

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

You step into the store. It is very dim and lined, floor to ceiling, with jars filled with multicolored goop. There are labels of some sort on all of them. Great. This wasn't what you were expecting. It's your best friend's (and fraternity brother's) birthday, and you had been looking for something to get him. Little shops in Chinatown often have weird sexual things in them, and you wanted some sort of sex joke because you suspect your friend, Ben, has never slept with a woman. But this shop doesn't look like it contains anything appropriate.

You are about to step out when an old Chinese man comes out from the back room and smiles at you. "You see anything? I give it half price. Grand opening sale." He grins widely.

"Uh, what is this stuff?" you ask. "I'm looking for a present. Maybe you have some, uh, sexual lube or something?" You cast a doubtful eye across the shelves, not even embarrassed to have mentioned sex to such an old man. Who cares? You'll never see him again anyway, and you don't have much time to beat around the bush. You have to meet Ben in ten minutes, and you need something now!

"Anything can be sexual," the old man smiles. "Take your pick. Half price. Very reasonable."

You sigh. As aggressive as you can be, you never were much good at saying no. You grab one at random. "How much is this?" you ask.

"For you? Five dollar."

"Great." You pull out the money. "What is it?" But you aren't paying much attention. You're late.

"I translate the label. It say..."

He says a few words as you grab the jar and burst out of the shop. As you exit the alley, you laugh at what you've heard.

"Ah, something made to give Benjamin, that pain in the neck, a good pain in his neck and everywhere else!" You think on the way back to your Fraternity House.

Once in your own room a wicked thought comes to mind. Looking at the bottle of potion you rationalize that Ben might not take the liquid willingly. Then too he might drop or break the bottle, making your trick just a forlorn foolish purchase.

Instead you look around for something to hide and also spread the potion into different decanters. A beer can, bottle of Ben's hair gel, Mouthwash, yes perfect he would use that stuff three times a day!

Delighted with the obvious and perfect place to hide the potion you pour the liquid from green glass bottle into the plastic mouthwash bottle.

"Lucky for you there dummy!" The potion is clear and mixed with the aqua colored mouthwash.

At the sound of Ben coming into the house your hands become shaky and small dribbles of potion trickle over fingers soaking in or drying in just seconds.

"Oh what the hell, it was to be drunk to work, you'll wash it off soon." so you think as the last of the potion is transferred.

You are about to throw the bottle into a waste basket when on the bottom of the bottle is a small yellow sticker.

"Upon the touch to human skin, one need only touch another not of your kind, then do enjoy your thrills!" it said in small lettering, you wonder what it really does?

The bottle falls into the basket as Ben with two friends bursts into the bedroom. Three guys are planning a night out on the town at the local Polish festival; as you stand silently by listening to their big plans.

Ben goes into what is his shared bathroom with another roommate Kevin. He does his whiz and soon that regular sound of gurgling his mouthwash and the dumb burp to follow. As he came out to get a fresh shirt for their night out, Stan and Kevin both take their turns washing hands and each uses the same tainted mouthwash too.

You stand idle as now Ben and two other fraternity brothers walk out to meet some strange and likely sexual folly.

"Hey guys!" you call out.

"Hey Ben can I tag along?" you asked as the thought of what was to happen with Ben, made you chuckle inside, but to have it happen to Kevin and Stan, made the prank all the more a big thrill.

Ben turns to the others and quickly they agree as the four musketeers head out the front door, get in Ben's car, and off they go to the festival, three successfully tainted with the magical potion by the title of, "Can't Get Enough."

The night is young and four fine, fun friends jolly together toward the Polish Festival, lots of beer, dancing, and a few lovely, willing, dollies to return with for more of a wild night.

The drive to downtown is shortened by the closing off of the main streets for the festival. Ben parks his car where the policeman directs, and the four Musketeers bail out like a barrel of laughing monkeys from the car.

Together walking through the ever denser crowds the four change positions and walk then two by two. It happens then that Stan take note of someone he knows handling the beer keg wagon.

"Hey Tommy," Yelled Stan to the driver of four massive Jutland draft horses.

The slow moving wagon slows to a halt, as Stan climbs the large front spoked wheel to take a seat next to his friend.

First to break up the us four musketeers: STAN

Stan was the first to break away from our group, he getting a ride on the beer wagon drawn by four beautiful big Jutland Danish bred horses.

At the unloading ceremony, Stan offered to help hold the horse from making and unnecessary moving as the kegs were lifted off the wagon by a crane.

Holding the Jutland breed of horse by the halter, the hairy cheek of one lust loving mare draft horse did touch and stroke the hand of Stan.

A host of strange sensations invaded Stan, he felt his nose twitch, and how he could smell and sense

the mare he stood near felt her first signs of going into estrus.

The unloading finished, and sick looking Stan rode back to the brewery where he dismounted the wagon. Sick to his stomach, Stan stumbled into the stables, and there fell face down into the soiled straw of a stall.

Busy times about the brewery, and Stan was not missed by his friend, he thought Stan feeling ill, had walked home.

Stan did not go home, he lay passed into the black void, his body infected from the touch of that Jutland mare. As he lay there passed out cold, his body changed, legs became as hind like legging, feet grew much longer, and human toes melted into a single, solid toe, and hoof on each leg.

For Stan, as he laid there out cold the sensation of being horny and wanting of sexual pleasures never really began. He changed in a calm and orderly fashion, his clothing ripping away as the torso lengthened, swelling and rib cage increased to something sizable.

Maybe Stan had dreams of his being a stallion Jutland horse, but something in the elixir kept all of us who changed, from exceeding the size of animal relatively close to the same weight we were when human.

Stan was a line backer for the football team in high school and as well in college days. He weighed about 225 lbs. when standing on the gym scale and butt naked. His being of such weight and according to having touched an animal several times his size and weight, he awoke to finding himself as a Jutland colt, and young enough to wean.

When the horses came back to the barn, the one mare who liked Stan, let the colt lip nibble at her teats, the sucking out of what little milk she made, made for more, more, more and more.

Days and weeks passed as Stan, obviously excited about his new self, did wean and stood trying hard to masturbate, if only to walk all around the farm pasture with his horse sized pecker out in a stiffened state of an erection.

Maybe it was the weaning, Stan would when with a special girl for a night liked to nipple suck. His horny horse self would likely find the nursing on a teat as something extra sensual. Likely too, the way he could walk everywhere and let his erection waggle and flagging side to side, might of offered him the thrill daily to keep growing and ultimately he joined the stable as a yearling colt, bred with the plan in time for him to be the prime Jutland stud.

Then there were three friends walking along, as the beer wagon forced the crowd to spread out of the way from those huge hoofs and tall monster big horses.

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## **Part Two**

"Hello Kevy," Kevin hated to be called that abbreviation of his proper name. This time he seemed not to mind it much, as Angela Francowski, a tall, well built, shapely college graduate walked through the crowd, she giving what she called her puppy some exercise.

"Kevy, I am all alone for supper tonight, would you like to come with me and Suzie here, join us for supper, and I rented a movie for us to watch, interested?" asked Angela, she with her pet Suzie the heft sized Rottweiler dog.

To be quite truthful, had she tossed the offer out for more than one of us to go along, we were assured that she was woman enough for one, two, or three for the night.

Kevin bid us a quick farewell, he walking beside Angela, as well had he known it was to his doom.

Angela and Kevin walk her pet Suzie along the sidewalks, across the a bridge over the cesspool of a river that slurried its way through the town.

Arriving at what Angela called home, her Japanese styled bungalow set behind the Francowski - Sumner Funeral home. Angela worked for her father, she having her degree as an embalmer, knew the human body from inside and out.

When Angela went for searching to find her house key in a purse made of woven straw and close to the size of a small suitcase, she handed the leash holding Suzie to Kevin.

You learn of what happened next from Angela, as Suzie knew not Kevin too well and stood upright, tall, and hefty as a highly muscular dog, she fawned on Kevin; and made for the touch of doom.

Almost immediately, Kevin began to pay more attention to the dog than Angela would wish he did toward her. She remarked that when and after entering the bungalow she called home; Kevin she saw him poking his finger into Suzie, stirring and arousing the big doggy to stand with her rump pointed toward him and asking for a male to mount.

Dinner was broken up by Angela walking into the kitchen for something and returned to find Kevin on all fours; with his nose sniffing the rump of Suzie.

Angela like all types of men, the kinkier the better, she would admit.

As much Kevin began fingering the big doggy, he would start some hands on playing with Angela.

The video movie never came out of its sleeve, as Angela coaxed her hot male into a bedroom made for making love. She remembered that in the dim light of the bedroom that Kevin when he began assaulting her had a dark tanned color to his body. Kevin was ruff when he did his thrusting, so much that for as deep as he welled, Angela stopped him to go into her bathroom and inspect for any possible injuries.

Stunned and enthused by what she saw when she came out of her bathroom, there was Kevin, he lying humping over the back and up the rump of her pet Suzie.

Angela thought it a great time to relax and watch the perverted man rut her dog. As she watched, the skin color of Kevin seemed to match that of the hide on Suzie. Coming closer to get a better look at Kevin while he huffed and thrust rather wild like into Suzie; Angela noted the feet of Kevin were exactly like those on Suzie.

Stunned at then watching, she saw her man for the night radically changing, becoming as he rutted Suzie, Kevin became an ever larger male dog of the Rottweiler breed.

A handsome young man made for an equally well endowed male dog.

Kevin seemed not to mind his changing, actually the transition was slow but progressive enough to change his rear and legs to those of a Rottweiler. Angela knelt down and examined the testicles of Kevin, they became doggish and a good bit larger than those common on a human.

Eying the two dogs then as they would remain frolicking together, Angela watched as Kevin changed, his maleness growing red of color, much added girth, and when his base became a dog stud knot, then Angela had to know what Suzie so very much wanted to enjoy.

Angela mentioned that for two dogs mating it happens in just a few minutes and when the male dog knot softens, they part to clean up using those sensual seeking tongues.

This time, the two dogs remained stuck together until after more than an hour of elapsed time it took for the human Kevin to become the Rottweiler dog he seemed as enthused to be and wanted to find ways to enjoy.

Angela told of when the two dogs separated, she knelt down by Kevin in his massive muscular dog form, letting him sniff at her and again became aroused.

She wondered of how much Kevin realized how he had so changed of species; especially when lying on her bed, with Angela on the bottom, Kevin did it to her missionary style, something not done by dogs.

A lapping tongue, lots of doggy drool, and pointed ten inch long red hot rod having a tennis ball size of a knot, were the things that Angela talked about more than anything else as they had laid there all night long.

You interviewed Angela when after a week had passed and the festival was packed away and the streets swept; but no Kevin returned from his wild night with a sexy woman.

Interviewing Angela you got to meet Suzie, and as much her exceedingly larger friend a male Rottweiler by the name of Kiev.

As for you the elixir made only temporary changes to your physical anatomy. Had you found your lifestyle as invigorating as had Kevin, he having sex pleasures with Suzie by day and Angela at night, he continued along being as a dog.

You had inquired about the elixir and the man who sold it made a comment that burned itself into the lobes of your brain.

"A funny thing, that when a person begins morphing, the sensations become heightened, making an increase in libido. Everyone that tries it likes to rut when they are changing form. Many of the muscular and bone shifts happen during the height of sexual functioning and especially just before, during and just after each climax. The customer desires sex, sex creates transformational changes, and that in turn increases the need for sex; they all love to make it happen, some doing it so often they fail past a thirty day limitation, once passing that, they remain as they are, whatever they touched."

You remember how horny your feelings, but luckily for your future, you had to stop from lack of willing females.

Kevin you playfully doomed to be then as a Rottweiler dog, and without proper papers he never became a prize winning mutt. Yet with Angela and Suzie around, he kept quite busy, and after licking at a pecker with a hard callused at the end.

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Part Three

Now it was down to Ben and you, this being what you primarily wanted, and wished to see Ben get to know just how bestial he could sometime become.

Seated at long picnic tables seating a hundred hungry people to a dinner, Ben sat across from you; as he asked you several times if you were expecting to see somebody in the crowd. You wondered if yet a passer by might walk their dog and Stan would touch it like most likely Kevin would by petting Suzie was assured two female for that wild night.

Suddenly the loud music stops and a very Polish little man steps up to the microphone; he announcing the winners of the special lottery prizes for that night at the festival.

Everybody scrambles to find their numbered tickets, all wait with bated breath, all eyes are looking at the stage as the announcer calls out the third place winner.

The prizes there were little more than bobby prizes, but to win something is always a big thrill!

"For third place in the drawing tonight, # 56613, 56613 is the third place winner for tonight." Said the announcer, his Polish accent about obliterating the manner he spoke the winning number.

"Hey, hey, me that's me," Ben leaped up out of his seat, yelling as all began to applaud.

You watch as Ben gets up on stage and stands his six foot two inches towering over the announcer standing beside him.

"As third place winner it is our gift to you that for the rest of the festival, and paid the lowest minimum wage allowed, you shall officiate as one of the judges to our young 4-H club members showing their farming abilities, all as future farmers." The announcer awards Ben a job he knew little or nothing about, but by winning, the job was one binding to him as required he should show up.

Stan returned to his seat by you, disgruntled he had to show up at the county fairgrounds to be the judge there for the tweaked 4-H kids and their favorite critters.

Your wild little scheme is unraveling and going all wrong.

4-H judge Ben has his own personal Trying times: BEN

Ben the week long judge of a panel of judges for the 4-H exhibit, did wander off to the fair grounds, if to get an eye, ear full as what he would need to be a judge the next day.

Most of the animals in the bug barns had crunched down to lie there half asleep but listening. As Ben did walk the three main aisles of the barn and between the many animal pens, he could here some odd sounds; as if someone was moaning and hurt.

Concerned for anyone in pain, Ben likely dashed up and down the stalls, checking in each of the hundred or so there in that barn.

One checking done, he bumped into a night watchman, and showing the papers of his placement as a 4-H judge on the morrow, he asked the security man to help him look for who might be hurt as he had heard them moaning.

Later, after what did happen to Ben he told me of his vague memories of a few weeks in hell.

The interview with that night watchman proved enlightening as well, he made a report of the

incident and of a missing judge who never showed up to handle his judging duties.

Ben remembered the beginning of his early stages. As he checked a second time about the many stalls for someone hurt or injured; he rather expected that they would want to be found.

Checking in a pen where a small group of goats stood huddled together in one far corner; as nearest to the aisle one big goat lay all stretched lengthwise, nestled into the cedar shavings the fair used as bedding.

He then heard a soft rather seductive sort of moan.

Ben leaped the pen fence and began digging around in the foot thick bedding of that pen. His hand bumped something, then his other hand touched something lying covered by the shavings, and as well directly under the big goat.

Instantly he thought in might be a youngster that fell into the pen and the big male goat was defending his herd from harm.

Ben grabbed at the head of the goat, struggling with him to stand up and allow the person under him to get up and get out of the pen.

Humorously surprised, Ben remembers that when the big goat stood up, as attached to his very erect maleness was the naked body of a college coed we knew as Melissa.

Moaning and embarrassed beyond speaking words, Melissa hung suspended upon the stout erection of that male goat.

Ben sat by her, knowing that it would be the softening of the goat shaft embedded so long, so deep, and of such girth, that it would take some time before Melissa would fall free.

Ben remained quiet to keep the embarrassing situation of Melissa from becoming a newspaper story of bestial debauchery. he held her hand and sat quiet as Melissa tried to work her hands at forcing the goat to relax his grip to her...

The touching of that goat by Ben set the elixir into motion, the first to show a change in species was as on the others, Ben got the shaggy maleness of a Boer breed of goat.

He sat there feeling uncomfortable, and as the waves of change raked over his body, he became incensed with smelling of both the goat shaft and where he had it stuck.

Melissa took note of how Ben changed in his normally calm and very moral thinking demeanor; becoming as much like the big Boer buck goat, until he began sprouting horns from his forehead.

Melissa was of her own nature and known to love animals, mostly male animals, she could stand there watching a male animal and licking her lips with feelings of some anticipation. Ben said he noticed first how Melissa was licking her lips and eying him as if he was her next sexual conquest.

The situation changed hands when the big buck did finally soften his grip in Melissa and she slid off his shaft with the slithering style of a snake coming out a hole in the ground. Ben remembered quite frankly how he saw it happen, and stuck the end to his changing nose, soon to be a goat muzzle, and poked it in and between two slender limbs.

Melissa lay very quiet, her eyes wide with disbelief of seeing a fellow classmate changing into an

exact duplicate of the buck she just had a... friendly relationship.

Ben lost track of what happened after that, his mind awakening a various times, when he first thrust in, and as he humped over the back of Melissa, and when they were both so thrilled she noosed a rope about his strong neck and did coax her buck into cab of her Dodge truck.

Again Ben had lapses in remembering what he was and did for what seemed almost an eternity. His moral and religious teachings by strict parents and a proper rearing caused even a crude minded big buck to feel leary of doing what Melissa would try and get him to enjoy.

What in the essence of time was three weeks of many wild sexual pleasuring, the neighbors heard noises, moaning, a few screams and the bleating of a goat from in the rented rural house where Melissa resided.

The police came and animal control took Ben from his happy home.

Melissa had to pay a big fine for keeping a farm animal where locale zoning ordinances made it a crime.

Penned, and luckily for his last full week before he would of spent a month as a goat in constant sexual heightened delights; Ben began to change on night. He changed enough, becoming able to let himself out of his pen, running off into the night.

The reformation of a young man to being human from spending a demoralizing 3 weeks time, he as a willingly lurid, male buck goat; as from it made for some horrifying memories. Changing slowly over the course of three days and four long nights, Ben arrived at our apartment, mostly naked, partially still cloaked in shaggy goat hair, and having the yellowest eyes seen by any other human.

Hairy, horny, and seemingly anxious for another try to become as something else than a goat, Ben begged to learn where that wild and wonderful creme came from, so he could get more.

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## **Part Four**

Alas then there was of self, the planner of weird and screwball pranks:

Your own situation waited for instigating until almost back to the Frat house and your room there. When to your amazement out from under a hedge of trimmed bushes changed at you a very scared and curly haired pig.

You sidestepped past its charge, and heard then the sound of some kids as if they were looking for the pig. You called out, "The pig is here in the street," and just as you said it, the animal turned and charged again. He slammed you down and his fat curly belly did touch the end of your nose.

The touch of possible doom, it came from a pig, and a rare pig as having curly bristles. Your yell brought reinforcements and the squealing animal was roped and dragged back to take his place as part of the festival.

As everyone walked away and left you to your lonesome self there lying in the street; you began having the sensations of sprouting pig bristles from out you skin.

A slow crawl to rise upright and stagger to the apartment, once inside and up two fights of stair

steps your toes had changed to cloven hooves.

Burning sensations made the belly churn and burn, you begin by eating half a bottle of Tums antacid pills.

Feeling horrible and as much more than any hornier before in your entire life, you peel off everything you wear to stand naked before the bathroom mirror.

There you stand and watch as for the next three hours your human body become like some sort of Goliath of the curly swine breed.

Agony comes in waves as you watch your male organ burrow up under your hide to protrude an inch below where you have a fuzzy navel.

The maleness wells into a long and hefty big pouch that likely holds what such a male pig would have for his masculine male shaft. More unsettling was the manner how swelling testicles did punch out between massive muscular flanks. When you tail erupted outward, it would tickle the big balls as the protruded from your bristly behind.

Just like the salesman reiterated about his strange product, the use of it made you horny, and being alone and changing, you began to masturbate. You never did such a thing before, but the want and need for release built to where you thought if not doing so, you might go stock raving insane.

Stout muscle coated over your normally flabby weak muscular self.

Oddly, the touching of your hands to the smooth muscular body and with the curly bristles getting thicker and denser by each passing minute, you find a sense of delight in changing into the bodily form of a pig.

Shoulders narrow inward, as arms begin their fated turn to become as fore legs and cloven trotters for a large male boar pig.

Leaning on the bathroom counter, your corkscrew shaped male shaft protrudes out its bristled sheath. Cloven fore hoofs and the manner how your arms realigned into legs makes the stroking of your piggish big rod an impossibility.

Eyes about bug from your face and head as the rush of change makes a human skull something retrofitted to act as one of a big pig.

Sensations so wild and delightful come to a halt when as you eye at the mirror, you watch your human ears grow, becoming pointed, bristle coated, and hang down as do a lop eared swine boar.

The foyer clock down at the entrance to the old apartment house chimes midnight, and you are by then a big boar hog; held in an apartment by a locked door and the third floor height that makes escape to rut as an impossible thing.

Horny and wanting to mate with any ole sow, you paced the floor all night. Pangs and constant pacing kept the shaft in the sheath and the hormones in check.

Luckily for you the coming of morning and sunshine pouring in a window does the trick and a pig slowly over the daylight hours does then change back into a human male.

Acting horny right up to the last hour of sunlight coming in your apartment windows; the act of

mouth your corkscrew pecker has left you with the sheath and its nearly sixteen inches of shaft.

The self pleasuring had allowed your piggish teeth to remain almost unchanged, as you now smile people tend to shy away and try not to act as if they notice.

You did go back and ask, inquiring if you could reinfect yourself and become as just such a huge sexy boar; the answer was a clear and precise "NO!"

Had you not locked your apartment door, or just sat on some lawn and watched you form change, you would of run back to join other pigs at the fairgrounds, and lived a much shorter, but wildly sexual life as a boar pig.

Forgetting yourself at special occasions, especially when dining, if you overfill your mouth, you still tend to snort!

Sadly, or maybe somewhat, but two of the friendly four musketeers never returned home from their night at the festival.

You admit that for their families and various caring friends, the sudden and unexplainable loss of Stan and Kevin were a real heart jerker.

As they were thereafter, Jerking they did a lot!

Kevin, dearest friend, remains in his life of doggy debauchery, a stud male Rottweiler dog. His mistress and owner often loans he boyfriend out for sire duties to respectable kennels. Kevin or Kiev the preferred new name; has Suzie to practice his doggy mounting and thrusting techniques. His other duties around home Angela will not speak openly about what he does, but whether by day or night, Kevin is honing his male gender in on somebody.

According to gossip going around, Angela had her Rottweiler dog's tail docked according to style; Kiev did not appreciate this and nearly turned on his mistress.

Stan, a year after he had the consignment of being a yearling colt, did begin his jerking sessions, well able then to masturbate equine stallion style, and allowed to work on his technique, mating with donkey jennets to make some mules for the Amish farms in the county.

Stan, dear friend, I learned since and for the foreseeable future years to come, is having a fun time being as the prime Jutland stallion stud residing at the Killingsworth stables; living only two miles from his grieving parents.

Early Riser, the equine name by which Stan is now known, has won many a blue ribbon at every county fair, and the state fair too! His exemplary physical conformation and the calm delight he shows in his manner of living life, has done well with filling his stud book to overflowing. Many an wise owner of horses, want their mares bred by Stan.

Knowing of where each friend found a new home, a visit to them seemed appropriate. The farm where Stan resided, going there to greet him, you used his human name, as he responded to it, seemingly content and happy to get up everything he had or could become as when human.

You looking at him and of what he is and does, makes you wonder if had you touched a pony or horse too, the result of being permanently as some stallion and stud horse, having seen Stan in all his glorified new self, considering everything, you might of chose to sell your soul to be just as is he!

No new photo do you have to remind what and where Kevin lives, and of what he calls as his home, Angela does not care for others prying into her affairs.