

The Magician's Assistant

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Chapter 1

La dame de fer cast a long shadow over Monsieur Mansart's rooftops in the amber autumn evening. Windows shone like mirrors where the rays of a sinking sun caught them, setting them ablaze with gilded splendor. That same light brushed orange and copper highlights over the playful ripples of the Seine, turning the river to a sheet of dappled liquid gold. Everywhere, leaves danced through the Parisian streets on playful gusts, cavorting with the crust of the city, out for another evening of recreation, their elegant carriages and ornate clothing echoing the splendor of the great metropolis around them.

Jean gazed up at the tower looming crudely over the capital as though he were regarding a fond friend. "Beautiful, isn't it?" he murmured.

His French was anything but – the young man was far removed from Marseilles, but the place lingered on in his crude and coarse accent.

Worse yet, it evinced itself near as frequently in his cultureless notions.

Passing under the shadow of Eiffel's vast monstrosity, Henri grimaced, a pained expression passing over his immaculately kempt features as he regarded and *disregarded* the blot on that otherwise pristine Parisian skyline.

Jean seemed oblivious to his lover's ire.

"Won't you take me up to the top tomorrow? I want to see the whole city, all at once!"

The words suited a younger man such as him, brilliant green eyes glittering with verve, his lips working just a little too hard on the longer words, to lend him a pleasing, rural simplicity. He was, indeed, a far kinder sight to the eye, than even the sun-gilt boulevards and river outside.

A most alluring creature, even if he was in need of further *training*.

Regrettably, that task fell to Henri. As the elder gentleman, and the better born, it was his duty to educate his lesser on matters such as taste and beauty. Especially if he was to take him out, into high society.

"Beautiful?" he began, with a dismissive sniff. "I should say *not*, Jean. Such *priapistic* displays are better kept for the theater halls. Where we may enjoy them without creating a *scene*."

Behind the boisterous curled locks of copper, the other's face fell.

“Must you be this way?” Jean asked, in a small, tight voice.

Henri ignored it.

“This ‘Eiffel Tower’ is a blight upon the eye and a pestilence upon the minds of good society. I will *never* understand how our fair city could have thought that a... *naked* steel erection could be a fitting centerpiece for the World’s Fair, as if to proclaim to the press of a hundred nations that we French are a nation of *perverts*.”

He snorted, as if to emphasize his disdain.

“Well with that carnival of the ‘modern’ now departed, I pray that some sense will be seen, and the thing torn down at once, that we shan’t have to tolerate it for another nineteen years yet. Why, the very notion-”

Jean glared at the thicker-set gentleman as he went on, thumbs hooked into his evening jacket, jowls shaking with emphatic repudiation of all things new or daring or transgressive.

Henri went on without regard for whatever thoughts the man who shared his carriage, and his bed, might be harboring – much like horses, lovers often needed a little breaking in, he’d found. Let Jean sulk a little now, make those sweetly pained faces, and mope about his ‘brutish’ man. He would be all the better for it in a few months, a more cultured, refined figure.

A true gentleman.

“You do recall where you’re taking me, don’t you? A naked show of priapism?”

Jean’s question cleaved right through an especially rousing call to arms, for all men of artistic merit to defend the virtues of their culture, and Henri glared at the other for the verbal intrusion.

“Yes,” he snapped, “well *entertainment* is another matter! A show here and there will do no harm – especially behind closed doors – and this one was your request after all. I am only doing my duty.”

Jean seemed as though he was recalling the many previous erotic exhibitions to which he’d been dragged, prior to developing his own taste for such affairs, but if he was, the man wisely held his tongue.

That made way for Henri to return to full flow.

Jean’s eyes were glassy, as the carriage rattled along the streets towards the theater, but Henri knew the man could hear every word, and meant to take full advantage of the fleeting minutes before their arrival.

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Within the creamy, clean-cut stone of a grand and historical edifice, the theater itself was similarly resplendent, not especially large, but of excellent design and finishing which harkened to a more refined time. The seating was velvet, with down cushioning, the rows kept dim for the benefit of patrons, while the stage was lit brightly through the haze of wisping smoke from innumerable cigars, cigarillos and the new fad cigarettes.

A tasteful venue, for a tasteless indulgence.

The evening began with a reading, a work of lewd poetry to fire the imaginations of the gentlemen in the audience – and scandalize those ladies daring enough to attend.

Vaudevillian performances of the lewdest kinds came in rapid succession after that, acts dancing, juggling, singing and in all other manners striving to entertain, while in various states of salacious undress.

Henri had attended many such performances, but that night seemed especially good.

At least, until the headline act began.

Guillaume Grosvenor would not have been his own choice for a climax to the show – *conjuring* was hardly a form of artistry, let alone one worthy of the theaters of Paris.

Even the *adult* theaters.

He was handsome enough for the role, yes, his dark hair carefully combed back, the traces of overindulgence in fine cuisine carried well – better, perhaps, than Henri could boast of himself – but there was no sense of dignity about the man, or in his dubious craft.

Henri soured on the supposed ‘magician’ all the more as he heard the unrefined sound of his accent.

If Jean’s voice was crude, this was brutish.

Henri doubted the man had been born in France at all, and fluent as he might be in vocabulary, his pronunciations were wholly objectionable to a true Frenchman’s ear.

As were his tricks, to the connoisseur’s eye.

Jean, like many of the other guests, appeared quite entranced by the easy charisma and bold manner of the performer. He made a great show of swaggering about the stage in evening suit, all smiles and crude allusions, pulling a dove from a lady’s bosom one moment, ‘sawing’ the damsel in twain the next.

“I believe I feel a rabbit in my hat....”

It was no wonder, with it held so provocatively, over his own loins.

Henri rolled his eyes, as the man made much hay of pulling out legs and hands, even a breast, from his displaced headwear, then pushing them back in again, as if rooting through a chest for something more specific.

Perhaps those who cared only to see a litany of bare bosoms might have been satisfied, but Henri was simmering with discontent as he watched even his own date for the evening growing ever more enthralled.

The conjurer upended his headpiece and shook it.

There emerged a complete pair of stockinged legs, wagging in the air as they descended.

Jean gasped at the sight, and Henri gave an irritated sniff at the sound.

Those shapely lower limbs were followed by hips and a skirt... an impressive illusion, Henri had to cede, but hardly a creative one.

As the woman's chest and arms emerged he did wonder how the hat could possibly stretch so, but he decided it must be some form of refined rubber... and the girl herself could well be hidden with smoke and mirrors, or something of that nature.

Finally, two long white shapes popped free, and the woman struck a pose, buck teeth on proud display, the hat itself perched jauntily on her own head between her twitching grey rabbit-ears, a small tail waving at her rear.

"Well, this is most mysterious," Guillaume went on, "not a rabbit exactly, but you shall do, my dear!"

"Incredible!" Jean murmured.

"And now, I shall make this 'rabbit' disappear once more!"

With a flourish, Guillaume waved his hands, and sparks flew up from the stage, dazzling the eyes of the audience.

Uproarious laughter reverberated though the room, as she reappeared, wholly visible still, save only for her entirely absent top and brassiere.

She made a great show of covering herself up, a hand over her lips, an ear waving coyly to the crowd. The magician himself turned their way to mug, clapping his cheeks as though himself astounded by the scandalous mishap he's caused.

"My word, this trick never does go right!" he declared, "but perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you'd like to see me try again? I see a few more likely subjects for further vanishing after all...."

He gestured towards her skirt, and the laughter renewed.

"Most aptly yourself!" Henri called, amid the mirth.

That spurred a fresh round of amusement at the timely heckle, and Guillaume gave a chagrinned bow.

"Perhaps later, but for now, let me try my lovely lady friend once again."

Naturally, Henri was expecting the skirt to vanish next, but this time around the woman disappeared entirely, leaving only a puff of glittering smoke and a pair of strapped heels, discarded on the stage in her wake.

"Oh my, I appear to have rather blown my load – and my assistant! Perhaps one of you fine fellows would care to take her place for my next feat?"

More laughter echoed about the theater.

Emboldened by the previous laugh he'd won, Henri allowed himself a... cruder turn of phrase.

"Rather than blow, I should say you suck!"

The laughs were uncertain that time, a few heads looking around for the source of the disruption.

Guillaume just smiled, however.

"My dressing room is number seven, and I shall be present immediately after the show."

The laughs were full-bodied at that retort, and Henri felt his jaw tightening, as he was so elegantly defeated.

"Perhaps *you* would care you join me?" Guillaume added, gesturing slightly to one side.

Henri darkened as he saw Jean looking back up at the magician, eyes as wide and eager as any he'd ever turned on his lover.

"Certainly," Jean murmured, just loud enough to be heard.

"On stage, that is," Guillaume added, after a dramatic pause, "I wouldn't want to steal you away from your gentleman friend! Well, from your friend anyway...."

There were more laughs at that.

"But I'm sure he shall have no objection to lending his young man to us, for a demonstration of the power of *mesmerism*. I seem to have a rather hypnotic affect on the lad already!"

More laughter.

"Certainly not!" Henri exclaimed.

Jean glared at him, but Henri rose to his feet.

"Oh no?" the man asked from the stage. "You mean to deny me an assistant for this crucial performance? How chivalrous of you, to defend the young man's honor...."

Murmurs fluttered about the darkened seats.

There was no laughter in Guillaume's eyes now, only cool, composed mockery, precisely pointed at his heckler.

"Are you perhaps volunteering yourself in his stead?"

Henri felt the color fading from his flushed cheeks.

With so many eyes turning his way, he found himself suddenly uncertain.

This was the act for which Guillaume was most lauded, after all, the one which had made his name and secured this very booking.

"N-nothing of the sort! Find someone else to harangue!"

Guillaume chuckled at that. "But you seem an expert in the matter of haranguing, Monsieur Horse's Ass. Come, be my *workhorse* for a trick or two, it's all the stuff of *illusion* you know. Or does my magic so intimidate you that you shall suffer your gentleman friend to volunteer himself after all?"

Henri stared at Jean, as the younger man glared back up.

"By the look of the two of you, I shouldn't wonder that he would enjoy *my* company more tonight," Guillaume went on.

Rose renewed itself on Henri's features, at that intolerable denigration.

"A cad such as you shall have nothing to do with my Jean! Hypnotize *me*, charlatan, if you *can*!"

They were good words, and well delivered, yet Henri felt his courage wavering already, as he realized what he'd volunteered for.

Attendees rose to allow him out of the row, and he made his way awkwardly, squeezing past dignified Parisian figures, far too many of whom he recognized. Some he knew in person, and some only by reputation, but all were watching him, and not with the charitable eyes of allies, cheering him forwards.

Gaining the stage, Henri staggered, almost tripping over his own foot as he emerged into the dazzling lights.

He hadn't imagined it would be so horribly bright up there, the illumination making him feel more exposed than ever.

Guillaume was smirking impudently at him, apparently unaffected by the glare as he guided his 'volunteer' to center stage.

"Now," he murmured, "you need only relax, and listen to the sound of my voice."

Henri gave his most withering glance.

"Ah ah ah! Eyes shut, my friend.... Yes, that's right."

In the muffled darkness, the crowd and their murmurings seemed to fade, while Guillaume came through all the clearer.

"You can hear my voice well, can't you?"

Henri refused to satisfy the man with a nod.

"You see my eyes too, do you not?"

Ridiculous assertion.

Yet even with his lids closed... Henri felt that stare, peering directly into his mind.

Those crystal grey irises seemed to gleam in the dark, clear and bright and vast, all else forgotten, as if nothing else had ever existed.

He had meant to fight, to humiliate this graceless, impudent upstart, yet he was struggling to think why... or know how.

"That's right, just let go," rumbled that all-potent murmur, rising up from the depths of the Earth, "you need only do as you're told, and all will be well."

Henri was sinking into those quicksand sounds, his legs already immobilized, arms growing leaden, fallen into limpness at his sides.

Eyelids would no longer rise, and beneath them his eyes were paralyzed.

Transfixed, by the unseen lidless orbs that filled his perception, looking through him to his core.

Eventually, even that presence slipped from his knowledge, as his awareness sunk into the mire of nothing all around.

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From a great distance, echoing, reverberating through chasms stilled by the press of eons, a sound brought life back to the stillness.

Sharp and harsh, it struck him, and Henri felt his mind returning, rushing up through the sedimentation of lifetimes, to snap back into place.

Into himself.

Guillaume was there, on the stage, clicking his fingers.

Henri wobbled atop disused legs, as he took in the long-forgotten scene.

A Paris theater, in the evening, packed with attendees, gathered to watch a lewd show, put on by this objectionable mesmerist.

His eyes found Jean, sitting in the audience.

He'd not seen that comely face in so very long... he had almost forgotten it entirely.

The expression it wore now was far from proper however.

A base smirk, eyes lingering too low on Henri's figure.

Following that stare, he looked down at himself, and gasped in horror.

He was standing nude at the center of the stage, his generous figure totally exposed, his modest manhood draped openly for his lover – and all the rest of Paris – to giggle at.

Arms moved at once to shield himself, but in that gesture he saw a strange shape on his shoulder; the dark ink of a tattoo.

At first he thought it the fleur-de-lys, but it was wrong. The central petal was absent, the two at each side instead curving inwards, to meet with the form of a flower... a flame... decorative in design and seeming almost to flicker as he moved.

Guillaume was speaking again.

“My ladies, my gentlemen, and all those beyond such simplistic terms, look on and marvel! A horse’s ass becomes a horse! This is the only show in our great city where you can see a live equine on stage, in the flesh, so to speak!”

Henri was outraged, already gathering his wits for an outburst of righteous fury that would surely immolate the upstart where he stood, yet the words emerged not as a bellow of anger... but as a guttural, animalistic sound.

“Neihhhhhgh!”

The laughter was uproarious.

Guillaume went on. “Now, allow me to demonstrate what this beast can do.”

He clicked his tongue, and the crowd fell about themselves with laughter.

It was bizarre – a mere flick of the tongue having so potent an effect on so many grown men and women... yet even as he stared in disbelief, Henri found that he too was in motion.

Trotting forwards, towards the magician.

Guillaume whistled, and Henri’s legs broke into a canter.

He didn’t mean to of course, yet even as he tried to stay his loins, they rose and fell with eager energy.

Disgrace gnawed at his mind as he felt that awful exposure of his body, everything on show, bouncing and waving in the air with each step.

It could have been a nightmare, but it was far too real.

The immediacy of the wooden stage boards underfoot, and the piercing eyes of all those people, made the reality of Henri’s humiliation undeniable, as he played at being a pony for the Parisian public.

“Marvelous, isn’t he?” the magician remarked, “gone to seed, I admit, but what a finely bred beast he was in his heyday!”

Henri groaned at the quip – and the prod, exploring the bulge of his belly.

“Ah, but silly me! I’ve forgotten the most important step!” gasped Guillaume, “this horse is unshod!”

A whistle drew the prancing pony back to him, as inexorably as any reins, and a gesture bent him forwards, raising one leg, wobbling atop the other. It was as though he were a real stallion, posing for the farrier – and as Guillaume gripped his ankle it seemed he really was there to be shod.

He couldn't watch the process, any more than he could interfere, but Henri felt a bizarre sensation as a horseshoe pressed to his foot.

For a moment, he feared the stab of a nail, to affix it in place, however the method employed by the magician was far less painful.

And far more confusing.

Hands gripped the flesh of his sole and *squeezed*, pressing in and twisting, as if shaping dough.

Henri snorted with shock, as he felt his foot give way to the manipulation.

Wriggling in the grip of the man, he tried to pull his leg back, but his body wouldn't obey.

It was impossible, incoherent, yet the senses of his skin told him plainly what was happening, as his muscle and bone *flowed*. Kneaded and squeezed together, form seemed to dissolve, becoming pliant clay in those commanding fingers, wrapped up and pressed against the cold, hard metal of the shoe.

"Wh-what are you doing to me?!"

Even ejecting those words was a struggle, yet they were met with chortling from the crowd and culprit alike.

"Why shoeing my horse, of course!"

Everything below Henri's ankle felt wrong now, his sole shortened and rounded, his digits squished together and trapped, entombed under a thick surface of something hard as bone.

As Guillaume at last released his leg, he stepped down on the stage with a *clack*.

His left foot was human, soft, flexible, entirely ordinary.

His right was a shining curve of keratin, dense and immobile, propped up atop a metal band.

A horse *shoe*, for a horse *hoof*.

He was still staring, at that absurd, equine anatomy, appearing so impossibly on the end of his ankle, as the man took hold of his other leg.

Henri wobbled all the more then, forced to balance atop his lone hoof, twisting and waving his arms to stay erect without the friction or subtle adjustments of a human foot.

Mere moments later, his other leg was freed too, and he stood, unstably, atop two stiff, solid bricks of equine make.

"This is... is *intolerable!*" he ejaculated, gesturing as much with indignation as in efforts to keep balance. "You've- you've poisoned me! Drugged me, with some foul concoction! You must stop this at once!"

"Drugs?" Guillaume asked, with a languid tilt of the head, "never touch them myself... although I do know a thing or two about aphrodisiacs...."

His hand tweaked the turgid rod of Henri's manhood, and his 'volunteer' groaned, staggering back a half-pace and almost falling, as he tried hopelessly to escape his own hardening erection.

"Let me go! Whatever this is, stop it now!"

"Oh no no no," the magician murmured, ruffling this disarrayed curls of his subject. "That wouldn't do at all! You were so determined to make a horse's ass of yourself, don't you recall? And I'd say we have a ways yet, before you have one of those!"

Another click of the tongue set Henri in motion anew, before he could protest further.

The first awkward step he managed, but the second obliterated his fragile balance, and he fell forwards, catching himself on his hands, rear still raised up in the air. That should have stopped the game – he couldn't 'trot' like that after all – but his muscles kept working, his hands as well as hooves raising, to set him scampering about the stage on all four limbs. Waving his buttocks and the dripping rod below quite shamelessly in the faces of all those onlookers.

It was disgusting, *depraved*, yet his body obeyed without hesitation.

Even the sheer physical challenge of moving like that couldn't deter his limbs from their bestial impersonations, but his discomfort and exertion were secondary to the sense of disgrace which gripped him. Each time he turned, he saw the faces below the stage, just visible past the bright overhead lighting, and he groaned anew at those laughing smiles and glittering, gleeful eyes.

His denigration was a matter of immense mirth to them.

And to Jean.

The man was clapping, rocking in his seat and guffawing with crude abandon, all those carefully-instilled manners discarded.

Despite that, Jean's lover was by far the baser of the two now, as he lumbered along, rear on display.

Awkward and uncomfortable as it absolutely was, Henri nonetheless found that his movements were growing... if not easier, less challenging over time. His back arched less, his

knees able to better straighten, while the rocking of his hips became... not natural, but unhindered.

Pace increasing, the performer felt a surreal smoothness to his stride, even as he became aware of the remarkable girth of his posterior.

His buttocks felt somehow swollen, engorged like his manhood had become, and twisting to peer over his shoulder, he saw two vast mounds there. Twin hills, patterned with a gentle speckling coloration, as though his skin were stained somehow with ink. They jiggled and flexed, enlarged muscles working within the softness of layers of fat, smooth surfaces glistening with perspiration from his exertions under the lights.

A horse's ass.

That was what Guillaume had threatened.

As though to affirm all his worst fears, Henri felt something move between those bounding bulges of buttock.

A softer, still more sensitive third mound, smaller, but looming vast in his mind as he felt it rubbed together by each step.

The soft, leathery donut of a true equine anus, slicked with sweat, hugging creased folds, squashing and twitching at the merciless stimulation of his pumping legs and shaking ass.

It felt larger with every step, as that new erogenous knot rooted itself deep in his senses, the thick ring feeding all that tainted stimulation down, directly into his manhood, with pulsing, fiery throbs of corruption.

"Jean!" he croaked out, voice breaking as he fought not to moan, "help me! You have to do something!"

In the crowd, Jean just smiled back, eyes gleaming at the sight of his degraded date.

"Please!" Henri persisted, "this isn't a trick! He's done something to me! D-drugs or... or... worse! Fetch the Sûreté I beg you! Summon the gendarmes! Please, anyone! T-ten thousand francs to the man who calls for help!"

"Incredible," Guillaume exclaimed, "you really are a wonder, my equine friend! To think that you would seek to handle so many men at once!"

The laughter returned, with a fresh wave of despairing inevitability.

"No," Henri groaned, "not like that! I-I need-"

Slap.

His whole body shook, at that sudden, meaty impact, and Henri faltered in his stride.

"I have to-"

Slap.

Immense and throbbing, the rod struck again, sending hot darts through his chest and loins.

"-to get away-"

Slap.

It was too huge... too crude and base to bear....

"-from...."

Slap.

Words failed, dying on his lips as that huge, bestial phallus impacted his chest.

Immense, drooling and flicking its pungent mess all about in grotesque strands, the horsecock between his thighs beat Henri down, overwhelming his mind and pummeling his body into submission to the towering pillar of *priapistic* pleasure.

Every inch of that equine erection throbbed, alive and lit up brighter than the limelights, jiggling as Henri trotted onwards. Henri could only groan, feeling how his new sex shook and pulsed from tip to root, and how the slick sheath at its base hugged that thick weapon. Behind that a taut pouch spread his thighs ever wider, around the colossal orbs within, at that very moment filling with horse-seed, pushing wide his legs as he moved, everything rubbing, smacking and pulsing with gross sensuality.

That perverse, sexual energy utterly overwhelmed him, crushing his dignity to make Henri *whinny* in shameful lust.

He was still changing, his flesh perverted, *corrupted* by that spreading sense of animalistic, sexual *want*, but Guillaume granted him no reprieve, even to examine his own ruined self.

Instead, the magician whistled again, and gestured to a chair in Henri's path.

Absurdly, impossibly, he sped forwards and leapt.

Clearing the chair he landed again, hands smarting at the strike, yet the bulk of his weight was caught in the tightness of tensioned legs, compressing like coiled springs. The motion should have been alien, yet it came naturally, and as Henri stretched out those limbs anew, he perceived a shape to them which was at once utterly wrong, and oddly familiar.

Looking down, past the horrible head of that flared phallus, he saw why.

From the hips back, Henri was wholly a horse.

All the more alarmed, he tried anew to rise – to shake off this nonsensical transformation.

Muscles tensed and his back was jerked upwards. His hooves were slipping on the stage, but determined, he pushed with hands too, to propel himself erect regardless of the impediments. His thighs, thickened and muscular, pressed painfully against his overgrown nethers, but that too he endured, as he felt his body straightening. It was with an odd stretch, even a strain, but he was a *man*, not a horse, and men stood upright and proud.

Joints locked, as muscle strained against bone and failed in the endeavor.

A jolt of pain sharper than that in his loins stopped his rise at a mere half-crouch.

Hands thudded back against the stage, and a whinny of dismay slipped from his lips.

Trying again despite the discomfort, he felt that same resistance repeat, as he struggled with his own body.

Each time it was there, an unseen barrier into which he slammed, as he fought to stand. Not some mesmeric suggestion or surreal act of the supernatural, but a real, physical stop against which he could never win.

Henri's hips didn't bend that way anymore.

The half-horse was *rearing*, not rising.

Panicked and painfully aware of all those eyes still on his figure, he was all the more anguished, to feel the intensifying throb of his sex, his bestial phallus dripping onto the stage in huge globules of precum, as though his body were actively celebrating this disgraceful denigration.

Balancing on three limbs, he tried pathetically to tame his prick, but the penis of a pony was too huge to fit a human hand, and too slick to grip.

"My gods look at the beast!" cried one man in the front row, "he means to pleasure himself, right there on stage!"

"He's simply revolting," cooed a thrilled lady, peering closely through her opera glasses.

"The creature must only have been playing at being a human! No gentleman could ever cavort with such indignity!"

'No!' Henri wanted to shout, 'it's not me, it's *him*!'

But the words only emerged as a whickering sound of lust and need.

The laughter became a roar as he fumbled, fingers slipping off his shaft, fondling himself more than concealing any facet of his depraved figure.

“Steady now boy,” Guillaume called out, mirth audible in his own tones too, “to me, my horny mount!”

Humiliating as it was, Henri heeded the call.

His body obeyed regardless of his will, but even his mind had lost the power to fight, amid that storm of exposure and mockery.

The magician patted his head as he staggered into reach, steadying him in place.

“As marvelous a mount as you are already, this horse’s ass is missing one final flourish!”

Henri wished he could rear up then, to bowl the smug man over and break free of whatever cursed sorcery had captured him... but his mind was trapped as much as his body. Flesh betrayed will no more than will betrayed thought.

He could imagine it yes, his grand escape, turning the tide on the terrible devil who held him so mockingly in that gentle hand, yet above all it was Henri’s emotions which betrayed him.

The shame was... intoxicating.

The sensuality... compelling.

Loathsome as it was, he was gripped in mind as well as body, shaking with wanton lust as his phallus drooled openly between his inhuman hind legs.

It was to that end of his figure which Guillaume moved, fingers trailing along the curve of his spine and down, to cup those plush buttocks.

“A fine specimen,” he purred, as he kneaded that delicate derriere, “but incomplete, without the finishing touch....”

Squeezing together, those hands moved mass again, and Henri groaned, feeling his body altering. Muscle was flowing together, bone rising up within the mound, all guided with impossible surety by an expert touch, the hands of a sculptor, remaking him from within and without all at once.

Jerking that surreal new stub taking shape, he felt a ripple passing out from it, ending in a flick like a whip, licking at his own haunches.

Moving it again, he sensed the weight hanging from the tip, strands rubbing together, veiling his rear and concealing his winking orifice.

“There!” Guillaume declared, sounding delighted, slapping the vast ass around it.

Involuntarily, Henri’s tail flicked anew.

Coarse horsehairs raked across his donut, and fondled at the bulges of his buttocks. A moan burst forth from the equine figure at that sudden, perverse sensuality, and the sudden, startling rush of erogeneity set him shivering, tail working all the harder, whipping through the air and slapping to his rear, as though trying to flagellate his own sphincter.

“My word, how shameless this beast is!” Guillaume guffawed, voice dripping with mockery as he squished that sensitive rear with a hand. “You shall have to be restrained, lest you make a mess of yourself here on the stage! We wouldn’t want to show your adoring audience anything so disgraceful after all, would we?”

An hour earlier, Henri would have voiced fierce affirmation of that thought, yet now it was a whimpering, desperate groan which escaped him, as his tormenter gripped and bound his tail. The follicles were looped and bunched together, tied into a loop befitting a show horse and quite thoroughly thwarting any further attempts at self-pleasure through that organ.

“There, is that not so much better?” the magician murmured, in a pinnacle of patronization.

“It’s... not *better* at all!” Henri managed to exclaim, “this is all... *entirely* intolerable! I am a man, not a mount, and you shall undo this- this *witchcraft* at once!”

Guillaume gasped. “My word, betrayed by my own familiar! My performance is exposed to all of Paris as mere magic! Next you’ll be telling them I really sawed my assistant in half!”

Still working the crowd with butter-smooth patter, Guillaume was nonetheless active, retrieving from the chest at the side of the stage a bridle and reins.

Henri shied back, as the man returned with them, but the fight was gone from him.

Stolen, along with so much of his humanity.

“This is a disgrace,” he spat, “a scandal! An outrage! I shall have you arrested, tried for public indecency! For assault!”

A mere click of the tongue was all it took, to bow his head in submission.

His own tongue was still busy, in futile protests, as performative as any part of the act that night, but even those fell silent, as the bit was pushed into his mouth, cutting him off mid-curse.

Guillaume’s eyes met his, as the magician produced a finely engraved leather surcingle, and Henri moaned about his mouthful... even as he submitted to its application.

It was far too large – and far too embarrassing – but his body could not defy Guillaume.

As the ring was held out, he pushed his head into it obediently, and stepped over the loop with each arm in turn.

The thick band passing over his eyes momentarily blinded him, and head emerging, Henri felt as if he were stepping into another world.

Everything seemed shrunken on the far side of the surcingle's rim, while the band itself felt suddenly tight about his chest.

As the matching collar and hames were fitted over his head, he plunged face-first into a still more alien realm, everything emerging smaller again, even the arms of the man fitting him in that degrading accessory set diminished somehow.

Guillaume, fitting the rest of bridle and reins, and tightening the collar in place, passed hands over his eyes many more times in the process, that sense of skewed scale deepening each time.

As his bizarre, degrading bondage was made complete, Henri realized that he stood at head-height with the man now, even on all fours.

The magician patted his cheek, with a satisfied, smug chuckle, and gave a tug on the reins, to turn his steed about, facing him towards the audience.

Henri gaped around his bit, as he saw the tiny figures all around.

Led forwards, pulled by the rings framing his mouth, he found they grew little larger as he reached the edge of the oddly cramped stage.

As impossible as it seemed, the magic of that evening had done more than change his shape.

Henri was the *size* of a true horse too, his huge, lumbering and ungainly body moving atop giant hands and hooves, his immense phallus and throbbing tailhole wobbling erotically as he moved.

"Magnificent, is he not?! A finer steed I can scarce imagine!"

Guillaume made sure to take him in a full lap, to allow all present a close look from every degrading angle, at the perverse and inhuman being he had become.

And at the rampant form of peak disgrace, which was his bouncing cock, flicking his chest and all four limbs with wetness as it waved wantonly in the air.

Worst of all, were the eyes.

Not his, but those all around, glittering through the gloom and smoke.

Greedily they sucked in his shape, fed, swelling with satisfaction by that feast of depravity.

“So disgusting,” one unseen mouth exclaimed.

“Gimme a go, I bet I can tame this stallion!”

“Perhaps you should join him instead!”

“He looks ready to blow his load right there on the stage!”

“Look at how it shudders, each time Guillaume touches that *twisted* body! Remarkable!”

“Never seen a show like it,” spoke a voice, painfully familiar from the Gentleman’s club, “I should say you’ll be facing expulsion for this, Henri!”

His glee was obvious, despite his words.

That was the common factor to all those awful comments and catcalls.

Jean’s cackle cut clear through the commotion, however.

The man was simply laughing, but it burned more than any words could have.

Gagged by bit and bridle, forced to move on, to display himself for all to mock, Henri could only groan and shudder in disgraceful, dehumanized despair, at his own shameful lust.