

You're a horse!

Written and edited by PgFalcon

I was walking through the woods not a year ago, just behind my Uncle's house. It was dark out, just after dusk, but I felt unafraid. I knew these woods, and there was nothing in them more threatening than a fox, so I continued down to my spot down by the creek where I go to when I want to think. Sometimes I'll even sleep down there. I reached the flat rock that was buried flush with the ground right up on the creek's edge, and started building up a small fire with some sticks and fire wood that I kept down there. In no time at all there was a nice fire going, and me there roasting a hotdog. My life feels boring, nothing ever happens to me. I'm not particularly smart or athletic, though I am on the football team, and in the "harder" classes. Coming out here makes me different from other people; I'm unafraid of being alone in the dark where others would be.

As the hotdog is starting to sizzle, I hear something. A twig snapped, and I think that it must be a raccoon or something like that, maybe even a deer if I'm lucky, so I stare into the shadows where I think the noise came from. For several moments, nothing happens, but as I take a bite out of my hotdog a light shines.

Dam! I think. I hadn't considered that it might be human, and I'm not supposed to be out this late. I start to get up, but stop as the light draws into the clearing of trees. My first thought is that it's a horse, a horse so white that the moonlight reflects off of it like snow on a sunny day, but looking closer I realize that it has a horn. It's a unicorn!

"Please, sit down." Says the unicorn, and although I didn't see it move, save for the swish of its tail, the voice couldn't have been anyone else.

"Whoa, you just talked. A *unicorn* just *talked* to me."

"Yes, I am a unicorn, in fact I am one of the last. There are only five unicorns left, and they are all female, like me. I fear we will die out before too long."

"Well that's horrible," I say, taking a bite out of my hotdog. "I wish I could help you, but..."

"Oh, but you can," she says, eyes sparkling. "That is why I'm here tonight. I've been watching you, and I think you're perfect."

I swallow the rest of my hotdog, using the time to think. I can see already where this is going, this imaginary creature is going to have me go on a quest or something, just like some sort of gay dungeons

and dragons deal, and I'll wake up next to my fire after having dozed off before I'm even halfway done doing whatever she asks me to do.

"Sure," I say. "What can I do to help you?"

The unicorn looks away, as if it were suddenly shy, but then looks me in the eye.

"I need you to become a unicorn. Believe me when I say this is a last resort, but if you're willing to help, I will turn you into a unicorn, and you will breed with me. If you accept, there will be no turning back, and the process itself will be long."

I stare at her, trying to figure out if this is really a dream, she certainly looks real. Still, I suppose I must be dreaming, or hallucinating. What can the harm be? Besides, this might be sexy. I've only just started high school, and I haven't been getting much action, so what's the harm in some fantasy.

"Ok...so if I accepted, how would I become a unicorn, what would happen?"

"Well, magic users for centuries have used unicorn hair, horns, and blood in their magic, greatly increasing the potency of their power and potions. Many great and terrible things have been done through the use of unicorns, and as a result of the demand for unicorn the numbers of unicorns dropped from hunting. Still, no magic user has discovered this secret. Unicorn milk also has great magic potential, and if drunk by a human, who is not yet fully grown, it will turn them into a unicorn. You must drink my milk every night, until what I have is not enough to fill you, for until then you will not truly be a unicorn. I do not know how long it will take, but I am lactating tonight, and, unless you help me, tonight only. You need not worry about being hunted yourself, for the males of our species resemble horses, and do not have the distinguishing horn. We shall protect you and take you to a safe place once the transformation is complete."

"Wait, so I'm your races only chance?"

"It would appear so."

I look into the fire. "Well then I guess I have no choice then. What do I do."

She walks over to me, the clop of her hooves on the rock echoing through the woods.

"You must drink, as the young of our species do."

I kneel down beside her, and examine her soft white underbelly. Indeed, there are two nipples under each of her rear legs. Reaching up in a sudden act of free will and carelessness I put my face against her fur, latched onto the nearest black nipple, and began sucking. Immediately gushes of hot, thick, and creamy milk start pulling out as I suck, now enormously hungry and thirsty. The unicorn sighs from relief

as the pressure is released, but very quickly I start becoming full. It's almost as if the milk had expanded in my stomach, and now rests like lead.

"Very good, and thank you. My milk is very nutritious, so you may not have much of an appetite, even though you will be experiencing a great deal of growth, and I would ask that you not eat anything so as to save as much room as possible for tomorrow night. I will see you tomorrow, little one. Go back to bed."

"Ok..." I say, suddenly very drowsy from the warm, filling milk. I decide that I might as well sleep outside tonight, and I set my watch to wake me up early, so that I can slip into my bedroom before my uncle gets up.

"Sweet dreams little one."

The next morning I wake up to the beeping of my watch. I had fallen asleep on the rock, up against the firewood.

That was a heck of a dream, I think. Standing up, I brush myself off, and kick the ashes from the fire into the creek. Quickly, I sneak back into my room, and head into the hall to use the restroom. I pull down my pants to go number one, but very quickly find that I can't find my penis. A thrill of panic runs through me, *was that dream real? Did that unicorn turn me into a woman?* I look down, and realize that my dick isn't gone, to my relief, but rather hidden inside a sheath of skin with the head just barely sticking out. The head of my penis is huge, and from my time on the internet I realize it's a horse's penis. The area around my penis is covered in quarter inch long, thick brown hair, as well as the inside of my legs. My ball sac has become leathery and black, as well as my penis, and my balls themselves have practically doubled in size, now the size of large walnuts.

Damn, I think. How am I gonna piss? The angle is all wrong, unless I wanted to arch it into the toilet. Maybe I can give myself a chubby, so I can have a little play to aim with. And so I start rubbing the and thinking sexual thoughts. Almost immediately my new penis starts expanding and sliding out of its pouch, so I stop masturbating, and with a foot long flaccid cock I piss like a race horse into the toilet, literally.

Shit, I think. That was definitely not a dream then, unless I've just gone crazy and I'm in a rubber room right now. I don't think I'm crazy, so what am I gonna do? I sit down on the toilet seat. Well, I guess I go with it. I'm still her only hope, and I made a deal. Besides, who'll miss me? And what do I have to look forward to in life except a low paying job? Heck, like I said, this could be sexy, correct that, is sexy.

I look down at my shrinking cock, and I get an idea. *Might as well test the new system*, I think, *since I might not have hands for long*. Taking out the hand lotion from the cabinet, I squirt a large amount into my hands after setting aside a pile of unrolled toilet paper. Rubbing my hands together, I start massaging my member, and it immediately responds to me by extending more and more. I realize I

made a miscalculation on how much lotion I'll need, and fill my hands up with more. Very quickly I have a rock hard boner, and it has to be at least two and a half feet long, almost as thick as my wrist, and reaches up to my mouth. I can't pass this opportunity up, so I wash off the top end of my dick in the tub, then start sucking it. The head is huge, I have to open up all the way to fit it in, and then I start massaging the shaft while sucking the end, licking the piss hole and the head, and trying to deep throat it. It's definitely not a human cock, and looks a whole a lot different than my cock had before I met the unicorn, the head being bumpy instead of smooth, and my sheath that had been hiding most of my cock had extended out with it, connected to the middle of my dick, creating a two layer appearance.

BANG BANG BANG. "KEN! You in there?" asks my uncle.

I take my dick out of my mouth, "Yeah, just dropping a duce."

"Ok, I'll use the other bathroom then."

I let out a sigh, wait a minute, then resume my attentions. After a while I feel myself about ready to cum, so I quickly stand up, still sucking and massaging, and then grab the wad of toilet paper.

It's all I can do to keep from yelling as an explosion of cum streams out and hits the toilet paper. The stream keeps going for a few seconds, running off the toilet paper and into the open toilet, then a second wave hits and fresh gust of cum fills the toilet. The toilet paper had been woefully inadequate for the amount of cum, but luckily I had held the wad over the toilet. I then get into the shower, after flushing what had seemed like a cup of cum down the toilet, and clean myself up including my new horse cock, which slowly retreats back into its sheath.

Skipping breakfast, (I'm not hungry anyway), I head out to work. My new penis and balls, even though my penis has mostly retreated into my body and sheath, has made a large bulge, and since it's anatomy forces it to aim upwards it appears that I have a hard on, so I had to un-tuck my shirt and fill my pockets with junk. I get to the local grocery store alright, and clock in for a long shift of selling and bagging groceries. I was doing fine until I started thinking about last night and this morning in the bathroom, and I start to get a boner.

Oh no, I think, but my situation only makes me harder. I try to think about other things, but the presence of my new horse cock pressing up against my skin counteracts all my efforts. My dick, because it's a horses dick, lays flat against my belly, and reaches higher up than my human one, so it's already past past my buckle as it is. The problem is, however, as it grows in size is starts to arch out, so I take the red tape that we use for marking items outside of the bags, pull out a long strip, and tape my penis to my chest. I repeat this two more times, and to anyone watching it only looks like I'm putting tape up my shirt and on my chest. I lean forward a little too, to help disguise any bulge.

Uh oh, I think, *running out of shirt*. And I really am. My new huge penis is still enlarging, and it's now working its way up my collar and showing no sign of stopping. I turn off my light, indicating line closed,

bag up the little old lady in line faster than I ever have bagged before, then I race off to the bathrooms. Just as I close the stall, my penis pokes out of the collar and keeps going, still not completely rigid.

Dam, I don't remember it being this big before. Could it still be growing? It finally levels off at about three feet, and is now just above my head.

"I can help you with that," says a woman's voice from outside my stall, and the stall door opens. Standing there is Jessica, a fellow employee that I've always thought was hot. "I had heard some things, but nothing like that," she says, motioning to my swaying dick, obviously very turned on by it.

"This is the men's room, besides, what if someone comes in?"

"Don't worry, I told the manager that you looked like you had the flu, and I'm here to make sure you're ok, but maybe not here? I won't tell anyone about it if you come to my house, we can tell Tom that I'm driving you home. I need to have that cock in me."

"Sure." I agree, eager. "But I need to get rid of this boner."

"Just think non-sexy thoughts, and hurry up please."

"Easy for you to say," but I concentrate anyway, and after a minute my penis has shrunken enough to be hidden again when I Bend over a little.

At her house, her mom and dad are obviously away.

"Yeah, they're at work, and neither will be back for at least five more hours." She says when I ask. "Now let's see that cock!" and she pulls my shirt off. My cock has withered a little from the ride, but is still out of its sheath. I notice that my balls too have become substantially larger.

"Omigod, it's just like a horse's."

"Yeah, tell me about it." I reply, but am cut short as she grabs it and puts it in her mouth. She has obviously done this before, if not for this large a cock, and I'm back to full mast once more. I have to lay down for her to keep at it, and right before she stops she sucks my dick into her mouth, taking me deep down into her throat.

"Now me," she orders, "but don't let me cum, not yet." I get down and start teasing her cunt. I find that it's already hot, the lips have puffed up and spread apart slightly, and a small dribble of cum is leaking out. I tease her a little at first, flicking my tongue across her folds, then go for gold, digging out her clit from Beneath her hood, and swirling my tongue around it. Immediately her back arches, pressing her snatch into my face, and she cries out from the sudden over stimulation of her little love button.

“If you liked that, you’d love this.” I say, in between sliding my tongue up her slit and liking her clit. I begin multitasking while still keeping at her clit, with her jerking and rubbing her nipples, and I slip a finger into her vagina, then two fingers. *Dam, she’s tighter than a virgin*, I think, but spread my two fingers apart inside her anyway, straining my hand with the tension, and begin steadily massaging the wall of her vagina that’s right against her belly, pressing and rubbing against the lesser known bump that is the g-spot. She screams in pleasure, unable to contain herself, and thrusts her pelvis in the air with a humping motion, trying to trigger the overwhelming need to cum, and cum hard, but right then I stop, leaving her writhing on her mattress in a frightening amount of frustration.

She reaches up and grabs me forcibly by the shoulders, digging her nails into me, and pulls me on top of her, my mammoth cock pressing against her hot skin and in between her breasts.

“Why! Why’d you stop!!!” but she doesn’t wait for an answer, rolling me onto my side, and scooting up to position herself on top of my dick.

“FUCK ME!!!” she cries, shaking with the need to cum and lack of stimulus.

I comply, and apply force, pressing my huge head up against her slick pussy lips. At first it doesn’t seem that I’ll fit inside, but after a bit more force her lips part, and I’m in about an inch. We join hands, and pull ourselves together, slowly inch by inch burying my member into her incredibly tight pussy, until nearly thirteen inches are inside her.

“I want it *all*.” She says, pushing hard against me. So I pull out a few inches, then ram back in, planting deeper inside her and making her writhe. She lets go of my hands, and I pull back again to slam another inch into her, and now I finally hit a wall, her cervix.

“Deeper Ken! Come on!” I oblige, and pull back a full six inches, then slam into her cervix. She clenches on my dick and squirms, I’m now close enough to hold her beautiful breasts, and I lean in to hug them. Once more I pull back and hit her cervix, and now I feel it start to give way. It’s starting to open, and I quickly draw back again and slam into it again and again. The third times the charm, and just like her pussy, her cervix spreads wide and I slide all the way in and bottom out in her cervix, though I haven’t reached the bottom of my dick. Jessica orgasms, screaming in pleasure and pain, and squeezes my penis like nothing ever has before. After she releases my dick, I begin pumping, the tight seal causing a large amount of friction, despite her wetness, and her belly inflates and deflates with each pump. I fuck like a wild animal, going faster and in longer pulls that I ever have before. In only a few minutes, I feel my balls begin to tighten when I feel her about to orgasm again, and in seconds she clamps onto me again, right as my orgasm hits. My penis explodes with come, but can’t be pressed back because of the force with which Jessica is gripping me, and neither can the come go around my dick. Her already overinflated belly expands like a balloon, and I keep cumming, not twice, but three times.

“Oh, ohhhhhhhh.” She moans, rubbing her belly. She looks as if she swallowed a small melon, and we lay there, still joined, until my dick slowly starts to shrink. When I pull it out, our cum runs out like a faucet, and onto the bed.

“That was incredible Ken, I haven’t been laid in weeks, and that was one hell of a lay. Thank you.”

“No, thank you. Just don’t tell anyone, this was between you and me.” Then I get out of bed, dress, and leave her house. When I get into my car, I feel like the whole interior may have shrunk, and I have to scoot the seat back all the way.

“Huh, I must be growing.”

I drive home, and spend the rest of the day watching TV and surfing the internet. When it’s near six, I call in work, and tell them that I won’t be able to work tomorrow, and possibly for the next week, and shortly after my uncle gets home and plops down in front of the television.

“Hey, Ken?” he asks as I pass through the living room to the kitchen. “You growing a pony tail?”

In a moment of panick and stupidity, I grab my ass to see if a tail had sprouted.

“No, ya idjit, I meant your hair. You high or something?”

I reach up and feel the back of my neck, and discover a line of soft hair growing there, a mane. My uncle has mistaken it in the dark for a pony tail.

“Yeah, didn’t you notice?” I respond. He just grunts, and I head back into the kitchen to eat, then remember the unicorns advice, and head back up to my room.

I wait in my room until I hear him head to bed, then wait a little longer until it’s almost completely dark out. Again I sneak out, and head to the same spot as last night. When I get there I find the fire already going, and the unicorn already waiting.

“How are you young one?”

“I’m fine, and your milk is working too if you’re asking.” I take off my shirt and pants to show her the changes.

“This is very good, and a good sign that the changes started in your loins. Did you eat or drink today?”

“Not really.”

“Then you must be hungry,” she says, eyes sparkling in a smile. “Please use the other nipple, it would comfort the pressure, and I would like to try and keep it somewhat even.” She presents her other side to me, and I walk up to her and again kneel. I find the nipple much more quickly, and immediately start suckling the thick, rich milk out, warm streams of it flowing down my throat. I drink for a much longer time, eager to fill my belly, and soon find that I can’t drink any more. With a stomach full of liquid, I again lie by the fire, sleepy from the large dinner of warm milk.

“You know, I never asked you your name,” I say, yawning.

“My name is Lenail. Now rest, and grow little one.” She nuzzles my cheek, and I slowly drift off to a dreamless sleep.

The next day I wake up with a start. I had forgotten to set my watch, so uncle must have noticed I had gone, but since this isn’t very unusual for me to do normally, I calm down quickly. I realize I had neglected to put my cloths back on after showing the unicorn my body, and I look down at myself with a start and stand up. Coarse dark brown fur has grown over all of my body, and my muscle definition has increased greatly. I get up, and find that my hearing has improved, and my sight seems more spread out than before. Feeling a light brush on my legs, I look behind me and see a black horses tail swishing. Feeling my head, my face feels normal, but the hair on the top of my head has shortened, with exception to a mane of hair running along the back of my head and my neck. Also I feel that my ears have migrated to the top of my head, and are now the ears of a horse.. I walk over to a pool of water, and as luck would have it there isn’t any breeze to ripple the puddle. My face is indeed the same, though covered in brown hair and a little bit wider. My mane is also black, to match my tail. I walk over to my pile of cloths, and find that they don’t fit anymore. The size is wrong, my muscles, limbs, chest, and everything are now thicker and bigger, and also a little off in the dimensions. I’m too tall, my arms are too long, and my chest too wide.

That magic stuff sure was busy while I was asleep. I think. I can’t go back home. Uncle will probably send out a search party, but mostly he’ll be relieved to be free of me.

I decide to go and try to find where the unicorn is staying, and start off into the woods. Everything feels different, the way things sound and look, the smells, the feel of the breeze. I feel free. Even walking feels different, as if my bones had changed shape slightly, which they probably had. I know of a nice little clearing a little ways away that I like to go to as well, so that I can watch the rabbits, and head there. After a quick jog over, I find the clearing, but no unicorn. I walk out into the middle, and sit down in the tall grass. A rabbit comes out of a hole right next to me, and hops past me as if I wasn’t there, or maybe it knew that I wasn’t a threat somehow. A sound, a snort, comes from my right, and my ears angle toward it automatically.

“Is that you Lenail? You know, you’re not very quiet.”

"I'm quiet when I want to be. I'm simply announcing my presence so that I won't startle you. Why aren't you at your home?"

"Because I can't go back if I look like this. It was going to happen eventually you know, and if I had gone back today, I would be in a metal room with scientists looking all over me right now."

"Then it is good that you didn't go back. Would you like to follow me to where we'll be staying now? It's a farm quite a ways away, and the people there have been secretly housing unicorns for generations. It's sort of a hotel, if you will, and you can stay as long as you like when we get there. It'll take several days though."

"Then we should get started."

As we are walking, the unicorn pointing the way, she startles me by asking, "Who was that girl you slept with yesterday?"

I choke.

"How did you know?"

"I could smell it on you of course. It's not a bad thing at all, if you think I'm mad. I think that it's very good that you had sex with a human one last time before you became entirely a unicorn. You may even do it again, if you're lucky, but probably not in the near future, as you must impregnate all of the unicorns first."

"I have a question, if male unicorns look like regular horses, then how do you know that there are no more male unicorns?"

"That's a very good question little one. Male unicorns do greatly resemble horses, but there are a few things that set them apart. One, they generally are very strong, fast, and agile by horse standards, are a little more elegant, almost with an elvish quality to them, they are incapable of impregnating a horse, they can talk to us, and *are* capable of impregnating a unicorn, but the easiest and most effective way to tell is the way they smell. You can just smell it, at least if you're a female unicorn that is."

"Oh, do I smell like a male unicorn then?"

"Yes, very much so."

After about four hours of walking, with short periods of rest every hour, I feel a gurgle in my stomach.

"I'm hungry, can we stop?"

“Of course.”

We stop, and while I drink more of her milk, filling my belly like a balloon, she eats the grass, flowers, and plants nearby.

“You’re getting much bigger, you nearly emptied me on the left side.”

“I think I might vomit if I walk with a full belly like this. I’m getting sleepy again, could we just stop for a quick nap? Warm milk makes me so tired.”

“Yes, I could use the time to eat. Sweet dreams little one.”

I wake up and try to stand up again. I find that I can’t, and fall down onto my hands. Looking down, I see that hooves have replaced my hands, and that my entire bone-structure had shifted as I slept. My face feels elongated, and I can see in nearly a 350 degree radius. However, next to Lenail, I’m still very small and weak.

“How long was I out?!?” I say in garbled English.

“Only about eight hours, you’re growth is accelerating, but you still need to put on a lot of weight. Can you walk?” I nod standing up on all fours. Surprisingly it’s easier than I expected, my head is level, my arms have elongated, and all my joints have rearranged, especially my hind legs, which feel like they’ve switched directions or something, but that doesn’t quite describe it. Everything feels all weird different.

“Let’s get going young one, or we’ll never make it to the farm.”

We travel far faster with me on all fours, even though I’m still humanish in appearance, with Lenail’s glow lighting the way in the dark. My endurance has increased, I’m faster, stronger, and it felt like my lungs are huge. We ran for another seven hours, with many breaks, and made a lot of progress, but for all my new strength it was clear that Lenail was waiting for me, leading me like a stumbling toddler, not even breathing hard. At last we stop for the night, though dawn is breaking.

“I must rest, I’m very sleepy child.” She says to me, stopping near a road, the first we’ve come across ever since going into the woods last morning.

“If you’re hungry, drink now. I’m going to lie down.”

I nuzzle up to her nipple, unable to answer her now because my vocal cords have changed so much. My elongated face is much more adept at reaching the teat, and I quickly drain it. It felt like it held a gallon.

Still, however, I'm not full, and I move to the other. I become pleasantly full of milk before she runs out, and we both lay down in the grass under a tree together.

I awake to Lenail nudging me with a hoof. I get off the ground, heavily, and I feel a lot bigger. Standing straight up, I realize I'm almost as big as Lenail, and my footing feels much surer.

"You are starting to look the part, little one. We will need to cross this road, and then it's only a half-day's journey to the farm." I only nod back at her. "What is it?" she asks, sounding worried. "Why don't you talk?"

"I don't know how to," I think.

"Yes you do, you just did."

"You mean you heard that? My thoughts?"

"Yes, but I'll only hear the thoughts you want me to hear. If you ever want to talk to humans, however, then prepare to be disappointed, most humans won't be able to hear you. That's what made you so special, and part of what makes this family we're about to meet so special."

"Ok...What's that smell?"

Lenail sniffs. "Thunder. Let's hurry."

We reach the road, and gallop across. We're now in a cornfield, and sprint the last leg of our journey. In about eight hours, I see a collection of building on the horizon, but just then the rain hits like waves of buckets, and we stop Beneath a small collection of trees, just off the edge of another field. It's the afternoon, and very hot and humid, even with the rain. Both of us are sweating and dripping wet, and Lenail stops next to a small creek and drinks from it. Realizing my own thirst, I join her, and bow my head to drink, but Lenail gently blocks me with her head.

"Oh, sorry, forgot. May I have some milk?"

"Would I say no?" she answers, laughing.

I need to once more kneel to reach her nipple I've grown so much, and I drain the first one after a few minutes of guzzling. She seems to have even more milk than before, but I too have more room in my stomach. Pulling at her other nipple, I drain every last bit, with a little room to spare.

"Congratulations little one, the transformation is complete." I stand up and realize that I've been taller than her for a while now, by several hands, and am definitely heavier.

“Race you there!” I say, and sprint off like the wind, hooves pounding the soft earth and sending clods into the air behind me. Amazingly, Lenail is able to keep up, being very nimble and light on her feet. She seems almost to glide across the ground, and I can see her at all times in my near 360 vision. After what seems like only a few minutes of running in the rain, a large farm house, a barn, and a two silos appear out of nowhere in front of us.

“Let’s go see if they’re home, shall we?” says Lenail, slowing down as we reach the farm.

We trot over to the door and Lenail nuzzles the doorbell. After a few moments footsteps arrive, and an ancient, chubby grandfather opens the door. He wipes the condensation from his glasses, then looks at us again.

“Darla! We’ve got a horse and a unicorn out here in the rain! Come help me dry them off and settle them in. Let me show you two to the stables.”

The old man walks over to a small stout building on the other side of the barn, and opens the door for us. We walk in, steam rising off our backs, and pad across the loose dirt and hay floor to the stalls. A teenage girl bursts in behind us.

“Grandpa! Where’s the unicorn? What’s her name?”

“Her name’s Lenail sweetie, if you remember her, but right now they need to be rubbed down, they’ve been running in the rain. I’m afraid we can’t cool you two down though,” he adds, addressing us. “Not enough room in the stable.”

“Actually, we’re both unicorns.” Corrects Lenail.

The old man walks up to me with a towel as if he didn’t hear nothing, but the teenager stops dead.

“Grandpa, Lenail just said that they’re *both* unicorns! A *male* unicorn!!! Where did you find him Lenail?”

“Less talk, more rub.” Says the old man as he begins drying me off. “Quite the handsome young man you found though Lenail. He must be seventeen hands tall, and in very good condition.” After toweling us dry, they show us to separate stalls, put a hay bale in each and a bag of oats, and fill the troughs with water.

“Thank you.” We both say in unison.

“They said thanks grandpa, *now* can you tell us where you found him?”

“I found him not far from here, but he was a young man only a few days ago. There were no more males in the world, I’m sure of that now, so he volunteered to become one.”

“No way! Can I become a unicorn too? Pleeeeeease?”

“I’m sorry, but this was a one time thing, and it had to be a male. I chose him. Besides, you’d miss being human, and you’d miss your family and talking to your grandpa.”

She looks at her feet, “I guess, but I still wanna.” She turns to me. “What’s your name,” she asks me.

“Ken.” I answer.

“Nice to meet you Ken, my name’s Darla. Is there anything more you need?”

“I wouldn’t know, I’m new to this frankly.” I reply.

“Nothing more, thank you both.” says Lenail.

“No problem, We’ll see you both in the morning, looks like we’re gonna have to sit this one out, hope there’s no tornado.”

“G’night you two,” says the grandpa, and he shuts the doors, closing off the driving rain.

“Do I really have to eat straw?” I ask Lenail.

“It’s hay, and yes, it’s good for you. You should get some solids into your system anyway, so eat up.” She herself takes a mouthful of hay, careful not to hit her horn on the wall, and begins chewing it. Sighing, I too take a bite of hay, and find it not at all bad tasting. I also take drinks of water every once in while between mouthfuls of hay.

“What’s that smell.” I say, nostrils flaring. “It smells good.”

“I don’t smell anything.” She answers, though she walks out of her stall and over to mine.

“I think it’s you,” I say. As she moves closer the smell gets stronger, and my penis pokes out of its sheath. “I think you’re in heat.”

“Ooo, that’s very good timing then. I wasn’t sure myself.” My cock is getting longer, and is now pointing at the ground, about a foot long. I can’t help but snort and stamp a hoof, the smell is very arousing.

She doesn’t even need to say anything, I back out and she turns around. Her vulva is opening and closing, dribbling liquid, and my dick becomes as hard as it’s going to get. I walk up to her, sniffing her opening, then probe my tongue into her vagina. My tongue is now quite long, and I dip it all the way into her, causing her to shudder, and her vagina opens up all the more. I then rear up, gently laying down on

her back, and walk myself forward until the tip of my member is touching her vagina. I then arch into her, breaking right through her hymen. She whinies right as the thunder crashes, and in one more thrust I'm buried completely inside her, all three feet of me, my member buzzing in the steaming hot hole of her vagina.

"Are you alright? I ask." But I get no more out as her vagina starts contracting rhythmically on my dick, massaging it and pulling it deeper. I immediately start pumping, pulling nearly all the way out, then slamming back in, pulling at her vagina with tremendous force. Faster and faster I pump, stretching her with every powerful thrust and retreat, and slamming in to the hilt. I feel like an animal, thrusting in and out so powerfully and quickly. It seems to last forever, and at the same time all too quickly I feel myself about to cum, and my tennis ball sized balls clamp down. Her orgasm hits first though, and she clenches down impossibly hard on me, but I don't stop thrusting until I cum like a fire hose, pressing the tip of my dick up against her cervix. I feel her uterus fill up, but before I'm done cumming a second wave hits, causing her to also spasm again as her sensitive genitals' are becoming stretched by the pressure of my cum. Her clamping only serves to send wave three of cum crashing in, completely filling and stretching her uterus, and leaking past my penis. I thrust upwards one more time, again over stimulating out genitals, and we both come one last time, her squeezing and spazming vagina holding back all of our cum.

We stand there, me still on her back, and still hard inside of her. Oddly, I'm not exhausted like I should be, and without warning she clamps down on me again, sucking the lingering cum out of my dick, and with that I begin fucking her again, the pulling and pushing causing cum to squirt and fly from her full vagina. All the way in, then back out, all the way in, and back out of her deep, warm, massaging vagina, and she stays stable on her feet the entire time. With one last thrust, pressing up against her cervix again, I empty my balls completely, cumming for a full ten seconds and expanding her uterus to well over twice it's normal size, while at the same time her vagina spasms with astounding strength once more on my cock, pressing all of the cum out of it with enough force to keep me cumming for the full ten seconds, right up until I actually run out of cum, and the feeling of my balls completely empty sends a shockwave of oversensitive pleasure through my entire body.

She walks away from me, sliding my cock out to let it hang, steaming hot. To my surprise, only a slight dribble of our cum leaks out of her vagina.

"I think your cum is trapped inside my womb Jason." Says Lenail. "You must have forced it open, and now it's clamped shut."

"All the better I think, there's no way that that didn't get you pregnant."

"We'll have to make sure though, Ken. Every night that I'm in heat."

"I wouldn't have it any other way." I reply. "Still, I thought that you said there would be other unicorns."

“In time, I’ll send for them tomorrow. For now, I want you to focus on me, after me you may impregnate the others.”

I yawn. “You were very good, thank you, it was an amazing experience. And thank you for turning me into a unicorn.”

“No, thank *you*. Now let us rest for tomorrow young one.”

The next morning I wake up to the sound of the doors opening, and suddenly I’m alert and stand up straight.

“Whoa, didn’t mean to startle you big fella, I mean Ken.” It’s the old grandpa. “Just here to get the grain for the chickens. You can have a look around the farm in you like, and there’s a pasture out to the west. Lenail’s already outside running around.”

I nod my head, then walk out of the stable and gallop lazily to the field, where I quickly find Lenail standing under an apple tree.

“I’ve sent word to the others; they should all arrive throughout the next few weeks.” She says.

“That’s good. You smell terrific today by the way.”

“Thank you, you smell good too.” She glances bashfully at me. “You know there’s a more secluded spot over that hill.”

We walk over the hill, and into a shady meadow. Not far is a creek, and we stop to drink. I drink about two gallons of water, which is like a glass or two of water for a horse, and we walk side by side along the babbling water, leaning against each other. She then stops and nicks my neck, her smell now suddenly overpowering as the wind shifts direction. She turns around without a word, and I nuzzle her crotch, breathing in the fumes. She backs into me, my presence at her rear making her need me more than ever, and I whinny in delight as my dick begins to stiffen.