

Marred and Bonded

Buck, or more known by his circus nickname, Buck Saddler, was one of, if not *the* worst jockeys in the entirety of the state. A lowly, lanky man in his mid-thirties, his bitterness from the circus closing still alive and well in his heart. He only had his big boy 'Thick Tucker' with him since then. A large and towering Belgian Draft horse with coarse, onyx fur and soft black hair. He was just over five feet tall and a staggering two-thousand pounds, which didn't mean much in the grand scheme of things. After all, the swiftest of horses were needed to win these races.

The jockey honestly didn't know why they let him keep racing, they'd never tell him they all made a killing off of the bets made on him to of course end up in last place. It wouldn't last though once others got the trick, and then pitiful Buck would be hung out to dry, no longer having his stabling fees comp'd, or a job at all. The concept of that was his worst nightmare. All his experiences were about horses, although primarily in the circus... but no other job would cut it. Plus having been around Tucker all this time, it'd be like having to give away a treasured pet... which is exactly what the large horse was to him.

The rider and his horse were now in the stables, alone, and well after hours. Buck had just been absentmindedly grooming the giant stallion, unsure of what to do as it felt like his life had little meaning. "I think this might be it, big guy," he said, trying to hold back his emotions. "You're really good for everything else except racing, and I don't think



I can be good for you either.” He let out a pained chuckle. “I don’t have the makings of a jockey, I’m just supposed to make people laugh, help people feel good and all that.”

Tucker simply flicked his ears, switched his tail, and softly bit at his owner’s limbs, like little love bites.

It was then that the jockey thought about one good friend from back in the day, a fortune teller that many folks loved hearing from. When everyone departed after losing their jobs, she gave him a golden lamp and jokingly told him that if he was ever down too low, she saved one last wish inside for him.

The man looked directly into the horse’s eyes. “I mean, it can’t hurt to at least try, right Tucker?” he said, going through the saddle bag on the horse’s back. He quickly shuffled through a few odds and ends before finally reaching for something at the very bottom, something metallic and shiny: the golden lamp that apparently had one remaining wish inside.

Buck had often rubbed it, playfully thinking that perhaps the story was true. But maybe at this moment, he had to truly believe in order for whatever genie was inside to come out. He held it there with the horse beside him, the beast casually sniffing and licking the thing as the both of them came together to rub one side of the lamp each.



The jockey tried his best to believe. He really wanted it to be true. And finally after he thought all was lost, a small puff of smoke mysteriously came out. From within the smoke, a man that looked quite like... well, a genie appeared with his arms crossed and a smile on his face, eyes full of curiosity. "It's about time!" the genie said sarcastically. "I thought that damned witch would have never let me give her a final wish." He took seconds to study both the man and the horse. "It seems like perhaps the witch is no longer with us?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" Buck said back almost subconsciously. "She's actually perfectly fine. She just wanted me to, I guess, hold on to this for her? I don't know... she didn't even make it seem like it was a real thing. But it is... *you're* real. This is real!"

The genie nodded his head. "Of course I'm real. I mean, how did the stories come along in the first place?" he said with a smarmy look. "Anyhow it's unfortunate you don't get the three full wishes, but rather... the one, so you better choose wisely. I'm not going to exactly twist your words. But I can be quite literal. I mean, if you wish for a million dollars, I can see no reason why I wouldn't give you a million dollars. It's that simple... don't **overcomplicate** it."

"No, that's okay," Buck responded. "I know my wish. I just can't believe this is real... but I know my wish," he said triumphantly with confidence. "I just want me and Tucker here to have a closer bond. I want the both of us to be able to win these races. Everyone



probably thinks of us as a joke because you see, we came from the circus and all but I think Tucker has it in even if he's big and stocky. I truly think he can actually beat these other horses, no matter how fast they think they are, no matter how slow they think Tucker is and... it's what I think. I think we really can beat them! I wish for it even if... maybe there was a better wish. But yeah, it's for us to be closer, for us to have an even closer bond, so we can finally win something!"

The genie took the wish as straight as it was given, with a little nod as well. He knew exactly what the outcome would be but decided to hold his tongue, as he always did. "I can grant you this wish. I can make sure that your horse and you will feel like winners in the end for sure. And so it shall be, for both of you, to become the victors of many races." He clapped his hands together as within an instant, he became a puff of smoke and went away. The lamp that Buck held disintegrated into the same kind of fog as if neither of them ever existed. And soon it was only Buck and his animal friend in that stable.

The jockey turned to the horse, looking as if he had been told the best news in his entire life. "I can't believe it... Tucker. I can't believe it! We're really going to do it!" he said with heroic fanfare as he wrapped his arms around the sturdy stallion's neck, hugging it tightly. As he felt the pelt against his skin, there was a faint pulse... as if the magic was already somehow working. *Yes! Yes it was really happening!*



He... felt very close to his horse. So close... more close than ever before. It felt spiritual, as if they were soulmates. Buck brought his head back, staring further at Tucker's eyes, further than he had ever stared. "Wow, Tucker..." The man said to the beast. "I don't think I've ever really looked at you like this before." He pushed his nose into the bridge of the horse's muzzle, inhaling deeply. "I don't think I've ever smelled you like this before. I don't remember you smelling this good at all," he said with a hesitant giggle.

There was something the way the horse looked back at him that felt as if the magic was working in both ways as the Belgian Draft brought his mouth up to the man's cheek, licking it solemnly. As if something more was supposed to happen.

"Oh...Tucker... you're such a *nice* horse," the jockey said dreamily. "You know, I don't mind if we get a little closer in other ways," he murmured, his eyes starting to become a little more drooped. "It feels as if maybe to really be successful on the field, I should really be giving you as much as you've given me."

The man then brought his face to the side of the horse's mouth, giving it a cautious lick. "Doesn't taste as bad as I thought it would." Buck gave it another lick. "I think I really like you..." He said it drunkenly as he pushed his mouth against the horse's, letting Tucker reciprocate as the beast's tongue pushed past his lips and the two began feeling around in each other's mouths.



The crumbs of oats and the shreds of carrots, the sugar and salt particles within the horse's gums were all tasted by the man. It was alright, the horse wasn't pushing him back and he was feeling **so good** right now. Buck's horsecock was practically dancing down below, and there would be no one else here, just the two of them. They could be here all night even! The human sensibilities within Buck deep down figured that something was wrong about this, but it was alright, wasn't it? As long as it didn't go further than this...

Although the idea of setting a hardline made it feel like the fun was already ending. As Buck broke from the kiss, he would look underneath the horse's body seeing that its equine rod was already halfway out and bouncing against its belly.

Moving his eyes back to the horse, he spoke with eagerness while his mouth was covered with animalistic saliva. "I don't mind making you feel like a prize-winning horse... I mean, they call you *Thick Tucker* for a reason. I should have known back then, I should have known that you would have been into this as much as I was."

The jockey tried to think of all the partners in his life: girlfriends, crushes, and... *experimentations*, but nothing made him think he'd be so roused by a literal animal. "I don't even remember feeling so attracted to you, but it's like... it was a mistake to be attracted to anything else! If this is what love is, then I must have been wasting my time



with all those women!” He was speaking like someone addicted. “It’s like someone that truly *needs* me, like something so proud needs me, and you just smell so friggin’ potent!” Buck’s crotch was practically a balloon of seminal fluids from how much he was leaking, each drop coming from each compliment and praise, reducing the size of his testicles. “You don’t mind Tucker, right? I don’t want you to think I’m pushing anything onto you. I want you to want this as much as I want it.”

The horse whinnied back, placing a heavy hoof onto the man’s shoulder with a feat of flexibility that neither of them could reason with as Buck was firmly pushed to the ground, unable to withstand over a hundred pounds of the beast’s force.

Soon, he was on his hands and knees, looking back up to the horse with a smile that was almost too wide. “Oh Tucker... I don’t even know why I’m the one to ride you. It doesn’t make sense, I’m so small, and you’re so... big and you’re so strong, and I don’t even know why we were the ones that mastered horses! It should have been horses that domesticated us!!!”

The man was delirious now. He knew not that the ruts the genie had put onto Tucker were easily flowing into his own nostrils, making him feel as if he had to pleasure this horse before anything else, before food, water, or sleep. If he was a thirsty man trapped in the desert, then the water he would drink today would be Tucker’s semen.



Buck pushed forward like a docile cow, feeling the ride of the horse's stomach and belly along his back as his nose nestled and dug into the big black balls of the horse, using the crack of each separate ball as if it were a fuzzy ass.

The scent was unbelievable, a kind of aroma that his human thoughts struggled to explain. It just... felt like home in a way. A place where he belonged, where he could thrive. A part of his brain was kicking himself for not wishing to become a flea, just so his entire *being* could reside on the stallion's juicy orbs.

Tucker hadn't felt such a pleasure nor a devotion from a mare before, neighing and bobbing his head in elation, a buzzing in his crotch and brain excited that it was his master of all living things. A bond that was thrusting forward, getting closer and closer to finally conjoining like real horses would.

Buck didn't even realize that his nose was becoming a lot like Tucker's, his mouth changing as it became pink and spotted, the lips and nose coming together to some sort of new snout. He smacked his fattening gums as his tongue became thicker, longer, larger and wider. "Gosh damn Tucker! I don't even know if I can fit this thing in me. I'll... need something better. I need a proper muzzle... but I know! You probably don't want to hear any whining, any excuses. I'll just open my mouth, and you push as far as you can!



The man had said what he was going to do, and it was time for him to own it. If the bitch said it was going to do something, then the bitch better follow up. Another pheromone then excreted from the horse, seeping out and creeping along until it hit the transforming slut, instructing them to shut their yapping and start licking.

Without thinking of any other alternative, that's exactly what the jockey did. He looked at the veins, he looked at the dirt, the muck, even at the mushroom-shaped head of the Belgian's cock and whatever precum was flowing out like a leaky faucet. His clothes were bulging, his hands were morphing into hooves, along with his feet as his shoes burst from the sheer scale of it all.

Buck, with a hand that had three keratin-tipped fingers instead of nails, wrapped around the thick shaft of the stallion, squeezing it like a trained whore. From his angle, the human thought it had to at least be a foot long, if not more. It took away anything too distracting, like how his muzzle grew in all directions even further, finally being able to adjust enough to take at least the tip of the horsecock inside.

It was then that he noticed with every thrust of his face, his new snout stretched a few more inches, allowing him to take even more of the cock. To savor more meat, more pink and black flesh, more of that savory flavor that just was too much to contemplate. Static buzzed in all parts of his body, like trying to climb a very large cliff, but with courage and a growing heat in his loins, he continued.



The human was groaning and moaning as much as Tucker was wobbling back-and-forth, both animals feeling a level of stimulation that neither had felt in all their lives. The slut could feel so many moving parts of the horse's shaft, its throbbing, its pulse popping his mouth open before going back down and inflating again, twitching just as much as the man was in sheer pleasure.

He tried to speak to the horse, but all that came out were more muffled whines as the human's neck elongated, fur covering up skin while his hair grew downwards like a mane. The nape and gap between his head and shoulders was long, broad, and luscious as his ears moved upwards, like how a real lover of horses should.

The new tail may have had small beginnings, but it popped from his pants, his eyes' pupils turning sideways, their mannerisms nearly identical to the beast's above him. While humanity was still within him, the natural instincts of a horse demanded and the changing mare obeyed without hesitation. The jockey did not notice that as his clothes burst, and the scraps fell onto the floor that they only turned into more parts of the hay already littered over the place. The world was adapting for their relationship, for better, and for worse. Yet... it was hard to find any negatives.

The next thing to change was the stable they were in. It could only hold one horse, but now? It was wide enough for two, like a mated couple. For a nice pair of



horses to rest and love one another in. It had to have been their home for... however long they've ever lived? It couldn't have been right, but it felt truer than whatever else might've been the case.

No matter how much Buck grew, or how much Tucker had to stand straight up in order to give the bottom bitch more room, there was no way the changing human was going to be bigger than the Belgian Draft. But he didn't want to be either. He wasn't a damned jockey, he was something to be mounted! To be ridden, mated, impregnated, and owned.

Yes... owned! A writ of sale instead of a birth certificate, a brand covering up that tattoo, and a place to be pampered rather than fighting to make a living..

There was a flash as reality continued to rewrite each and every part of their lives. Buck was starting to have his memories of Tucker shift, the two of them having always been always in love. They were of, *of course*, known as the soulmates of this stable, hell even for the entire county!

Tucker was not just some sort of large and impressive steed, he was something of a luxury, like a celebrity. His status changed, and so had his genetics, his worth. The price his owner paid for him: a quarter of a million dollars. But what was the luxurious female worth? Not that much, but close to six figures.



The two of them were bought by some high-falutin rancher. A breeder that was trying to get the best of the best, a horse that could never lose if it had the correct rider. And that rider was not going to be Buck, it never was. But she was going to be riding something else, and that was her true fate. As is usual by ambitious mares, she understood someone needed a ride, but assumed it wouldn't be her until her estrus flowed and commanded the correction.

The female found herself choking, not on just horsecock, but the amount of semen that tried to go down her throat. Her cock and testicles were already gone, having twisted into the entrance of a fine looking mare-pussy. The labia pulsed, some part of the inside flesh recoiling before thrusting inwards and out as a scented liquid of golden musk shot out, something her body naturally expelled, begging for the stallion's rising orgasm before his sperm could waste themselves in her stomach acids.

It was supposed to coax Tucker into fucking her, and it did its job more than well. She didn't have more than a few seconds to assume the position as she stood and trotted in front of him. The pressure and weight of his giant form on her back felt as if she was holding up an entire bus, all the while the shaft came close to her wet lips. There were still parts of the old Buck inside that mare, but she was losing that humanity with every brain-shattering second.



To her left, she was able to look upwards and see some sort of camera mounted near the ceiling. It was zooming in at her, getting a great look at what was happening. Someone was recording their session as that long, lubricated shaft plunged right into the new girl.

Her high-pitched, feral cries were deafening, passing along the entirety of the stables. There were other horses there, aware and watching, sniffing and whining along with her. The most fertile female with the most fertile male, it was a match made in heaven. A close bond that could not be ever broken. Everything was becoming foggy as spasms of pleasure rocketed in her brain, the cock going in and kissing the door to her womb.

It was on a level of electrification that would have blown every fuse box in a city block. It was as if the intelligence that she still had was being torn apart with every thrust. She couldn't handle it, not even realizing how close to climaxing she was as her thick splooge drenched all over the cock inside her caverns, some of it coming out to splatter onto the stallion's crotch, as well as all along his shaft.

It merely became more lube for the horse, and it wasn't very long either, until finally, Tucker blew his load into her. A beam of divine joy smashed into her cerebellum as finally her own floodgates released, slamming into rope after rope of slimy equine cum, filling her up until there was too much to hold, the rest of it flushing all over the



ground along with whatever intelligence and humanity the former jockey had left. Buck was not her name anymore. Bea was. It was a good one, *her* name.

Bea was all she knew, Bea was finally at home.

Many months later...

Bea was eating her oats as she normally did every day before being let out to run around. Her belly was yet again pregnant with a couple more foals, but some of her current progeny had already made it to adulthood. It was already such a beautiful day as her and Tucker exchanged morning kisses.

Unbeknownst to her, the grand finale of a nation-wide derby had just taken place. It was earlier that morning that her son, a bright and blue rookie still in his first year, had already been in so many first place competitions before then.

It wasn't long until a man opened the barn doors, bringing her child now. A fully grown black and brown stallion standing next to the human who was her owner. He had a grand smile on his face as he adjusted his white suit, tipping his pearl-colored hat towards her. "Bea, all your children are gonna be the best of the best! Especially when we get Tucker's stuff in 'ya!" The way he said it was, of course, incomprehensible to the horse.



But to anyone else nearby, they would have known that Bea was not exactly needed in this process, for it was Tucker's genetics that could make such an amazing horse. However, her smaller size brought their scale down, letting them be more swift while retaining that strong endurance.

And of course, it was still Bea's responsibility to be that mother, the one that gave milk to her offspring with the thick udders between her legs, ones that were already inflating to accommodate the new ones coming in.

"And both of you have already made my money back... and then some! I can't believe how good an investment you were."

No matter how much their gleeful owner talked, in the end all the horses did was wag their tails and move their ears, going through their instinctual motions. The rancher moved to them, pulling out a carrot as he brought it up to Bea's lips, who idly took it, feeling rewarded for being as docile and uncaring as she was. Yet a part of her ate it because it was food, even if it was because she was a good girl.

In the end the jockey may not have gotten what he wanted exactly, but there was a love for Tucker that was always there, even if it used to be platonic. All that took were



a few words to make it all the more real, and to give more meaning in her life than she thought she could ever have.

For she would be the best mom she could be, and her sons and daughters would be the horses that defined their generation, becoming role models for those to look up to, for those who strived to be as victorious as they could be... and possibly be the best in the whole world.

