Stud, Chapter 2

By Somber

“I’m a werehorse,” Annie muttered in a daze as she laid on the club floor. “That or someone slipped me something seriously weird in my last drink.”

“That’s a horse leg,” Jen stated firmly.

My leg! It is mighty!

“And I’m hearing voices in my head,” she added.

The cougar woman was already getting on her feet. Someone made a half hearted attempt to try to command her to sit down, but she had fur covering her body, and she’d let out a snarl that had silenced people realizing they weren’t quite at the apex of the food chain. Then she’d dug out her phone and started talking to someone in rapid fire spanish while her date stood aside looking rather useless.

The first thing she’d done after the paramedics arrived was to decline the world’s most expensive taxi service. The paramedics had taken one look at the giant equine leg and bits and concluded that if she didn’t feel like she was going to change more, that there was no need for the very, very large tranquilizer syringe they carried. They’d almost seemed dejected as they packed up.

That left the cops, who stood back as if they weren’t sure if they wanted to try to arrest a seven foot tall predator in a bad fitting dress. The woman, however, immediately grabbed a rail and grimaced before reverting back to her latina form. She immediately presented two cards to the officers before looking at Annie. “Hey!” She waited till Annie looked at her. “Sorry. Didn’t notice you were thrope.”

“Didn’t really know,” Annie replied, still in a bit of a daze.

Then they’d arrested her, and from the look on her face, it wasn’t the first time. Annie didn’t even know her name till the officers came and got her information too. Lina Juarez-Como. That was when she suddenly became aware of how they were looking at her. Not with sympathy, but as if they expected her to kick them halfway across the club as well. Worse, there was a strange feeling coming off them, like standing under a heat lamp.

“Come on. Let’s get in my car,” Shelby said after Annie surrendered her information too. It’d be more trouble not to, right? The cops said they’d get in touch with her later.

Squeezing into the backseat of Shelby’s sedan alone, it was a quick ride to the urgent care clinic. She had to sit in the waiting room half naked while people kept staring. The voice in her head was quiet. Not asleep. Just... dumb. It reminded her of its presence every time anyone vaguely feminine walked by. *Mare. Mare! Mare... I like that mare. No, THAT mare. Mare... Old mare... eh, filly. Marrrre? Mare!*

Was was relieved when the doctor finally came in and was a guy in his late 30's. "Doctor Brian Locke." He also exuded the strange warmth that made her feel nervous. "So, Therianthropic phase lock, huh? First time?" Her clueless look registered as he smiled and translated, "Stuck shifting."

"Yeah. I changed for the first time a few hours ago and... um... yeah! I didn't even know it's a thing!"

"Kinda like an involuntary reflex," he said as he tapped on a computer set on a swivel arm next to the examination bed. "Usually happens when you're startled." He had her remove the jacket and balked a moment at the sight of the brown testes, each the size of her clenched fist, and thankfully almost fully withdrawn equine member. "Ah. Stallion." His easy smile became a tad forced.

"Is that... normal?" she asked nervously.

"Ten percent, or so I hear. About the same as being left handed," he coughed, and had her move and checked beneath it. She screwed up her face, trying to pretend this was an impromptu visit to the obgyn. "Still partially female. Would need to do some exams to confirm." Well thank goodness for that and not till she'd had at least a drink! He ploughed on, indifferent or oblivious to her discomfort. "Not seeing any obstructions. Have you tried going to the bathroom since you shifted?

"What? No! Does that matter?"

"It's a rare therianthropic complication that can occur with partial transformation like this. Basically human kidneys don't line up with equine ureter and bad stuff happens. Something to keep an eye on." Doctor Locke frowned and looked into her eyes. "Need to see if your eyes are emitting paraspectropesy for the EMR. Could run a test," but instead he typed on the computer. "But why pay for one?" He covered her crotch with Jen's jacket.

A moment later a woman poked her head in. She seemed like a photoshopped model brought to life. Her eyes glowed like pearls as she glanced at Annie. *Pegasus?* The woman smiled and nodded to the doctor. "Gold. Definitely therianthropy," the woman said with a voice like the lead of a church choir. Her pearlescent eyes dropped to Annie's leg. "Probably equine," she added with a smile that made Annie ponder things that she hadn't pondered since being on the girls' high school soccer team.

"Thanks, Meg," he said as the unnaturally beautiful woman left. "That's ten thousand dollars you don't have to pay. Honestly, some of the tests and procedures for paranaturals are really crazy," he said as he entered in something in the computer.

"Was that an angel?" Annie asked in a faint voice. "Her eyes..."

"Are you a horse?" Doctor Locke asked in turn with a small frown. *Yes*. "Megan's a paranatural, like you. Fragile soul. Angelic possession. Really bad karaoke singer." He said as he typed. "People with active fragile soul syndrome have a form of sythenstia. Things

occasionally look or feel different from others. Like to me, she's got blue eyes, but to a paranatural I'm told they look like pearls? Anyway, your eyes look brown to me, but they appear gold to other paranaturals."

So her parents wouldn't be able to see it. That was a relief. He finished typing and then clapped his hands together, rubbing them briskly. "Okay! Let's get you fixed up. We got two options. Option one is a hospital admission, a few hours in a sensory deprivation tank, massage, mental counseling, and some pretty funky drugs. Option two is I fix this and you walk out of here with a visitation copay and an icepack."

"Gosh. I've always wanted to spend time in a sensory deprivation tank," she deadpanned. "Option two."

Great. Roll on your human side and extend that horse leg out as far as you can, and close your eyes." he said, removing the jacket. "When you were diagnosed with FSS did you want to be a therianthrope or something else?" he asked as she felt that odd warmth start to move.

"Um. Actually, I wanted to learn magic," she admitted. "I wasn't diagnosed but with my size I thought I had to have FSS. I even experimented with some spells but nothing happened."

"Everyone wants to be a wizard. I was pretty bummed growing up because I didn't have it. Vampire flicks were big when I was in school," he rambled on as she extended her equine leg out as far as she could. "I was pretty–" Suddenly he slapped her firmly on the hip and it was as if he'd branded her! *BAD!* She let out a yelp, but with her leg extended, all she could do was yank it back.

And like that, she felt the immense limb seeming to push into her torso like so much clay. The remaining mass was molded like a thousand tiny potters were pulling that hoof apart and rolling them into toes and painters were replacing that brown coat with her fair skin. Best of all, with a pronounced sharp stab of pain, she felt those male bits pull right up into her stomach. There was a lump of flesh pressing uncomfortably against her insides, and then melted away like a fading cramp. Still, it was gone! Gone!

"Ow..." she gasped at the throbbing pain the simple slap had caused. "Oh, ow! Owwww..." She laughed and cried at once. "Oh that hurt! What did you do?"

He opened his hand and showed a silver medallion palmed in it. She felt that infra red like heat spilling off it. "Swimming medal from high school," he said as he put it back into his pocket. "Most FFS have metal allergies. Lead. Iron. Gold. Silver is super common for therianthropes." He said as he put it away. "Okay. That's that. I'll write it up as manual assistance and you can get out of here."

She definitely wanted that icepack. "But I'm not fixed. I mean... what I am supposed to do now?"

He pulled a card out of the folder. “Here. This is the hotline for Texas’s paranatural affairs division. You’re going to want to register, in case you get pulled over if anything else. They can help you with more paranatural stuff.” He passed it to her.

“But I’m not... I mean... there has to be some way to undo this,” she said with growing dread in her gut.

“Nope. Or no way known to science. And don’t trust anything you read online about cures. Google ‘therianthrope silver colloid ER room’ anytime you think you want to try to cure it. I know being a therianthrope isn’t easy, but it’s damned easier to live with it than ripping yourself in two trying to cure it.” He then rose to his feet. “If you don’t have anything else, we’ve got some sweat shorts you can wear home. I’ll send the nurse to check you out.”

Fifteen minutes later, she was checked out with an icepack pressed to the welt the silver had raised. It was night by now, and Jen and Shelby drove her back to Jennifer’s place. Shelby tired making some small talk, but Annie was trying to process it at all.

There were all sorts of different ways fragile soul syndrome could manifest. Be bitten by a vampire or therianthrope. Cast a magic spell. Make contact with something beyond. Die and don’t stay dead. She’d always imagined it’d be magic, though. Magic was useful. Like the vet had said, people paid a lot for breaking the laws of physics.

But a Horse? A werehorse? Who ever heard of such a thing?

Shelby dropped them off and soon Annie was alternating between funk and anxiety. What would her parents think? Southern Baptists generally weren’t very keen on people with fragile souls, as it was often seen as a sign of sin, and there were more than a few scandals of faith healers turning out to just be using magic. Her family attended regularly, while she didn’t think her parents would react poorly to it, she couldn’t be sure. As far as her siblings were concerned...

Mare.

Annie grit her teeth. *Shut up.*

But there’s a mare over there.

Annie glanced over where Jen was scrolling through therianthrope help sites. “This one’s got a list of ten things every Therianthrope should do before the next full moon.” Jen said, wearing some casual shorts that showed off her legs. She was enjoying a glass of wine.

“That’s for werewolves,” Annie replied absently, thinking furiously at the horse in her. *That’s not a mare. That’s Jennifer. Shut up and go away.*

But there’s a mare over there.

“Does that site say anything about the animal talking to them?” Annie said tiredly as she refused to look at Jennifer. It had to be her imagination that she could smell Jennifer all the way across the room. “More importantly, about shutting them up?”

“Ah. Yes. Here. While most therianthropes report feeling greater impulses and instincts after activation, only twenty percent reported verbal interaction with their spirit animal. Researchers speculate as to the nature and mechanism of the interaction, with some theorizing that it is a projection of the human host’s own desires, and others postulating a mass manifestation of human stereotypes regarding the animal. Others suggest it is a psychotic phenomenon, but the soul interaction makes usual drug treatment difficult to determine.” She read off her screen. “Is the horse talking to you?”

Yes, Mare.

“You could say that.” Annie groaned. Not just talking though. Now that the silver slap had worn off, she could felt her insides squirming ever so slightly.

Pretty mare.

“He’s being stupid. Really stupid,” Annie replied. It didn’t help she could feel her insides creeping. She’d read about therianthropy, and how she was ‘sharing space’ with Horse, but she couldn’t help the idea of a tiny horse squiding around inside her organs.

Jen smirked. “What’s he saying?”

Mare.

Annie rolled her eyes as she crossed and recrossed her legs. She felt... not ill... full? Overfull, but not as if she was going to be sick. Something else. “He’s saying ‘mare’. A lot.”

Mare? Where? Where the mare? Oh! There’s the mare!

“Oh? He likes the ladies huh?” her friend since Camp Wallawalla and the second grade said with a grin.

“Something like that,” she said, breathing deeply. It felt as if she was successfully keeping him down, but that ‘fullness’ wasn’t going away. “It’s like he can see and hear what I do.”

Jen giggled. “Oh, is that so?” she said and then adopted a smoldering voice, “Hey, Horse.” She gave a wink. Annie started to snap at her not to encourage him, but something lurched inside her torso. A very alien firmness was in her belly and she grabbed herself as she felt it solidify... and move...

Look at what I got, Mare.

Annie’s eyes bulged as for a moment she thought she was going to do something unthinkable as she felt that something shifting around inside her and her bones and skin of her pelvis suddenly felt more ‘rubbery’ than they should. She suddenly felt a lot less ‘she’ all at

once. Annie tried to tense her muscles and force that... thing... back. But it seemed like all her efforts only seemed to squeeze it out... she felt what could only be described as ‘laying an egg’... or rather, two. She felt the firm masses drop out of somewhere in her body behind her navel and out between her legs. Her crossed legs suddenly spread to accommodate the sudden appearance of added matter as the elastic shorts suddenly got dangerously tight. Annie panted, her temples throbbing.

“Oh...” Jennifer said ever so lightly as her eyes stared down at where Jen refused to look. “Is that...”

“A penis...” she finished, wanting to run for a knife but terrified to try to stand with the mass sitting on her lap. She had no idea how to get it away now either. It was like it wasn’t entirely in her control, though she felt it pressing against the elastic material.

MY penis, and it is MAGNIFICENT!

“Oh wow. He’s a big boy,” Jen muttered.

“Don’t encourage him, please!” Annie moaned, feeling it start to pulse. She tried to will it back inside, but that just made it twitch. “I need a knife. A silver knife. Do you have a silver knife?” Annie asked as her flush went from her cheeks to down her neck. She dared to glance down at her– Sweet Jesus in Heaven, it looked like she was trying to smuggle a full grown rattlesnake in her shorts! Worse, the more attention it got... the more it thickened and straightened out, sliding down her leg like it was coming out a burrow. A pink, ridged, blunted tip was poking out one leg. As she stared, the whole damned thing started to harden and stretch the fabric..

“Why is it... doing that?” Jen asked in mild alarm, sitting back as if it might spit. From the wet bubbles emerging from the end, it just might!

“Because Horse thinks you're a pretty mare I swear this is not me I’m not like that!” Annie replied in a rush. There had to be some silver somewhere to deal with this... then again she looked at the welt on her hip, now visible as the stretchy material of the shorts rolled completely out of the way...

But to her horror, Jennifer actually gave a little laugh. “Oh. Well. That’s flattering, I suppose.” Something in Annie’s mind went ‘ping’ and she wasn’t sure how important it was but it definitely was causing some concern. “Seriously, it’s not that different from guys hitting on us all night at the club. He’s only being more honest about it.”

Yes! And to her horror the entire thing slipped out and the shorts surrendered, stretching the elastic leg so far that the two fist sized nuts in their chestnut brown sac popped free.

“Oh come on!” she gasped as the blunt pink tip came to rest less than an inch under her navel. “I swear I will geld you!”

You’re bad. Mare likes what I got.

And suddenly Annie became aware that Jennifer was looking... odd. She'd effortlessly rebuffed guys at the club, with ample help from Shelby. Now Jen was blushing, something she almost never did. Worse, Annie could smell something in the air. She didn't know what it was, but it was definitely noticeable, and she hoped it wasn't what she feared it was. "I'm...ah... sorry? I'll go find a silver dollar or something to get rid of it." Somehow. She wasn't sure how to walk with this thing. Hell, she didn't really know how she was going to get it back in her shorts!

"No... I mean, you don't have to be hasty," Jennifer said. "Horse is just being Horse, after all." She seemed to not be blinking as much as she should. "What's it feel like?"

"What?" Annie panted as she looked at it then her. "Weird. It feels weird."

"So... rub it a little and find out," Jen said with a little grin.

"Jennifer!" she protested.

"What? It's like discovering your clit back at camp. Only big."

Very big!

Shut up, she thought furiously at him. Oddly, the penis was easier to deal with as a horse member. She'd at least handled those on the ranch. Her fingers rubbed along the ridge along the blunt tip, knowing that it would flare out before he came. Her fingers traced along the hide, feeling the few veins bulging under the sensitive skin. The touch was making more wetness bubble from the blunt tip. "That's the strangest feeling ever..." she said as she screwed up her face. "I can feel it!" Somehow, that fact was more disturbing. It undermined her insistence that Horse was something else.

"Lord, that's big," she commented, taking a hasty drink of her wine.

It can be bigger! And she suddenly felt as if she'd taken a great big breath and her body was now straining to hold it in. Her pink skin suddenly started to change into splotches of chestnut, her muscles becoming more outlined against her skin.

"No," she said and thought furiously, mentally pulling on some reins to try to get some control. She grit her teeth, trying to push Horse away... but it wasn't like he was an animal she could shove simply by wanting him away.

"Behave, horse," Jen said as well, and to Annie's surprise, relief, and brand new fear, the straining pressure reclined, the muscles softening. She knit her brows as she asked, "Are you okay?"

"I have an erect horse cock, Jennifer. Those two letters are not applicable in that order," Annie replied as levelly as she could. Jennifer actually wiggled in her seat as Jen stared at it. Then Annie dared to ask, "Are you... Are you... interested?"

Yes!

“No!” Jen blurted, then rose and sat next to Annie on the couch. “Kinda? A little.” She admitted, brushing her brunette hair out of her eyes. “I mean... it’s a... what it is. I never really expected to ever see one in my living room, you know? It’s a lot to... you know... take in.”

Try having it, she wanted to say but tried to take deep breaths. If Jen had this, would Annie be curious? A bit, she had to admit, but this wasn’t like when they were growing up and figuring out their bodies.

“Right. Well... okay. But I’m not gay. Like we worked this out back at summer camp,” Annie replied, trying to keep the apprehension out of her voice. Her being a werehorse was one thing but this was getting a little bit surreal.

“Right. Right. So not lesbian,” Jennifer said as she finally leaned back a moment and rubbed her nose. “Can I touch it?”

Yes!

“Jennifer Diana Mills!” Annie blurted.

“What! Not for gays! For science!” Jennifer gave the kind of grin she wore when she was ‘trying’ pot back when they were thirteen. “I’m curious. Aren’t you?”

Annie furrowed her brows at the strangely pertinent question. A no was perched on the tip of her tongue, but some how it didn’t leave. She’d worked out a lot of being a woman with Jen, so it wasn’t completely outrageous an idea. Her mom had generally assumed womanhood knowledge was something imparted on her by God when you swore ‘I do.’

“I really wish I was drunk right now,” she muttered, flushed. “Okay. You can touch it a little. Only a little.”

Or alot. Alot is good too...

Jennifer calmly reached out and started to handle it, and Annie focused on steadily breathing and looking at a spot on the wall till Jen finished. That lasted until the first touch, at which point she groaned, closed her eyes, and imagined her pulling hard on a pair of reins to keep horse in line. A sideways strong stroke along the ridge of that blunt head by a thumb. Fingers roaming over her length down to the base. Delicately rubbing those two large oranges between thumb and forefinger.

Then she lifted those balls and touched something she hadn’t planned on. “Aie, Jennifer!” she gasped as she felt her friend’s fingers on her folds. “Touch horse, not me!”

“Oh, come on. Not the first time,” she said, but withdrew her fingers and rubbed the blunt tip, where a steady clear trickle crept down the length. “Anyway, this part wasn’t the only one I saw was wet,” she teased.”

Annie huffed, “Well, unless you want me to cream the couch, we’re stopping.” She wasn’t sure how it felt to cum as a horse, but she felt the tremors inside of something happening.

“I don’t know. That might be kinda hot,” Jennifer teased, always pushing limits. But Annie had been pushed enough today.

“I’ve milked stallions before. There’s nothing hot about it!” Annie said adamantly, because any other answer would put her too close to her older sister and she’s rather burn in hell than be anything like Cheyanne! She took a deep breath. “What I need... from my friend... right now... is a way to make it go away.”

Jennifer finally got the message. “Right,” she said with a little pout that wasn’t making any of this any easier. “Okay. I got an idea.”

“Without doing anything that’d make you lose your scholarship!” Annie amended immediately. Horse felt close enough on edge an errant draft was going to make... something... erupt.

“I wasn’t talking about that!” Jennifer said with a roll of her eyes, twisting her lips. “Okay. I wasn’t only thinking that, and I’m not sure it’d jeopardize my scholarship anyway, but wait here.” And she rose and walked into the kitchen.

I swear, if she comes out naked I am driving home, I don’t care what’s poking where.

Oooh...

Jennifer returned with a bag of frozen peas, and all her clothes on.

Aww...

“Here. This should do it.” she said and tossed the bag to Annie. She caught it, feeling the cold prickle under her fingers.

No!

She pressed the icy bag to the member and the sac believe it, and yiped it shock. “AH! Oh... okay... not liking this feeling!” Annie said as she twisted her face. But it was having the desired effect, melting like a slug on a salt lick. It wasn’t going down, it was going in. She could feel it squidging up inside her torso like lumps of clay being stuffed inside her. She was pretty sure it had gone, but kept the frozen peas there, in case.

You’re horrible...

“And if you get thinking about mares again, I’ll do it again!” Annie swore furiously. Oh but there was a phantom ache for an organ she didn’t even have anymore. How did that even work!

“Feeling better?” Jennifer asked with a worried smile. “Sorry I got weird there. I was ...”

“Checking in early to hell?” Annie teased her friend with a smile.

“You called me Diane. Mom,” Jennifer shot back.

“Well someone should. You’re going to United Methodist. I would have thought you’d have more control than that,” Annie huffed a little and finally handed the slightly thawed bag back. “Thanks.”

“Yeah,” but Jennifer didn’t sound too thrilled with that. “You driving back home tomorrow?”

“Got to swing by Colbyshire but yeah,” Annie said. Horse was silent. She liked to imagine he was sulking somewhere with icicles on his balls.

Jennifer got out the futon and they gossiped a little more about Shelby’s upcoming wedding. Finally she got changed into a too large T shirt and tucked in for the night. Then she thought of checking her messages.

One pending, from her dad. “Cheyanne was evicted. Driving out to california to get her. Take care of the horses before I get back. Dad.”

Annie froze and clenched her eyes closed for a moment. Then she slowly typed. “Okay.” What the fuck did her sister do NOW?

Mare?

Annie buried her face into the futon and screamed.