

The Garden

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Chapter 1

Helen was taking a walk in the forest. She had heard from the old lady back in her village of a mystical garden deep in the forest. For all their talk of the dangers in the woods, the elders never mentioned a garden hidden deep inside of the forest. The old lady had warned about going there, but Helen's curiosity got the better of her as she ventured off the path and deeper into the woods.

Helen was your average girl, clad in basic leather armor over a simple tan undergarment. Before long, she realised there were a lot of horses just milling around her as she made her way into a small clearing. In it, she found the garden. Helen looked at the majestic gate before slowly touching it

"I wonder who maintains this," she said to herself as her hand ran slowly along the finely wrought iron gate, "there is no sign of age or wear on this gate."

She pushed open the heavy gate, which did not even squeak, and walked through into the garden. Taking a look around, she noticed the flowers were unlike anything she had seen before; they looked strange. As she stared at them, Helen realized what the flowers resembled and blushed slightly. Some of the flowers resemble vaginas on stalks and some others looked like penises, but at the same time they were definitely flowers.

Helen kept walking, her thoughts on the perverse foliage occupying her mind. She looked around but she could not find any sign of someone taking care of the place. Helen even looked in the little garden shack, but it was empty. The only remains of people she could find was a lot of torn clothing, discarded armor, and weapons lying around near the outer hedges. Some of the gear seemed to be very old.

Helen wandered through the garden for hours as she kept coming back to the flower patch with penis-like flowers, as if she was drawn to it. She shook her head as she looked around and started to gather the cloth scraps and littered gear that laid around the garden, and placed all the gear she could find into the shed. It had taken her several thankless hours, but the garden looked much better.

Wiping a stray droplet of sweat, she looked through the gate and noticed a couple horses had gathered. The horses stomped their feet and seemed agitated that she was disturbing the garden. Helen knew they wanted her to leave, but she found herself thinking back to the penile-looking flowers. The young adventurer dared a glance, watching them gently wave in the

wind. Warmth blossomed between her legs. She glanced around, other than the horses she was alone. Shrugging her shoulders, she removed the codpiece from her pants. The small amount of cool air that got in was a stark contrast to her growing heat.

Helen's eyes caught something in the patch as she admired the flowers. It was an old rusted knife she must have missed cleaning up. It was quite deep in the flower patch, so she carefully stepped into it to grab the knife. One of the flowers, however, brushed against the front of her pants as she moved, but Helen lacked her codpiece. Before she could even think twice, she let out a gasp as the flower pushed past her loincloth and penetrated her moist vagina.

A moan ran out as she reached down in panic, trying to pull the flower out from her slit. All that seemed to do was encourage the plant. It started to thrust into her in small pulses. She panted and tried to fight the flower with all her might. What it was doing felt good, but wrong at the same time. Helen did *not* want this thing inside of her, but the thrusting flower was relentless. It didn't take long before Helen cried out in ecstasy, climaxing around the flower. Despite the floating afterglow, she knew something solid was shot into her vagina.

Helen felt her gut wrench, making her double over in pain. She looked down at the flower stuck inside of her. At first she thought it was finally satisfied, but the flower was far from finished. Helen gasped as it slipped past her lips. It shot forward again, the hole at the tip latched onto her already sensitive clitoris. The pleasure shooting through her sex distracted her from the pain she felt alongside.

Helen went weak in the knees and sunk to the ground. She couldn't fully describe the sensation. It was like her clit was being sucked into the body of the flower. Helen moaned, yet she made no attempt to pull the flower off—it felt too good. Then a strange tingle crept its way through her body.

Helen felt her pants getting tighter by the second. She looked back over her shoulder and saw her hips increasing in size, growing wider and bigger. Helen winced as the seams started to pop and rip. The changes continued down to her legs. They stretched longer and something forced her to get up off her knees, letting her shredded leather pants fall to the ground.

"Wha-what's happening...?" she moaned as her body continued to change.

She looked down to the flower suckling her clit and her eyes went wide with shock. Helen's clit grew at least three inches longer, judging from the part that didn't fit into the flower. What was more disturbing was the width it had gained. Her once little nub was now at least half an inch thick. Helen tried to pull the flower off, but it was so damn tight! It was like trying to tear off a piece of her body.

The changes continued further up. Helen felt her leather breastplate growing tight. Her hands fumbled with the clasps, but it was too late. The straps snapped and the two halves of the

armor fell to the ground. Her tunic was also starting to tear. As she stood on her shaky legs, she felt her feet starting to change inside her boots. A moment later, her feet burst out of the soft leather boots. Her toes had fused together into a pair of black hooves.

Bay fur began to grow out from her thighs and spread down her legs. She tore at her tunic, ripping it down from the neck, hands feeling strangely numb. Her breasts were gone, her wide barrel chest was completely flat, not even her nipples remained. Her fingers grew stiff. She looked at them, her eyes still wide as she saw her fingers beginning to fuse as her feet had.

Another crack of her hips forced her to bend over. Helen's arms had stretched like her rear legs, and they continued to grow. Helen looked back under her body and fought the urge to go on all fours. The flower was still at the tip of what had once been her clit. There was no doubting what it had become: a cock. It was at least a foot long and was slowly shifting color to black. Helen could see that a medial ring had already formed around the thick shaft. She made a final desperate attempt to pull off the flower, but her hands were now useless. The fingers had finished fusing together and her nails were transforming into another pair of hooves. Long, white fur started to grow from what was once her lower arm. Unable to fight it anymore, she settled down onto her new front legs. All Helen could do at that point was enjoy the pleasure the flower was giving her.

Her body lengthened and her rear legs were forced to take steps back on to accommodate it. The bay-colored fur continued to cover her body, except for her wrists and ankles, which grew long, white fur down to her hooves in its place. Helen's hair managed to double in length while she was distracted by the other changes. Its color had also shifted from dark-blonde to an almost black-dark brown. Helen groaned as a tail, the same color as her hair, forced its way out the back of her spine.

Helen knew what was happening even as the pleasure continued to make her moan. She looked at all the horses that were gathered just outside the garden. They seemed to shake their heads as they looked on at Helen's rapidly changing body. Her neck grew thicker and longer. Helen closed her eyes, waiting for her last bit of humanity to disappear.

Then, something else started to happen. Helen's head did not begin to change shape, but her neck did. It grew wider and longer still. It shifted to stand nearly straight up, while keeping her head facing forward. The neck was almost like a putty being shaped by unseen hands. It slowly turned into a human-like torso. Helen looked down to see she once again had breasts. She watched her chest swell up to twice her previous size before stopping.

From the sides of her upper body, new limbs slowly formed, growing out into arms. At first they seemed to just flail around but Helen slowly gained control of them. The bay-colored fur on her new torso fell away to the ground, revealing skin a bit more tanned than it had been that morning. She couldn't see it, but her ears had elongated slightly and taken on tapered tips.

Helen's attention was pulled away from her human torso and back to her loins. Again, she couldn't see what was happening very well, but she could feel a massive change. She moaned loudly as she felt something big and sensitive force its way down her vagina. Not knowing what else to do, Helen reared up on her hind legs to look. She didn't know if the pop she felt was audible, but it was certainly big as her new testicles popped out, stretching the skin behind them. Shortly after her newly formed member came into the world, her body began to shudder with her cock's first climax.

She couldn't hold herself up as the pleasure of her first release shot through her body. Helen fell forward onto her front legs. She wrapped her arms tightly around her chest, needing to hold onto something as her balls dumped their load into the awaiting flower. Suckling at the end of Helen's now jet-black cock, the flower swelled slightly as it absorbed her cum. It traveled down its vine and back to the flower patch. The flowers seemed to grow stronger from the 'fertilization'. Even the few she had accidentally damaged seemed to perk back up good as new. Helen sighed as the flower finally released her.

A few dizzying moments later, confusion broke across Helen's face. She had heard the garden was mystical in a sense, not actually magical. Helen carefully walked although a bit awkward at first. It was going to take some time getting used to her new body. Helen moved to the harder surface of the garden path, trying to figure out how to stay upright. Helen's attention quickly shifted from the path to the gate as she heard it swing open. One of the horses had pushed the gate open and was walking towards her. Helen could see in the eyes of the horse that it was as confused as she was by her transformation.

"Aww, she is a lucky one," she heard a voice coming from the horse, "still has a human part left."

Helen's eyes widened. "Wait, you can talk?" she asked, confused.

The horse ears perked up. "You can hear me?"

"Um, yeah, I can hear you, but I don't see your mouth moving."

"Most of us here around this cursed garden can talk," the horse indicated the clearing behind him with a flick of his head, "but anything that's not like us can't hear us." He walked a few steps closer to her. "We were all humans once; an old woman told us about this place, and after the flowers were done with us, we became horses but our minds remained intact."

Helen thought back to all the horses she saw outside the garden. As she watched, the horse seemed stricken with curiosity. He looked between Helen's legs, her shaft had retracted into its sheath.

"So, do you have a name?" Helen asked as she pulled away from the horse.

The horse looked back up. "I'm Charles, and yours?"

Helen looked closely at Charles. He sort of looked like an arabian breed with a nice black coat of fur and similarly colored tail and mane.

"Helen," she said with a smile.

"It's interesting to look at you, Helen. A female human torso on a big Clydesdale stallion's body," Charles looked between Helen's legs again as he walked around, sniffing near her puckered anus. "It's interesting that you are half-stallion, yet half-woman."

As Charles snickered, Helen almost jumped feeling his hot breath on her rear. She had also noticed that Charles' shaft started to emerge from its sheath.

"Charles, what are you doing?" she said, turning her upper body towards the stallion.

"Nothing in particular—just welcoming the newest member to the string," Charles responded.

Helen, still unfamiliar with her lower body, did not realize what Charles was up to. Before she could offer a response, Charles mounted Helen and drove his shaft into her puckered anus. She gasped out of surprise more than the initial penetration. After all, Helen was into anal play, but this was on a different scale. It felt overwhelmingly good as her new prostate was stimulated by Charles' cock. She tried to stagger forward away from Charles, but he kept her firmly rooted in place. Helen took every inch as he started to bottom out against her large rear. In response to the rough treatment, Helen's own shaft started to slip out from its sheath and swell until it was fully erect and bouncing against her belly. It did not take Charles long to reach his climax and explode inside of Helen's depths.

Charles dismounted, and Helen felt his weight come off her hind legs. She watched as Charles simply walked away without another word, as if she was just there to sate his pleasure. Helen could still feel her own erection throbbing as she glared at Charles. Step by step her new legs became more stable as she followed him. Helen wasn't going to let Charles to get away with just randomly fucking her. She was going to get even. Helen was much larger and more powerful than Charles anyway, he just got lucky she was barely able to walk.

Helen started to gallop and yelled out the horse's name. He turned his head to look back at Helen. He snorted and tried to gallop away but it was too late. She reared up and mounted him, her front legs digging into his shoulders. Once mounted, Helen plowed her cock into Charles' tightly puckered ass. He let out a whinny and looked at her as best he could. Helen reached out with her arms and grabbed Charles by the head.

"If you thought I was just an easy fuck-toy, you were mistaken!" Helen's moans were mixed with clear anger.

It took Helen a bit to find the rhythm, but soon she was pounding his deflowered ass with her massive horse cock. Helen thrust in and out, doing her best to fuck with increasing vigor. She found Charles' tight, virgin hole to be a nice compliment to her girth. But dominating the stallion was just as exciting as the stimulation her cock was feeling. In turn, Helen did not take long to reach her climax, her virgin shaft spasmed wildly as she filled his ass to the brim with cum.

Helen sighed as she leaned forward to whisper into his ear.

"You remember who is in charge here..."

He managed a nervous nod. Back by the gate, another horse watched the interaction and giggled.

"Serves you right, you bastard," Helen heard a female voice coming from the horse as she slowly approached.

She looked to be a gypsy-vanner. Like Helen, her hooves were covered in white fethering. Her coat was white with black patches, and her mane was white with several dark-brown wefts, while her tail was a shade of dark-brown. Helen dismounted Charles and turned to face the new horse.

"He always has to mount the newly cursed to assert himself as the head stallion. I'm glad to see he finally bit off more than he could chew." she snorted again, "He'll be walking funny for a while after that, anyone's guess if it's from your cock or your build."

As the gypsy-vanner got closer, Helen noticed she wasn't completely female. Though her voice was feminine and her body had the shape of a mare, Helen could see her balls swaying as she walked.

Helen slapped Charles' rump. "Make yourself scarce." Charles took off without another word.

She kept an eye on the new horse. She wandered around Helen, inspecting her new form, but Helen kept her rear away from her. She was not about to be surprised again.

"So," Helen started, "you said that Charles pulled this stunt on everyone?" The horse nodded. "I'm Helen, by the way, what's your name?"

The gypsy turned around a bit. "I'm Laura." She could almost hear Laura smile.

"You seem rather happy that someone knocked him off his high h—er, throne."

Laura laughed. "Yes, I am happy to see him fall. He took me the first time right after I..." she trailed off a bit.

"Was forced into this form?" Helen finished her thought.

Laura turned around as if to show off her body, "Well, you're half right. You're lucky that you didn't completely change like the rest of us around here."

Helen had noticed that Laura sported both genders as she turned.

"But just like him, I'm curious—you lost your female genitalia but kept a female body up top. Heh, and with the biggest pair of breasts I've ever seen no less."

Helen instinctively covered her chest, but stopped when she heard Laura's giggle. She had realised something was a little off when Charles mounted her.

"You mean I just have this male...thing below me?"

Laura nodded "Yes, it's not that unusual in our string, nor is having both sets like myself."

Helen nodded. "Yeah, I kind of noticed you both male and female." *Wait, why am I looking so intently at horses' sex organs?*

Laura turned so her rear faced Helen, "To be frank it didn't seem to matter that my woman parts were still there—Charles forbid everyone from mounting up except him. I'd hope you would change that now that you've taken away his reign." Laura swished her tail over her rear, drawing Helen's attention to it.

"Charles only mounted the other horses anally, even if you have a pussy," Laura spat, watching Helen over her shoulder, practically winking at her with her vagina lips, "so after all this time, they've gone a bit unloved. Maybe you could help me scratch this itch..."

Helen realised exactly what Laura wanted. It was an interesting invitation as she felt her cock start to stir again inside of her sheath. With Charles it had been about payback, this was different. Helen's cock emerged as she walked closer to Laura and ran her hands across Laura's flanks. She was quite a pretty horse. Helen leaned down at her waist, and saw that Laura was quite excited to be mounted.

She straightened herself back up and moved into position. Helen could feel her own shaft throbbing and leaking pre as she pushed her front legs off the ground and onto Laura's back. The horse's sounds encouraged her as she fidgeted a bit to get into position. Helen prodded a bit before she slipped into the slick vagina. She moaned in unison with Laura's whinny as she slipped in further into the horse. Helen shifted her hind legs, as well as her front legs, as they

hugged the sides of Laura's chest. She felt the wonderful warmth grip her cock as she began to thrust into the eager mare-stallion.

Helen's movements made her large breasts bounce and jiggle. At first she held them to try and control their movements, but it soon shifted to playing with her own sensitive breasts. Helen enjoyed the sensation of playing with her sensitive nipples as she rode her new friend. Laura whinnied as Helen moaned out loud as they both came, Laura emptying her balls onto the ground.

Helen smiled softly as she dismounted. "That felt wonderful, Laura," she said, patting Laura on her back.

"It felt great to be taken by a big girl like yourself, Helen," Laura said, letting out a soft snicker.

Suddenly, out of the wild blue, the old lady was standing next to them. Laura and Helen jumped back slightly in surprise. Too spooked, Laura darted off through the gate, while Helen stayed cautious of the strange woman who just appeared out of thin air.

"I suppose you are not only good for my garden, but also for those around it," she smiled kindly.

"Laura, wait!" Helen yelled, wanting to run after her, but her legs refused to cooperate. "Wait, what's going on?" She looked down at the old woman. "What have you done?"

"What have I done?" The old woman asked, "Well, for starters, I made this garden decades ago when I was still alive."

Helen raised an eyebrow, "So what, you're a ghost then?"

The old lady smiled and shrugged. "You could say that, it's not really a wrong way to describe me. I'm also the reason you were transformed into a centaur instead of a horse."

Helen looked at her own body before looking back to the old woman, "I suppose I should be thankful then. But if you can control this, could you change one of the horses into a centaur like me?"

"I could do so, yes." She placed her hands behind her back. "I suppose all the horses here have served a bit of penance for their greed. Is there one in particular you would wish to be your companion?"

"Laura, the gypsy-vanner who was just here." Helen looked pleadfully at the lady.

The old lady nodded and made a gesture with her hands. Laura was suddenly next to Helen. Just like the centaur she was unable to move her legs.

"H-how did I get back here?" Laura said with a slight panic in her voice.

"Laura, relax," Helen placed her hand softly on the horse's neck to calm her, "I asked her to restore a part of your humanity, to be a centaur like me."

"Like you?" Laura said, calming slightly. "Why me?"

"I know we just met, but I like you," Helen said with a little blush on her cheeks.

The old lady looked at Laura. "Ah yes, I remember you now."

"What do you mean 'I remember you now'?" Laura asked the phantom. .

"You were that female knight in shiny armor that came into my garden a decade ago. You trampled alot of my nice flowers, at least until your lust took over." The spirit placed her hands on her hips. "It's no wonder you ended up like that, with both sets."

Laura nickerd a bit. "I suppose my brashness ten years ago got the better of me. Maybe I do deserve this..." Laura lowered her head to the ground.

Helen patted her on her side as she looked at the old lady. "You can undo, well, partially undo this. You can make Laura a centaur like me, can't you? "

The old lady's spirit looked over them both, "I could, but not for free. I must ask you for something in return for that boon."

Helen and Laura looked at each other and Helen responded, "What is it? Just name it. "

The old lady beckoned them to follow her. They walked through the garden and came upon an empty spot in the field.

"In return for Lauren becoming a centaur like yourself, I want you both to live here. To stay and take care of my garden." The old lady made a gesture, and a cottage appeared out of nowhere. It was clearly made for a centaur like Helen and, in a sense, Laura as well.

Helen looked at the house and then at Laura. She smiled softly and ran her hand down the soft fur of her new friend's neck.

"What do you say Laura? You want to live together in this garden with me?"

Lauren nicked. "If I get my arms back, I'll gladly be your mate here in this garden."

Helen's smile broadened. "You have a deal, miss. We will watch over your garden together. Now please, change Laura."

The old lady looked at Helen then at Laura. "I'm glad you two will tend to my garden. Very well..."

She raised her hands and made a series of complex gestures.

Laura shook her head and neck. The strange sensations running through her body made her mind race back ten years ago when she had found the flower patch. Her neck stretched up slightly, her head shifted on her spine, pointing it forward. She opened her mouth and let out a whinny as her face started to shrink back. Her teeth shrank and became human-like again. Laura's ears flicked wildly as they also started to change. Soon they ceased their wild movement and shrunk down into a pair of pointed ears like Helen had. Then the fur on her face fell off, leaving behind pale skin. Laura finally let out a cry that sounded far more human than animal.

"H-Helen!" she called out, hearing her own voice again for the first time in a decade.

Helen put her hands on her back. "I'm here Laura, just relax and let it happen."

She managed a nod. Laura blinked her large brown eyes as they shifting to smaller blues. Her mane remained the same, though what ran down the back of her thickening neck fell away. The powerful neck began to shift shape, filling out to become a torso. Helen gasped as her arms started to grow out from the sides. Much like Helen's arms they swung wildly at first before they grew to full size, but Laura soon gained control. She flexed her fingers for the first time, before running her hands down her well-toned arms. Laura then raised her hands to her face, crying with joy as she felt its human shape. She ran her hands over the rest of her torso. She wasn't sure, but cupping her breasts Laura thought they were bigger. The fur fell away leaving her pale skin behind. The old lady lowered her hands and the tingling sensation in her body vanished.

Laura breathed deep and looked down at her new body. Tears ran down her face as she embraced Helen tightly.

"Thank you!" she whispered into her ear.

Helen found tears coming to her eyes as well as she returned the embrace.

Laura pulled away and turned to the old lady. "Thank you as well," she bowed to the spirit and Helen did the same, "we will take care of your garden as agreed on, but what should we do if other humans find this place?"

The old lady looked at Laura and smiled. "If other people come, just give them a warning about the flowers. If they heed your warnings, let them leave. If not, well then you have a new horse to attend to, as well as a mess to clean up."

Laura giggled and then looked at Helen. "How about we go inside the cottage and..." her cheeks went a little red, "um, christen it."

Helen blushed as well once she realised what Laura had in mind to "christen" their new home.

"Don't let me stop you," the spirit of the old lady laughed before slowly fading away.

Holding hands, they walked up to the door of the cottage.

"After you," Helen giggled after opening the door.

Laura giggled as well, walking over the threshold. Helen followed after her. The ceilings were high and the doorways equally so. They had no problem walking down the short hallway into the main room of the cottage. A large fireplace dominated the room and full bookshelves lined the walls. Laura walked up to the shelf and pulled out a book.

"I never thought I would be able to read again," she said, opening the book.

"If you would rather just read by the fireplace..."

Laura smiled and returned the book. "Perhaps later."

They looked over at the kitchen, tables and counters set at a height convenient to them. They then found two more rooms in the house. Both were set up as bedrooms. The larger of the two had a massive bed set on the floor. There was more than enough room on the thick mattress for the both of them. Stacked on the bed were mounds of pillows. Laura walked onto the bed and slowly lowered herself onto the mattress.

"I hope I can remember how to sleep while not standing up," she sighed, leaning against a stack of pillows.

"I never even thought of that," Helen walked next to her and lowered herself down as well, "I'm sorry."

"Eh, you get used to it," she reached out and pulled Helen into a tight hug, "It feels so good to have hands again."

"Hmm," she smiled as Laura's hands started to wander over her torso, eventually starting to cup and play with her breasts.

"Where you this big before?" Laura asked as she played with them.

"No," Helen sighed, "I think they are damn near doubled."

"I don't remember mine well enough, but I think I'm bigger too, though I'm nothing compared to you."

"I'm not *that* much bigger." Her cheeks flushed slightly before she reached over to play with Laura's breasts.

Laura giggled but quickly trailed off into a sigh as her mate fondled her gently. The stimulation on her chest started to excite her a bit. Helen jumped a bit as she felt Laura's cock poke against stomach.

"Heh, sorry about that, I think my breasts are more sensitive than I remember."

"Hmm, mine too..." Helen sighed feeling her own shaft push out of her sheath.

Helen glanced down at her reclined lower body. She froze when she saw her monster of a cock clearly for the first time. She knew horses weren't small, but her clydesdale-sized member was something else. Just seeing it there, jutting from her body in all its glory, gave her alarm.

"Helen?" Laura touched her cheek, "what's wrong?"

"I'm-I'm huge!" she gasped, not looking away.

"Of course you are, your lower half is a draft horse."

"But, I didn't realize how large it really was."

Helen's mind wandered back to her transformation and the flower sucking on her newly formed cock. Remembering the situation made her cock twitch and grow to its full size that much quicker.

"And I used it on you, I'm sorry, I—"

She was cut off by Laura laughing. "Are you serious? I loved every second of it! I'm getting wet just thinking about it," she admitted, dragging Helen into a deep kiss.

Helen was surprised, but quickly returned the affection. Laura slowly broke the kiss and offered a saucy smile.

"Love, I have a horse pussy, it wants a horse cock," she leaned for a peck on the cheek, "and you have one hell of a horse cock."

Helen sighed, *she's right. I can't think of these things with a human mindset anymore.* She smiled back, "You don't exactly seem tiny yourself."

"Hmm, I suppose so; never got a chance to use it yet."

Helen got up and turned around. She sat back down facing Laura's molted pink and brown cock. Laying back down took some work with her massive black cock not wanting to cooperate, but she managed.

'Well, he is a little monster, isn't he?" Laura giggled as she reached out to run her hands down the velvety length, "you are definitely the biggest in the string."

"Hmmm," Helen sighed as she ran her hands across Laura's shaft, "sorry if I freaked out a bit,"

"It's alright," she moaned softly, "mmm, that feels nice. I've had ten years to get used to having a cock."

"But you didn't get to use it."

"Yeah, all because of that bastard Charles. I hope he's out in the fields begging for it now."

"Well, you had said we should christen the house, maybe you can break in this as well?" Helen gave the shaft a long slow stroke.

"You want me to mount you?"

Helen nodded. "Charles just took it from me, this is different. Besides I," she started to blush, "liked it in the ass when I was a human..."

Laura giggled, enjoying the naughty confession. "Forgive me love, you just look so cute when you blush."

"Right... So, do you want to do it?"

"Very much so," she gave Helen another stroke, "whenever you're ready."

Helen nodded and slowly got back on her feet. Her front right hoof pawed at the bed nervously as Lura got to her feet. The gypsy ran her hand slowly down Helen's side to her powerful flanks.

"Maybe it's because I spent ten years as a horse, but I find you irresistible."

"Are you trying to make me blush again?"

Laura shook her head. "No, it's the truth. I'm so happy you chose me to be your mate."

"I've only been a centaur for, heh, not even an hour yet, and I think you are pretty sexy too."

It was Laura's turn to blush. She walked behind Helen and brushed her tail softly with her fingers.

"You know I haven't done this before, so I can't guarantee an awesome experience."

"Don't worry dear," she flicked her tail to the side, "we got the time to practice."

Laura took a deep breath before rearing up to mount the clydesdale. It took some wiggling until she found Helen's puckered hole. Helen let out a long moan as Laura sunk into her. The Gypsy wrapped her arms around her mate's torso, admiring her form.

"Gods..." she sighed, her hands rubbing over Helen's chest and abs, "you feel wonderful."

"Mmm, so do you," she placed her tanned hands over her pale ones, "don't stop dear."

Helen felt Laura kiss the back of her neck before she began to thrust. She closed her eyes, imagining the sight of the brown and pink shaft sinking into her. It felt so good, so right, so much better than it ever had as a human. Laura squeezed her front legs around Helen's chest, holding tightly as she thrust against Helen's flanks.

The clydesdale's own hard cock slapped against her belly with each thrust. Helen threw back her head, moaning loudly. Laura's jaw was clenched tight as she groaned, pounding harder into her mate. She cried out, wrapping her arms tightly around Helen and dumping her load. Helen moans devolved into a series of harsh breaths, feeling her own shaft fire jets of cum onto the mattress below.

"Gods Helen," she kissed and nipped her mate's ears and neck, "thank you..."

"Dear, it's not like I didn't enjoy it too," Helen giggled, "this pleasurable for the both of us."

"Hey, am I too heavy? Can I rest here a bit?"

"I don't mind," she smiled leaning back into her embrace, "you're not too heavy for me."

"That's my stallion..."

“Stallion, hmmm, does that make you my mare?”

“I’m whatever you want me to be, love,” she said, nuzzling against Helen’s cheek.

After a few more moments, Laura dismounted. She quickly went to embrace Helen face to face.

“Careful, I made a mess,” Helen warned.

“You did?”

“I know I came, it should be...”

The pair searched the mattress. There were no signs of spilled seed.

“A self-cleaning bed?” Laura said, shrugging her shoulders.

“I guess,” she laughed, “looks like the old lady thought of everything.”

A few hours later...

Laura sat on a soft rug by the fireplace reading a book. Helen walked in from the kitchen with a tray.

“Want some tea, dear?” she asked, placing the tray on a small table.

“After years of just water from the brook, I would love a cup.” She marked her place in the book.

Helen poured out two cups of tea and handed one to Laura.

“Thanks, love,” she said before taking a small sip.

Helen sat down next to her. “I think everyone who wanted to entered the new stable for the night.

“There’s always a few stubborn horses,” she took a sip of tea, “come the first rainstorm, I bet they’ll change their minds.”

Helen took a sip of her own tea and watched the fire burn in its grate. “They all seemed to be okay with the end of Charles’ sexual restrictions.”

“Heh, I’ll say,” she leaned slightly against her mate, “I’m glad you changed that for them. It’s rough enough being a horse with the mind of a human.”

"I have the feeling not all of them are quite as aware."

Laura sighed and looked into her cup. "Some were so utterly broken by the experience they gave up on their humanity. In some ways, it's a mercy to just be a horse and not a cursed person."

Helen put her arm around Laura and pulled her tight. "I'm glad you didn't give up."

"I'm glad you came around and beat the curse. This form feels like a blessing."

"I know. I wouldn't want to be a human again if it was offered to me. The pleasure, the power in my legs as I run... I'm so much more."

"Good, because I need my stallion by my side," she said, kissing Helen on the lips.

"And I need my mare," she said softly before reciprocating with her own kiss.

As the two melted into each other, a commotion came from outside. Helen broke the kiss, turning her head to discern the noises.

"I think the lift of the sex ban is having an effect, going by the sounds coming from the barn," Helen giggled.

"I don't blame them," Laura said and sipped her tea. "Mind if we do our own thing in the bedroom?" She winked as she got up from the rug, swishing her tail back and forth.

Helen caught a whiff of Laura's scent. She felt the stirring in her sheath and quickly rose to her feet.

"Oh, I would love to," Helen smiled as she followed.

The next morning...

Laura walked to the barn. She looked back at Helen, who was unsteady and slow, and giggled.

"Good thing I'm used to the affections of large cocks, else I'd be walking funny too." Laura opened the latch on the barn doors.

"Hey! It was your idea to have fun like the horses we heard from the barn," Helen giggled back as she walked to the well to draw water.

Laura started to slide open the barn doors, and the smell of sex made her reel.

"Gods, you guys sure made the best of things, didn't you?"

A couple of horses gently walked outside without a word. They were the ones who gave up and became full horses. Soon, however, a couple voices were heard coming from the back.

"Hell yea girl! I didn't grow a cock for it to look pretty!"

Laura looked where the voice came from. "Oh hey, Eleanor," Laura said to an pintabian horse, her body mostly white with brown patches, "I know girl, having a cock is so much more fun if you're allowed to use it."

"Girl, you're lucky you get to be part human again."

"I know, right?" Laura smiled broadly, "I had the fortune to meet Helen here who broke the curse for me."

Eleanor nickerd, "Man, I'd love to have a pair of hands again."

Laura shrugged. "Who knows? If you behave, maybe the spirit will grant your wish. You will have to gain her attention though."

Eleanor nickerd, "Maybe I will." Eleanor started to walk off towards the woods, but stopped and turned her head. "So at sunset, I just head back to the stable, right? For a roof over my head?"

Helen dumped a large bucket into the trough. "Yes, just like yesterday. Come around sunset and you will have shelter from the elements."

The day went by at an uneventful pace for the couple. They spoke occasionally with members of the string, but mostly kept to themselves. After making another sweep through the garden and the surrounding fields for junk left behind by the cursed horses, they were left with some questions on how best to maintain the flowerbeds. Laura and Helen called upon the spirit of the old lady for some guidance. She apparently got a kick out of it by appearing behind or between Helen and Laura, giving them a scare.

The old lady laughed. "I can't get enough of that!"

"Could you please stop scaring the hell out of us every time!" Laura said, putting her hands on her waist.

"Maybe," the old lady giggled, "but to answer your question, the party in the barn last night is a good place to start when it comes to taking care of the flowers."

“What?” Helen asked, unsure what the spirit was getting at.

“Besides water and sun, the flowers feed on semen, whether you offer your semen to them directly or indirectly. Why do you think the flowers gave you girls cocks in the first place?”

“I never thought of that,” Laura scratched the back of her head, “I don’t think there are any in the string who are solely female.”

Helen pondered the spirit’s words. “By indirectly, you mean...”

“As you may have noticed, any semen spilled is absorbed into the ground, so no worries about staining your bed or having to clean *that* out of the stables.”

“Oh, I guess that’s good for both us and the flowers,” Laura smiled.

“Yes, it is,” the old lady grinned. “The flowers in turn provide the magic to power the garden, stable, and your cottage. They used to feed into my own magic. I suppose they still do, supporting my spirit here.”

“Are you going to continue tempting people to come here?” Laura asked, crossing her arms, “I think the flowers have an adequate supply.”

“I suppose I can rest a bit, manifesting outside the garden is quite taxing on me anyway,” she sighed, “however, the rumor of this garden isn’t going to vanish anytime soon.”

“So the string is destined to grow whether you stay here or not,” Helen sighed.

“Only if they ignore your warnings and give in to the flowers will the string grow.”

Laura and Helen looked at one another and nodded.

“Hey Laura, Helen,” Eleanor said, walking up to them.

“Hey Eleanor, it’s not even sundown yet.”

Eleanor nickerred “I know, but I heard you two talking to someone, so me and my friend Edmund came to see who you were talking to.”

An ardennes stallion with a bay coat turned his head to face Eleanor. “Friend? Last I checked we were still married.”

“You haven’t been fulfilling your husbandly duties for the past five years, it’s going to take more than one night of passion to make up for that.”

"That wasn't by choice and you know it!" Edmund snorted.

Helen and Laua laughed softly at the equine couple.

The old lady turned around, "Ah hello you two."

Eleanor and Edmund gasped before responding with almost perfect harmony. "You!"

The spirit laughed. "I've heard on the wind that the two of you would love to be like Helen and Laura here."

If it's possible, ma'am," Edmond bowed his head, "I know we haven't been here as long as Laura, but I want to hold my wife again."

"We are sorry we tore up your garden all those years ago," Eleanor said lowering her head, "If we can't be completely human and have to remain here, I can accept that."

"And what if I refuse you, what will you do?"

"If you won't do that, could you at least alter the curse a little so I can, um, go into season?" Eleanor said, almost embarrassed.

"We want a child of our own, even if we have to remain cursed," Edmond nuzzled his wife slightly.

The spirit raised an eyebrow. "It was meant as a mercy to prevent you from having a foal. They would just be horses, you know, no rational mind."

"I don't care," Eleanor pawed at the ground with her hoof, "we always planned on settling down and having kids. Even if it's just a horse, it would still be ours."

The old woman shook her head. "No, I can't allow that," Eleanor and Edmond lowered their heads, "So I suppose if I want to let you have a foal I will have to make you centaurs."

"Y-you will?" Elenore raised her head and brightened considerably.

The spirit nodded. "Honestly these two were going at it all night," she pointed to Helen and Laura. "They fed my garden more in a single night than the both of you could muster in years. Sure your little barn party last night was nice, I mean just look at the flowers, going to need to start new beds at this rate. I think you two can do more for my garden as centaurs than as horses. Besides, I'm sure you have learned your lesson, *haven't you?*"

“Yes!” they both shouted in unison.

“Well then, let’s begin,” the spirit raised up her arms.

Eleanor and Edmond pawed at the ground before they felt the magic take hold. Suddenly, both horses threw back their heads and whinnied. Eleanor’s head snapped forward and her muzzle began to shrink back into her face. At the same time, Edmond’s ears stopped twitching and settled onto the side of his head. He blinked his dark brown eyes and they reappeared hazel.

Eleanor looked down as her neck shifted into a torso. As she watched, a pair of breasts started to swell upon her chest. She looked over to her husband. Edmond’s chest was wide and broad, more heavily built than she remembered him being. New arms started to grow out of the sides of their torsos. Edmond reached out for Eleanor and took her hand tightly. She reached for her newly formed face with her other hand, eyes watering over the long lost curves of humanity.

The fur started to fall away from their upper bodies. Eleanore was left with a peach toned skin, while Edmond was left with a deep dark tan. As the magic faded away from them, the pair embraced tightly, tears running down both of their faces.

“Look at you,” Edmond pulled away slightly, “you’re more beautiful than I remembered.”

“No, I just have a bigger chest,” she laughed, “and what about you?” She ran her hand along his powerful chest expressing, “You weren’t this ripped when we ran away.”

“Wait,” Helen said, recognizing the new centaurs, “I remember you two, you were from my village!”

They turned to look at Helen.

“You were the daughter of the innkeeper, right?” She said, pointing to Eleanor.

She nodded. “Were you that girl who was always swinging sticks around like they were swords?”

“Ah, lots of kids did that,” Helen started to blush.

“Yeah, kids, but there was this older girl who would constantly get in trouble for play fighting.” Edmond turned his head slightly as he looked intently at Helen.

Helen’s face turned beet red and Laura chuckled. “Well if you really want to learn how to use a sword, I could teach you, but with our bodies, you are better off with a lance.”

“Relax Helen,” Eleanor walked up and put her hand on Clydesdale's shoulder, “We’re not about to make fun of the adventurer who helped free us from the curse.”

“As amusing as this all is,” the old lady said drawing the attention of the four centaurs, “the transformative magic does take its toll on me. If there is nothing else, I must go and rest.”

“Thank you for showing us mercy,” Edmond said, holding his wife by the hand.

“We will not waste this second chance,” Eleanor said with a slight bow.

The spirit nodded her head before slowly fading away.

“So what are you guys going to do now?” Helen said, her embarrassment having passed.

“Well first, I need to cut this hair,” Edmond said, lifting up the long dark hair left over from his mane.

“I don’t know babe, I rather like it,” Eleanor ran her fingers through the long locks, “besides, it gives me something to yank on when I mount you.” She smiled wickedly before kissing his cheek.

Helen and Eleanor giggled.

I guess I can keep it for a while and see if I like it,” Edmond said with a bit of a blush, “in the meantime, let’s go to the barn while we can have a little privacy.”

“You two have fun, maybe you can stop by for dinner later,” Helen said with a smile.

A year later.

A young centaur foal was wandering around in the grass by the cottages and the stable. She was minding her own business as a giggle and a yelp came from the other cottage and another foal came flying out of the door and tackling the other foal.

Laura and Eleanor yelled almost in unison, “Girls, not so rough with one another!”

The foal pile giggled at each other and smiled speaking at the same time. “Yes, Mommy!”

Edmond came outside walking over to the girls who sprawled out on the ground, playing with each other, still giggling. Helen, too, trotted over from the fence she had been mending. The foals’ lower halves were clearly a mixture of their parents’ breeds.

"I knew kids were a handful, but never thought about centaur foals," he sighed, but a smile was on his face, "they are so energetic and rambunctious."

So true," Helen giggled, "at least they can move around on their own, unlike human babies."

"Sometimes I wonder if that is a good thing or not," Edmond shook his head, "at least the next generation will know what they are getting into."

The young girls giggled as they got up to their hooves and darted off to the grassy fields behind the stable.

"Don't wander too far girls," Edmond called after the foals.

"Be careful!" Helen added.

"Yes, Daddy..." they giggled as they continued to run and play.

"I heard the old lady has turned a couple horses still out wandering the forest into centaurs," Helen said, turning to Edmond, "but I haven't met them yet. The old lady said she will send them to the garden, so we should see who they are soon enough."

"The old lady sure has been busy making centaurs," Edmond said, stretching his arms over his head, "going to need to pull a few more barrels of ale out of storage."

Helen giggled. "Maybe it's because we give her the strength to keep making more? Anyhow, other than hauling up more ale, what are you planning to do today?"

Before Edmond could respond they heard their girls yelp out.

"Daddy!" Jess and Morrin came running around the corner darting between the front legs of their parents.

"What's up with you two?" Helen said, reaching down to comfort Morrin.

"Ah s-sorry, I didn't mean to startle them. I never saw a centaur child before. " A Murgese centaur came across the stable followed by a Mustang.

Helen looked up at the new arrivals. "Ah, you must be the couple the old lady mentioned. Don't worry, Morrin and Jess are young foals, only three months old. You two are not familiar to them, so you're scary," she said with a chuckle as she patted Morrin on the head. Helen reached out to shake the hands of the couple. "I'm Helen, this here is Edmond, and you have already met our daughters, Jess and Morrin."

The Murgese took Helen's hand and shook it. "I'm Wanda."

The mustang took her hand next. "And I'm Sandra."

"Oh, that's right!" Edmund slapped his head, "I can't believe I didn't recognize you two."

"It's alright," Wanda shook her head, "we roamed on the edge of the string."

"That's why we were so surprised when the old lady came to us today." Sandra softly spoke, "I still don't know if it was right..."

Wanda placed her hand on Sandra's back. "We're not abandoning Allen, if anything we can take better care of him like this."

"I'm sorry," Helen said interrupting, "who is Allen?"

"Our friend. When we were changed by the flowers he gave in completely."

"I'm sorry," Helen said softly.

"I just wish he could come back. We're the ones who dragged him here," Sandra said looking down at the ground.

"He will be taken care of," Helen said, "all of the lost souls will be sheltered here in the barn and watched over by the string. They may be lost, but they are not forgotten or abandoned."

"Thank you," Sandra said with tears in her eyes.

Jess and Morrin slowly moved out from under their fathers' legs, picking up on Sandra's and Wanda's emotions they tentatively moved closer to the new centaur mares. The faces of the young foals made the pair smile softly.

"Are you their father?" Wanda said, looking between Morrin and Helen.

"Helen nodded. "You know how this string is—I may be a female up top, but down below I'm a stallion," she chuckled, "and my little girl takes after her *old man* in that respect."

"So far none of the foals have been born a pure female," Edmond said, ruffling the hair on Jess's head, "Jess here is just like her mother and you two."

"Are you worried about that?" Sandra said as she held her hand out to Jess.

“Not really,” Edmond shook his head, “if anything it just means the flowers will have more to feed on to protect this generation.”

“I didn’t think about it like that,” Sandra smiled as Jess took a hold of her hand and squeezed it gently, “Looks like you have expanded the flowers outside the gate.”

Outside every cottage there was a patch of yellow flowers planted. The oddly shaped flowers swayed gently in the breeze.

“We didn’t have much choice,” Helen said with a shrug, “we were doing such a good job feeding them they were overgrowing their beds in the garden.”

“I suppose they will protect the homes from any outsiders with ill intentions,” Wanda chuckled.

“Speaking of homes, let’s go find a spot to build your new cottage.” Helen untangled her legs from her daughter. “You’re planning on living together, right? I didn’t mean to assume.”

Wanda took Sandra by the hand. “We have already been together for seven years, no reason to stop now.”

“I think there is still a plot close by the barn that will work well for you two.”

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