

Year of the Horse: Unicorn Tat

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Story Won by FoM

“HIYAH!” The long sword swung, slicing the training dummy in two. Sand and stuffing poured out the top half and the bottom collapsed into a big heap. Two seconds after, the pole the dummy was hanging from cracked and collapsed into the sand.

“Mmhm!” Aria MacGown half-smiled. She shifted the sword into her other hand, rotating the first arm and making soft pops. She had done some good damage. Her strength was still top notch, but her control could use a little more work. She only meant to slice the dummy, not the thing holding it up as well.

She looked at the arm she swung with. She rotated her wrist, making it pop as well. “Been neglecting ya too much. Gotta get you back into proper shape.”

The tall, Scottish woman took a few steps back, shifting her sword back into its proper hand. She surveyed the remaining dummies she had set up. She looked at the distance she was between them; how they hung on the poles they were attached to; and thought it and her situation over carefully.

She was sure after that swing, she had been away for too long. Much time had passed since her last job with her group, the Stitches. They hadn't been on a mission of any kind in what felt like ages. No grand adventure, nothing that needed busting up, nor was there any sort of business, no matter how minor, that needed taking care of.

Money-wise, she was perfectly fine. However, it was really the thrill of the game that she missed, the joy that kept her skills from rusting as they had now. Perhaps they were only a smidgen faded all things considered, but it was more than enough for her.

Gotta get back into shape. She huffed, holding her sword aloft before bringing it down to chest level and clutching its handle with both hands. *I mustn't grow dull or weak.*

Aria took a deep breath and slowly released it. She stood still for a moment, focusing her mind and energy before swinging her sword at another dummy.

It connected with it, but only partially. It left a huge gouge in its center, more stuffing pouring out and onto the ground.

She stepped back and sighed, drooping her shoulders. “Okay... gotta find that middle ground. Not too far, not too close.”

She prepared to strike at the next target but stopped. From behind her, she could hear something. Something clomping through the sand with heavy steps. Something that was coming up from behind her.

“Hello!” A moment after, a friendly, hearty voice called to her, “Looks like you're up to something interesting here.”

The tan woman turned, seeing who approached. It was no one she could've expected. It was a horse.

It was a fairly tall, large, muscular, anthro unicorn to be precise. This unicorn had several head heights on her while being shredded, looking like he worked out every day for years. His fur was a darker shade of pink, his mane and tail an even darker shade than that. His mane was puffy, pulled into a thick man bun, and he had an equally puffy beard.

He had a peculiar, familiar aura around him Aria couldn't quite pin down. Though, she was more surprised by the fact she hadn't sensed such a large beast of a man approaching until he was right there.

“Ah yeah...” Aria decided to answer him. “Just getting some training in.”

“Looks like some specialized training...” The unicorn adjusted his glasses, giving her a pleasant smile, “But I'm being rude here. My name is Berry Swellony. Just a stallion taking a stroll on the beach this very nice day.”

Must've walked pretty far for a stroll. Aria's little training setup was **very** far down the shore, away from any places tourists or beachgoers hung out. Plus, given the time of year, it was pretty cool out, so not the best time for a walk either. Good for her to keep her focus though.

Aria couldn't help but find the pink unicorn a touch suspicious. Despite his size, she was pretty confident she could take him if he meant trouble at least.

“Oh!” Berry looked excited. “Do you know what day it is? It's Chinese New Year! It's officially Year of the Horse today! Cool, right?”

“...sure?” Aria was definitely finding the horse stranger. Where did this sudden detour come from? Why did he think she cared? She didn't pay attention to the Chinese Zodiac. Was he bragging that it was “his” year, because he was a horse or something? Were all equines this odd or was it just him?

“Well, I think it's important!” Berry smiled. “Ya know, I have this thing where I happen to be drawn to people looking to party and celebrate, especially on important days and even if they don't know it yet! On this very special day, I think our meeting wasn't a coincidence!”

It's probably just him that's weird. Aria cleared her throat. “Listen, it was nice meeting you, but I really need to get back to my *private* training. If you could just continue walk-”

“Of course!” Berry said, thankfully not seeming offended, “But, before I go, how about a little something-something to celebrate the day?” He reached into his gym shorts and pulled out a small, sleek piece of paper.

Aria looked. It was actually a press-on tattoo of a horse silhouette. In particular, it was an unicorn one.

It was certainly a weird thing to hand out, but she took it anyway. It was probably best to humor the odd guy to a certain degree, if only to hurry him along.

“Enjoy and good luck with your training!” Berry gave her a polite nod and walked on by. He carefully stepped over the destroyed dummies and targets as he headed down the beach.

Once he was a good distance away, Aria stared at the tattoo she was given. She pouted her lips, thinking it over.

...oh, why not? She stabbed the sword into the sand and peeled the top layer of the tattoo off. It didn't look dangerous, and she sensed nothing abnormal about it.

She pressed the sticky side against the front of her right leg, right above the knee but below her short gym shorts. She took her water bottle and dripped some water onto it. She pressed tightly and held the paper in place for a little bit. After a minute, she pulled the paper back. The tattoo was now stuck to her skin.

She smiled slightly. All things considered it wasn't a bad tattoo. She did like big, strong horses (sans the weirdo ones), so it did work for her.

Aria stood up straight and stretched. *Okay, back to it then!* She reached for her sword.

However, she stopped. Something pulsed and throbbed.

Aria gasped, sweat forming on her brow as heat began to rise within her. Her skin tingled, goosebumps rising across it. *What... what is...* She huffed. Something was happening, something that her body found to be very thrilling.

That sensation was coming from below, so hot and so powerful. She looked down, seeing her tattoo first. White fur was sprouting. It came up around its edges and spread out, eventually growing over it too. Yet, the silhouette tattoo remained visible.

Her eyes widened, watching it unfold. White fur spread down her knee, passing around the back of her thigh. Her heart raced, especially when she saw the same white fur begin to grow upon her other leg.

“What the hell?!” The fur kept spreading down and down, cloaking most of her legs. The extra layer brought another bit of warmth to her. It also brought a tingle whenever the sea breeze blew through it.

The coating stopped right after her ankles, just before it could disappear beneath her shoes. *Is... is it done?* She gently gulped, her lower lip quivering. She was a brave warrior, but this? This went beyond all belief for her.

She opened her mouth to speak but shut it tight before a word could be uttered. Her legs throbbed, muscles pulsing and tensing. Slowly, they began to expand. Calves bulged, followed by her thighs. Tenderness was lost in the latter, now dense and thick to the touch. Her lower limbs were all fit and powerful-looking now.

She barely had time to comprehend them before something else distracted her. Her shoes were bulging, tightening around the heels. Her feet felt numb and awkward, sensation lost in her toes. It was almost like they weren't even there.

Then, rips and tears followed. Her feet burst out... well, a pair of thick, whitish gray hooves came out. They were wide, round, and tougher, much more so than her musculature legs. The fur just above the hooves grew a little longer and scruffier, making them wild-looking.

Sh-shit... Aria gulped, quivering nervously as she gazed upon her new hooves. She stepped back, almost on instinct. Her balance didn't shake or wobble, even after taking another step. Her poise and balance was perfect, just like if she had her old feet.

Yet, she didn't like this one bit. “What the hell is going on?! Why...”

The answer hit her quickly, her brow furrowing. *That damn, fucking horse. That tattoo of his caused this, didn't it?* She didn't sense anything mystical or any aura around it, yet, this was happening. His unicorn magic must've been undetectable.

Oughta find that musclehead and wring his goddamn neck! It sounded like a good plan to her, but she couldn't move much more. Her body was pulsating again, locking her in place.

The changes were proceeding upward now. Her hips narrowed a smidgen, losing the slight bit of curve they had. Her rear flattened but firmed up more until it was a tight buttocks.

She found herself jutting backwards as something behind her pushed out. A nub came out above her rear. It grew a little long before far longer, elegant, wavy blond hairs sprouted from it. They flowed down to her knees, brushing against the back of her furry legs.

Aria felt the ticklish brushing. She looked over her shoulders and frowned. She had grown a long horse tail.

Dammit, I'm being transformed into some kind of horse beast! She scowled. *I don't know what you did, "Berry", but you will curse the day you-*

“Oooooooooooooooooo!” A long moan bellowed from deep within her, the pitch deepening the longer it went on. Her crotch was throbbing intensely, the area dampening. Such an intense heat was burning within her loins, spreading further and further out.

Then, the feeling died down... a little. Mixed with that heat was something else: tightness and an awkward uncomfortableness.

The reason was clear and horrifying when she looked down. Her shorts were tenting. Something was beneath them that wasn't there before.

“**That...** that can't be what I... I...” Aria trembled. She didn't want to but felt she had to. She reached down hesitantly with a single finger, shaking the entire time. It pressed the tip of that tent. “**Oooooooooooooooooo!**”

It was definitely real. It certainly felt real.

Oh... oh no... Aria panted, breathing faster and heavier. Warmth was spreading out and to every part of her now.

With each breath, her torso grew. Her green, workout shirt stretched with widening waist and expanding chest, the latter even pushing outward. Her stomach bulged, a set of abs formed. They remained visible even as white fur grew up and over them.

The fur disappeared as it went underneath her top. She could feel it reach her breasts, that area especially heating up. Nervously, she lifted her top, showing her workout bra.

Within that, her breasts shrank. They grew smaller and smaller, not helped by her widening chest stretching them out. Softness faded as muscle mass took its place. They turned squarer, harder, still bulging out somewhat.

Eventually, her bra snapped and fell. Her new chest pushed out a little more, forming protruding, dense pectorals. Her nipples shrank and shifted more to the side, turning black and standing out amongst her white fur.

Holy shit... Aria gulped. One of her hands reached over, almost unconsciously, and pressed itself against one of her pecs. It was so strange. So dense, thick... and a strange sense of brutish power too.

For a brief moment, a new feeling emerged: Pride.

But only briefly. Once she felt it, she quickly shook it away and let her anger bubble over again. *N-no! Gotta find that stupid damn horse and make him fix this! Gotta find him before anything else hap-* “**OOOOOOOOO!**”

Aria arched her back, pushing her crotch out. Her gym shorts stretched and stretched as the bulge ballooned uncontrollably. It swelled to the size of a coconut, the top part of it tenting and starting to open the shorts.

Something wanted out, something that felt so damn good. She tried standing up straight but couldn't. The heat there was burning, spreading through every vein of her.

Aria panted, shoulders tensing up as they broadened a little. Trapezius muscles swelled, her neck and even head growing to better fit them.

Her hands clenched tightly, fingers digging into her palms as her arms throbbed. Slowly, the limbs beefed up as fur flowed over them to her hands. Biceps and forearms all bulged, nearly doubling their width in pure density. It soon looked like she lifted and pumped iron several times a day for decades.

Her hands pulsed as well. They grew bigger, becoming beefy mitts that could crush stone with one firm squeeze. Her fingernails turned whitish gray, growing thick and circling around her fingertips. They formed mini-hoof fingers.

She looked at her hands. This is insane. *I'm... I'm turning into some kind of overmuscled freak like him!*

Aria snorted, her bulge throbbing. *That muscle freak...* She pictured him clearly now. *That pink fur, darker pink mane, toned body... ripped muscles... handsome mug...* And that large bulge in his shorts that she tried to ignore but couldn't help but notice invaded her mind.

God, he's so hot... Aria shook her head, but the thought wouldn't go away this time. She thought it clearly and agreed with it.

I'm gonna be just like that too now... Her shorts tented more, stretching further and opening the waistband. Musk began to drift out of it. *Oh god, I'm going to be so big like him! It's so... so...*

Good? She didn't want to think or believe that, but once that word entered her mind, a huge pulse of pleasure blew over her. It felt so right.

Her shorts tore right open, falling to the ground in tatters, followed by her underwear. Freed at last, a huge, brown, leathery set of balls and foot-long equine rod hung from her crotch. The rod was erect and stood out at full attention, pre dripping from it.

Her pupils dilated. **Fuck... me...** Her heart was racing with excitement and joy. Her body loved the sight below, wanting it so badly.

Her arms twitched and started to move, hands opening wide as they reached for that rod. She managed to yank them back in time. There was so much temptation, so much desire to touch. *Gotta... gotta hold back.* She had to try her hardest, leaning on all of her years of restraint and self-training to hold back.

“Heeeey~! Back because the beach ended at a bunch of rocks that I didn't want to climb over. Looks like *someone* is enjoying Year of the Horse now!”

Aria trembled. Berry Swelloony had returned. He had snuck up on her yet again, now standing off to the side and leaning against one of her practice targets. The unicorn was eyeing her up, carefully scanning her body from hoof to head. His eyes seemed to linger on her rod the longest.

“**You...**” Aria panted, trying to find the words, “**You did... did this.**”

“Yeah,” the horse chuckled, “To be fair though, I expected that you would’ve just tossed that tattoo out or tried it at home. But hey, you did try it and now, you get to really feel the spirit of the season like me!” He gave her a big thumbs up, Aria returning it with a mixture of an angry glare and a lustful gaze.

He looked at her rod, scratching his chin. “Ya know, if you need help, I do know a thing or two about releasing built up steam... if you know what I mean.” He winked. “You might not have much experience with... or maybe you do! I don't judge. I just wanna offer my help.”

Berry took a step forward. “Care for the special *touch* of an experienced stallion?”

Aria gritted her teeth. She knew she had to tell him no, demand that he change her back, tell her how he did all of this, or anything of the sort. That was what probably should happen.

Yet, overwhelmingly now, Aria didn't want any of that. She quivered, biting her bottom lip to stifle a moan. Eventually, she spoke, “**P-pl-please... help me. D-do whatever y-you need to. I'm so... so... so horny!**”

Berry grinned, flashing her a thumbs up. “More than happy to!”

His horn glowed, a pink aura appearing around it. Then, the same aura appeared around her rod, running from its base to its head. Her cock grew warmer, feeling tingles against it.

Then, the magic pulsed, vibrating her penis. In return, her eyes went cross, and her body quaked. Her head fell back as she bellowed out a long, powerful moan. The sensation was incredible. It felt like it was being pumped, but somehow better and without any unnecessary roughness at it.

Aria arched forward, her mug cracking a smile. *Oh... oh my gawd... that... that feels so good!* It was more than good though. It was heavenly.

As more seed dripped from her cock, her head gently shook, pleasant, unnoticeable vibrations running through it. Her ears wobbled, growing longer and pulling into equine ones at the top of her noggin. Her braided hair grew and grew, thickening and falling over the right side of her face. The locks lost their reddish tint, taking on a darkish blonde instead.

Wh-whoa... Aria huffed, her smile growing wider. Pleasure was overwriting everything from her concerns to her thoughts. Her body and mind was overwhelmed by pure, blissful, hot, lustful joy. This power, this body... it wasn't a trick or a curse.

This form was a gift. It was a gift to her this wonderful Year of the Horse. It would serve her... no, it would serve **him** well. Why fight it?

Why not take part in the fun? With a smirk, Aria moved his hands down. They came up to his shaft, wrapped around the thick meat as best as they could. Then, they began to pump.

Aria snorted like a horse, lust dripping from it. His face twitched, teeth gritting as he jacked over and over. Slowly, his mug pushed out, nostrils flaring and widening. Makeup vanished as white fur cloaked the last traces of his skin.

Almost... so close... His face crept a little more forward. *So... so close.*

Then with one final push, his face snapped fully into a horse's muzzle. With it, his pupils dilated as a final pulse of pleasure hit him hard. He threw his head back and let out a long, delighted neigh full of horny want. His rod finally blew.

With its eruption, there were some other final bursts. A long unicorn horn sprung forth from the top center of his forehead, light yellow magic spraying from it. His equipment grew one final time, his rod just past two feet while his ballsack hung heavy as the size of a coconut.

Aria's load sprayed down one of his target dummies for what felt like minutes. Eventually though, his rod ran dry as his hands let go, the magic aura vanishing. It softened and went limp after, his balls shrinking back down, but not too much.

The new stallion slouched forward, panting. He loved that, loved the feel of his new equipment and its impressive size. He loved the power brewing in his muscles. He loved all of this, loved the sight he saw when he looked down at himself.

“So,” Berry cooed, walking up beside him. He gently patted the man on the shoulder. “How are you feeling?”

“**I... I...**” Aria stood up straight, still taking a few breaths as he tried to calm himself. He looked at Berry and grinned. “**I feel fucking fantastic!**” He lifted his arms, flexing them. He glanced between them smugly, watching his biceps bulge.

“**I feel reborn!**” Aria brought his arms inner beneath his chest, flexing them again. “**I'm so goddamn powerful, so fucking strong!**”

“Don't forget sexy,” Berry chuckled, playfully nudging him.

“**That is certainly true,**” Aria chuckled and nudged him back.

The new stallion looked at his rod and then over at his sword, still embedded in the sand nearby. “Looks like I'm rocking two swords now!”

His horn glowed again, a yellow aura appearing around the sword. It slowly lifted from the ground and floated over, placing its handle in his hand. He didn't know how he did it other than think it, but he liked being able to do that so naturally.

Though, he was also rather impressed by holding the sword. He was plenty strong before to be able to wield such a weapon. Now, it felt so light and weightless in his hand. He stepped over to the side and swung it about. It moved where he wanted it to go and without effort. It was almost like swinging a twig around now.

He was one powerful unicorn. **“This is incredible!”**

“Magic and muscles always do!” Berry nodded, flexing one of his arms too.

Aria smiled as a new thought came to mind. **“Hmm... I wonder...”** He closed his eyes, envisioning the torn, tattered remains of his clothes around him. He needed to wear something, something that would fit the new him.

Then, it came to him. All the tatters began to glow, floating up and merging. They did not make the same outfit they did before. They reforged into something new, placing themselves upon him and wrapping around. They formed a very short kilt of sorts that barely went down to his mid-thighs. A pair of suspenders formed, holding the kilt up.

Aria's eyes opened, and he took in his new duds. He liked them! He looked at Berry. **“So, what do you think?”**

Berry laughed. “I think you might need to cover up more before you go prancing around town wearing just that.”

Aria looked down again, noticing that he could see his dong and balls hanging in clear view below his kilt. He only laughed. **“Well, I like it, so I'm going to wear it for now. I'll figure out something “safer” later.”**

He stretched. **“Right now, I feel like training more.”** He raised his sword up high...

...and then stuffed it right back down into the sand. He looked at that pink unicorn with another satisfied grin. **“Now that I'm wielding a new sword, I'll need some practice getting the hang of it. Perhaps another sexy equine could show me the ropes.”**

“But of course!” Berry smirked, getting close until they were chest to chest. “I'll teach you everything I know with as much *detail* as possible.”

Aria chuckled, his horn glowing. Berry's gym shorts started falling down his legs, his rod coming to life and poking against Aria's side. Aria's own rod awakened and did the same thing.

The two would soon be lost in a cloud of lust and passion. Before he was completely overwhelmed by it, Aria had one thought. *Mmmm, I hope the rest of Year of the Horse will be just as good as this.*

THE END