

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)
Part 17: Elephant Tamers

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Now, On To The Story

“Technically, it can’t be any sort of legal trap,” Gloria explained, gesturing at the letter from Clara that Marci was holding, “The letter would absolutely prove that this was a gift, if she tried to make anything of it.”

“So, it’s safe then?”

“Not quite. It can’t be a *legal* trap. But it could be meant to make you feel indebted to her, like you owe her a second chance. After all, that part where she says she can’t buy forgiveness, there are two ways to read it. She could honestly mean that, but she could be deliberately putting the thought into your head while simultaneously denying it.” Gloria laid a hand on the mare’s thigh, “If you deposit this, and a week later Clara calls and asks you to come back, do you think it would influence you?”

Gloria watched as her girlfriend thought for a moment, before the mare closed her eyes and let out a long sigh. “I, uh, I don’t know if you’ll like my answer. But it’s the truth.”

The goat girl slid close beside Marci, wrapping her arms around the larger woman. “I’m not gonna be mad at you. I promise.”

“I-it wouldn’t change anything, but that’s only because I’m *already* so tempted. I...I know it’s wrong. I know I shouldn’t. But deep down, a part of me misses it...I’m so sorry...”

Gloria gave the mare a squeeze. “You don’t need to be sorry. I’m not angry or disappointed. It’s something you will probably struggle with for a while. But you don’t have to go through this alone.” While she had told the truth, she felt sad for her girlfriend, wishing she knew how to help. “So, if I ask you a question, do you promise to give me an honest answer? I promise I won’t be upset with you.”

Marci hesitantly nodded, “I promise.”

“What is it that you miss? Like, was it something about her, something she would do with you, or...”

“Well, she was really into BDSM and very dominant. I loved the shame and humiliation of doing what she told me to, and...” Gloria felt Marci’s hand over one of hers, “And deep down, I really wanted that kind of life.”

Gloria thought for a moment. “The life of a dirty horsie? Maybe kind of a slutty one? And one who always does what she’s told?”

“I...uh...”

"You can tell me," Gloria reassured her girlfriend, "I'm not gonna laugh at you."

"I've always had this fantasy of being someone's basement toy. Like, being someone's dirty secret and just disappearing from normal life. I know it's dumb..."

"Shhh..." Gloria softly hushed the mare, "It's not dumb. I'm not sure how doable it is, but we could experiment with a lot of different things together." Gloria thought for a moment, then whispered in Marci's ear, "Do you wish you were my *submissive*, *gross* horsie?"

Marci gave an enthusiastic nod.

"You kinda want something like Sally and Three have, don't you?"

"Sorta? Not quite, though. I, uh, I want to share a bed. I...um...what did you find out from your professor?" The mare squirmed a bit.

"There are some things he's still checking, but he'll let me know. There's also a good chance he'll want to meet you directly for some tests." Gloria laid a hand on her girlfriend's belly, "I know how important this is to you, Marci, and we're gonna find out for you. But I love you, no matter what."

"Thanks," the naked mare replied, wrapping an arm around Gloria.

"Though going back a topic, you miss the things she did with you and the kind of relationship you had. Is that all you miss?"

"Well...you won't be mad, right?"

"I promise." Marci felt her girlfriend's arms wrap tightly around her.

"Okay. I, uh, dream a lot about things she and I used to do. And last night, I had a dream I just couldn't get out of my head." The mare took a deep breath, letting it out in a shuddering sigh. "I dreamed about both of us serving you. Like, you know what things were like for her, me, and Ally? Kinda like you being in her place and her being in Ally's."

She felt Gloria's hand starting to softly stroke the fur on her belly. "And how did you feel, in the dream?" The goat girl's voice was soft and warm.

"It felt...good. I felt like she had learned her lesson, and in my dream she had even learned to like being on the subby side. And you were just like you've always been when you're in charge. You were kind and gentle, almost just guiding both of us on what to do."

She saw Gloria sniff the air. "Smells like you enjoyed dreaming about it." Her girlfriend's eyes met hers as if sizing her up, before giving her a crooked grin. "There's something you want to ask me, but you're afraid to. Isn't there?"

Marci nodded.

"So, that letter does make it sound like she's very sorry, but it will take time to really forgive her after what she did to you. I'm not sure if that's how you feel, but it's how I feel." Gloria sat for a moment, and Marci could tell the smaller woman was deep in thought. "I am okay with giving it a try. I don't promise anything beyond that, though, okay?"

Marci nodded again, a small smile forming.

"And if it *doesn't* work out, you're still my gross horsie?"

"Yup!"

“Go ahead and give her my number. Tell her that she will need to talk to me.”

Marci picked up her phone and quickly wrote a text, her fingers shaking almost too much to type. She was both nervous and excited.



Less than a minute after Marci sent the message, Gloria heard a message arrive on her own phone. Picking it up, it was a simple, “Hello, this is Clara. Marci asked me to message you?”

“Hello Clara. Marci and I were just having a discussion about you. She and I have started dating, but she still has very strong feelings for you. I know a way you can earn forgiveness, but it won’t be easy.”

“Please tell me. I feel awful about everything. She deserved so much better.”

“So, when you, Marci, and Ally were together, what was your pet-name for the two of them?”

There was a much longer delay this time. Undoubtedly Clara was trying to decide if this was a conversational trap. Finally, a message arrived. “Horse-bitches.”

“So, is being together with Marci again worth becoming a goat’s elephant-bitch?”

She was expecting another long pause, but was surprised to get an almost immediate reply. “Yes. Yes. A thousand times, yes.”

“I’m surprised how eager you are about that. I figured you were domme-only. Is it that you miss her that much, that you’re dying of loneliness, or that you have a bit of a switch side?”

This time, there was a much longer delay before a message arrived. “I have to make a confession. There was one (and only one) bottle I didn’t dump from my collection.” A picture arrived of a very large, unlabelled glass bottle, followed by another message. “I was saving it for myself, both as a form of self-punishment and in case something like this came up. If being a subby elephant-bitch is what it takes, I’ll be one.”

“And what does that one do, exactly?”

“It does what it sounded like Marci thought hers did. It’s a personality-changing one, that does make you more submissive.”

“That wasn’t possible for those chemicals to do, though. It needed more nuance, like the modern process can do.”

There was another long pause. “It’s a prototype. It will do that, but the list of possible side-effects is extremely long, even by BioChange standards.”

Gloria started to ask if the elephant was sure, then changed her mind. “Are you alone?”

“Yes. This morning, Lewis was picked up by a friend of his.”

“Marci and I will be there at noon tomorrow. You will answer the door naked, holding the empty bottle.”

“Understood. And thank you for a second chance.”

Setting her phone down, Gloria explained what was happening to Marci. Once she had finished, her eyes met the mare’s. “Now, we are going to meet one time, with the three of us. Things are doing to happen. You, uh, may see a side of me you’re not used to. After it’s over, you and I are going to sit down as a couple and discuss things. This doesn’t happen unless *both* of us are comfortable and enjoying it. Mostly, I don’t wanna see you get hurt like that again, but I want to be accommodating. Sound fair?”

Marci nodded, “Yeah. And, uh, thanks. I know this is super awkward, and you really don’t have to do this. Like if you gave me a hard no, I’d understand completely.”

Gloria gave her girlfriend a comforting smile, resting a hand on the mare’s leg. “If I was the one asking you, what would you say?”

“You and Robert?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, to be honest, I’d say to save some of him for me,” Marci chuckled, “But Clara’s... a bit of a different situation.”

“Yeah, and I’ve gotta admit, it’s going to take me time to get past that. Sounds like it’s actually gonna take me longer than it took you. I guess I’m just slower to forgive when someone close to me gets hurt. Like, the fact she’s willing to do this shows she wants to make amends. But it’s still going to take time for me to really forgive her.” She started to gently stroke her girlfriend’s leg, “So I’m going to probably be a lot more cold or harsh with her than I would ever be with you.”

“Even if sometimes I want you to be harsh?”

“If I’m ever that way with you, it will *always* come from a place of love. And I hope that whatever you and I do together, you can always feel that.” With a wink, she added, “Even if I’m doing unspeakable things to my big, nasty horsie.”

“Yeah, I understand. With her, it’ll be different.”

“Yeah. And one more thing...” Gloria met the mare’s gaze, “You’re my girlfriend. Clara never, ever will be.”

“I... I’m kinda... conflicted...” Marci’s eyes lowered, “I guess I’m not sure what she and I ever were, before. Like I wouldn’t call what we were doing ‘dating,’ exactly, but it had seemed like there was something more than just her bossing me around.”

Gloria put a finger under the mare’s chin, and their eyes met again. “You can see how you’re feeling when we meet. How does that saying go? ‘The heart wants what the heart wants?’ Whatever is going on inside that heart of yours, I’m right here beside you.”

Marci gave a small smile. “Thanks. So, uh, what’s gonna happen while we’re there?”

A smile somewhere between mischief and something darker spread across Gloria’s lips. “Well, for a start...”



Clara stared at the bottle in front of her, feeling a bead of sweat run down her forehead. “This... is my punishment,” she said aloud. She was speaking it to herself, working up the courage to drink it.

If she drank that bottle, she could be with Marci again. Sure, there would also be Gloria, but the few times they had met, Clara thought Gloria seemed like a nice girl. *It’ll just be like what I had before, only with the positions switched around a bit.* Besides, despite what she had told Gloria, she had kept it entirely as a self-punishment. She just hadn’t managed to make herself drink it yet.

As her eyes rested on the bottle, she thought about what else it would mean. No more “Ma’am,” or “May I, Miss Elephant?” She would be more like Marci, Ally, or others she had enjoyed over the years. While the thought didn’t scare or repulse her, she did feel like her sense of pride wouldn’t survive it.

That wasn’t even getting into the possible side-effects. She hadn’t been exaggerating about the list. When it came to the mind, the blunt-force method of the chemicals could do practically anything. This chemical in particular, she had hooked up with a guinea pig (both literal and figurative, which amused her greatly) who had tried it. The effects were... extreme.

“Isn’t this a bit of poetic justice, then? I enjoyed others who had tried this very same prototype, didn’t I? Then isn’t turnabout fair play?” And yet, her hands didn’t move to pick up the bottle.

Rising to her feet, she decided to take a walk around her home. Everything was silent, aside from the soft sound of air from the vents. The dining room was empty. Her bedroom was empty. The play-room sat silent. “What I have always been has led me to this. Using people, then throwing them away. I guess it’s a lot harder when the people you use are the ones throwing you away, instead.”

With that thought, something inside her clicked. She walked back to the dining room with determined strides, before she had a chance to change her mind. She uncapped the bottle and began to quickly drink. Once it was empty, she set it down and licked her lips to make sure she didn’t miss a drop. “Okay, Clara. You did it. Now, let’s get to bed so it can do its thing...”



The next morning, the elephant woke up in her bed with a yawn and a big stretch. Her dreams had been surreal last night, which she knew was normal and had been expecting. Now was going to be the tricky part—figuring out what effects it had.

Feeling around her head and ears, everything seemed normal. While it was very unlikely for there to be physical effects from what she had taken, it was still a good idea to check, especially when dealing with a prototype like that.

Making her way down to her chest, she started running her hands over her breasts. By elephant standards, they were about average, though they had always been huge to Marci. She started to squeeze them, letting out a soft

moan. She had always enjoyed that though, Clara was pretty sure. She knew she should move on, but a little more couldn't hurt.

As she started to knead them, one of her fingers bumped against a nipple. With a gasp, she grabbed it between her thumb and finger and gave a squeeze. She had always loved having them sucked, but as she squeezed it tighter and tighter, the pain felt really good. Had...had she always liked that? That seemed like it might be new.

She was about to reach lower, but a glance at the clock startled her as she realized it was almost time for Marci and Gloria to arrive, and she needed a shower. Quickly getting out of bed, she made her way to the bathroom and started the water. As it warmed up, she reached down to her dick. Despite her excitement, it was unsheathed but still completely flaccid. She gave it a few strokes, but though it felt as good as it always had, there was absolutely no response. Had she pretty much been turned into Ally, below the waist?!

Stepping into the shower, she fought off the urge to turn lathering into masturbation. Surely she hadn't always been so needy, had she? For now, though, she had no time. Quickly rinsing off the soap, she stepped out of the shower and toweled off.

Grabbing the empty bottle from the dining room table, she sat down naked on the couch by her front door. With the way her house and garage faced, her front door wasn't visible from the road, so answering naked wouldn't be a problem.

Not even a minute after she had sat down, her doorbell rang. Clara got up and walked over, opening the door. She probably should have checked who it was first, but she was too excited to care.

Standing at the door were Gloria and Marci, who walked in without waiting for her to invite them inside. Gloria looked up at her, naked and holding the empty bottle, and nodded in approval. Clara felt a bit of precum drip from her cock onto the floor.

As she shut the door behind the pair, she heard Gloria say, "Now, let's go to your play-room. Put the bottle down and lead the way." The elephant immediately did as she was told, excited that things would be starting right away. She could feel the goat girl's eyes on her ass, and she had to admit, she liked the feeling. She also heard a few odd gurgling sounds that seemed to come from Marci.

They entered the play-room, and after briefly looking around, Gloria simply pointed toward the bed in the center of the large room. As Clara laid down, Gloria said, "Now, you are going to get time with Marci, but it will be exactly as I say. Understood?"

Clara nodded, "Understood."

She saw Gloria give a nod to the mare, who then climbed into bed, only with the horse's head facing the foot of the bed. "First," Gloria continued, "I want you to work your trunk up the leg of her shorts." Clara began to slowly push and wiggle it in. Thankfully, the shorts were loose enough for her to work it in fairly easily. She took a long, slow whiff of the mare. The smell was overwhelming, and not in a good way.

“She smells good, doesn’t she?” Clara clenched her eyes shut, forcing herself to nod as she took another deep smell, hoping Gloria wouldn’t catch the deception. “She’s that wet all...the...time, aren’t you horsie?”

“Uh-huh...” the horse moaned. “P-put it in...”

“You heard her, elephant-slut. She wants a good trunk-fucking.”

Clara didn’t need to be told twice. With a bit more wiggling, she was able to push several inches of it into the now-whimpering mare. As she started to reach out a hand, Gloria stopped her. “Your hands can be used on yourself. Not on me, and not on her.” Clara’s hands immediately went to her cock, frustrated to find it still completely flaccid. It had been fully unsheathed the entire time she had been awake, and was dribbling precum pretty steadily onto her large balls, but refused to harden even a little.

Gloria looked down, clearly noticing the same thing. “Aww, it’s gonna be really hard to satisfy that big, loose hole if you can’t even get hard, isn’t it? I may have even let you assfuck her.”

God, this shouldn’t be turning me on, Clara thought to herself as a needy groan escaped her. She also heard another loud gurgle from Marci. Was that something her chemicals had done?

“Now, pull your trunk out, but leave it in that horsie’s shorts.” Clara did as she was instructed, the mare letting out a long, low moan as she did. “We need to see if you can handle my nasty horsie, after all. Keep your mouth shut, and only breathe through your trunk until I say otherwise.” Turning to Marci, she saw Gloria give a nod. Clara’s eyes widened in horror as she realized what was about to happen.

With a strained grunt, Marci let out a loud fart into both the shorts and Clara’s trunk. Unfortunately, it had happened right after an exhale, so the elephant had no choice but to breathe it in. The smell was rancid, burning the inside of her trunk all the way to her mouth. As it filled her lungs, she heard the mare let out another, longer one.

Without thinking, one of her hands made its way lower, past her cock and balls and down to her asscrack. As she started to rub her hole, she found herself inhaling again. As much as she hated to admit it to herself, she felt a touch of anticipation mixed in with the dread. She felt another drop of pre land on her balls. Taking them in her other hand, she started to rub the drops from her cock around them. Suddenly, she felt a hand hold hers still, then heard and felt Gloria spit onto them before releasing her hand. She felt a strange sense of gratefulness as she moaned. As more pre dribbled onto them, the elephant’s hands started to glide over her balls.

She felt her cock. It seemed a tiny bit harder, though it could have been her imagination. The elephant inhaled again, pressing the tip of her trunk against Marci’s ass as the mare let out a long, low one. This was the worst one so far, with Clara’s sinuses burning as she inhaled, and yet she felt another large dribble from her cock as it hardened a tiny bit more in her hand.

Maybe it wasn’t so much submissiveness, and more that she was starting to enjoy different sensations? Her mind drifted to Three, the cow lady she had met at that hotel party. The cow had reveled in filth, but seemed to take a more

dominant role. *She could do anything she wanted to me. Like she could—wait, what am I thinking?*

After a bit, Gloria told her to pull her trunk out of the mare's shorts. In frustration, Clara gave her balls a painful squeeze. Almost immediately, she felt her cock respond with a throb.

"You may open your mouth again," Gloria said, as both the mare and the goat girl started to undress in front of her. As she stared at the two naked women a moment later, Gloria said, "By the way, I couldn't help noticing..." Clara pulled her hands away from her balls as Gloria reached toward them. "What if I were to..." She brought her hand down on them with a loud *smack*, but rather than instinctively pulling away from the stinging blow, she let out a loud whimper and spread her legs.

"Very interesting," she said, "Well, horsie, why don't you try something?" Marci sat down on the bed next to Clara, as Gloria joined in on the other side. As the mare reached toward her nipples, Clara remembered her initial explorations after waking up, almost subconsciously thrusting her breasts upward.

The mare didn't slowly work up the pressure. She grabbed both of her nipples hard, immediately starting to pull and twist them. Clara started to whimper. She didn't need to touch her cock to feel it hardening, now.

"Uh-oh," Gloria teased, "it looks like someone's turned themselves into a bit of a pain-slut, hasn't she?"

For Clara, it was like a slap to the face. While it wasn't unexpected, the reality of it suddenly sank in for the elephant. "I-I mean, I don't think it—ahhh..." Her attempt to protest was cut off by Gloria giving one of her breasts a hard slap, the wobble causing her nipple to strain even harder against Marci's rough pulls and twists. "I...M-maybe I am."

Marci pointed to the toy-chest in the corner. "Um, there's a lot of stuff in there you could use, if you like," the mare told Gloria.

"Oh, there's plenty of time for that," the goat girl replied with a wink, "But first there are some things I really want to do. Juuust given the rather 'special' circumstances of our little pain-slut here." Gloria laid down next to her in the bed, adjusting position before leaning forward over her face, looking toward Marci. "Now, horsie, why don't you lay down? I want your wettest, sloppiest kisses." Glancing down toward her as the horse let go of her aching nipples and got into position, Gloria said, "You are going to watch. And you are going to swallow everything that drips down. Understood?"

"Y-yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's better. That will take getting used to, but you'll have plenty of time."

As Clara stared upward, she watched the two women (one smaller, and one she practically dwarfed) making out above her. Between the wet smacks of their lips and tongues swirling together, the two told each other how deeply they loved and cared about each other, how beautiful the other was, and how lucky each felt to have met.

Meanwhile, the elephant was serving as nothing more than a large mouth for their saliva to drip into. That mare had been hers. That mare used to look at her with those same eyes that were now focused on that goat lady. She felt herself starting to realize what this relationship was going to mean. Gloria didn't intend for her to serve alongside Marci, as the mare's equal. Her place was going to be at the very bottom.

Having nothing else to do, as she continued to watch, she started to pay more attention to what was dribbling into her mouth. Gloria apparently used mint toothpaste, given the taste of her saliva. *As for Marci—a large dribble from the mare fell onto her tongue—I don't think she's used a toothbrush in a while...*

And yet, something about that feeling of lowliness appealed to her. It wasn't the spit, the farts, or anything like that. It was the fact that Gloria hadn't once hurt or degraded the mare that way. There were pet-names, sure, but even when Gloria called the mare gross or disgusting, it was always said with a sweet smile.

She...she was seen as something different. And as hard as it was for the proud elephant to admit, she kind of liked it. Was she jealous? Absolutely. And yet, somehow this all felt right.

Eventually, the two lovers stopped making out, and she saw each of them staring down at her. By this time, her mouth was filled to the brim of horse and goat slobber, nearly to the point of running out of the corners of her mouth. After letting the two see, she closed her mouth and swallowed it all with one, disgusted gulp. The realization of what she had just done was hard, and the realization that she had accepted it was even harder.

And yet, the approving nod Gloria gave her made it all worth it.

"Now," Gloria said to her, "I would like to see you on your hands and knees." Pointing Marci toward the head of the bed, the goat girl continued, "You are going to eat out my girlfriend. Not one single inch should go un-licked."

As Marci got into position, the elephant got a good look at the hole she was about to be eating. To call it "sloppy" would be a massive understatement. Between the mare's legs, a drooling fuckhole was already starting to soak one of her pillows.

As she started to lick, she wasn't surprised to find the mare's taste almost overpowering. She was more surprised to feel the mare's fingers wrap around her trunk, lifting it upward. Rolling her eyes back to try to see what was going on, she felt the mare's lips press against the tip, giving her nostrils a kiss. As Clara dutifully continued licking, that kiss was followed by another, and another, and then she felt the mare's tongue swirling around her nostrils, pausing occasionally to moan from the pleasure her tongue was giving the horse. Then, she felt the tip of a tongue starting to push inside her trunk.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Gloria walk over to the toy chest in the corner. After a bit of rummaging, the goat girl returned with a bottle of lube, as well as a plug that looked comically large in the small woman's arms. While its size was a bit intimidating, the elephant felt a strange excitement.

She heard Gloria pop the top on the bottle of lube behind her, and a moment

later she felt the cold of lube-soaked fingers running around her hole. It had been a long time since she had taken anything anally, but she had the feeling Gloria was going to be taking some built-up anger out on her poor hole, and she mentally braced herself for what she knew was coming.

In the meantime, she was busy working her large tongue inside of the mare. Marci was very well-stretched and loose, but the squirms and whimpers meant she was probably finding all the right spots. Occasionally, her mouth would be flooded by Marci's juices, though she wasn't sure if the horse was cumming or if that just regularly happened.

Suddenly, she felt the tip of the plug against her asshole. It seemed Gloria wasn't going to be giving her any warm-up beforehand. Clara was momentarily distracted, though, by Marci's lips wrapping fully around the head of her trunk and letting out a muffled belch into it.

That distraction was instantly forgotten as the plug was slammed hard against her, a dull *thud* echoing throughout the playroom. A moment later, another rang out as the plug crashed against her resisting hole. When the tip started to push inside on the third one, she realized the goat girl was punching the base of the plug to force it in.

"I don't hear my girlfriend moaning anymore," Gloria's voice said sternly from behind her, "Get back to it." Clara tried her best to relax her ass, as she went back to slurping away at the mare's drooling pussy. The smell of that equine hole was never going to come out of that pillow, Clara realized, and it seemed no matter where she licked, the mare squirmed and moaned. Not having much experience being the one doing the licking, the elephant was thankful Marci was so easy to please.

As the goat girl struck another blow, she felt another inch force its way inside her poor hole. She adjusted slightly to reach a different place inside the mare, feeling her cock against the sheets. That was when she realized that it had hardened significantly. The sheets were slick with her precum, which had been dribbling almost nonstop since Gloria had started wrecking her asshole.

In front of her, Marci suddenly released her trunk, and the mare rolled over onto all fours in front of her. The tail swished aside, and a finger pointed just beneath it to tell her what was expected next.

The elephant shuddered. This was it. This was the mare that had eagerly and greedily eaten her ass, over and over. She wasn't sure how much of what was happening had been planned in advance, but what better way to drive home just how much the tables had turned? Clara's tongue reached out, and slowly ran around the rim of Marci's donut-like hole. It tasted bitter, mixed with sweat and the mare's juices that had run down the entire asscrack.

What her own ass was feeling was the opposite, as the thickest part of the plug was starting to force its way inside. If she remembered right, this one topped out at about four inches across, with the neck being slightly smaller. Whether Marci had told Gloria in advance, or by a cruel twist of fate, the last hole this plug had been inside was Ally's. The elephant groaned at that thought. Those she had dommed, and the things she had done to them, were all coming back full circle.

A part of her was horrified by all of this. She had never once rimmed someone or been used as a spit bucket, and none had ever dared to slap her balls. And yet, here she was. She had assumed that the chemical she had taken would make her eager for all of this. And yet, it only seemed to make her want to serve. The desire to please and to be beneath these two was pitted against her pride and desire for control.

As she looked at the mare's asshole in front of her, shiny and slick with her own saliva, she realized it was a battle her pride wasn't going to win. On a whim, she reached underneath herself with one hand, leaving the other to support her. It slid past her cock, down to beneath her balls. Planting her lips against Marci's asshole in a disgusting parody of a kiss, she brought her palm up against her balls in a loud slap. The pain from her balls momentarily overpowered the suffering from her ass, and her eyes clenched tightly shut. As agonizing as it was, she gave them one more slap as she felt the plug slide inside and her hole clench down around the slightly thinner neck.

Clara had never been shy about letting others see her body. Indeed, she was quite proud of her figure, her firm breasts, and the reactions her massive cock and balls got. But a wave of self-consciousness washed over her. That goat girl had a front-row seat of her hole, stretched tightly around the biggest thing that had ever been inside it. Sure, four inches wasn't huge for an elephant to take, but she felt extremely vulnerable.

She pulled back from Marci, her lips separating from the horse's asshole with a wet *pop*. The mare turned, not even acknowledging her and asking Gloria, "Hey, um, there's something I kinda wanna do. Is that okay?"

"Sure, what do you have in mind?"

Addressing her, Marci said, "Alright, you...elephant...uh...slut. Get on your back." The mare was clearly not used to being on the *domme* side of things, but Clara wasn't going to point that out. She rolled onto her back as instructed, feeling the wet patch under her back. She also felt the sopping-wet pillow Marci slid under her as she laid down.

Marci knelt down beside the elephant, lowering a breast to just above her mouth. "Drink," was all she said. Compared to everything else so far, this was much easier for Clara, who wrapped her lips around the nipple and started to suck. After World Change, lactation had become a much more common kink. After all, the milk aisle at the grocery store had an entire section for milk from women just like the mare. It went onto cereal or into someone's homemade birthday cake just the same.

As she did, Marci and Gloria started to talk to each other. "You know," Gloria said, "that thing you and I were talking about, a couple days ago? That Robert kinda put in my head?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm thinking maybe we do it to her."

"Ooh! Yeah, that could be fun. Mostly, as much as I like the *idea* of it being done to me, with what you were saying about me still being able to have at least a kinda normal life, I'm not sure I would want to give that up. For her, though..." Clara felt Marci's hand pat her belly. She wished she knew what

the pair had talked about, and what they were now thinking about doing to her.

“Actually, maybe we could get that dog who tattooed Lewis to do some things with her, too.”

“That could be fun!” As the flow of milk stopped, Marci shifted to switch her to the other breast. She had to admit, it didn’t taste bad. She would have preferred it cold, but she didn’t mind mare-milk. “You know,” Marci said above her, “Not right now, but I wonder if Lewis might want to enjoy her sometime. Being on top for a change, y’know?”

“Lewis, our other friends, random classmates of mine, whoever,” Gloria replied, “I also like the idea of using her as a cam-girl.”

“Ooh!!! I know the perfect site! Uh, d-depend on what we do, of course. But there’s one that allows practically anything you can imagine. I . . . uh . . . like that one. I’ve kinda fantasized about being on there myself, uh, a lot.”

“Well, maybe we could set this room up for recording. It could be like our own big studio. Though I’d need you to handle the camera and computer side. I’m not too familiar with all of that stuff.”

“Of course! I can teach you, too.”

“Thanks!”

Clara felt a wave of jealousy wash over her. The two were talking like a happy couple, while she was nothing more than a toy to them. She wanted so badly to say that she hated it. And yet . . . she couldn’t bring herself to, even in her own mind. Nor could she bring herself to stop nursing from the mare. Her hands found their way to her own breasts, and she started roughly groping them.

The elephant’s fingers squished deep into her breasts, causing them to quickly begin to ache. Sure enough, between the ache from her asshole and her hands on her breasts, she felt her cock starting to throb. It definitely seemed like only pain would get a response from her body, now. While it did horrify her a bit, she was more relieved to know she could get a reaction at all.

The flow of milk again tapered off, and Marci pulled away. The mare leaned down close for a moment, as if for a kiss, then hesitated. Maybe she was imagining it, but she could swear the mare was fighting the urge to sneak a quick peck on the lips. *Still definitely a sub.*

“Now,” Gloria said to Clara, moving to lay down beside her on the bed, “You hurt her very, very badly.” The elephant opened her mouth to speak, but Gloria held a hand up for her to stop. “She had a lot of dreams, you know. She had a career, and a very happy life. *You* took a lot away from her.” A finger roughly jabbed her ribs.

But then, the goat girl’s voice softened. “I can see that you are trying to make up for it. But I need you to understand that you have a lot to make up for. I’ve talked to one or two others you have used and thrown away. Your friend Zara helped me out a lot with that.” Clara’s eyes widened slightly, “Yeah, I got in contact with her. Sounds like Marci was the end of a very long list, over the years.”

“What...are you planning to do?” Clara asked. Despite the softness of Gloria’s voice, she was starting to worry things could escalate rapidly. Gloria seemed to have taken this much harder than even Marci had, though maybe the mare just wasn’t showing it as much.

“I want you to look at her.” Clara turned her head to face Marci. “Do you remember what it felt like, owning her? How it felt to have an obedient horse couple to serve you?”

Clara nodded with a groan. She hadn’t been able to stop thinking about that since everything had ended.

“Now, take your trunk and slide it under one of her armpits. Get a good smell.” Clara did as she was told, with the mare’s arms raising to give her better access. The tip of her trunk was immediately covered in strong-smelling sweat. It smelled like the mare had run a marathon every day for a week, without a single shower.

“To me, it’s a very attractive smell. It’s better than any perfume or cologne I’ve ever caught a whiff of. But to you...” she could feel the goat girl’s eyes boring into her, “your eyes are watering from it.” She felt Gloria move closer. “When she belched down your trunk, did the smell turn you on?”

Clara thought for a moment. The burning sensation from the stench had gotten her a little hard, sure, and she hadn’t pulled away out of obedience, but the smell was genuinely awful. She shook her head.

“To me, the smell of her burps and the taste of her saliva are incredible.” Gloria then asked, “How about eating her out? Did you love how wet and sloppy she was?”

Clara shook her head. The mare’s pussy had been downright slimy, and the taste was completely overpowering. Looking at Marci, seeing the horse’s crushed expression, the realization of what her answers meant to her former sub hit her like a slap in the face. But as she opened her mouth to say something—anything—to reassure Marci, Gloria again held up a hand for her to remain silent. As much as she wanted to speak, she closed her mouth.

“To me, she is a beautiful, amazing woman. Her looks, smells, and flavors are an absolute joy. You have turned her into an absolutely incredible lover, for me. And yet...” Gloria moved even closer, speaking softly into one of her huge ears, “...you can’t see it yourself. Do you deserve to own her?”

Clara shook her head. Not even because she was sure it was the expected answer, but because she had just proven it to both Gloria and to herself.

“Think about this, but don’t answer. Do you deserve to kiss her lips? Or was sucking on her asshole the closest you deserve?” She looked at the mare, kneeling over her. From her position lying on the bed, Marci towered imposingly over her. Maybe it was just her guilt tilting her perspective, or maybe it was a trick of the chemicals, but she knew she didn’t deserve what she had wanted at the beginning of all of this. She nodded to indicate she had her answer.

“Now, I would like you to ask Marci to kiss whichever hole you deserve. No matter which one it is, Marci will let you do it.”

Wait, so I could kiss her afterall? I could... No. No, after everything I’ve done to her, I can’t. After I just told her I find her body frankly repulsive now,

I can't. With a shudder, she began, “Marci, can I... Can I please kiss your...” She had never been a talker in bed, which had been a struggle with Lewis. Especially when it came to asking for something like this, the words caught in her throat.

The two sat there in silence.

With a sigh, she forced the words out. “Marci, may I please rim you?”

Without a word, Marci rose up and climbed over her. Almost before she knew what was going on, a horse ass was carefully lowering over her face. “We need to work on your delivery,” Gloria said, “but that is a good start.” Just before Marci’s ass made contact, the goat girl added, “Remember, you wanted this, every step of the way. You turned her into what she is now, you became her and my toy, and you asked to eat her ass just now. Everything that is happening, is exactly what you wanted.”

Clara knew the goat girl was playing mind-games with her. But as her large tongue started to work its way around Marci’s musky asshole, she had to admit it was working. Maybe a part of her wanted it to work, though. Whether it was the chemicals, her own guilt, or some long-repressed urges, she couldn’t say, but Gloria’s rationale somehow made it easier.

In the privacy of her own mind, she considered that. *I mean, she’s not wrong. This hole tastes absolutely rancid, but here I am. I wasn’t even forced to do this—didn’t she say Marci would have let me kiss her? She probably would have, too. She was such a sweet girl. Maybe part of me actually does want this. I’m sure that’s the chemicals talking—it’s got to be, right? But then, does it really matter if it is or not?*

She felt a weight on her stomach, as Gloria climbed up on top of her. A moment later, she heard Marci begin to whimper, followed by Gloria’s voice. “Aww, you like having these squeezed, don’t you horsie? Is she doing a good job down there?”

“Y-yeah,” the horse above her replied.

“Actually, could you pass me that? ... Thanks.” She felt Gloria shift on top of her, then the sound of a picture being taken, followed by a second. “What do you think?”

“Ahh... I like them,” the mare answered.

“Hey down there,” Gloria said, “Give your tits a slap if this is the first time anyone’s ever sat on your face.”

Clara reached up and gave both of her breasts a hard slap.

“H-hey, h-hit record and hand me that,” Marci said, oddly urgently. Above her head, a cellphone entered her peripheral vision. Before she could figure out the significance, the mare let out a loud fart directly into her mouth.

Everything in her wanted to pull away, or to push the mare off of her. And yet, as she heard Marci say over her shoulder, “Hi Zara! Just thought you might want to see the first time anyone has ever farted in Clara’s mouth, here. Hope you like!” she just laid motionless. The phone was pulled away, leaving her in shock at what had just happened.

Gloria chuckled, “Look how hard her nipples are getting.”

Marci replied, “Yeah, I think I’m noticing something. Her dick seems to get hard from pain, but it almost seems like her nipples get hard more from degradation and embarrassment and stuff.”

“Well, let’s see what happens when I go ahead and send this to Zara.”

Clara felt a shudder run all the way down her spine. *This is it. I knew this wasn’t gonna be able to stay a secret, but I’d really hoped it could have been for a little while at least. Zara’s the type who’ll tell absolutely everybody.*

“See?” Marci’s voice jolted her back to the present, “They’re rock-hard, and she’s not even touching them. So, did you send it?”

“Just sent it, yeah. Now as for *you*, dirty horsie, how do you feel about having an audience, too?”

“Mmm, an audience for what?”

“Well,” Gloria explained, “how would you feel about being the dirtiest, nastiest horsie you can be, with people watching you? And then, having this fucktoy of an elephant worship every last inch of you?”

“Super-embarrassing for both of us, hmm?” Clara heard the couple kiss above her, before the mare replied, “I’d love it. Not like I need to worry about coworkers finding out or anything anymore, so let’s do it!”

Clara let out a groan. *Right, forgot I was own—owned? I...I guess I am. Anyway, forgot I was...owned...by a pair of exhibitionists. I just hope they don’t go too far down the financial domination route, like I did to that one weasel guy. Oh, crap, I hope nobody tells him about all this.*

She had known that she was going to lose control of a lot of things when she took that chemical. She had also been fully aware that there was no way back from it. But she was quickly finding out about a side of Gloria, and even Marci, that she had no idea existed. She was also finding out just what she had done to the mare, and how much she hated it.

A wave of guilt washed over her, at that thought. *I do, though. She smells awful, she tastes awful, and she’s just gross now. That’s why this is the punishment I deserve. I don’t know how Gloria likes this, but I feel like I took a work of art and dumped a bucket of piss all over it.*

She felt Gloria adjust position, her cock pushing between the goat girl’s asscheeks and the head pressing against what felt like the smaller woman’s asshole. But as the elephant tried to thrust, she was startled by a hard slap on her balls. “No, you don’t get to fuck today. I just want you to feel what you *could* be enjoying right now. Besides, I’m horny and my ass needs something to grind against.” Sure enough, a moment later Gloria was grinding back and forth on the head of her throbbing cock.

Clara couldn’t help imagining what her cock could do to the little goat. She was sure there was no way it would fit all the way in without doing serious damage, but she wanted so badly to slam in as much as the goat girl could take. Still, she couldn’t bring herself to disobey. Maybe if she behaved herself, she would get a chance. For now, she could feel precum smearing all over Gloria’s hole, as the smaller woman let out a pleased groan.

Just when the elephant was sure her exhausted tongue couldn’t take anymore, she felt Marci rise up off of her a bit. “That felt great,” the mare said,

“Now for dessert.” The mare was masturbating furiously, and Clara opened her mouth and braced herself for what she knew was coming. A few seconds later, a soaked horse pussy was slammed down against her and began spraying mare cum into her mouth, as Marci whimpered and moaned above her.

She gulped the foul-tasting liquid as quickly as she could, but it felt like it was never going to stop. “That’s it,” she heard Gloria command, “Drink her cum. Don’t spill a single drop of it. That’s your reward for pleasuring her, after all!” Clara’s eyes clenched shut and she tried not to think about what she was drinking or the taste. Even so, she felt herself beginning to retch as her body rebelled.

Mercifully, that seemed to be the end of the flow, and Marci got fully up off of her. Latching onto anything that would serve as a distraction, her eyes locked on Gloria’s body. The goat girl looked even smaller sitting on top of her body, legs spread wide to straddle her. Being an elephant, Clara was used to dwarfing her partners to various degrees. Over time, she had developed a love of horses, because they were just the right size. Meanwhile, Gloria was just over half her height. As she focused on that train of thought, she quickly gulped down the last of Marci’s disgusting cum. The taste still filled her mouth, but it was an improvement at least.

Gloria wasn’t even looking at her, but started talking to Marci. “Hey, want to go up and play together in bed?”

Marci took a minute to recover before replying, “A-aren’t you going to cum?”

“The only one here who deserves to make me cum is you,” Gloria said with a smile.

I could have had that. Would I have wanted it, though? I’ve never been the lovey-dovey type. Worship? Sure. Turning a zebra into a breeding whore? Yup. But I’ve always had to be on top. Being equals has always been just so boring. Besides, I never wanted any of that stuff done to me. Honestly, I still don’t...right? As the couple continued their conversation, Clara was lost in her own thoughts. She hadn’t expected how much that would happen, but she supposed she probably should have. Her mind would need to reconcile a lot of long-standing attitudes with newly discovered needs.

Suddenly, Gloria reached back and smacked the plug in Clara’s ass, causing the elephant to let out a startled yelp. Her attention wrenched back to reality, she saw that the goat girl was holding a phone. Looking down at her, Gloria said, “Zara liked your pictures. And she *loved* when Marci farted in your mouth. I was thinking, when we have duplicates of your house key made for the two of us, maybe we should have more made for others, too.”

“D-duplicates?”

“Yeah. That way we can come and go as we please. After all, Marci tells me you do investing stuff from home, so you’ll pretty much always be available.”

“I-I guess so.” This was all happening so fast.

“Marci and I will be talking about our plans for you while we’re busy enjoying your bed. For tonight, you will be sleeping here. Although...” The goat girl climbed off of her, stretching a bit after sitting in the same position for a while,

then moved around to between her legs. Giving her plug a pull, the smaller woman commanded, "Push."

Between Gloria pulling and Clara pushing, the plug popped out easily enough, leaving her hole feeling relieved. A small part of her felt a strange emptiness, though, and almost immediately she felt her cock starting to soften further. She had to admit, she was amazed just how quickly her body seemed to react to pain. Back when she worked at BioChange, that was the sort of thing she would have reported to the Research and Development team. But now, the only ones she had to tell were Gloria and Marci, and the pair seemed to have already noticed it themselves.

"Now, while we are enjoying the comfort of your bed, you will be staying in here. As for why I took the plug out..." Gloria gave her a grin, "Since it seems you now need pain and degradation to get off, I didn't want to give you a head-start. If you want to cum tonight, you are going to need to do it to yourself."

Marci nodded.

Gloria and Marci got up, leaving the room without another word.



"So," Gloria said, snuggling close with Marci between the satin sheets, "how are you feeling?" She looked over at her girlfriend with a playful smile.

"Honestly? That was a lot of fun! I'm, uh, not used to being on that side of things. Did I do okay?"

Gloria wrapped her arms around the mare, burying her face in the larger woman's sweaty cleavage. "You did great! I'm proud of you, you smelly horsie." She gave a long, slow lick between her girlfriend's breasts.

"So, uh, how about you?"

"You know? I liked it. I'm not sure I would want to do this every day, but actually? It's kinda fun being in charge sometimes. I do want to ask Sally for some pointers," Gloria chuckled, "She's a lot better at it than me."

The goat girl paused for a moment, deciding how to express the other side of what she was feeling. "I have to be honest, though. I'm still very angry with her. Even more now that I know she's done stuff like this to a lot of other people, too. I know this isn't the sort of thing you're supposed to do in anger, and I'm a bit worried I might take it too far, y'know?"

"Yeah, I wasn't sure about that. Well, we didn't take things anywhere near as far tonight as I know we could have. So maybe we just take things kinda slowly? And maybe after a while, you'll be less angry and more about enjoying your personal elephant." Marci gave Gloria a squeeze, "And your mare."

"Well, I'm already enjoying having my own, personal horsie," she said with a giggle, "But I'm not mad at you. I don't think I could stay mad at you even if I tried!"

Marci thought for a moment, then asked, "So, is this like a 'poetic justice'?

thing for you, with her?”

“Y’know, I’m not really sure. Like at first, I thought it would be. And it definitely is, at least a bit. But even when Three and I have been together, there are times where I’ll be the *domme* for a bit. She and I flip-flop a lot while playing, though. It’s strange being on that side for a longer time, y’know?”

“I don’t think I could ever really be a *domme*,” the mare said, “Like even tonight, I was doing all of that as much so you could enjoy watching as I was for me. Getting my ass eaten felt amazing, and I have to admit that video was just an idea that popped into my head at the right moment, but I don’t really get a thrill from being in charge. For me, it feels weird and unnatural, like I’m pretending to be someone I’m not.”

“Well, I don’t exactly wanna do it the normal way,” Gloria giggled, “Even if I’m gonna be in charge, I still want things done to me, too.”

There was a long pause, with the two silently enjoying their embrace. Eventually, Marci broke the quiet. “Do, um, do you think we’d *really* do all that stuff with her?”

“I mean, I wasn’t just roleplaying when talking about doing it, if that’s what you mean. Would you like to?”

“Uh-huh...”

“Mmm...” Gloria rolled onto her back, pulling away from the mare. “Now, I’ve been smelling your beautiful body *all night*, and I’m dying to taste you. You can start by spitting in my mouth, you dirty horsie!”

“Okay!” the mare said with a wide smile and a happy tail swish, “This must be some of that ‘not the normal way’ stuff you were talking about?”

“Yup!” Gloria said, with a chuckle.



Clara laid on the bed, her head still resting on the pillow Marci’s sopping-wet pussy had soaked. She couldn’t even remember a time where the night had ended without her cumming. Nobody would have dreamed of leaving her hanging without offering a hole for her to enjoy.

And yet, here she was. Clara was furiously stroking her cock, but with every stroke she could feel it soften. She silently cursed Gloria for pulling the plug out. It had been doing a nice job of keeping her half-hard. The goat girl had even made a point of setting the plug next to the bed, along with the lube.

As she stared at the plug, her hand absentmindedly wandered lower, her fingers tracing around the rim of her hole. *Why does this feel so good?!*

The truth was, Clara knew exactly why. She also knew that even if she tried to fight it, she was pretty sure it wouldn’t work. It was just hard for her to admit to herself that she was now at the mercy of the chemicals, just as much as she had put others into the same predicament.

Rolling over onto her belly, the elephant grabbed the plug and slipped it between her asscheeks. It still had some lube on it, along with some residue

from her ass. That would be plenty, though. After all, she wasn't trying to fit it inside.

She smashed the plug against her hole, letting out a groan as the tip suddenly forced her back open. She pulled away, then slammed it against her again. Then again. With each painful impact, she felt her cock hardening between her belly and the bed. She didn't reach under herself with her other hand, nor did she even grind against the bed.

Despite not trying to take the plug again, her battered hole was starting to loosen around it. It was now taking the first few inches with relative ease, the cone-like shape of most of the plug forced her a little wider each time.

Burying her face in the pillow and pressing her trunk against it, she took a loud, long smell of the mare juice that had soaked into the pillow as she put all of her strength into one more slam.

With a muffled bellow, the elephant felt cum spraying between the bed and her body. The orgasm was intense enough to match the agony she was feeling from the plug. For several seconds, her thoughts melted away and she let the pleasure wash over her.

Gradually, though, the sprays of cum reduced to a final trickle. The plug had fallen away, having been dropped and forgotten in the moment.

That was the moment where reality crashed down hard. *Did I really just...* Everything she had done flashed before her eyes, as she collapsed onto the bed in a pool of her own cum, her face still buried in Marci's juices. For what must have been several minutes, Clara just laid there in shock.

She wished Gloria and Marci had stayed—she desperately needed someone to talk to. *Is this how Marci felt after she and I played? Or Ally? Or Zara?* She had never been one for aftercare, thinking of it as cheapening the experience. But... maybe she was wrong?

Clara's body trembled slightly. In a shaking voice, she said aloud, "Maybe... that's the first lesson I needed to learn. I can't change what I've done, but I need to change myself. And maybe..." She turned her head in the direction of her bedroom, where the other two had gone. "Maybe..."