

Small Print

Part 2: New experiences

A few weeks passed by and Jake had mastered the art of changing. At first he had completely suppressed the instincts of his different forms, but within two weeks he knew how to keep control of himself while still keeping enough touch with the animal instincts to be able to use his body the way he wanted to. The flight lesson on his first day had taught him that much, at least.

Occasionally he changed into birds or beetles, visiting different girls at night and watching them undress for shower or right before they went to sleep. He enjoyed the view and the experience, but he also longed to make some sort of move, finally 'have' the action instead of just seeing it. Finally get that feeling he had never had so far.

And there was one thing he really, really wanted to try, and now he had the means to finally fulfill his dreams.

It was late at night when he slipped out of his room with a backpack for his clothes. Jake pulled the car keys out of his pocket, slid onto the driver's seat and started the engine, rolling off in the dark of the night. It took him about an hour to get to the place he had had in mind, and when he had finally arrived and turned the lights off it was utterly dark around him. Moon and stars were hid behind thick clouds, hiding him from the world as well as the world from him. The blackness seemed almost massive.

He took one last, deep breath and got out of the car. Walking for another ten minutes he reached a little paddock. He knew that a stallion was living there, that wasn't 'used' a lot. It had taken him some time to find a horse like him, and even more time to make sure it was the perfect opportunity.

Most of the time the lonesome animal would just stand there and watch the time pass, his only buddies being some geldings on the other side of the electric fence that divided the rather small paddock in halves. Visits from their owner came only at dawn and dusk, so there was a whole night to be alone with the stallion and without risking any interference.

Well, Jake had planned to end the horse's days of boredom for at least one night. Quickly undressing he stuffed his clothes in the backpack and shivered in the cool breeze that touched his naked, slim body. The young man closed his eyes, picturing a beautiful mare and wished that he was one.

The change didn't take long as he grew and stretched into the desired shape, and he carefully waited as the feelings of the mare rushed towards him and tried to take over his conscience. But as he had learned which parts of the horse soul he could allow in his mind and which had to be kept out and suppressed it was no problem to get acquainted to the new body.

But something was different, he felt it. Something was not as it had been up until now, but he didn't really care. He couldn't focus on the awkward feeling in the back of his head, there were only two thoughts that he cared about now.

Firstly, he was very aware of her mare body. He felt like a horse more intense than she had in any other shape before, felt alive and true. She felt like she was somewhere and somebody she ought to be. It felt so unbelievably good to be watched by the stallion, to have his attention and literally see how much he seemed to be pleased with the shape that Jake had taken.

Secondly she felt a strange twitching under her tail and the overwhelming urge to race over to that handsome horse and let him have his way with her. In fact, there was nothing else that Jake would rather do now and she had to struggle hard not to be galloping right through the fence, regardless what the price was.

It dawned to him that the mare's body was in that special circumstance that was usually referred to as 'heat'. Surely, Jake knew how it felt when unused energy was pent up for too long and reached a point where you would either go insane or enjoy some lonely hours until your elbow hurt. But nothing had felt like that impression of emptiness that dominated the hinder half of her right now. An emptiness that screamed for satisfaction, and which demanded filling.

'So that is, how heat feels', Jake thought, grinning to herself as she made an elegant jump over the fence. Slowly she walked towards the animal. Her body knew exactly, what it wanted, and Jake didn't have to do anything but watch the instincts doing their job as she turned around and lifted her tail.

She felt the strange sensations of certain muscles twitching, showing the adorable stallion what she needed right now. Jake was a bit embarrassed as she felt certain fluids leaking out and running down

her hind legs, but most part of her didn't care, as long as it would convince the stallion that he should move his cute butt and mount her.
And he did.

The next morning dawned and Jake lazily opened her eyes. She had completely lost any sense of time while mating with the stallion, her whole body and mind one hundred percent occupied with the sensation of the events that had happened. She had even fallen asleep without changing back, something that had never happened before.

'Wow', she thought. 'That was totally worth anything that winged horse had said. I should have tried that wish some years earlier, I guess.'

She giggled to herself – as far as a horse could giggle, that is – and walked over to the stallion, nuzzling his mane. She remembered last night only vaguely, the only actual memory being the thankfulness of a burning desire having been fulfilled. Jake realized that she was happy. As happy as she had never been before, and she swore to herself that she would have more than one further night like this.

'Time to go back', Jake thought as she watched the sun rise slowly. Her parents would worry if they got up and found their son gone missing in the night.

She pictured her former self and wished to change back.

Jake opened her eyes and walked forward, stopping after the very first step. Puzzled she looked down and saw that she still wore the golden fur and sturdy hooves of the mare she had changed into the last night.

'What the...?', she thought angrily and tried changing back again.

Again, it didn't work. Jake stayed the way she was, scrabbling the earth impatiently with one of her hooves. Another two tries finally convinced her that it wasn't possible to change back right now. Although she couldn't imagine what the actual reason was.

Jake panicked and cantered uneasily around the paddock. She didn't have a lot of options, as she soon realized.

'I could stay here, being found by the owner of the stallion and perhaps sold or brought somewhere else until I'm finally be able to change back again. Or I could just jump over the fence and try to hide for a while. Though I guess I'll be found sooner or later, and lord knows what's going to happen to me then. Either way, my family will miss me and start looking for me. Darn it!'

She swore a little. Though her mare body was still in heat she didn't even think about that. The stallion approached her, nibbling on her withers and snorting gently. Jake's head shot around and she snapped angrily at the stallion, chasing him away. She just wasn't in the mood anymore, her current problems easily silencing the thoughts of sex and breeding that floated through her mind.

She wanted to swear, but there was only snorting and grumbling and neighing instead of all the harsh words she had planned to spit out.

It took her at least half an hour to calm down and accept her current state, impatiently waiting for the owner of the stallion to come and find her. It seemed the safest option, and if it wasn't... well, she would think of something else then.

At noon she heard a car approaching and halting in front of the paddock. A rather puzzled man got out of the pickup and stared at Jake.

»What on earth are you doing here?«, he asked, as if expecting an answer. He entered the paddock and approached Jake carefully, touching the fur at her shoulders and letting his hands run down under her belly.

»Great«, he sighed when touching her udders. Jake loathed that feeling, but didn't move. She didn't want the man to think that she was dangerous and needed to be brought away as soon as possible. Stay calm and cooperate, that was always best if you were at someone else's mercy.

»A mare! And let me guess...«

Before Jake could even react the hand of the man slid under her tail, feeling over the still slightly sticky skin there. He sniffed at his fingertips and swore.

»Yeahp, in heat and obviously already covered. Just my lucky day, I guess«, he sighed. The man stomped back towards his car, followed by the disgusted gaze of Jake who wouldn't forgive that freak for fingering her privates without even asking.

»Covered«, she snorted. »Try that again and I'll cover your face with one of my hooves, sicko!«

She trotted in a corner of the paddock, watching him suspiciously as he returned with a big bale of hay which he tossed in a tire that lay on the other side of the paddock. The stallion already waited there and sank his nostrils into the dried grass, munching happily through his food.

»Not hungry, milady?« the man asked. »I thought you would be after this night.«

‘You bet I am’, Jake thought. She walked slowly and proud towards the hay, regarding her new ‘owner’ with a haughty stare.

The man sighed and inspected the bathtubs that held the water for his horses, refilling them with water from the big barrel on his pickup. Jake sighed as well, satisfying her hunger and waiting for the things to come.