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Given the pattern, and the fact there were only three of them left in the jeep, Peter couldn't help but think about his own fate. He wanted to talk to his friend, to comfort each other, but both remained silent. It was possible that anything they said might lead them to a particular fate, and there was no way he intended to give their sadistic captor any ideas. And yet...

Given their shared interest in transformation, and Peter's frequent images of being a particular animal, it was hard to stem his anticipation at the prospect it was likely to happen to him now. He couldn't help but think about the myriad of animals on the savannah, literally in a jeep that could take them to any part of Africa. And as much as he shouldn't want that to be his fate, against his better inclinations, he couldn't get the fixation out of his mind. All that mattered was what form he might take on, likely for the rest of his life. And as his mind flashed through the possibilities...

The sensation of his penis pressing against his jeans was impossible to deny, though he did not look down, and resisted the urge to touch himself. It took all his efforts to attempt to will his penis down, but the visceral sights of physical transformation had burned into his brain and made such impossible. It terrified him deeply that he would so eagerly welcome the death of his humanity, something that should have only been a kink and could never exist in the real world. Of the three left, Jeremy surely understood his reaction, though he could never imagine voicing such aloud. He didn't want to shame himself in front of the woman with them, already shaking from the loss of her partner.

Lost in self-reflection, Peter was jarred aware as the jeep started moving again, the two cheetahs long gone. It was only some feet before the familiar shimmer of energy flowed over him, and even his efforts to keep his eyes closed could not deny they had moved. At first, the surrounding area was familiar, a similar grassland habitat to that where the cheetahs now lived. Yet, this place carried with it some recognition, as though he had been here before, and recently. Trying to recall which of the habitats they had returned to, it slowly began to dawn on Peter that he'd seen this field on the drive into town. The herd of zebras in the distance, whom his gaze immediately settled, confirmed his suspicions. And with that, came a surge to his loins he could not deny...

Even the shame of doing such could not dissuade his erection, now pounding to the point of leaking. Jeremy couldn't help but notice, his concern for his friend drawing his eyes down to Peter's lust. As much as Jeremy tried to look away, he was afraid his gaze might settle on the zebras, and that, he, too, would succumb to the guide's magic. But somehow, he was certain this

zebra herd might not be for him. The intended target might not even try to resist his inclinations, already struggling not to embrace them.

“Now, herds of zebras persist all over Africa, varying in numbers though usually with only a few dominant males, while the rest are pushed out to prevent inbreeding. Mares come into heat at various parts of the year, one of the males always ready to do the deed. And it seems one of you might be curious to see that close up?” The guide taunted, Peter, blushing furiously at the implication but unable to deny the truth in that.

“Now, now, it's nothing to be ashamed about. Everyone has a connection with an animal, and it's obvious zebras have been on your mind. So, why deny your true nature? Go on out and say hello!”

Deep down, Peter knew that getting up with damn him, that he needed to resist and make an escape and return to his life and all that was important to him. And yet all it took was for him to be given permission to do what his mind so desperately craved. Looking at his friend, a brief expression of regret crossed his face before he got out of the jeep, no longer impeded by the barrier. And, moving toward the zebra herd, he was almost excited to accept his fate, unable to believe the pleasure and fulfillment to come.

Part of him wanted to resist while he was being watched, at least to struggle and avoid his last moments as a human being in shame. But he was so horny, cock straining at the bit to be tended to. There was a sensation of itching against his clothes, as though his skin was already starting to sprout fur. The change began as soon as one stepped out of the jeep, after all, and it excited him beyond belief to know that it was happening. There was no going back and he would experience an actual transformation into an animal. Thoughts of all he would lose, all he was willingly sacrificing were for naught as he moved toward the herd with purpose, wanting more than anything to be part of them.

Seeing no reason to hold back, Peter unzipped his pants and pulled out his modest cock, feeling warm fluid leaking onto his fingers. It was still a human cock, of course, but he couldn't help but imagine the heft it would gain as it began its transition into an equine cock. It turned him on like nothing ever had before, and Peter started to stroke, hoping even if he came now he would still have the stamina to go again. Mating one of the mares, joining the herd as other humans had before him, Peter couldn't help but be excited and was beyond the point he could hold back what would be his last human orgasm.

Yet, even with his focus so intent on his pleasure, Peter was not ignorant of the itching getting worse over his body. It seemed to settle into his short-cut hair, and Peter could perceive it was standing on end as though exposed to static. Several of the strands in the center were forced

upward, stiffening in their pores and becoming bristly to the touch as Peter reached up with his other hand. There was an obvious pattern running from the center of his skull, all the hairs an inch on either side rising and converting into what had to be a zebra's mane. As the skin of his neck started to bristle with further growth, Peter felt his lust growing, wishing he had a mirror to see it but thankful for his hands to perceive it while they still could.

Soon, Peter could feel the itchy hairs bristling under the skin beneath his shirt, and part of him wanted to take it off to alleviate the irritation. Yet, it was more appealing for his transformation fantasies to grow out of his clothes, the stature of a zebra easily able to do so. So he suffered through the itching, his mane hair bristling enough to raise the back of his shirt just slightly as it continued to lengthen. The rest of the hair around his scalp was itching as well, the skin bursting out with new follicles that would likely make up the striped patterned skin of his soon-to-be zebra pelt. The same insistent itching spread over the sides of his neck and shoulders, making Peter eager for the coat he was to grow and wishing to rub his skin in an effort to spread it over him.

His other hand was frantically stroking his cock, though he was somehow denied his orgasm for now, be it his embarrassment of being watched in the open or a facet of the change itself. Yet, it was almost impossible for him to pull his hand away, wanting to detect the exact moment when his cock began to swell into a blackened equine beast the likes of which he'd so often fantasized about growing. Only a pressure above his ass, right above his tailbone, drew his hand, the other preoccupied with rubbing zebra fur over his shoulders and the upper part of his chest. As his coccyx parted and created a noticeable bump against the back of his underwear, Peter moaned, the implication obvious. The realization he might soon have a real tail was more arousing than almost any facet of the change. It cemented the reality he was changing, becoming an animal, and even the repercussions of such for his future meant little in the face of such present pleasures.

Reaching back to tend to his cock, all it took was for the electric jolt of his new tail twitching to send him over the edge. Peter was unable to stifle his cry of elation as his testicles tensed and he prepared to experience his final human male orgasm. Even the embarrassment of being seen doing so could not detract from the elation of what it meant for his future. With a force he seldom experienced from his masturbation, Peter felt his cock jerk and release a stream of sticky cum over his hand and the grass beneath his feet. It didn't matter if he was making a mess over his hand, knowing it would be a hoof soon enough. The slick layer of sweat over his form, while pungent, was soon to grow worse as well as his hide converted to match his new herd mates. All that was a drop in the bucket to having his body tremble and his orgasm wash over him, a prelude to the pleasure he would experience using his new zebra cock for the first time.

Jeremy and Stephanie were watching all the while, Stephanie disgusted but unable to look away, fearing for her own fate. Jeremy, as much as it shamed him, was almost envious of the sight. He, like Peter, was powerfully turned on by the chance to become an animal, and being a zebra was certainly high on his list of African animals to experience. He would not tend to his own erection, wanting to at least keep it from the woman in the jeep with him. But he was sure his captor knew, and the sound of him saying “Enjoy the show. You'll get your turn soon,” leaving Jeremy to blush his embarrassment. Yet, there was no point in denying the truth, and he was left watching his friend undergoing the most sexually charged experience in his life, repercussions be damned.

Peter, too, could hardly focus on anything but his orgasm, ending up lasting far longer than he could have expected. It seemed as though his testicles had little left to give, though what they could produce was enough to keep a steady trickle leaking from his cock. Peter found himself no longer feeling pleasure, but rather some strain as his testicles were drained of their burden. Peter was, naturally, concerned about what that meant, though soon concluded his testicles needed to be voided of their human sperm before swelling into their equine equivalents.

Peter had little time to focus on such and the pressure in his ass started to grow irritating. More than just the nub of his tail, his entire backside was ballooning outward, mostly muscle rather than fat as it took on more equine properties. As much as it turned him on to burst from his pants, the discomfort of which was growing more troublesome, and Peter was far too tempted to try to get them off. Yet, a quick tug was all he needed to know that even with his zipper down, his ass had already grown past the breaking point. And for better or for worse, he would be stuck until his equine body outgrew them.

It soon seemed his changes were not confined to a single body part as Peter felt his ears twitch reflexively, new muscles underneath allowing them an unknown flexibility. Reaching up to touch them, Peter was met with the same sensation of velvety fur that was now more familiar as more hair and hide encroached over his chest and back. But it was the warmth of their growth that drew his attention, and Peter eagerly reached their expansion, their tips growing pointed and their position on his skull elevated. It took some moments for their tingling to stop, likely reaching their final contours, though, without his skull in a zebra's configuration, they did not sit atop his head. It was still pleasant to feel them twitching, rotating around, and taking in the sounds of the savannah with far more ease. The itching of fur growth within them was even more welcome, extending the range of his senses and giving him the first taste of an animal's abilities, something he could only have imagined before now.

The now-familiar tingling of change soon settled into his teeth, and Peter felt the discomfort of his gums swelling as the roots of his incisors expanded beyond their human contours. He was sure he looked goofy and despite that embarrassment, he would have eagerly

watched the change in the mirror, that coveted halfway point of a change that really did it for him. His lips, too, seemed numb, and reaching to rub them reported a fine coat of velvety fur just above them. His lips themselves were more rubbery and pliable than he was used to, and all it took a glance at the grazing beasts to know what his face would eventually look like.

Breathing slowly felt as though it was coming in easier, and Peter's seeking fingers were drawn up to his nose now, more of that velvety texture meeting him as his nostrils flared larger than humanly possible. The space between his nose and lips was rapidly diminished, and though his skull had not yet altered, it seemed the soft tissue was determined to swell as much as possible. And with the size of his nose, Peter was drawn to the powerful scents of his own body, the stink of sweat and cum more acrid than he was used to. As his olfactory senses grew, the scents wafting off his new herd made themselves known, and Peter felt his arousal growing once more, despite having emptied his burden. He truly was going to be recharged enough for his first time in a bestial rut, and he found himself wanting it at the moment more than anything!

With the ache in his penis and the pressure in his swelling ass, Peter was desperate to get them off again, though found a stiffness in his fingers gave him pause. The reality of having hooves for hands was lost on him with his excitement to change, and now that it was time, Peter was almost scared to allow it to happen. Not that he had any control over such things, but as his fingers twitched and continued to compress, while the middle ones started to thicken and stretch, Peter felt a flush of fear running through him. He was unable to pull his pants off like this, but more to the point, he wanted to get off as his human self one last time, if such was possible. He couldn't be sure he had enough time, but with the ache in his sex, there was an increasingly likely chance he could manage one last release.

Rubbing his cock, Peter was immediately shocked to feel an erection that was much smaller than he would have expected. His arousal was still there, and he was certainly firm. But the more he rubbed at his dick, the less firmness he felt. His skin was overly sensitive, bringing him pleasure enough that he couldn't draw his altering hand away, as much as he felt his groin flesh altering. There was no fresh fluid leaking from the tip, though his groin was still stained with his now-drying semen. The last his body would produce, something Peter was soon to discover.

Pushing his middle finger desperately into his sex, Peter let out a shocked cry to feel it being drawn within him, as though his piss head was inverting. Rubbing the skin with more urgency, Peter was able to perceive his piss head stretching, the sensitive skin of his groin inverting around the new slit like a collapsing cavern. He could hardly understand what was happening, though was still desperate for more of that sensation, akin to a build-up of orgasm that he could hardly hold back against. And as the tactile ability of his singular finger started to

wane, Peter could only hope to rub with desperation, a race against the clock for his final human release.

Some part of Peter's mind was aware he had to be growing a cunt, that he was not becoming a stallion as he'd figured, but rather a zebra mare. He couldn't have wanted this not even entertaining the idea that such was an option. But between the pleasure it was giving him and his eagerness to change, Peter's hesitation was only surface level. There was no point showing any disgust over his fate, rather welcoming it if it was meant to be.

“Oohheeeeeeeee!” Peter bleated, hardly an equine whicker though likely akin to the zebra he was becoming. No sooner had his cunt opened up than an orgasm shivered through him, new juices leaking from his sex as he felt his cunt quiver. The heady stench wafting from his snatch made him wish to retch, though he was ashamed to admit the smell was turning him on, exasperating his release and making his entire body tense. A new wave of zebra stink washed over him, and no matter how much Peter tried to lament his fate, there was no denying his present pleasure and the desire for more as his body continued to change.

Another equine whicker escaped his lips as his deflated testicles withdrew within him, their former orbs surely being readjusted for what he assumed was to be a pair of ovaries. His groin was hairy from the prickling of fur growth, and the skin no longer felt smooth and feminine, but rather leathery and deep. Looking down, he was able to perceive his cunt lips appeared thick, taking on a more teardrop shape even as his hips started to shift and he lost the ability to view it. As much as he wished to keep rubbing at it, the ability was soon taken from him as he snorted his frustrations. He desperately wanted to ride the waves of release and forget his fate was to be fucked by any number of stallions as their newest broodmare.

Had his cunt lips remained in their current position, the ability to rub them further was still to be denied of him. His former fingers no longer possessed the ability to move, sticking out around the middle like a child's facsimile of a handprint. His ears twitched to the soft cracks and pops of his joints dislocating before they were repurposed within him, Peter knowing they would soon be eliminated down to the bone with no trace remaining. Even the immobile nubs that remained were soon subsumed, leaving his palms functionally barely and awkward as Peter's remaining fingers swelled to replace them.

Trying to twitch them exposed little mobility in their own right, though the individual joints of his fingers were left to swell, bloated in some places to make up a zebra's lower front legs. The swelling was most intense at the tips of his middle fingers, of course, as a heaviness encroached over them, followed by an expansion of his nails. The thick keratin moved to rapidly encompass the tips, surrounding them and leaving their ability to feel all but moot. He could only watch in a mixture of fear and reverence as they continued to swell beyond even what he figured

his arms could wield. Their edges rounded and thickened toward a curved half-moon as Peter turned them around, witnessing the various depressions under their surface, clearly the inner designs of equine hooves. His view of them was left largely limited, a tightness in his shoulders preventing his arms from rotating around that way any longer. His awareness of his former fingertips was limited, though he knew they persisted somewhere within their keratin casing, the rest of his fingers swelling into their shapes as his zebra front legs.

Peter was drawn from his nervous observations as the tension in his ass and hips grew beyond what his pants were able to imagine. A tear started in the back of them, allowing the bulge of his tail to push through. For a moment, Peter was able to delight in its movement and the tingling of further growth as it worked its way from his spine. It was shorter than what he expected, though he marveled at the itching of fur across it. Much fur had already spread down over his ass at this point, moving down toward the edges of his larger hips. It was powerfully itchy, and Peter was almost glad to be rid of his pants, though such was yet a sign he would be used only as a broodmare for the rest of his life, something he was struggling to come to terms with. At least he could enjoy the changes for now, for as long as he was able.

The tearing in his pants continued down to below his underwear, which itself was precariously tight from the force of his equine ass. A sudden snap in the elastic band caused them to fall off, and Peter was hit with a wave of rank equine musk, his leaking cunt being drawn closer toward his anus, and making it easier for him to be mounted, as much as that disgusted him. As his hips continued to recede, their weight more forward-focused, Peter was met with the rather embarrassing realization that the now-leathery skin of his equine pucker was being teased by the warm breeze, and he felt it shiver, wanting to cover it with his new tail. The tingling of skin made him whicker in a sort of equine lust, having not expected his anus changing to be so sensual. His hole was evidently larger, the skin more puckered and leathery as the same bare black skin spread from the base of his tail toward his taint, encroaching over his pussy as well. The internal plumbing allowed its continued rotation, which in turn made its ache known to him, Peter finding it hard to focus on the need to be bred. And the zebra stallions so close by with the members to do so...

Thoughts fixated on his sex, Peter was largely ignorant of the changes in his intestines necessary for his zebra pussy to take its proper shade. His anus, too, was required to sit under his tail, and with it, reorientated, his bowels, stomach, and the organs around them. His belly was already bulbous, chest aching as it prepared to expand for such internal organs to shift. And with it came a rather uncomfortable gurgling in his guts, their contents pushed through rapidly to make room for his changes. Without any ability to control himself, Peter felt his tail rise, and bowels open up as the realization of what he was to do left him powerfully ashamed. Yet, there was nothing he could do as his body let loose its load of manure, the relief it provided was only a brief distraction as the stench hit his nose and made him disgusted. If this was what it meant to

be an animal, to deal with the stink of his waste and his heat for the rest of his days...why had Peter *wanted* this?!

Yet, there was no denying a certain satisfaction with the act, moving away on unsteady legs and looking back over the mess he'd made. It was akin to despoiling his humanity, shitting on pants he could never wear again. There truly was no going back now, and he was to become an animal, to change to experience his one true wish firsthand. And the life that came with it, while intimidating, had an embarrassing sense of appeal. He would have preferred to be male, to have a zebra cock, but...when he'd seen the two zebras mating earlier that day, which one had he truly envied? Peter could deny it all he wanted, but the truth of the matter was, that the guide knew his inner thoughts, and had given him the form, and gender, that truly appealed to his sensibilities.

Peter did his best to move forward, not just to escape the smell but in an attempt to stay upright. His body was becoming top-heavy, and he was sure he would have to fall over, thankful for his hooves but sure he wasn't yet ready. He was able to maintain his stance, but only just, his body still adjusting to its new weight and likely to have him fall over at any moment. And as the ache of change started to work its way into his hips, Peter called out, forced to stumble and unable to stand erect any longer. At least his fully formed hooves were able to catch him, though his stance was awkward, given the disparity in his anatomy.

It was not to remain that way for long as a few cracks echoed from his lower legs, lengthening and leaving him finding it easier to stand. The swelling of his hips and thighs was almost too quick, able to support the size of the ass he knew possessed and allowing his belly to distend slightly further as well. It was a little alarming to feel his knees brushing against his belly, so bulbous now that they matched the length of his thighs. It was bizarre to feel even a swelling of the skin around his knees that seemed to merge with the flesh of his belly. With how flat and forward-focused his hips were, Peter was sure he wouldn't be able to move them far regardless. A heavy slouching followed by a few sharp cracks was sign he could never rise on two legs again. And there was a part of him that reflected on how easy that would make for any zebra stallions to mount him...

The tension in his feet was enough of a distraction from the heat burning through his new loins. He could perceive his middle toe was thickening rapidly, pushing the rest of his toes to the side and signaling they would be retracted into his heel in a similar fashion to his former fingers. He couldn't see them, finding it difficult to look down with his neck mostly human. And they were confined within his shoes, though by the size of his front hooves that would likely not be the case for long. The pressure was barely felt as his middle toe became enveloped with a keratin casing, firm enough to resist the pain of pushing through the stitching. Peter's equine ears could



hear the individual stitches parting, and feel the same dull sensation of the ground underneath him was a sign it was changed.

He could still tell his toes were present, though not for long, and Peter had no way to move them any longer. There was a sadness there, their loss another sign there was no going back as the slight irritation against his skin abated. Still, the changes were persistent, and he could feel the heel extended rapidly, pushing at the back of his boots enough to break them. With the bones of his feet elongating rapidly, Peter had no choice but to kick them away, rather shocked at the force he was able to employ. One and then the other was discarded forever, torn and left to sit in his pile of manure and soon his shirt as his body continued to grow in that of an animal.

The force of his belly bloating was soon to do away with the back of his shirt, tearing it enough that he could no longer rotate his shoulders to allow it to stay on. A series of heavy cracks forced his rib cage to bulge his belly even further, giving protection for his organs during their shift. Belly massive and fat now, Peter felt some shame as his guts gurgled once more, though he was at least aware there was some muscle there and he was being given an average form for his new species. He had to shift his stance several times, his spine lengthening as well as extra ribs descended around them. Peter was soon thankful for the added fat, not wanting to see the outlines of his hips or ribs, disturbing as it was. A powerful discomfort shuddered through his body, stomach gurgling and heart beating faster as his organs continued to swell to equine proportions. A brief lament was given toward all the foods he would no longer eat, condemned to graze for the rest of his life on a limited diet. But there was nothing to do about it, one drop in a sea of loss that he had always fantasized about but never wanted. No matter how sexually arousing it was to change, he couldn't want this! Right...?

His shoulders, too, were quickly separated and rotated forward before they took their new shape once more. Part of him was concerned at the loss of his range of motion, though from a logistical standpoint, he needed their change to support his stance, something that already seemed more natural as his legs lengthened to equate to his arms. Wet pops from his shoulders pushed against his neck as well, thickening it and allowing him to turn around and actually take in his body from a zebra perspective. Part of him wished he hadn't, hit with a wave of rank zebra musk from his sweaty body and black equine hide. If this was what he would smell like for the rest of his life, never to have a shower again... Yet, much to his embarrassment, Peter had to admit the repugnant odor did not take him long to accustom to, and was soon, in fact almost pleasant. As the remaining bare skin pickled with fur growth, Peter found himself wanting to be covered in it, the anticipation of completing the change and what it would mean almost overpowering.

A tickling around his barreling chest made Peter wish to look down, though he could not see as something on the sides started to burn. It was a pleasant sensation of migration, the fur

parting in the wake of something working its way down his chest and over his belly. While it took him some moments to come to understand what he was feeling, Peter soon clued in that it might have been his nipples that were altering. The implication hit him all at once especially as his human nipples began to bloat as well, getting larger and almost weighing down the skin as they crossed over onto his groin, just toward his cunt as they continued to expand. They were powerfully sensitive, almost slapping against his inner legs and touching each other. His new mare udder swelled underneath, and even through the heat in his cunt, Peter couldn't remove the mental image of a colt sucking at his teats, preparing to take zebra cock once more. The thought of such was pure ecstasy!

Lost in the feelings of change, Peter was almost shocked when the hot breath started playing over his nethers, sending a sensual twitch over his entire body. He hadn't even heard the male moving forward, though now that he was there, Peter found his body stiffening, flicking his tail faster as though wafting his scent. He could smell himself, his zebra cunt, and the pungent odor only seemed to turn him on as much as it seemed to be doing for the male as well. Peter had to look, and the male's hanging black cock was well out of his sheath now, drooling and bobbing against his belly. It was obvious that Peter's offering was attracting the male, as much as he didn't think he should want it. Yet, the idea the male so eagerly wanted to mount him was a powerful turn-on. Peter simply stood there, giving over to his instincts and allowing things to happen as they would.

Relaxed as he was, Peter felt a surge run through his bladder, before pissing in the stallion's face. It wasn't much, a squirt by the time he stopped, but looking back, the zebra stallion lifted his head and whinnied, pulled back his lips as though drawing in the scent. At one time, Peter might have been ashamed of such an action, even as much as it was part of being an animal. Yet, in the moment, it was natural and welcome, and even Peter could detect the nuance of hormones his piss was laced with. He was fertile, horny, and in need of a thick black equine cock in his cunt. It was almost enough that he was apt to stamp his hooves against the ground, raising his own lips to whicker his desire to be fucked.

Without wasting a moment, the stallion reached up and mounted him, taking Peter in a fluid motion as he forced his body forward. Peter felt the slimy tip of his black cock rubbing against his backside, Peter's cunt leaking fiercely. Part of him wondered if he should try leaning back into it, to aid the stallion on his quest. But the zebra was skilled, and his fat cock tip pushed his way, opening Peter up in a way that defied his understanding. Electric shock waves pounded his pussy, a wet squelching echoing in his ears as the zebra found his place and started thrusting. It was almost too much, feeling his insides being opened and pushed forward, all Peter had to take. But he was determined, feeling the fulfillment of a deep-seated desire in tandem with the primal desires of his altering body.

Jeremy and Stephaine, while watching all the while, couldn't imagine what was happening, or how easily he had given in. Perhaps more easily than the previous three, and even after a change of sex, no less. "Zebras in heat are generally willing to take several males of the herd at once. The mating act is rather quick, given the chance of predation, though several mating sessions will occur over the next few hours" the guide started, though neither of them was listening, shocked at the implication of what Peter had gone through. Given he had become female, what did that mean if the change gave him such a form? Did it matter? He was certainly seeming to enjoy things now, there was no denying that!

Now getting into the rhythm of being fucked, Peter was only vaguely aware of the final changes that started encroaching over his head. He wanted it, however, to lose his human face and to take on the visage of a zebra for the rest of his life. He found that look more handsome, more fetching than anything he had looked at in the mirror, and only regretted that he lacked a mirror to see it go. Still, the sight of the male's face was sign of what his was to be, and that was enough for Peter to welcome them, face getting to heat up and ache with the growth of muscle and bone. Soon, the ache stretched over his entire head, though with the intense pounding against his pussy, any irritation was canceled out, even if Peter barely had the mental ability to feel the final changes taking his human form.

While his teeth and nose had somewhat altered, the force of bone and muscle growth in his jaws started to push it out rapidly. Soon, Peter could see it in front of him, blinking a few times to get used to the size of it. His lips, while already rubbery, were forced out around splotchy gums, thickening rapidly as their skin turned as black as the cock in his bowels. With an amazing level of flexibility, Peter allowed himself to play with them a little, flaring them back as the male had before mounting him. The size of them was a little alarming, though, with the speed of his muzzle's growth, Peter was able to feel the widening space allowing them comfort. His buck teeth, already sizable for his body, were allowed to sit comfortably as the rest of his teeth started to swell and alter to keep up. The size of his muzzle was almost too wide, creating an intercostal space that separated his front teeth from his back molars. A fattening tongue played over the new ridges his equine teeth possessed, thinking what his new diet would allow and almost eager to graze when his breeding was done.

While his muzzle was not at its full size, the force of its growth seemed to separate his eyes somewhat, and Peter felt almost dizzy from the change in view. With his skull altering all the while, his eye sockets required to be much larger, and his eyes with them. Peter could not see it, of course, though knew from his fantasies that his irises were becoming rectangular, more of the pupal taking space from the sclera and giving him widening brown eyes, thick lashes over them. Peter was a little surprised to see colors in the world fading, and the greens of grass looked faded and washed out. Given the shift in the color spectrum, Peter was slow to understand why zebras were colored the way they were, stripes making blending into the tall grass somewhat

feasible. And his view of the world, widening as it was with his new muzzle grow, started to become fuzzy all the way around him, only clear like he was used to right in front of him.

Such should have concerned him, though it was hard to focus on the fucking he was receiving, to the point that Peter's world wrapped around his rod like his cunt. Having the zebra stallion take his pleasure from Peter's prone form was a little uncomfortable at first. The weight of him was a little too much even for Peter's equine body, and his zebra cock opened him up almost too wide. Yet, Peter was wet and ready, the rapid thrusting and thick squelching of their fluids were arousing on their own as Peter allowed the waves of pleasure to grow. It was an all-encompassing pleasure rather than centered in his sex as his former maleness, and Peter was there for it, wanting to ride it to its conclusion. And with the finishes to his zebra body, there was nothing left to do but allow it to happen and cement his fate.

Even as his skull finished changing, and surely, his brain within, there remained enough left of Peter to enjoy it. Equine instincts had already invaded his thoughts, leaving Peter to submit to his new self and the male over him. It went beyond anything he had ever imagined, especially as his cunt quivered intently and sent a powerful surge of pleasure through his being. The zebra's long rod, thick head, and veny texture fulfilled Peter's frequent fantasies of being taken by a black cock as a female, and as his sex went into orgasm, he was no longer able to think of himself as male, an embodiment of the stallion's pleasure as she called out with her proper cry.

The effect was to have the male's cock spasm wildly, gripping her even more tightly as his penis unloaded its life-giving semen inside of her. Peter could feel it, warm and thick and rank as the zebra's balls slapped against her udder, actuating her own pleasure. It seemed to last an eternity, the zebra male having enough to give to make sure her changes were cemented, though Peter hardly understood what that meant. It spoke to both her instincts and her personal pleasure to receive such a gift, and hopefully many more times that day as part of her baptism into her new life.

Without regard for her comfort, the stallion dismounted, his cock sliding out of Peter's cunt and leaving her reeling. It was almost too much, and a part of her wished to have him back if only to prolong her pleasure. She could feel the warmth of semen leaking from her cunt, and her tail flicked a few times in contentment, powerfully satisfied from the mating act. All previous fears about her new life or sex were quick to fade away as her body delighted in the afterglow of pleasure. Even as her mind settled into her new instincts and being, the truth of her thoughts could not be denied. It was the female she wanted to be, filled with a thick black cock and bred until she was leaking cum. It would have shamed her, once, to admit that her inclinations for transformation were ever so slightly shifted in favor of being the female. Once on the African

savannah, her curiosity was just enough to tip the scales in favor of this fate, and there was no denying this was the perfect for her new life.

Moving a little unsteadily on her four hooves, Peter found herself trotting toward the herd, wanting to meet the rest of her new extended family up close. Their scents had been wafting toward her on the breeze, and each carried with it a new marker of who they were, something she would ingrain into memory. And if she was being honest with herself, she was eager to see how many of their numbers were virile males, wanting to experience each of their cocks individually, allowing each a turn with her before taking them again as much as her body would allow. And perhaps, even beyond that, wanted nothing more than to be fucked into oblivion, until she saw herself as nothing more than a zebra broodmare, the fulfillment of a deep-seated desire.

“It seems she will be a welcome member of the herd,” The guide said, pleased with his work rather than displaying any shame over removing a human from the world to be replaced with a horny animal. “Zebras are a rather popular choice within the recesses of the minds of many of my tour groups, and those three males once sat where you did. That stallion was once an old employee of mine, bored with his humanity and always finding the idea of change was appealing. He has welcomed many new females with his maleness!”

Jeremy felt himself shudder at that, the truth of the man's words sinking in. That had to be the reason he'd been so eager to talk about the sight of zebras mating when they'd first met up. Jeremy wasn't sure why Peter had desired to become the mare, though could only hope he gets as happy even past his initial change and sexual release. He would surely be bred over and over if the sight of several more stallions and their waving erections were any indication. And that, to Peter's mind, was surely how he wished such a change to conclude.

Jeremy couldn't help but feel his own shame coursing through his mind. As much as he hadn't wanted his thoughts to focus on a particular animal future, there was no denying where his fantasies had landed before coming to learn such transformations were not only possible but inevitable. And the scariest part of the whole ordeal was not that he might be changed into that particular fantasy. But it was that he might *not* be granted his deepest wish, and would be forced to become something else with his real dreams coming so close...

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