

# Male Enhancement

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*Written and Edited by PgFalcon*

“Hey, Jack!”

“Hey yourself, what’s up?”

“Nothing much... except that I found you a freaking job!”

“It’s not like the last two is it?”

“No man, it’s perfect. It’s exactly what you’re looking for.”

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Well apparently my buddies idea of ‘exactly what I’m looking for’ was a tad eschewed. I need a high paying job with benefits, and preferably where I can work outside or travel a bit. My skill set is pretty varied. I’m a computer wiz, a fair handy-man, and a skilled laborer. I can pick up a trade as easily as your mother picks up a hamburger (I’m only joking.... Yo momma’s a fine piece of ass I’m sure).

But this.... I’m starting question my buddies judgment. A sprawling farm out in the middle of ass-fuck nowhere where cousin and wife are synonymous to each other and fences abound filled with livestock and crops. The place I’m going to mainly deals with animals: although they feed those animals with their own produce. Much cheaper for them that way I’m guessing: and from the look of their equipment and buildings they’re doing ‘mighty fine’. I pull up in my ’97 Camaro next to a gigantic truck attached to a horse trailer parked in the driveway: both of which look brand new and very expensive.

I’m hit in the face with the smell of manure the second I open my door. This had all better be worth it, or so help me when I get back I’m kicking somebodies ass... and that somebody’s name is Bennie.

“Hey there!” shouts someone from inside the house in a booming baritone. Out walks what I can only assume is a bear... but it’s really just a very hairy, large, person. His beard sticks way out over his big belly.

“I’m Paul, Jacob’s son. You’re very punctual. I like that. Let me show you around the place.”

His corduroy flannel shirt smells like hay and his fingers as rough as tree-bark as he grabs me by the shoulder and steers me away from the house.

“Nice to me you Paul, I’m-”

“Jack. Yea. Heard about ya. We’re hoping you’ll be up to helping out Danny. He’s taking a long vacation. We don’t expect him back for a couple years at least.”

“And what was Danny’s job exactly? I wasn’t very clear on that...”

“Oh, this and that you know. Mostly helping out David, our stable master. From what I hear you’re a bit of a Jack of all trades, if you pardon my pun. You should fit in fine. We’ll bring you up to speed on what needs done when it needs doing.”

“And where should I put my things?”

“Just leave ‘em for now. We’ll show you your room later. Right now I’m taking you to meet Bessy. She’s our only cow for right now, but she does a mighty fine job. Some of the best milk in the country, if you ask me.”

“Sounds good. I take it I’m in charge of caring for her then?”

“You guessed it. Make it part of your schedule to milk her three times a day, feed her, keep her clean, make sure she’s happy... happy cows make happy milk.”

We enter the barn nearest to the house (the house is a mansion standing at 3 stories tall and sprawling across three interconnected buildings), and there in her own corner is Bessy the cow. She looks up at us with big doughy eyes as we walk in. I’m glad I didn’t wear my good shoes, and instead went with some nice boots. Mud, dirt, and hay are the dominant themes... although out in the fields the grass is thick and lush around the farm countless falling feet have trampled away the grass.

“Go on and say hello.”

“Yo, Ms. Bessy.”

I walk up and put my hand on her head, and she licks her nose. Call me crazy: but for a brief second our eyes connected, and in them I saw the fire of intelligence. This moment is interrupted when she butts me in the chest with her nose and stamps her rear hoof.

“Ah, she’s trying to tell us to milk her... but you don’t need to worry about that today Jack. Someone will be around shortly to see to her.”

Bessy lows, but upon realizing we aren’t here to milk her turns around and resumes eating hay.

“But, aside from Bessy, your main duties will involve the horses. They’re usually left out in the fields when it’s not raining. We’ve got 14 seasoned mares and 3 fillies.”

“No stallions?”

“Nope. We only usually have one, and we sold him just last week in fact. Some rich man made us an offer we couldn’t refuse... so needless to say some of them are getting pretty antsy without him. We’re hoping to find a temporary replacement... but nobody could ever replace that old codger! HaHaHa!”

“I’ll be careful around the horses then.”

“You bet you will! But enough of that, let’s go out and meet them, shall we?”

“Sure.”

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We both walk out of the barn and head straight for the fences that keep the horses penned in the fields... but I’m unprepared for the vastness of those fields.

From the house you can only see the initial paddock. Tree’s block off everything to the left and right. Parked next to the gate are several four-wheelers under tarps, and uncovers them. The keys are all in the ignitions.

I follow Paul out, and it quickly becomes apparent that these aren’t ordinary fields. These are more like vast prairies and meadows with fences worked into the shape of the land. The horses are scattered about on their own business, keeping to groups of two or three, and watching as we ride past. We ride into the second paddock on the far side of the field, joined to the first by a narrow entrance with no gate, and find ourselves in an even bigger field with trees and tall grass. A younger mare runs up to us and gallops alongside until we reach the third, where it slows and stops to watch us before returning to the other two horses it left behind.

All in all there are five paddocks, and they’re also interconnected in more ways than just the main gates. I can tell that just by the amount of acreage that this family is filthy rich.

“I think she’s playing hide and seek!” yells Paul as we circle around, using a trail through a wooded area to take a short-cut.

“Who?” I yell back.

“Penny. She’s our oldest mare. All the others follow her. If she meets you and approves, the rest will approve as well. You can lead a horse to water Jack, but you can’t make her drink! Ah! There’s where the little devil’s hiding!”

You look to where Paul's pointing, and see that up ahead is a large oak tree, and behind it a horse is peeking to watch you approach. She blends in marvelously with the bark of the tree, the shadows of the leaves rendering her nearly invisible. Paul makes an ear piercing whistle with his fingers.

"Hey! You! Get your fanny over here and meet Jack. We don't have all day!!"

"Why'd you name her Penny? I ask as we ride over, and Penny continues to watch us from behind the oak tree.

"Cause she's as bright as a new penny and quick as a whip, but she generally doesn't play well with others. She'll probably try to bite ya too if you don't watch her."

"Ah. Thanks for the warning."

"Not at all!"

And thus we arrive at the oak tree.

Penny is, in all actuality, a huge horse. She shows her age in the greying tips in her mane, but otherwise looks strong and healthy. A dark chestnut color, she slowly steps out from behind the tree to meet us, eyeing me suspiciously. I eye her right back.

"Hey there," I say, bowing slightly. Horses, in my limited experience, tend to respond to a soft voice and a respectful, calm attitude. She nickers back at me, but doesn't move. I look back at Paul.

"Well, go on!" Paul says encouragingly, giving me a shove in the back. Penny just stands there, looking at me with eyes far too intelligent for any horse to have rights to.

"Um, yea. Sure. You wouldn't happen to have an apple I could give her?"

"Wouldn't help if I did. She hates apples."

"A horse that hates apples? That's a new one."

And so I take a few steps towards Penny, careful to stay relaxed and calm, making no quick movements. She just continues to stand there until I'm an arm's length away from her.

I reach for her nose to put my hand on it, which is common procedure for getting to know most horses. Penny's immediate response is to try to bite me. I, however, half expected it due to Paul's warning, and not only remove my hand in time to save it... but also tickle the bottom of her chin with my fingers. Her reaction is one of affront, shaking her head and backing up quickly before turning around and running

off like the wind, her tail giving a flick in my direction as if issuing a passing slight before she disappears around a bend in the trail.

Paul immediately doubles over in laughter.

“I dare say you two will get along grand! Never seen someone send her running like that! Harr-Harr-Harr!”

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Following that, Paul took me on a tour of the farm. We rode the four-wheelers most of the time, and I saw that apart from the vast paddocks behind the farm, as well as the wooded areas in between, there were also very large plots of farm-land all around the area that were owned by this family, and what surplus they didn't eat or feed to their animals they sold on the market.

They have a lot of animals too... and a lot of other staff. Pigs and chickens are kept far away from the main house to keep the smell to a minimum, they bred and kept wild turkeys as well as geese, had a very large man-made lake that went up to the edge of the fourth paddock and was full of game and fish. Paul told me that they hunted ducks and other water fowl sometimes, and when the smoke-house had room they usually brought down a buck or two as well. In the woods were squirrel traps and rabbit traps and raccoon traps, and he claimed that their land had over fifty different varieties of wild mushroom to boot, only half of which were edible.

They have a much smaller paddock separate from the horses set up for a bunch of sheep and a couple llamas and even two goats. Behind the house there is also a small pen filled with domesticated rabbits that they sell to pet shops, and the occasional cat can be seen in the rafters of a barn or pouncing in the grass of the fields, although they stay clear of the other animals (except Bessy), and watch us from a distance.

And last but not least is Emily, a black and white border collie that comes running around the corner of the main house right as we're getting back from my tour on the four-wheelers and heading in for dinner.

She is the friendliest dog you'll ever meet and nearly bowls me over in greeting. She's considered part of the family, and follows us inside to the smell of chicken and baked beans.

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Dinner is amazing, and I meet the rest of the family and farm-hands. We all eat at a *very* long table and make toasts with wine as pots of gravy are passed around and laughter booms all around. I feel immediately right at home, and leave the table with my gut sticking out from one of the best meals I've ever had. I wipe the corners of my mouth to clean off the crumbs from a blackberry pie as everyone slowly excuses themselves, and I find Paul.

“What’d you think of the family, eh Jack?” he laughs, slapping me on the back. He’s a bit red in the face from drinking wine, and his smile is bigger than ever.

“I’m honored to be a part of it.”

“AH! I’m glad then. You’ll do well if you stick by us... no fear of that. Oh, almost forgot. Everyone here has to have a talisman with ‘em. Tis tradition and superstition all at once. I keep mine on my car keys. Best not to lose it.”

Paul pulls out a large ring of keys from his pocket, and indeed amongst the keys is a carved wooden black bear.

“Keeps the family curse at bay,” he adds with a wink. “Here’s yours. Made it just yesterday in fact.”

He reaches deeper into his pocket and pulls out another carved wooden animal. It looks like some sort of large horse breed, but you don’t recognize which exactly.

“Cool.”

“Yup. You’ll be working mostly with horses, so a horse talisman is what you’ll need. I’m a trapper by trade so I got a bear. Everyone here has their own talisman. Mary, for instance, has a sheep. James has a dog, since he works with Emily. You get the drift. Let me show you where you’ll be sleeping. I think somebody has already carried your luggage upstairs... probably Darla: she’s a sweetheart.”

“Tell her thanks then.”

We both walk up to the third story where I’m shown into a small room with a standing closet, a dresser, a night stand, and a small bed with a quilt and goose-down pillow. Everything looks hand-made and expertly crafted. Warm light floods in through the west-facing window. I’ve got a bird’s eye view for miles around: most of the trees here aren’t terribly tall.

“I’ll leave you to it then. Breakfast starts at 5am sharp, and work begins as soon as you’re done eating. Someone will meet you to lay out your daily duties, but generally we don’t adhere to any real schedules. Do what needs doing when it needs to be done, try to take initiative, etc, etc... You’ll be left to your own devices a lot of the time. Everyone is always busy. If you need help finding something to work on or do, just ask around. We’re always short on help, and an extra pair of hands will be welcome just about anywhere.”

And so Paul leaves, shutting the door behind him, and I find myself alone in a strangely comfortable room breathing in the smell of wood and warm country air. I smile as I begin to unpack. This could be *just* what I need. I’ll have to apologize to my friend for doubting him.

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I wake up to the relentless beeping of my watch, left on top of the night stand, and groan as I force myself out of bed. I'd hate to be late on my first day. It's cold, dewy morning air without a speck of sun to be seen in the sky. The rooster hasn't even begun to crow yet, probably still asleep in the hen house. I grudgingly pull on my pants and boots, stop by the bathroom to shave and brush my teeth, then head downstairs where I can already smell eggs and bacon cooking.

I'm surprised to find that everyone else is already awake and quickly eating their breakfast, bright-eyed and ready to start another day of work. Several pots of coffee are brewing and being emptied as fast as they're filling up. I grab myself a cup.

"Hey, new guy!" shouts someone. I realize it's a very heavy-set woman with an air of authority about her. I saw her last night at dinner sitting at the head of the table next to a much older, skinnier man with a strong jaw and heavy brow. I assume she's the farmer's wife.

"We're low on milk for the coffee. Go get some if you please."

"Yes ma'am!" I say, setting the cup down and heading straight out. The ground is dewy and wet, and the air chilly, but the east is showing signs of an approaching dawn. I walk into the barn to find Bessy in her corner, expecting me. She lows at me and paws the ground as if irritated by my not showing up sooner.

"Sorry Bess," I apologize, quickly locating the milking bucket and stool. "Didn't realize I was supposed to get up *before* breakfast to fetch the milk."

She dips her head as if accepting my apology, and I laugh at the notion of a cow understanding anything, much less an apology. I set up the stool and quickly learn how to go about milking a cow. It's pretty simple, and Bessy stays patient with me until I get the hang of it. In no time flat I've practically filled the bucket, and Bessy moo's in thanks.

"Not a problem," I say in response. It seems only natural to talk to her. Even if animals can't understand speech, they do understand tones and body language, and it can help to form bonds. She flicks her ears at me as I leave, watching me go as I walk back to the house. Once inside I pass the bucket off to the lady in charge.

"Thank ye dear. Help yourself to some pancakes."

"Yes ma'am!"

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I eat fast, and am glad I do since right as I finish a young lady taps me on the shoulder.

“Are you Jack?” she asks. She looks like the spitting image of Pipi Longstocking (lanky red-head with freckles), and I suppress the urge to laugh.

“Yes I am.”

“How much do you know about horses?” she asks, turning and walking out the door. It’s obvious she expects me to follow, so I do.

“A fair bit. I used to work with Arabians on a race track when I was younger. This should be a lot easier.”

“Ooo! I love horse racing! But here things will be a tad different. We like to let our horses keep to their own devices here. We don’t pamper them or bother them over much.... they’re breeders after all. But we still take care of them just the same as any other ranch. We *do* have a stable out at the far end of paddock number 2, that’s where David our stable master usually sleeps, but we only use it when it’s about to rain. They’ll all gather around it when they sense bad weather, so all you’ll need to do then is take them inside and make them comfortable. Make sure to count them and bring in any stranglers though: my paw will kill you *and* Dave if any of his horses get sick because they were left out in the rain. You can borrow Emily from James if you need help with moving the horses: she’s a very intelligent herder.”

“Sounds easy enough.”

“The horses mostly just browse the fields, but in each paddock there’s also a water trough and feed trough. The feed is our own blend, and we keep it in the main barn next to the house. The water you’ll need to empty and re-fill every day to keep it from going stale, and don’t leave out too much feed, and if any is left over at the end of the day in the troughs scatter it around in the grass. If it looks like rain don’t even bother of course. You’ll be working underneath David, he’s been over worked lately keeping the horses well groomed, taking care of the stable, etc... so helping him out will of couses be part of the job as well, and you need to do whatever it is David asks. He’s the boss when it comes to the horses. Do you know how to take care of a horse’s feet?”

I laugh.

“Of course. I’m also a fair blacksmith to boot, if you need any shoeing done from scratch.”

“Good! Make sure to help take care of their feet then too. If you need to we have a family vet that can look at them, and we do have our *own* blacksmith, but he doesn’t know how to actually shoe a horse, he’s only good with furnaces, not horses. You might want to meet him though if you get the time: he’s very good. His name’s Alexander.”

“Other than that all you need to do is exercise them a little bit each day, make sure they’re happy and healthy, etcetera, etcetera...I’m sure you can take care of the small details. You’re first and most important duty is to the horses. Just remember that, and you’ll be fine. When you’re not busy with them though, it’s generally good to look around for other work to be done. There’s always something.”

“I’ll remember that.”

“Good! I’ll just take you to David then. He’s expecting you.”

“Fine by me.”

She pauses, and we stop walking. Suddenly her face is much more serious.

“One more thing. Today is your last chance to back out of this job... After today you can still technically quit, but I wouldn’t recommend it until you fully understand the consequences. You’ve got your talisman on you right?”

“Um... yes?”

“Good! That should keep things under control then. Let’s go feed the horsies!”

“Wait... keep what under control? What the heck are you talking about? Is there something I should know that you guy’s ain’t telling me?”

“Yes!”

“Then just tell me!”

“You’ll see soon enough. It’s the family curse!”

And with that she takes off ahead of me and I have to run to keep up.

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She won’t say any more on the matter of curses or talismans after that, and I chalk it up to hazing. Sort of like telling a new busboy to vacuum the parking lot, or going snipe hunting with your kids. Just a funny prank. I did get a cool piece of art out of the prank though, so I just smile and get to work.

The girl sent to follow and observe me is Sally. She’s a blue blooded country girl with a lot of sass and a good sense of humor. She takes no time at all showing me her talisman: a tabby cat.

The first order of business is to freshen up the horse's feed and water troughs, and Sally shows me where everything is kept in the barn. Bessy watches me curiously as I shoulder the bags of feed and load them into the four wheeler.

It takes pretty much no time at all to go around to all the troughs. Pretty easy work so far.... so I decide to try getting to know some of the horses better through social grooming. I head over to the stable, where I assume they keep the brushes, and while I'm at it I can't help but ask Sally a question that's been bugging me since I arrived.

"Sally. Why am I being paid so much to do something as simple as helping take care of a few dozen horses? I mean: yea it's not like flipping burgers, but even still it seems pretty laid back."

"You're being paid extra so you'll stay."

"Oh. So the curse is supposed to frighten me away then?"

"Nope. Being stuck with the curse might though."

"And you're not going to tell me what this 'curse' is then?"

"It's better if I don't. You can lead a horse to water: but you can't make him drink."

"Paul said the same thing yesterday when we were talking about Penny."

"Penny the horse or Penny the cook?"

"Penny the horse of course."

Sally laughs.

"You're funny. I hope you stay."

"I plan to. I need the money, and I do like horses."

"That's good!"

It doesn't take long to find the stables: although it's rather reclusive compared to the close-knit nature of the rest of the farm. David isn't hard to spot at all: he's a short guy with long, grey hair, thick grey stubble, a bushy grey moustache, and a denim jacket. He's covered in bits of straw and hay, and gently brushing down one of the horses in the stable. She's a light chestnut mare with a cream colored mane and tail, and shies a little at the sound of us driving up to the open door. Dave calms her with a pat on her neck and a whisper. He looks every bit the cowboy when he does it.

“You must be Jack,” he says, turning towards me and reaching out with his right hand. I grab it and we share a firm handshake. His palms are heavily calloused. “Saw you last night. You fill the troughs?”

“Yes sir.”

“Don’t call me sir. M’name is Dave. You know a lot about horses?”

“I know a little about a lot.”

“I’ll leave you alone then... just don’t let me catch you slacking. This here’s Buttercup. Take over while I go round up her sister.”

“Alrighty.”

Dave walks off to his own four-wheeler and takes off back the way we just came. This immediately spooks Buttercup of course, and I rush to calm her just as Dave did. I’m not bad with horses, as I said before, and she quickly settles down again, nuzzling up against me and stiffing my jacket.

“What a nervous horse...” I say, rubbing her nose. She sure does smell nice though. In fact this entire stable smells strongly of horse, but it’s not the pungent and sweaty smell of a race track. It smells more earthy and clean here, and I like it.

“Mhmm,” agrees Sally distractedly. She’s playing on the fence again. I pick up the brush and start up where Dave left off. Buttercup leans into the brushing, thoroughly enjoying it. I must say I’m enjoying it too: I’d forgotten what horses are like.

I take my time and do a good job, and Buttercup appreciates the attention. As time passes I notice Sally watching me closer and closer, but I ignore her. I run my hand and brush over Buttercup’s flank and back, making her coat shine and glisten, and the brush through her mane. I carefully straighten and clean her tail with the brush as well, careful of the signs that she might try to kick me, but she doesn’t. It seems she’s only nervous when loud noises are present.

I’m getting close to being done with Buttercup’s brushing when Sally drops down off the fence behind me and walks over.

“Careful of the horse,” I warn, but Sally just rolls her eyes.

“I just thought I’d warn you that the curse has begun. Try not to freak out.”

“Huh, freak out? You make it sound like something crazy’ll happen. I’m gonna warn you right out that I get punchy when people try to startle me, not that’d I’d ever hit a woman, but I’m not a fan of people jumping out of bushes and yelling at me. Fair warning to whoever else might be with us.”

“Tch! Ain’t nobody with us but Buttercup, and she doesn’t like surprises either. Nope: I was just gonna mention that you’ve got something moving around in the back of your pants.”

“Oh, really? What’d you put in my...”

Indeed there is something in my pants. It’s tucked under my waistband and trailing down my left thigh and leg. I don’t know how I didn’t notice it before, or how it even got there! I must have been so absorbed in brushing Buttercup that I didn’t notice Sally get down off the fence and pull this down my pantleg... but I don’t remember Sally ever leaving the fence until just now.

The thing down my leg feels like a long, silky length of hair... like somebody put the end of a woman’s wig down my rear. Then it twitches, the ends of the hairs near my ankles and calves ticking me. The rest is tangled up in the seat of my boxers and jeans.

“Ha ha... got me. You have some skill sneaking this one by me,” I say, unbuckling my jeans then reaching down the rear of my pants and pulling the hairy thing out.

It turns out it’s actually a thick bundle of long, coarse hair about three feet long... and it’s attached to my tailbone... and my tailbone is longer than it should be.

I’m still laughing a little nervously as I pull the long night-black horse’s tail out of my pants. It shines in the evening sun, and I can feel it absorb the light’s heat rapidly. Its most definitely attached to me. It trails nearly to the ground. When it twitches I feel my ass and tailbone twitch too.

When I’m left speechless, pulling the long horse hair through my fingers, Sally speaks up.

“Nice tail. Not as nice as *mine* though.”

I turn around to see Sally pulling down the seat of her pants a little, and letting a long furry cat’s tail curl out into the air. It’s tabby colored, and short haired. Honestly I’ve seen better cat’s tails, but hers is also unusually long for a cat...

Wait. What?! I twist my head to try and get a better look behind me, holding the horse’s tail in my hands... My tail! It’s not just attached, it’s physically a part of me!

I look up to see Sally, with her long tail playing out behind her, and she walks even closer to me.

“My talisman is the cat, and I have been possessed by the spirit of the feline. Your talisman is the horse, and you’ve been possessed by the spirit of the stallion. I think you’ll find that having a nifty tail isn’t the half of it...”

“T-Tail!!!” I stutter, beyond the ability of coherent thought nor speech. I let my own tail trail through my hands and drop behind me, flicking from side to side. I can feel the breeze flow through it. I can feel my tail bone controlling it. I can feel my balls growing bigger.

“Whoa!!!” I shout, waking up slightly.

“We also receive many *other* attributes of our spirit animals...” she says with a laugh that curls the edges of her lips in a cat-like grin. I back up and stumble into Buttercup, who just stands there like a wall, as Sally moves close enough that her tits are just inches away from my chest. She reaches with her hands down to squeeze my testicles, and they are definitely much larger than they should be.

“It’s a shame...” she pouts. “You’d never fit inside me. Whoever heart of a horse matting a pussycat anyways? But I could still...”

“What’s going on?!” but she’s unbuttoning my pants and lifting up my shirt. I can’t stop her: I’m paralyzed.

“Ooo, part of our curse is that we can procreate with the species of our animal spirits... I can birth kittens, and you will be able to stud some mares and fillies!” She adds a light laugh at the end of it as she pulls down my boxers.

And there is just no way that’s my real junk.

My balls have stopped growing, and are the size of fists now. Their weight is heavy between my legs. My shaft has sucked up into my lower belly, and a thick sheath of loose skin, much like a foreskin but not at all like a foreskin, has gattered up to conceal my flaccid cock. My cock, despite being totally limp, is still huge. The head of my penis is just simply massive. The meat of my shaft much too hefty... and it doesn’t stay limp for long either. Not when Sally wants to see it in its fully glory.

“What is all of this-”

“Shhhh... I’ll explain later. Right now...”

Her hands wrap around my sheath and squeeze, and her mouth drops down over my dick and pulls the head of it into her mouth. Even flaccid it barely fits in her mouth, and it quickly pops back out when I feel my blood begin to fill this mammoth phallus.

“This can’t be real!” I whisper in disbelief. Sally has begun licking my extending shaft, which is sliding lazily out of my sheath and bending limply to point towards the ground. It’s pure black now as well, as is the skin of my ball sack and my sheath. Black fur: thick, short, coarse horse hair covers my groin.

My dick is completely inhuman, and not just in size. Sally squeezes my balls with both hands and runs her tongue up and down my shaft as I shudder in ecstasy, my limp shaft growing ever longer and hard. Oh God it’s simply huge! It’s going to be longer than my arm soon, and nearly as thick! It’s forming a perfect arc as Sally’s tongue dances around its head, which is flat and shovel-shaped with a pronounced corona and a gigantic piss-hole. I feel like I’m growing taller and stronger too, and as my dick curves up to point upwards most of it is quickly out of Sally’s reach... but she continues to lick the lower half of my shaft and suck on my balls as well, which of course don’t even begin to fit in her mouth.

“What’s \*hugh\* happening to me!?” I ask her.

“Mmm, oh... mmm... spirit animals... omm... prefer hosts... mmm... that resemble them.”

Sally has taken off her own pants while I wasn’t looking, and with her panties pulled down just a little is grinding against my thigh. I look down to see the tiniest triangle of fur, with a small part in the middle betraying the presents of a small vagina. The pussy of a house cat.

“Holy hell!” I shout. Sally purrs at me.

“Oh, it’s not as bad as you might think...” she continues, using her breasts to fuck my shaft. I’m at full mast now, and my dick is nearly three and a half feet long (over a meter!!) and hard as steel. I’ve grown in size to over seven... no eight feet tall! My chest is bulging with new muscle, and my arms and legs feel like they’ve been replaced by mac-trucks!

“When I go into heat.. \*ooo\*... all the cats come and... \*Ahh!\*... we fuck for nights! You wouldn’t... oh... believe it! AH! AHhhh! AhhHHHH! Ohhhhh...”

She creams right on my leg, her thighs clamping around mine as I feel her tiny pussy shake and shudder and squirt. She hangs on me for a while before sliding down off me, standing up, throwing her hair back and getting dressed again.

“Hey! What about me?” I ask, gesturing to my highly improbable and yet no less massive erection.

“Oh, just wank off in the bushes or something. I got what I came for.”

“That’s not fair! You can’t get me all... and then just... Hey! How the hell could I possible rub one out with something this big! Is this permanent?! What the hell did you just do to me?!”

“It’s totally fair, I’m sure you’ll find a way, no it’s not permanent (at least not until sunrise tomorrow), and I did nothing. I just enjoyed the ride.”

“You can’t leave me hanging like this!!”

I’m half naked with an erection nearly half as tall as I am, and I’m pretty big now.

“Then fuck Buttercup for all I care! She won’t mind, and none of us will either. I’m gonna go wash up, meet me back at the barn when you’re finished.”

“*Buttercup?!*” I shout in disbelief.

Meanwhile the horse has snuck up behind me and is nibbling on my hair... which is now much too long and jet-black as well!! I look like I’ve got a freaking horse’s mane running down my back!

I turn around and realize suddenly that I’ve become huge... and by that I mean that Buttercup is nearly my size and she’s no small horse. Her nose is level with my chest, and she sniffs my raging erection curiously, letting my hair fall out of her mouth. I take a quick step backwards.

“Whoa! Hey, no. I’m not a real stallion. I’m not here to fuck the livestock.”

Buttercup tosses her head, nickers, and steps towards me.

“Hey, I said no. I’m just gonna let this thing settle down on its own, though my balls may burst. I don’t do animals. It’s not my thing...”

Buttercup whinnies and turns around, lifting her tail up in the air and looking back at me with a distinct pleading look. Oh god her ass is right at the perfect height for me to fuck her! Her pussy is dribbling a little too!! Oh fuck!

“I... I, I said no... I’m not some kind of... pervert...”

Buttercup rolls her eyes at me (can horses even do that?!?) and beckons with her nose and snorts, stamping her hoof.

I’ve never been so powerfully aroused before... and here I am with the biggest dick in the world standing in front of the only pussy that could possibly handle it... and honestly it does feel like my balls are gonna burst if I don’t empty them. Maybe waiting for it to die down isn’t even an option... and there is no way I can just spit on my and rub one out this time... and that pussy looks awfully inviting.

“Oh God...” I say to myself in disbelief. “Tell me I’m not about to do what I think I’m about to do!”

God remains silent.

In the age old battle of penis versus brain, once again penis has prevailed. I reach out with a hand and place it on Buttercup's flank, and I can feel her powerful muscles flutter at my touch.

"You wouldn't happen to have a rubber in your purse, would you?" I ask her jokingly. She shakes her head, and I laugh. This is all just so insane.

I have to bend over quite a bit to position myself, and Buttercup braces herself against me I lean against her, my enormous lance of a penis waving back and forth as I back up a bit. Her tail flicks across my shaft, and I pull it up and out of the way.

I can smell her now. I can smell Buttercup's musky heat. It's spicy and delicious and powerful... and oh god is it arousing! Sex is drowning out all of my other thoughts! I need to penetrate her!

I poke at her ass with the head of my dick, feeling for that soft, wet, hot sleeve into which I can slip my monstrous phallus. Oh, I feel like I might orgasm any second if I do not hurry!! I think for a moment that I've found it, but when I thrust forward I realize I'm too far to the right and hit nothing but ass, so I adjust and ram into the other side of her rump. Buttercup flicks her ears back irritably and nickers at me.

"Yea, yea... I've almost got it. Hold your... horses."

And suddenly with a thrust I feel the head of my long-ass dick slip inside something warm and wet... and for a moment I'm stunned. I found it!

And then I thrust forward with 'the force of a thousand suns'.

My dick bows for a moment before Buttercup's surprisingly tight coochi spreads open enough for me to drive a full foot into her with a squelching sound. She whinnies loudly and tries to rear up, but I lay down on her back and hold her still with my strength and my weight as I ram her again, her near virgin sex giving way to my pulsing rod of molten steel. Her puss is spasming and Buttercup is shaking and we're both huffing powerfully as I thrust a third time, and the third times the charm as I slide in all the way, my hips slamming into her hocks and my meter plus of equine maleness buries firmly into her body... and then I rapidly pull out halfway only to slam back as powerfully as I am able to, her soft flesh yielding as my dick never would, and we both cry out in ecstasy, and suddenly I feel her creaming and squirting with me inside of her, orgasming so powerfully that she even stops breathing, but I'm not finished. I keep fucking like my dick's the piston in a locomotive, slamming into her down to the hilt with unstoppable force and ripping back out again only to repeat with easy power. I feel like I could move mountains, leap oceans, and split continents with my bare fists... and then I'm cumming.

I'm cumming with all the explosive force of a howitzer, and what feels to me like gallons of my splooge erupt into this horse's belly as if my dick had suddenly turned into a fire-hose.

I cry out as I arch my back to burry myself deeper, my white-hot cum filling her to the brim and then some as my balls completely drain themselves of seed... and then quite suddenly I'm spent and all my unholy strength leaves me as my dick abruptly softens, no longer resembling a shaft of pulsating steel now that it's primary function has been satisfied, and rapidly wilts and shrinks even while still inside Buttercup, dragging itself out of her cunt and falling out to hang low and limp, covered in both mine and her jizz, and I even feel as though my balls have gotten a tiny bit lighter as my dick slowly and shamelessly shrinks the rest of the way and pulls itself back into its sheath of skin.

Buttercup turns around with shaky legs, breathing very hard, and without warning licks my face. I reach down and wrap my arms around her neck, rubbing my cheek against hers.

"I can't believe I just did that..." I whisper to myself.

"To be honest son, me neither."

My head jerks around to see behind me Dave is leaning against the fence. Sally is hanging upside down from the fence.

"!! I can explain!!"

"No need son. Tis part of the curse. Let Buttercup go brag to the others and sit down while I explain a few things."

Buttercup pulls away from my hand and with a thankful backwards glance and flick of her ears before she prances out into the field, looking as pleased as a horse can look.

"Just what the hell is going on..."

"That's what I want to tell ya, so sit down so we can talk... and pull your pants up son yer embarrassing me."

I look down with a start, realizing that I'm halfway nude in front of both Dave and Sally, and quickly pull my pants and boxers up, bucking my belt. My tail gets caught in the waistband (and that's surprisingly uncomfortable), so I just tuck it into my pants and down my pant-leg... and with a beet red face I walk over to Dave and sit between him and Sally, tucking my tailbone between my ass checks so that I don't sit directly on it.

“No need to be embarrassed son... we all do it. We have ta actually... but I’m getting ahead of myself. I’m betting you’re wondering just why it is you grew two feet, have a horse tail, and got balls as big as apples, right?”

I can’t trust myself to speak so I simply nod my head. I’m still recovering from that mind-shattering orgasm, and still haven’t caught my breath. Just thinking about it makes my insides quake. I never knew it was possible to erupt with so much cum!

“Well, let me just start of by saying you’re one lucky sum-beach to get a crack at the horse spirit. Half the farm here would give their right leg for a dick like that... and the other half are women. I myself am stuck with the spirit of the hare... though I can’t complain about my virility I can’t say much for size...”

“I can attest to that!” says Sally.

“Hush! I’m telling a story! Now where was I? Oh yes: the family curse....”

Dave coughs and pulls out a stalk of barley from his coat pocket, which he proceeds to chew on the end of it. His eyes cock in my direction when he catches me staring inquisitively.

“Trying to give up smokin’. Helps...” and then he takes a deep breath to begin his story.

“Back around four hundred years ago the head family was only just colonizing America, and claimed their stake of land to start a new life on. For a couple of years everything was going pretty well. They were profitable, their ranch was growing in size, they bought out all their neighbors and expanded their livestock to include just about every animal under the sun, more even than we have right now.

“Now back then this farm was just about the only thing of its kind within a hundred miles. They drove cattle and horses and sold them to markets everywhere for some serious cash, and their ranch was becoming huge. In the past hundred years or so they’ve sold most of it to local farmers... but back then they owned practically half of the state’s usable land. That was dangerous in it of itself... though the real danger was the farm itself.”

Dave takes a breath and laughs, sucking on the stem of his barley.

“Somehow it ended up that the head families five oldest sons started to have sex with the cows, horses, and dogs. It was, perhaps, brought about by of the lack of available women to court. Soon two of their sisters joined them as well. They even became incestuous. For a long while the family was completely unaware of what was happening, and it was far too late when they did.”

“Well one day a traveler showed up at their doorstep with a wagon filled with trinkets. She was a gypsy, a traveling fortune teller and mystic. She had a small pony that pulled her wagon, and here is where things go wrong.”

“The gypsy is given lodging, and she puts her pony in the stable... and while she sleeps the sons and daughters sneak out for a lark with that woman’s animal.”

“They raped that animal over and over, and were lying naked in the straw with each other while the eldest boy was still penetrating the woman’s pony when she walks into the stable to check on her beloved mare.”

“Needless to say she became furious, and it’s said that her face glowed with the power and ferocity of hell itself. She beat the children away with a stick, and immediately set about leaving, calming her pony down and harnessing her, and with plenty a hateful backward glance she left. She did not inform the head family of what had happened. She just up and left.”

“And a week later she showed up with five other gypsies riding bare-back on Arabian stallions carrying torches that burned green witches fire.”

“Using the fire they burned lines in the earth surrounding the farm, and the head family and staff became trapped inside their mansion, which is no longer standing... and inside the mansion every man, woman, and child were being possessed by spirits and transformed into animals.”

“When the gypsies were finished, while the fire still burned, they approached the mansion, left their steeds, and went inside to find the head of the household. He had been turned into a goat, and tried to ram the gypsies when he saw them, knowing that they had don’t this to him and his family but not knowing why. They then dispelled their magic and allowed him to resume a half-man shape so that he talk with them, and as he learned of his sons and daughters deeds he became speechless, and as they talked they carved him the first totem. I don’t think that they intended for him to learn how to make more of them... I think they just wanted him to suffer more. So long as he carried the totem or kept it close he would be, mostly, human.”

“But the farmer watched how they crafted his goat, and after several failed attempts began crafting working totems for his family... excluding the seven sons and daughters that precipitated the whole mess, whom he kept in isolated pens and eventually sold...”

“But this wasn’t the half of the magic, or the *curse*. If any of them tried to leave their land their totems would become dysfunctional, and they would return to being nothing more than intelligent animals with human souls... Just about every animal you see here are men, women, and children who either accidentally or willfully allowed themselves to become stuck. When you lose your totem, become separated from it, or if you never received one in the first place, you become fully an animal in all but mind and spirit... and if you remain an animal for more than one month your totem will destroy itself permanently... and nobody can receive more than one totem in their life.”

“With the land that the head family had the only viable way to support themselves was to raise animals... but most animals can’t tolerate the curse placed on this land, and so the family was forced to use their own kin to continue the family business. Animals born of animals, whether the animal has a human soul or not, will be born with an animal’s soul and mind, though they tend to be brighter than most of their species... but animals born of half-formed humans such as Sally here will be born in an animal’s body, but with the soul and mind of a human. They need to be given a totem within a month or they become stuck an animal as well.”

“Even more inconvenient for us is that anyone who sleeps the night here becomes temporarily caught up in our curse, and permanently so if they sleep two nights. If you wanted to leave the farm’s land you’d transform into a stallion all the way, only to become half a man again if you came back to the farm with your totem.”

“Basically all you really need to know is that if you left right now, the second you stepped off our property you’d turn back into an au natural human and your totem will turn to dust. You won’t be able to get a new one should you change your mind. If you stay you won’t be able to leave this farm as anything but a horse, though the life a horse ain’t bad, and if you’re possessed by the spirit of the stallion you’ll make one hell of a horse to be sure. No doubt we could sell you to a farm for a fortune, if you’d let us... but in any case you have the rest of today to decide.”

I sit there as he finishes, and the wind blows across the grass. The sound of birds is the only thing for a while, and Dave just relaxes and watches me, waiting for my response. I’m half tempted to call bullshit, but I can still feel the horse tail in my pants, and the gigantic set of balls and my sheathed dick as well. My eyes drift down to look at my hands, which have become gigantic mitts that could burst cans of beer like grapes. I’ll be able to bale hay like nobody’s business, that’s for sure.

I can still smell the horse spunk soaking into my boxers too. I can remember vividly fucking that horse. It felt good. Real good. Better than anything I’ve ever felt in fact. I could definitely live with working here... the trouble is do I really want to work here forever? And what about that horse stuff? Will I really turn into a horse?

Well there’s one way to find out.

“Hold on to this for a second,” I say, tossing Dave my totem from out of my pocket. “I need to think.”

\*\*\* To be concluded in part 2. \*\*\*