

The gift of Horse

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Emily is sitting in her math class, listening to her teacher. She's one of the honor kids, in her senior year, and has a very nice body. She's wearing a short skirt today that shows off her soft, curvy legs, and when she raises her hand her shirt shows off a cute little belly button on a sexy flat stomach. The shirt is form fitting, and hugs her breasts tightly, leaving no need for a bra, and is cut to show just a little of her cleavage. Her face is kind, and while she's not a virgin, she's only had sex with just a few devout boyfriends. Half the other kids are asleep, but she watches attentively as the teacher drones on about derivatives, radians, and complex equations. Emily drinks it all in.

Something brushes her leg. She reaches down to brush whatever it was off of her but feels nothing, yet she can still feel that something on her leg. She rubs her leg, wondering now what it could be, but the something starts to slowly travel up the inside of her thigh. A thrill runs up Emily's spine as she now frantically tries to brush whatever the thing is off, but her hand feels like it passes right through it. The girl next to Emily looks across at her.

"Are you alright?" she asks, watching Emily brush at her leg, now nearly reaching up into her skirt.

"Yes," Emily breaths back, and stops brushing at the thing. Instead, she closes her legs hard together, but squeaks in surprise when her legs are forced open. Emily starts to panic, her eyes now frantically searching around the room for help, but she can't possibly say anything. Helplessly, she places her hand over her neatly trimmed snatch, trying to look casual about it. No one is watching her. She now recognizes the thing as a hand, as it travels up under her short skirt, and drifts right through Emily's protectively cupped hand, through her panties, and the warm fingers brush the skin around her kitty. Emily gasps, yanking her hand away. Maybe it's just her imagination, maybe she's asleep and if she just stays calm everything will be alright.

The warm fingers start rubbing her pussy lips, and it can't help but feel good. Emily tries to sit still as her pussy heats up, puffing out from its neat little slit, the folds now starting to expose themselves and juices starting to run. The hand runs a finger up the spreading slit, and Emily trembles. The fingers find her love button, and now gently massage it, and a low moan escapes Emily, but no one cares or hears. She feels a second hand join the first, and it begins probing her folds. Emily tries to fight her stupid pussy, willing the hands to stop. She's in the middle of class, and yet about to have an orgasm! Emily knows that if she orgasms, she will be unable to stop herself from screaming, so she puts a pencil in her mouth and bites down on it. Gripping the edges of her desk with her hands as tears start to form in her eyes she worries someone will notice, but only the girl next to her is awake, and she's paying attention to the teacher. The teacher herself hasn't actually faced the class since the bell rang. Then, before Emily has a chance to react, a finger is inserted into her now slick pussy hole, and Emily grits her teeth. She's going to orgasm soon, she knows it, the pleasure from her pussy washing over her, blowing her mind. The finger is moving in and out now as the other hand continues playing with her clit. It's too much, and Emily's first orgasm of the evening hits her hard. She nearly breaks the pencil in two, as she grips the

desk so hard that her knuckles turn white, and the invisible hands hold tight onto her legs. It's not over yet though, and now invisible mouths attach themselves to Emily's now erect nipples.

She feels as though she's naked, and as she looks down at herself she realizes that her cloths are gone. The mouths that have attached to her nipples aren't human, however. They feel more like horses. Then, to her surprise, milk starts gushing out of her breasts as the two horses feed from her. Staring wildly around the room, she tries to cover herself, but as she tries to get up (unsuccessfully) she comes to the realization that no one's moving. The teacher is frozen in the middle of writing out a five. Looking quickly around, she suddenly sees the bodies attached to the hands that continue to stimulate her and finger fuck her, and now she can't help but scream. She screams right in the face of little blue men, with large black eyes and delicate hands. Their heads seem a little too large for their bodies, and none of them are wearing any cloths that Emily can see. Looking to her side, she sees two baby foals suckling hungrily at her teats, and beyond them another alien, this one with something like a clipboard in his/her hands. He/she is watching with intense interest as the other aliens stimulate her to new heights, and Emily feels a *second* orgasm building up, and so soon after her first. She had never had the stamina or will herself to give herself a second orgasm before, and now Emily gives in, arching her crotch into the probing hands, and starts begging the aliens to go deeper. The alien with the clipboard makes a note, then walks over to Emily holding a large hypodermic needle filled with a thick brown liquid. Pain erupts from Emily's butt as the needle is plunged deep, and the gel-like liquid injected. Emily's entire body seems to heat up immediately after the needle is removed, and Emily feels her breasts start to change. They're swelling up, and now giving much more milk to the two foals, who still are suckling hungrily, and the milk seems to be thickening slightly too. Then the hands at her pussy withdraw, and Emily cries out in frustration. She had been just about to cum again.

Looking down at her breasts, Emily sees them starting to turn brown, and her entire body is following suit as if she were getting a tan. Even as she watches, Emily can see her skin darkening further, and realizes in a split second that it's not just her skin color that is changing, but instead hair is growing all over her body. Short brown hair is covering her body, and Emily is incredibly turned on by it. Looking back up Emily is startled to see another alien entering the classroom, this one leading a large, handsome horse. The horse's tail swishes as he clops up to her desk. Strong hands pick Emily up and lay her flat on her back on a table that has appeared out of nowhere in the aisle, the foals breaking off from her breasts, and her arms and legs are held down. The horse, no longer being led by the alien, walks up to her naked form. His nostrils flare as he smells Emily's pussy, and to her horror she sees the horse's cock begin to slide out of its sheath under his belly. Emily is incredibly randy right now, but not that randy, and she tries to struggle. There is no way that she's about to let that horse tear up her cunt, and that is definitely the intention of the aliens. The small table is the perfect height and shape for the horse to mate with her. Emily screams again, but the horse ignores her, its mind filled with the smell of her ripe pussy. Snorting, the horse puts his nose right up against her pussy lips, then licks them. Emily's screams turn into a surprised eek, and the horse licks her cunt again, this time diving into her hole just a little with the tip of his tongue. Something doesn't feel right to Emily, and when she cranes her head up to look down at herself she gasps. Her entire body is thick with coarse fur that Emily can now see without a doubt is exactly like horse's thin coat, but that's not what makes her gasp. Her pussy has changed dramatically from the neat little slit that it once was, and is now a wide open hole, winking open and shut rudely as Emily's pussy clenches and unclenches uncontrollably, the pink inside a sharp contrast to the now black outside. Emily's uncle owned a horse ranch, and Emily knew enough about horses to realize that she had a horse's vagina.

The stallion licks Emily's now sopping wet vagina one more time, and Emily sees that his shaft has reached full mast already, and is pointing at her like a javelin. The aliens now walk the horse forward, which is now jumping up a little and humping the air with excitement, his dick bouncing with every movement. With him now standing over Emily, the Alien with the clip board reaches down, grabs the quivering member, and positions it at the entrance to Emily's pussy. The second the horse feels his head make contact with Emily's soft skin, he jumps forward and rams his enormous dick a full six inches into Emily with one thrust. Emily's mind explodes with ecstasy, and she is mildly surprised to realize that it hadn't hurt nearly as much as she had thought it would. The cock is huge, but her pussy was no longer the tight little thing it once was. She doesn't have time to even say one word, which was fuck, before the horse is rapidly plowing deep into her pussy, bottoming out fourteen inches into her and hitting her cervix, causing the table to scoot, then drawing nearly all the way out and slamming back in so fast that Emily's mind is completely blotted out by the sensations coming from her pussy. The horse, frustrated that he can't get all three feet of his member into Emily's pussy, fucks hard and quick, his member resembling a fleshy baseball bat being forced into Emily like a pneumatic piston. Emily finds her voice and screams in mind blowing unearthly pleasure, shouting "YES!" to the heavens. A nod from the head alien with the clipboard causes the aliens to release Emily, and she flings her hands up to hug the huge animals belly as he fucks her out of her mind. Emily orgasms, but this time the orgasm seems to keep going and going, her cunt clenching on his cock and sending her body into thrill after thrill of intense, insane pleasure. Nearly ten seconds after Emily had begun to orgasm, the horse starts to stiffen, and drives his penis as deep into Emily as is possible. Immediately Emily feels the horses cum travel up his dick, expanding it, then explode like a gushing stream of molten lava inside of her. Emily feels her pussy fill with what seems like nearly half a gallon of cum as the horse's dick pumps into her, the cum so hot that it almost burns her insides. She can't possibly retain it all, and cum flows out from between their joined sexes and onto the table and floor. Both Emily and the horse stand there for what seems like minutes, when Emily slowly becomes aware of loud babble around her. Looking up she sees that not only are the aliens gone, but more importantly everyone in the classroom is looking at her.

"Oh my God! Is that a horse?"

"Emily's *fucking* a horse!!!"

"Is that Emily? What happened to her!"

"Where'd that horse come from?"

The horse steps back from being on top of Emily and his dick slides out of her, falling to point at the floor. Emily gets off the table quickly, and immediately the two foals, who Emily now guesses are maybe only a few days old, both grab hold of her breasts and resume suckling. Emily's pussy is dribbling thick, steaming horse cum onto the floor, and Emily is aware of a tail sticking out from behind her, flicking across her legs. Laughter rings out in the classroom, and Emily tries to cover herself, looking for her cloths. Finding none, she tries to shove the horses away from her breasts, but they whinny so sadly and look so hungry that Emily quits, and instead covers her pussy instead, then runs from the classroom, the foals running awkwardly after her. Out in the halls, Emily runs out of the school, the foals filing through the door after her, and she runs as fast as she can to her home, which is luckily only a block away. The horses, though only a few days old, easily keep pace with Emily, and follow her inside of her home. Her mom is not there, and she sits down onto a kitchen chair and cries. The two foals catch up to her, and immediately resume nursing, and Emily lets out a surprised gasp of pleasure as the pressure

that had been building and swelling her breasts now is now beginning to be drained in earnest. She lets the foals suckle and waits for her mom to get home, not even bothering to put cloths on.

Her mom gets home early, only to find Emily eating cereal with a baby horse suckling noisily at her teat at the same time. While Emily had waited, her ears had migrated to the top of her head and as long and straight as horse's ears, sticking out of her hair. The other foal was wandering around the kitchen, never straying too far from Emily. Emily is immediately rushed to the hospital, but in the middle of the night, when her mom has fallen asleep, Emily takes her mom's keys from her purse and drives home. There she finds the foals crying out in the backyard, and they whinny in pleasure when they see Emily, rushing up to nurse from her as if they were starving, which they were. Emily has been in a kind of stupor all day, and the changes to her body have created such a shock on her mind that she has been walking around as if in a dream ever since she had sat down at her kitchen table. Emily wakes up the next morning to the gentle tug of her foal nursing, but is surprised to find herself already standing up. Blinking sleep from her eyes, she lifts her leg up, and looks down, only to jump up in surprise, dislodging her foal painfully. From the waist down, she's 100% a horse, and now she realizes that while one of her foals is suckling from her breasts, the other is suckling from just under and behind her hind leg. Emily decides that she doesn't give a crap, and walks into her house. Once inside she makes herself a bowl of cereal, and eats while her foals, she thinks of them as hers now, continue to suckle, the one that had been sucking her chest now going to the other, more accessible teat under her hind leg, joining the other foal. Emily's hooves clop noisily on the tile floor, and Emily finds that she's actually hungry enough to eat seven bowls of cereal, and does. When both Emily and the foals are finished with breakfast, she walks over to a mirror, the foals in tow, and the sight of herself in the mirror finally brings her to her senses like nothing else had in the past twenty four hours. She's the picture of a centaur, with a powerful, sleek horse's body and her own human torso. She's learned enough about horses to see that she is in good condition, and built like a thorough bred. She swishes her tail, and the tail in the mirror swishes too. She's still got a shirt on, and its form fitted over her still perky milk laden breasts, but her jeans that she had on last night are gone. She feels oddly free to feel so naked from the waist down. After brushing her hair and smiling at herself in the mirror, she heads outside to check the mail and is hit in the neck by something, and then everything goes dark.

She wakes up in a small room, lying on her side. Her head explodes in pain as the headache of a century hits her like broken glass inside her skull. A pool of vomit next to her shows that she hadn't been able to hold down her Wheaties, and the sight of it causes her stomach to tumble once more and she heaves onto the hard tile floor. Looking up, she sees the two foals also on their sides, both asleep and breathing heavily. Emily struggles to get up, but the tile is too slippery and her sense of balance too off for her to get up, so she just lies there. She hears a door open, and a tall, handsome man in a dark, black suit walks in through the heavy steel door set into one side of the room. Emily sees that there's no handle on this side.

"What do you want you asshole." Says Emily, slurring a bit. Still, she is already feeling a bit better, and attempts to stand up once more. After a little clumsy slipping, she makes it and is surprised to see that she towers over the big man, her head nearly brushing the high ceiling. "Where's my mom?"

"She's under questioning. As for you, we just want to know who and what you are."

"You didn't have to drug me like that." Emily is now putting her words together better now, and no longer slurring. She sounds more and more like the honors student she is as she continues. "Why are

you holding me here? Can you fix me, make me human again? You have no right to hold me here unless I did something illegal.”

“As far as my superiors care, they can hold you for forever.” The man’s eyes betray no emotion as he says this. “And while I doubt that you were once human, I know that there is nothing in the world that could, uh, ‘make you human again.’ Humans don’t have that kind of technology yet.”

“But I *was* human, I was in the middle of Math when these freaky little blue dudes appeared. They stopped time, stuck me with a needle, and...” Emily now starts to blush as she recalls how the horse had fucked her and how she had loved it. “Anyway I started turning into a horse! You have to believe me!”

“I don’t *have* to believe anything.” Says the man calmly, his eyes cold with distrust and suspicion. Right then, however, it appears as if the man is suddenly struggling with the air. His hands are forcibly snapped straight out to his sides, and his legs plant firmly to the ground as he works his shoulders and twists as if to escape invisible bonds.

“What the! Code Red!!! Code Red!!!” The man is now flailing uselessly, and an alarm begins to wail. The steel door is flung open, but the man who is racing through it suddenly freezes in mid stride. Emily looks back to see the man still struggling, but he is completely naked. Now they can both see the little blue men. The one with a clipboard is there as well, and winks at Emily as he/she pulls out yet another syringe filled with the same brown jelly, this one easily three times the size of the one she used before.

She sticks it into the man’s buttocks, and he grits his teeth as the plunger goes down. For reasons unknown to Emily, the changes to him are immediate and sudden, and begin in his crotch. Dark brown fur spreads like a wave from his groin, traveling across his body. His penis seems to switch direction as it thickens, and his skin stretches up to cover the entire member. His ball sack turns black and becomes much larger. Emily can’t help but be incredibly turned on. Her pussy is already slick with her own juices from watching, and the man isn’t even done with his transformation. The changes speed up, and in a matter of minutes the man is a second centaur. The little men let go of him, and he jumps up, looking at himself in astonishment. The alien with the clipboard appears to raise an eyebrow at Emily, and she somehow knows that the alien is asking if she wants to have sex. Without even thinking, her pussy dribbling and winking, she nods her head. The aliens grab hold of the man, and one of them reaches down to softly stroke his now enormous horse cock. Another gently turns Emily around, and the man is led to stand right behind her.

“What the hell is going on!” he cries as his face twitches from the aliens touch, and his member slowly slides out of its sheath of skin, hardening under the attentions of the aliens. His face is full of fear, but he is still a man, and part of his mind wants this. The horse that is now part of him smells the pheromones on Emily’s pussy signifying him that she’s in heat, and the man feels his loins throb achingly. Emily widens her base as the man is forced to rear up, then his weight comes down onto Emily’s back. The man is single, and on top of that hasn’t been laid in months. When he feels his bouncing penis touches Emily’s hot and expectant pussy, he loses all previous control over his sex drive, and the aliens let go of him as he jumps forward and his penis hits home out of pure luck. In three quick successive jumps, the base of his crotch hits Emily flush, and this entire member spreads Emily wide and deep. The man’s chest now rests on Emily’s back, and he reaches around her to grab her tits and squeeze them. The man rams his entire member in and out of Emily, nearly falling out of her as he draws back. They are both screaming their pleasure out, Emily shrieking and the man yelling. Neither of them

had ever had sex this good, Emily can't believe that a penis that big is completely inside of her, and the man can't believe that he *has* this big of a penis. It feels like time goes on forever, Emily's enormous horse's vagina only just big enough to accommodate the gargantuan man. Then, Emily feels the man start to orgasm, his dick swelling as cum travels up it, and that sends her over the edge. Her cunt grips his dick just as the cum starts to stream into her, the heat of his seed is unbelievable. There seems to be no end to his spunk, as one thick stream after another fills Emily's vagina, pooling in the back of her hole. Some of it dribbles past their joined sexes, splattering onto the clean floor and steaming. The man lays there on Emily's back, holding her, spent, and Emily wearily supports him.

Emily wonders vaguely how many more of their men they'll risk sending in after this, when time resumes and the man rushing through the door stumbles in confusion as he is greeted by his company commander, wearily laughing on the back of the mystery centaur, now a centaur himself.

In the end, the government couldn't keep them both locked up. After several months of observation and interrogation it is determined that they're not "contagious" and are safe to release into society. Their story is quickly believed by the government's powers that be, and the two centaurs are sworn into secrecy about the event.

During those months of detainment, both Emily and the man (who's name she learned is Thomas Stern) learned to like each other. Even love each other. When they are released they are given 50 acres of government lands out in the middle of nowhere where they can live in peace and obscurity and, here's the kicker, eventually raise a family, and they do raise a family, and build a modest house from scratch, and are supported by government money. Their children, while never able to mingle with regular society, ended up being some of the first children to go to St. Bernard's School for Gifted Children, which quickly was filled with more government secrets over the years.

And why would the government be so kind as to not only allow, but finance all of this? Why wouldn't they simply disassemble and dissect all these oddities to learn how they tick?

Well, for one their scientists aren't so stupid as to recognize that they wouldn't have a clue as to where to begin reverse engineering any of this kind of stuff. Half of it is flukes of nature, the other half the result of powers much higher than them that shouldn't be messed with. In the end those in charge of such things had better ideas of how to use these remarkable people.

St. Bernard's School for Gifted Children is as much as recruitment office as it is a place of learning.