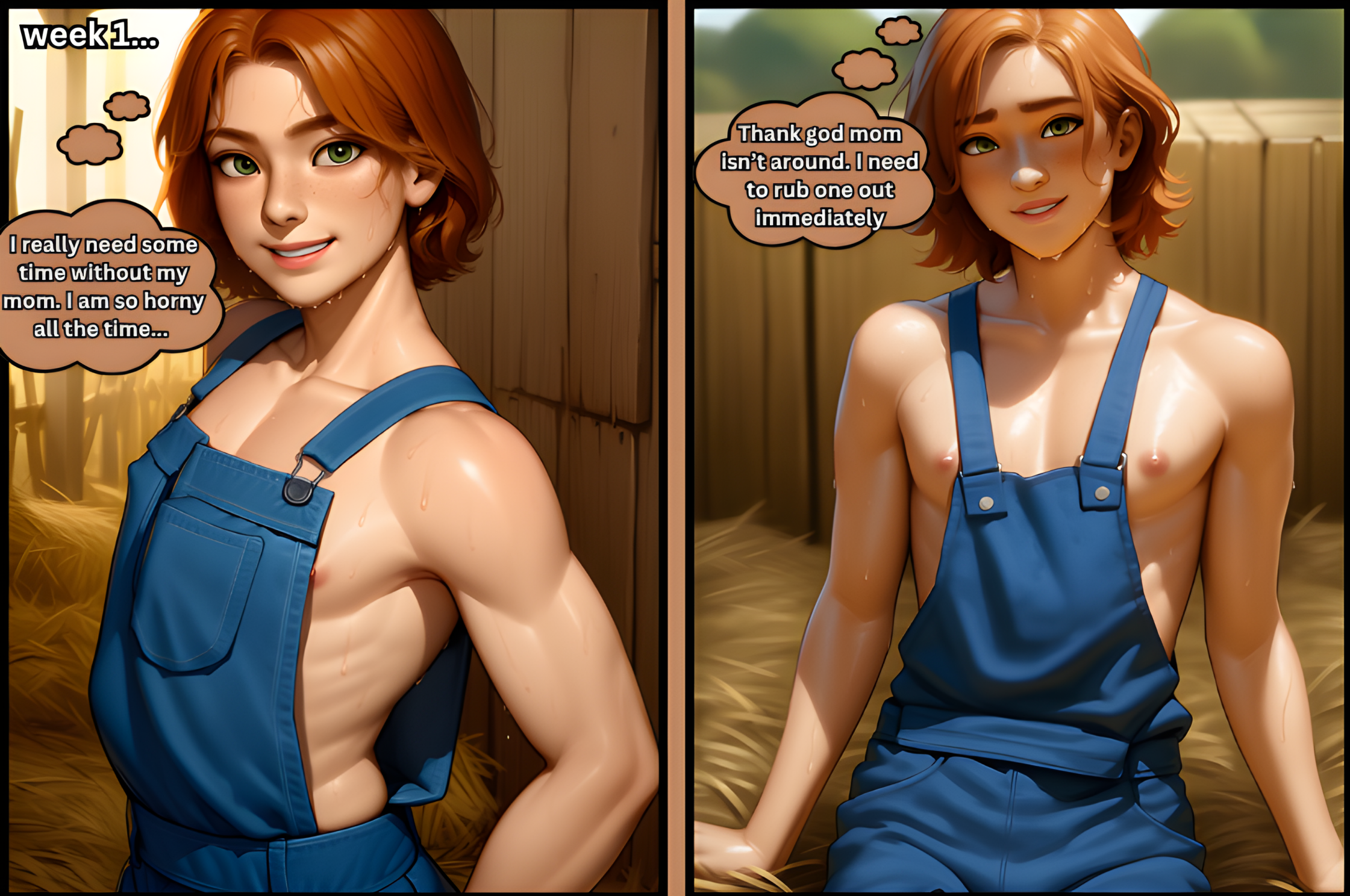

My mother and I entered a contest with a horse repopulation facility. We would live and work on a farm for one year. They told us, that If no filly was born on the farm within that year, we were allowed to keep it. We also had to cut all communication with the outside world over the course of the year


They also gave us some weird shots, that were part of the contest. They told us that it was some kind of hormone cocktail, but didn't tell us about the actual contents.


Only minutes after we were given the shots, my body already started feeling hot. I started sweating and got weirdly aroused. My entire body started tingling. At that time my mother probably felt the same, but we weren’ going to talk about it of course.




week 1...
I really need some time without my mom. I am so horny all the time...
Thank god mom isn't around. I need to rub one out immediately




week 1...
Oh fuck...
I've never been this horny in my life!
My body was already starting to change, but I was not noticing a single thing. The drug had already started to decrease my intelligence.


Thank god he left. My clitoris feels like it is going to explode. Why am I so aroused...? Even touching my breasts feels like I it will make me cum any minute now.


week 1...
What is happening to me? Why does my dress feel so tight. just rubbing my breast is going to make me cum any minute now.
My mother didn't even notice or question the growth of her clitoris. It was about to become an actual penis, while she was pleasuring herself.


Fck...
I came so hard. Everything in my lower body feels like its twitching ...
Her ovaries were on their way to grow outside of her body. In the second she came, her labia was already trying to become a scrotum.


week 2...
the air around here is phenomenal. Everything smells so great. Even the hay smells so tasty.


I need to rub one out again. I can't believe the amount of semen I am producing. It's the third time today
Whilst my body was growing slimmer and more feminine, the body of my mother was changing as well. At this point in thime, only the lower parts of her body were changing, but other changes were also on their way...






week 3...
Gerald is starting to smell so incredible...
I can not focus whenever he is around...
that butt though...


Oh my god, I can watch her from here. my butthole is twitching so hard. look at that crazy thing of hers...
In the 3rd week, we didn't really wear clothes around the farm anymore. Covering our bodies just felt unnatural to the both of us. Why did we ever wear those in the first place?








week 5...
whispered moaning
Look at the size of that thing...
My god...


OH FUUUCK...
Thats number 5 for today!
I still hid from my mother whilst masturbating, but at this point I wished that I didn't have to.
I started to stop seeing her as my mother and more as a good looking stallion. My new vagina was always wet, when I was around her...











At the beginning of our 8th week, an agent of the horse repopulation facility visited us at our farm.

He gave each of us a contract and asked us to read them carefully.

Both of us had forgotten how to read and just signed, so that we could continue with our days.

We didn’t know, that we had just signed away our human rights and were now owned by the company.

But at this point I doubt that we would have even cared.


week 10...
Whenever I wanted to go somewhere to graze or eat some haypallets, I moved around on all fours by this point.
My mother would still sometimes prefer to use two legs, most of the time she didn't.
Both of us had mostly forgotten about our family bond, but the rest that was still there, kept us from actually mating. At least for now...


week 11...
I ran around the fields the entire day to cool myself off.


he fell asleep...
this is my chance to touch it...
My stallion invited me to sleep in the hay next to him. we started cuddeling and he actually fell asleep.
I started to touch his massive horsecock and it immediately grew in my hands. The hard shaft was so arousing to me, that I couldn't help myself and started to jerk him.



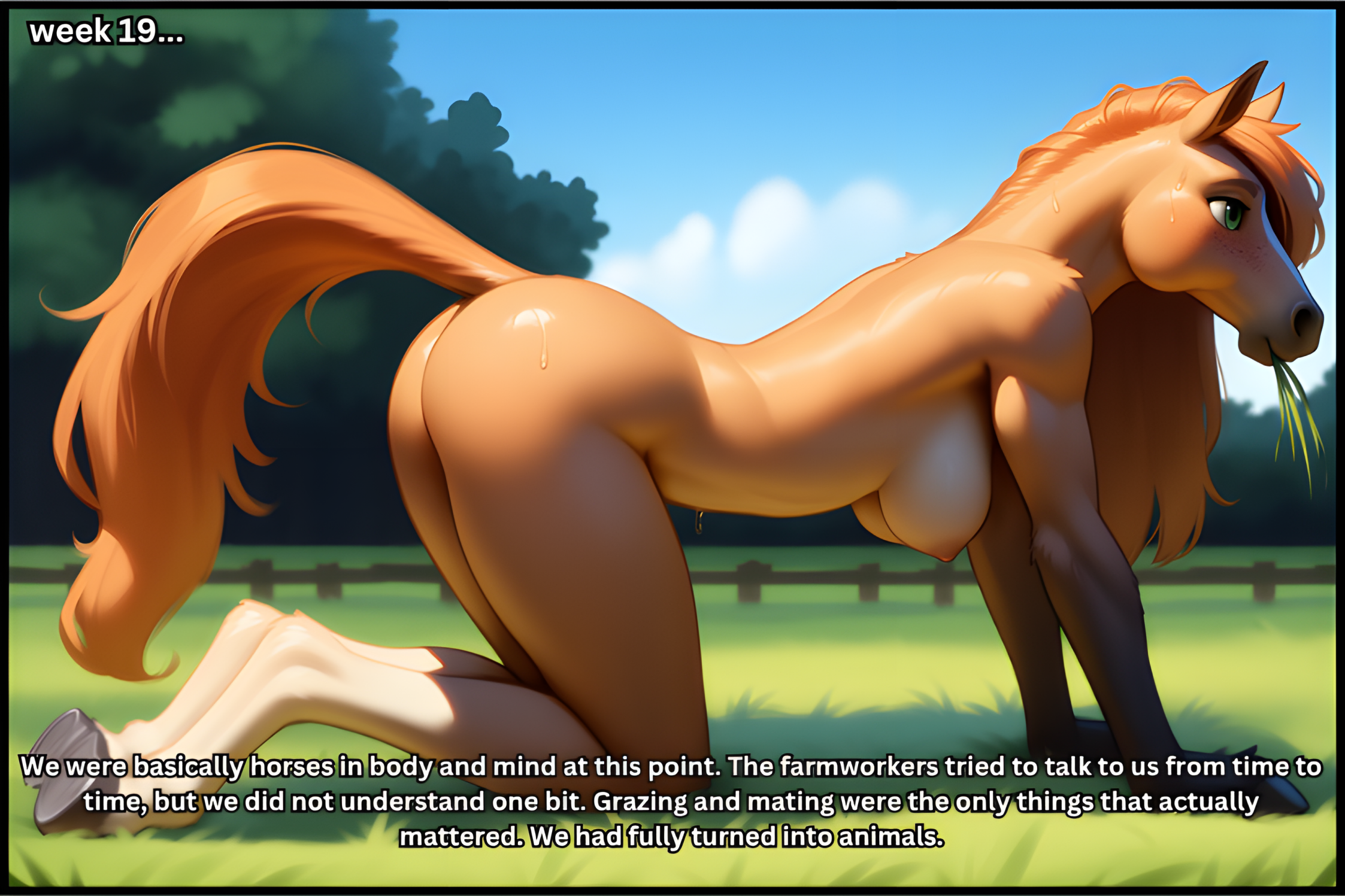

week 10...
He woke up and immediately lifted me up to press me against one of the boxes. He started to mount me mindlessly and we fucked the entire night. He creampied me at least five times that night...



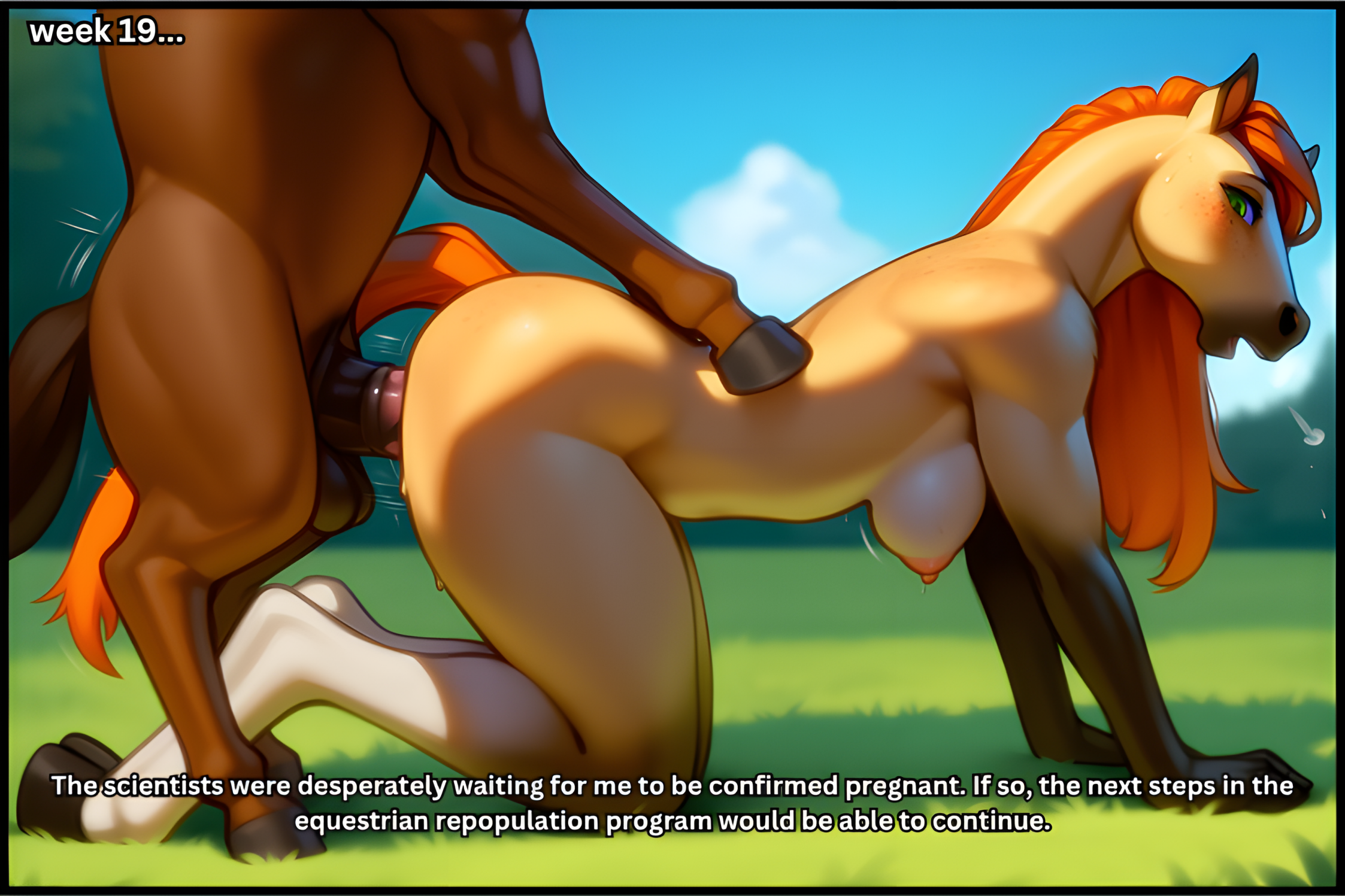

week 12...
The weeks continued and so did our changes. I lost my ability to speak before my stallion did. At this point other farmworkers came to the farm in order to take care of us.


week 12...
We were mostly out in the paddock and the farmworkers didn't stop us from copulating.
I am sure they had not been told who we originally were and they were paid good money in order to remain secretive.




week 19...
We were basically horses in body and mind at this point. The farmworkers tried to talk to us from time to time, but we did not understand one bit. Grazing and mating were the only things that actually mattered. We had fully turned into animals.


week 19...
The facility had scientists, that documented our progress. Since many horse species had gone extinct, they wanted to see what would happen to people who were given the hormone cocktails the scientists had created. They needed to find out if males could be turned into females successfully and if incestous relations would somehow influence the health of the offspring...


week 19...
The scientists were desperately waiting for me to be confirmed pregnant. If so, the next steps in the equestrian repopulation program would be able to continue.


week 42...
I was already pregnant for quite some time now. The filly growing inside of me was confirmed to be healthy. Other then the human breasts that I still had, I was completely indistinguishable from a regular horse. The scientists had confirmed that I wasn't going to change more then I already had and tried to fix their hormone cocktails flaw, of my breasts still being there, for the next participants of the experiment.


week 44...
They allowed us to mate whilst I was pregnant from time to time. They seperated us at the end of the week. My mother was brought to regular horses, to see if the offspring resulting of their mating would also be healthy. After I had given birth, they would do the same with me. We never saw each other again after that.
THE END