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Also known by the title "Horse Cock and the Girl"

Amy awoke, startled by the shrill chiming of her alarm. She settled back into her pillow and looked sideways at her clock. Reading the digital display she sat bolt-upright.

"8:30? Shit, I'm going to be so late!"

Amy jumped out of bed and dressed as quickly as she could in her jeans and a long-sleeved shirt. As soon as she was decent she rushed downstairs to the kitchen and grabbed a banana and an apple for breakfast. She'd have to skip the normal coffee and cereal if she was going to get to college on time.

She rushed over the road to her bus stop just as the bus arrived. She sat at the back of the bus once she'd paid her fare and started wolfing down her fruit as if she'd not eaten in weeks.

The reason Amy was so worried about being late today, of all days, was because her class was going on a trip to a science lab. She'd always had a love for science, especially forensics, so in college, she'd taken the course that gave her the widest scientific education possible.

The journey was half an hour on the bus and a 2 minute run to stop at the college gate where her class was getting onto a coach for the 2 hour journey to the lab they were visiting.

"Amy!" her tutor said. "Just in time. We were going to leave without you."

"Sorry Andrew," she said. "I'm still not used to living on my own."

"Never mind that. Get your backside on the coach or we'll all be late there."

Amy smiled and got on the coach, taking a seat next to her best friend, Lucy.

Amy had left home 3 months ago, to live in a flat by herself. She'd had to take a part-time job to pay the rent, but the landlord was, thankfully, very understanding. She was also grateful that college was much more relaxed than secondary school. The tutors understood why she was always late and always spoke to her like she was an adult and not a naughty child.

A few minutes later, the coach set off through the city centre to the other side of the city where the lab was set up like a little farm. Apparently the lab dealt in cloning experiments; how it could be done successfully. While scientists had cloned a sheep back in the 1990s, Dolly the sheep, being a clone, didn't have a very long lifespan. The purpose of this lab was to find a way to make cloning possible while retaining the average lifespan of cloned animals.

Amy found it all extremely fascinating, which is why she'd worked her ass off to be able to pay for this trip. She'd taken any extra shifts or overtime she could at work.

"Alarm again?" Lucy asked.

"Yeah," Amy replied. "No matter what time I go to bed, the damned thing doesn't ever wake me up the first time it goes off."

Amy watched the city roll past quietly, talking to Lucy when she was required to, but mainly she listened to Lucy pine on about how good in bed her boyfriend was. She didn't seem to have any shame, not even appearing to try and keep her voice down. It was as if she wanted to let the world know she was fucking who she described as "the best lay in the city".

After what seemed an eternity, the city ended and the country side began to sidle by. The beauty of the English country side always took her breath away. The rolling hills, shimmering streams like ribbons of tinsel on the tree at Christmas, the herds of animals behind their fences and natural barricades, it always made her feel as if she was floating.

Before Amy knew it, the coach had stopped, pulled up to an ordinary-looking farm-house. A small group of men and women wearing various kinds of outfit awaited them. Some of them looked like the scientists they were, others looked like they belonged in an office or supermarket.

The class left the coach and gathered in front of the scientists. The man at the front of their welcoming committee stepped forward and cleared his throat.

"I'm doctor Michaels," he said. "I'm the Chief Researcher at this facility and will be giving you a tour today. We'll be showing you many of the labs here and explaining what it is we're trying to accomplish with our work."

He lead them inside and down a flight of stairs. The labs were impressive in size. The entire "farm" must have been built after the labs were, so as not to have a modernised building in a place where a farm would look more at home. Doctor Michaels confirmed this suspicion quickly.

"Of course," he explained, "the fields on the surface do hold animals that we occasionally take samples from. We keep them well-fed and exercised, everything the need each and every day."

They spent the morning touring the main labs and taking notes on what was done in each lab. When noon came, they stopped for lunch in the cafeteria, which was in the large farm-house, though it looked like it belonged in a school or a hospital, though it was rather small.

Amy thought the morning had gone well. She'd learned things from the tour of the labs, some of it had taken a large amount of concentration to understand because it was very complex, but she'd grasped it fairly quickly.

Lucy, however, was bored out of her mind. Though she was taking the course, she wasn't very interested in cloning or experimental science. She preferred hard facts.

"I wish I'd stayed in bed," she told Amy while they ate. "That Doctor Michaels guy sure likes to drone on."

"Yeah, well it's his job when students come here," Amy said. "You can't hold it against him. Besides, it's all interesting stuff. Imagine what cloning could be used for."

"Don't care," Lucy said.

"Even if cloning saved your life one day?" Amy asked her, grinning slyly.

"How could it do that?" Lucy asked, ignorantly.

"Well, say you needed an organ transplant, and there were none available" Amy began. "They could possibly clone the organ they needed from your own DNA, giving you an organ guaranteed to be a match."

"That's Science-Fiction talking, Amy."

"It may be Science-Fact, one day soon," Andrew cut in. "Sorry to eavesdrop, debating such things is

interesting; hearing everyone's views on things and such."

They spent the rest of their lunch debating the pros and cons of cloning which seemed to make Lucy happy. She really got into it and soon they were having an intellectual argument without a hint of boredom from her.

When lunch was over, Doctor Michaels told them they were going to tour the labs where they were doing more experimental cloning techniques, which meant going even further down.

The facility had 3 levels: the farmhouse, which held the cafeteria and a few offices, the basement, which had the primary testing labs, and the sub-basement, which held labs for more difficult testing.

It was the first lab in the sub-basement where Amy made the mistake of picking up a beaker full of liquid. It wasn't exactly against the rules of the trip, they just had to wear gloves, eye protection and a lab coat, all of which she was wearing.

"Be careful with that," Doctor Michaels said. "It's hard to replace."

"What is it?" Amy asked.

"A mixture of horse-DNA, testosterone and something I can't tell you about," he replied, winking slightly. "Wouldn't want a secret formula we made to get leaked onto the internet or anything and wind up being used without our oversight, now, would we?"

"Is it dangerous?" Amy asked, intrigued.

"Not that we know. Of course, because of its expense, we're extremely careful with it."

Amy held the beaker up to the light and looked through it. It was a light, clear green colour and had the consistency of water. She lowered it when her arm started to ache slightly, so she wouldn't drop it. She didn't notice a few drops drip down the outside of the beaker and onto her hand. She gave the beaker a small sniff and smelled something similar to bleach. She put the beaker down and followed the rest of the class. As she did so, she opened a stick of chewing gum and slipped it quickly into her mouth and chewed it, careful not to let anybody see her do so, knowing the rules of a lab.

By the end of the day, Amy was tired. She'd had fun and learned a lot, but it had taken a lot out of her, too. She made her dinner and sat in front of the television to watch a few of her favourite shows, which were mainly CSI and NCIS. They were what had gotten her into science in the first place. As she watched, she got even more tired steadily.

The next thing Amy knew, she was on her hands and knees, though she couldn't feel anything below the knee on either leg. She looked up to see not her living room, but a field with a few horses in it. The horses were grazing on the grass, their tails whipping through the air at flies.

She looked down and saw that what she had thought were her arms, were actually a horse's front legs.

"What the hell is going on?" she thought.

She looked around again and sniffed at the air. She could smell the warm, sweet scent of horses. She's always liked how horses smelled. She'd first smelled it when she'd learned to ride as a child and it had made the experience more engaging for her. Just the smell of these horses brought back

her memories of the horses she used to ride.

Suddenly, Amy was awake, the TV was on and she was highly confused. Firstly, was the dream. It was confusing the hell out of her, why the hell did she have it? The most obvious assumption was because of the class trip. She'd examine the dream later.

There seemed to be a more pressing matter. Her panties seemed much too tight, as if they'd been pulled when she'd fallen on the floor, but it didn't feel right for that situation.

She looked down and noticed that her skirt had bunched up and she could see the problem. Her panties were bulging out and to one side, dangling by her leg was a huge testicle. She was instantly scared.

Amy ripped her panties down and in the scant dawn light, she saw the sheath of a horse's cock and slightly lower down, 2 large balls that were now resting on the floor.

"This is a dream!" she said, loudly. "This isn't real!"

But she knew that in a dream, you never proclaimed that it wasn't a dream. Just to satisfy her urge to know for sure, she pinched herself hard. It hurt a lot.

"How did this happen?" she asked, as if the simple notion of asking would give her the answer.

Amy jumped up and ran to the bathroom to look in the mirror for a better view of this unnatural thing. When she got there, she ripped her knickers off and stared into the mirror, willing it to be a hallucination.

She reached down and tentatively touched the sheath. It felt real and she could feel the veins and the soft, regular pulse of blood flowing through it. She gave it a slight squeeze and could feel something inside it.

She felt a stirring feeling in her stomach. It was like butterflies going haywire. She was still looking in the mirror when she saw the soft tube of her newly-grown cock edging slowly from it's sheath. As she watched, Amy saw it spring quickly from soft and flexible to unimaginably hard. It hurt, it was so hard.

Amy had no idea why she was getting horny, since she was still terrified as to what had happened to her body, but she couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to pleasure herself as she now was. She decided to go for it without even considering the ramifications.

She wrapped her hand around the hard, thick shaft of her new cock and squeezed it lightly. The pressure she exerted was deliciously exciting. Even through the fear and shock, it felt great to do. She was craving to do more, but forced herself to take her time.

Slowly, gently, Amy started to rub her hard shaft, moaning instantly at the feeling of her hand gliding along it. It was so sensitive that she was soon panting with lust and increasing her speed and pressure.

She fell to her knees, weak with the longing to cum, pumping her shaft as hard and fast as she could, moaning loudly. Feeling a tingling in her newly-grown testicles she screamed her pleasure before shooting a gigantic load of semen straight at the mirror.

The thick, sticky substance splashed onto the mirror in a stream, covering her reflection in cum,

blocking her view of herself. She kept stroking herself, feeling better and better as she came more and more, her cum flying from the end of her cock like a rocket, hitting the mirror then dripping down it slowly.

She came for a good minute before the cum started just dripping from the tip of her large member and pooling on the floor between her legs. She was panting, breathless as she stopped jacking herself off, almost unable to see, she felt so good.

As Amy lay back, panting, it slowly dawned on her what she'd just done. She'd been overcome by feelings she didn't recognise and masturbated with this scary new appendage. The fear she'd felt earlier came back stronger than before, as the ramifications dawned on her like a slap to the face.

'What if I can't suppress the urges?' she thought. 'I might be controlled by this thing for the rest of my life.'

Sobered from her desires, she got to work cleaning up. She washed the mirror and wiped off her new, huge member with a wet cloth. Then she had to rinse the cloth off before climbing into the shower and having an extremely cold wash.

There was still an hour or so before she had to leave for college, so she rang Lucy. Mercifully, she picked up her phone quickly.

"Hello?" was what Amy heard. Lucy sounded groggy.

"Lucy, it's Amy. I need you to come to mine as soon as you can," she said, urgently. "Forget college, I have a problem."

"Can't it wait?"

"No. It can't," Amy replied. "Please?"

"Fine," Lucy said after a moment's silence. "I'll be there in an hour or so."

An hour and a half later, there was a knock at the door. Amy answered it and thankfully, Lucy was there. Amy ushered her in and offered her a drink, which Lucy declined.

"Let's just get this over with," she said.

"I wish I could," Amy said under her breath.

Lucy didn't seem to hear her, so Amy made them both a cup of coffee and sat down. She sipped her drink as she tried to figure out how to tell her best friend what had happened to her. She could try and find a way to talk into it or she could come straight out with the shocking truth.

"Well?" Lucy asked, taking a gulp of coffee. "What's up?"

Amy tried to think of words to express what she was feeling, how frightened and confused she was, but she couldn't grasp any. Instead, she stood up and faced Lucy.

"I have something to show you," she said. "I'm confused as to how it happened, but I need to tell someone about it."

Amy had only put on a dressing gown for this, so she undid the belt, still holding it closed.

"What the-" Lucy started, before saying, "Hey, no offense, but I'm not into lesbian stuff."

"Please!" Amy exclaimed.

Lucy just nodded, seeing the worry on her friend's features. Amy pulled open her dressing gown. The cock that had been held hidden by the dressing gown flopped down and hung limply between her legs.

Lucy looked as if she were in shock. Her eyes were wide, her mouth hanging open. In any normal situation, she'd have looked hilarious, but not in this one.

The cock was about a foot and a half long and about 3 inches thick at its hardest, Amy remembered. At the moment it was about half that and hanging limply.

"That has to be fake," she said, disbelievingly.

"I wish it were," Amy said sadly.

Lucy was staring and Amy blushed, and averted her gaze. She did notice, however, Lucy licking her lips unconsciously.

"Look at the size of it!" Lucy almost yelled, her face breaking into a slight smile.

She was obviously trying to hide her love of such a large cock, and Amy decided to let her think she hadn't noticed. She had other worries, after all.

Lucy stood up and made Amy sit down. She then squatted in front of her and rested her hands on Amy's knees to support herself as much as give comfort.

"Amy, this is going to be fine," she said calmly. "We'll figure it out and find someone or some way to make you how you were."

When Amy didn't respond Lucy gave her a little slap on the knee and asked what was wrong.

"It'll take forever to sort out, if it's even possible," Amy said. "And I can't control it."

This made Lucy cock her eyebrow and Amy told her what had happened a while earlier. As she spoke, understanding dawned on Lucy's face and Amy could all but hear the cogs turning and forming a solution.

"I can help with that," Lucy said, unembarrassed.

"What happened to not being interested in lesbian stuff?" Amy asked.

"Well," Lucy said, a smile coming to her face, "with a cock like that, I can make an exception. The bigger the better for me, after all."

Amy sighed in fake exasperation, though her heart was pounding a bruise on the inside of her ribcage. She had to admit, the idea of fucking Lucy with this massive cock was strangely exciting. She barely thought before nodding in agreement.

Even as she was nodding, her new appendage was growing hard and long at the thought of fucking her best friend. Before even thirty seconds were up, Amy's cock was so hard, it felt like it was going to burst open from the pressure.

A glint came to Lucy's already bright eyes as she admired the sheer length of her friend's unnatural, large horse-cock. She dropped off the couch and looked at it close up, marvelling at how it looked: the slight curve of the 18 inch shaft, the large veins pulsing with blood to keep it hard. Underneath the cock was a set of huge balls, dangling down and swinging slightly as Amy moved.

Lucy licked her lips again before leaning in and slowly, gently licking the head of Amy's cock, causing Amy to moan softly.

Lucy smiled when she tasted it. It tasted completely different to how she was used to a cock to taste. It was still fleshy tasting, but it was sweet, and the rhythmic pulse of blood under the skin was deliciously powerful. It made her even wetter than she already was.

Amy moaned loudly when Lucy engulfed the head of her new cock deeply, pressing it to the back of her throat and licking the underside. She felt as if her cock was about to explode with cum, right down her friend's throat.

Lucy sucked hard, bobbing her head hard and fast, her hands, wrapped around the shaft, were stroking with an equal amount of enthusiasm. Amy moaned long and loud and, without warning, came hard. A huge torrent of cum filling Lucy's mouth. Lucy tried to swallow it all, but she couldn't swallow it as fast as Amy's cock could pump it into her mouth, which meant that a lot escaped her lips and dripped down her shin and onto her shirt.

She pulled Amy's cock from her mouth, swallowed the last of the cum in her mouth and wiped it on the back of her arm. She then looked down at her top and saw the mess there.

"Sorry Lucy," Amy said, looking embarrassed. "I didn't mean to cover your shirt I cum."

"It's fine," Lucy said, smiling as she wiped some of it onto her fingers then sucked it off of them and swallowed.

She eyed Amy's still-hard cock and took her clothes off. Seeing Lucy naked made Amy's cock twitch and all she wanted to do was jump on her and ram her cock into Lucy's tight pussy and ass, but she fought hard to control her desires.

Lucy stood and pushed Amy's dressing gown, which she'd kept on but open, from her shoulders. As it fell to the floor, Lucy took Amy's hand and pulled her to the bedroom. When they got there, Lucy pushed Amy onto the bed and climbed onto it next to her, not even shutting the door behind them.

Lucy leaned over and kissed Amy on the lips passionately, her hand slowly rubbing the cock that was now pointing almost straight up at the ceiling. Amy kissed back, moaning slightly, as their tongues found each other and started dancing together. The kiss was long and when it was broken, a thin string of saliva hung between their tongues.

Lucy stood on the bed, her feet planted either side of Amy's waist and she slowly lowered herself to a comfortable kneeling position where the cock could be standing proud, but not inside her. Slowly and carefully, she grabbed it and lined it up with her dripping opening before lowering herself further, the head of Amy's cock piercing her tight cunt.

Both of them moaned loudly, as if it was a competition to out-moan the other, but in reality, Amy was moaning at her friend's tight pussy and Lucy from being filled so much (even with only two inches of it inside her).

When she'd gotten used to the girth of Amy's cock, Lucy pushed down more, until it hit her cervix.

As she did, she came from being penetrated so deeply with such a thick cock. She didn't stop there; she pushed even further and harder, and the head of Amy's cock pierced Lucy's tight cervix, penetrating her deeper than she'd ever been penetrated before. Lucy screamed with a mix of extreme pleasure and pain, while Amy moaned at such a tight grip on her cock.

Lucy started to move her hips slowly fucking her best friend and both moaned in tandem, a symphony of pleasure and pain that seemed to go perfectly with such an intimate act, and having nothing to do with the size of the cock or depth of penetration.

Amy couldn't help herself, she rolled over, putting Lucy underneath her with her legs up and she held them where they were as she started to fuck her friend hard and fast. Lucy started swearing incoherently as she was pounded deeply and hard by Amy's horse-cock, and Amy's balls slapped hard against her ass.

Both of them screamed as their orgasms peaked, Lucy squirting cum around Amy's cock, and Amy emptying her big balls directly into Lucy's womb. The amount of cum Amy expelled was so large that it squirted out of Lucy and onto the bed covers.

As they both came down from their first orgasms, they hugged and kissed, all inhibitions on the lesbian act gone before drifting off quickly into the post-orgasmic bliss of deep, contented sleep.