

Gentlemanly Pursuits – A Tale of Equestrian Indulgence

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Jezebel's breath tickled Roderick's neck as he bent forward, fluttering the immaculately-kempt hairs of his fashionably styled dun locks.

Needy as she ever was, her fragrance was especially intense that night. With it came the gentle scents of finest hay and oats. It evoked their many hours together, out riding, away from prying eyes.

Perhaps that was why Colin too had taken up equestrianism. Ostensibly it was a long-held desire, one life on the stage and the meager and labile pay of a performer could never sustain, but the zeal the other man took in the sport was remarkable, and that alternative motivation flattered Roderick's ego pleasantly. That same zeal also explained why the man's tack trunk was so well-stocked, packed with all manner of esoteric gear. It was actually surprisingly difficult to find a spare saddle-pad, but given the presence of a second saddle in its entirety, along with bridle, blinkers and more, there had to be at least one in there somewhere.

"I can't imagine what Colin needs with all these extra bits of tack – most wouldn't even fit any of my horses; they're all sized for a pony!"

Setting the strange, seemingly hand-made halter aside, he regarded the small pile of displaced items.

"I shall have to order a tack-room built on – we can't be storing so much in a few chests."

He pulled out another pair of riding breeches, and shook his head.

"Changing in here with the animals is rather crude, too."

Jezebel gave a disapproving snort.

"I know, my dear girl, but can you really blame me?" the man asked, flashing his charming, well-bred smirk. "You wouldn't have me to go out without a saddle-pad, and mine's being laundered. If Colin didn't want me to see any of this he wouldn't have stored it in my stables."

Those big, brown eyes spoke clearly as to what she made of that rationale.

"Little wonder that Colin could feel jealous, with a mare like you about."

She huffed at him, and looked away.

Jezebel was remarkably expressive, for a horse.

He was still admiring her elegant white mane and daintily flicking ears as he pulled out another set of pants from the trunk. They unfurled in his hands, and the crotch flopped down, a weighted, jiggling blob. Something whipped out, and slapped against his forearm.

Roderick stared at it in his hands, as he felt the unusual material against his skin.

“Well well... I never imagined Colin in *this* manner of attire....”

Latex shone in the lamplight, flesh-toned, with a gleaming third leg dangling between the usual two.

A horse’s penis, complete with sheath and balls.

Fake, naturally, sculpted toys made in one solid piece, seams and casting marks obvious to the eye, but they evoked the real thing well enough.

Roderick’s broad lips curled at the thought of his lover in that lewd attire, a fat, heavy equine phallus flopping between his legs. For a gentle and obedient man like Colin, slight and a touch androgynous, it would surely look all the more brutishly bold.

Blood stirred in his own loins as Roderick realized how... interesting it would be to see that.

Or, perhaps, even to feel it.

To put it to use on his lover directly.

Paranoia turned his head, to check the door, but it still hung motionless, a few inches ajar. All on the estate understood that the master enjoyed the occasional post-port moonlight ride around the grounds, and knew better than to disturb him. The stableboy was back at the lodge, the butler and servants busy in the house. Colin was probably still dozing in his chair.

He closed and locked the entrance to the stable.

Roderick’s own manhood was pushing outwards, stretching the fabric of his carefully tailored breeches, as he imagined that huge mass between his legs.

His fingers cupped the hanging sack, warm to the touch, and he felt remarkably lifelike masses within, each large enough to fill his hand.

Without thinking, Roderick took a breath. A sniff, of the musky air around that strange garment.

It smelled of stallion.

Stinging embarrassment tinted his cheeks as he realized what he was doing. What he was contemplating. He was a gentleman, there for a refined evening ride, not the salacious acts of debauchery that came far too readily to mind.... Yet there was no-one there to judge him but Jezebel.

Her needy whinny seemed to encourage him to indulge.

Half-turned in her stall, she was even rubbing her buttock against the bar, tail flicking as if to fan her scent towards him.

That familiar, tell-tale odor of estrus.

Stripping off his breeches, his modest manhood stood up in eager attention, poking out past the distinguished mound of his gourmand's stomach. Boots and underclothes followed, then even his upper vestments.

Nude, Roderick stood beside his mare's stall. The straw beneath his feet was warm and dry – only the best – but still a slight shiver passed through his rosy figure.

His feet slid easily enough through the openings of the lewd, shameful garment that had so roused him, the material stretching as if to welcome him in. Pulling it up, it settled around his hips, and his manhood slid with surprising ease into the pocket at the base of that larger counterpart. All was warm and snug, the latex hugging his contours as though the breeches were made for him. Save for how that overgrown maleness pushed his thighs apart. That only added to the excitement.

Sensual contact all over brought his skin to life with each step, the costume like a second skin that moved with him. Merely walking was erotic, feeling that weight pulling, exerting pressure against the motion of his legs, and as he brandished the phallus in both hands the foot-long cock seemed to send waves of pleasure all throughout his hips and midriff.

His hand slid up along the shaft, and Roderick marveled not only at how well the stimulation was transmitted, but at the startling realism of the prosthesis. What had seemed like a fused mass, penis, sheath and balls all cast in one, he now saw were more distinct. The seams and imperfections were invisible from that angle, and the thick ring at the base moved separately from the pillar, while the scrotum hung away, not a mere bulge on the bottom of the piece, but a fully modeled facsimile.

Attached to his genitals.

The thought spurred him on, and he moaned under his breath as his body responded. His hands were pumping the new toy, and the pressure appeared perfectly on his own encased member, as though he was masturbating his own sex directly.

It even looked, *felt* like skin – the sheen of latex had eased as his hands smeared the surface, and that rubbery squeak of friction was fading too. Turning to supple, soft sensuality.

Roderick gasped as he pleased himself, pleased the toy. It was just like an actual stallionhood, there, hot and heavy between his legs. His hips bucked and his tensing muscles made the trunk twitch in his hands, as though it were a part of him.

With wetness already coating his encased head, he need not worry over lubricating the inside, but remarkably he found that the flat tip of the giant dildo was similarly slicked, it's mushroom cap soaking in precum. The sheath too was glistening with moisture, beading around the roots of his cock as he worked it, like a wet, tight pair of lips that were teasing his manhood in time with each pump. Tensing his groin, it tightened, heightening his pleasure.

It was as though he had a real horsecock growing from his crotch.

That was impossible. Ridiculous. Yet as his fingers sank into new skin, it was undeniably his own. Each pull tugged at the roots of his own maleness, each bounce and shake sending vibrations of pleasure through his own flesh.

Even trying to feel some presence of his lesser, human phallus within the giant one, revealed the truth – that no such anatomy existed.

His every touch, stroke, squeeze or shake felt so very real because this was his own penis he was masturbating.

Roderick had a horsecock.

Everything was jiggling and twitching, his toes curling and his balls tightening as he felt release approaching. Chest heaving, he drank in the smell of his own musk, hedonism drowning out any trace of decorum. He felt that giant shaft in his hands, alive with erogenous euphoria. He thrust his hips, and marveled at the feeling of his new bodypart, so gorgeously sensual and outrageously vulgar.

“Well well. How daring of his Lordship.”

Whipping around, Roderick gasped as his flared glans whacked into the stall.

Colin smirked, the blond younger man flashing that rehearsed patter-smile from the doorway, his key spinning around one finger.

“I-I didn’t hear the door!”

“I noticed.”

His hands were woefully inadequate to cover his altered erection, and he felt the eyes of the interloper exploring that new physiology, as clear as if they were fingers, caressing his animal equipment.

“Is this your doing?! Some hypnotic illusion set to trick me?!”

The youth snorted with a genuine guffaw.

"Not in the least, my love! You know I don't go in for mesmerism... and I don't recall you asking to go through my tack box."

Roderick rose above the reproach.

"Now don't be silly, I was just looking for a spare saddle-pad. I certainly never thought I'd find a thing such as this! It feels so... real, as if this... outrageous outfit of yours were... actually... attached!"

"That would be the magic," Colin replied, plainly.

Roderick stared.

"You didn't think that my act was all a lie, did you? Didn't you see me turn that young lady heckler's head into a rabbit last week?"

"I... presumed she was one of your assistants... a contortionist or some sort like that."

"Her head lollopped off without her and she had to feel around for it in the salad bar."

"...a very talented contortionist."

Colin chuckled as he stepped inside, closing the door behind him.

"I knew you loved horses, but I never imagined it was because you shared their intellect."

The steam, simmering down at his obvious past obliviousness, released in an indignant outburst, vented at Roderick's overly playful partner.

"Now see here, Jezebel is a highly intelligent beast! And if anyone here resembles a horse it would be my mannerless companion! I can see I shall have to teach you a lesson tonight...."

"Says the gentleman with the horseprick he can't stop groping."

Roderick had the grace the blush, but not the restraint to let go of that throbbing shaft.

Colin added another hand instead, tracing his fingers up, along the taut length, as he stood on tiptoes to kiss his boyfriend.

"Now, how about I put my new pony in his place... and help him explore his equine side properly?"

Roderick's moan said everything.

Colin's touch was firm, commanding, wholly unlike the man Roderick knew, and his body obeyed as if it was only natural.

Assertive fingers slid down his altering manhood, kneading, sculpting new flesh and adding volume. As if to meet those demands, blood rushed to his groin in ever greater quantities, followed by solid mass too, his stomach flattening out as he felt his engorged phallus swelling still further.

Each trailing rub, up and down his shaft, seemed to draw out another inch.

To thicken the rod rooted in his hips, moving, pulsing deep inside his taint.

His horsecock was absorbing the excess flab of three decades of indulgent living, growing in his awareness as in scale. Each throb seemed to run through the totality of his form. His twitching lower head evoked twisting, needful expressions on his upper, as the aristocratic equestrian gasped and shivered.

"S-stop this," he whispered, without conviction.

"Why? You love it."

This was far from the playful but restrained man he usually took to bed. Their eyes met, and he saw abandon therein. Perhaps, in this act of reckless lust, Roderick had finally given him his head.

Colin went on, touch still roving over his lover's twitching skin. "This big, blunt weapon suits you far better anyway. Why else would you put it on? A normal man would never even think to give himself a pony penis...."

Roderick felt a fresh pang of humiliation, at being treated, handled in such a fashion... but more than that he felt the desire for more.

The smaller man pressed against him, and he felt his new shaft rubbing, pressed against Colin's thigh as the magician's touch brought their mouths together.

The contact sent a tingle through his tongue, setting off a throbbing inside his throat and head as his lover took charge.

With an undignified grunt he returned the kiss, his own hands joining Colin's on his new member. They were still at work, altering him, *enhancing* his new anatomy. And Roderick was willingly submitting himself to this degrading, twisted transformation.

Pushing out, he poured ever more horseflesh out into his boyfriend's palms, whining as he felt himself remade. Felt those expert digits sliding down, into his growing sheath, venturing inside him to coax out inch after inch, and form the details of that warm, wet nest for his warped genitals.

Wobbling mound of equine sheath bouncing with his movements, he staggered, shocked by how wide his legs were pushed apart now. The sheer volume of erogenous black stallionhood kept his thighs from meeting, his bulging sack inflated to the point that it reached almost to his knees. The shaft above was nearing two feet, and felt many times larger. It was as though his whole body were that titanic tower, his chest and limbs mere vestigial details, insensate compared to the intense awareness he felt in his erection.

“Good boy,” Colin murmured, as his charge bucked against his grip.

Roderick wanted to protest such disrespectful words, but Colin stole his breath with a simple squeeze of those hands, massaging the veined, slick surface of a cock as thick as his arm.

All too soon, they moved on.

His shaft was left hanging there, flared tip winking its lewd ‘mouth’ as if gasping, while Colin’s sorely needed hands explored below and behind its base. Those fingers moved like an artist’s, at work on his masterpiece. Everywhere they touched, the skin changed, texture growing rough yet slick, equine sweat welling up through enlarging pores, new nerves meshing together to create sexual function from even the most mundane patches of flesh.

Feeling his taint coming to life with sensation, breathing the musk of a stallion in dire need, Roderick’s own hands clutched the nearby stall for support.

As Colin reached his rear, it only intensified, a radiant surge of pleasure wracking his body and dropping him to his knees.

In that pose, propped up on his hands, he was perfectly placed for his ongoing physiological manipulation.

Thick, generous cheeks parted, as a swelling knot of pleasure pushed out through his rear; a bulging, clenching ring many times too large for him.

It extended outwards, flaring and expanding, growing past an inch as Colin teased out more and more flesh. New muscle was forming with it, and a simple clench made the man shudder, immense softness and shocking sensuality illuminating the entirety of his new anus in his mind. It felt impossibly good. His hand reached back, moving involuntarily, and Roderick *whinnied* as his fingers sank into a gorgeous, degrading, plush pucker, nestled there between his spread buttocks.

Protruding flesh formed a ring wide as a fist, ensuring that he could never bring his legs quite together, even if he evacuated his gargantuan scrotum from their path. Better and worse, squeezing that silky sphincter even gently sent a shock of pleasure through his shaking sex and quaking balls alike. They were all one, a band of erogenous black horseflesh that wrapped him, front to back, wholly co-opting his pleasure-centers.

Roderick’s horse anus was exquisite.

Merciless, his partner went on, up, teasing the top of his rear and base of his spine together.

His tailbone, the tip of his spine, seemed to flex, then to flow, bone moving to the command of that magical touch.

That was a whole new sensation of wrongness – the feeling of his spinal column straightening out at the base, extending, unfurling into the matching sheath of muscle growing around it, to form a true fifth appendage.

Roderick was growing a tail.

Long, luscious hairs prickled his skin as they grew in seconds, the weight pulling his new anatomy down, brushing against his tender, jiggling mound of ponut like a curtain.

“I always said you were a horse’s ass,” Colin purred, as he worked. “Now you have one too!”

The words burned in his mind and on his cheeks, as the fragrance of his equine anatomy irritated his nostrils, but the humiliation only spurred him on, his hips gyrating as he bucked against nothing, body trying, yet failing to cum.

It had to be some trick from the delinquent magician, to force him into ever greater acts of degradation, if he hoped to win his desperately needed release.

“Y-you can’t... make me embarrass myself so easily,” he muttered.

“No-one is making you, my love.”

Colin gave his handiwork a slap, setting cheeks and sphincter shaking, and Roderick howled in shock... in lust.

That made his tail jerk. As the strands raked across his asshole, his whole body convulsed, hands hugging his immense cock to the barrel of his chest.

Another twitch of that new organ drew a snort, as he used his own tail to tease his shaking rear, to flick at his overgrown buttocks and the achingly sensual ring squeezed between them. Hands roved over entirely too much maleness, his mouth sinking into the earthy plateau of his warped glans to take his first taste of horsecock, in an absurd act of self-abuse.

Roderick was masturbating with his horse asshole, groping and kissing his pony penis and snorting in bestial passion as he felt every part of that core of animal flesh from crotch to tail, the whole base of his body and root of his pleasure remade into horseparts.

Yet as overwhelming as the pleasure was, climax eluded him still.

"I know you did something to me," he gasped, panting in his passion, "I... demand that you... give me my release!"

Colin grinned as his fingers sank into that immense plush bulge of delicate horse-hole.

"I don't take orders from livestock."

Their lips met in a surreal, desperate kiss, the larger man whining into the mouth of the smaller as he felt himself manipulated so shamefully.

So thrillingly.

No resistance was offered as he found himself pushed down over a hay bale. The rough fibers scratched at his shaft and pushed it against his chest, and he marveled at the animal feel of that part of himself, leathery yet supple, near painfully hot, and slicked with copious lubrication from his drooling tip.

Intoxicating. That was the only word for the surging feelings that enveloped him. It was the greatest thrill, the deepest depravity of a lifetime of hedonistic indulgence.

Shameful water rose in his eyes, as he fought against that strange, ineffable block, keeping him from the release he so desired, yet his denial too was stirring him to new heights of passion.

"You'll make a wonderful pony-boy, my darling. A perfect synthesis of man and mount... that's what you want, isn't it? To be my horny, hapless horse...."

The whisper pierced his stupor of lust, and Roderick winced at that surreal, enticing thought.

Thighs burning, shuddering with rampant desire, he barely noticed how those muscles were shifting. The structures beneath moved too, pulled out and around, joints popping and tendons creaking, yet even as his hips were being reshaped, Roderick was absorbed into his aching erection and squishing rear. His narrowing calves and bulging thighs were secondary to the burning of his loins.

Unhindered in his work, Colin was freely shaping his lover's legs into the thick, powerful forms of a horse.

Even the unsettling sensation, as his knees pulled up, towards his hips, was nothing, next to how his expanding quadriceps and gluteals pushed that enormously enlarged rump together, squeezing his soft, slick rear opening to make him whine with want.

The reshaping of his feet was impossible to miss, however.

That brought his attention wholly to his changed limbs. His hips raised up on the bale, those trailing, warping legs followed new, surreal curves, and at the ends his feet were shrinking under the pressure of Colin's hands. Squashed together, his digits seemed to fuse, squirming

toes merging, subsuming into growing nails that flowed together into a dense, hard new form. A band around the tip of each foot.

Roderick tried to flex his feet, and found only hardness there, a numb outer sheath that immobilized everything past his heels. Those too were morphing, and as he stared down, past his flared thighs, he gasped at the sight of artfully detailed new fetlocks.

“Impossible,” he whispered.

Yet as he flexed reshaped muscles to move altered joints, he could feel how totally, utterly real it was. Hairless though they were, Roderick’s legs were entirely replaced with those of a horse.

“Stand, boy!”

Colin was looming before him, smirking down at his prone partner, hands caressing his blushing cheeks, as if to savor that indignant hue.

“I am not some mount to be... commanded in such a manner,” came his instinctual answer.

The words rang hollow, his voice breaking as his hips humped against the bale, and his tail gave another needy, anxious flick.

“Stand!” Colin repeated, louder.

It was the very same tone he used with the other horses.

Roderick’s hooves moved without thinking.

They felt bizarre, clunking against the ground under him, hard and inert surfaces clumsily slipping as he sought purchase. He couldn’t even grip with his digits – they were one fused mass now.

Still, alien as his anatomy had become, he managed to get those powerful new appendages under him. Pushing up, his rear rose, and he felt a mild relief.

He wasn’t totally helpless.

Time to take charge of this nonsensical situation.

Pulling himself up to his full height, he would put Colin in his place, and make the man set him right... after a good tumble or two, at least....

His back tensed, and his hips pulled, arms hefted up a few inches.

Joints locked, muscles straining as he hit a wall, hands mere inches off the ground.

Roderick's eyes widened, and he felt his body flop down again, onto all fours.

Trying again, he snorted, nostrils flaring and voice whining ignominiously as he fought with his own shape. Each time he tensed, pushed, lurching his chest upwards, and each time he felt his own shape stopping him, his torso falling back down.

"What is this? What did you do to me?!"

Yet he knew already.

There was no denying it.

His anatomy was no longer capable of standing upright.

"Silly pony," Colin whispered, bending to speak into one ear, "only people walk on two legs. Not farm animals."

The words pierced deep, and he gave a gasp of shock at his own depravity as his cock jerked, splashing his chest and face with his own arousal.

Struggling with his new body was adding to that dreadful allure, the seductive sensuality of his humiliation and the taboo teases of his lover driving him even as frustration built. That too was oddly addictive. That feeling of perverse, nigh masochistic excitement, as he realized that his legs were no longer human, but animal. That his limbs didn't work the way he wanted. That he was a quadruped now.

Hand on his head, Colin encouraged him to walk on all fours, back over to the stall where Jezebel stood, snorting and tossing her elegant mane.

Each step was a challenge, forcing him to work new legs and use his hands to hold himself upright, yet it was as much indulgence as irritation. A hedonistic abandonment of all dignity and decorum.

Colin pushed his head closer to the whinnying white mare, and that familiar scent hit him.

Earthy.

Animal.

Intoxicating.

Breathing deep, Roderick moaned, shoulders hitting the stall as he leant in for more, his stallionhood leaping and bouncing as he groped himself. It was too huge, too long and thick to satisfy with his own hands alone, and he willingly, pleadingly thrust into the touches of his lover.

Overwrought as he was, the quivering new crossbreed bucked and whinnied as Colin masterfully manipulated far too much phallus. His voice crying out with incoherent ejaculations of ecstasy, he flooded his lungs with equine pheromones and flicked his own pucker with that silky new tail as he made love to those commanding fingers.

“Cum, boy.”

He knew in that moment that it was *permission* he had been lacking.

Colin had seized control, not just of his body, but of his mind.

Finally granted release, his horsecock pumped thick, pungent seed through his wondrous, thrilling new body, endless inches of equine shaft burning with pleasure beyond words.

With a nonsensical, braying cry, Roderick threw back his head, as he lost himself in the greatest orgasm of his life.

And the longest.

When his enormous orbs were finally drained they sank down, his tight sack relaxing. His softening rod slid slowly back inside his sheath, spent. Even that threatened to set him off once again, the feeling of so much supple cockflesh withdrawing into his enormous crotch, but he was far too exhausted for any more.

Collapsing atop Colin, he slipped into a deep, tranquil sleep.

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Across his three indulgent decades Roderick had known many challenging mornings after decadent nights before, but as he woke that day it was to a whole new category of hangover, every part of his body aching and stiff.

Sleeping on the bare barn floor was the culprit, of course, but who could blame him after that surreal, enchanted experience? He would have to borrow those breeches of Colin’s again sometime, for another, more controlled session.

Straw clung to one side of his face as he raised his head from the corner of a bale, and his arms felt like lead, unresponsive as he tried to reach up and brush it away.

A second attempt was more fruitful, but his shoulder and elbow each felt off, rigid in unexpected ways, forcing his arm to move forwards instead of to the side. His forearm hung downwards even as he did so, at a wholly impossible angle. Instead of a hand reaching to clean off his cheek, it was a wrist that was all he could bring to bear. His hand seemed to be caught in something hard, thumping against his neck.

Dazzled by the gleam of his bafflingly limp digits, it took a moment for Roderick to register what he was seeing.

A shining crescent, on the end of his unmoving, extended palm.

A hoof, totally replacing his fingers.

Abruptly lucid, he gazed down at himself. At his bewildering, cryptic shape.

The form of his body was totally different.

Wrong.

Pulsing pleasure tingled through his loins, as he stared down at the giant mound of his black equine sheath, stark and obscenely vast against his pale hips. To either side emerged his legs... horse legs, thick thighs framing his still-human torso, tapering to hardened hooves in place of feet.

That much he recalled from last night, even if he had never imagined that it would pursue him into the cold light of morning.

But now those equine appendages were mirrored at his shoulders, as if his arms too had been infected by his disgraceful transfiguration.

They pushed out in front of him, flesh-toned as were his legs, but in shape just as utterly inhuman. Indistinguishable from the forelegs of Jezebel, in the nearby stall. At their tips, what were once hands hung inert and useless, dexterity obliterated by the merging of his digits into a pair of shiny, solid hooves.

His arms were now legs.

Roderick stared at his new extremities, mouth agape, a dismayed whinny slipping out involuntarily, as he felt the shock of humiliation which came from his animal anatomy.

His hands were gone, twisted and perverted into ridiculous, *useless* hooves.

Knocking them together, he shuddered, to feel the inertia and immobility of what were once his most agile bodyparts.

The sight and sensation made his rear ache too, his pucker winking excitedly and his stallionhood stirring, even as he felt indignation in his chest. It was so wrong, so *dehumanizing*....

Shame burning his face and tickling up his ears, he shook, feeling a fresh wave of lust pushing out the first few inches of maleness from his jiggling crotch.

Reaching down without a thought, he bumped a hard-edged hoof into his delicate glans, and snorted in displeasure.

Roderick couldn't even touch himself.

He still had the chest and waist of a respectable, high society gentleman, yet the rest, all four of his limbs and his crotch, had been utterly transformed, for gods knew how long.

He was helpless, more horse than human.

Colin would pay for this one, most assuredly. Perhaps the inevitable reprisal was why the magician had made himself scarce that morning.

"I'll throttle the little blackguard," the remade man muttered, as he rocked himself over onto his front.

Easier said than done. Just getting those four bestial extremities under him was a challenge, the unresponsive ends of his hooves trailing as he moved his legs, dragging and catching when he tried to maneuver them into place.

His evening indiscretions echoed vividly as he attempted to rise, feeling his hooves slipping on the straw, but it was still harder with four than with two. Roderick required several attempts just to stand.

Surprisingly, once in place, he felt more stable. Pushing his hindquarters out and back, and straightening his forelegs, he found that he was able to maintain the posture almost effortlessly. He could even tilt his head up and look forward without any complaints from his stretching neck. Another little alternation his lover had slipped in, surely.

Standing on all fours, like any other horse, what irritated Roderick more than anything, was how comfortable it felt. How... naturally his first steps came. His new shape felt confusingly comfortable. Even right, somehow.

It must be because his body already knew how to move like a beast.

Yet a man he would remain – on that he was determined.

Roderick tugged at the discarded remnants of last night's riding gear, pushed to one side by the pleasures which had seduced him.

Working a hind-hoof into the opening, he pulled at his original breeches, using the other leg to pun the hem down as he tried to wiggle the reworked limb inside.

Ripping fabric announced his failure.

"Fuck," he spat.

Even his speech was growing crude.

His forelegs groped impatiently with his riding fleece, finding the openings. That at least might be worked into place without too much difficulty.

With his teeth he tugged it up a few inches.

Only as he was spitting a stray strand of hay from his lips did he realize that he had no way to push his head inside.

Without hands, Roderick was utterly incapable of dressing himself.

He would have to hunt down his lover nude, revealing his indecent anatomy to all and sundry.

Flashing his pleading pucker and flopping phallus openly.

Disgusted by his own tormented, lecherous thoughts, he tore the garment as he wrestled his hooves free.

It was demeaning, to put one hoof in front of the other and hear the clack of what should have been hands and feet, to feel the bounce and sway of his exposed anus and dangling inches, yet his tail flicked eagerly, as if his own anatomy sought to further disgrace him.

Each whip of his silken strands of horsehair, dragging across his overfull oysters and squishing donut, drew out another inch of flopping demi-erection, yet he couldn't stop himself from that act of self-abuse.

Pushing at the door, he found it latched.

Rearing up on his hindquarters was frighteningly unstable, just attaining his normal height from the ground made a dizzying experience thanks to his transformation, but he persevered, in order to bring his hooves to bear on the handle.

They clanked against the metal, sliding off without any trace of purchase.

Stubbornly persisting got him nowhere, and after wasting a good ten minutes and working up quite a sweat, Roderick was forced to acquiesce to the demands of his biology.

His mouth was the only part of his body with any manual dexterity now.

Roderick was just glad that there were only horses about to see his pathetic resort.

Tangy iron, bitter on his tongue, reminded him of his embarrassing action even as he slunk out of the stable into the morning mist, spitting the taste from his lips.

Moving on the soft grass of the field outside was a great improvement over the hard, yielding stone, however, and the welcome relief soon turned to a queer enjoyment as he broke into a jog.

His hooves sank into the turf, gripping well, and his muscles found ease in the rhythmic motion, his swaying gait sensual yet comforting. For a time he even forgot his vengeful plans for his impudent partner, mind wholly focused on the moment. On motion and breath... and sensual stimulation from his hindquarters.

Distracted thusly, he didn't see the gardener until he was right upon him.

Kneeling over a flowerbed, some distance from the main house, the young man gaped at the sight of the surreal figure approaching rapidly then awkwardly skidding to a stop before him.

Clearly, this was some monster, a hideous beast come to eat him alive – so spoke his eyes – then their sightlines met, and recognition glimmered in the gardener's gaze.

A gaze which moved on down from the ruddy face of his master, to the bare flesh below.

The equine limbs, ending in those useless hooves.

The flopping inches of a half-erect horse phallus, already dripping with shameful excitement.

The oversized ass, shaking crudely from the run.

"Master Roderick," the man murmured, frozen in place, jaw slack, hands frozen in place, in the act of uprooting a particularly objectionable weed.

Roderick could feel his own features tingling, blood gathering in his cheeks and at his forehead.

He was never going to live this down.

His shaft pushed out a little further, and both males twitched in mutual embarrassment.

"Justin," he said, with a slight bob of his head.

He hurried on, escaping as fast as he could.

Roderick could feel the eyes of his servant on his retreating buttocks, watching how his disgraced master's pucker winked and twitched so desperately in retreat.

Thankfully the house wasn't much further. That old edifice of stone was his castle, a bastion to shield him from any further ignominy.

Clopping a hoof impatiently on the old oak door, he called out for his man, Smith.

The butler pulled the weighty door partway back, his immaculately groomed features looking down with the typical smug superiority of Roderick's head of staff. The man actually seemed to be smirking, a subtle curl of his lips telling the master of the house that his condition was not *entirely* a surprise.

"Good morning, sir," he offered, unmoving from the doorway. "my congratulations on a most enjoyable evening of... equestrianism."

Roderick spluttered up at him, outrage and embarrassment vying for primacy as he struggled to find the words to answer this impertinence.

"The devil do you mean, Smith?! What I do in my own stables is no concern of yours! Now, step aside, man, before anyone... comes along...."

Imperious as he'd tried to sound, his voice cracked, then faded, trailing off into a plea rather than a command.

"I'm afraid that will be quite impossible, sir. The master of the house has made it very clear that there are to be no *barn animals* admitted."

Smith's smirk was writ large now, and Roderick shuddered to see it, feeling the unrestrained eye of his rebellious servant roving judgmentally over his naked body just as the gardener's had, hearing those vulgar and brash words.

Behind the man, one of the maids was frozen in her tracks, laundry in her arms, staring out at the bestial form on the doorstep. Others among the household were peering around the door to the kitchens, at the far end of the hallway.

His lip shook, as he realized the excitement rising in his nethers.

"Just who do you think you're speaking to? I *am* the master of the house, and I order yo-"

"I fear not," Smith interjected. "To be master of the house you would need to be a human, but you, sir, are an animal. A pony, to be precise. And a pony cannot hold property. The *new* master was quite persuasive on that matter last night. And naturally, as your next of kin, Master Colin inherits the estate in its entirety."

"But I'm not...."

Roderick's voice faded, his mind reeling from the startling suggestion.

"He told me everything – about how you had found your true calling, your place in life. I must congratulate you on that, sir, it's clear to see how... ahem... happy you are about this new arrangement. I believe you will make a marvelous steed for the master."

Roderick's cock thwacked against his chest, his whole body trembling at the debauched idea.

"Now, I believe *livestock* such as yourself should to remain in the stables, with the other horses."

"Well said, Smith," came a familiar voice.

Descending the stairs, he saw the slimmer shape of Colin, looking all the smaller in Roderick's clothes. He could even have mounted Roderick directly. For a giddy moment, the former master hoped he would.

"Colin! This prank has gone too far! Turn me back at once!"

His lover scoffed at the demand, stepping over to the door and reaching down to ruffle his hair affectionately with his free hand.

"Now how would you propose I do that?" he asked, his jovial expression startlingly sincere.

"With whatever magic you used on me to begin with!"

"Ahhh, well there's the rub."

The younger man chuckled to see the fearful anticipation, so plain on his partner's face.

"You see, those breeches you stole, they're pretty standard magical gear. Any magician knows that they're not supposed to be worn for more than six hours... otherwise the effects become quite irreversible."

Roderick gasped, jaw dropping even as his cock thumped into his chest once again.

It was impossible, nonsensical – Colin would never have allowed him to make such a mistake!

"I assumed you must know – who would be fool enough to put them out without even knowing if they could be removed, after all?"

"You never said I'd be stuck!" Roderick hissed back, aghast.

"Well I did think about warning you, just in case, perhaps helping you remove them before you went to sleep," the human admitted, "but then I saw the look on your face, the sounds you made... that eager, desperate desire it roused inside you."

Roderick's whinny was a plea, begging the man to stop, but his partner just grinned as he went on.

"I realized last night how much you *love* this. How *utterly perverted* my boyfriend is. That's why I decided to just... let it happen. Let you become my pretty little pony. Permanently. Because I know you absolutely *love* this."

His four legs shook, his lip trembling and his rear clenching, twitching with urgent, desperate need and taboo excitement as he thrust his erection against his own bare chest. There, in front of his whole household, he was masturbating his equine body, overcome by his inhuman desires.

"You should be grateful that I did your arms too," Colin went on, as he knelt before his remade lover, "human ones would have made it a nightmare to walk you know. This way is much better - no more hands or fingers, nothing to tempt you to try to live like people anymore. Just hooves and your hot, messy horseparts, forever."

The shame washed over him, as Roderick pressed his face into the outstretched hand, whickering in his utter, hapless dehumanization, his rampant lust irrepressible as he realized that he could no longer pleasure himself unaided.

"That's right, you can't even play with them now," Colin said, nodding brightly. "Luckily you have me to help you with that."

The kiss they shared was incredible, shamelessly intense, lips meeting and tongues prancing together as Colin ran his hands over the newly athletic torso of his equine pet.

When they finally parted again, Roderick was panting, his tail desperately teasing at his ass and pucker, his forelegs trying and failing to offer some stimulation to his erection. All he could manage was to wobble on three limbs as the fourth whacked uncomfortably at his aching cock.

"Don't worry, my love, I'll still 'ride' you every day. Maybe twice a day now. And I'm sure Jezebel won't mind getting to know you too - with your pedigree you'll make a magnificent breeder. But for now, I think a nice walk around the grounds is in order. Perhaps even a short canter through the village? I'll get you saddled up at the stable and we'll be off!"

Holding out the object he was carrying, Colin showed him the bit and bridle he'd seen in the tack box the previous night.

This time, Roderick understood the unusual size and shape clearly.

They were made for a human head.

"You did this on purpose," he whispered.

"You're welcome," Colin murmured back.

He should have felt furious, betrayed, robbed of his entire life, his very humanity even.

Instead, Colin's easy smile in the face of his total helplessness seemed to assure him there was nothing to fear.

He was totally, irreversible debilitated, dehumanized and disgraced, and everyone he knew was going to see it. See him, and judge him for his shocking, lascivious new figure and his bestial, masochistic wantonness.

In his hopeless disempowerment he found a surreal comfort.

A new pleasure.

Roderick's body was totally, incoherently incapable. He was an animal, *livestock*, the *property* of his new owner, the man who had seized total mastery over his life.

Hands which had once commanded a fortune, penned missives that held the attentions of the great and good around the globe, were gone.

His hooves couldn't even work a doorknob... or hide his shame.

Roderick would never control even his own body again.

"You aren't tricking me now? This is really... totally irreversible?"

His anxiously whispered words drew an assuring caress from his lover.

"Of course."

The relief was divine.

Roderick pushed his face into the waiting bridle, taking the bit into his lips as his owner instructed.

"Good pony," Colin said, patting his trembling ass.

Mouth full and tongue blocked, Roderick could only snort in grateful reply.

This was his life now.

Always.