

The first thing that struck you as your mind slowly stirred from its slumber was an itchy, prickly sensation. There was something soft and pliable below you. Not the plushness of the bed, which you had only recently gotten used to, but something courser, more brittle. Your body twisted in discomfort, and the more you moved the more it pricked at your skin through your clothes. As your senses finally came back and your eyes lazily flickered open, you looked down towards where you had been resting to see...

A big, fluffy slab on hay.

Confusion instantly began to hit your mind, as abundant as the hay that covered your body. This was perhaps the first time you'd seen so much hay in your life. There was hay beneath you, hay sticking through your clothes, hay stuck to your hair and you're pretty sure some of it even got in your mouth. Sitting up from the bed of hay, you shake your body while patting yourself down in a desperate attempt to get rid of all this hay. A big cloud of it puffs into the air and almost makes you sneeze before slowly settling back down. Its earthy scent fills your nose, while the little stalks of hay sparkle in the dim rays of sunlight that pass through the room's window.

Now free from that prison of itchy hay, your brain finally gets the time to inspect your new surroundings. Around you stood four tall walls made out of pure, oaken wood. The walls were simplistic and had no specific texture or decoration, with nothing more than a small rectangular window at the top of one of the walls through which the morning's light was only just scarcely visible. There was basically no furniture of which to speak of. The entire room laid bare, save for a light spread of hay littered over the soft, earthy ground. Even the 'door' that was supposed to lead out of this claustrophobic room was odd, more of a gate than any sort of regular door.

Suffice to say, it was pretty obvious this wasn't the comfy bedroom that you'd gone to sleep in. Your bed had been replaced with a bundle of hay currently cushioning your butt. All of your weapons and tactics books were nowhere to be found. Sure, your cozy professor's quarters had never been anything to write home about. A desk, some bookshelves and a closet were all that you were given the day you started your life as a teacher at Garreg Mach. Your room, no fancier than any of the other student dormitories, had been more than satisfactory for your needs thus far. But this...? This was certainly not the sort of place a human like yourself would usually find themselves in. Rather... It almost like some sort of stable or stall where barn animals would live in...

Such a drastic environmental change started to bring up questions in your mind. Mainly... How the hell did you get here in the first place? Had somebody brought you without your knowledge? Did you perhaps have one too many drinks with Manuela and accidentally find

yourself in the stables? You concentrated on searching your memory banks for a scrap of information, any little recollection that might illuminate as to how you got here in the first place. But there was nothing. The last thing you remember was peacefully going to sleep in your bed, and next thing you know you're in some random stall within some random stable! What did it mean? Why were you here?

Yet, as you pondered over these questions, concern seemed to avoid your mind. Your head was filled with curiosity over worry. It was sort of odd. Logically, it seemed like you should be feeling some sort of negative emotion, be it shame or fear over your lack of concrete knowledge. But there was none. Instead, the only meaningful sensation gripping your body other than that of your curiosity. Your nose faintly picked up on it, a scent ebbed into the hay around you that drifted into your nostrils and only got stronger with time. It was a musky and strong masculine scent, so virile it bordered on the animalistic. Though you had no idea what it was or where it came from, it sent a litany of shivers down your spine, almost as if that was your body's natural reaction to such a scent.

In an intrinsic manner, you felt completely connected to this thick scent. The reason why this room looked the way it did, the reason why you were here in the first place, somehow you knew that whichever creature made that scent was the one responsible for it. Your nose inhaled a couple more times, trying to get a better grip of the natural scent that permeates the room. But all it did was send goosebumps down your skin, while you felt your body heat up. You try to picture the creature that made such a scent in your mind and your arms tighten around quivering body. What... What is going on with you...? None of this seems normal, yet for some reason... You're not uncomfortable in the slightest. Quite the opposite in fact, you're starting to enjoy yourself.

"Oh, good morning professor~"

But before you could get too carried away in these strange new feelings, the sound of soft, melodious feminine voice snapped you to attention. Your gaze quickly turned towards the other side of the room, just about where the gate you had seen before. There, smiling at you with the warmest, most tender smile you could ever imagine, you could see her. The head of Mercedes von Martritz, just hanging above the door. Mercedes was the sort of woman you could never forget. An exemplary student of the Blue Lions class, the one you'd been entrusted to teach. Out of the many faceless students and random names, she shone brightly like a star in the sky. You could think of no one more caring than Mercedes. She was always looking to help others and spread kindness, with a voice that was as soft and silky as the finest of linens. Her pretty face, those sparkling blue eyes... It was perhaps inappropriate, given your position as a teacher. But she truly was the definition of an angelic woman.

“Did you have a good sleep?” Mercedes asked in a gentle, heartwarming tone that made you shiver. “I couldn’t bear to wake you up early because you oh so adorable while sleeping!”

Mercedes’ big blue eyes glimmered in the soft morning light as she looked over at you. Her smooth golden hair fell around her neck, tied up in a cute knot at the end. Merely seeing her soft, plush lips, long eyelashes and rounded face is enough to make your heart skip a bit. Especially because of the way she stared at you, her gaze full of adoration, admiration... And even a sensation of intimate desire...

However, there was something that still bothered you. A piece of the puzzle that didn’t quite fit well with the rest of the picture. Aside from the fact you had woken in the middle of a barn, which was already very strange in it of itself. The other thing that piqued your curiosity was the gate Mercedes’ head was leaning over. This stable door was not like any you’d seen before. Usually, they’d be gates with some kind of lock mechanism to prevent the animals from wandering from their stalls. However, this one was just a set of swinging doors that didn’t even go all the way up or down. There was no handle, no knob, no sort of closing or opening mechanism. Anyone and anything could just walk through by pushing past it. The sort of door you most certainly didn’t want to install in a stable if you intended your animals to stay inside.

Then in an instant, it all became clear. With a soft tender smile still shining brightly atop her face, Mercedes gently pushed herself through the stall’s doors. Except, as the rest of her body came into view, you were met with something entirely unexpected. While Mercedes’ face was as cute and human as it could be, starting from the neck and all the way down to the floor, Mercedes’ body was that of a beast. An animal. A thick, burly, muscular horse.

Shimmering brilliant blonde fur covered the entirety of her gigantic form, slightly more vibrant than her golden hair. Her girthy horse neck gave way to a lovely mane, ending in a pair of broad shoulders for two titanic front legs which complemented perfectly to her two muscular hind legs. Mercedes’ horse chest was large and hefty, her four equine legs ended in sturdy hooves that clopped against the ground with every step. Hell, Mercedes even has a smooth golden tail. For some unexplainable reason, the beautiful woman seemed to have the body of an enormous horse!

A sudden emptiness in your chest makes your lungs feel like they’re devoid of oxygen. Without noticing, you unintentionally held your breath for too long. You desperately gasp out for air, trying your best to make sense of the situation. How and why are the most prescient questions in your mind, but no kind of reason or explanation seems to ever form. The sight of Mercedes’ mighty horse body has left you paralyzed, both physically and

mentally. The way she patiently sauntered deeper into the room, neck craning and tail swishing as if she's entirely used to controlling her body. Step after step, her horse legs clop closer to your, head hanging high above the rest of her horse body with that eternally serene and gentle smile.

That's when you notice it. You had only glanced there for little more than a moment, but that's all it took for your eyes to perceive its gargantuan mass. Hanging between Mercedes' hind legs was a long, thick, drooping horsecock, one as big and hefty as the rest of her titanic equine form. The fat throbbing penis protruded forward out of her wrinkled sheath, throbbing light in a semi-erect state while precum was already dribbling from its tip. Behind it, two fat, rounded testicles hung freely, dragged down by their extra hefty weight. Though most of Mercedes' body was light and bright, the thick length was a deep black color. A shade deep like that of a black hole, drawing your eyes in and never letting go.

Your throat became tight, as if some kind of lump was stuck in there. For some reason, the more you stare at Mercedes' twitching cock, the hotter your body seems to get. A trembling discomfort spreads through your muscles, causing your skin to tingle and quiver. It's hard for you to stay still, as if your body is preparing you for some kind of intense action to which your mind is not privy yet. You try to tear your eyes away from the flopping dick, but somehow you cannot. The way it flops gently up and down seems to call you, beckoning you ever closer. As if it's patiently waiting for your arrival.

But somehow, you're able to resist. Tearing your gaze away from Mercedes' masculine member, you turn your face up towards Mercedes' own face. She now stands directly in front of you, making it blatantly clear how much of a beast she has truly become. From where you're sitting on the bed of hay right now, your head barely rises above Mercedes' titanic horse dick. Though even if you stood up, you could tell that Mercedes would still be a couple of heads taller than you. Her body was about half as wide as yours, and certainly at least three times as long. Her front legs were so defined and firm, they looked like they could easily break through stone. You gulp loudly before her awe-inspiring presence. Not just because you're intimidated by her, but also because you feel totally entranced by her gargantuan form.

"Mercedes..." You barely manage to blurt out as meager whimper. "What... What happened to you...?"

Mercedes' head tilts sideways in a cute and confused manner. Her crane drifts down as if to look at herself. She turns to her side, and starts to rotate her entire body around you. As she turns, you can get a good view of the profile of her massive equine form, so large and vast. Your eyes get a little glimpse as at her huge, twitching butthole the moment her back

turns towards you. But just as soon as it appears it is gone, tail swishing behind while Mercedes makes the full turn to face you once more, her expression just as cute as perplexed as before.

“Whatever do you mean, professor?” Mercedes asked with an innocent smile. There was no sort of recollection in her eyes, no deception or doubt. It was absolutely obvious that Mercedes saw nothing wrong with her current situation, her current form.

But how could that be? How could Mercedes’ body have changed so rapidly and without any reason? Why did Mercedes herself not seem to acknowledge or notice it? The way she carried herself, the way she acted. It was like Mercedes had always been used to this sort of life. You couldn’t bear to leave it at that. Despite the strange sensations spreading through you, you found the courage to raise your voice.

“Y-Your body! It’s... It looks like...” Again, you gulped. Not intentionally, mind you. But a completely natural, unconscious reaction. His body’s way of respecting Mercedes’ huge form. “Like a horse...”

“Hmmm...?” Once again Mercedes looked down at you with her adorably confused face. A look so innocent and pure, you felt like you could have stared at her for days. “A... Horse...? What might that be...?”

Without any warning, Mercedes started stepping closer to you, bringing her huge, throbbing cock back into your attention. Perhaps she had done it unintentionally, perhaps there were more nefarious reasons behind the shift. Regardless, the result was the same. Mercedes’ fat horse cock was hanging closer and closer to your face. Though it was still quite a fair way off, the smell of it began to hit you now. It was the kind of strong, virile musk that made you tremble in place. The powerful, masculine scent only an alpha could produce. You try your best to pry yourself away from her cock once more and face Mercedes directly. But it’s too late. Like a fly caught in a spider’s web, the world around you becomes stuck and you become unable to focus on anything but her massive endowment.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, professor.” Mercedes continued with a soft giggle. Once which fell in stark contrast to the loud heavy breathing of her horse chest and the sway of her fat horse cock. “I have always looked this way!”

By this point in time, Mercedes’ fat cock had become fully erect, firmly thumping up and down with raging, pent up arousal. You feel your eyes becoming glazed as you watch the member slap against the underside of Mercedes’ body, your mouth hanging slightly agape in a mixture of amazement... And desire. Your breath starts becoming heavy and troubled, you feel your heart start thumping through your chest. Heat begins to flow through your system, flushing your face with a faint red blush while your body trembles in place. The

previously dormant penis on your crotch can no longer remain still, and you feel an erection pushing through your undergarments. Merely staying still is becoming an excruciating struggle. C-Could it be...? Are you actually getting turned on by Mercedes' horse body? The thought seems ridiculous, but the reality is more than self-evident. You want Mercedes' horse cock.

"Ah! Sorry for distracting you, professor." Mercedes gasped in surprise as she noticed you uncontrollably gawking at her pulsing horse cock. She took a couple of steps back, so as to give you more space. But the way her hind legs continued swaying her huge cock hypnotically, it did little to relieve your desires. "A girl gets pent up in the morning. Teehee!"

With every passing second, you feel it is becoming harder and harder to resist the allure of Mercedes' penis. More and more of your thoughts are being consumed by that pulsating dick, as if your body is slowly succumbing to its dominant aura. The heavy, steamy musk of Mercedes' huge body pours through your nostrils, sending shivers throughout your entire form. Your eyes lock onto Mercedes' heavy endowment and refuse to let go, as your cock throbs needily through your pants. All of your senses seem to be working against you, focusing on making you give in to these new feelings. It's almost... Almost like your body has been modified to completely submit to Mercedes' equine form.

"I know it's been hard for you to get used to coming to Garreg Mach, professor... Moving to a new place, getting assigned to teach a new class and becoming my own Caretaker... It must have been such a tumultuous time..." Mercedes sighed tepidly, though you could feel a faint trace of need and desperation in her voice. "I've been trying my best not to impose too much. I would loathe to abuse the kindness of my Caretaker..."

Caretaker... The word appeared once more, though you were not quite sure what it was supposed to mean. As far as you remembered, there was no such title of 'Caretaker' here in Garreg Mach. You didn't have the faintest clue what it could refer to, nor as to why Mercedes thought you were her 'Caretaker'. That is, save for one faint detail. A muddled thought, one which you're not sure you had before today. Caretaker, you vaguely recalled, was a person in charge of taking care of a single woman's needs, regardless of whether those needs were physical, mental, or *sexual* in nature...

"That being said... Our stallion desires are quite powerful." Mercedes' voice was becoming shakier now, her unquenching needs more apparent than ever before. "You know, stallion libidos are so much stronger than men's after all! So... If it wouldn't be any problem... I do admit, it would be nice to get a little relief from my Caretaker~"

In an instant, you feel something shift within you. Not just the ever-pervading lust that has been boiling your blood for the past couple of minutes or so, but something more

energizing. There was this sense of duty swelling within you. A desire to serve and satisfy Mercedes in any way possible. The word 'Caretaker' rang much louder than a mere title, it was a mantra, a lifestyle. Hearing Mercedes asking for assistance so bashfully just seemed... Wrong. The thought that she would be having trouble with *anything* made a pit in your stomach. After spending so much time being paralyzed in awe of Mercedes' form, you feel your body propel you forward. One of your hands lands atop of Mercedes' chest in a reassuring manner, letting you feel the warmth and fuzziness of her shiny, golden coat.

"Don't worry, Mercedes." The words came out of your mouth before you even realized it. "I promise to take care of you."

"R-Really?!" Mercedes' eyes lit up with cheery brightness, her expression shifting to one of such unbridled excitement, it only encouraged you more.

Instead of responding to her, however, you decide to show her the will behind your words and crawl between her two massive front legs. Though even now you're still uncertain about Mercedes' form and what exactly it is you're planning to do, never in your life have you felt as confident as you do now slowly making your way through the underside of Mercedes' body. You can feel the hefty weight and heat of Mercedes' titanic torso while you crawl. The heave of her chest from her laborious breathing pushes down on your head. Down here between her legs, the power of her musk has reached an all-time high and you become dizzy. There is no doubt that Mercedes is a magnificent, powerful beast.

You only stop and sit on your knees once you are directly in front of Mercedes' fat, musky horse shaft. Your entire body trembles at the size of such a massive erection. Now that your face is only inches away from its flat, bulbous cockhead, you can truly appreciate its incredible size. Mercedes' cockhead is perhaps almost as wide as your very own face. Its urethra is large and circular, constantly blinking as a slew of viscous, white precum continuously dribbles out. A large, thick ring separated the tip of Mercedes' cockhead from the rest of her shaft, which extends further back into her body a foot or two. You're sure that the cock as a whole is bigger than your arm, but it might even be on par or bigger than your own body. This is not just the cock of a horse, it is the penis of a god.

Paralysis begins to fill your body, a mixture of fear of and admiration making you unable to do anything but gawk at the throbbing penis. Some part of you feels like this cock is so powerful, it could devour you instantly. Another feels as if it is such a beautiful, pulsating mass of meat, that you're not worthy of touching such a titanic dick. The thick, earthy musk that exudes from its length is almost as strong as alcohol, twisting your mind into a drunk tizzy of arousal that makes your hardened cock beat desperately against your pants. You

know not if you are able to handle such a monstrously powerful cock. But something inside you propels you to try it anyway. As Mercedes' Caretaker, you feel it is your duty.

Slowly and tepidly, your hands drift towards Mercedes' shaft and gently wrap around her length. The cock throbs violently in your grasp, clearly excited towards your touch, though it never tries to break free from your fingers. You can't help but gasp in awe as the warmth of Mercedes' penis begins to slip into your fingers. Its texture is slightly coarse and leathery, but also surprisingly soft and spongy. There is a delectable dampness from her length that makes your fingers tingle ever so slightly. Even as both of your hands cling tightly onto Mercedes' cock, it was much too girthy for you to wrap them around the whole thing. You could only hope to barely cling onto such a majestic thing, for nothing could truly contain the monster that was Mercedes.

As your confidence and excitement began to grow, your hands shifted back and forth along the length of Mercedes' cock. You could feel the huge throbbing veins on Mercedes' cock as your fingers massaged and tugged at its wrinkled skin. The whole shaft seemed to tremble at your touch, swaying up and down excitedly the more you caressed its length. Every time you tugged, you could see her veins happily twitching. Every little tug, her length would pulse back in response. In a way, it almost felt like the shaft was accepting your worship. It was like Mercedes herself had graciously embraced your touch, and she was actually excited to have you please her! Who could have thought that such a powerful, imposing creature such as Mercedes was *actually* looking forward to your pleasure?!

The thought excited you way more than you cared to admit. You wanted to explore more of Mercedes' body, you wanted to make her feel better and better at any cost. Now unbound by your previous bout of uncertainty, you eagerly leapt closer to Mercedes' endowment. Not only were your hands moving faster along Mercedes' endowment, but you were also slowly walking alongside the incredible length, slowly creeping up to the base of her cock. As your hands reached Mercedes' sheathe, you caressed it just as intensely as you were rubbing Mercedes' cock. Your fingers slipped in between her cock and her sheathe, they caressed and masturbated its outside just as you had done for the rest of her shaft, enjoying how much softer and saggier it felt. Learning more about Mercedes' cock and how it felt with your fingers was nothing more than joyous to you.

However, the thing you had been aiming for, the part which you'd been truly curious to examine, were the two large, bloated, sagging testicles that hung behind Mercedes' cock. Stopping before the ginormous ovoid-shaped pendulums, the first thing that hit you was how absolutely massive they were. Each nut was easily as big, if not bigger, than your own head. They drooped down from between Mercedes' hind legs with a hefty weight too them, their gurgling heavy and audible. The second thing that hit you was... The deep, thick musk.

It almost felt like your face had been slapped with a hot, steamy slab of pheromones, enough to make you flinch in response. Most of Mercedes' powerful virile smell came from here. If not directly, then this was certainly where her pure, testosterone fueled masculine scent was made. Being so close to the titanic nuts was enough to finish destroying any last scraps of reason that remained intact, making even the most rational of thoughts an impossibility.

Between the heat and dampness in the air around Mercedes' crotch as well as the unquenchable, fiery lust in your head, you found yourself growing parched. Your mouth began to hang open slightly, breathy, needy pants escaping through your lips. Were you getting thirsty? Hungry? No... As you continued wistfully staring at Mercedes' drooping balls, you quickly realized what it is you truly desired. You wanted to get a good taste of Mercedes' nuts. Your tongue swirled around your lips unconsciously, the tightness in your throat growing harsher. What... What the hell were you thinking? Were you really about to suck on a horse's nuts?! It seemed so unsanitary, s-so gross... Just thinking about the horrible flavor should have been more than enough to completely shut that idea down. Imagining that damp, tangy saltiness in your mouth... The imperative heat oh her nuts searing your tastebuds... The sprays of musk and dripping beads of sweat overwhelming your every sense...

Before you could even consider the ramifications of sucking on Mercedes' horse nuts, your head was already darting forward. What seemed like an impossibility mere seconds ago had become reality as your lips sealed themselves around the surface of one of Mercedes' testicles. That supposed doubt was entirely absent when your tongue greedily slipped from your mouth and began slathering Mercedes' nut in saliva. T-This was it-!! This was the taste, the ethereal sensation of Mercedes' testicle!!! The leathery texture of her ballsack felt so plush and tender on your lips. Its flavor was far more potent and tangier than you could have ever imagined, a salty and vivid taste that was so hot it felt like it was burning your tastebuds off. And the taste of her damp, musky sweat? Damn! I-It was- It was too much!!! Mercedes horse balls tasted like heaven!

If there had been any pretense of 'reason' or 'common sense' remaining, it had been all but crushed in this moment. Without even thinking about it, you mashed the rest of your face against Mercedes' testicles. Not just your mouth, but the entirety of your god damn face was becoming intimately connected to Mercedes' sweaty ballsack. Your nose pressed deep against the saggy ball, poking so deep it looked like you wanted to merge with it. Whiff after whiff came from your nostrils, as if you were trying to monopolize the powerful pheromones so only you could inhale that virile smell. Your face itself mashed left and right

against the nut in a desperate attempt meld with her sweat and musk. At this point in time, Mercedes' horse balls were your whole universe.

Throughout it all, your hands did not remain idle. No, you were far too greedy for that. While your face was getting a feast of Mercedes' ball sweat and cock musk, your hands drifted to her other testicle. Your fingers hungrily wrapped around the solid nut, clenching onto it hard enough to stimulate sperm production while not hurting your dear Mercedes. The testicle groaned and gurgled under the pressure of your finger. You could even hear a whinny of excitement coming from Mercedes herself, while her cock throbbed in desperate need. Mercedes' balls were yours to worship, the fate of her climax was literally in your hands. The responsibility for this virile stallion's pleasure was all yours, and you were intent on making sure you didn't just do a good job, but an *excellent* job.

"Mmmphh~ P-Professor~" Above you, the towering monument of mass and muscle that was Mercedes trembled heavily, her legs shifting wider as her massive hooves stamped on the ground impatiently. "Your tongue f-feels so good~"

The mere idea that you could have such a strong effect on a creature as large and powerful as Mercedes was near unfathomable. Yet the fruits of your labor were nonetheless very apparent to see. Be it from the way the pulse and beating of Mercedes' massive equine torso seemed to increase, or even the way her balls throbbed harder and harder against your touch, it was clear that Mercedes was thoroughly enjoying your touch. It made you incredibly happy, encouraging you to pleasure her more and more. The way you kissed and sucked in Mercedes' taut ball skin or firmly kneaded her nuts in your hand, it wasn't just mindless lust. It was reverence.

With your face still intimately close to Mercedes' shaft, you slowly began to make your way back up Mercedes' horse cock. Your face kissed and nuzzled against Mercedes' sheath, tugging and slurping as much of it into your mouth as you could. Your tongue slithered up and down the side of Mercedes pulsating horse cock with gusto, gleefully teasing and licking each one of its throbbing veins. The salty, dank flavor of Mercedes' cock sweat was just too delectable for you to resist. For a couple of seconds, you stopped by the huge, fleshy ring around the middle of Mercedes' dick. Your lips lovingly clung onto the soft, spongy hoop like a vacuum while your tongue kneaded and pushed it lovingly. Its central position also made it a perfect place to rub and masturbate the rest of Mercedes' cock with your hands while you sucked her off. There was something about this bulbous ring's shape, its soft yet wrinkled texture, that made you nip and tug it for hours on end.

But this was not your final goal, your true destination lay further ahead. Releasing Mercedes' middle ring from your mouth, your tongue slowly and tepidly made its way

further up. Though you made sure to suckle on the veins of her cock, the slight sag of skin at the base of her head and even made a short stop around the flare of Mercedes' cockhead, nibbling it eagerly as if it was a yummy baked treat, your head finally found itself before the most glorious part of Mercedes' cock: Its enormous, flat, bulbous head. The mere sight and heavy musk of Mercedes' horse cockhead was enough to make your cock start dribbling in anticipation. A thick, continuous stream of sparkling white precum dripped down from Mercedes' tip, which housed her round, girthy urethra. Despite just being precum, you were sure it was more viscous and virile than anything you had ever produced. Its stench was powerfully salty and damp, making your nose wrinkle in response, though it continued eagerly whiffing its scent no matter how powerful it felt.

At this point, you could no longer hold yourself back. Your head dove forward, tongue slithering up Mercedes' cockhead as you scooped up a huge load of precum into your mouth. The moment your lips sealed around the enormous globule of semen, it felt as if your brain was being fried in real time. Your eyes rolled to the back of your head, body trembling while your mind desperately tried analyzing the overpowering liquid inside your mouth. The hot precum sizzled against your tastebuds until you could no longer taste anything it all. Its sticky texture spread and clung to every part of your mouth, too viscous to be washed down by your pitiful saliva. Its smell was so strong, even while inside your mouth it blocked up your nose, making you unable to smell anything else. It was such an overwhelming experience, a part of you just wanted to swallow it and be done with it. But even that seemed difficult, as no matter how hard your throat clenched, the liquid refused to be forced down, deciding instead to go at its own pace.

After a few seconds of cum swishing and almost choking, you finally panted out in relief. The precum clung tightly to your throat, and your stomach seemed to glow in warmth. Though you'd scooped up no more than a spoonful, you already felt full and bloated. You could have easily survived and not eaten anything until night. But in the time it took you to swallow that miniscule load of precum, Mercedes' cock had not only replaced it, but doubled it, as you could already see a fresh dribble of pre dripping from Mercedes' urethra all the way down to the floor. This foray of yours was little more than a starter. And now, it was time for the main course.

Head lunging forward, your lips pressed lovingly around Mercedes' fat, throbbing urethra. Precum began to pour into your mouth from her tip, while more of it drooped down from your chin. But you didn't give it any mind, that wasn't what you cared about now. No, your true purpose at this point was finally bringing Mercedes to a powerful, climactic orgasm that would leave her in awe to your devotion. To that end, your hands tightly wrapped around the back of Mercedes' cockhead and rubbed it desperately, your lips intimately

suckling away at Mercedes' pulsing urethra. There was no inch of Mercedes' tip safe from your tongue, which slathered every inch of her cockhead in a mixture of your saliva and her own drooling precum. The way you kissed Mercedes cockhead was bestial and passionate.

Except you weren't just kissing the tip of her cock, you were straight up making it out with her urethra. Lips sealed tightly around her cockhead, you kissed and sucked on her tip like your life depended on it. Your tongue did much more than caress the bulbous ring of Mercedes' urethra, it delved deep into the hole itself. Precum was pushed aside and into your mouth, tongue pressing further and stretching Mercedes' cockhole. You could feel the insides of her urethra tightening around your tongue, trembling blissfully as you hit her most sensitive spots. The mixture of flavors between Mercedes' jizz and her urethra was so powerful, you could no longer taste anything at all. But that didn't stop you. No, far from it. Regardless of how difficult of a task as it might have seemed, you were more than prepared to do anything in your power to finally release the pent-up desires contained in Mercedes' fat balls.

"Aaaahhh~ Aaaahhhh~ P-professor!!" Mercedes gasped breathlessly. Her body could barely sit still anymore, horse legs swaying her massive for left and right. "I-I'm-!! I'm close!!!"

The warning was unnecessary, for you could already tell that Mercedes' orgasm was within reach. Her shaft throbbed violently against your grasp, flopping up and down with enough force it almost freed itself from your hands a couple of times. The gurgling of fresh cum in her drooping nutsacks was plenty audible. Though if that wasn't enough, the increased flow of precum coming from her urethra was more than enough evidence that the dam was about to burst. You tried your best to continue sucking and swallowing as much of her pre as you could, only momentarily separating your lips from her cock so that you wouldn't pass out. This would most certainly be a sign of things to come. Now was far from the appropriate time to falter though. You redoubled your efforts kissing Mercedes' dick, your hands thrust against her penis with the might of your entire body weight. You needed to hear Mercedes' whinny of pleasure as her entire equine body succumbed to ecstasy.

And then it finally came.

Not just Mercedes' cock, but the moment in time you'd been waiting for with so much angst. It started slow, like a rumbling volcano awakening from its thousand year slumber. Outside of your periphery, Mercedes' balls were tugged upwards into her body, pouring their freshly cooked semen right into Mercedes' horse cock. The stallion's shaft literally bulged as the waves of cum slowly pulsed through her urethra. Drop after drop, spurt after

spurt, is rose from the depths of Mercedes' cock all the way up to its tip, until it had all amassed by Mercedes' tip, forcing her urethra wide open.

In an instant, a deluge of hot, viscous cum exploded directly into your mouth. Within a single shot, the entirety of your mouth was already full with Mercedes' baby batter. Its thick, sticky surface not only clung to every surface of your mouth, but it physically occupied all of its space too. Your cheeks bloated, tongue buried under a liter or so of semen. Just this was perhaps double or triple the ejaculation of any regular person. And it was only the first shot. Within seconds came another, then another, then another. Though it felt like there had been some sort of separation between them, the truth is each one came but mere seconds apart. Your throat had become little else than Mercedes' cum dump.

To say you weren't ready for her ejaculation would be a severe understatement. But in reality, you could have never been ready for something as powerful or virile as Mercedes' climax. As each consequent spurt of semen blasted into your mouth, it pushed the previous one further and further down your throat. It was far from the perfect process though. Mercedes' semen was way too viscous, and your mouth was much too small. Despite your best efforts to keep it together, cum quickly became dripping down the edges of your mouth. It made its way up through your nose, blocking the entirety of your airwaves. Sticky semen even began to meld with your tears and trickle out of your eyes, finding any way to escape the compact tightness that was your mouth. Mercedes' cum had claimed complete victory over you.

Eyes rolling to the back of your head, all you could do was merely sit there as Mercedes continued pumping you up full of white. Your hands, once eagerly gripping onto Mercedes' shaft, fell limply to your sides, no longer able to support their own weight. Mercedes' neighs of bliss slowly faded into the background, while empty white noise filled your ears. Every one of your thoughts had been turned into mush, like the semen that had currently been occupying your mouth. You tried desperately to breathe, but your nostrils only sputtered out cum and your mouth barely registered a cough through the semen stuck in your throat. Your vision darkened, blinking in and out of consciousness. Time passed, but you weren't sure how much. Had it been a couple of seconds or a couple of minutes? The endless flow of semen into your mouth became the only thing you could feasibly cling on, your last solid grasp onto reality while the rest of your senses were overwhelmed with jizz.

When all of a sudden, the flow stopped. With your last flickers of consciousness, your body finally pushed away from Mercedes' cock in an act of self-preservation. Now that your duty to Mercedes had been fulfilled, now that you'd eagerly swallowed all of her cum, you could finally draw enough breath to stay alive. Swallowing and gulping madly, you managed to

make enough space in your throat so that you could once more breathe. But you had made one single mistake. Mercedes wasn't *actually* done cumming.

As soon as you took that previous breath, your face was instantly assaulted with a thick blast of that sticky, dribbling white seed. Then another and another, for good measure, before Mercedes' spurts finally calmed down. The entirety of your face was covered in a viscous layer of white goop, which slowly oozed down the rest of your form. It seeped onto your hair and onto your clothes. It bore into your pores, searing its musk against your skin. Your mouth opened again with a gasp, and instinctively you scooped some of the semen with your tongue and greedily slurped it up. As you wiped more of cum from your face and your breathing slowly returned to a more calmed, natural state, you breathed out a sigh of relief. Your clothes were certainly ruined, and you'd probably smell like horse cum for days. But somehow, you didn't seem to mind that. Instead, you were quite satisfied. Proud even. This was the mark of your success.

"Oh, professor~" Mercedes neighed in glee above you, now much more satisfied and happier than before. "That felt amazing! I'm so glad to have a caretaker as good as you!"

That statement alone was enough to make all your previous struggle worth it. In fact, it made you want to get up and do it again. Within your pants, you can feel your erect cock throbbing eagerly. Precum has fully soiled your underwear, though not as badly as Mercedes' cum ruined the rest of your clothes. You're not sure if you came while servicing Mercedes and have already gotten erect again, or if never got to the edge yourself. But you don't really care. The only erection that matters to you now is that of Mercedes

With a couple of excited neighs, Mercedes quickly to trot away from where you sat on your knees, your body still trembling over the shockwaves of the stallion's orgasm. It was easy to see how large of an effect you'd had on her. Mercedes' large hulking form no longer moved with any sort of lumbering clumsiness. Despite how large and defined each of her muscles were, she darted around the room in an elegant, graceful manner. A huge, satisfied smile covered her face. More than just sexual satisfaction, the stallion was happy someone was there to take care of her needs. She was happy YOU took care of her.

"Shall we be on our way then, Professor?" Mercedes asked in a cutesy manner as she approached the door. Though to you, it seemed more like a command than a suggestion. Not a fiber in your body even thought of saying no to Mercedes.

Taking a deep breath, you tried as best you could to gather your strength and get back onto your feet. Every inch of your legs seemed to quench and tense up in response. As you managed to shift your right leg out and place your foot on the ground, your entire lower body trembled with aching pain. You unintentionally let out a yelp, electricity forcing its way

through your nerves. Perhaps you had spent too much time on your knees, causing them to become paralyzed in place. Maybe this was a way for your body to say that you no longer belonged on your feet like a human, and a more fitting place for you would be on the ground servicing Mercedes' imperative horse cock.

As the pain assaulted your groggy body though, you suddenly felt something tugging at the right shoulder of your top. Turning towards it, you could only gasp in a mixture of bliss and embarrassment. Mercedes was biting onto your shirt and helping you up to your feet! Her human teeth effortlessly clung onto your clothes, pristine face looking divine even as she bit with fury. There wasn't even the slightest hint of struggle. Your body might as well be as light as a feather, the way Mercedes picked you up and placed you upon the ground. Once you were standing firmly on the floor, Mercedes' mouth gently let go of your shirt. Her face was serene and beautiful as she slowly walked away without another word. You could feel your heart pumping through your chest in the aftermath. To think she could move your body with such grace and ease was equal parts terrifying and exciting. A part of you even wanted to have her push you more and more...

A-Ah that's right! Y-You were in pain!! Your head quickly turned down towards your legs, brain still rocking with some aching. However, examining your lower body a bit more closely... You were fine. There was no pain anywhere anymore. You stretched out each one of your legs, twisting your feet and placing them firmly on the ground as if to test their durability. But there was nothing, not even the slightest bit of pressure. Was it little more than a momentary spasm? Or perhaps... Had your mind become so enraptured in the glory of Mercedes' equine perfection, that the pain just ebbed away by itself...

*Ka-Swoosh*

The sound of the gates opening and closing woke you up from your momentary delusion. Turning towards the doors, you could see Mercedes' fat, horse butt already passing through while her long blonde tail swished left and right. S-She was leaving you! And without saying a thing! A slight bit of embarrassment churned in your stomach at the thought of Mercedes just leaving you behind without waiting. But then again, why should Mercedes wait for you? Despite being as kind and considerate as she used to be, both you and Mercedes knew who the superior creature was. A stallion like her waited for no one, and if you wanted to stand by her side, it was your job to keep up.

Thankfully, Mercedes had not been walking too fast for you to catch up. Her horse legs clopped at their own speed, without any semblance of rush or worry. Bursting through the doors of the stable, you dashed to her right side as fast as you could manage. The horse didn't even turn around as you stuck to her right side. Not that you really minded... An

unbearably excited grin propped onto your face as you got closer and closer to Mercedes' body. Your cock was already throbbing in your pants when your hands landed atop her soft, furry body. The sensation of her warm, fuzzy skin against your fingers was to die for. You pushed the side of your body against hers, letting you feel the way it wobbled and pulsed with every one of her steps, every one of her breaths. Even now you didn't quite understand why, but this was one of the greatest feelings you could ever experience~

As the two of you continued making your way through the stables, you barely paid attention to your surroundings. Mercedes' thick, muscled horse body was far more interesting to you than any of the background. One thing you did notice is just how large the entire stables seemed to be. It was certainly larger than the old stables you remembered at Garreg Mach, with a myriad of stalls styled exactly like the one you had woken up in.

Finally, the two of you reached the front of the stables. There was no large gate or door, just a wide opening that led out into the rest of the world. Your eyes flinched as the two of you stepped from the darkness of the stables and into the sunshine. Blinding whiteness overpowered your vision, and your hands drifted upwards in an attempt to block out some of the sun. As the brightness began to die down and the environment around you started to clear, you began to see the familiar sights of Garreg Mach. The monastery's towering stone buildings came into view, thick brick walls and towers littered the background. Stone pathways decorated with grassy gardens adorned the field. It was exactly what you had expected.

That is, save for the incredible number of stallions scattered about *everywhere*.

A part of you felt that you should have expected such a thing, but seeing it all with your own eyes was a shocking experience, nonetheless. Literally any place you looked, your gaze was filled with the hefty image of a virile stallion. Not just a regular horse, like the ones you remembered. No, these were huge lumbering creatures just like Mercedes. Each one of their heads was dainty, demure, feminine. But from the neck down, they all had the titanic, monstrous forms of male horses.

To the right, Hilda and Marianne walked side by side. Hilda's body was larger and more muscular, her fur bright pink just a few shades darker than her hair. Beside her, Marianne's body might have been smaller, but it was still certainly twice as big as your own. Her shy, slender head was placed upon the thick, gargantuan neck of a horse with blue fur only a couple of shades darker than her bright blue hair. The two of them seemed to be involved in some idle chatter, talking carelessly with smiles on their faces as if they didn't have the bodies of monsters.

Over by the gardens, the imperative form of Dorothea came into view. No longer a svelte, compact dancer, the woman now commanded space and respect with her girthy horse limbs, wide torso, and the throbbing brown horse cock that hung from her crotch. Dorothea seemed to be snapping at Ferdinand about something, with a voice that roared so fiercely you could hear her perfectly. Just like yourself, Ferdinand seemed fully human and unchanged. However, he didn't seem upset with Dorothea's frustrating rant. Instead, he shivered in places, almost as if he was enjoying the beratement.

Not a single woman had been spared from this fate. Each and every one of them had the body of a thick, virile horse. Any men that you saw, and there were very few of them, seemed at least physically the same. They all dutifully followed behind a stallion however, almost like attendants ready to garner to their every need. You never saw a man by themselves, and for some reason the very idea of it seemed unappealing.

Mind bubbling with a troubling mixture of confusion, shock and despite your better judgement, a tinge of excitement, you took a step back to think over things. Your face naturally turned towards Mercedes, who was currently staring at you and smiling. She didn't say anything, she just smiled and smiled. At first you weren't sure what she was getting at, but soon it sunk into your brain. Whether she had done this gesture intentionally or unintentionally, you didn't know. Maybe there was no point to prove, and Mercedes was just happy to see her with her warm eyes. But now you realized it, the undeniable truth of this place. This was no longer a world of men and women.

It was a world of virile Stallions.