

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)
Part 16: Right There All Along

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Now, On To The Story

Gloria was walking home from class, looking forward to the weekend, when a *ding* from her phone caught her attention. She pulled it out, surprised to see a message from Marci. She hadn't heard from her friend in several days, but figured the mare was busy with her new boyfriend.

"Gloria, can you come over? I can't be alone tonight."

Gloria was about to call, but since she wasn't sure about the situation, she texted instead. "I can. Are you in danger? Are you hurt?" After sending the message, she started to walk more quickly toward her apartment, watching for a reply.

"I'm just afraid I'm going to do something really stupid. It feels like I can't function around people anymore. Turns out I'm too much for Tim (He's still a great guy, though, and I hope he finds someone!)"

"Okay, I'll be right over! Let me get home, drop stuff off, and get on my scooter, okay? Oh, right! I got a new scooter, so you won't need to pick me up. I'll bring stuff to spend the night, okay?"

"Thank you. Thank you thank you thank you thank you. . ."

A few minutes later, Gloria was quickly walking down the hall to her apartment. Even without knowing the details, she knew Marci needed her right now. She quickly emptied the school supplies from her backpack, replacing them with a change of clothes, a box of chai tea that always seemed to cheer Marci up, her hairbrush, and a few other necessities before donning her safety gear (scooter, motorcycle, the laws of physics didn't care) and locking up the apartment.

Soon, she was zipping down the road toward Marci's house. She had taken a class to learn to ride, a couple weeks ago, and while she was still getting used to it, she loved the sense of freedom that came from not needing a lift everywhere. Her starts and stops had been getting much more smooth, and she was feeling much more confident making turns than she had the first day of the class. While it wasn't quite as fast as a car on country roads, topping out a bit below the speed limit, the costs that came with it were much lower.

Before long, she was pulling into Marci's driveway. After parking and shutting off the engine, she went quickly to the front door and rang the doorbell. A couple moments later, she heard the sound of hooves walking toward the door, then saw it open a crack, the mare peeking out at her.

"Marci? Can I come in?"

“Y-yeah.” The horse opened the door, hiding behind it as Gloria walked in. She slipped her backpack and jacket off, setting everything down to one side. Everything seemed normal inside, though it smelled a bit like—

As she turned to look at the naked mare closing the door behind her, it made sense. “It, uh, smells a bit like wet horse in here. Did I interrupt you?”

The moment the door was closed, the goat girl was suddenly tackled onto the couch by a sobbing Marci. “I can’t do this anymore,” the mare cried, “I just. . . can’t!”

“Hey, hey,” Marci said, wrapping her arms around her friend, “Let’s slow down a little okay. Can you take a deep breath, then slowly tell me what’s going on? Don’t worry, I’m not going anywhere until we get through this, whatever it is.”

Marci took a shuddering breath, saying, “It’s getting worse.”

“And what’s getting worse? Take your time and go slowly. I’m right here beside you, Marci.”

“It’s. . . Okay, so you know how I really need to be degraded and embarrassed and stuff after the thing Clara gave me, right? Well, I don’t know if it’s getting worse, or if I’m just losing my ability to deal with it.”

“Actually, I was going to ask you something about that. So, she gave you a drug that she said makes you crave that more than you already did?”

Marci nodded, looking desperate and relieved that the goat girl understood.

“Now, there’s a problem with that. Because those chemicals *can’t* do that. They can adjust things like hormones, body chemistry, and they can change your body around in some ways. But they can’t do that fine-grained of stuff, mentally.”

“I. . . I almost called Clara a few times tonight. I *need* it again. The way she treated me.”

“Would you mind if I give her a call? Not to do things to you, but I need to know what she gave you, okay? It will let me help you better. I just need her number, and it sounds like you have it?”

Marci nodded, pointing to a scrap of paper on a table next to the couch. Pulling out her phone, Gloria dialed the number. She certainly wasn’t looking forward to this conversation, but she had to know.

It rang a couple of times, then picked up. “Hello, Clara speaking. Who is this?”

“Clara, this is Gloria. I am a friend of Marci, and—”

“How is she doing? Is she better? I wanted to tell her I’m really s—”

“Right now, there’s one thing I need to know, and you’re the only one who can tell me. What did you give her? Tell me exactly.”

There was silence on the other end of the phone. “I, uh, hang on, I have another bottle of it around here somewhere. So, is Marci there with you? Can I talk to h—”

“The chemical name.”

“Right, right, I’m looking,” The woman on the other end sounded flustered. Gloria felt a bit out of character, being this short with someone, but this was someone who had hurt a close friend of hers.

She could hear the sounds of cabinets and drawers opening and closing, along with the occasional mutters of someone who was searching for something. In the meantime, she grabbed a pen and random piece of paper from her backpack by the door, before returning to the couch. Finally, she heard, “Found it! Do you have something to write with?”

“I do.”



Marci had never seen Gloria like this, and she could tell that her friend was quite angry. The goat girl wrote something on the piece of paper she had just gotten, and then quickly scribbled some notes before continuing.

“And when did you give the stop chemical?” There was a pause, “The chemical that stops the effect. That’s one of the slow-build ones.” There was another pause, before Gloria snarled into the phone, “*Listen*, I’m going to *college* for this stuff as we *speak*. You seriously gave her something without even *knowing* how it *worked?!?*” Gloria told the elephant to find a bottle of a different chemical, emphasizing that she didn’t care how badly the house needed to be torn apart to find it.

“We are about twenty minutes from your place. You have until we arrive to find it if you want to keep your fucking ass out of jail. *Do you fucking understand me?!?* Good. Now, is anyone else there? No, is anyone else there? Because the last thing my friend needs now is to see your worthless ass! Okay, good, have her meet us with it at the door. You have until we get there.”

Gloria hung up the phone, before turning to Marci. Her friend put their hands on her shoulders, tone instantly shifting to supportive but urgent. “Marci, there’s something we need to get for you. She’s looking for it now, but it’s going to get worse and worse until you take it. I promise I’ll explain everything once we have that. But I’m gonna need you to drive, since my scooter won’t seat two and I am absolutely not leaving you alone right now.”

Marci nodded. She had a pretty good idea of what was going on, from the half of the conversation she had heard. Still, her blood was running cold at the thought of what all of this probably meant. She got dressed as best she could, but didn’t bother with more than just a shirt and skirt before joining Gloria and walking out to her truck.

There was no conversation in the truck, as the volume of the engine with the rusted-out muffler would have required shouting. The mare drove quickly, hoping that whatever was going on would cure this.

After what felt like an eternity, she pulled into the driveway in front of Clara’s garage. At the door was Nicole, the elephant’s shark maid, with a worried look on her face. As the truck stopped and the mare shut off the engine, she ran over, holding up a paper bag on Marci’s side as the mare rolled the window down to take it. She quickly said, “I wrote my number inside the bag. Don’t tell Clara, but if there’s anything I can do, please call me, okay?”

“We will, thank you,” Gloria said, before turning to Marci. “Quick, chug that.”

Marci did as she was told, though she was careful to not rip the bag while doing so. Twisting the lid off the bottle, she started to gulp it down. This bottle seemed much larger than she remembered the other one being, though her memories of that night were very fuzzy. Gloria looked visibly relieved as the bottle drained into her, before the mare set the empty bottle in a cup-holder.

“Okay,” Gloria said, sounding suddenly tired, “Let’s get you back home. I’ve got a lot of stuff to explain, and then you and I have a lot of stuff to talk about. Thanks again, um. . .”

“Nicole?” The shark waved a hand dismissively, “Don’t worry about it. After what she did to your friend, I’m just glad there’s something I could do. Actually, I just put in my two week notice tonight before stepping out here.”

Just as they were about to pull away, the door of the house burst open, with Clara holding another bottle. “Wait! Don’t drink. . . that. . . one. . .”

Marci thought Gloria was going to explode. In a voice dripping with forced calm, her friend asked, “And why shouldn’t she have drank that one?”

“I-I misread the bottle. That was S55, not S5S. This is the right one, here. . . Oh god, I’m so sorry. . .”

The two of them started talking, but Marci collapsed back into the seat, her heart sinking. *What now? What did I just take? What is this gonna do to me?* Anything that was said next to her was just dull background noise, as her mind seemed to shut down. That was just one terrible surprise too many. A bottle was handed to her, and the mare was vaguely aware of drinking it.

She was roused by Nicole opening the driver’s side door and saying, “Okay, let me help you up. C’mon!” She could hear the shark straining, and she moved herself to get out of the truck. Her movements felt sluggish, like her body didn’t want to respond.

Marci heard Gloria on the other side, feeling something else seeming to try to hold her up as her hooves hit the ground. “Marci, I’m not sure if you can hear me right now, but we need to get you to bed. Use us for support, but we’re going to need you to take steps yourself, okay?”

The mare nodded. Why did she feel so sluggish? Why did her body seem to be fighting her so badly? She tried to put one hoof in front of the other, but everything felt slow and clumsy. The world was starting to get blurry. Then, everything went dark.



Marci woke up slowly, her eyes opening and starting to take in her surroundings. She was. . . in a bed? It wasn’t her own, but it felt familiar. Was it. . . Clara’s? Yeah, it was Clara’s. But, it wasn’t the one in the play-room. So it must have been the elephant’s own bed. “Wh-what am I doing here?” the mare wondered aloud.

“You’re safe, Miss Marci. We brought you here to rest and recover,” Looking to her left, the voice belonged to a shark girl. What was her name. . . Nancy. . . Mary. . . Nicole? That was it!

Another familiar voice said from next to her in the bed, “We sent her away. Nothing bad is going to happen to you now. You’re safe here.”

“I. . . I don’t remember what happened?”

“Rest a little longer please, Miss. From what Miss Gloria was telling me while you slept, I don’t think you are ready to hear it yet.”

With a silent, drowsy nod, the world went dark once more.



Marci woke up, surprised that she seemed to be in Clara’s bed. She hadn’t remembered coming here, which was strange because she would have driven. The mare was even more surprised to find Gloria asleep on her shoulder. For a long moment, she debated what to do. She didn’t really want to wake Gloria up, but. . . “Hey, uh, Gloria?”

Gloria’s eyes slowly opened, then she looked up at Marci. “Oh good, you’re awake again. Sorry, I fell asleep myself.”

“How long have I been sleeping?”

“Uh, I think it’s been about 13 hours? Somewhere thereabouts?”

“Oh geez! But what happened? Why am I here?” Marci smelled something strange in the air, but was too preoccupied to make out what it was.

“Okay, okay, let’s start from the beginning. . .” Gloria explained about the stop chemical, which had been the reason the two had driven here to begin with, as well as the mix-up in what she had been given. “And that’s when you passed out completely, while we were trying to get you to a bed.”

“Now, as for what the original chemical did. Both you and she thought that it would make you more subservient and obedient. It did, but not for the reasons you thought. Like I said, these chemicals can’t do that precise of stuff, mentally. The process that you’re a tester for can, which is one of its advantages.”

Gloria let out a sigh, as if unsure how to continue. “What that chemical does is that it starts to pump out arousal hormones, for a start. In your case, you like being degraded and stuff, so it made you like it *more*. Since you had said before you got an elephant-sized dose, that means your body was getting hammered by those. With me, so far?” Marci nodded.

“Now, the reason you were really struggling to resist, and that you needed help to calm down and realize what you were about to do, is because you were legitimately horny enough that it was starting to overpower rational thought.” Marci nodded. What her friend was saying certainly made sense.

“Okay, now here’s the scary part. That chemical gradually builds up to a stronger and stronger effect, until you take what’s called a stop-chemical. It reacts with the original one to neutralize it, and then both are flushed out of your body. The effect is permanent, but it stops increasing. The problem is,

she didn't know about that. So she blindly gave you something that was going to get worse and worse. I, uh, think that gets you up to speed on the first one." Marci felt Gloria lean in for a hug. "Before we get to the second one, why don't you tell me how you feel?"

Marci shuddered, "I... I feel horny. Like, if I'm in a room all by myself with something to distract me, I'm okay. But the moment there's anything even slightly arousing, I kinda lose control. I had thought it was just degradation, but, well, you can smell me right now, can't you?" She saw Gloria nod. "I was hoping that if I tried to fight it, it would go away. It, uh, didn't. When you came over was the first time I've worn clothes in five days. I haven't left the house. Just watched porn and touched myself." The mare hesitated a moment, then asked, "S-so, the second chemical she gave me. What, uh, what does it do?"

Gloria took a deep breath, giving the mare a squeeze. "So, toward the end of BioChange, they were trying a whole bunch of things that they hoped would give them an edge. One of the things they were trying to do was to recreate the more complicated effects of what the place you work for does. Imagine if you could do what was done to Three, in a matter of a few hours. Like, the pheromone sweat." Gloria let out a sigh, "Well, it didn't work. Thankfully, the prototype one she accidentally gave you didn't kill you. Those never made it through testing, and it's terrifying she kept a testing version."

"S-so..." Marci sniffed the air. The scent she had caught earlier seemed much stronger now. "I-is that *me* I'm smelling?"

"It, uh, might be easier to let you find out for yourself," her friend said, "Lift one of your arms and give it a sniff."

Marci did as she was told, lifting one arm and sniffing underneath. The stench was overpowering, and she could feel a drop of sweat trickling down and soaking into her shirt. As tears started to roll down her cheek, the mare laid her head back down on the pillow. "I'm ruined forever now, aren't I..."

"Hey now, I never said that!" The mare opened her eyes, looking up at the goat girl now sitting up next to her. Gloria lifted up Marci's arm again, running a finger underneath. Marci saw a bead of sweat on the fingertip as her friend looked at it, then greedily licked it up. "Mmm, I think you underestimate just how much *some* of us love it. And yours tastes sooo much nastier than Three's!"

"W-wait, you like it?!"

"Mmm, yup! I mean, you knew I had a musk kink, right?"

"Y-yeah, but like, even mine? It's *really* bad."

"Of course! I mean, Nicole wasn't a fan, but I love it, Marci."

"So, um, why do I feel a little different between my legs?" She spread them a bit, hearing sticky sounds from beneath her skirt.

"That's, uh, the second part of it. So, not only are you really sweaty, but..." Gloria reached under the skirt, and Marci heard a wet *squelch* as the smaller girl pushed a hand into the mare's pussy. Pulling it back out before Marci had even had a chance to enjoy the sensation, Gloria held her hand up in front of the mare.

Marci couldn't help taking a deep sniff, whimpering at how strong it was. It looked different, too. It was definitely thicker in consistency. As she reached out her tongue, Gloria teasingly pulled her hand away. "You wouldn't want that! It came from a girl, you know!"

"P-please..." Despite the situation, her friend's teasing was really exciting her.

"Please whaaat?" Gloria said, giggling. "Say it like an extra-dirty horsie, and I'll scoop out some more for you!"

That pushed Marci past the tipping point, where her shyness disappeared. "Please let me suck my mare-juice off your hands! I *need* it..."

"Oh?" Gloria asked, as Marci saw her friend reach back down and felt the goat girl's hand slide back into her well-stretched pussy, "You sound like the kind of girl who wants to eat a girl out. The Marci I know only wants big stallion cocks." This had become a regular way for Gloria to tease her, after finding out about the mare's fantasy about being forced into bisexuality. Truth be told, she had been dropping hints to Gloria before meeting Tim, but the goat girl hadn't seemed to pick up on them. Maybe now she would need to be more obvious...

"Uh-huh... This goat has me soaked just *looking* at her." A moment later, her friend held a soaked hand to her lips, and Marci began to lick it. It didn't feel like juice on her tongue. This felt more like a slime than anything, reminding her a bit of Three. The flavor was completely different, though. She still tasted like herself, only much more intense. Between licks, she whimpered, "Mmm, sorry my fuckhole is so slimy..."

"You say that like it's a bad thing," the goat girl giggled, "What do you say we get you out of those clothes, hmm?"

Marci immediately pulled her shirt up over her head, her breasts hanging freely as she tossed it beside the bed. Without a shirt sleeve covering them, she would swear her body odor was even stronger. Despite her friend's earlier assurances, she clenched her eyes in shame, though she felt her pussy twitch at the feeling. Arching her back, she pulled off her skirt. It felt like it had already soaked up quite a bit of her... She tried to think what she wanted to call it.

Gloria looked up at her, suggesting, "Actually, mind if I get some water before stuff? I'm thinking you're gonna need a lot, too. All that wetness has to come from somewhere!"

It suddenly occurred to Marci just how thirsty she was. "Okay, could you bring me some?"

"Yup!" Gloria climbed out of the elephant's bed and stepped away, leaving Marci to explore herself. Giving one of her breasts a squeeze, she felt a bit of milk squirt out. The mare couldn't help imagining Gloria's lips sucking on them, slowly drinking her dry. Especially since she felt so full right now. Her hands made her way lower, to her pussy. It was absolutely covered in thick, sticky...

"Mare-slime," she whispered, licking her lips, "Sticky, sloppy mare-slime. Coming from my g-gross fuckhole." She had started talking to herself like that during her time by herself. Reaching down, she grabbed her slippery clit and

gave it a painfully hard squeeze. Her masochistic side had also gotten much stronger, though she was still afraid to really let that show around Gloria. She clenched her eyes shut, “Mmm, yeah. Hurt my clit, Gloria. Put a ring in it and *claim* me. Make me *your* mare.”

Not realizing she was starting to get louder, she whimpered, “Break me. Ruin me. Destroy me. I’m nothing but a toilet and foal-factory.” She gave her clit a hard twist, continuing, “Make me a farm animal like Three. Make m—” She was startled by the sound of a pair of glasses being set down on the end table. The mare’s eyes snapped open, to see a smiling, naked Gloria next to the bed. “H-how much did—”

She was stopped by a finger on her lips. “Mmm, enough to get me thinking about all *kinds* of things to do with you.” Gloria took a big mouthful of water from one of the elephant-sized glasses, motioning for Marci to open her mouth. The mare did, hearing the sounds of water being swished around her friend’s mouth. Then, she saw the goat girl’s lips part slightly and felt a small stream of warm water hitting her tongue. As the thirsty mare gulped down the water being spit into her mouth, she couldn’t help staring at her friend’s huge, perky nipples. As the stream of water ended, Gloria smiled, “I like when you stare.”

“Y-you do?”

“Uh-huh. Besides, you’re such a *needy* horsie, you just can’t *help* it, can you?”

“Mmm, no I can’t. . .”

“Then just let it happen, horsie. Let your mouth water every time you see my big ol’ goat teats. Speaking of mouthwatering, I’m sure you’re still thirsty, and I have just the thing.” A moment later, her friend was once more spitting warm water into her mouth to swallow. Each gulp aroused the mare further, even though this was quite tame compared to most of her kinks. She could feel herself beginning to sweat more, along with her mare-slime (she shuddered as she thought the words) running down her asscrack. Her tummy was also gurgling and groaning a bit, probably from the air she would be gulping down alongside the water.

One by one, her friend spit mouthfuls of the giant glass of water out for her to drink, until the glass was eventually emptied. She was about to speak, but instead a loud belch came out. The mare instinctively covered her mouth, but Gloria gently pulled her hands away. “Aaand that’s the third thing. You’re gonna gurgle and burp a lot, horsie. It’s a side-effect that goes with that second chemical. But that’s the last thing!”

“I’m a nasty horsie, aren’t I?” Unlike before, this time the corners of her lips turned slightly upward.

“Mmm, never met a nastier one,” Gloria replied with a smile. Her friend looked almost. . .relieved? “Everything’s gonna be okay, Marci.” Her friend patted her belly as another belch escaped her lips.

“Do. . . Do you want me?”

The patting changed to a gentle bellyrub. “You sound like you’re not just asking if I want you for tonight. You’re asking for something more, aren’t you?”

The mare nodded, not sure how to put her emotions into words. Why was dirty talk so much easier than talking about her feelings?!

The goat girl laid down beside her, not breaking contact as the rubs continued. “Mind if I start by talking a bit about my own feelings? Shh... There, there, Marci...” Marci hadn’t realized she was trembling. “So Robert and I have been talking a lot, this last week or so. He and Ally are so totally perfect for eachother. Like, I see how they look at eachother, and I see how happy the two of them are together. Eventually, it was like, ‘Robert? This right here? This is your soulmate. You two were *made* for eachother. And I know that’s where you’re gonna be happiest.’”

“W-what did he say?”

“First off, you’re still shaking so much. I’m right here, Marci. You don’t need to be afraid—nobody is going to hurt you.” Marci slowly calmed down a little, though she couldn’t stop completely. “Well, he agreed. We still hang out and do things together as friends, but the old high school lovers are back together.”

“B-but what about you?”

“Well, I’m currently a single goat. Got my friends, a few with benefits, and I’ve just kinda been seeing where things go.”

“S-so, um, would you ever date a—not talking about me, of course! That’d be silly, right?! B-but would you ever d-date a...g-girl?”

“Oh, definitely! I’ve never dated one before. Robert was kinda my first relationship, period. It’s, uh, a long story why I didn’t date before college. Hopefully ‘family issues’ works as an explanation, though?”

Marci nodded, and Gloria continued, “Of course, if I did date a girl, I’d want it to be the right one, y’know?”

Marci’s ears drooped. She knew where this was going. She had been stupid to think the answer would be any different, especially now, but the mare was thankful her friend was being gentle about it. “I...I hope you find the right one.”

“Well, the problem is that I’ve found one who’s *almost* perfect. But she’s not into girls, herself.”

“O-oh?” Marci didn’t really want to know, but she politely asked, “W-what’s she like?”

“She’s pretty cool, actually. It’s just a shame she’s only into guys.”

“S-someone I know?”

“Yeah, you know her better than I do, actually.”

“Hmm, it couldn’t be Sally, since she *only* likes girls. I don’t think it’s Three either, since she swings both ways. I can’t imagine you and Clara getting together at all...” Marci thought a bit longer, “O-okay, I need a hint.”

“You seem *awfully* curious about her. Is there something on your mind, horsie?”

“I, uh, it’s nothing.”

“Alright. Well, she’s an awesome mare I know. She wears big, round glasses, and she’s been going through a rough time lately, and—Gah!!!” The goat girl was suddenly being crushed in a tight embrace.

“Will you go out with me?” Marci asked, “Please...” After a couple moments without an answer, the mare loosened her grip to allow Gloria to breathe.

“Oh wow, I thought she’d *never* ask!” Gloria teased, “Yes, I would love to go out with you. Are you sure you’re okay with having a girlfriend, though? Like, we’d be seen out together and stuff, you know. Not sure how much of your forced-bi stuff is roleplay and how much is real?”

Marci thought a moment before replying, “Well, the bedroom side is definitely roleplay. But the romantic side... A lot of that is real, if I’m being honest. You, uh, may need to be patient with me.”

“So don’t walk into a crowded room and go, ‘Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce my carpet-munching, lady-kissing, clit-sucking girlfriend!’, then? Got it!” Gloria giggled.

Marci let out a nervous chuckle, “Y-yeah, please no. M-maybe someday, b-but not yet.”

“Don’t worry, Marci, we have all the time in the world for you to get more comfortable with things like that.” The pair laid in silence for a moment, before Gloria happily snuggled close and moaned, “Mmm... warm, toasty horse girlfriend...”

“And a warm, toasty goat girl-friend, too...” Despite knowing that she wanted this, the mare still felt overwhelmed now that it was actually happening.

She felt Gloria shift slightly against her, then was surprised to feel a pair of lips wrap around one of her nipples. A moment later, Marci let out a whimper as she felt the goat girl starting to drink from it. “O-oh, do you like m-mare milk?” Hearing only a contented moan in reply, Marci started to run her fingers through Gloria’s hair, saying, “Drink up as much as you want. My milky mare-udders are all yours, now.”

The sucking briefly stopped, as a voice from below softly said, “It’s really tasty. You’d make a lovely dairy-girl, you know?” As Gloria went back to sucking, Marci considered her suggestion. While she *did* love the degradation of flushing it down the toilet, the idea of selling it did have a certain appeal.

“Mmm, gotta make sure my g-girlfriend is full, first.” Marci loved the feelings running through her. There was the pleasure her nipples were feeling, of course, and the strange but pleasant feeling of having the milk sucked out of her breasts, but she felt a warm glow knowing it was all going into her frie—girlfriend’s tummy. She had always felt joy from cooking food for friends or family, and this was a *much* more intimate version of the same feeling.

They were suddenly interrupted by a knock at the doorway. The two of them looked up, surprised to see Lewis standing there. Of course—they had completely forgotten about him! The pig’s canine cock was already out of the sheath and getting hard, and he was holding up his whiteboard. “Missed you so much! Can I play too?”

The two girls looked at the sign, then at each other. Marci turned to Gloria and broke the silence, “I, uh, I want you to decide for me.”

“You’re sure?”

“Y-yeah,” Marci said, with a nervous smile.

“Hmm... Alright then.” Turning back to Lewis, Gloria grinned, “Why don’t you climb in bed on the other side? I have an idea.”

Lewis eagerly hopped into bed, and a moment later Marci was on her back between the two. Lewis sniffed the air, then wrote on his whiteboard and held it up. “Smell?”

“Yup!” Gloria said, sounding almost... proud of her? “After the stuff Clara did, she gets really smelly now. Is that okay?” Lewis nodded, though he looked at Marci with concern. Gloria gave him a gentle smile, “She’s okay, y’know? She’s going to be with someone who wants her to be happy and safe.” The pig nodded, his concern fading.

“Now, let me show you what I want you to do, and we’ll take turns doing it.” Gloria bent down, and Marci felt her milk being sucked out once more. Only instead of swallowing, the goat girl pulled away, tapping on Marci’s lips until she opened wide. A stream of warm, fresh mare-milk was soon being spit from the goat’s mouth into hers. She could see Lewis stroking his dick while her mouth filled up.

As Gloria pulled away and Lewis started to suck on the other side, Marci gulped it down. Almost immediately, she could feel her belly starting to gurgle. Gloria told her, “Don’t be shy about belching right in our faces, you dirty horsie.” Marci nodded, just before Lewis raised his head above hers and began to spit out milk for her to drink.

Feeling a belch rising, she wrapped an arm behind the pig’s shoulders and pulled him in for a milky French kiss. As her milk drained from his mouth to hers, the mare let out a loud, rumbling belch back into his. She saw Lewis’ eyes roll back, though she wasn’t sure if it was from arousal or revulsion. And deep down, Marci had to admit that either would have turned her on just as much.

The pig pulled away, the mix of saliva and milk forming a film between their lips that slowly broke, falling on her chin and chest. Suddenly, Marci felt more mare-slime flooding out of her pussy as an orgasm hit. *Did I really just cum from belching in his mouth?* the mare wondered, a bit shocked. But before she could think further about it, Gloria came in for a milky kiss of her own. Marci felt hands wrap behind her head to hold her in place as more milk poured into her mouth.

Before she could swallow, though, another belch came too quickly, bubbling up through the milk before being eagerly inhaled by the goat. With her mouth still full of milk, the two girls splashed it around with their tongues. Marci could already feel Lewis sucking what felt like the last mouthful from her. She wished this could go on forever, she thought as the pair traded places one last time, but she was sure Gloria had more in mind. This time, the pig surprised her by planting his lips against hers and letting out a belch of his own.

“Looks like there are *two* dirty animals in this bed, huh?” Gloria chuckled, shifting position to one of the horse’s soaked armpits. Marci felt her g-girlfriend take a lick, then heard a moaned, “Mmm, your pit-sweat is so nasty, horsie.” She was currently sharing one final milk-kiss with Lewis, so she couldn’t reply with anything other than a whimper as she let out another belch into his mouth.

A finger slipped down between her legs, though instead of stopping at her

sopping mare-hole, it reached further. It started rubbing at the base of her tail, before gradually working forward until just before her asshole. Back and forth it slowly went, with the mare spreading her legs for easier reach. Then, the hand pulled away. As the pig's lips sloppily parted from hers again, with more saliva dripping onto her face and chin, it was replaced by a finger from Gloria. "How does your greasy asscrack taste, horsie?"

"Mmm, like stale sweat, ass, and mare-slime," she moaned.

With a mischievous grin, Gloria pointed to Lewis. "Bury his face under it. You and I are gonna talk while he eats your nasty butt." Marci sat up, and Gloria couldn't help noticing the sweat that had already soaked into the blankets where she had been laying. Lewis took his place underneath, and after repositioning some pillows to make sure she wouldn't crush him, she sat down onto his face.

As Lewis immediately went to work, she let out a deep groan. "Y-you know, I didn't e-expect him to l-like this so much."

"I guess it's a day for surprises," Gloria said with a small chuckle. "So, I couldn't help overhearing you talking about wanting your clit pierced?"

"Uh-huuuh. . ." the mare moaned.

"Excellent," Gloria said, running a finger down between her breasts with a wink, "I figure keeping you pleased like this means you won't hold back while we talk."

Marci just whimpered with a nod.

"And you said something about being ruined. In fact, I'm pretty sure I heard a 'destroy me' in there."

"Y-yeahhh," she moaned, half from what she was admitting and half from the pig's tongue sliding into her slimy mare-hole. He seemed hesitant, which was unusual for him. Maybe she really was *that* nasty. Rather than scaring her, though, for some reason she found it excited her. Maybe it was because she knew the sweet, adorable goat in front of her accepted her. *Not only accepts me, actually wanted to be my g-girlfriend!*

"Now," Gloria said with a wink, straddling Lewis' chubby belly and giving the mare's somewhat sore breasts a gentle squeeze, "that's a lot stronger word than just asking to be stretched, pierced, or even being tattooed under your fur. Would you care to tell me more? You're a good, good horsie. You can tell me absolutely anything at all."

Marci didn't have an answer ready, so she started to just list things off she had thought of. "I-I want my friends and family to know what I do. I want people to use my mare-hole as an ashtray. I want my asshole torn open and gaping. I wanna do porn, for anyone to see. B-but I—" Feeling another belch rising up as the milk sloshed around in her tummy, she pulled Gloria close and locked lips. A moment later, a rumbling, foul-tasting burp erupted from her mouth into the goat girl's, forcefully enough that she felt a puff of air from Gloria's nose.

Just before she was about to pull away, she was caught by surprise as a second one slipped out. This one was quieter and not as forceful, but the taste made Marci shiver slightly. As her mouth was above the smaller woman's, she

felt drool running down between her girlfriend's lips. She hoped Gloria wouldn't mind.

The mare suddenly realized she wasn't feeling much between her legs. Pulling away from Gloria, she lifted up from Lewis and asked if he was okay. The pig shook his head, then made a gagging motion. "Too, uh, too nasty?" The pig nodded. Moving off of him, Marci quickly said, "I'm sorry, Lewis. Are you okay, though?" He hadn't been frantically tapping on her thigh or anything, so she wasn't surprised when he nodded. He then pointed toward himself, followed by the door.

"Of course! Did you have fun with everything else before that, though?"

Lewis nodded vigorously, and Marci felt relief wash over her as he left. While the idea that she had disgusted him like that *did* excite her, she had been worried that she had accidentally hurt his feelings or crossed the line. It seemed she had done neither, though, for which she was grateful.

"Y'know," Gloria giggled, "That does kinda wreck the whole 'you're with *girls* now, dirty horsie!' vibe I was going for."

"Actually," Marci said, her tone shifting a bit, "th-there's something else I want to talk with you about. Got interrupted, though."

"Sure!" Gloria licked her lips, "By the way, I can't decide if I like your burps or Three's farts better. Gonna need more samples of both, I think. That last one was *amazing*, you sexy horse!"

"R-really?"

"Yup! Awful, but in the best possible way!" Gloria gave her a wink.

"Wow, thanks! Oh, uh, anyway, the thing I was gonna say. I wanna be bred. A lot. Over and over again. Non-stop. But..."

"Buuut you're worried about what the chemicals would do as far as your foals, right?"

Marci nodded, her eyes clenching shut.

"Here, why don't you lay down with me?"

The mare laid down, her mind a swirling whirlpool of overwhelming arousal, disappointment, and vulnerability. She felt like she had opened up so much, and that she was dumping everything on her new girlfriend less than an hour after she had asked Gloria out.

"Okay," Gloria said, wrapping her arms around the distraught mare, "Now, let's start with the first chemical, okay? The first one's effects are fully known. While there isn't an antidote or anything to make it go away, it also only actually triggers a whole bunch of recessive genes. Meaning that the only way any of your foals would have it as bad as you would be if the stallion was equally drugged up. If anything, the conversation about the birds and the bees might need a little more emphasis. But they could absolutely live normal, healthy, happy lives."

"However... there's the second one. Since that one never made it into production, there isn't nearly as much information available about it. Clara did dig out what notes she still had about it, and while a lot of it was marketing garbage, there was enough there that I can do some digging. I *do* know that one doesn't need a stop-chemical, and I do know that you're safe. My *guess* would

be that it's the same situation as the first chemical, but. . ." Gloria held Marci tightly, "I know how much this means to you, Marci. And I'm gonna find out. When we're sure it's safe, you're getting a stallion that very night."

Marci tried returning Gloria's hug but wasn't positioned well to do so. Wrapping one arm around her girlfriend, she just whispered, "Th-thank you. . ."

"Don't mention it! But hey, wanna go home? We probably should get out of Clara's bed. You've already made a mess of the blankets."

"Oh, geez. . ." Marci said as she sat up, not having noticed the sweat stains or mare-slime she had left until now.

"Eh, not your problem. And from the sounds of things, not Nicole's either. Sounds like she's leaving when we do, and not bothering to come back."

Marci took one look around the room. She had been here before, and despite everything that had happened, she couldn't help feeling a wave of nostalgia wash over her. Gloria sat next to her in silence, holding her hand as if to say the goat girl understood.

The mare tried to put the memories of everything that had happened here behind her. She had to admit, she loved a lot of the things that had happened, right up until the end. And, if she was really being honest with herself, there was a part of her that was overjoyed with even that. Maybe. . . Turning toward Gloria, she realized that she could have everything she'd had with the elephant, but with a sweet, loving side mixed in. Clara had been many things to her, but neither sweet nor loving had made the list.

"Take your time," Gloria said with a sympathetic smile, "I know."

Taking a deep breath, Marci put that life behind her. Clara, Tim, and Ally. One remained a close friend, another wanted to hang out at the club if they saw each other there, and one. . . she wasn't sure about, but honestly she thought it best to not contact again.

The two grabbed their things and met up with the shark in the entryway. Nicole offered again to help if there was anything they could think of. Just as the trio were about to leave, Gloria turned. "Aaactually, there *is* something."

"What is it?"

"So, do you happen to know any of Clara's former contacts? Like a phone number, an address, or anything along those lines? I need to get in contact with the people who made that experimental one, if I can."

Nicole's breath caught, "Oh? I-is it dangerous?"

"No, no. But there are some details I need to know about how that one works. It's not dangerous, but. . ." Marci felt Gloria's hand take hers, ". . . it's important."



Gloria watched as the shark thought for a moment. "Follow me," Nicole said, leading them quickly down the hall to a room that even Marci seemed to have never seen before. Inside was a computer, which Marci looked at with

interest. While Gloria knew how to use one, she didn't know them to the level Marci seemed to.

As Nicole logged in, Marci commented, "This... looks weird. Like it's not a gaming machine, but two monitors?"

"Clara took this one with her when BioChange shut down," Nicole explained, "I'm sure she just didn't want it to go to waste, but there's... probably something here you can use? I just don't know how to get to it. My login is just for stuff like taking notes from phone calls or writing down visitors, cleaning schedules, that kind of thing."

Marci looked at the screens. "M-mind if I try?"

The shark stood up from the chair, her long, graceful tail swishing to clear the backrest in one well-practiced motion. "Of course!"

Gloria watched as Marci pulled up a text window she had never seen before. The mare typed some things, read what appeared on the screen, typed a few more things, and saw what looked like the same thing. Muttering something Gloria couldn't make heads or tails of under her breath, Marci typed something else, and another window popped up. She clicked a button and typed something that looked like jibberish to Gloria.

Nicole leaned over, whispering loudly to the goat girl, "Any idea what she's doing?"

"No clue," Gloria whispered back.

"Aaand... got it!" Marci, now back in the original window, had typed the same thing as before, only this time the output looked a little different.

"Did it work?" Gloria asked. In the movies, there was always some big screen saying, "Access granted!" She supposed real-life hacking was probably not nearly as visual.

"Yup! I don't have any way of getting stuff off of here, but what do you need to see?"

"Um... can we see the folders?"

"Oh, uh, only this console window can. But I can navigate the folders from here, and..." It was a slow process, but between Gloria having a good idea what she was looking for and Marci understanding whatever arcane wizardry was happening on the screen, they eventually found a file named with the code that had been on the bottle Marci had been accidentally given.

Marci opened the text file in the window, sliding aside so Gloria could take over. "Okay, 'k' to go up and 'j' to go down."

"Can't I just use the arrows? Or the mouse?"

Marci shook her head, "Nah, not on this one." She stopped and smiled a bit. "H-hey, I was actually useful, wasn't I?"

Gloria leaned her head against the mare, "You sure were, honey! Nicole and I couldn't have done it without you, you know."

"Wait, uh, 'honey'?" The shark girl sounded confused.

Gloria explained, "Oh! Uh, I'm sure this sounds kinda weird with how today has been, but she asked me out, and I said yes. So, yeah!"

"Oh, well, congrats to both of you!" Nicole gave them a smile, though Gloria noticed she had moved a bit further from Marci. Taking a whiff, Gloria could

tell why. That might take some getting used to—not for herself, but for how to not make things unpleasant for others. They would figure it out, though. Just like she would figure out the chemical that—why weren't the arrows working?!

“Uh, remember, ‘j’ and ‘k’,” Marci softly reminded her.

“Right, sorry!”

“Oh, no! You’ve never seen this before, so you’re not gonna remember everything right away. Just don’t hit any other keys.”

A few minutes later, Gloria pulled her hands away from the keyboard and stood up. “Okay, I’ve gotten everything I can from here, I think.”

She watched Marci sit down at the computer, quickly typing “:q!” and hitting enter, which closed the file.

“How do you remember all this?” Gloria asked Marci.

“How did you understand anything that was written inside that file?” Marci retorted with a chuckle, “Computers are my thing!”



Marci flopped down on her own bed, her girlfriend beside her. Her new relationship was finally starting to sink in, and Marci’s lips curled into a smile. “I know I was apparently out for a long time,” she said with a yawn, “But I feel like I could sleep for a week right now.”

Sitting on the bedstand, at Gloria’s suggestion, was a large bottle of water. The goat girl had explained that between the sweat and added water loss from her extra slimy mare-hole, she was going to need a lot more water intake, as well as things like electrolytes and possibly other nutrients.

“Mmm, I could definitely snuggle up with you for a whole week,” Gloria said, pulling herself close. Marci had gotten the impression during all of this that Gloria had been a bit affection-starved lately. She felt tonight might not be the best time to ask about that, though.

“Gloria?” The mare turned off the light.

“Yeah?”

“I..I love you,” The mare paused, then hastily added, “S-sorry, that sounded really hesitant and I didn’t mean that I wasn’t sure if I did because I really do and—”

“Shh...” Gloria gave her a gentle squeeze, “Mind if I try? You’re nervous because you’ve never been in a relationship with a girl before. Maybe you’ve fantasized about it, but now that it’s happening, you’re a little worried.”

“Y-yeah. Well, and like, I don’t know what my life is gonna be like now, with all the, uh, you know...”

“I know. You’re going through a lot of scary stuff, right now. And your life is probably going to be a lot different. But you’re not going to face it alone. And I’m sure even the part about dating a girl is gonna take getting used to for you. And that’s okay. I’ve never done it either, so we’ll get through it together.”

“Are... are you scared? About, uh, dating a girl, I mean?”

“Nope. I’m very curious how it’ll be different, but I’m not scared of that,” Marci felt a hand press against her chest, over her heart, “But *you* are afraid, and that’s a completely okay thing to feel. I’m sure there’ll be plenty of times where I’m scared of something you aren’t, too.”

“I-it’s not about you. You know that, right?”

“Honey, you can relax. You don’t need to be on edge, you know.”

“It’s just. . . I’ve been a relationship pinball lately. . .”

“Hey, you’ve had a very rough patch, y’know? But like, when I said that, yes, I wanted to date this horse, I knew what I was getting into. You’ve been through a lot. Your body means a life with you is gonna be unusual, or maybe even embarrassing sometimes. You’re going to need cheering-up often, and to be reassured that no matter how much you love being called nasty, dirty, or gross, you *are* beautiful and *do* deserve to be loved. You’re also gonna need a lot of sexual attention—probably much more than I can give by myself. But being around you makes me feel happy and cozy and warm.”

“E-even when I’m scared? O-or like, I know what I smell like right now.”

“Eeeeven when you’re scared,” Gloria replied. “And honestly? I love the way you smell. You’re musky and sweaty, but to me that’s just the smell of my horsie girlfriend.” Gloria gave a loud sniff next to her armpit, as if to prove the point. “Look, you enjoy the smell when visiting Three, right?”

“Y-yeah?”

“Well then, is it that much of a reach to think someone might love the smell when visiting you?”

“I, uh, I guess not.”

“For now, stop worrying about why I love you, and just lay there and feel loved.” Marci felt a pair of lips against hers for a quick kiss, before she finished, “Because I love you, Marci.”

“I love you too, Gloria,” the mare said, feeling a bit breathless.



“Mmm, what a smelly horsie. . .”

Marci slowly opened her eyes to a goat girl nuzzling into her armpit. “Mmm, you like it?”

“I love it,” Gloria said.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Yeah, what’s up?”

“So, you don’t sound turned on or anything. And with what you were saying last night, do you just really like the smell?”

“You know. . . I’ve never told you the reason I’m a goat, have I?”

“No, you haven’t.”

Marci listened to Gloria talk about helping out at a nearby goat farm as a young girl, even listing the names of some of her favorite goats that had been there. “. . . But after World Change I kept helping out there. A-actually,

As the mail truck drove off, Marci decided to quickly throw on a hoodie and skirt before darting out to her mailbox. It looked like there was only one letter today, so she grabbed it and quickly went back into the house. Opening it up, it looked like a letter. She pulled it out and began to read. Since there was nobody there, she decided to read it aloud, as the house felt less empty hearing someone else talking, even if it was using her own voice.

“Dear Marci, I am sure I’m the last person you want to hear from, right now. To be honest, I don’t really know what to say, either. I know I’ve basically ruined your life. By a stupid, selfish, and heartless decision, then by accident twice. I know I don’t deserve to be forgiven for this, but I would like to do something to make things right, at least in some small way. If you haven’t found it yet, there is a cheque inside this envelope. I know I cannot buy forgiveness, but I hope it can make up, in some small way, for how much harder your life is because of me.”

“I just want to add that if you ever want to contact me, even only to shout, scream, cry, or tell me off, you have my number. It may also bring you comfort to know that I’ve safely disposed of every bottle I had left. They’re gone, and they can’t hurt anybody anymore.”

“Everything has kind of fallen apart, after I did that to you. Even Lewis doesn’t look at me the same way, now. I wish what I saw in his eyes was judgement. Instead, I see fear and distrust. He and I still play together, but I can tell his heart isn’t in it. Between that and Nicole quitting, this house feels so cold and lonely.”

“I guess what I’m trying to say is that, while I am sure what I am going through is much less awful than what you are, it may bring you some sense of peace that I am getting exactly the karma I deserve. I should go, before I put my foot even further in my mouth. Sincerely, Clara”.

Looking inside the envelope, sure enough, there was a check there. Marci’s eyes widened at the number. Was it a mistake? Surely it had to be—the mare could practically live on that indefinitely.

She looked over at her phone, then back at the letter. Maybe she could. . . No, she shouldn’t. But on the other hand, it really *was* just a harmless question. . .

Marci picked up her phone and entered the elephant’s number, starting a new text conversation. “Hey, I just got your letter. Are you **sure** that is the amount you meant?”

Several minutes later, there was a ding from her phone, and Marci checked the reply. “I’m sure. I must have checked it a dozen times. But how are you doing?”

Marci started to reply, but then had an awful idea. And yet. . . it seemed harmless. . . She replied, “Would you like to see pictures of—” Realizing what she was doing, Marci tossed her phone to the far corner of the bed. She couldn’t do that! But on the other hand. . .

“Got it! When Gloria is done and I can get ahold of her, we can talk through it. She’ll be levelheaded. She trusts me not to do something stupid, and I’m gonna earn that trust!”

Marci sat for a moment, feeling a small sense of pride. Sure, resisting that

urge seemed like such a small, stupid thing, but she had done it. And what's more, she had done it all on her own!

Still, she couldn't deny that the idea of sending pictures to show off her changes to the elephant did excite her, even if she was resisting it. She couldn't imagine Gloria being okay with sending pictures or anything like that, but the situation with the cheque was a strange one. Was it a genuine gesture of goodwill, or was there some way it could be a trap?

The mare didn't think Clara would try to trick her. The elephant certainly *sounded* like she was genuinely sorry. Still, she had trusted Clara in the first place, which had ended in disaster.

Turning away from the phone resting on the bed, Marci fired up one of her favorite games to try to cool down. "After all, I've got a girlfriend. I don't *need* Clara!"

Time passed relatively quickly, and before Marci knew it, she was reaching across the bed to grab her phone to talk to Gloria. Life was going to be weird. But deep inside, Marci started to believe things were going to be okay. *I guess what I needed was right there all along...*