

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Taking his daily walk Fred took a different way down the railroad track. The ties were black with tar and he decided to walk on the outside of the track. Fred walked every day in the city park and today looked for new scenery.

"Hey," said Fred as he saw a brightly twinkling something lying only partially uncovered there among the railroad track cinder ballast.

Reaching to pick it up and out of the black sands, coming into his view was a chain, and attached to it was a silver medallion inlaid with gold in its center.

Fred saw where the chain clasp had let loose; and likely, the original wearer of it then lost the bright bobble as some passenger train did charge along this section of track. Fingering the slippery silver chain between his rather uncoordinated fingers, he worked the chain back together and as the link that broke free of another that held the chain as a necklace of sorts, the whole of the chain and its Medallion on it began to feel as if it were becoming warm.

Fred thought the warming sensation was from the bright sun shining above him in the sky. He looked at his strange but maybe priceless find, and donning the chain around his neck; he felt the weight of the medallion bobble as it lay hung against his sternum.

Normally, Fred a happy man on the outside, always jovial and friendly to everyone he met or had to work near; his insides and self-respect had hit an all-time low mark in his life.

Happier and carefree times had led him down a curving road. He discovered the ploys available on the internet, asking of it about his woeful wish that somehow he could discover a method to transform himself into a happier way of life.

Foolhardy playing with those on the internet only proved to him of how disreputable and unhappy his contacts there had led him even lower. He wrote stories on various sites, trying to let out his feelings of want and woe.

Disgusted he became when one such site did give his stories to another site, and used his writing as an advertisement to sell their products. So on this one morning walk when he found something of possible real worth, his spirits lifted and the warm sun above felt then as if it were a friend.

As he walked along and alone, he fondled the chain, stroking its sleek smoothness, and fingering his fingertips across the golden inscriptions on both the front face and the rear of the heavy medallion.

Walking and letting his imagination run wild, time slipped past him and so did more than a mile of track; the surrounding community lent to changing into open pastures of small farms abutting up to the embankment and the railroad track.

Fred stopped finally, seeing in a nearby pasture a few horses grazing.

They were use to being quite alone there in the pasture, and seeing what they thought might be a human with a handout of something tasty, they trotted toward the fence that held them in and unwanted, out!

Stepping and sliding down the steep embankment, Fred came to stand by the fence as the horse came closer, inquisitive and looking for a treat.

The horses were four mares, one young and frisky filly along with a larger horse, he so enthralled with seeing a rare visitor; he let his maleness out for a feel of a light breeze.

Fred had nothing with him to offer the horse, but being that the grass seems to be greener just outside the fence, Fred plucked up hands full of it to feed to his new friends.

Admiring the horses from his own imaginative fantasy views, he took note of the exceptional male organ the stallion stood there exposing, showing it off as if it being the basis for his own sense of pride.

The stallion took to sniffing about the rump rear of one mare, she munching on the grass Fred found for her; but well able to multi task, she raising her tail as if an invite to the aroused stallion.

Fred stood there a bit overwhelmed when that likely 15 hand high stallion, stud, horse did suddenly rise up and mounted the mare.

Not but ten feet to one side of the two mating animals, Fred stared as he saw the stud prod and then with its remarkable libido did squirm and press into the mare; sinking in his black fire hose sized shaft.

Thrills to at least three of those all standing there, the mare, she munching with her head hung low in submission to a stallion, the stud horse, he was having his worthwhile thrill, and Fred, getting a firsthand lesson in animal husbandry.

Fred watched, wide eyed and intently enjoying the beastly sights happening there before him. He let his fantasies get the better of him, as with still one hand clasping the recently found treasure and the other hand reaching out to smooth along the low hung neck of the mare being serviced; Fred openly voiced a wish that otherwise he would have kept as very private.

“Damn me or whatever it takes, but I do wish to know the feelings, the sensation as what that stallion and his big penis now enjoys!”

No sooner said aloud and then with a sudden sense of feeling faint, Fred and all he saw then dimmed into a deep, dark, blackness.

After a span of some unknown length of time, Fred and his mental awareness regained conscience thought, thinking, he then worried as of the horror that he could not see.

Feeling as if he were somehow as if physically paralyzed, he was unable to move his hands and or legs, as all felt strangely there but limp, numb, and confined.

Slowly, did Fred regain back his personal constitution, braving his situation, he began to try to flex and or move, to open his eyes that felt as is stuck shut.

He felt as if he was breathing, but oddly enough, he had no sense of smell coming to his mind. His mouth felt slightly dry but try as he might, he could not find his tongue, let alone use it to lick his very dry lips.

Pondering his strange situation, a cool and freshly chilly breeze did swoop over his entire body, offering him the sense of realizing warmth and cold.

Although unable by his muscular accord to sit up, stand, or move to walk home, there came slight movements every now and then. He felt an occasional shivering shudder, it racked his entire form

from head to toes, he yet feeling as if wholly limp.

As time passed, Fred felt his face and body getting warmer. As if then sweat began, and with a passing sudden breeze, he felt a chill, this caused about him some minor sensation as of movement.

His whole body felt hotter and the sweating made him feel uncomfortably moist, while the feeling of a cramped tightness held him from any willful sorts of movement.

Then something seemed to bring upon him a sensation as if he were gaining back his strength. Fred realized some of what he felt, as if a rush of adrenalin forced him to begin moving. He felt his legs begin to stretch out and strength pulsating in them as if they were stout enough for him to stand.

A sense of urgency seemed to overwhelm his whole being, he suddenly felt as if life-giving blood was moving, filling him and making his entire self seemingly come alive.

The dryness of his lips and mouth seemed suddenly moistened, Fred thought of trying to speak, but he still felt no tongue in his mouth, as if this remained for some reason as still unworkable or, paralyzed.

So excited, Fred then felt as if from his mouth he was drooling. His mouth held in it the ability to taste, he could realize this and sweet, salty, sour, sensations came flooding into his not up to standard mind. Yet he had a feeling, a flavor of salty, but brackish and sour.

The moisture of beads of sweat began to unstuck the eyelids and Fred worked hard at getting them to open, his hands and arms still felt numb, as if he did not have them at all.

Crusty flakes fell from what had glued his eyelids closed and kept him blind.

The opening of his eyes came with sharp pains as some of that dried crust fell into his eyes, it feeling to him like sand, he longed to rub his eyes, but without the use of hands it was a useless want.

Blinking his eyes in a maddening urgency to see again the world around him, Fred began to visualize what seemed as something in front of his face.

Still unable to see clearly, Fred could see dark shadows before him, he thought of peering down, and doing so the eye movement helped clear away the crusty flakes and seeing then the world, Fred gasped at the sight.

At the same instant he could see down in a clear and unobstructed view, what he saw was the ground, and grass, and of what was from his eyes and down the length of his body as a dark shadow.

Undecided as of what he could then see, his entire bodily self then shook, heaved itself upward, thumping into some sort of ff.gif thing, and with a just as sudden slackening of his sense of strength, he felt his entire body fall, swinging, and swaying in an uncontrolled manner.

Unquestionably, something about him and his whole self and world had drastically changed. Fred felt horrified concern for his wellbeing, as from somewhere seemingly above his head and brain he felt a pressure.

The pressure came down over and through him, as if an engorged flood of sensation. Flood was the perfect word, although seeing and then the acrid taste in his mouth, Fred gained full realization of his troubles and the world he was then a virtual part.

Brackish greenish yellow urine did spew from out his mouth. Fred grimaced using what he felt he had as his face. An understanding hit hard, he was hard, being the erection of the sheath to the maleness of some stallion horse, he and his full body being then as the penis on an animal.

“Mother warned him many times, she knowing his lust loving fantasy about horses, but almost as much wishing to be a bull and or a goat, even to drawing a wishful idea of his becoming a Satyress; all of this seemed far better than his becoming a penis. Her saying that old saying, of be careful of what you wish, as you might just get it!”

In a split second of wishful admiration for the stallion and how he was then getting his thrill, enjoying the short time of mating a mare; Fred had wished he could know or realize such feelings too. What better way for whatever answered his weird wish, than to doom Fred that he become as then a horse cock, an elongated penis of a stallion, but at what cost.

The rush of the vile tasting urine lasted but a long minute, as then his body began to shrivel, crinkling of skin, folding back up into a limp knot, held in a horse stallion sheath; the sheath holding the eyes of Fred, being as if his face.

As if then as his body felt almost engulfed by the sheath, he had a surging pressure as the stallion body and bladder set above Fred, did surge forth a few short remaining spurts of that horrible flavored urine.

The worst first moment of realizing where he then had to live, Fred felt next the sensation as if some damn dog were reaching under the stallion and giving the sheath that was Fred a good licking.

Although his eyesight had its limitations of movement and sight, Fred saw from one side the huge nostrils and lips, a tongue doing the licking, it he thought as likely the mare wanted her stallion to service her again.

Suddenly the horse took a step and Fred shook all over. He felt his body slapping from side to side as the mighty horse moved. Then the animal started to run as Fred felt his feet and knees fold up all the tighter under him; as if his entire body did meld into his face, and darkness again covered his sight.

The horse ran, and Fred bounced up, down, and side to side. Although he felt the movement, he felt no pain. Soon the horse slowed and then stopped.

“Light,” Fred thought, as the brightness hit his eyes. He felt as if he was soon to stand, his whole body suddenly felt alive. Fred stretching out of what he had feelings being his legs was in reality the lengthening cock body of the horse penis.

“What,” thought Fred, as he looked to one side, seeing two boys pointing and one reaching a hand over to give the sheath a squeezing.

How embarrassed Fred felt at that moment.

As if from the ears of the horse above Fred, he could hear the boys speaking, talking and he in his limited frame of mind could understand their human words.

“Wow brother, do I wish I had the feelings of owning such a big horse cock.” Spoke one brother to another.

Fred remembered, he had said just about the same thing. Then a feeling of himself peeing like a

racehorse, and up till then that was his realization to living of life.

Somehow, Fred felt that the silver chain and its medallion bobble was the cause of all his troubles.

There we hung part of the time, aroused and arousing the stallion above him, Fred learning to admire his being the cock of a proud stallion horse and stud.

The boys went away, but came back again later as the horse grouped by the fence to greet them, the stallion felt aroused, while Fred became stout and stiff.

Seeing the belly and down to the ground, Fred made his stallion become rigidly aroused when there on the ground laid the silver chain, the medallion on it, and being trampled under the hoofs of eager horses.

Thinking, "If I could only grab the chain and make a wish," Fred thought to himself, but the ground was still too far away, and his mouth being the piss hole of the stallion penis had not the ability to reach, grab, and hold anything!

As he looked down and wishing, Fred felt a new sense of horror, the two boys approached. One boy reached under the stallion and poked his finger into the penis end hole. This caused the stallion to jump and trotted to a safe distance. The other boy reached down seeing a shiny object, he picking it up, as chain and medallion on it did vanish past the limits of what Fred could see.

"Hey Bro, look what I just found," did exclaim one of the boys, as they both ran off with the only hope for Fred.

Fred looked as long as his horse would allow. Then as the stallion walked away Fred felt the same ole' feeling of his body softening, and pull up into that dark sheath of a home.

Days turned to weeks, as Fred felt assured his fate was sealed. He had spent long hours held in dark warmth. He felt alive when his penis body stiffened and again urinating, it happened so regularly, Fred began to learn and enjoy the taste of it as the flood passed out his cock mouth.

All of this Fred felt was as if a proper sort of curse on the remaining human mind, yet all seemed as of being in heaven when the stallion mounted a mare. The beast seemed to enjoy each mare longer, Fred enjoyed the sensation and this in turn kept the stallion mounted and thrusting longer durations.

Fred felt satisfied of his situation and living the life of a horse cock. His working mind continued to help and urge the stallion to take longer time when mounted, humped and thrusting, and after a climax, Fred urged the animal to remain lodged in the mare and continue the mutual sensations.

The sexual habits of a stallion changed, and so noted by his owner who seeing the stallion as some bestial placid male with the mares, he loaned the stud to other farms and Fred too, found his sensual fantasies then as fulfilled.

So as one swings and wags the pleasure of a horse cock seems to be limited.

The beast to which Fred belonged increased his breeding fame due to the sensual delight and educated cock can give.

One day when Fred found himself thrust into a hot tunnel of moist warmth, and delight. As the stud thrust, the mare clamped onto the great shaft. The stud jumped back and Fred fell out. Looking around from his small eyes, he saw the two boys.

The one boy was wearing the silver chain. He knelt down giving a fond looking close at the horse cock. He reached a hand out and took a firm grasp on Ken and his cock body. Bending and pulling the cock end out from under the stallion horse; allowed Fred to get a different view of those standing there.

This young fellow, younger than what was Fred before he became as if than an inanimate male organ; he saw too fairly pretty face of a woman came into view, she opening her mouth and engulfed the full flared end, that of what Fred considered as if still his mouth.

Stressed by this human doing what to a pecker-head was as a weird act; Fred saw behind the woman a man holding a camera and shooting off pictures and blue flashes that made Fred feel ill.

"Wow, oh wow, this is great, Angie suck it, stroke him, get him to cum and we shall double your fee!" The one young man, he Fred saw was wearing the powerful Medallion that began what to Fred was as an eternity of vile living.

The woman surely did her part and soon like in many times before then the stallion ejaculated, spewing so much of his white juices and thick pasty semen. He overly filled her mouth and made a mess of her face, all captured on film by two very excited and aroused young men.

"Damn it Charlie, I never would have believed this was possible! What, it was six years ago since we first saw this stud and got the idea to make some real money. Angie, you are a great, really, and Charlie we are going to have a lot of fun selling these pictures," said the Cameraman, he being to Fred as likely the one brother of Charlie, as the essential director of the whole sham.

Angie scurried off to get her face cleaned from the pasty slop she nearly drowned from what came out of the stallion.

Charlie stood there petting the stallion, he seeing what was a still fully aroused stallion penis hanging, and nervously giving a sudden sway from time to time.

Kneeling down, Charlie took hold the massive long shaft, and felt of it as he balanced himself there, his one hand holding firmly onto the silver chain of that magical Medallion.

"Damn stallion but I wish to Hell itself to have what you got hanging there, boy is it...what is that...hey Charlie come and see this...eyes, there are eyes in the top of the sheath on this stallion. Eyes, damn if he has eyes to see where he is sticking his rod...wow, just think if..." The young man said, he astounded from seeing two beady little eyes looking at him as Fred watched in silence.

Getting right up close, the young film director made his mistake too. He in a fit of royal stupidity wished a wish while holding onto the Medallion.

Everything felt suddenly vague and wrong to Fred, he could smell the horses, and hear people talking, but stranger yet, he could feel as if he had a body again.

"You ready to go then Charlie, we got to get away from here before the owner of these horses comes home, let us go man!" The brother said to Charlie, but Fred heard it and felt the tugging touch of the brother urging his brother to get moving.

Fred was free; he had traded places with the film director, and now the mind that was Charlie set wondering how he would live life by being a stallion stud cock.

Fred, or as Charlie he leaned way forward, peering up into the stifle of the stallion to see what were

his own two blue eyes peering with tears back at him.

“You got to where I have set now for many a year, six or so I believe your brother stated; well now you can feel as cocky as you want, and like me you may learn to enjoy the various flavors that rush and boil out the open end to that your shaft body.

Anyway, do try to have fun, and please learn to close your eyes when the stud mates, otherwise the mare fanny juices cause the eyes to burn and when the stuff dries it glues the eyes shut! Bye!” Fred said from inside of what Charlie had as his young and healthy human body.