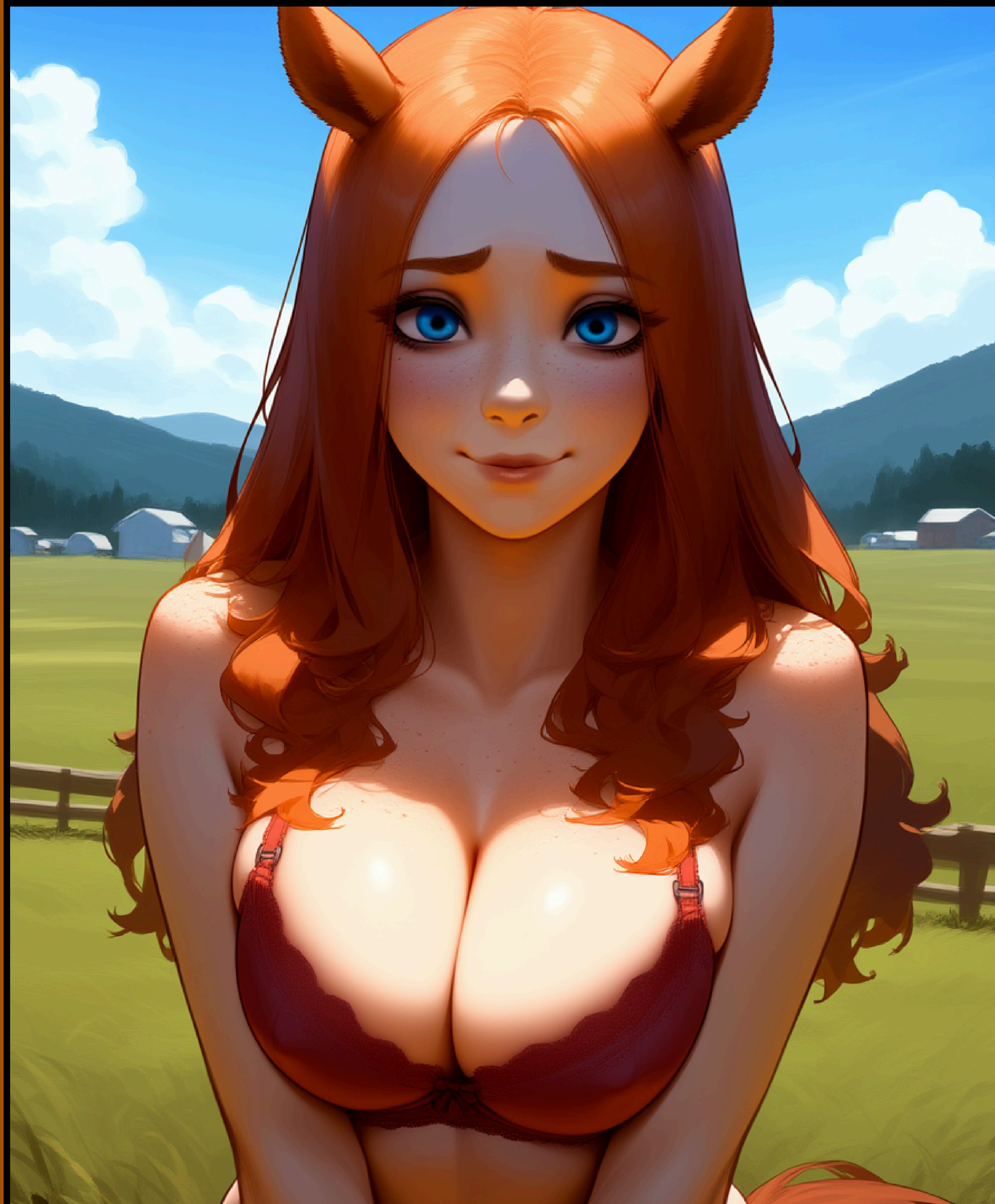
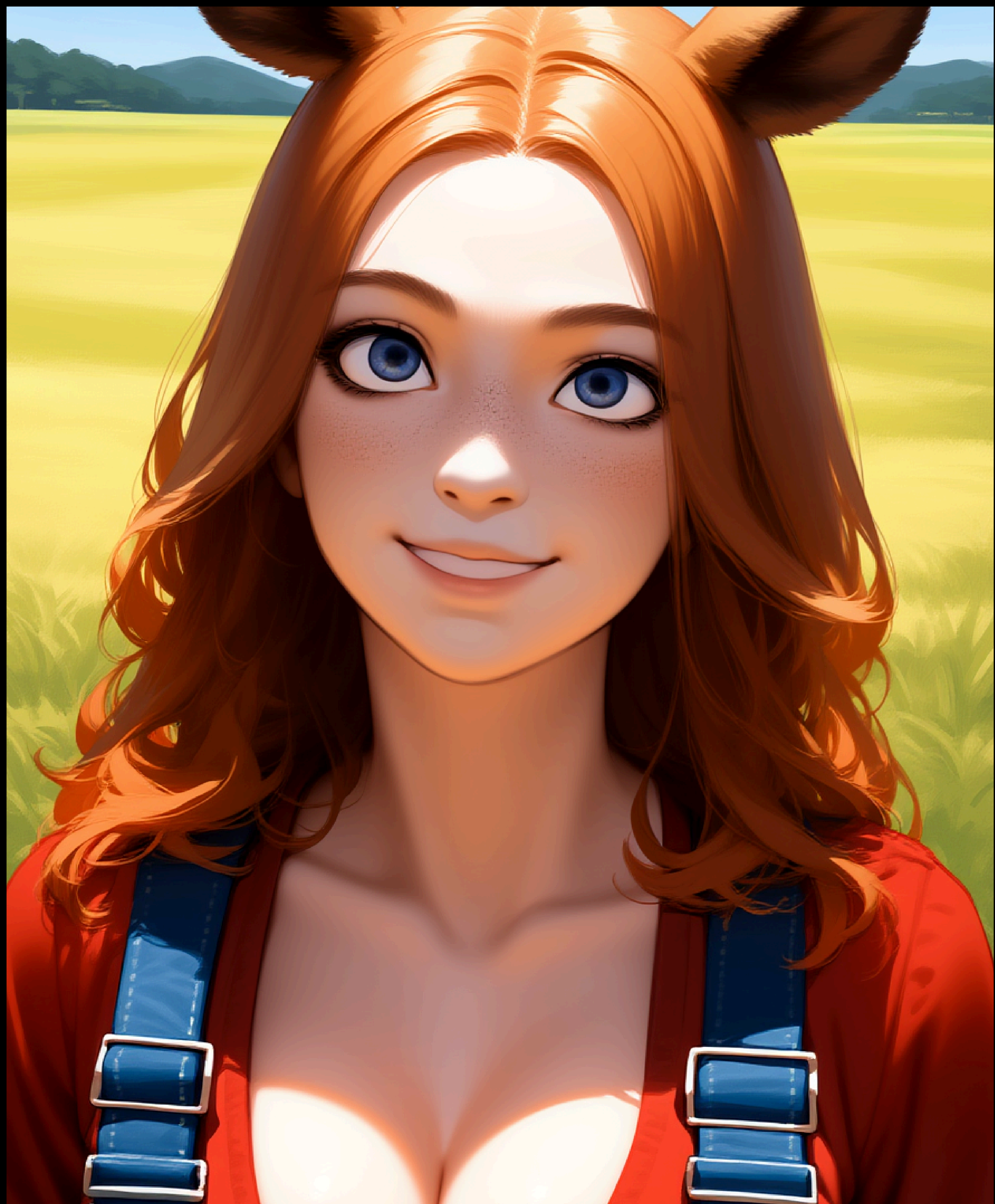
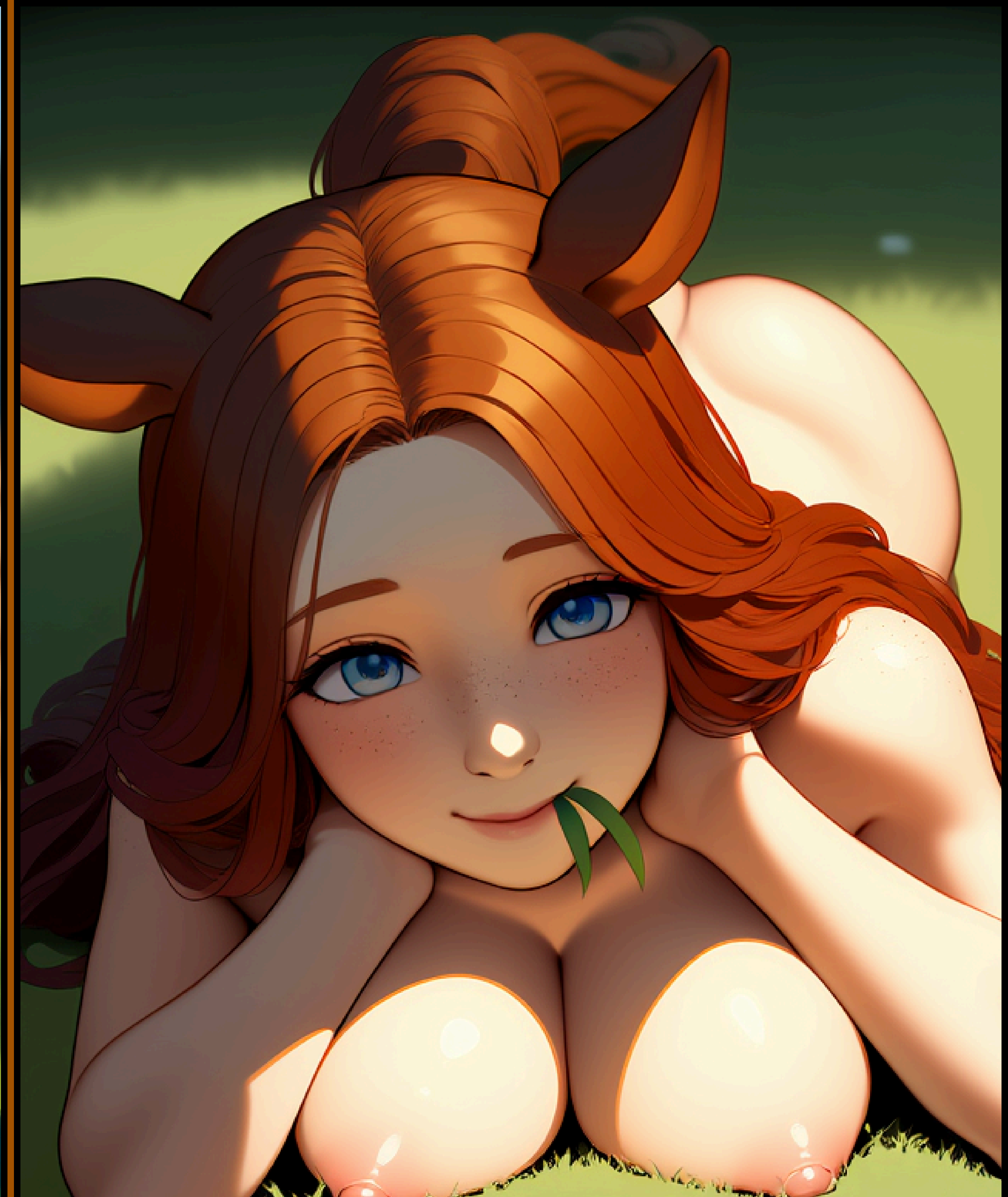




Dear Husband: On my travels I found this beautiful farm. They said that they offered a unique experience. I always loved horses, but these people claim, that I can try being one for as long as I want. I drank that weird cocktail they gave me in order to find out.



Dear Husband: After only 2 days, there have been already so many exciting changes! My ears went further up and look like that of horses. I also began growing a tail. The farmers told me that it would soon be more comfortable to be naked whilst walking around. I think they are right, but couldn't bring it over me yet.



Dear Husband: One week has gone by. You will not believe it, but those feet are mine. Although feet might not be the right term. My toes are completely gone. I lie in the sun and eat grass the entire day. I have never felt so free.



Dear Husband: Week 2 has only just started and I can not walk on two legs anymore. It's hard getting used to walking on all fours, but I like it. It's fun. What do you think about your sexy horse wife?



Dear Husband: By the end of week 2, my hands are gone too! I thought I would miss grabbing things, but I pretty much live like a horse now. You wouldn't believe how fast I can run now!



Dear Husband: You will not believe it, but this foal apparently thought I might be his mommy. The farmers said, that's most likely because I start smelling like a horse. They assure me, that the transformation is entirely reversible as long as I don't get pregnant.



Dear Husband: It's the beginning of week 3 and I can't believe it. I am definately starting to grow a snout. I know how much you love my face and I do too, but this is a experience I really want to make. Also it will make grazing sooo much easier!



Dear Husband: End of week 3. Do you still recognize me? I think I look fantastic. With every single day, I feel more like a real horse. It's a little bit weird to have farmers clean up after me, but I am a horse now, so fuck it.



Dear Husband: We have to talk about something... The farmers have informed my that my “downstairs”-Parts, look fully like that of a mare. Whenever I am around the stallions, they grow hard and start to behave wild. Honey, I hate to admit it... but it really turns me on to see them like that... I don't know what to do...



Dear Husband: I have an admission to make... at first, I just liked the idea of taunting the stallion Thunder. But one day my instincts took over and I climbed into his paddock. I could have fought back as he mounted me, only I didn't. Carrying the weight of a stallion felt incredible. Having him inside me even better... I am sorry honey, but I don't think I'll return.



Dear Husband: I never thought something like this was possible. I have fallen in love with Thunder. I requested to from now on be considered as his broodmare... Having him inside me with the full intend of breeding me, is driving me crazy. It's week 6 and we have done it countless times by now. The farmers said that there's no way, that I am not already pregnant...



Dear Husband: I still love you, but we have to face the truth. I am a horse now. Nothing more. The veterenarian confirmed a successful impregnation. Any attempts now to turn me back would be futile. I miss you sometimes, but I need to focus on my new family. My foal and my new partner.



Dear Husband: I know that my intelligence has started to decline. I talked to the farmer, so that he would inform you about any upcoming changes on my behalf. My pregnancy is going well. I am going to give birth to a boy soon. Or should I rather say a stallion?



Dear Husband: The birth was successfull. I can't believe it, but I am now a mother! The farmer has told me that with giving birth, the foal and I are now officially his property. After I die, I will be turned into dogfood and other things not meant for human consumption. I don't mind honestly. Maybe, when you are feeding Tiffy, we will see each other again one last time.



Dear Mr. Smith: I am the caretaker and owner of your former wife. She asked us to keep you updated. It has been 29 months, since your wife decided to live as a horse. At this point, it is very unlikely that she remembers anything about her former self. Since Thunder passed away last friday, the only suitable stallion on our farm is now her son Blitz. He is soon old enough to mate. We will further update you on any special occasions.



The End

Dear Mr. Smith: I am the caretaker and owner of your former wife. If I remember correctly, it's been 6 months since I last updated you. We weren't sure how your ex-wife would react when we put her into the same paddock as her son. It turned out, that she wanted him even more, than vice versa. She immediately offered herself to him and it took some convincing from her, before he actually mounted her. They are mating daily now and it won't take long before successful impregnation.