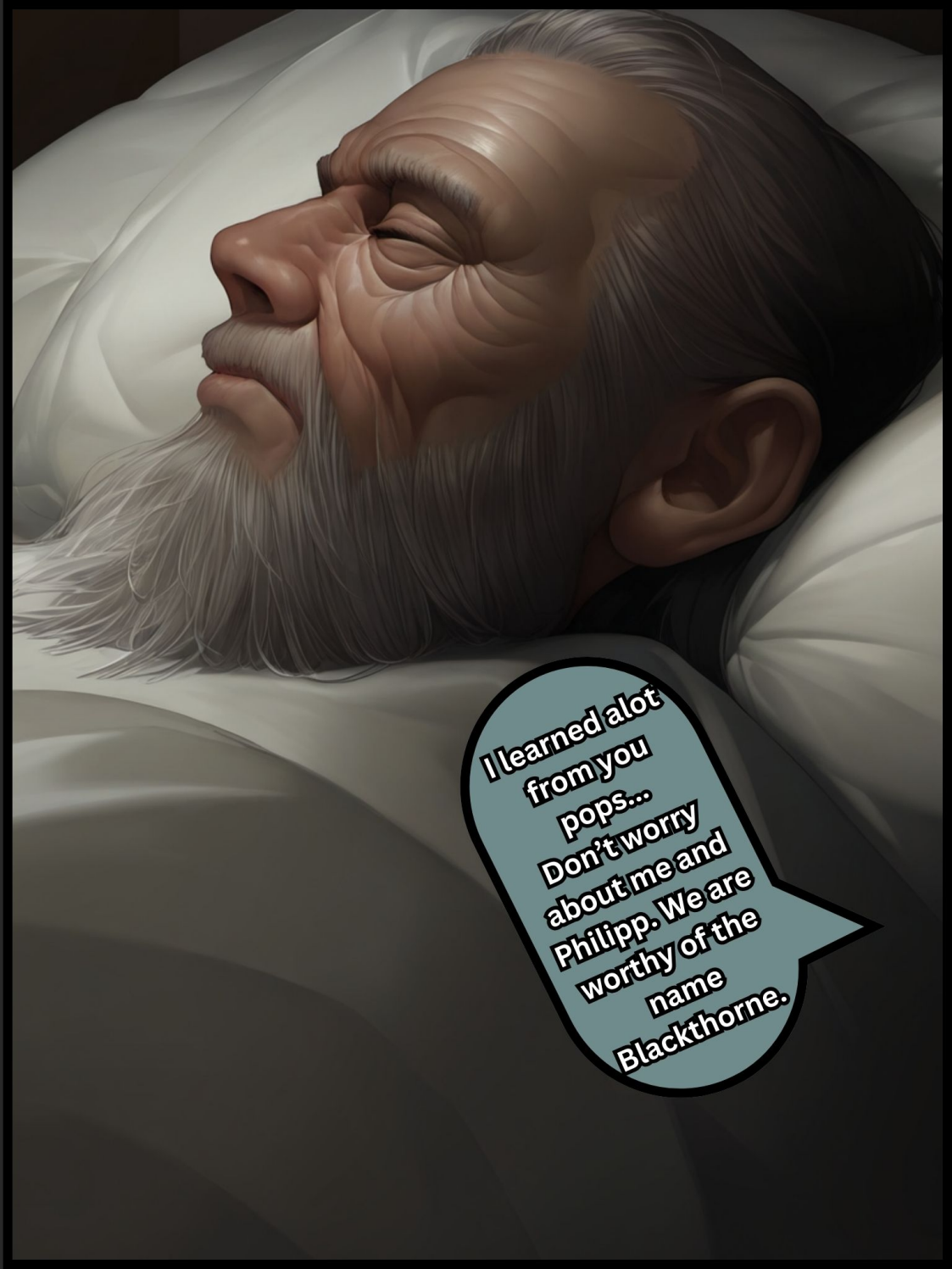


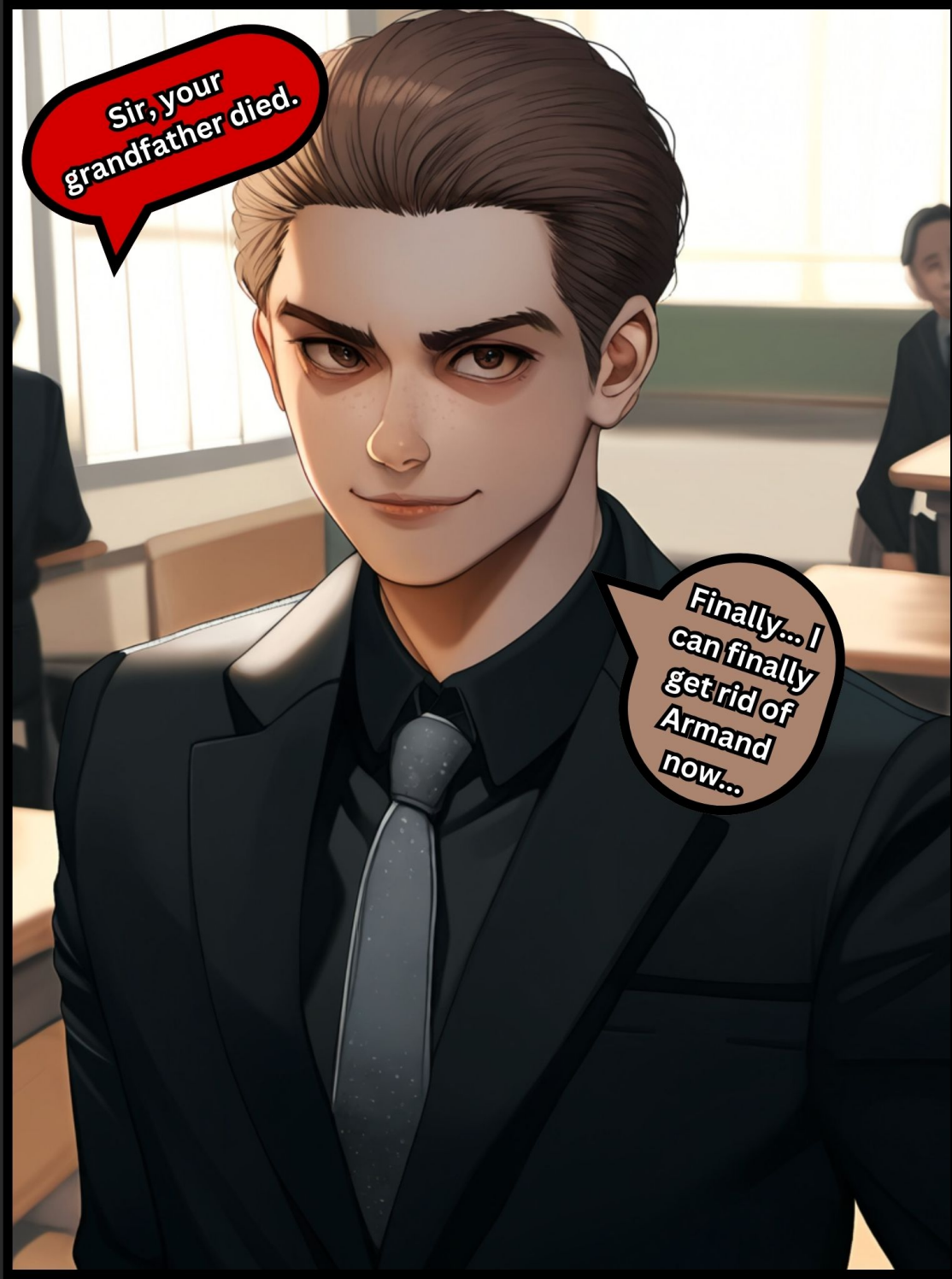
Boys, I have cancer. I will split the empire into two pieces. I never really cared about either of you, but remember this: Our family is the only thing that matters. Live up to our name.



I learned a lot from you pops... Don't worry about me and Philipp. We are worthy of the name Blackthorne.



Everything I know, I learned from you... I will not let you down.



Sir, your grandfather died.

Finally... I can finally get rid of Armand now...

The next day...

I've used my influence in order to learn about your... facility. Don't worry, I don't plan to ruin your secrecy. All I want is to get rid of my brother...

Are you certain about this? Armand Blackthorne was an influential person even before your grandfather died. What you are asking is expensive... Very expensive.

HA! Money is not the issue.



Besides... I don't want to ruin your business. I know about everything. That fucked up pet store, the farm, the lab. If any of that leaked to the public, you'd be screwed.

I want to inherit the whole empire. For that, I need to get rid off Armand.



How intimidating... As expected of a Blackthorne.


Two conditions. I want access to certain government employees and scientists.

DEAL!

One week later...


**I drove 7 hours... for
this shithole? This
can't be right...**



A man with brown hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, is driving a car. He is wearing dark sunglasses and has a slight smile. The car's interior is visible, including the steering wheel and side mirror. The background is a vast, flat, yellow landscape under a bright sky, possibly a field of flowers or a desert at sunrise/sunset. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the man's head.

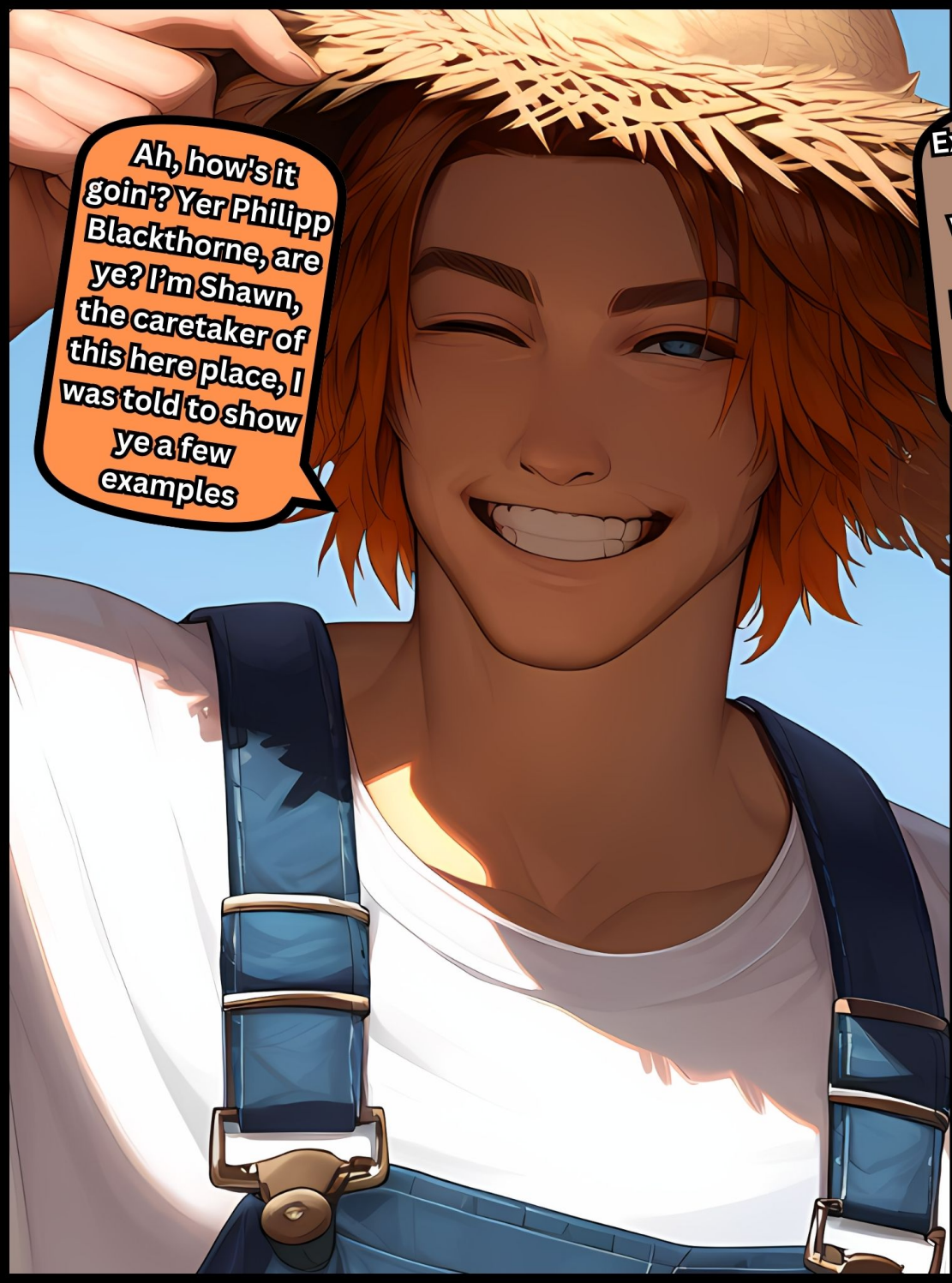
**This is better going
to be worth my
time... or else I'll get
rid of that old fart
next.**

**Tsk! No wonder the
public doesn't know
about this place. It's
in the middle of
nowhere...**




It's nothing personal... just
business. Armand would do
the same the second he sees
an opening... right?

I could still go back on this...



Ah, how's it goin'? Yer Philipp Blackthorne, are ye? I'm Shawn, the caretaker of this here place, I was told to show ye a few examples



Examples... well, I guess that won't hurt. I've heard about the pathetic creatures you create...



Whinnying

Dis wan's Carol, ye see. Her fam'ly had to shift her. Daughter o' a well-to-do politician. She's been 'ere for seven months now.



We be callin' this one Geraldine, sure. One of our first, she is. She stumbled into a contest, pure chance, ye know. An' we sold the stallion she arrived with to a breedin' facility.

neighing



This one's Kirsten, so it is. She was a volunteer from the pet shop. We gave her the new formula, and sure she's fully transformed, but still kept some of her smarts, she did.

Kirsten is good horsey? Want be good horsey.

Ye sure are, me darling!

A woman with long black hair in a ponytail, wearing a red dress and sunglasses, is shown in profile talking on a camera phone. She is standing in a grassy field with a wooden fence and a barn in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one blue bubble above her head and one white bubble below her head.

I want to listen to everything he says... connect me to Shawn's microphone...

Of course, Sir. I need to warn you though. Shawn is using a thick accent to make himself seem less dangerous to your brother...

**I see... If he
actually
decides to go
through with
this, I want
Shawn to take
him out...**






So, wha' will it be then? D'ya want us t'do it? An' if so, d'ya want us t'turn him into a proper beast?



Well... Fuck it! Let's do it. And fully turn his mind into a horse's!




**He said it...
I assume I can tell
Dr. Gray that the
deal stands...?**

**Gray will get what
he wants...
Blackthorns don't
harm each other.
This calls for
retribution...**

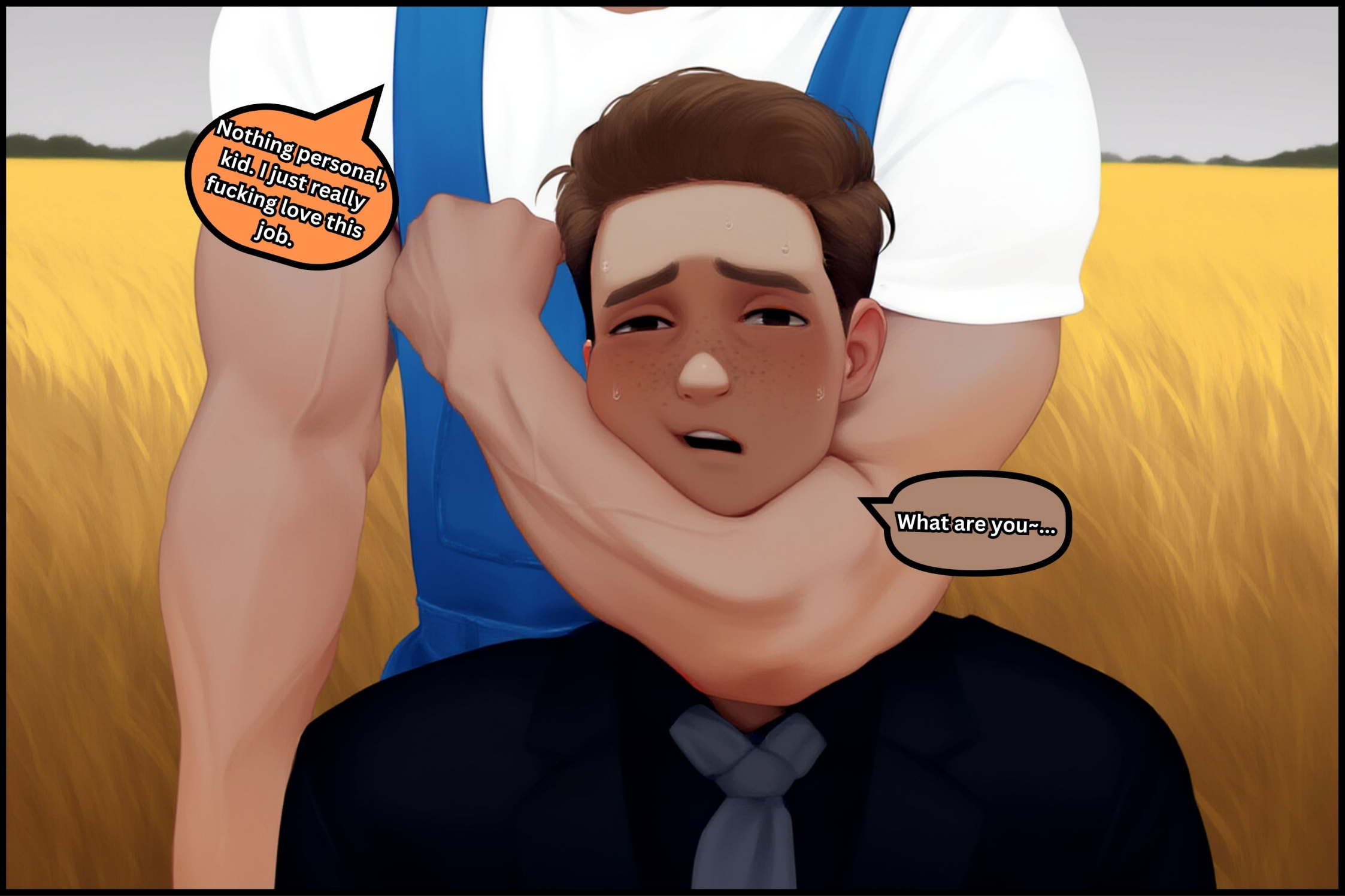
A woman with long black hair, wearing dark sunglasses and a bright red, long-sleeved, form-fitting dress. She is holding a white smartphone to her ear with her right hand and has her left hand near her neck. The background is dark and indistinct.

**Lovely...
It always excites
me witness the
progress of a new
specimen...**

A man with short, wavy reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. He is wearing a white t-shirt under blue denim overalls and a large, wide-brimmed straw hat. He is smiling broadly and holding the brim of the hat with both hands. The background is a bright, sunny outdoor setting with a yellow field.

**I'll be tellin' the
bosses 'bout yer
decision. No need
to fret, yer
brother's in grand
hands.**

**Ok...
I will contact
Dr. Gray soon.
I'll be on my
way then...**

A man in a dark suit and tie is being choked by a muscular man in a white shirt and blue overalls. The man in the suit has a distressed expression with sweat on his face. The background is a golden field under a grey sky.

Nothing personal,
kid. I just really
fucking love this
job.

What are you~...


Many hours later...



Where am I...?
Why does my
arm hurt?



*Good morning,
cutie.
I can not wait
how you'll turn
out..*



Do you have any idea who I am? I am Philipp Blackthorne! I want to talk to Dr. Gray right now!

If my men find me here, you're all dead!

Oh no, sweetie. Your men work for your brother now. He already took your part of the inheritance over. Your brother will call you soon. I've gotta go now. Tell Shawn if you need something.

That night...

How could I be this careless...? I should've seen this coming. Whatever... Armand believes in the family's credo. He just wants to intimidate me. I'll be out here soon and then I can take everything back!



Two weeks later...




Something is changing my body... There is no point in denying it.



Hello there beautiful. How are we doing on this wonderful morning?

Fuck you and your shitty fake accent! Your cooking is shit! I demand actual food!



I am still a Blackthorne you witless worm... I demand better treatment!

Sorry my food isn't up to your gourmet standards. But you'll switch to grass soon anyway...

Your brother wants to talk to you.




I learned my lesson Armand... Can I go home now?

You would have earned my respect for an attempt on my life. Never would I have returned the favor... But this...?



Armand...
I'm sorry,
alright?

You will be... I wouldn't do this to our worst enemies... And you wanted to do that to me?
I was assured that most of the changes are revertable before the end of the 6th month. Don't give into your instincts. Do not have sex. Then I will allow you to carry our name again.



6 months, huh? tough luck. Most don't manage 4. I've only seen one that lasted that long.

Don't compare me to any of those pathetic creatures... 6 months is nothing!

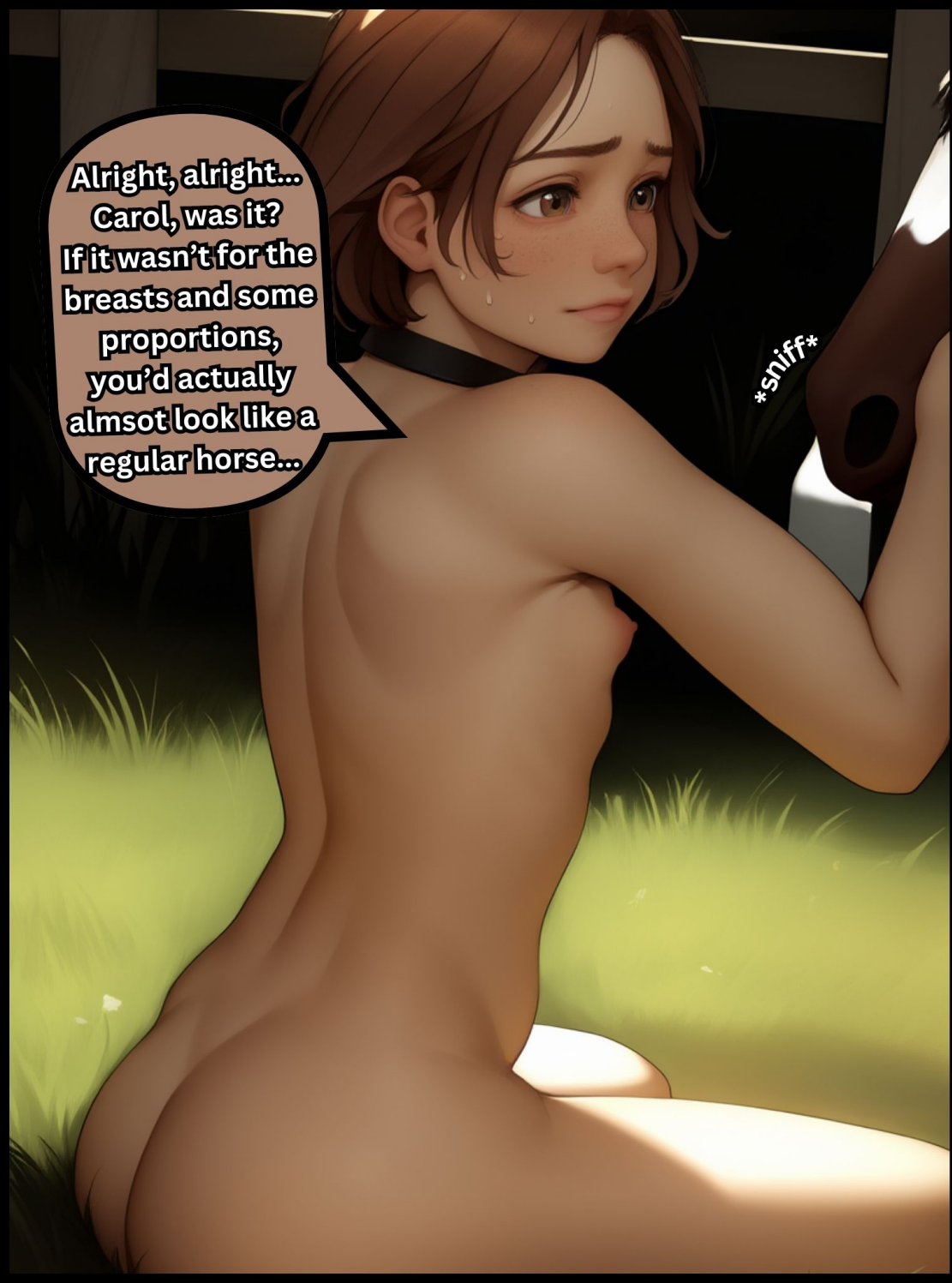
I was told to let you roam free. Don't try to run. The only one able to help you change back is Dr. Gray.

That evening...

6 months of boredom is one thing... I hope I at least transform into one of those very slowly...







Alright, alright...
Carol, was it?
If it wasn't for the
breasts and some
proportions,
you'd actually
almost look like a
regular horse...

sniff



Good girl... I
should check if
Shawn has some
carrots lying
around...

licking hands

1 month later...

Who could've known having a pussy would feel this good...

pinch



Oooh FUUUCK! I wouldn't mind if they couldn't revert that...

pinch

shlop

3rd month...



**C'mon
Apollo... stop
looking at me
like that...
He's getting
hard again...**



approving neigh

*This is
intoxicating...
The smell, the
taste... stupid
pheromones...*

slurp





He actually dripped
some semen! God I
wish I could fit him in
my mouth!

Wait... what am I
saying? You just want
to dribble the system
here, that's all...

4th month...

orgasmic neighing

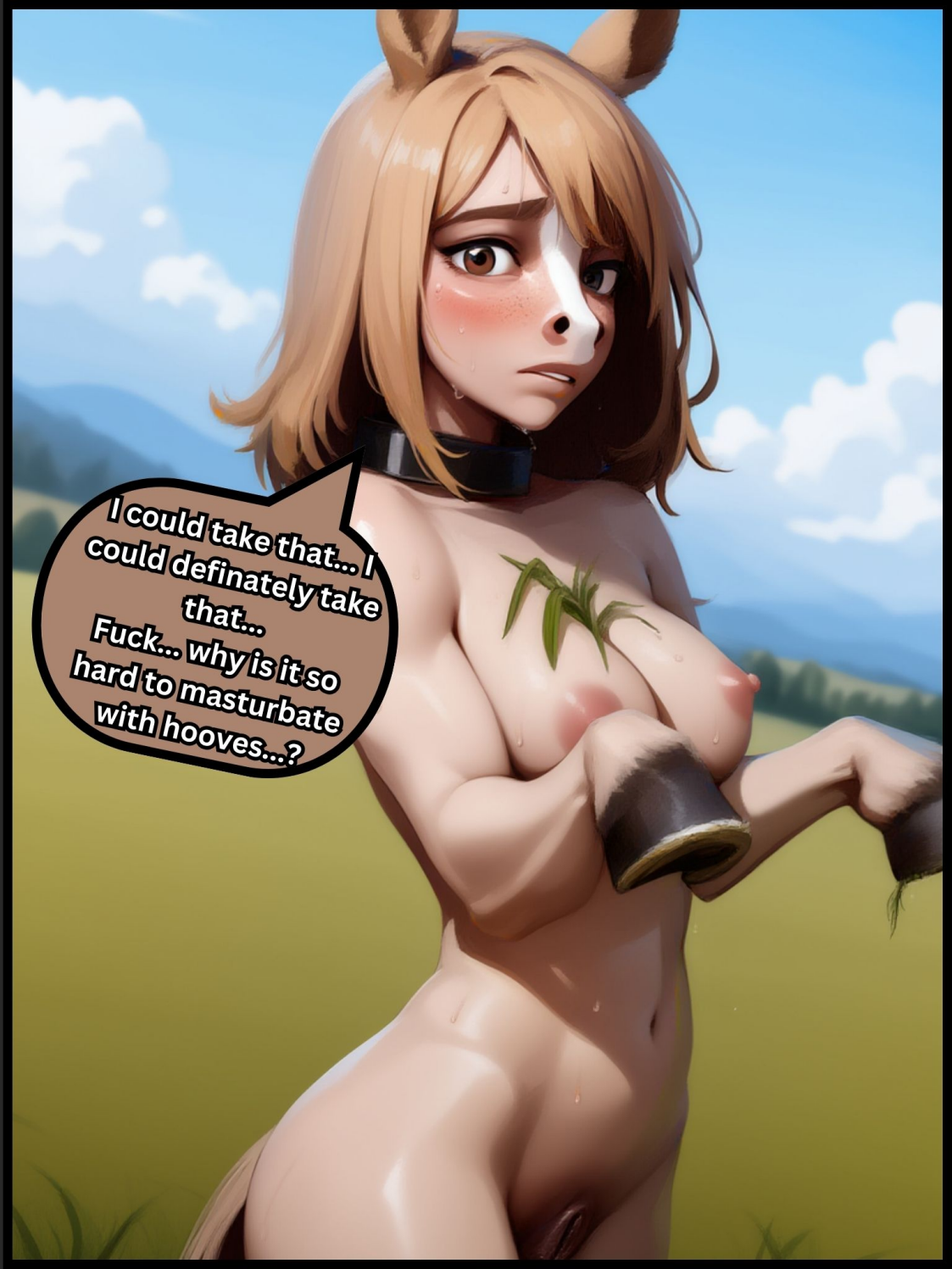
shlop

shlop





No... not right in front of me...
It's as if he wants to show me what I could have...
My god... She must feel so incredible...



I could take that... I could definately take that...
Fuck... why is it so hard to masturbate with hooves...?

5th month...



Come on Philly... you shouldn't get this close to him anymore... If he wanted, he could take you and you wouldn't be able to fight back... Why is that so exciting?

drip

munch



sniff

inhale

twitch

There it is...
Oh god... If only I
could... You smell so
fucking good
Apollo...



I wish I could do more for you... I wish I could allow myself to be your mare...

lick

slurp



There is the good stuff...
Of fuuuuck... smelling that... this has got to be more addicting than drugs...

splurt



cum stained grass
tastes so much
better...
I wish there was
more...

Oh...
this is new...
Do I taste
good boy?
Fuuck...

slurp

slurp



Wait, no!
Apollo, we can't!
I know I'm in
heat, but...
I want you to,
but...





aroused whinnying

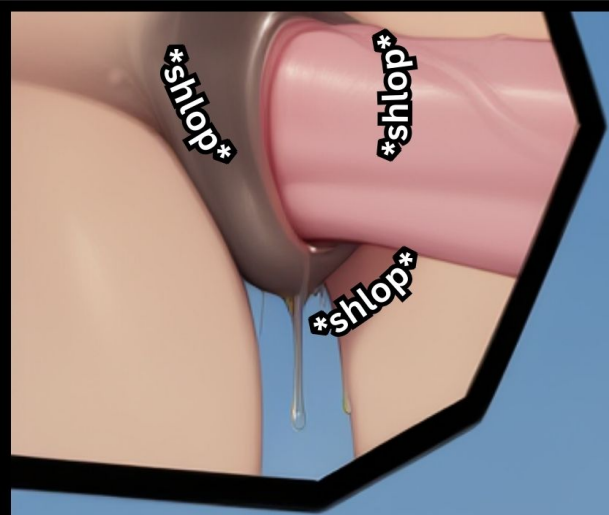
twitch

His dick is trying to find the entrance...
This is the last chance to run... I don't think he'd follow me if I ran...
Why do I not run...?



squelch

He found it... He's
going to push it in
now... I can
I'm a mare... I can
finally be your
mare...



I can finally stop
resisting...
This feels even
better than
expected! Fuck me
boy!





He's stretching me
hard...
I tried so hard to see
him as a mere pet...
He's my stud now. I'm
nothing but his mare...
Part of a herd. He'll put
a foal into me...



orgasmic neighing

splurt

End of the 5th month...

[● REC]

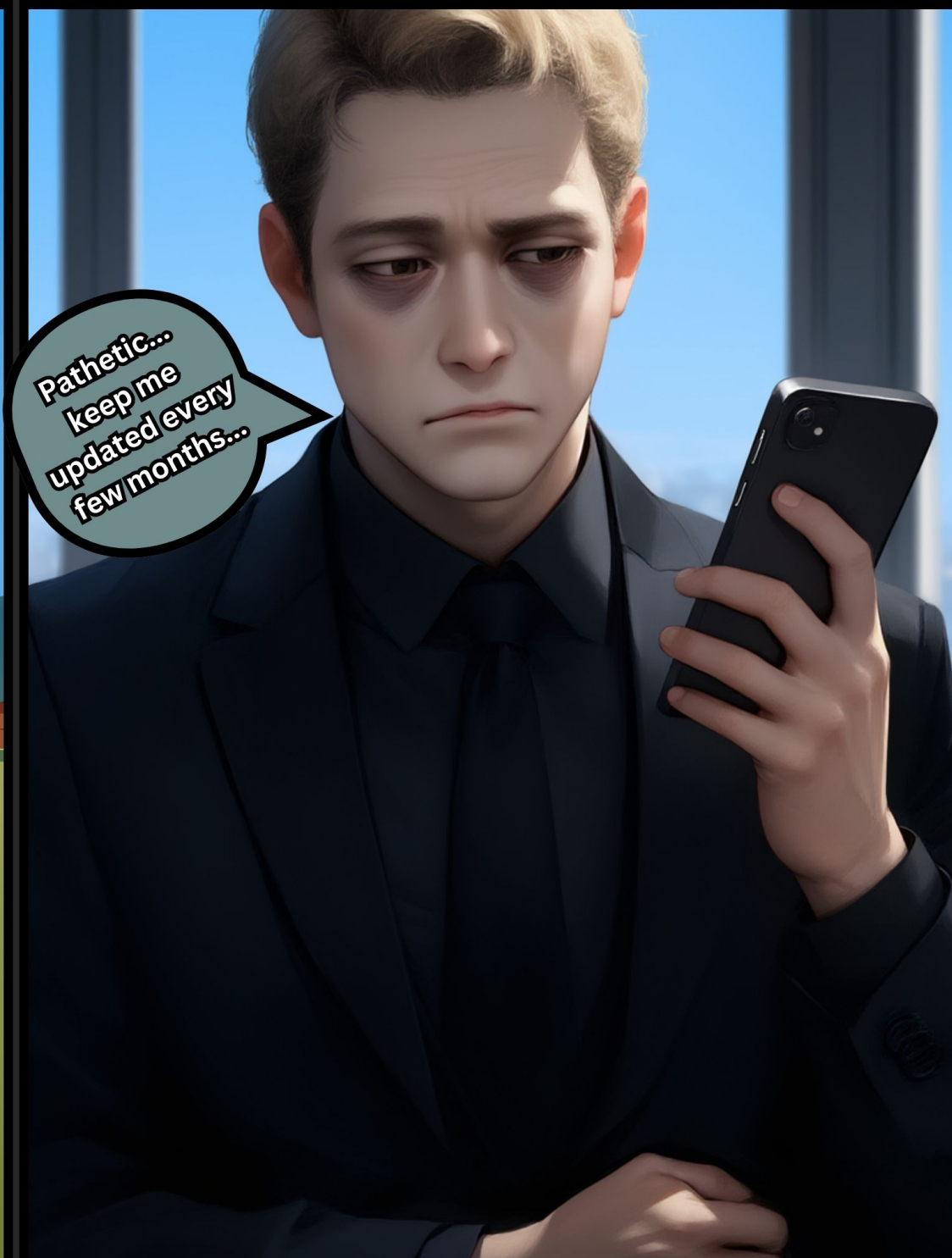


It's hard to track how often they are actually mating. She can still talk and think pretty much like a normal person, but she refuses most of the time.





I love watching this stage of the transformation. She is in heat and her partner doesn't mind helping her out. She wants to be called Philly now by the way. There's still time, if you want to revert the changes...



**Pathetic...
keep me
updated every
few months...**

16th month...

worried neighing

Good girl!
Relax. We need
to check how
your baby is
doing.





Everything seems to be fine... See? this wasn't so bad, girl.

uncomfortable neighing

writing
The pregnancy is going splendidly.

writing
Good to know... The foal will make a good birthday present for my daughter one day.

23rd month...

What a strange pose. Must be remnants of her human self.

I can assure you that there is no humanity left. Doesn't look like she needs my assistance.

nervous neighing

squelch



**She has done
very well. The
vet was
confident that
she'll be a good
mother.**

**Train both to be
formidable riding
horses suitable for
children. I will buy
both. Costs for
training and care
will be payed by
me. I also want the
stallion. This
mansion lacks a
stable and I intend
to fill it.**



years later...

Do you remember what I told you about your uncle?

Yes, daddy. He wasn't worthy of our family name, so he was turned into a beast with the sole purpose of reproducing.



As attentive as
always. Happy
Birthday
Greta!

Oh Daddy, she
is beautiful!
Can I ride my
cousin later
too?

