

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Pete Man

Michael had always loved horse's. As a child staying on his uncle's farm on the island over the school holiday periods, he spent much of his time with the farm horse's. He learnt to look after them and to ride at an early age. His uncle was grateful, as Michael's assistance on the farm eased his uncle's workload and Michael, though quite young, became sole keeper of the farm horse's for weeks at a time.

Michael grew up to be a handsome man. He had dark hair, olive skin, brown eyes, and his body grew to be quite muscular and well proportioned from his farm work. He was to women, a bit of a hunk and possessed a smile that simply made women melt into his arms. He could have any woman he wanted but he generally retained his independence as if he was waiting for the perfect one to come along.

Though quite intelligent, Michael was not an academic type. He preferred outdoor activities, sport and physical employment. His experience with horse's on the farm as a child enabled him to obtain part-time employment at the racetrack feeding and cleaning the racehorse's and stables. He enjoyed this work after hours during school semester and as his uncle eventually sold the farm he obtained employment there during school holidays too. He regarded this money as his pocket money and he earned it doing what he loved to do. The horse's loved him too. He had no difficulty with any of them. Even the most cantankerous and flighty ones calmed down in Michael's presence.

On finishing school Michael continued at the racetrack in full time employment. By the time he was 25 he was in charge of the whole stable compound and had 6 stable assistants working under his direction. The Racing Board, the horse owners and the trainers were well pleased with his performance and Michael was very content in his job often receiving reliable race tips, which enabled him to make some extra money from the races. He was doing quite well. He was now near to paying off his own house, which he had furnished and decorated comfortably. He also owned his car and he had recently bought a retired racehorse of his own, which he was now taking to stud.

Throughout his life Michael's good looks and disarming smile made it easy for him to pick up girlfriends and in his job at the stables he had met many women who admired his work with the horse's and his good looks. Some of the horse owners were wealthy ladies who sometimes required him to service them, as well as their racehorse's. Michael enjoyed this too but managed to maintain a discreet distance and not get too involved. Recently one of the trainer's daughters had fallen for him and he and Karen were becoming quite close. Michael felt comfortable with Karen though he was not sure that she was the one he wanted to be with for the long term. They got on well and she shared his love of the horse's. They were seeing each other nearly every day, went out often, with friends and alone and even if they were not going out she would drop around to see him at the stables on her way home from work. Karen was a trainee veterinarian finishing her last year in practical assistance with a city vet. Her relationship through Michael with the horse's was of great help in her veterinarian studies.

It was Saturday when the new filly arrived. She was a beautiful horse. Not so good a race horse, but of good racehorse stock, a perfection of her species. She was to be stabled at the track for some time, as she was coming into season and her owners did not want her in foal. The race track stables were sometimes used for this isolation purpose as the fillies were well cared for and kept well apart from the stallions. Michael was impressed with her and took her into his own personal care as she was said to be a bit difficult. Right from the start though she succumbed to his care. Michael had housed her in a separate stable, which was the deluxe horse accommodation of the track you might say.

A week had passed. By now the filly was definitely in-season. She was ready for mating, but of course no stallion was allowed anywhere near her and Michael was the only stable worker who could get anywhere near her. She was very touchy with all of the other hands.

There was something about her, the way she calmed in his presence. She would look at him, a piercing look directly into Michael's eyes when he was near, as if pleading with him to bring her a stallion. At these times her temperament would be totally calm. She was obviously a very intelligent animal. She seemed to know what Michael was about to do before he did it. When about to groom her, Michael would find that she would be ready, she would back up ready for him to begin anticipating Michael's attentions.

It was a Sunday afternoon and Michael had given her a run and now was giving her a wash and a brushing. While he was washing her nether parts, she turned her head right around, shuffled and bit him. She bit him on the left thigh. It hurt and drew a small wound, which bled a little.

Michael was stunned, this was the first time he had ever been bitten by a horse! It was not a serious bite, a band-aid would cover it, but the fact that she bit him hurt him more than the actual bite. He immediately went forward and cradled her head, soothing her as he had often done before. She calmed again, but Michael could see that she was clearly craving the attentions of a mate, a stallion to satisfy her in-season needs.

At home that night, Karen came over, they had dinner and watched TV a while but gave up on that and went to bed. Michael was not really in the mood, which was unusual because he was always so keen for sex. After some time just holding each other and chatting, Karen eventually left for her home leaving Michael alone in his bed. Michael went into a deep sleep, having weird dreams, dreams about a forest, walking and running through a forest. Dreams of horse's.

Michael awoke about 5 am as usual, but with a persistent erection. Why couldn't he have had that last night? He pondered about his restless night's sleep and remembered the dreams. He had dreamt about the horse, the new filly. She was so beautiful.

Michael was pleased to get to work to feed the filly and stood by as she ate. He watched her every move. She was certainly a beautiful animal.

Karen and Michael went out to a friend's place for dinner that night. Again Karen came back to his place, but again Michael was not interested in sex. Though Karen stripped him, caressed and fondled him, Michael was again not interested, and feigned the tiredness of a heavy day at work.

Tuesday Again Michael awoke sporting an erection. Again he recalled having strange dreams during the night and the filly was in them again. Masturbation was tempting, but he was already getting late so he went and showered. By the end of which the erection had dissipated.

Michael spent most of the day with the filly giving her an excess of attention above all of his other work. He wanted to look after her and be around her all the time. She wanted him around too. The horse would sidle up to him constantly as if flirting with him thinking like he was another stallion.

Alone that night, Michael again had the weird dreams, but that night he dreamt he was actually having sex with the filly. She was such a beautiful creature.

Wednesday Michael awoke thinking about his weird dream. Sex with a horse! Somehow he found it exciting.

Michael spent nearly all day with her today. Found it very pleasant to be near her. In fact he had

several uncontrollable erections when near her.

That night he and Karen had a fight. It began to get ugly and with no end in sight to the argument they decided not to see each other for a while.

Thursday Another night of dreams and another lasting erection when he awoke. It lasted all through his shower. Michael felt good, healthy and sexy. The erection seemed to be larger than usual, his penis was well engorged with blood. When it finally went away after his shower and shave, he noticed that his penis still seemed slightly engorged, or bigger than usual. Michael stood for a moment admiring his naked body in the bathroom mirror. He was fit and muscular and today looked rather well hung.

He spent most of the day near the filly, and during most of the day he had off and on erections again. It was very pleasant. She kept sidling up to him and nudging him again.

Friday Dressing this morning he noticed the size of his penis again. He was either bigger or he was feeling sexy again and it was half engorged? He couldn't be sure. Whatever, his balls looked bigger too. He certainly filled out the front of his jeans. In fact he had to squeeze in to his jeans. The bulge in the front was noticeable.

At the shopping centre collecting some groceries, Michael noticed a few glances at his groin from both women and men! He tried to cover the area with whatever he was carrying at the time and after shopping he immediately went home and put on some more loose fitting pants.

Saturday night Michael went to the pub with some mates. Hours later and getting full of piss, Michael had to take a leak. Standing with his penis exposed at the urinal, two other men stood near him at the urinal. Michael could "feel" the men taking glances at his cock. He shot glances at their "equipment" too. Compared to Michael, they were half the size. It was then that he began to realise the true size of his own cock!

Sunday Another erection on awakening and again his erection looked even bigger. On closer inspection, his balls looked bigger too. Michael felt that they seemed to hang lower between his legs too. He dressed in boxers and baggy shorts which he somehow found very irritating. He was conscious of his genitals nearly all the time when he walked. Though he liked his size, there was clearly something wrong. Michael was growing in size down there. It was not normal to be this well hung, sort of overnight! Michael was as big, if not bigger than any of the studs in any of the dirty movies he had seen. Michael also noticed that his hair felt really dry and thick. It was becoming quite difficult to comb even with conditioner. Even the hair on his legs felt coarse.

Monday Unusually, Michael awoke without an erection this morning, but his genitals looked different. It seemed that he was slightly darker in colouring down there. His body seemed hairier too. There were small black hairs growing on his already fairly hairy legs and his arms were more thickly haired too. Looking in the mirror, he had a dark beard shadow. Despite the loads of conditioner he put in his hair, it too remained very hard to comb.

Michael worked hard all day at the stables, but spent most of his time near the filly. The erections continued and he noted that he really enjoyed her smell. At one stage he stripped off his shirt and rubbed his chest and body against her. She loved that and made little snuffles and snorts of pleasure, moving closer to him urging him on.

Working late, catching up on the paper work in the office, Michael decided to stay back and finish it all off. This meant that he would sleep in the office attached to the stables.

Tuesday Michael awoke in the stable beside the filly. He was lying on his side next to her, nestled up to her belly. He did not know how he got there but decided that he must have walked there in his sleep. The next thing he noticed was that he was butt naked! His clothes must have been left back at the room in the back of the office where he slept. He then became conscious of the heavy weight in his groin. He automatically assumed that he had another erection but no, as he inspected himself he was totally shocked. Michael's cock had changed to massive proportions! His foreskin had become a dark, thick, heavy sock hanging around the large girth of his penis. It was animal-like. The penis was positioned differently and had an upward stance along his abdomen. Michael tried to reposition it but the foreskin was attached to his lower abdomen and his pulling merely pulled on his abdominal skin. In horror at the appearance of his genitals, Michael now stood up and was even more horrified as the whole package stayed in that upwardly attached position!

With the handling, the penis came out of its new dark fleshy home. First it extended upward and then arched outward from his groin as he stood there. It had a flat-headed glans and it was thick, and dark, almost black. Michael's large balls hung pendulously in a dark leathery sack between his legs and his erect cock was now nearly 20 inches long! He was built like a horse!

The filly stirred too as Michael stood there in shock at his situation. She got up and stooping with her head low, she nudged his cock with her nose. She did this gently, snorting in approval and then sidling up against him. This aroused him further. She was beautiful, a beautiful animal, and his admiration showed in his huge erection. Michael's still growing cock was 2 feet long before he realised what was happening. He caught himself wanting to touch her, smell her, smell between her legs.

Michael moved away quickly with his cock bouncing around and his balls swinging. He headed for the door. As it was very early morning, he would be able to get back to the office without anybody seeing him naked. Sneaking back Michael had to hold his still elongated cock to stop it from bouncing on his legs as he walked. Still, his balls were heaved from side to side as he moved.

Back in the office Michael locked the door and pulled the blinds. The cock was going down. Michael watched in astonishment as his huge animal cock gradually receded like a closing telescope into the dark fleshy mound in his groin. It was at this point that Michael thought about and realised what it was that had happened. Michael now had the genitals of a stallion! He was transforming into a stallion!

Calming down to rationalise these events, Michael dressed with his Y-front Calvin Klein's stretched to the limit, Michael had difficulty getting even his baggy shorts to hide his size. His genital mound bulged in front obscenely. Michael became aware of an acute hunger. He wanted food urgently. Getting in his car, Michael went home to eat. In the kitchen he made breakfast, but instead of having a cereal with milk, he ate it dry. Michael ate 14 wheat bix dry! Then some fruit including the cores of the apples, which he had eaten before he realised what he had done.

Michael only just made it to the toilet to take a piss. It seemed that he could no longer really hold on for long. The huge cock emerged from its pouch involuntarily to dangle into the bowl and his urine literally gushed out. Michael noticed other body changes. His feet looked different, they felt cold and numb. So too were his hands. They felt coarse and insensitive to touch and his fingers were becoming inflexible. Michael's teeth felt somehow, better and stronger? Michael spent the rest of the day at home after calling in sick to the office.

In the house and naked, Michael felt very highly sexed and would stand for long periods in front of the mirror admiring his body and the dark fleshy mound of his horse genitalia. He was conscious of it all the time as it weighed so heavily and flopped about in his groin area. He became fully erect

countless times. Each time he masturbated the huge pipe releasing huge quantities of cum on his bathroom floor. Michael thoroughly enjoyed these sessions. The sensations were tremendous. Where before he had 7 inches of sensual penile skin, he now had 36 inches. Running his hands up and down on 36 inches was such an erotic sensation! The whole thing was so erotic! All of this excitement required fuel and between masturbations, Michael ate ravenously to fuel the next round. The day passed very quickly.

Wednesday Michael awoke today in his own bed. His genital flesh was now black, jet-black, and the ball sack too. The cock sat comfortably enfolded in its mound of black folded flesh. It was higher up his groin than human genitalia would be placed. He had no pubic hair now and the whole groin area was looking dark. Michael's legs and arms were becoming covered in short black hair. Michael could feel hair growing on his back and buttocks too. On the back of his neck the hairline of his head hair seemed to go down to his back. In places it was thickening to be almost like a coat of fur. Lying on his side in his bed looking down at himself Michael pondered these developments. He was transforming daily into a horse? Was he ill? Was this a disease? Was this just his imagination? Was he insane?

Michael was hungry and still sexy. He wanted the filly. A man wanting a horse, sexually! How ridiculous! Michael gained half a monstrous erection at the thought of her. The black penis slowly awakened from its flaccid mounds of black skin and grew to a good 17 inches! He got up out of bed with the glistening thing projecting ponderously and went into the shower. He felt claustrophobic in the shower cubicle. Was he getting bigger too? During the shower he unconsciously urinated. It wasn't until he felt the warmth on his feet that he realised he was doing it. He was clearly losing control of his bladder.

Michael shaved. His face was rather heavy with beard growth after only 24 hours and he had to use two disposable razors. On trying to dress he found that he couldn't. The shorts he tried to get into, though baggy, would not come up over his thighs. Michael was bigger! His thighs were getting bigger! And his buttocks! They were hairy and big, too big for his shorts. His arms looked bigger too, particularly his upper arms. Looking in the mirror again Michael thought that his neck too was thicker.

Michael finally squeezed into a huge pair of shorts that he had been keeping for fancy dress, and a T-shirt, which stretched, over his enlarging torso.

Michael knew that he was becoming slightly crazed. He was transforming into a stallion. He just had to see the filly. He had to take her away, release her, to be with him. In this sex-crazed state, Michael realised that the filly was the one for him. He wanted her so badly, she was so perfect. As this wonderful transformation continued he planned to ensure their happiness.

At the stable Michael kept away from most of the other workers. Moving only between the office and the filly's stable. Late afternoon, when the other workers were gone, Michael attached a horse float to his car and led her into it. Michael could smell her juices and his cock was sexually aroused the whole time he was near her. He could hardly walk with the huge bloated penis bulging at the front of those shorts and down his leg. Michael's sense of reality was fading and he could barely concentrate on what he was doing.

By 10pm they were in the remote western ranges. Michael had difficulty driving and travelling as he was still getting bigger all over. His body could hardly fit in front of the steering wheel with the seat positioned back. The T-shirt ripped at the armholes as he drove and his shorts had gone at the waist. Michael's belly and chest were by now becoming quite barrel shaped.

On a remote dirt track, Michael released his loved one and on removing the remains of his T-shirt, followed her as she led the way into the dark. She went slow letting the now huge man follow. Michael was still fully aroused and his cock was bulging in his bursting shorts. He peeled them off with stiffening fingers, and the pendulous animal appendage burst out in full splendour. It was full size, stallion size, a 3-foot cock. The weight of it pulled at his groin and abdominals as Michael walked.

Thursday Dawn. Michael's body was even hairier, and now huge in size. Michael wore no covering in the cool of the dawn, yet he was not cold. Throughout the night he had been eating with the filly. Eating grass! He was satiated with it, but not satiated sexually. The penis was continually lengthening and contracting with erections. He urinated often, with no control.

They slept for a while in the middle of the day in the shade of the trees. By mid afternoon, Michael could feel changes to his head. His teeth were huge, his nose and jaw were elongating and thickening, and his ears were becoming pointed. He could no longer form words. Michael saw more while they were drinking in the stream. Crouching down on all fours Michael lapped at the water with a huge tongue and stared at his reflection. His body was now huge, almost the size of the filly. He was a giant of a man, still mostly human in shape in that he was still standing on two legs but now 11 feet tall.

By late afternoon, Michael's feet were no longer feet, they had become hoofs and his legs were now the legs of a horse. He was finding it difficult to stand upright and constantly walked bent over. The hands had begun changing too. The fingers were now short stubs.

At dusk, Michael took one last look at himself in the sunset-fired waters of the stream. His body was hairy all over now, except for the penis and belly, which were black and leathery. The hair was short and black and thick like a coat. His legs were now flanks and the beginnings of a longhaired tail trailed out from the base of his spine over his huge buttocks. Michael's buttocks were already those of a big horse. In his reflection he could see that he was now mostly horse. His lengthening snout, his muzzle, rested on his chest when he looked down at himself.

Soon, he fell to all fours. He felt more comfortable that way. Michael's hands had finally become hoofs too and his arms were shaped like the front legs of a horse. The huge barrel shaped chest supported his growing head and neck.

By midnight, he was big enough and horse enough to fulfill his other pressing urge. Michael began to flirt with the filly, his beautiful filly. Her in-season smells were overwhelming him. Michael's new senses reeled as he hung his head and licked her nether regions with his huge tongue. Michael's horse penis almost touched the ground with the arousal. She played with him, enticing him on, and eventually, though still new to his animal body, Michael managed to mount her. Not quite knowing what to do in this new shape, Michael let his animal instincts take over and maneuvered his black stallion body and his engorged appendage until he somehow found her warm and wet canal. Michael's thoughts were pure animal sexual ecstasy as he slowly pushed all 36 sensuous inches of himself into her wet welcoming vagina. He began a rhythmic motion. Michael's mind was reeling. Sex, as a man was never this good. He continued wildly and shortly he came, copious quantities of his now equine semen ejaculated from his long hard tube buried deep inside her body. This was pure ecstasy to his new form.

Michael eventually dismounted. The appendage was still huge but now soft and floppy as it dangled from his lower belly. The night wore on and it was not long before the black stallion was ready again. Michael mounted her again and again and again as the night progressed.

The filly needed a stallion to mate, and she had found one. She made one. Her desire had completely transformed her unconsciously willing male keeper. Michael was now that stallion. As he had been in life a handsome man, Michael was now a handsome animal, a horse, yet still a man in his awareness of what he had been and what he had become. Michael loved his new body. He had probably always wanted it.

The dawn light came and lit the bodies of the two handsome beasts. They were still frolicking in the beauty of the ranges and in the beauty of their bodies making wild passionate love. The contentment of both animals was supreme and the intelligent stallion had found a new life niche that suited perfectly.