

Robert looked at the long cardboard box in his hands, rolling it over and over, and wondered what his life had come to. 'Ivermectin Horse Paste with DNA action,' it proclaimed with pride. He flipped it over to the next side. 'Apple flavoured!' a cartoony horse cried from a big speech bubble. He flipped it over to the other two sides. Both were as blank as they had been when he received it, no list of ingredients or anything. Did that mean it could be fake?

He shook his head. Of course it wasn't! His favourite streamers all said this brand was the good brand, the only one still selling without proof of owning a horse. He'd even watched one of them take it on-stream alongside their daily raw chicken, and afterwards they had looked so much better, as if the paste covered their face with makeup.

Realising he ought to take it before his courage failed again, he yanked open the box and pulled out the syringe within, hands trembling.. This was it, this was freedom. He would be free of the illness ravaging the world (if it existed, of course), utterly safe and smug in his knowledge that he hadn't taken that useless vaccine. Standing and smiling at the window from his table, he pushed on the plunger, shoving the other end into his mouth.

Admittedly, once he finished taking it, the whole thing was rather less... exciting than he thought it would be. It barely even tasted of apples, and he didn't feel a fresh wave of health washing over him. Maybe it would take a few minutes to get the full effects. Dumping the package and syringe into his overflowing bin, he went to his computer; he could troll some libs until it kicked in. He switched it on and got stuck in.

It was only after noticing his favourite subreddits had been banned overnight and slinging slurs in various discussion threads about said bannings that he noticed it was getting hard to type, and his hands felt... odd. Robert looked down at them with a small frown, which transformed into a bulge eyed stare of fear the moment he processed what had happened to his hands. His stretched out, too long hands, which were still stretching like taffy.

Blood went to his head, the floor meeting him in a sharp thud of pain that hammered the breath from his lungs. He lay there for a good minute, feeling the stretching and stiffness in his fingers, which he could hardly move before terror got him and he waved his them around shrieking. Who did this? Was it the liberal agenda coming for him? His stomach spun with butterflies; he needed to get up again, maybe contact someone on Discord.

However, his legs had different ideas. What he had dismissed as pain from falling was his feet stretching too, forcing him to totter on his tip-toes until he plunked himself in his seat, limbs splayed in front of him.

Typing was a painful affair, each attempt to lean forward threatening to bring him out of his chair, arms only able to peck one letter at a time. 'HELP! I GOT SPIKED IVERMECTIN!' he pressed out at last, legs kicking against the ground. He looked down at his feet, which were twice their natural length and too skinny to support his waste. With a gulp, he looked at his hands; his fingers huddled together, like they were melting into each other. He was running out of time to use Discord; he wriggled in the seat and noticed his ass was bigger, threatening to shove him out of his chair.

*Many people are typing...* The server disappeared. "No, no, no." He pored over his server list; the server wasn't there anymore. But a DM had just popped up. 'You've been banned from OrganicIvermectin. Reason: Being a lib.'

A shudder of fear juddered through him and his balance. With a misplaced kick of his legs, the chair fell out from under him, massive ass keeping him stuck for one second before he got bucked onto the floor with a final sounding crash. Any attempt at moving on his limbs to get up made him wobble over again, legs too weak to hold him.

Eventually, Robert had to lie on his back and concede defeat, staring mournfully at himself. His fingers were history now, a single digit jutting from his 'knuckles', something dark and shiny crawling down from them. The range of motion was different, shoulders poking about unnaturally and bending around like melting ice cream in heat. They could not support him now; they probably never would again. He could tell the same thing was happening to his legs, contorted and bent into something useless. Perfect for the liberals to kidnap him.

His back arched again, the thought making him want to escape, but then belly and ribs bulging out. He was forced down, overwhelmed by the change as it crawled ever closer to his head.

It started with a melting feeling at the base of his neck. Looking up with tearful eyes, watched the sharp press of his collarbone against his skin melt away into nothing, followed by the fat from his body spreading until his neck was broad and stiff, chin merging uncomfortably into that

pillow of muscle and lard it had become. Robert weakly tried to pry his face away from his neck; his arms couldn't do it anymore. Worse, the shining dark 'nail' had covered every bit of his fingers, leaving them worthless immovable rocks.

"Hooves," he whispered, lips blubbery. His face was stretching out to escape his neck, thickening; his vision warped and blurred, eyes pushed aside by a thick ridge in the middle of his face that had once been his nose. Snorting, he flared his massive nostrils to make his displeasure known, mouth chomping, trying to speak and failing.

*I'm becoming a horse! What the fuck!* His mind whirled back to the horse paste. *It said DNA action- DNA is bad, right?* He neighed in despair; Big Pharma had got him, after all.

The fur which followed his realisation washed over him swiftly. Starting from his watering eyes, it ran over his body at a prolific rate, dark and itchy. Part of him liked the silken feeling, the fur making him realise how strange he had felt a moment before with the body of a horse and nothing to cover him. Muscles rippled under his skin, thin legs growing strong with delicate muscle. Robert snorted, his human terror mixing with the fear in his new horse's heart. The adrenaline brought him to his feet, the maneless and tailless horse bolting.

*Wait. I'll crash.* His tail stretched from him like a ribbon as he dragged to a halt in the blink of an eye, the soft hairs of his snout brushing the wall. Whipping his head around (and feeling a pulse of fear from his new prey instincts whenever he saw the looming posters of his favourite medical experts out of the corner of his eyes), he remembered the one large window in his flat. The massive, convenient window that a horse could crack open and escape from. Thanking himself for renting a ground-floor apartment, he wheeled around and smashed the window with one swift motion of his hooves.

*Loud and scary!* He whinnied, prancing away from the wreckage. He had to get away from it! *No, I can only get away if I jump through.* He whipped his head around and rolled his eyes, his new dark mane bouncing around. He was becoming more and more horse-like; he could hardly hold what he had been doing in his head anymore.

The horse Robert was becoming walked through the debris, heart failing at each shard of glass he tread upon. It took a long time before he was in the sunlight, whipping flies off his shining pelt.

He nosed at the grass, feeling a desperate need to slake his fears. Once he snuffled at it and found the blades sweet, he tore at them with gusto, knowing he was giving into his instincts and wanting the comfort of food all the same. The part of them that knew he needed to change back, knew he had to defeat the evil liberal agenda, was weak now, a whisper that had used most of its strength fighting to get outside.

With few human thoughts left in the horse, the last part of the change started. Hidden on the vast body of the horse was a little human cock, alien-looking against the brown fur and pitiful compared to the massive rod of a true stallion. It receded, like it was ashamed, while the horse snorted and chewed, forming a groove in their body like the DNA of the horse it was following the blueprint of.

The mare whinnied in confused arousal; her cunt burned and dripped onto the chewed grass, crying out for a stallion to fill it up. *I need a mate*. She abandoned her food and sniffed the air-

A pin hit her quivering buttocks. She reared and snorted her outrage; how dare they! She needed to get a mate! The last thing she remembered before sleep claimed her was someone slapping her on the ass and sniggering as she cried out in her rage.

The moment her eyes snapped open, she was ready to bite and gallop her way out. However, she found herself somewhere warm and nice, with straw cushioning her hooves and sweet hay in a manger. Urge to escape sputtering out at once, she occupied herself by chewing on the hay for a bit, before coming back to the door and looking out with dull eyes. Dimly, she knew there was something odd about this, and things had been different for her sometime, probably long ago. Any deeper examination of knowledge was beyond the mare, though, and soon nothing was in her head.

A few hours later, most of which she'd spent staring into nothing, a human came. Muttering kind words and petting her, he eventually slipped a halter around her and took her down to the stables. Dozens of other horses looked at her, though to her heated self, it was a disappointment all were mares, despite the stables being vast and it taking a long time before they turned a corner and were out in a courtyard, facing a set of paddocks.

A paddock the human lead her to smelled sweet as sugar, grass long yet fresh. Letting her off, the human closed the paddock, whispering and smiling at her before leaving. She began eating that glorious grass at once, wandering at her leisure. It took her aback when the gate slammed open and shut again, and a fresh scent filled her nostrils. Her head swivelled up at once.

In the few seconds she bothered looking at him, she saw the stallion's well sculpted muscles and dignified head, the white fur with brown blotches that shone like it was polished. And best of all, she saw his loose cock dangling from the sheath, eager to be used.

Powers of observation used up. She spun around and winked, exposing her clit and vulva to him; he ran to her, breath on her ears sharp, domineering. The mare whinnied in pleasure, his cock slamming into her, filling her up in a way horse paste never could, his pace relentless as he pumped her full of his seed.

A pair of humans watched them. "Damn, I didn't realise they'd be going at it so quickly," the taller one said, biting his lip, a look of doubt on his face.

The other human laughed, slapping him on the back. "Ah, don't worry about it; they're happy as Larry out there, much happier than they would've been without the special paste! We'll get some real race prospects out of that mare, I'm sure of it."

"Yes, that'll be worth it," the tall one said. "We definitely need the money..." They watched the horses fuck, the mare's belly pushing outwards like a balloon from the sheer amount of stallion cum until it wobbled like jelly at her every motion, before they turned back for the farmhouse. There was work to do, more humans to scam out of their humanity.