

A Horse, of Course?

by Jim Schicatanano

The teenage years. It is a time of personal, emotional, and physical growth. A time when the true inner-self struggles to emerge beneath the ever-changing mask that we are expected to wear, as we forge a meandering path through the challenges, pitfalls, and achievements that comprise life.

Who we are and what we can achieve is constantly transforming us as we begin to discover our place in life and grow to understand our abilities. It is these talents that guide us in our maturity and mold us into the person that we soon become.

But at this cumbersome stage of life, abilities can often be misused or misunderstood. And as for all teenagers, the consequences of their actions are often unrecognized until they transpire.

Renee had the power. She had known it her entire life. It was a secret that she had concealed from her loved ones. A secret that had always burned silently at the pit of her soul. It desperately struggled to emerge from within her, striving to reveal itself in a spectacular display of mental ability that no one she knew could ever dream of duplicating.

But she suppressed it. Throughout her life she had never allowed anyone to learn of the fantastic secret she harbored deep within her. Silence. It was her best weapon. It was the only way that such power could be maintained. Patience. It was patience that gave her the strength to repress her ability. And she waited for the precise time, the definitive moment when she could finally use her powers in some unanticipated manner to help her mature into the confident, independent, successful woman that she had grown to envision.

Renee held Eric's hand as they strolled through the countryside at her father's farm. They had passed by the cows and the chicken coops and finally stopped to watch the horses. Eric rested his arms on the wooden fence and studied the horses from a distance. But Renee kept her eyes only on him.

The sky was a deep blue, the flowers were long in bloom, and a vibrant green blanketed the entire valley below them on this warm spring day. The air was still and carried aromas that can only be found in the country when the seeds had taken root and the animals grazed the pastures. Bees were abundant and busily collecting pollen from the

blooming flowers in the field nearby. A hawk circled over the hill above Renee's farm, stealthily searching the area for prey. Her dog, Jack, a Golden Retriever, continued to bark up at the house.

"Beautiful creatures," Eric suddenly stated. There was a look of deep admiration in his eyes.

"We've had horses since I was a little girl," Renee boasted with a smile. "I've been riding them and raising them all my life."

"Sounds like a lot of work."

"It's worth it. You grow to love them. That stallion over there, Mickey, is my favorite. I don't know what I'd do without him."

"So you've told me – a million times." Eric smiled and watched Mickey, head down gathering a mouthful of hay.

They were to be seniors in High School when the school year began. They were each other's first loves and had been making love quite frequently since the beginning of their junior year. This was the first time they had strolled through her father's farm when all the animals were loose. Eric lived in town and seldom saw farm animals this close. Their slow movements and preoccupation to find food fascinated him.

But Renee's mind was not on the animals, the crops, the flowers, the insects, or the beautiful weather. Instead, she eyed her boyfriend. His muscular forearms and biceps, the moustache that tickled her when they kissed, his long, dark hair, and his legs and buttocks. She eyed him provocatively. Hungrily. Greedily.

And then she had an idea. An awful wicked idea. Somehow, it just magically appeared to her from the darker recesses of her mind. She toyed with its nastiness and depravity.

And she knew the time had come. It was so clear now. It was what she had been waiting for all these years. Silently. Patiently. Repressively. It was what this power of hers was for. It was why she existed. Her talent, her gift, her place in the social fabric of society. Everything that she had struggled to repress so long suddenly could no longer be contained.

She closed her eyes and thought. Alluring, erotic thoughts. So seductive. So sexy. So naughty. Thoughts of transformation. Thoughts of fulfillment. And thoughts of depraved opportunity. She allowed her magical powers to emanate from deep within her. Outward. Forward. Focusing. She directed her magical powers at Eric. Completely and

consuming. Even she was astonished by the profusion of power that she was unleashing. Even she had never expected her talents to possess this much energy and capability. It drained her. It impaired her thought processes. It was as if her very essence, her soul, spewed out of her, beyond her control.

Renee stumbled backwards and then opened her eyes. She shook her head, attempting to regain her coherence. And when she finally grew coherent, she looked up at her boyfriend, Eric. She eyed him in amazement, in disbelief. Even she possessed some doubts of what she could perform. But her eyes did not deceive her. She stared in marveled satisfaction at the black stallion that Eric had become.

Eric snorted and rustled his hoofs nervously in the tall, thick grass. But he remained in place as he stared with uncertainty at his girlfriend. Renee approached him and began to stroke his shiny, black coat.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed. Her eyes beamed with confidence and amazement. It was almost too incredible to be true. But the demonstration of her talents stood right before her and any doubts that she had ever possessed quickly dissipated. How powerful she was! How fulfilling it was to finally unleash her magic! And she quickly wondered what the limits were to her abilities. Perhaps there were none! Perhaps she could only be confined by her own imagination.

And then Renee giggled. A devilish, uninhibited, conquering giggle. She felt the power she possessed surging through her soul. She saw the possibilities in life expand exponentially before her.

She stroked Eric, her eyes unable to remove their focus on the incredible animal that she had just transformed from a human being. How extraordinary he was! The most beautiful, muscular, breathtaking stallion she had ever seen.

"There, there," she whispered to Eric. "I'm just having some fun with you. You don't mind. Do you? I'm sorry you were the first one for me to test my powers on. But . . . But I'll make it up to you."

She turned and tilted her head sideways, gazing back at his genitals. "My word!" she exclaimed in admiration. She gently stroked him again. Then she whispered in his ear, "I'll definitely make it up to you."

And she closed her eyes once again. The power quickly stirred within her. Building. Growing. Intensifying beyond her control. Suddenly it erupted, spewing out of her spirit like molten lava spewing from a violent active volcano. It engulfed her. Contained her. Transformed her. And when the magical aura dissipated, a beautiful golden mare

appeared beside the surprised black stallion.

She nuzzled up to him. Her nose rubbed his long neck. He snorted some more. His breathing quickened, his legs quivered, his nostrils flared. Eric nuzzled her, too. His long neck reached over hers, rubbing the top of her head with his. Then his body slid down her golden torso, until he found himself behind her, and finally on top of her.

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"I don't understand." Eric discovered himself on the ground, leaning up against the wooden fence. With apprehension, he gazed up at Renee, who stood over him. That all-knowing, devilish grin remained with her, and she looked down with admiration at her lover.

"I've always had it," she informed him. Her response was said so calmly and modestly that Eric grew even more frightened. Who was this person he stared at with consternation? What was she?

"You . . . You . . ." He was unable to form a complete sentence. And he suddenly sprung off the ground and backed away from Renee.

"Don't be frightened. I won't HURT you."

"You . . . You're a witch!" He pointed a trembling finger at her as he continued to back away. "You're . . . You're evil!"

"No, I'm not," she replied. She spoke quite softly and was surprised by his reaction. "I'm not a witch. And I am NOT evil. I just have these powers, that's all. And I've always wondered what it would be like. You know, as horses! They're such beautiful creatures. And the stallions . . . Well, a girl can't help but notice them – and be a little curious."

His eyes widened in horror. His jaw dropped in terror. "My God, we didn't!"

"Of course we did, silly. Don't you remember?"

He instantly searched his memory. "It's all so distorted. So barbaric. I couldn't think like a human. It was so limiting. I couldn't really THINK. I just acted – and reacted – like an animal. I had no control of myself." He gazed at her twinkling, depraved eyes. He observed, in horror, that snickering, demonic sneer that refused to leave her.

"They say all men are animals. I just wanted to see the animal in you." She slowly approached him. It was she who was, and had been, in control throughout their bizarre sexual encounter. And she relished the role of aggressor. Dominator. Controller. "You performed

admirably," she added.

"W-we've never had un-protected s-sex before," he stammered. "My God, Renee. What if you become p-pregnant?"

She stood beside him now and ran her fingers seductively through his hair. Now in fear of her powers, he did not dare to reject her. "Don't be silly. Horses can't impregnate a human being."

But he could no longer contain his anger. He grabbed her. Clutched her shoulders. Began to shake her. "Damn it! Don't you see? You weren't human when we did that! We were both HORSES!"

The devilish smile, the diabolical twinkle in her eyes, the confident demeanor instantly disappeared. She suddenly gazed at him with apprehension. What had she done? She had acted so impulsively. So childishly. Why hadn't she anticipated this? It was her first time – her initial unleashing of her formidable magical powers. And those impetuous actions had only resulted in unparalleled fear. Her lips suddenly began to tremble, her hands shook in trepidation.

"If you get pregnant now," he continued, "what would it BE?"

What, indeed.