

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)
Part 18: Equine Experiments

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Now, On To The Story

Robert watched with a smile as the door opened and Ally started to walk toward the car. The horse had asked earlier what Robert would like them to wear, and the bull had said that it was entirely their choice. It looked like they had decided on a skirt and tank-top.

As the car door opened, Ally smiled in. "Hey, Robbo! Man, it feels like forever since you've picked me up like this."

As they sat down and reached for the seatbelt, the bull replied, "Yeah, it has been. Y'know, my parents still ask about you."

"They do? I, uh, haven't seen mine in a while." A look of sadness crossed the horse's face, "I don't know if I would want to."

Robert laid a hand on Ally's arm. "Well, you could always see mine. They're away on a trip, but I'm sure they'd love to see you again."

"Even if I look..." Ally looked down at their body, their enlarged black nipples clearly visible through the white tank top. Robert could also clearly see the bulge in the front of the skirt.

Robert nodded, "Even then. Look, this stuff's been out there for a while now, right? You're not the only one out there who's gone for some sexual changes." Seeing Ally take a deep breath and relax a bit, the bull started the car. "I've got things all ready at home. Mom and Dad are away for the weekend, but I mentioned I might bring you over."

"I...uh...If you're thinking about doing things in your bed, it's going to end up being a huge mess with me."

"Hmm, you're right. I hadn't thought about that. Um, maybe we could stop by someplace and get something to lay under the blankets? Although I think pretty much everywhere is gonna be closed by now..."

Ally looked over at him, licking their lips. "You know, I have an idea."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, the bathtub. Everything just gets washed down the drain."

"Good idea! Ready to go, then?"

"Yup!"

As the two drove, Ally said, "So, uh, you might be wondering about the skirt..."

"I was, but I figured you would say something about it when you were ready."

"Ah, yeah. Guess you were right about that then," the horse chuckled nervously, "Well, you know how you and I were talking quite a while ago, when

we were both kinda trying to figure out what I am?”

“Yeah,” the bull said, pulling out of the parking spot, “I remember you were going through a lot back then.”

“Well, Gloria really got me thinking about that kinda stuff again. Like I had always kinda identified more as an object than as a person. But looking back, I think that might have been more a reaction to how I was being treated at the time than an actual identity. There was all the stuff with my family, then there was all of the stuff with my former *domme*...”

“You never really had a chance to discover who you were.”

“Yeah,” the horse replied, continuing, “Well, Gloria and I went out clothes shopping, and we tried me being a mare for a day. I still don’t know if that’s really ‘me,’ but I do know that I liked it. It felt good, in a way I dunno if I can describe? But I kinda figured that I would try it for our first night back together.” Ally looked over at Robert, “Is...that okay?”

“Of course that’s okay, Ally,” Robert said, giving his best warm smile, “I mean, here’s how I see it. I like girls. I like guys. I like nonbinary folks. So whatever we find out you are, that’s completely okay with me.”

He felt the horse lay a hand on his arm. “Thank you...”

“Well, since you’ve been spending a lot of time lately thinking about this stuff, why don’t you catch me up with that?”

“Oh, yeah!” Ally paused to collect their thoughts for a moment. “So, I really like dressing like this. Not even really as a sexual thing, but something about wearing this kind of stuff just feels...comfortable, to me? But at the same time, if I could snap my fingers and suddenly be a mare—boobs, changes down below, the whole nine yards—I wouldn’t.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. Like at first, I thought dressing like this with a giant, floppy dick would feel really jarring and disjointed. But somehow it doesn’t?”

Robert thought for a moment. “So just to help me understand, you’ve been starting to lean more toward being a girl, but you don’t have dysphoria over what’s between your legs. Is that about right?”

“Yeah, I think so. Though honestly, I...” The horse fell silent.

“Hey, you okay?” Robert asked.

“Well, I’m kinda having trouble separating my identity from stuff that has happened with me, you know? Like it’s all one big, tangled ball of stuff.”

“If you need more time to think about what you were going to say, you can take all the time you need.”

“I, uh, I think I need more time on that. Sorry...”

“Shh, you have nothing to be sorry about. You’re going through some very heavy stuff, right? And I want to help you, even if that help is just being here next to you while you work through your thoughts.”

“Thanks,” Ally replied, “You’ve always been so kind to me.”

“Ally, you deserve people being kind to you. Not just me, but everyone. You’re a good person, and you deserve to be loved and cared about. And you *are* loved and cared about.”

"Thanks, I think I really needed to hear that..." Ally sat silently for a moment, then added, "If... if I was more feminine in some ways, would you be okay with that?"

"Of course I would. What kinds of ways do you mean?"

"Well, I... What if I wasn't flat?"

"What if you weren't fl—oh! Yeah, perfectly okay."

"Thanks. I just... Okay, this is super-embarrassing for me to say, and I'm kind of ashamed that I feel this way. But I'm gonna say it anyway, okay?"

"So, first of all, you don't have to be ashamed. How you feel is how you feel. But yeah, go ahead."

"I...I..." The horse tried to start, but was either struggling to find the words or still afraid of what they were trying to say.

"Do you think it would be easier to wait until I can hold you while you said it?"

"Y-yeah," Ally quickly replied with a nod.

"Well, you don't have long to wait, either way." The bull pulled into his family's driveway, the motion triggering the lights as he hit the garage door opener. "With the parents away, there's space in the garage," he chuckled.

A moment later, they each got out of the car and walked into the house, making their way to Robert's bedroom. The bull noticed Ally looking around at the familiar place. Nothing had really changed since the two had been dating before, besides a different potted plant here or a new picture on the wall there, and it seemed Ally still remembered the way to Robert's room.

As they sat down on the edge of the bed, he leaned over and wrapped his arms tightly around Ally. "I've really missed sitting with you like this."

As he felt Ally's hands brush across his back, he heard a murmured, "Me too." The horse took a deep breath, then said, "Okay, I think I'm ready to say the thing now."

"Alright," Robert said. "There's nobody here but you and me, and you're right here in my arms."

"Okay..." He heard Ally take a slow, deep breath, then another. "So, you know how... Clara... went from fully female to kinda halfway in between? I, uh, I want to do that too. I mean, from the opposite direction, of course." He felt Ally tense up against him.

"There, there," Robert reassured the horse, "There's nothing wrong with feeling that way, you know."

"I-I mean, after everything with her, and Marci and me, and... I-I guess it just feels wrong to want to be like her."

"Well, you're living, breathing, walk on two legs, and are a mammal, right? She does all of those things too, you know. Having similarities to someone doesn't mean you are just like them."

"But, like, I don't know anyone else who's like that."

"You don't? I should introduce you to a friend of mine sometime. She comes over to watch hockey games, play cards, and stuff. When you said you were asking about getting boobs, my first thought was her, not Clara." He reached

down and gave the horse's skirt a pat over their huge, flaccid cock. "Would you want to keep this like it is, or what do you have in mind?"

"Y-yeah. I-if you want it, I mean."

"Ally, I want you to be the person you are picturing in your head. Big dick, small dick, no dick, boobs, pussy, anything at all. I want to be with *you*, no matter what your body is like."

The horse nodded, then softly asked, "Can... I be that tonight, please? Like, can I let that out?"

Robert pulled away, making eye contact with Ally before giving them a wink. "Tell you what. I want you to let it out completely, all the way until we go to sleep tonight. After having all night to sleep on it, in the morning you can talk with me about how it felt and if you liked it. If you did, there's no reason to stop, right? And if it isn't for you, then it's our little secret. Does that sound good?"

Ally nodded eagerly, and Robert gave them a smile. During the time they had dated before, as well as their time being friends, Ally had always had a hard time opening up. The things Ally was telling him tonight, and the thoughts the horse was sharing, left no doubt that they were starting to believe they could be more than just a sexual object for whoever happened to want them at the time.

As he had so many times before with Ally, Robert felt a wave of protectiveness wash over him. Not jealousy—indeed, the bull loved things like washing his partner after a threesome or after they had played with a guest—but a need to make sure this beautiful horse felt safe and loved.

"Okay, um, how to start? I, uh, guess I just ask you to treat me a certain way?"

"Yup, that will work."

"C-could you close your eyes, maybe? It's hard when you're looking—I feel really silly."

The bull closed his eyes, "I promise I won't laugh at you, Ally."

"Okay," he heard from beside him, "So I'm still Ally. I actually really like that name, and I want to keep it. But, um, I guess I want to be more of a girl. Like, I mean that I'm treated like a girl and dress like one, even though I happen to have a big dick. Oh, I also want to call it a dick. I tried calling it a clit in the mirror, but it just feels weird for me to say. I definitely think of my butt as more of a...pussy, though. Like, when I close my eyes, I see a mare, but one with a giant mare-c-cock. Y-yes, I know it's a silly word, but I like it!" Robert didn't need to look to know the horse was blushing as Ally stammered, "I-I love my hole being called all sorts of things. Pussy, butthole, butt-pussy, cum-dumpster! And...and..."

As the trembling horse trailed off, Robert brushed their shoulder. "Well then, why don't you be my mare tonight?"

"Mmm, I love the sound of that. So, um, should we make our way to the bathtub?"

The horse let out a moan as Robert gave one of their asscheeks a squeeze under their skirt. "Well, I think I should tease my *mare* a bit first. Would you

like that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” The bull’s fingers slipped between Ally’s asscheeks. While Ally had always liked the idea of taking things slowly, Robert knew from experience that as soon as the horse got excited, all of that went out the window.

Still, his finger bumped against the rim of the loose, well-stretched hole. *They always did love when I—they? She?* The bull mentally shrugged, *Even if she’s just trying it out, I should probably join in.* The bull started tracing a finger around the rim. While most horses were reminiscent of a donut, hers was more like an éclair. The fairly long slit ran a couple of inches along the crack of her ass.

“You know,” Robert said, “I’m looking forward to burying myself in this. Good thing a bull can’t knock up a horse, isn’t it?” He felt a bit awkward, but was doing his best to embrace it while Ally explored.

“Mmm, yeah,” Ally whimpered, “You can ride your mare aaalllllll you want, no protection needed!” The mare started to push back against his fingers, clearly needing more. For now, though, Robert wanted to tease her just a little bit longer. Besides, they were going to need to pause to get to the bathroom when things got a bit further along, and the bull wasn’t quite ready to stop just yet. They would need to stop before Ally soaked through her skirt, though, so he knew he couldn’t take *too* long.

“You know,” he mused, “I’m not sure *what* I want to do with you. I mean, I could fuck you in the shower, but you’re such a loose, well-used mare I’m not sure you’d really feel it. . .” He saw the wet patch that was slowly forming on Ally’s skirt grow suddenly. While the bull wasn’t particularly into things like degradation, saying things like this to Ally never felt like that. Both knew the bull loved it, so both thought of it as a compliment.

“Ahh, I wish I’d let you stretch me out way back then,” Ally moaned, “It just feels so good, especially with a boyfriend who appreciates a big butt-pussy like mine. . .”

“Maybe I should just spend all night working on this gorgeous hole. Would my girlfriend like that?” He punctuated the sentence by grabbing the puffy equine ring around her asshole between his thumb and finger, giving it a gentle squeeze.

Ally’s breath caught, leaving the mare only able to nod eagerly.

“You feel a little bit slick back here. Already cleaned out?”

“Uh-huh,” Ally struggled to reply, “R-right before you got there.”

“Perfect. I think I also have a better idea than the shower.” The bull got up and went to a closet. “We have an inflatable air mattress for camping and stuff. It’ll take a little time to inflate, but then it’ll be nice and comfy for you to lay on.”

“Um, what about the mess, though?”

“No problem,” Robert said as he carried the mattress to the large bathroom and laid it out on the floor, “It hoses right off, and the bathroom floor is nice and easy to clean, too.” He plugged it in to start it inflating. “Now, why don’t you take that skirt off, sexy lady?”

Ally turned away from the bull and bent over, her huge, flaccid cock clearly visible under the skirt. Hooking her thumbs over the waistband, she began to slowly pull it down. She struggled a little bit getting it down past her dick, but then she dropped it to the linoleum floor and stepped out of it. Turning around, she said, "Now I get to see you strip too, riiight?"

"I guess it's only fair," the bull laughed. Ally's eyes were fixed on him as he unzipped his pants and slowly pulled them down to reveal a pair of boxers.

"You know," Ally said with a wink, "I did that thing we talked about last night."

"At the club?" The bull let out a needy groan, himself.

"Uh-huh..." Ally said as she watched the bull's cock pop free of his boxers. "I kept count, too." The club in town had always had a row along a wall where guests could arrange to spend an hour at a time resting on a comfortable bench with their ass against a hole in the wall for anonymous enjoyment. But they had recently added another row beside it for blindfolded oral use. The horse stepped over and knelt down in front of him. "Wanna know how many, hmm?"

"Yeah..." Robert replied as Ally's tongue reached out and swirled for a moment around the head of his cock.

"Your slutty girlfriend swallowed nine loads last night, Robbo. Eight men came over and used my mouth like a nice, nameless hole." He felt another long, slow lick as Ally dragged out the pause, "For the other, I got to listen to someone being sucked off. I heard him getting close, then cumming. Whoever his partner was, they spit his load into my mouth and the two of them left."

"Want to know a secret?"

"Yeah?"

"The seventh load was me," Robert chuckled. He had wanted to surprise her, and from how Ally's eyes lit up, it seemed he had succeeded.

With a needy moan, the mare teased, "I hope you didn't mind 'sloppy sevenths.' Someday I want to see just how much cum I can gulp down in a day. Like not just wanting to swallow a lot, but really go until my stomach is bloated and aching." She ran her tongue up the full length of Robert's shaft. "Wanna watch, if I do?"

"Watch? I'd be contributing at least one or two loads of it," he laughed.

"Mmm, yummy! But tonight, I really need my pussy used..." Ally seemed to be getting more comfortable with the persona she was taking on tonight. Robert hoped it would feel natural to her. The horse had never had the chance to really explore and form her own identity. While this probably wasn't the recommended way to do it, who was he to argue with a needy mare?

"Why don't you lay down, then?" The mattress was fully inflated, so Robert reached down to shut off the pump and cap the air valve, before stepping out of the room to grab the lube from his bedroom. When he got back, he saw Ally seductively lying on the bed, her huge, flaccid cock draped across her tank-top.

"Hey, um..." Ally trailed off, looking up at him.

"What's up?"

"Would you mind, uh, licking it a bit?" Ally pointed to the head of her dick. "I know it's not really a 'top' thing, but..."

Robert sat down on the foot of the mattress, reaching out and gently wrapping his fingers around the equine cock, “You *do* know I like these too, right?” He gave Ally a smile, “I know you’ve gotten used to BDSM-type relationships, where each partner has a certain role. For me? I see us as a bull and a mare. If it feels good and makes you happy, let’s do it.”

“Mmm, I see that other jar you brought. Are you gonna force your fist into my poor little mare-butt?”

“There’s nothing little about it,” he replied with a wink and a chuckle, “But that’s pretty much the plan, yeah.” The bull ran a trail of lube along the horse’s cock. Even back when they had dated before, Ally had always loved the idea of having her cock completely ignored or locked in chastity, but when push came to shove she loved when it got attention. He supposed her changing it to be this massive and soft made sense. It definitely got attention, there was plenty to touch, but it guaranteed she could only be a top if someone took the time to stuff it in like an extra-floppy dildo.

As he started to stroke it and rub the lube in, he also had to admit he liked the color change. Ally was solid white across pretty much her entire body, with her nipples, cock, and asshole being jet black. The contrast made him think of a chessboard. “I-I also can’t cum from anything done to it anymore, s-so you don’t have to worry about me going off early.”

“Well, I seem to remember *someone* being very into overstimulation. So I wasn’t particularly worried anyway,” he said with a laugh, “but good to know.” Lifting the horse’s slippery cock up, he looked at the head. “Seems like that same someone’s been getting into sounding, too.”

Ally nodded eagerly, letting out a moan as Robert’s lubed fingertip ran across the now slit-shaped hole. “I’ve even ha—ahhh—had it fucked.”

“Mmm, have you know?” the bull asked, swirling his finger over it, “I’d be very curious to see that, sometime.”



Ally laid on the mattress, loving the attention she was getting from the bull. She was also starting to slowly get used to thinking of herself as a mare. It felt strangely natural, and she got a bit of a warm, fuzzy feeling inside when she was called a mare.

“Would you like your mare to do something for you, Robbo?”

“Right now, I just want you to be comfortable and enjoy what I’m doing for you, honey. I promise, I’ll let you make it up to me later.”

The mare nodded. She loved the bull looking at her with hungry eyes. Truth be told, she had always been something of an exhibitionist. When her ex-domme had started taking videos of her exploits, the mare had loved the thought of never knowing who might see them. Secretly, she had hoped people who knew her would see them. *Maybe even my family*, Ally thought to herself, letting out a whimper both from that thought and the bull starting to rub lube

onto her balls.

"You always did love just being covered in lube like this," he chuckled.

"Mmm, it makes me think of the aftermath of a nice night," she winked up at him, "Covered in lube, cum, spit, throat-slime..."

"And ready to get cleaned up by your boyfriend," Robert finished the thought.

"We're such a good match," Ally said, "I'm glad we're back together like this."

"We certainly are," Robert said with a smile, "Ready to start working on your pussy, honey?"

Ally's eyes lit up as she nodded. She had been thinking about this all day! She eagerly watched as Robert reached for the lube once more, then her eyes rolled back at the sensation of having it rubbed around her hole. "Mmm, sorry I'm just a *loose, sloppy* mare," she teased, "Your slutty girlfriend has taken *so* many cocks. She doesn't even know how many have cum inside. She never asks them to pull out, after all..." She heard Robert groan, happy her words were having the desired effect.

"I don't *think* I have anyone's cum left in my pussy, but I hope you don't mind if some leaks out. I—ahhh..." She felt Rob's fingers sliding into her. If she had to guess, it was probably three of the bull's large digits. When they had dated before, this was as much as she had ever taken. Now, they slipped in easily. She felt her cock throb, and a large drop of precum fell onto her tank-top. She watched it soak in as her boyfriend's fingers gently thrust and swirled inside her. He had made a special point of learning all the right places.

"Don't hold back now," the bull said, "With how pent-up you are, I know it won't take long, and we're not stopping when you do."

"Mmm, does my boyfriend want his mare to cum? She's definitely a squirter," she said with a grin. He was definitely right about her not taking long, though. When it came to anal, she felt like she had a hair-trigger since her changes were done. She had to admit, though, she considered that a plus. It meant she could practically cum on command, when she wanted to. The thought of Robert deliberately making her cum before they even really started was pushing the horse even closer to the edge.

"You know," the bull said with a wink, "nobody ever said you couldn't touch yourself while I'm working on this hole, sexy mare." He was right, Ally realized as she started to stroke her huge, soft cock. Aside from Marci, she had only really been in BDSM relationships for so long that she hadn't even thought of doing it.

Ally wasn't really sure how to feel about that. She loved the freedom of being able to come and go as she pleased, and to not need to constantly make sure she was following orders she was given, but there was something a little scary about it, too. What if she did something wrong? What if Robert didn't want the "real Ally," once she figured out who exactly that was? What if—

"Hey, you alright?" Robert had stopped fingering her, "You suddenly started looking a little nervous."

“Just...I haven’t been in this kind of relationship with someone in a long time. It’s just gonna take some time to wrap my head around it.”

“It’s okay Ally,” the bull’s deep voice reassured her, “There’s a lot of stuff you’re sorting out, right now. Do you want to take things slower tonight?”

Ally thought for a moment. “Nope—you go ahead and stretch me out all you like! I’m, uh, really getting into this whole ‘being a mare’ thing, and I wanna keep going.”

“Alright,” Robert smiled down at her, as she felt his fingers give another thrust. She also felt him adding a fourth with a wet *squelch*. She saw the bull thinking about something for a second. “You know?” he said, “This isn’t even just me being supportive. This really does feel more like a pussy, with how stretched out it is.”

That gave Ally a nice, hard push over the edge. Her back arched, and she felt cum beginning to flow from her cock onto her chest. Taking her huge, still-flaccid dick in her hands, she moved it around to cover her tank top, shoulders, chest, even reaching down to give it a taste with her outstretched tongue.

“That’s it, honey, just let it aaallllll out,” Robert encouraged, his eyes on the head of her dick, “You know, it reminds me of you cumming around that ring you used to have. I guess the only time I’ve seen you since the changes, you were cumming straight into Gloria’s stomach, so I didn’t see it.” He let out a chuckle, as Ally continued to cum. While her orgasms weren’t as powerful as a typical horse, they lasted quite a bit longer.

The bull’s fingers hadn’t stopped inside of her, either. She had always loved being pleased even after cumming. For most people, everything was far too sensitive and the interest in sex suddenly vanished. For her, though, things had never been like that. She and Robert had learned that she loved to play until her orgasms were fully dry and her balls were aching.

The one thing she wished is that her pussy wouldn’t tighten up for a little while after cumming. *Wait, did I just call it a pussy in my head without even thinking about it?* The mare smiled to herself. *Maybe this really is what I’m meant to be...*

She felt the bull stretching and pulling her hole, gently loosening it back up as the slow, steady flow of cum onto the mattress gradually slowed. “Don’t worry, little mare, I know you’re nowhere near done yet,” he said. Just as she had her quirks, Robert had always had some of his own. He loved to be reassuring, getting the same enjoyment from telling Ally that things weren’t done yet that someone else might get from giving a spanking. He also absolutely loved cleaning someone up after sex. That was part of why she had made sure to thoroughly cover her upper body with cum.

When he was sure she had been stretched back out, as the flow from her cock fully tapered off, she felt him pull out. As she saw him starting to rub more lube over his entire hand, she teased, “Mmm, is my boyfriend gonna fist my big, loose mare-hole tonight?”

The bull nodded with a chuckle, “Well, when it comes to satisfying a mare who’s *way* too loose for a dick to do it, sometimes you need to get creative about what you shove into her.”

“Oh no!” Ally replied in mock panic, “You’re gonna stretch out your girlfriend’s poor hole even *more*? At this rate, you’re just gonna make her need even more to satisfy her!”

“Well, I guess I’ll just have to deal with that when it happens,” Robert laughed. After seeing him finish covering his hand down to the wrist, Ally felt her hole being absolutely covered in lube, even hearing it dripping onto the linoleum floor. The horse squirmed slightly in anticipation.

She didn’t have long to wait, as she felt the bull’s fingers starting to slide in. “Don’t be gentle, Robbo. Open your mare’s sloppy butt-pussy up. She wants to be sore all day tomorrow!”

“I was just about to ask how you wanted it,” he grinned down at her, “Guess I have my answer.” With that, Ally felt firm, steady pressure as her boyfriend’s hand started to sink into her, forcing her hole to open wider and wider. She knew she could take him, though—her current favorite plug was about as big around as his fist.

That didn’t prevent her from letting out a long, low moan as it pushed inside, though. For her, it wasn’t so much the thought of being stretched-out that turned her on. It was the raw sensation of having it stretched like this. The looseness seemed to be a turn-on for a surprising number of her friends, though, so she considered that a bonus.

Once he was inside, she felt his hand shift from having his fingers drawn to a point to make for easier entry, to balled up into a fist. As she felt that fist starting a slow fucking motion inside her, she started to whimper and arched her back a bit.

Already her cock was starting to throb again, though her balls were aching. Ally had always found that ache strangely arousing, and she could still remember Robert’s disbelief the first time she had asked him to keep going when she had already cum. She had never been able to last very long, and her excitement usually only partly went away after cumming. If she was really being honest, the extra sensitivity made it feel better for her.

It was something she hadn’t really told people about, for the most part. After all, she knew it was kind of weird, and the other things about her that were abnormal had always been heavily frowned upon. Even when she had told Robert, she had asked him to keep it a secret, which he always had. But as she looked down at her giant cock and enlarged nipples, she realized it probably didn’t make much sense to be secretive about that anymore. Besides, the people who had always judged her the most weren’t really a part of her life anymore.

“Am I doing okay?” Robert asked.

“Mmm, you’re doing great, Robbo. You feel amazing, and you’re being sooo gentle with me.”

Robert chuckled, “You know, ‘gentle’ and ‘fisting’ don’t often go together like that.”

Ally gave him a teasing wink, “Well, that’s just because not everyone is as loose as your mare.” She looked over to where the bull had set the lube bottle. “Mind passing me that, with your free hand?”

“Sure,” he said, reaching for it while trying to keep his fist stationary inside her. She took it and popped the lid open, squeezing out a few drops onto each of her tanktop-covered nipples with a moan. She had always had a nipple fetish, which is why having hers touched had always quickly set her off. It had never made a difference to her whether her partners had large breasts or small, but a pair of big, firm nipples never failed to arouse the mare.

As she rubbed the lube into them and her fingers started to push the saturated fabric over her nipples, she thought back to having them pierced before. She had to admit, she really wanted to have that done again when she had the chance.

Suddenly, she felt her body start to shudder as another orgasm began to wash over her. She felt her cock and balls trying to cum, but all they managed was a small, short trickle onto her chest. Through it all, her boyfriend kept up his slow, steady fisting.

With a grin, he said, “Alright, that was your first two. What should we do next, hmm?”

“I really, really want to suck you off right now,” Ally said with a wink, “And your mare *always* swallows.”

“Well, who am I to say no to that?” he said, getting ready to ease his hand out of her.

“W-wait. I, uh, want you to do something.”

“Sure, what is it?”

“Could you, uh, keep your hand in a fist when you pull out? I kinda want it to hurt a bit.”

“Alright, but tell me if it hurts too much, okay?” Ally had asked for things that would hurt her hole before, and while it wasn’t something Robert had even been into, he had always done it for her.

She felt the bull’s hand ball back up into a fist, then felt a slow, steady pull. “Ohhh, yeah, just like that,” Ally moaned, “Really open your mare up.”

As he slowly began to pull, Ally felt herself stretching wider and wider around his fist. The sensation was overwhelming, particularly as she had already cum a couple of times. Her hooves curled as she let out a soft whinny. She saw Robert pause and look down at her, concern in his eyes. Not sure she would be able to get words out, she just gave him a weak thumbs-up.

“Okay, just wanted to make sure you’re okay.” The bull smiled. A moment later, the pulling resumed. Ally whimpered and moaned at the mix of pleasure and pain of being stretched to her absolute limit. Suddenly, her body started to buck with one last orgasm. Despite having already been drained of cum, her body tried desperately to manage one more load.

With one involuntary spasm, she felt Robert’s hand pop out of her with a wet *squelch*. “Gooood girl,” her boyfriend comforted her, “I’ll be right here with you as you come down.” After a particularly intense session, it was common for her to get... not exactly “sub-drop,” but that was when old traumas tended to surface. Robert had always made sure to stay by her side afterward, and he could always tell right away when it was starting to happen. His presence was always comforting, for her.

Her ex-domme had often made a special point of keeping her in isolation between uses. Over time, being left alone with her thoughts like that (especially right after very intense use) had taken a toll on her.

Tonight, though, things seemed to be going well. The bull's comforting presence, the familiar surroundings of his home, and the reassurances that she was safe helped greatly as she started to come down.

"S-so, what about you?" Ally asked, teasingly.

"Honestly? I think tonight I just want to hold you."

"That was your plan all along, wasn't it?" she chuckled.

"Yeah, it might have been," he laughed, "I've missed that, y'know?"

"Yeah," Ally smiled.

"So, what do you say we get you cleaned up, hmm?"

"Sure!" Ally slowly, unsteadily sat up, then began to rise to her hooves. She was feeling quite shaky, but using the countertop to steady herself, she slowly managed. Her orgasms had always seemed like they were unusually intense, and her changes had certainly not diminished that. Robert had always seemed to like that about her. In fact, pretty much all of her weird quirks had been turn-ons for him, it seemed.

Robert reached out a hand, to help her step over the side of the bathtub for their shower. Like pretty much any home that had a hooved occupant, there was a rough, textured surface on the bottom of the tub for better traction. When one wanted to take a bath, there were plastic sheets that could be laid over it, for sitting comfort.

As Robert reached to turn on the shower, he asked, "So, how are you feeling? Are you enjoying being a girl, Ally?"

"You know? I really am. It's very... comfortable? Natural? Like, it really does feel like *me*, after a little bit."

"I'm really glad to hear that," Robert replied with a smile as the water began to cascade down. "I mean, when you started going by 'Ally,' I kinda thought things might eventually go this direction, even if it didn't at the time."

"Thanks for being so patient with me. I'm kind of a confusing mess."

"Well, you're *my* confusing mess," the bull chuckled, "And we'll take as long as we need to figure that out. Together."

Ally turned away from Robert, to face the showerhead. After adjusting the temperature a bit, she stepped underneath. As she felt the water running over her face and chest, washing away the mess from earlier, she let out a contented sigh. She felt Robert's hands on her shoulders, as the bull started to gently knead and massage them. Ally had missed these showers with Robert. His hands were a delightful mix of strength and a gentle touch that made the mare melt.

"So," Robert asked, "Would you like to stay like this? With being a mare, I mean."

"Yeah, I really would," Ally replied, "That's not gonna weird out your parents or anything, will it?"

"Not at all," he reassured her, "Actually, with you going as 'Ally,' They had thought even back then that you were trans. Don't worry, that won't be a

problem for them.”

“And you’re *really* sure it won’t be a problem for you?” Ally knew she had asked before, but she still wasn’t fully ready to believe it.

“I’m completely sure, Ally. You make a very beautiful mare, and I love you. Everything’s going to be okay. I know that’s hard for you to accept, and it’s going to take some getting used to, but it really will.”

Ally pressed back against him, her eyes clenched tight. It had been a very difficult few years for Ally, and she was struggling a lot more than she let show. Somehow, things felt different with Robert. Maybe it was because they had dated before, or maybe it was because, despite that, they were taking things slow. But whatever it was, this felt different than dating Marci had.

Marci was a wonderful woman, and Ally was very happy for their time together, but Ally had to admit that Gloria was definitely more her speed when it came to kinks. Despite everything that had happened to Ally, and even with the changes to her body she had planned, she actually loved vanilla nights like this. *I guess most people probably wouldn’t call ass-fisting vanilla, buuut. . .*

Ally continued to think as the bull’s hands kneaded the tension from her body. He was a huge romantic, always loving to surprise her with a rose or wanting to take her out on a classy date someplace. She pictured herself in an elegant dress, hooves painted and ready for a nice dinner. If Ally was really being honest with herself, that kind of an evening was what she really wanted most.

She felt Robert’s large hands move around to her chest. “So,” he said, gently breaking the silence, “What are you thinking for these, hmm?”

“Um. . . promise you won’t be ma—ahhh,” The mare’s thought was cut off by her nipples being given a soft squeeze. They were still quite sensitive after her several orgasms just minutes earlier.

“I promise. Not mad, not disappointed, not frustrated, not upset, not any of those things.” She felt Robert’s hands cup over her flat chest, one on each side.

“I, uh. . .” Ally struggled, “How about this? I’ll, uh, start talking and we’ll see what size we get to, okay?”

“Sure,” the bull said, “I’m not quite sure what you mean, but I’m sure I’ll figure it out as you go.”

“Uh, yeah. So, how would you feel about me having A-cups? Just the teeniest, tiniest bit bigger than I have now.”

“Well, it would feel a lot like you do now, only with a little bit of extra squishiness I suppose. I certainly wouldn’t mind that.”

“Mmm, and what if they were a C-cup pair?”

“They’d be looking a bit more different, then. I’d enjoy rubbing and kneading them, just like I am with yours now.” Sure enough, she felt the bull’s hands gently going to work on her.

“And what if they were. . . um. . . more like Clara or Three?” The mare braced herself for the bull to tell her that was too much for him, or that she was going overboard, or that—

She was interrupted by a soft chuckle. “Well, then I guess I would need to make sure they got plenty of attention. After all, with that monster you have between your legs, I figured this was what you were going to be talking me up to.”

“Y-you’re okay with. . .”

“Absolutely.”

“I-it’s not too extreme for you?”

“Not at all. Look, I’m a bull, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Aaand what does everyone say about cows and breast size?”

“I mean, yeah, but like. . .”

She felt him lean forward, bringing his head beside hers. “There is just ooone little catch, though.”

Here it comes. . .

“I get to clean some stranger’s cum off them as often as possible.”

“Mmm, deal.” Okay, so maybe Robert had ooone pretty huge kink. He adored sharing his partner with others. Not in the sense of pimping her out, but more that he loved the idea of dating an absolute slut. He had told her once, when they dated before, that if someone goes out at night, then comes back to you for more, it means they really love you for who you are. “Maybe I’ll take a look tomorrow, to see if I can find someone. How does that sound?”

The bull let out a groan in her ear.

“I wonder where they’ll decide to cum. Maybe in your mare’s pussy, but a lot of people love cumming in her mouth. I guess when you date a swallower, that’s not too surprising.” Ally knew this sort of thing drove her boyfriend absolutely wild, and even though playtime had ended, she couldn’t resist teasing him a bit. “Though I dunno, I’ve been in the mood to eat someone out lately. I do know a couple of women who get *very* wet and tend to squirt when they cum. It would feel sooo good to give my boyfriend a great big kiss after a night of that.”

“Do you, now?” the bull laughed, though she could hear that the idea excited him.

“Yup! I maaay have copied the numbers from my ex-domme’s little black book, so to speak. There were a lot of them that were very fun, and I’d love to play with them again. Or maybe. . .” Ally pressed back against Robert, “I’d find someone brand-new to play with.” She felt him squeeze her tight against him. “Aww, you like that, big guy?”

“Mmm-hmm,” he replied, “I’d love that.”

Ally opened her mouth to continue, but accidentally let out a yawn. “Mmm, I think I’m ready to get some sleep. You tired your poor girlfriend out, Robbo.”

“Well, there’s a nice, warm bed just waiting for you as soon as we get dried off.” Ally reached forward and turned off the water, already looking forward to climbing under the warm blankets with her loving boyfriend.

As the two stepped out of the shower and grabbed towels from the closet, Ally asked, “Oh, right. What about the air mattress?”

“I’ll just hose that off tomorrow. It’ll be dark outside now, and I don’t really want to fumble around with the hose in the middle of the night.”

“Mmm, what about *my* hose?” Ally replied with a wink.

“Well, I *think* I managed to empty that one for the night. Besides, wouldn’t that just make it *more* of a mess?”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right. On both.” The horse chuckled.

The couple made their way to the bedroom, each sliding into bed from the opposite side. Ally had always liked being on the left side, and Robert took the right. As the bull turned the light off, Ally let out a contented sigh. An arm wrapped around her, and she felt Robert snuggle in close. His slightly gruff voice gave a gentle, “Goodnight, Ally. I love you. . .”



As the morning sunlight streamed in through the window, Robert felt the horse breathing softly in his arms, though Ally seemed to be slowly stirring.

“Morning,” he said, gently.

“Mmm, good morning. . .” came the reply.

“So, did you sleep well?”

“Yeah. Had a big, strong bull to keep me safe and warm. . .”

“So, how did being a girl for a night feel?”

“I wish I could do it forever,” Ally was gradually waking up the rest of the way.

“Well, then it’s a good thing that wish can come true, isn’t it?”

“Mmm, are you a genie? Don’t I need to rub your lamp or something?” Robert felt Ally’s butt rub against him, teasingly.

With a chuckle, he said, “I’d love to play this morning, but I do need to be getting to the gym. Want me to take you anywhere, on the way? Otherwise I’ll be back after my shift.”

“I think I’ll just stick around here. I’ll go ahead and hose off the mattress from last night, too.”

“Thanks! I, uh, had completely forgot about that.”

“Don’t mention it,” Ally said, “I hope work goes well for you today. I’m actually gonna see about getting back in the saddle with the body change testing stuff, myself. I don’t wanna just be a freeloader, y’know?”

“Sounds good! Maybe just, ah, don’t bring them over to my parents’ house?”

Ally laughed, “Nope, it would be at the facility, a hotel, or something like that.”

“A hotel?” Robert was surprised.

“Yeah. It’s not common, but for people in situations like mine, a hotel is the only option sometimes.”

“That sounds good.” The bull got up to start his morning routine, though he really didn’t want to get out of bed. He actually liked his job and coworkers, but of course it couldn’t compare to being in bed with Ally.



As she heard Robert step into the shower, Ally pulled out her phone and got logged into the site for her job. “First things first...” she said, going to her user settings and changing the gender to female. She also set her picture to invisible and her status to “changes pending.” She was thankful Marci had done such a thorough job of teaching her how to navigate the site. Some of the settings were a bit hard to find.

“Now, let’s see who is looking for testing...” Ally began to scroll through the different patients. Occasionally she would open one to view more details. A bigger dick here, a sex change there, changing straight hair to curled...

Robert walked back into the room, giving the still-naked mare one last kiss before leaving for work.

As Ally laid back down, they looked back at the screen. Suddenly a notification popped up. It wasn’t from the testing site, but was from a hookup app she had forgotten she had made an account on. She hadn’t had any luck there, and generally did better meeting people in person.

Opening it up, there was a message from a couple’s account. “Loved your profile! Are you still looking? You’ve been inactive for a long time.”

Ally pulled up the app and found the profile button. “Oh geez,” she said, scrolling through what she had written, “This was from before I met my domme, even.” She then pulled up their profile, surprised to see that they were from her hometown, about fifteen minutes away.

Ally replied, “I’m still looking, but I’ve had some physical changes done since then. And actually, I have the ball rolling to have a pair of breasts.”

“No problem! By the way, can you be discrete? We’re very new to this and just kinda dipping our toes into the water.”

“Yup, I can be. So, what kinds of things are the two of you looking for?”

“We want to try our first threesome, to spice up our marriage a bit.” Ally winced reading that. When the conversation started with that, it tended to mean a marriage on the rocks, in her experience. “Are you still into the degradation stuff?”

Ally paused for a moment. *Well, it could always just be for one time. Not everyone I meet needs to be long-term...* “Yes I am! By the way, I do always tell someone where I am going and that if they don’t hear from me by a certain time to call the police. I just want to make sure you are aware of that.”

“Okay, we understand. By the way, we can’t host. Does a hotel work for you?”

As they made arrangements, something about them seemed really familiar. She couldn’t quite put her finger on it, though. They had gradually started to be a bit more vulgar as the conversation went on, which somehow made that feeling even stronger. Since Ally had no transportation, they would be meeting at a nearby hotel in the afternoon and spending the night.

As the conversation ended, Ally sent a message to Robert explaining everything. She knew that the bull would be okay with it, of course, but she wanted

him to know where she was and that she wouldn't be there when he got back home.



Ally walked through the parking lot toward the room number she had been given. As she got closer, though, she froze. Parked right in front of the room she had been directed to was a sedan she remembered, with the "BILLNSUE" license plate she recognized. The car belonged to her parents!

Ally's mind raced, as she pulled out her phone and pretended to be looking for something. *They definitely wouldn't recognize me, with all the changes. But why, though? This is completely out of character for them, isn't it? They weren't even okay with me being with Robbo, and they definitely wouldn't be okay with me being trans. But like, you can't have a threesome without somebody being gay/bi/pan/nonbinary/something, right? But actually...* A plan started to form in Ally's head, and the horse felt a bit of precum dribble out as she thought about it. Putting her phone away, she walked inside.

Ally stepped into the hotel room. As the mare had been told to expect, the blackout curtains were closed and all lights were off. Even with it being daylight inside, she couldn't make out anyone inside.

Once the door closed behind her, she heard her dad, Bill's voice, a shiver rising up her spine. "Alright, let's get a look at this slut." The dim, bedside light flipped on, and she saw the pair of naked dogs that were her parents. Despite bracing herself for it, seeing her parents lying naked in bed was still quite a shock. She tried not to let it show, though.

Like many others, she hadn't been home at the moment of World Change, so she ended up becoming a different species than the other members of her family. Her parents were a pair of dobermans, while she had become a horse.

"Mmm, very nice!" she said out loud, giving her lips a lick. This was going to be a very awkward night, but she had to admit, she did love the look of the pair.

"Why don't you get your clothes off and climb into bed?" her mother, Sue, said.

Ally began to undress. The two seemed eager to begin, so she didn't turn it into a striptease. As her massive, soft cock popped into view, there was a gasp from the bed. "Mmm, sorry," she explained, "It's actually too *big* to get hard."

Stepping out of her skirt and panties, the naked horse climbed into the space between the two dogs in the bed and laid on her back. Instantly, she felt hands groping all over her cock and balls. There was no restraint or hesitation. "Man, I can't wait to knot this bitch," Bill growled.

"Good," Sue said, "This one you can't knock up."

Bill turned to Ally, "Breed just one bitch, and you never hear the end of it."

To avoid chiming in on this conversation, Ally rolled her head back and let out a moan as one of the exploring hands reached lower. "Wow, she feels almost

as loose as your blown-out hole, honey.”

“Mine just feels that way because you’re so small, asshole!”

Ally tried not to roll her eyes. There was a somewhat devious plan she had come up with in the parking lot, but her parents seemed to be doing a great job of it even without her help.

Bill looked over at the table on the other side of the room. “Wait, did you bring the lube?”

Sue replied, “No, you were going to. You’re the one who’s gonna need it, after all.”

“Fuck! Alright, I’m gonna go get it.” He got up, angrily got dressed, and walked out grumbling to himself.

Before Ally could say anything, she was tackled by Sue, a pair of canine lips pressed against hers. There was far more passion in this kiss than merely a one-night-stand. “God, you’re so hot...” she said, momentarily breaking the kiss before it was followed by another, then another. As the two made out, Sue climbed up on top of Ally, straddling the mare. Ally reached around her, giving her mother’s asscheeks a squeeze before reaching down to start stroking the dog’s pussy.

“Ah, that’s it. Rub my fortune cookie, you sexy beast...” A string of drool dribbled into Ally’s mouth from the pair making out, which Ally swallowed. “Mmm, so slutty!” Bending down close, she asked, “Do you eat pussy? I haven’t had mine eaten in *forever*.”

Ally gave her a wink, “Only for sexy girls like you.”

“So polite, too! Bill just shoves it in. The best I can get from him is a bit of fingering.”

“Why don’t you turn around? You can bury me with your tasty hole.” Ally was starting to get into this, herself.

“Ooh, yeah!” Sue quickly got up and worked on turning herself around atop the horse. A moment later, a very wet dog pussy was inches from Ally’s nose. Without hesitation, she dove in. As her mother whimpered, panted, and moaned from the tongue swirling inside, Ally wondered what had changed. This definitely wasn’t the same pair that had forbidden a younger Ally from having a boyfriend. Something must have happened. Maybe she would find out what it was, eventually.

She felt a wet tongue starting to slobber on her cock, as she slurped away at every inch inside Sue. She had to admit, the taste was strong, but good. If anyone had told her just an hour ago that she would be eating out her own mother, she would have thought they were crazy. And yet, here she was—tongue in her mother’s pussy and a half-baked scheme in her head.

Suddenly, though, a wave of guilt washed over Ally. *It’s not that she’s my mom. It’s that... This won’t change how they treated me. This is such a stupid idea... I’ve gotta—*

Ally was interrupted by the sound of Sue’s phone ringing. With a muffled, “God-damned...” she reached over and grabbed it. “What? Duh. What, did you expect us to wait for you? Seriously. What did you want us to do? Just sit and stare awkwardly? You know what, fuck this. I’m calling it off. We’ll try

again when you stop being so insecure.” She hung up and angrily tossed the phone onto the pillow.

“Are, uh, are we stopping?” Ally tried to hide her relief.

“We are. Buuut...” Sue paused a minute, then grabbed her phone again. After a moment of fiddling with it, she held up a screen showing her number. “Why don’t you text me, you sexy beast? So you and I can stay in contact. Sorry for my husband, by the way. If it helps, it’s not just you. He’s always been like that.”

As Ally started to enter the number to send a text, she gave her best nonchalant, “Oh?”

“Yeah. We had a son who was gay. Well, Bill just never stopped poking at him about it.” She lowered her head, a bit. “And if I’m really being honest, I wasn’t much better. I was going through a lot at the time, but he was really hurting. By the time—No, sorry, I shouldn’t be dragging you into this. I dunno why I’m thinking about that right now.”

Ally felt like she should say something, but she had no clue how to reply. Eventually, she managed to get out, “It’s okay. Everyone makes mistakes, right?” The two sat down on the bed, still naked.

“No, like, this was *really* bad. I’m sure he never wants to talk to me again, but I just wish I could tell him I’m sorry. He ran off with some lady one day, and I never heard from him again. She gave me such a bad vibe, but at the time I think all I said was that at least this one was a woman.” She buried her head in her hands. “Okay, okay I have to stop.”

Ally typed up a quick message and sent it. “Hey, I’ve sent you a message,” she said, “Even if it’s just to talk, you’ve got my number.”

“Thanks,” Sue said, recovering her composure. With a sudden realization, she said, “So, I just realized I can’t actually go home until he gets back, since he took the car. It’s probably best if you aren’t still here, though. I’ll text you, though, okay?”

“Yeah,” Ally replied with a genuine smile, “Yeah, I’d like that.”

Sue fiddled with her phone a moment, then asked, “Um, what should I put down as a name?”

Ally hadn’t thought this part through. Should she give her real name? A fake one? Some slutty nickname? She knew she had to react quickly.

Well, here we go... “My name is Ally. Though, uh, I think you might be more comfortable calling me Albert.”

A look of shock flashed across her face. “O-oh! That’s...just an interesting coincidence, is all. See, our son...” She trailed off, seeing Ally’s expression. “It’s...not a coincidence, is it.”

Ally shook her head.

“Oh... Oh baby, I’m so sorry...” She felt her mother’s arms wrap tightly around her. “God, we were so awful to you. We hurt you so bad, and we weren’t there for you when what you really needed was a supportive family.” Sue sobbed against her, and Ally felt tears starting to run down her own cheeks.

“Could... Could you not tell him? That it’s me, I mean?”

“Not tell—oh! No, Albe—Ally, I won’t tell him. He... wouldn’t take it well. Especially not after you and I just...”

“After I just had my tongue buried in you?”

She shuddered in his arms, “There’s no way I could tell him, after that. How could I have...”

“You didn’t know,” Ally said, “This just kinda all happened.” There was a long, awkward pause. “But... you *did* taste very nice.”

“Ally!” There was another long pause. “Your tongue felt wonderful, though.”

“How long do we have until he gets back here?”

“About half an hour, maybe?”



The pair sat in silence, wrapped in eachother’s arms. Sue felt one of her hands slowly working down Ally’s back. *I shouldn’t be doing this*, she scolded herself, but she didn’t stop her hand.

Without a word, the horse’s hands unwrapped from around her, and she saw Ally move to their hands and knees. Her breath caught, taking in the view of the horse’s ruined hole and a cock that easily reached down to the bed.

Still without a word, she leaned forward and gave the hole a sniff. *His... her? Ally’s hole smells so musky. Definitely smelling some lube, too. I wonder who’s been pounding this hole.* She felt heat in her cheeks as her mind added, *Sorry Bill, I’m cheating on you with our... daughter, I guess? Yeah. Sorry Bill, I’m cheating on you with our daughter.*

She was sure Ally was confused right now, with how different she was now compared to the last time they had seen eachother. There was so much she was going to need to explain. For now, though... She spat on her daughter’s asshole, beginning to rub it in as the horse let out a whimper. She reached down with her other hand, sliding three fingers into her own pussy. *Am I really this soaked from rubbing my own daughter’s hole?* As her pussy squeezed her fingers, she thought, *Yeah. Yes I am.*

As guilty as she felt from all of this, she couldn’t stop her mind from going deeper. *My daughter is an anal slut. I wonder how many men have fucked her. Maybe she whores herself out? My little gangbang-whore of a daughter...* She had always been a voyeur, with many, many fantasies about things being done to her partner while she watched. Bill had never been into any of that, but Ally...

She dragged her tongue across the horse’s balls, eyes rolling back in her head at the thought of what she was doing. *I’m gonna have sooo much fun with you...*