, “So, um, how many foals?”

“Me? This is my twenty-third,” she replied, patting her belly. “She always had a rule for me. Starting the day I give birth, every single day I needed to take at least ten stallion-loads until I was pregnant again. How about you?”

“Just one, so far. Ally—that’s my lover—has had some stuff done. Their dick is big and floppy, but they cum *a lot*.”

“Does he not fuck you, then?”

“No, but they’re more of a bottom, anyway.” Marci let out a groan, as the zebra reached inside her again. She felt strange, having her insides so exposed and accessible like this. The zebra’s hand didn’t even make contact anywhere else—only their fingers against the roughness of her g-spot.

The door to the playroom opened, and they both looked up to see Clara. As the elephant got undressed, she said, “Good, you’re awake. I’m not sure why

you passed out, but luckily Womb here took care of you while I had to deal with something. Speaking of which, I would like to talk with her for a moment.”

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As the door closed behind them, the zebra looked up at Clara. This was fun and all, but as the excitement was wearing off, she was having very strong second thoughts.

Clara started, “I want to push her further tonight. I’m pretty s—”

“I’m pretty sure you’ve done plenty already. Look, I’m really happy with my life now, and yes, I’ll admit it, I do think it’s hot how it happened. But maybe she won’t. Maybe she’ll regret it for the rest of her life. What then?”

“Regret what?” Clara said, “It’s not like we gave her anything that’s making her act like this.”

“We?”

“You were there. You could have said to stop at any moment.”

“Okay, look, what happened with me, happened. And that’s okay. But I really, *really* think you should ask her directly. I get it, ‘whatever you want’ is technically saying yes, sorta, kinda. But that’s not the same as her having a good idea what is happening.”

Clara rolled her eyes, but the zebra stood her ground, “I know you’re really into this kind of thing. The head games. The mind-changes. Wanting to break someone worse than you broke me. But have you ever thought about what *she* wants?”

Clara replied, “You didn’t stop me before. So really, the question is will you stop me now? After all, you were right there when it happened. Pretty sure that wouldn’t look good for you.”

“If that’s how you’re gonna play it, fine. But I’m telling you this is a bad idea. You’re gonna make a mistake or push someone too far sooner or later.” *She already has*, the zebra thought. She had not been idle while the elephant was away, and keeping an eye on Marci had given her plenty of time to reflect. “I’m going to grab my things and head home now. We can talk later, if you want.”

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“So, Womb had to get going, but you and I can still play tonight. How are you feeling?”

“... Confused?”

Clara sat down on the bed next to her. “Oh? And what are you confused about?”

“Well... Like when it was just her and I, there was just this kinda weird feeling. I’ve always been into being degraded or talked down to, right?”

“Right,” the elephant said, giving her a pat on the shoulder.

“But it just felt so much more intense. Did anything happen while I was out?”

“Not really, no. I had an emergency come up, and since you seemed to be just fine, she watched you while I took care of that.”

“Yeah, she seemed nice.” Marci gave a smile.

“She is.”

“I think. . . I think I just want to relax for a little bit, if you don’t mind. Maybe I’m just a little loopy after everything.”

“Definitely,” Clara replied, “Do you think you would like to clean up and spend some time on the couch?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Here, let’s get you to the cleanup station.” Clara helped Marci out of bed, leading her to the shower and bathtub in the corner of the room. As usual, Marci started with a shower, massaging the suds into her hair and mane, as well as over her fur.

Why do I feel off tonight? I was looking forward to this, but something just feels strange. I mean, I’m obviously turned on and into it. Maybe work stress? Nah, that doesn’t feel right. Then why. . . She decided that overthinking wasn’t going to help her figure it out, so she let her mind wander. Once she had done her initial shower, she moved over to the bathtub. The double-cleaning was something Clara suggested originally. Showering first meant that most of the mess went straight down the drain so that you weren’t soaking in it in the bathtub, and the bath got the really soaked-in stuff out.

One thorough bath and blow-drying later, the freshly-cleaned mare figured she should check if she had any messages before leaving the room. Seeing that she had one, she checked it. *Zebra? I don’t remember having anyone named that in my address book. . .* She opened the message, figuring she would see if that gave her any clues.

The message read, “Sorry for putting my number in your phone. I also silenced it. Get a hold of me as soon as you can once you’re not at Clara’s. It’s very important!!!”

The mare quickly replied, “Okay. Are you the zebra I was just here with? Does this have anything to do with me feeling kinda. . . loopy?”

Before she had even put her pants on, her phone dinged. “Yes and yes. Try to find an excuse to leave, if you can. I know we just met, but it’s very important.”

Marci stood for a moment, her mind racing. The two clearly knew each other, and Clara had invited the zebra over, so they must be on good terms. Why w—

Another message popped up, and what it said made Marci’s blood freeze. “You didn’t just pass out. You were drugged.”

“I. . . Sorry, this is too much,” she replied, her fingers shaky and numb. What had she been given? How much? By who? Was she in danger? Would she be okay?

“I don’t know how long you have to talk to me there. Tell her you feel drowsy, a little shaky, and just want to get some sleep. Trust me, that will

work.”

Putting her phone in her pocket, Marci reached for her shirt as the door opened. “Hey, what’s going on? Everything alright?”

With no other response coming to mind, the mare replied, “S-sorry. I was getting d-dressed and I got really shaky.” She slumped against the wall. Marci wished she could say this was all acting, but her body really was as she described. She just left out the text messaging part.

“Hey, it’s okay,” Clara said, her voice warm, “Do you need to get some sleep, do you think? We can share a bed here, and—”

“N-no,” Marci replied, trying not to sound scared. “I . . . I think I just want to sleep in my own bed. I think the foal just took more out of me than I expected.”

“It’s alright. There are always other nights we can get together. Here, let me help you put your shirt on.”



As Marci’s front door closed behind her, she sat down on her couch and put her head in her hands. So many questions were racing through her mind, and she just felt overwhelmed by them all. Ally had gone to bed and hadn’t heard her come in, which she thought was probably for the best.

Remembering the zebra’s request, Marci pulled out her phone and sent a message. “I’m home now. What do I do?” She hoped they hadn’t already gone to bed. When Marci was able to see the time on her phone, it was hours later than she had expected. She had thought that she was only out for a few minutes. Apparently there was a several-hour gap of time that she didn’t remember. Who knew what else might—

A reply popped up. “Okay, so here’s what happened. This is going to take several messages to explain. . .” Marci sat glued to her phone, as message after message detailed the events of that day. The zebra even included her own part in things, by not stepping in to stop Clara. The series of messages paused, and then a final message read, “I know that’s a lot. Do you want me to stop over and make sure you’re okay?”

Marci thought quietly, as she sat on the couch. She had only just met this lady. Still, the zebra seemed to really care about her. But then, she thought Clara did too, until the events of the day shattered that belief.

Another message appeared. “I understand if you never want to see me again, and just want to try to put the entire thing behind you.”

The horse started typing. “Actually. . . I would like to see you, I think. I live a good distance away from her, though, so I’m sure you wouldn’t want to come all this way.” She explained roughly where she lived, from Clara’s house.

“Wait a second. You said your name was Marci, right?”

“Yeah. . . ?”

“Do you know a cow lady? Goes by ‘Three’? Lotta changes?”

“Yeah, I know her. I don’t see her all that often, but she’s a friend of mine.”

“Small world. Anyway, it’s not all that far. I actually live about halfway between you and Clara.”

“With how late it is, what would we do?”

“We could just get a hotel to crash at for the night. I’m sure your partner wouldn’t want some random girl wandering in.”

“They probably wouldn’t mind, but... yeah, I like the hotel idea.” Marci gave them her address, explaining that she didn’t feel in a good place mentally to drive.

After the zebra offered to pick her up, Marci decided to write a note to Ally. But as she sat staring at the blank page, she didn’t even know how to begin. She hadn’t even wrapped her own head around it, yet. *Well, if I’ll be getting home in the morning, nothing really changes, does it? And maybe I’ll be able to explain it better.*



The two checked into a nearby hotel, only a few minutes’ drive from Marci’s home. As the door closed behind her, the pregnant zebra slid into the bed. The mare soon joined her under the blankets.

“So...” the zebra said, “I’m sure you’ve got a lot of questions. I can’t promise I’ll be able to answer all of them, but I’ll do my best, okay?”

Marci nodded, starting immediately with, “So, what is that gonna do to me? You know, long-term?”

The zebra sighed, “Well, the nice thing is that she knows exactly what that one does—can’t say that for all of them. It makes being degraded, talked down to, and that kind of thing turn you on.”

“Oh, uh, it already kinda does.”

“Not, uh, to this extent. Maybe a demonstration?”

“Um, okay.”

The zebra thought for a moment, then moved closer to whisper, “Nasty mares like you don’t deserve to cum.”

In a flash, it was as if the entire situation melted away. Marci let out a small whimper and answered, “That’s right, I don’t...” A moment later, she looked over at the zebra, horrified. “Did—did I really just so that? Like, out of the blue, after all this?”

They nodded, telling her, “It kinda takes that, and cranks it to eleven.”

“What, uh, what happens to me now?” The mare began to tremble slightly.

The zebra wrapped her arms around Marci in a gentle hug. “Well, first things first. What do you do for a living?”

“Oh, uh, the same thing as Three.” She was sure the confusion showed on her face at the zebra’s question.

“Well, that makes things a little easier. Now, you see how you reacted to what I said, just now? I could walk up to you on the street, in an office,

wherever, and saying something like that would have the same effect. Just as intense, and just as quick.”

“I-is there a way to undo it?”

The zebra shook her head. “I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry...”

Marci melted into their arms, starting to cry. The horse just needed a rock to cling to right now, and the zebra was clearly doing their best to help. Managing to get some words out between choking sobs, she asked, “What about you?”

“What do you mean?” the zebra asked.

“Did... did something like this happen to you?”

With a sigh, they replied, “That’s a very big can of worms. It did, yeah. Not that specific one, but yeah, it happened with some other ones. Didn’t know it was coming, but in the end I ended up liking it. I know that sounds stupid, and it doesn’t make a lot of sense, but... yeah.”

Marci let out a whimper, “What about Ally?”

“Your significant-other? Well, I don’t know them so I can’t really say. I would say to take it slow and explain. It didn’t go great when I did it, but maybe you’ll have better luck?” Marci felt the zebra’s arms tighten momentarily around her. “I’m trying to be supportive, but I want to only tell you the truth.”

“Thanks,” Marci said, appreciatively. “It just felt so... intense when you said that to me a bit ago. About the, uh, ‘not deserving’ thing.”

“I didn’t want to scare you, but I thought it would be best to see it for yourself.”

“I’m kind of torn,” Marci said, the trembling having mostly died down, “It’s really, really scary. Like, super-scary. Just knowing I’m not quite *me* anymore. Like, that anyone could trigger that in me.” She pressed herself against the zebra. “But, part of me...” The mare’s voice trailed off, but the zebra saw her lips move.



“Part of you...” She knew what was coming. This mare reminded her so much of herself, long ago.

The reply was a barely audible, “... wants more...”

With a wink, she replied, “I could probably do that. I need the restroom, though.”

“Y-yeah,” the mare replied, “I’ve gotta pee.”

“Well then,” she said, “why don’t you join me?” As she got up and began to disrobe, she saw Marci take the hint and start to do the same. She had to admit, the mare definitely turned her on.

The two stepped into the restroom. It was nothing fancy or unusual, with a bathtub/shower in addition to the toilet and sink. She pointed toward the toilet, simply saying, “You first.”

“Y-you want me to p-pee in front of you?”

“No,” she said, “I want this nasty toilet-slut I just met to piss in front of her audience.”

With a whimper, Marci took her place on the toilet, looking up at her.

“Spread your legs wider, so I can see the show.” She licked her lips in anticipation. She had more in common with Clara than she would care to admit. Their primary difference was that the elephant was much more flexible on what counted as a willing partner.

Marci spread her legs further, then started to piss. As she did, she glanced up at the zebra, quickly looking sheepishly away.

“No, no. Look at me, slut. You like me watching, don’t you?”

“Y-yes I do,” Marci said, turning to meet her gaze, “I really do. . .” As the flow started to taper off, she saw the mare rub one of her breasts and wince slightly.

“Too full? I keep forgetting you’re a dairy-bitch.” Despite her words, her tone was gentle. Degradation fetish or not, she wanted the mare to feel safe and comfortable with what was happening.

She saw Marci reaching for the toilet paper and stopped her. “No, no. That hole stays filthy. You don’t deserve to clean it.” As the mare shuddered slightly in response, she continued, “Now, kneel beside the toilet, facing toward it.”

Marci complied, looking unsure what to expect. Stepping into the other room, the zebra brought back a chair and sat down on it. After looking at their relative heights, she decided that this would do nicely.

“Give one of my nipples a lick.” As the mare leaned over, she felt the wet tongue and warm breath across it, letting out a small moan herself. “Now, aren’t these big, heavy breasts much more beautiful than yours?”

Marci nodded with a shudder, her tongue not leaving the zebra’s nipple.

“My milk is much better than yours, too. I am going to allow you to drink it, tonight. But yours. . .” She turned the mare’s head down toward the toilet, “goes where it belongs.”

Instead of a shudder, Marci’s whole body shook, muscles tense and eyes clenched tight, as a barely-restrained whinny escaped her lips.

With a chuckle, she asked, “What just happened, bitch?”

Marci’s eye half opened, as she looked up at the zebra. “Mmm, I just squirted all over the floor thinking about my nasty milk getting flushed down the toilet, right where it belongs.”

With that, the mare wrapped their lips around the zebra’s right nipple and began eagerly sucking. At the same time, she heard the first small splashes of the submissive horse’s milk spattering into the toilet bowl.

She was used to having her nipples sucked. With her frequent pregnancies, she had learned to love the sensation, keeping her lactation going with regular pumping. Over time, her breasts and nipples had grown quite large. Not nearly to the size of Three’s, of course, but bovines had a bit of an advantage.

They had originally come to the restroom because she needed it, herself. While that need had not faded, she was doing her best to contain it. After all, an idea was forming. . .

The spurts of milk into the toilet had tapered off to the last few drops. “Now,” she said, “flush that slime you call milk.” While still drinking from her, she saw the mare fumble a bit behind herself for the toilet handle. Finally finding it, the mare’s piss and milk swirled and disappeared.

Feeling empty herself, she pulled the mare’s head away. As their eyes met, she asked, “Besides, isn’t mine so much better, anyway?” Marci nodded, leaned forward, and started drinking from her other breast. “Aww, can’t resist, can you? Just drink as much as you like.” She ran her hands down the mare’s back, smiling down at them.

Reaching forward with one of her legs, she started rubbing her hoof against the horse’s clit. As she felt them moan against her breast, she said, “This is what a filthy girl like you deserves. Go ahead, grind against it. Show me how desperate you are.” Sure enough, she immediately felt Marci pushing forward against it, whimpering between gulps of zebra milk.

When she was finally empty, Marci pulled away, licking her lips as the zebra gave her an approving smile. “So,” the zebra said, “are you full now?”

“Uh-huh. . .”

“Well, I guess that means you won’t have room for dessert, then.”

“Mmm, dessert?” the horse asked, winking up at her.

“I needed to piss when we got in here, and by now I am absolutely bursting. And where does all of that belong?”

The zebra felt Marci’s arms wrap around her, followed by a cheek nuzzling against her belly, “Mmm, inside my tummy?”

“That’s right. Now, why don’t you lay down in the bathtub? Looks like it will be big enough to work.” The mare got up, stepping into the bathtub. Beneath where they had been kneeling, there was the puddle the excited girl had squirted onto the floor.

Once Marci had laid down, the zebra stepped into the tub, carefully lowering herself over the horse’s face. As she did, she heard them moan, “Mmm, your pussy smells so good. . .”

“Dried pussy juice, sweat, piss, and. . . seventeen different guys’ cum, I think? That really turns you on, huh?”

“Y-yeah!”

Lowering herself down to Marci’s lips, she said, “Well then, bitch, start sucking my asshole. I’ve gotta go.”

Without a word, she felt Marci’s tongue run straight across the tiny hole, followed by a pair of lips start sucking. Unable to hold it any longer, the zebra’s bladder let go.

She had never done any sort of toilet play before. In fact, she was still an anal virgin. Her pussy had always been available to anyone who wanted it, but her kink has always been impregnation. Aside from that, she considered herself pretty vanilla. But she had to admit to herself that seeing this mare debase herself so eagerly was definitely turning her on. And something about the gurgles and groans coming from the horse’s stomach made this so much more satisfying. She did have a voyeuristic streak, she supposed. Clara would

often invite her over just to watch, and she enjoyed masturbating as the scene unfolded in front of her.

Eventually, the flow of her piss tapered off. She was surprised to find herself almost disappointed. Still, she carefully stood up and stepped aside. “Okay, let’s get out of the bathroom,” the zebra said. As the mare stepped into the main room behind her, the zebra casually said, “Now, you nasty whore, I want you to go to the lobby, naked, and ask whoever is there to fist you.”

“Yes, ma’am!” The mare walked toward the door, intent on completing the task.

But just as she reached for the door handle, the zebra firmly said, “Stop.” Immediately, Marci complied. She walked over behind the mare, wrapped her arms around them, and said in the calmest voice she could muster, “Okay, try to snap out of it. I know it’s hard, but let’s just calm down. . .”

Slowly, Marci’s expression of arousal shifted to one of horror. “Did I really almost—”

“Shh, it’s okay. I wasn’t going to make you actually do it. That was just a test to see how much of an effect it was having on you.” She led the shocked horse to the bed, and the pair sat down on the edge.

“What. . . what happens now?”

“Okay, so I don’t have *all* the answers, here, but let’s try, okay? Now, you know your significant-other much better than I do, of course. Let’s start there. How do you think they will take it?”

Marci sat in thought for a bit. “I think they would be okay with pretty much anything, as long as I was happy. So I think they’d only be upset about it because *I’m* upset about it.”

“And you have every right to be. You know, you could probably go after her about this, legally.”

“I. . . I don’t know. I kinda don’t want everyone to know about this, since it sounds like I can’t fix it?”

“She told me a bit about it once, but it all kinda went over my head. But I distinctly remember that once you’ve had any of the chemicals from that era in your system, any attempt to fix the mental stuff will have absolutely hideous side-effects. You really don’t want to know. So, the place you work for does changes, right? Well, physical changes are completely unaffected, but mental ones can’t happen.”

“Wait,” Marci asked, “would that be why some patients have notes that mental changes are impossible, and others have ones that say the same for physical changes?”

“I haven’t seen the stuff you’re talking about, but yeah, that sounds right. Believe me, you’re not the only one in this situation. It’s just that most of them did this stuff back when it was cutting-edge technology and they didn’t have all the kinks worked out yet.”

“I guess that puts me in the same boat as Lewis, with the stuff from BioChange? Where would she have gotten that stuff, anyway?”

“Didn’t she tell you? She used to work for BioChange. Eh, actually she probably wouldn’t have. Their reputation isn’t the best—too many things rushed

to the market with almost no testing.”

“You know, if I wasn’t already completely overwhelmed, that would shock me. But at this point, I think I just want her out of my life, just so this stuff, uh, stays private. Besides, I think I have a few years before I need to do anything I was going to do, right?”

“Yeah, you’ve got time. Maybe after a while you won’t feel the need to hide it anymore, too.”

“So, uh, what about going out around people? Like I felt like I just melted the moment you started talking like that to me. What if some random stranger does it? Even if they don’t know what it will do to me?”

“Okay, that’s going to be the harder part. I’ve been trying to think about it, though. You and your partner work together, right? If you two work together and are obviously romantically involved, going out together would be great for safety. They’ll have a clear head and can keep you from getting in trouble.”

“That. . . could work.” Marci let out a yawn, with the time finally catching up to her.

“Want to get under the covers and get some sleep? We should probably both shower in the morning.

“Yeah. . .” Marci said. As the two of them snuggled up next to each other, she asked, “By the way, what’s your name?”

“Oh, mine? Zara.”

“Thanks, Zara. For everything,” Marci said, her eyes slowly closing.



Marci opened the door to her house, Zara behind her. Ally was sitting naked in the living room, playing a handheld game on the couch. “Hi Marci, how was—eep!” Seeing the zebra, Ally quickly flipped part of the blanket they were laying on over herself.

Zara chuckled, “Don’t worry, I don’t mind. Nice dick, by the way.”

“T-thanks?”

Marci said, “Okay, so, uh, I need to explain some stuff. About Clara. And, uh, me. Zara’s just here for emotional support, and in case we need to demonstrate anything.”

Seeing Ally’s confused expression, she said, “Why don’t we all sit down on the couch and talk through it?”

Marci explained everything that had happened with Clara, quickly finding herself in the arms of both Ally and Zara as she sometimes struggled to get the words out. She tried to skip over Zara’s role, but the zebra wasn’t having it. The striped equine said that it was important to her that they both knew.

When Marci finished, she looked at Ally’s shocked expression, their mouth hanging open. “So, uh,” Ally asked, “what does this mean for us?”

“Well, Zara suggested that since we live together and work together, maybe. . . you could help keep me safe? Like, be that voice that snaps me out

of it if we're out in public or something?"

She felt her lover squeeze tighter. "I can do that, for you. But like, how does it work when it happens?"

Marci said, "Okay, uh, Zara's going to give a bit of a demonstration, okay?"

Zara said, "Alright, just like we disc—" They were interrupted by a ding from Marci's phone.

Marci pulled it out to look, saying, "Sorry, it might be about the adoption paperwork."

Seeing that it was from Clara, she opened it. Maybe it was an apology, and this was all one big misunderstanding? Next to her, she heard Zara ask Ally where the restroom was, and Ally began to lead the zebra to it as she began to read.

"Hope you're feeling better this morning, horsebitch. I was thinking we could pick up where we left off. Besides, worshipping an elephant is what you were made to do, wasn't it?"

Without a second thought, she replied, "Mmm, yes. I wish I could wake up and slurp on your cock, balls, and asshole every single morning..."

She was dimly aware of the sound of the toilet flushing, as the reply came through. "Come visit me, horsebitch. But I would like you to take your top off before you leave. You love a bit of exhibition, don't you?"

Just as Marci hit the button to start replying, Ally asked, "Is it work?"

"Oh, no it's Clara. I'm going over there."

Ally and Zara exchanged a look, and Ally asked, "Um, may I see your phone, please?"

"Sure," Marci handed it to them, then without a word pulled her shirt up over her head.

"Wait, she just texted you this, and that was how you reacted?"

"Yup!" she replied, undoing the hooks of her bra and sliding it off.

Ally put their hands firmly on her shoulders. "Stop, Marci. Think about what you're doing right now."

"I'm just... I'm..." The mare slowly sank back into the couch, starting to snuffle. She was immediately joined on the couch by the others.

Zara shook her head, "I was going to give a demonstration, but that pretty much covers it I think."

"Why?" Ally asked, "Why do this?"

"I've known Clara for a very long time. She's really into this sort of thing. The only reason it took this long was probably because Marci was pregnant already when they met, so she didn't want to give her anything."

"But like, any text message can do that? What about someone on the street randomly saying, 'Eat my ass,' or someone being rude online?"

"It's... Like I told Marci last night, I don't have all the answers here. Hell, I don't even have most of them. Like I was doing some online searching this morning while Marci was in the shower, but I couldn't even find anything that would give temporary relief. I did see that people are still working on finding something, though."

Marci looked up, tears in her eyes, “I mean, other than keeping me completely isolated from the world, what else can we really do? You two just went to the restroom, and—” Her phone dinged on the arm of the couch, where Ally had set it. “I could pick up that phone, and it could be something for my job. Or it could be Clara again.” She looked over at Zara, “Does it at least fade a little, over time?”

Zara said, “Not really, no.”

Marci sat in silence for a moment, then started thinking out loud, her eyes looking half-focused at the floor. “Well, I’ve always liked the idea of being a gimp. I never thought of it as something I would do constantly, though. And I guess Ally knows everything about making contact with patients and stuff. . .” She looked up at Zara, “You know the weirdest part? When it’s happening, I am more aroused than I have pretty much ever been.”

“Yeah. Maybe it’s good to try to think about some of the positives?”

Marci sat in silence a little longer. “So, hypothetically, if I am gagged and restrained, there isn’t any way I could really get myself in trouble, right?”

Ally thought to herself for a moment, “Yeah, I can’t think of one.”

“I have an idea. . .”



“Alright, you should be all set,” Ally said, “How do you feel?”

“Very, very wet,” the mare replied. She was laying on a comfortable bench in her basement, with her spread arms and legs bound. It had been designed specifically for her. Rather than using cuffs for restraints, the bench had large, metal hoops. They were positioned to wrap around the middle of her upper and lower arms and legs, and were just narrow enough that she couldn’t squirm out of them. That was an idea of Ally’s, to give her enough freedom of movement to stretch, shift position, etc.

“So, ready for your first patient like this?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she moaned. She was getting a patient for only his very last check-up. He was a feral dog, who wanted his knot to be as big as possible, and eventually he had reached the limit of what his main tester could take. Their tester would be joining them and handling everything. Her job was just to be a nameless hole for them. That last part had been her own suggestion.

Marci heard the doorbell ring upstairs, and Ally quickly put her ballgag and hood on. She heard her lover going up the stairs, then heard muffled sounds of their guests being let in and led down to her. She was shivering in anticipation.

“Alright,” she heard an unfamiliar voice say, “Hopefully you won’t wreck *this* one.”

“Hopefully I do,” she heard another voice reply. She felt hot, wet air against her pussy, and pictured the patient closely inspecting her. The mare tried to spread wider, having only recently discovered an exhibitionist side of herself.

She heard some squeaking as the bench was lowered, presumably to be a

better height for the feral. Marci realized she didn't know their name, or even their species. All she knew was to expect a knot. And she knew nothing at all about the tester who had accompanied him.

She felt the pointed tip of a dog cock poke against her a few times, before finding its target and slipping inside. The knot slipped in easily, but she was sure it was just beginning to grow.

"Never broken a horse before," came a voice from above, "Pussy is an interesting change of pace, too." He seemed to be getting excited from talking, as she felt the knot starting to swell fairly rapidly. She began thrusting her hips back against him. Nameless hole or not, he was turning her on, too. *Okay, Ally, I get the whole "object" thing now*, she thought to herself.

She continued to feel the feral's body grinding against her with every thrust. The idea of being used like this really turned—

Marci was startled by the feeling of fangs against one of her breasts. They didn't bite, but with every thrust she felt the sharp tips scraping against her tender boob. If she could speak, she would have encouraged him to be rougher. But she was only a warm, wet hole for him. If he wanted to go harder, he would.

The knot continued to swell inside her, getting large enough that she could feel resistance when he would trust and pull back. *I hope I'm tight enough for you*, she thought to herself. She couldn't begin to guess at his size, after giving birth only a few days earlier had completely thrown off her pussy's sense of scale.

His thrusts started to become more erratic, and Marci knew he was going to cum soon. *Guess I am*, she thought. His knot was giving her a pleasant fullness, but part of her wished for more. She might have to talk about that with Ally.

She suddenly felt him starting to flood her pussy, with a growl of "Take my load, you fucking *hole!*" With that, Marci came herself, feeling her own wetness flood over his cock and down her asscrack. He didn't even acknowledge it. He would never know her name or her face. She would never know what he looked like. To him, she really was nothing more than a warm, wet hole. And the mare was discovering that she loved that.

Beside and above her, she started hearing the wet smacks of Ally making out, presumably with the other tester. Being unable to see just reinforced her place further. For that matter, her lover was making out with someone right next to her, but she would never know who it was. She wasn't a participant in any of this. Even if the pair joined them, it wouldn't be a foursome. It would be a threesome with a toy. Marci moaned into her ballgag, knowing that nobody would be able to hear it through both the gag and hood.

She felt the feral lay down on top of her, continuing to pump his cum into her while she was knotted. "That's it," he said, "Nothing like watching two bottoms make out."

You know? the mare thought to herself, *I think I could get used to this...*