

My car rolled up the familiar driveway as I drank the scents of my family's farm through the open window. Being home was a nice reprieve from the bustle of city life and my job. I didn't even mind taking the almost three-hour drive here for my monthly visit. It was where I grew up and I had many fond memories of the farm work and helping to look after our horses.

My dad was getting up in years and although he hated to admit it, farmwork was starting to take its toll. He had hired hands, of course, as did every other farm. But he was appreciative of the free help I offered him once a month.

When I had first left for college I hadn't been home regularly, and I found that I had missed the farm life the more I thought about it. Now, with my 'condition' forcing me to come out here for three days every month, I had found the best balance of work, relaxation, and home with family time to make me a happier person.

I entered the house to be greeted by my dad and my two younger sisters. Mom was in the kitchen preparing supper. I was very appreciative of her for that. Each visit, I had to eat a ton, and I couldn't really stomach meat the few days before and after the full moon. I didn't mind the vegan diet though. I'd even thought about giving up meat entirely a few times!

We caught up on the news of the past month, mostly me talking about work and current affairs while my dad updated me on the state of the farm. When supper was ready we carried the conversation to the table, generally enjoying our time together as we ate and laughed. I was thankful for the closeness I shared with my family.

Feeling a little restless, I soon realized it was getting late and that I should head out to the barn. My dad gave me a knowing look and I excused myself. I could hold back the change a little while but it was best to let it happen when it came.

I walked out into the cool autumn air, not bothering to don a jacket. My body ran hot enough already and I didn't need any extra layers, even in the winter. As I did so, my gaze turned up at the setting sun with eager excitement. The full moon fell on a Saturday this month, meaning I didn't have to book any time off work or use any of my sick days.

I'd acquired my 'curse' somewhat by accident. I'd been bitten by a werewolf a few years back and didn't get to the hospital in time to prevent the infection from taking hold. But lycanthropy is a funny thing. It doesn't always make its host into a wolf as the legends might have you believe. I'd always grown up on the farm, around horses especially. I loved our two big geldings and guiding them to work in the fields. I guess it was my luck that I'd been exposed to so much horsehair. It was apparently enough for the infection to work with. That first night,

instead of the black fur, claws, and fangs of a werewolf, I found myself covered with rough blond fur, hooves, and a rubbery muzzle. I was a were-horse!

Unlike werewolves, who could take months to learn to cope with the new instincts, the horse's herbivore mind was a lot easier to manage. There were some challenges of course. Horses were skittish and stallions could be a bit aggressive in new situations. But it was a lot easier being a horse and adapting to the changes than being a werewolf, I was sure! As I said, I couldn't do meat the few days before or after the change, and definitely not during! I had to change once a month and I retained the form for the entire three days surrounding the full moon. Thankfully, I had the family farm to head back to every month, unlike most weres who had to struggle to find a place to change.

After the initial shock of my condition wore off, my family took to the idea of me being a were-horse rather well. I was so much stronger in my were-form, and it was easy to do twice the work I had been able to do in my human body. Soon I started experimenting with some of our geldings' tasks and found I was strong enough to pull plows as well as any animal we'd ever had. My only disappointment was that I could only change during the full moon. Otherwise, I'd have considered coming back to work the fields full time and give my dad the chance to save money on farmhands!

The sweet scent of hay and our animals hit my nostrils as I entered the barn and made sure to close the door behind me. I didn't tell the rest of the family about this part. I simply reported that the change was a private thing and I didn't want any of them to see. While that was true, in part, there was another reason I preferred to change away from prying eyes. I really loved to enjoy the change and all it had to offer. In an 'ehm' sexual way. The term 'hung like a horse' certainly applied to me!

Gazing through a window at the top of the barn, I could see the full moon coming up over the barn. I always felt more comfortable having the moon to look at while I changed. It made the aches and pains more comfortable, for some reason. It always sucked whenever the sky was cloudy and I couldn't see it. I somehow didn't enjoy the changes as much on those nights. Yet, tonight, there it was, a beautiful harvest moon poking up over the treeline and getting ready to bathe the farmland in its lovely golden glow.

Almost immediately my skin began to prickle and itch and I knew my changes were coming. I couldn't hold them back at this point and I didn't want to. The change usually happened in waves and rarely happened the same way twice. This time it was my hands that began to ache first. I watched as blond hairs began to poke up over the backs of my hands and quickly covered my palms and the base of my fingers. My fingertips began to ache and as I

watched they started to change color, darkening towards a muddied brown. Their tips widened and the nails stretched over them, covering them in a thick protective brown keratin, while my little fingers began to dissolve and shrink into my thickening wrists. I only kept three fingers and a thumb on each hand in my were-form.

I groaned with excitement as the muscles in my arm started to bulk up. I was already a pretty buff man from years of working on the farm, but the infection had left me bigger than I'd been before, even in my human form. It only got better during the change. Much better. I admit I had a thing for muscles and my body seemed all too aware of it. I grinned as my arms swelled up double, triple the size of my human self. It was far beyond anything a bodybuilder could ever hope to achieve!

I rubbed the flesh sensually, loving the sight of thick veins popping out, the swelling of my biceps, triceps, and deltoids, all of it packing on pounds and pounds of muscle as the tissues tore and reformed rapidly. I rubbed the flesh excitedly as it became covered in black horsehide and thousands of dirty blonde hairs covered the surface.

A groan escaped my lips as the changes spilled over into my chest. My pecs started to swell and flatten, growing thick and pushing out against my broad shoulders. If I'd bothered to keep my shirt on, it would be destroyed by the mass I was putting on. Admittedly, I had left my clothes on more than once just to feel the sensation of ripping out of them, but it was starting to get a little costly so I stopped. My chest continued to swell and my already defined abs bulged out, creating a massive outline of perfect six-pack abs that made my cock swell a bit with excitement. The light blond hair began to pepper my chest following the wave of black skin that was encroaching over my flesh. The entire surface of my chest and belly began to stretch, adding a few inches to my already 6'5 height.

I felt my neck starting to swell with muscle as my shoulders stretched out to accommodate my new bulk. The muscles, veins, and tendons stretched the skin visibly under the darkening hide sweeping over me. I could feel itching on the back of my neck as several rough hairs began poking out along the center, stretching far longer than the rest of my coat of fur. They tickled my neck as they ran down over my shoulders and partway down my broadening back. I always loved the pleasant prickling of my developing mane!

Something familiar started pulling at my spine, down near the base of my tailbone. Grinning like a fool, I reached down to hold the extension as it pushed out of the flesh of my lower back. I loved rubbing that sweet spot as my tail got longer! It was a sensitive area of my new equine anatomy and made my still-human cock leak with anticipation. My tailbone unfurled, each bone of my former coccyx stretching longer and filling with blood vessels and

muscles as I felt the thing start to twitch. I wagged it back and forth in excitement as long blond hair erupted from the tip and covered my new tail with lovely horsehair.

The changes were a little painful, but I'd grown accustomed to them over the past couple of years. I'd even come to love the transformation, how looking at the moon made them more comfortable. Most of all, of course, I loved how massively erect they made me. My cock was already at full attention, and it was only going to get better once the changes reached my lower half! Unfortunately, my cock still remained human for the moment, denying me the pleasures of stroking its girth as I changed.

I could feel the metamorphosis spreading to my face as my lips became numb and a little rubbery. My jaw cracked audibly as it started pressing outwards, my cheek muscle thickening as the bones rearranged inside. My ears tingled as their flesh began to shift like it was made of putty and stretched out into elven-like ears. The flaps of my ears curled in towards each other as the flesh expanded. New muscle underneath began to form and I giggled in my deeper baritone as I started flicking them experimentally. I enjoyed the range of motion they had, so much better than my human ones. It was one of several features that I would keep if I could. I could detect so many sounds. The snoring and chewing from the animals, the sounds of my mom putting away the dishes, and my family getting ready for bed. It was amazing the level of detail I could hear even between the walls of the barn!

My nose itched as my nostrils began to flare and blacken, stretching towards my changing lips. I sneezed a little, spraying the barn with snot as the flesh of my nose began to take on the same rubbery, leathery texture that had encompassed my lips. I breathed deeply, inhaling the odors all around me. I had been able to smell better since early today, signaling my impending changes. But this was so much more intense. I could scent all the animals, their stench and musk. I could smell my family, where they had stepped, what they had touched. It was enough to paint a mental image of their activities over the past few days. I could smell the forest, all the trees, and the animals that made their home around our farm. Nothing was kept from the knowledge my olfactory sense granted me!

There was one redolence that took precedence over all the others. At long last, there it was! The tingling in my groin signaled the changed member I'd have with me the entire weekend. This was the reason I came out here all alone to change. The main reason I didn't want my family to see. It was so damn arousing tuning into a were-horse!

The sensation of having a horse's cock was far beyond anything the human me could ever know. I couldn't experiment with a lover, of course. There were very few were-horses in the world and none that were close enough to get to know in an intimate setting. But that didn't stop

me from enjoying my massive new cock for the three days a month I got to keep it! The pleasures of masturbating my changed horse sex made everything about being a were-horse worth it!

I whickered from my still developing lips as my erect shaft became engorged with blood and grew beyond the confines of my human body. I watched as the shaft started to darken with mottled black splotches that began spreading over the entire length. I played my thick nailed fingers over it, barely able to detect more than heat and pressure with them. But my cock was more than sensitive enough on its own to compensate.

Whickering softly once more, I wrapped my fingers around my expanding horse meat. The still-pointed tip was drooling pre now from even the briefest stimulation. I stared in rapture as the tip started to curve in on itself, my piss hole swelling as the entire tip expanded into a flattened beast the width of the growing shaft. It was well on the way to becoming a full-fledged horse cock!

Stroking faster now, I could tell the changes were filling my still-human balls with equine seed. I moaned in my new deep baritone as my balls started ballooning under my body. They soon grew so bulbous, I had to readjust my stance their weight started getting uncomfortable! A matte black coating started overtaking any pale flesh as bits of fuzz began to pop up over my maleness. My heavy balls shook up and down as they grew past the size of oranges. I could almost feel the seed inside them changing into virile stallion man seed. I desperately needed to blow my load!

Soft fur covered my groin and balls, though I resisted the urge to scratch, lost in playing with my stallion pole as I was. I was slowed only when something caught on my nailed fingers, what I knew to be my new medial ring. Yet, I couldn't hold back for long, even with the distractions.

The sight of the massive equine maleness sticking out of my changing body was the most powerfully arousing thing I'd ever seen. Even my massive hands sometimes had trouble making their way up and down my gargantuan penis. Yet thankfully my hands had changed first, and were big enough to properly work my shaft while my other hand alternated between teasing my nipples and playing over my softball-sized equine testicles.

Every touch sent my skin shivering in excitement. The stink of my sweaty body, the sounds of my cock slapping against my damp hand, and the sight of my equine excellence were too much.

“Uuuggg...oooh god... nneeeiiiiggghhh!” I whinnied as my balls throbbed and my massive shaft blew all over my chest and stomach. My cock throbbed up and down as I shot an impossible quantity of equine seed all over myself. I was shooting jism like a fire hose!

I could almost taste the sticky salty fluid as it neared my muzzle. I lipped the air with my thick tongue, hoping to catch a taste. The ripe stretch of my equine seed burned into my nose and sent rippings of contentment across my sweaty hide.

Having achieved my first orgasm of the evening, the changes in my body started to speed up. I could feel a final swelling of muscle overtake my form as my lovely blond coat thickened all over. My balls grew heavy as they filled with equine seed once more, a testament to my testosterone and masculinity. I was boned from the changes, and I had the stamina to match my massive frame. I could play with my sexy body several more times tonight if I wanted! And how could I resist the siren call of my equine body?

My legs continued to swell with muscle as the changes took hold of my lower body. I could feel my calves swelling to better hold up the massive form I now had. My hips, quads, and my ass all started ballooning outwards with equine beauty. I nickered with excitement as I felt my ass grow larger. It was one of my favorite parts of the change. My anus began to expand as the opening moved closer to the base of my tail. I could feel the entire surface twitch with muscle growth as my anus puckered out into a black equine donut. I giggled a bit from the delightful sensation of my tail hairs brushing against the bare skin.

My feet ached as my heels started to stretch backward, leaving me off-balance for a moment. The entire length of my foot seemed to raise off the ground until I was standing only on my tiptoes. Had I not been used to the feeling, I would have fallen over! I did more than once when I'd first started the change!

I never tired at the sight of my middle toe starting to swell while the other digits retracted up my still-lengthening ankle. I wouldn't need them for this form. The nail on my middle toe began to cover the entire surface and thicken into a splotchy brown horse hoof. Yet unlike my hands, the nail continued to grow along with the diameter of my toe. I shifted my weight as my new hooves continued to grow, digging into the barn floor a little from my now-massive weight.

A few minutes later my new hooves were completed. I smiled with my expanding muzzle. I loved the clopping sound my hooves made on the pavement. It made me feel powerful. And I would never need to deal with the inconvenience of having horseshoes since I was only changed for a few days!

The force of the changes to my face distracted me as the final round of changes took hold. I snorted as my jaw cracked forward, forcing my mouth and nose into my field of view. My teeth grew thicker as my gums became splotchy with black patches. It certainly didn't do anything to help my breath! I knew my teeth were becoming block-like and yellowed, and it was always funny to watch myself in the mirror as I pulled back my lips and giggled like a horse.

My face continued to crack forward, forcing my eyes towards the sides of my face as the irises darkened to brown. I could see a wider view of the world around me, but the stereoscopic vision I had as a human was still mostly present. The areas to the sides of me were still a bit blurry, but for the most part, I could see OK. My vision wasn't quite as good as it was when I was human, the only real downside to my new form. But my sense of hearing and smell more than made up for it!

The changes were steadily speeding over my body as the last bits of me continued swelling with equine muscle. My head was expanding to massive proportions, my thick neck easily able to support its weight. I could feel my forehead start to slope as my new muzzle stretched further and further in front of my face. My head wasn't completely equine, but it was a far cry from my human one! My entire body continued to bulk up with muscle as parts of my skin began twitching on their own, a well-appreciated method for fighting off biting flies. Fortunately, I could still swat them with my massive hands, but my thicker hide did help keep them from annoying me during extended stays in the fields.

I was almost done now. My favorite part of the change was coming up. I could feel the warmth of skin peeling from the crown of my cut cock as it started to stretch downward. The entire surface grew fuzzy as the sensation stirred my cock to life once more. My developing sheath couldn't keep up with how engorged my cock was becoming! I could feel it spread from the base, along the skin of my groin, and reaching up towards my protruding gut. I moaned as my new sheath's attachment made my cock bob up and down in its temporary home.

I was powerfully erect once more. And this time my cock was nearly at its full length. I couldn't resist touching it. I didn't want to. I had the entire barn to myself and all evening to explore my body's changed state. I looked down to see the massive equine shaft staring me in the muzzle. If I bent down just a little, I could lick the cockhead. I knew that from experience. After all, what guy hadn't wondered what it would be like to give himself head?

I lowered my thick lips to tease the tip of my hose, sending a shudder through my body. Guiding my massive shaft with one thick hand, I extended my lips, angling my cock so that I could get them around it. My lips were much more thick and pliable than my human ones were, making the task achievable.

I started stroking my shaft, more slowly this time lest I jerked my massive dong out of my mouth. I was still leaking copious amounts of precum that pooled down my virile penis and lubed up the gentle ministrations of my thick nailed hand. I could taste the salty fluid on my lips and I began to suck, eager for more. My mouth felt warm and moist on my cock, taking it firmly in my lips as I greedily drank towards the salty load I would soon receive.

I wasn't going to last long. Not with the twinges and pangs that indicated my body was reaching its final form. Not with the sensation of my other thick hand running over my balls, teasing my flesh and my nipples, allowing me to feel just how powerful my new body was. Not with my thick hand rubbing steadily over the shaft, finally settling into an arousing rhythm. Not with my throbbing shaft being pulled as far as it could go into my waiting muzzle, the tip being teased by my thick tongue. I could feel the swelling in my balls, feel my shaft start to pulsate uncontrollably as my orgasm neared. Oh fuck it was coming, I couldn't hold it... didn't want to...

“AAHHH FFUUUCCKKK... NNNNEEEIIGGGHHH!” I whinnied as my now fully equine balls unloaded inside my muzzle, my shaft firing down my throat as I became overwhelmed with thick rank stallion seed. Yet I was accustomed to the sensation and was able to swallow without gagging. The taste was pretty good; I'd never sucked cock before my change but I didn't mind the taste of my own!

I shuddered in release as the orgasmic waves washed over my body, making me slick with sweat. But the rank stench of my virile masculinity only made my orgasm better. I liked my horsey smell. It reminded me of how powerful I was, how sexy. My big brown eyes fluttered a little as I nearly whited out from my intense masturbation.

After a few minutes, my shaft flopped out of my mouth with a spray of excess seed. My stallion load was too much even for me to swallow! I panted for a few minutes, feeling a bit of fatigue from this last release. I wasn't too covered in cum this time, which would make cleaning up a little easier. Yet my entire coat was slick with sweat. It was nearly impossible to avoid in equine form, even on the coldest of days. But I had become accustomed to the smell from all my years of farm life. Hell, I even liked it when it was wafting off my own body.

I sat down on the hay bale once more to catch my breath and take stock of my changes. I was an 8'5 tall anthro stallion, covered with blond hair and a blond tail and mane. My head was mostly equine, though my body structure remained human, thick with muscles that the most dedicated bodybuilder could only dream of. Some of my other attributes, specifically my ass, my cock, and my hooves were decidedly equine. I wasn't sure what it was about lycanthropy that made the changes happen the way they did, but I wasn't complaining!

The transformation finished and the barn reeking of my sweat and seed, I got up to grab my overalls. My mom had them stitched specifically for my equine body, to preserve what little dignity I had in my were-form. Though they did cover me somewhat, it was impossible to hide the imprint of the stallion equipment I was packing underneath. Still, they allowed me to breathe and prevented clothing from sticking to my package while I was working the fields. I took them up to the loft, where I had a more comfortable makeshift bed for the night. But I didn't put them on, not yet. I still had a few more rounds of playing with my cock before I was finally spent!

I spent the rest of the weekend helping out on the farm. I couldn't return to human form until Monday. But that was alright with me. I awoke early and donned my modest clothes and headed out, where the family greeted me with a large breakfast of fruit, veggies, oats, and of course plenty of water! Over half the morning meal was specifically for me. I needed to eat a ton in this form! Thankfully, most of the food was farm grown so I didn't have to worry about putting the family into debt every time I came to work.

I sat down with my family, who were accustomed to eating outside with me while the weather permitted. In the winter, I was lucky enough that they set up our meals in the barn. I was a bit too large and unruly for the house, much to my chagrin.

After breakfast, I took to the fields to help with the fall harvest. It was easy work for me to carry heavy containers back to the storage bin. We were able to give all the farmhands time off with how much I could do! I took bathroom breaks when needed in my specially built latrine. I couldn't get into the house to use the facilities there like this! I also stopped for plenty of water, and some frequent snacks to keep up with my equine metabolism. But it wasn't difficult work. I liked the monotony of it all, and the rate I could work the fields made me eager to push myself. But even after an eight-hour day I still wasn't too tired.

After supper, I retired back to my loft in the barn for privacy. Sometimes I hung out with my family, having drinks and enjoying the outdoors. But it was getting colder at night and my folks were pretty tired. I didn't mind. I was just as eager to get some alone time with my stallion shaft. It was the only real chance I got to play with my new self.

I wasn't sure how much my family knew about this hobby. Surely they could smell it, but for the most part, the scents were lost amidst the other potent smells in the barn. I always worried they could hear the sounds of my release each time, the equine cries of power and freedom.

Perhaps they just thought them to be normal were-horse sounds with nothing sexual about them. Still, I couldn't help but notice that knowing look my dad sometimes shot me.

Early Monday morning, my changes began to recede as the first rays of dawn came over the horizon. I could feel my nails start to shrink, my fur receding, and my muscles being reduced to their still-impressive human size. My senses returned to their former poor state, though I did retain some of my sense of smell in human form. I gazed out at the sun, sighing that I would have to return to my human life and my modest-sized penis. Quickly, I bid my family goodbye and made my way back to the city. If I made it back early enough, I wouldn't have to miss too much work!

I stared at the family home with a sense of longing as I prepared to drive away. It was always special being here, but now it was my retreat to experience the most wonderful thing I'd been blessed with. But I'd only have to wait another 28 days before I would see it again. Then I would be back, ready to whinny at the full moon once more.