

Mother Nature's Blessing

For TheDefiantPirate

By TheSpiralledEye

A man goes hiking in the wilderness only to stumble upon a magic orb which transforms him into the forest's protector; a hermaphroditic centaur.

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I breathed in the fresh Colorado air and let out a sigh of contentment; there was nothing but nature as far as the eye could see. A veritable ocean of trees in green and orange, broken up by the occasional grey ridge or mountain side. This had been the right choice; for years I'd been working my ass off in that stuffy office, then taking the minimum amount of vacation days at fancy resorts surrounded by concrete and curated palm trees but now. I'd thought all that luxury was what relaxation was supposed to be but I'd been wrong.

The fellas at the office had ribbed me something fierce when, on a whim, I'd decided to take up hiking. Maybe they were right and I was having some sort of midlife crisis but at least it was cheaper to go walking through nature than it was to buy a fancy red sports car like the rest of them. The extra exercise could only be good for me anyway; years of sitting in an office had started to give me a bit of a pot belly and I was eager to get rid of it.

The autumn breeze ruffled my hair, I'd let it grow out slightly from the close shave I usually wore. I felt like a real man out here, just me and the raw beauty and danger of nature. I let the feeling build within me until it was shattered by the giggling of a small girl who came skipping up the hiking trail, her parents a few paces behind.

They waved to me pleasantly and I tried to do the same. It was hard to keep up that illusion of being a man at one with the wilderness when a little girl could do the same hike without any issue. What I really wanted was a challenge and solitude. I looked down at my map and traced a finger along the various trails highlighted upon it.

Green was for beginners, yellow for intermediates and red for experts. The grading system was mostly based on the length of the hike and how much climbing it involved, at least from my understanding. So while I wasn't a great climber, I could probably handle a red trail no problem. There would still be other people though.

I grimaced imagining the rough faces of experienced hikers with their worn out shoes watching me. They'd look me up and down, see my expensive, brand name gear with barely any dirt on it and smirk. No thank you.

Once again the wind whipped up and I felt a tug somewhere deep in my chest, almost like an instinct calling me off the well marked trail and into the wilderness. Everybody always said, stick to the trail, even leaving it for a second could mean getting lost according to the park rangers but this sudden yearning for something just a bit more wild and untamed compelled me forward. I could see a beautiful ridge, maybe half a mile away. It was an easy landmark to find and if I climbed to the top I would easily be able to find my way back. I'd be alone with nature and have conquered nature in true then.

I quickly glanced around to make sure the little girl and her family weren't watching and ducked off the path, down the small hill and into the wilderness. After taking only a few steps I felt bolder, more manly; and the feeling only intensified as the walking trail left my sight and was replaced with tangled roots and heavy scrub.

I walked happily for half an hour, then an hour...then two. Surely I should have reached that ridge by now. It wasn't that far away and I was walking in a straight line, or at least as straight a line as I could manage with all these thick trees in the way. Nervousness began to creep up my throat, maybe I'd gotten turned around.

"Okay Kurt, deep breath, stay calm." I whispered. "You can just turn around and come back the way you came."

I did just that and the feeling of anxiety only grew as the sunlight began to dim. I didn't recognise this part of the forest at all.

"But I just came this way..."

I stumbled through the twilight, feeling more and more panicked until I felt the earth below one of my feet give way and I tumbled down a small ridge with a cry. I landed flat on my back and felt the wind knocked out of my lungs. For a moment I closed my eyes and winced, waiting for some great pain to tell me I'd broken a leg and was going to be stuck out here alone until rescuers found me, but it didn't come.

I opened my eyes again and found myself mercifully unharmed. I sat up and blinked in surprise to find the hard ground beneath me wasn't dirt but stone. Not just any stone either, rough white cobbles that were somehow pristine despite clearly being old. I looked around and saw what looked like the crumbling remains of some sort of church or temple and felt my jaw drop. None of the park brochures had mentioned something like this.

At least it would make a good shelter for the night. I jumped to my feet and poked my head inside and felt even more confused. Instead of rotting pews the inside of the building seemed to be built almost like a barn, with stalls separated by mossy stone walls. Each one

half overgrown with wildflowers. The only thing of note was right at the back of the room, a small white pedestal that almost seemed to glow softly, with a pearlescent orb sat atop it.

“No way...” I smiled wildly, whatever that thing was, it had to be valuable. It wouldn’t be sitting out here unguarded if the park rangers knew it existed, I had to be the first one to find it in years, if at all!

Images flashed through my mind, the fame and fortune that would come my way when I bought it back to civilization. They’d have a whole section of that little park museum dedicated to me and the amazing find. Eagerly I raced toward it, hands outstretched, it was only as my skin made contact with the smooth surface of the pearl that I realised I might have been too hasty.

The orb was warm, far too warm for something sitting under a stone roof at twilight. And it almost felt like it was vibrating subtly against my skin, sending a warm tingling feeling up my arms.

“Uh oh.”

I tried to put the orb down but my hands refused to obey me, lightning forked through my body forcing me rigid and my grip on the orb to tighten. I could feel something flowing from it into me, swirling into my bones and deep into my muscles. My breath started coming short and sharp; I couldn’t let this happen! I didn’t know what ‘this’ was yet but it couldn’t be good.

I grit my teeth and tore my hands away with a victorious cry; I was a man, dammit, I wasn’t going to let some weird ball hurt me. I was the master of the wilderness after all! The orb hit the ground with a heavy thunk but the strange vibration was still spreading through my body. I grunted as I felt something inside me shift, my muscles felt almost like they were warping beneath my skin.

“Hgnnnn! Wha-what’s happening, oh!”

The orb began to float up into the air and my jaw dropped watching it rise. It stopped, hovering a few feet off the ground and began to glow; as soon as the light hit my skin that tingling sensation went haywire. It was everywhere, penetrating deep inside me to my very core. Then, I began to change.

It started in my chest, a pressure pushing outwards and forcing my skin to go with it. My pecs felt like they were swelling and I could only watch in shock as the front of my shirt

began to fill out. The fabric went taut, the buttons straining to keep my body contained as it grew before flying off to reveal two round, beautiful breasts.

“What the hell!” My voice warbled with alarm and something else, it was higher pitched but not because of panic. “Ooooh...ooooh gosh...”

My breasts continued to swell past Double D size and I felt myself bending over double to support their new weight as my centre of gravity shifted. I suddenly felt unbalanced on my own two feet. I was suddenly hit with the urge to get down on all fours but I ignored it, continuing to struggle on my feet as that tingling got stronger and stronger.

It was like pins and needles spreading through my toes, numbing them until all of a sudden, they expanded. I could only watch in shock as my sneakers burst into shreds of expensive rubber and cloth. My feet were gone, replaced with heavy hooves that shone black. The tits were weird enough but now hooves!?

That tingling sensation turned to pricking and I felt something growing across the skin of my new legs as they changed shape. Hair? No, fur. Mostly white but dapples with brown in large random patches.

I stumbled like a newborn deer, trying to get my balance now that my feet were gone only to fail and fall forwards as that same pushing sensation happened in my rear. It was much stronger than the force that made my breasts though, I could feel my butt swelling and growing but it was more than that, it felt as though I were growing a whole other body.

“Uuuuhhh...hnnnnn!!!”

I was helpless, all I could do was give in to the sensation and try to push and form whatever new part of me was growing. I got heavier and heavier until suddenly, I felt something entirely new. It was one thing to feel my existing limbs changing and moving but to grow two new ones was utterly alien. The legs formed behind my old ones, with strong muscles and two more hooves.

My balance seemed to return and I awkwardly pushed myself up, crying out in shock when I realised I had grown a good few feet in height. That same fur covered the lower part of my body and I realised with shock that it wasn't even human. My torso was still human, with the roundness of my belly gone and replaced with breasts, but my legs had been replaced with that of a horse.

“I'm a...centaur!?” The words felt ridiculous coming out of my mouth, not just because centaurs weren't supposed to be real but because my voice was all wrong.

It was breathy and soft, with an almost musical lilt to it. Not to mention, obviously female. That might explain the tits now hanging free on my chest. That pressure was still pushing through my body and I stamped my hooves in irritation as I felt a long, soft tail poke its way out of me. A distressed whinny escaped my mouth before I covered it in shame; did that animalistic noise come from *me*?

My hair, which had been slightly longer and scruffy, seemed to take on a life of its own. My scraggly blonde beard, rough from days of not shaving, seemed to regress back up into my face, leaving it smooth as silk. The hair on my head did the opposite, growing out in love waves almost like water, but instead of dirty blonde it was fiery red. It tumbled down my shoulders, covering my modesty a little which I was thankful for since none of my clothing had survived the change. Tattered remains fluttered about my new centaur form as the tingling finally stopped and I found myself at a loss.

“This can’t be real...” I whispered to myself in a panic. “I’m delirious from dehydration or something.”

I blinked a few times, squeezing my eyes shut so tight it almost hurt. But my horse body remained, along with my new female features. I clip clopped across the stone floor a little, trying to orient myself and figure how to move my body now that it was so much bigger when I realised I could feel something else. Something distinctly masculine.

I still had my cock.

Well, using the word ‘my’ might be a little disingenuous. My body was much bigger now and my dick seemed to have grown to match. I could feel it hanging beneath me, free in the wind. It was slightly unsettling. After a moment it seemed to regress up inside me slightly, but I could tell it was still there. I was somehow both male and female, not to mention a freaking centaur!

“Oh this can’t be good.” I turned back to the orb, still floating gently in the air. “Turn me back!”

I stamped a hoof on the ground for emphasis, then blushed a little. I was yelling at a rock; it wasn’t like I actually expected it to talk back.

But then it did.

“Do not fear, my child. You are one of my guardians now.”

“What?”

“You are the first of a new generation, it has been many moons since Mother Nature has had a herd with which to protect her lands. You shall be the new mother of this tribe. My Kira.”

“It’s Kurt.” I said dumbly, but the voice continued.

“Kira, the new leader of the herd, protect my lands and form a new family here and in payment I shall give you nature's bounty.”

“Would nature's bounty include a cure for this?” I asked hopefully, but the voice didn't respond. In fact it seemed to be talking at me rather than with me.

“Protect this place,” It repeated, “Protect my orb and you shall be free and happy under my sky.”

With that, the pearlescent glow dimmed and the orb gently floated back onto its softly glowing pedestal and became still once more. Gingerly I reached out and touched it before jumping back as if shocked. Nothing happened. I tried again, this time picking it up and holding it in my hands. The orb was still warm and thrumming with energy, but it didn't change me back or seem to react in any way.

“Come on you stupid thing! Change me back! I can't stay like this!”

But the voice didn't return, nor did the power that changed me. I huffed in frustration, hating how much like an actual horse I sounded. I put the orb back, ignoring the little part of my brain that wanted it shattered on the ground, and continued to look around the stone building.

The stable layout made sense now, if this place had been built for centaurs. I found the stall which was the least overgrown and settled myself down somewhat awkwardly. The sun had set now and there was only the light of the moon for company. I leaned my human torso up against the side of the wall and stared out the open window.

A small gasp escaped my lips and I leaned closer; the sky looked *alive*. There were so many stars tingling in the sky my eyes didn't know where to look first. The crescent moon hung low and I found myself gazing at it, almost mesmerised. I'd never seen such a sky before; the lights of the city blocked them out. Warm autumn air rushed through my hair and I sighed contentedly; at least my new room had a view.

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I woke the next morning surprisingly comfortable; I half expected to come to in a ditch somewhere having fallen and hit my head walking and dreamed up the whole thing. But no, my centaur body was still here and slightly stiff from a long night's rest. I got myself up and realised how odd it was that the autumn air wasn't chilling my skin. I was naked after all, I should have been shivering but instead the air felt only slightly cool and refreshing.

I stepped outside and watched in awe as the sun rose through the treeline, the forest was shrouded in a low mist that swirled around my hooves and it gave the whole area an almost magical quality. I trotted down to a nearby river and found a particularly slow moving patch to try and get a better look at myself. My long red hair now framed a heart shaped face with long, dark lashes that almost looked fake and bright turquoise eyes.

It was hard to reconcile the beautiful, wild creature in the water with reality; how could she be me? I stood back and admired my new equine half; the patches on my fur were brown and rich and my coat glossy. I'd never been particularly self conscious before I was fine with the way I looked; but never in a million years had I dared to think I'd be *beautiful*.

Beautiful or not, I couldn't exactly go back to society looking like this. They'd have me carted off to some laboratory in five minutes flat but...what choice did I have? I felt antsy and restless, my feet stamped back and forth, desperately wanting to stretch and move.

"Sorry mother nature or whatever." I whispered to the wind. "But I'm a city boy and I am getting this fixed."

I took off into the trees, trotting slowly at first before quickly moving up to a canter, then a gallop. The trees were gathered thickly together, stones and roots tangled the forest floor and yet I moved across it with ease. When my human self had been slowly stumbling through my new hooves moved with ease. I practically flew across the ground, galloping at full pace with a wild smile; this felt fantastic!

I forgot all about trying to find my way back to the trail and instead threw myself to the wind. I leap over logs with ease and ran up hills only to race down the other side. The wind was in my hair and sun on my bare skin; I'd never felt so alive. My breasts bounced with the

heavy movement of my body galloping through the forest but I didn't care. It felt right, the idea of covering them up didn't even enter my mind.

I stopped to catch my breath and my red hair whipped about my face. I laughed breathlessly, using my fingers to untangle the mess and pull it back into a ponytail that I tied with a small piece of lichen string.

“Wow...”

There were no trails in sight, just mountains covered in trees and a pristine looking lake at the bottom of the hill where I stood. There was so much beauty, so much to explore. Funding my way back to the ranger station and civilization could wait.

I whooped for joy as I galloped down toward the water. My powerful legs thumped against the ground and I felt a surge of...something, pass through me. Wild excitement, or power perhaps. My body had never been strong before but now I felt as fit and strong as, well, a horse.

With the strength of a stallion and the grace of a mare I thundered into the shallows, kicking up the clear water into white spray. I swam into the depths, enjoying the cold fresh water on my coat. My nipples turned firm in the spray and I sighed happily before getting out. I spent the whole day experimenting with my new body, running as fast and far as I could before finally returning to the temple.

Unlike yesterday, where every tree looked the same, now I could find my way with ease. I seemed to know each tree individually, I could see each one's unique shape and personality as if they were people. It made getting back to my new home a breeze. Inside the orb waited for me, glowing comfortingly and bringing a soft smile to my face.

“Okay,” I whispered to it, running my palm over the surface almost lovingly. “I guess I can stick around for a little while.”

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After years on the grind it felt odd to have total freedom. I slept when I wanted, as long as I wanted and then when I woke up I could do anything I pleased. I found myself rising with the sun each morning without the usual sleep gritting my eyes. It felt natural and easy. I spent my days getting to know the forest and found it becoming and more and more like home.

Perhaps it was the spirit of mother nature exuding from the orb, or perhaps I had new instincts thanks to my new transformation but I found knowledge flowing into my brain. I knew the names of every tree, leaf and flower. I knew which berries were safe to eat and

which ones could be avoided and how to clean water. After a few days of being a vegetarian I even managed to fashion myself a bow from a bending piece of wood and my own long horse hair tail. A few sharpened sticks later and I had roast rabbit for dinner.

Life was idyllic, I didn't even know how much time had passed since my change. I climbed to the top of a mountain and looked down over the park; I could see the ranger station and camp grounds in the distance. I wonder if anybody was looking for me. I wasn't due back at work for weeks, I'd not told anybody where I was going and I had a park pass so it wasn't like I had a hotel to check out of.

I watched the tiny specs that were people in the distance and sighed, life was idyllic but it was also...a little lonely. I trotted back to the temple and looked at the orb thoughtfully.

“You said I was going to start a new herd...how do I do that?”

The orb didn't answer, evidently Mother Nature wasn't the talkative sort. Still; I could feel something, a sense of that power that had changed me. It thrummed in my veins, I knew I had the power to do...something. Maybe if I found somebody and led them back to the orb, or perhaps I could do it all on my own. If only I knew where to start.

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I was enjoying a bath in the river, using reeds to help scrub down my flank when I heard it. The crack of a stick beneath thick hiking boots. I froze; it had been so long since I'd seen another person I wasn't sure what to do. Flee? Greet them? Fight? What would a regular human think seeing a being like me?

I sunk down into the water so that only my human torso was visible and watched as a woman crashed through the treeline. Her dark dyed hair was wild and full of twigs and she didn't look dressed for hiking. Outside of her boots she was wearing fishnet stockings, a skirt and a tight fitting black singlet. Her eyes locked with mine and filled with relief.

“Oh thank God, I thought I'd never see another person.” She sighed. “I wandered off the path to find a nice place to sketch and then I couldn't find it again.”

My mouth had gone dry, I had no idea what to say. I watched as her gaze moved down and noticed I was topless.

“Oh sorry!” She quickly looked away. “But uh, I'm not sure you should be skinny dipping in a national park...if you know how to get back to the trail. I'd appreciate it.”

“I do...sort of. But it’s a long way. You must have been walking for some time.”

“Yeah.” The woman scratched at the back of her neck awkwardly. “You can get dressed if you like. I’m Cynthia.”

“Kira.” I replied before taking a deep breath. “But I can’t get dressed, sorry, I don’t have any clothes.”

“At all?” Cynthia raised an eyebrow.

Now or never.

I walked back to shore and watched as Cynthia’s eyes grew wider and wider.

“No...you can see why.”

Cynthia gazed up at me in wonder; there wasn’t a hint of fear in her eyes and I felt myself relax a little. At least she wasn’t running away screaming.

“What are you?” She whispered.

“A centaur.” I smiled, it felt right saying it out loud. “I live out here.”

“Are there more?”

“No.”

I shifted a little.

“That must be lonely...” Cynthia said sympathetically.

“It is. But if you like, I can show you around.”

Maybe if I showed her the wonders of nature she would want to stay the way I did. Maybe the orb could change her too. The idea excited me more than I wanted to admit. Carefully,

Cynthia climbed onto my back, it felt odd having a rider. The experience was far more intimate than I expected.

“Where should I...hold on?” Cynthia asked, sounding a little flustered.

“Just around my middle.” I shrugged, “there isn't really another place.”

The woman wrapped her arms around my torso so that the bottom of my breasts rested against her arms. It felt nice, after so long without any human touch.

“Ready? Hold on tight!”

I kicked up my hooves and galloped through the forest, letting the last of the water fly off into the wind. Cynthia laughed with excitement as we flew through the trees and I pointed out several of my favourite places and vistas, all the while talking about my life as a centaur. until we arrived back at the temple and the orb.

“This is the orb you mentioned?” She breathed in wonder.

“Yes, the one that changed me.”

“It sounds incredible, being a centaur I mean.”

“It is.”

There was silence for a moment.

“Do you want it?” I whispered huskily.

“Yes.” Her voice was quick, but shaky with anticipation.

I ran my hands over the orb and one more it began to glow and rise into the air. I stepped back to watch the show as Cynthia's mouth fell open in shock before a moan escaped and her body began to change just like mine had.

Her shoes strained and finally broke open as her hooves formed and she leaned forward, groaning and making thrusting motions with her hips as her horse body grew into being beneath her. I hadn't seen it when my own body transformed but there was a silver

sheen that overtook the body as it changed, hiding the finer details and making the process look magical, rather than painful. A dark black coat and white socks grew in as well as a long, beautiful tail.

Cynthia stumbled slightly, trying to get used to having four legs as the transformation finally slowed and finished. The orb still floated in the air between us and for the first time since my arrival, Mother Nature spoke.

“Welcome, Cynthia, to the herd of my protectors. Cherish your new life, embrace the pleasures of nature. Be wild and free.”

“I will.” She whispered reverently as the orb floated back down to its place on the pedestal.

My heart seemed to swell in my chest; finally, another centaur to frolic and play with! A friend...maybe more. Mother Nature had just told her to enjoy pleasures after all. I felt my cock twitch between my legs at the thought; it had been so long...

“I feel weird wearing this.” Cynthia muttered, reaching under the hem of her singlet and removing it and her bra before tossing them both aside and sighing in relief. “Natural, as nature intended.”

She then noticed me staring and blushed.

“Sorry-”

“No, it's fine. More than fine really.”

Her breasts were beautiful, a little smaller than mine, but perky with deep pink nipples that seemed so bright against her pale skin. That milky white skin contrasted against the black of her coat and hair as well; she really was a beauty.

Cynthia swallowed nervously before stretching out her new centaur body; I couldn't help but notice there was no cock between her legs. She was a fully female centaur, a mare, not a hermaphrodite like me. The herds first mare.

“You look amazing.” I whispered, walking around her so that I could take in that glossy black coat from all angles.

“I feel...incredible.” Cynthia replied.

Without thinking my hands found her chest and caressed her now bare breasts.

“Oh...Oh that’s nice...” She mumbled.

“You heard what Mother Nature said, pleasure is only natural. If we feel desires we shouldn’t hold back...”

“I don’t want to.” Cynthia shivered. “P-please...”

I moved around her, reluctantly letting go of Cynthia’s breasts so that I could stand at her back. She shuffled slightly, standing her back legs as far apart as she could. I let instinct take over as my cock revealed itself, dripping and hard. I groaned, lifting myself up to mount my new mare and prepared to take the first step in making our herd.