

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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A musty atmosphere of neglect pervaded the subbasement of University Library. The books on the shelves were covered in a fine layering of dust. There were dim lights over the small study cubicles at the end of each aisle between the towering shelves. The lights produced only enough illumination for the top of the desks, leaving the surrounding stacks and central walkway shrouded in a perpetual twilight.

I had finally found the copy of the 15th century text I needed for my research on the influence of druidic practices on early Celtic society. However, the intricacy of the cover of the neighboring book drew my attention and I brought it along to the desk for better inspection under the light.

The cover was real leather and there were no words on the outside. Just some intricate designs worked into the dark brown leather. It also lacked the fine coating of dust that seemed to cover everything else down here.

As I opened the book I felt a strange buzzing in my head that quickly passed. I shrugged it off as I saw the text on the first page. The letters appeared to be actually handwritten, but were legible. However, the language was not one I recognized. There was no discernable publisher, publishing date, table of contents, or page numbers. I couldn't even figure out if there was a title. I started turning the thick pages unable to interpret the words. I came to a drawing of what appeared to be demons or evil appearing satyrs with grotesquely large phalluses in all manor of sexual activities. Curiously the surrounding scenery did not appear Grecian but Gaelic.

On the opposite page was a traditional occult diagram of a five-sided star surrounded by a pentagram surrounded by a circle. There were words at each corner of the star and two lines of text at the bottom of the page. I leafed through the rest of the pages but this appeared to be the only artwork. I turned back to the drawing and diagram. The realism and perspective of the figures in the drawing belied the apparent age of the text. The figures appeared so real the drawing almost looked like a black and white photograph.

Paige would love this. With her fascination with the occult she would enjoy trying to figure out the diagram and the language's origin. I decided to trace the diagram's intricate design onto a page in my notebook. Once I was done I copied the words at the five corners and the two lines of text from the bottom of the page. I put the book back on the shelf and went back to the work I had come down here to do.

That night in my dorm room while I was getting ready for bed, I noticed my notebook on my desk was open to the strange diagram I had traced. I walked over in my boxer shorts and sat down at my desk.

I still couldn't make out what the words meant. Perhaps if I sounded them out their meaning would become clear. I tried to phonetically pronounce the words at the corners of the star and then read the two lines at the bottom of the page. They still didn't make any sense. I gave up, turned off the light and climbed into bed.

The erotic dream started with Paige slowly caressing my back and buttocks. The caressing transitioned into an incredibly gentle massage starting at my neck and shoulders and running down my back. My butt cheeks were being massaged apart and I spread my legs and raised my rear as her hand reached underneath me from behind to stroke my erection. Her hand was very warm and felt wonderful as I started to slowly thrust into her hand as she started jerking me off.

A huge long warm and moist tongue started playing over my testicles and anus. It felt fantastic. No one had ever licked me there before. I never knew how sensual it felt.

As her hot hand was expertly running up and down my rigid penis something started probing my anus. It snaked its way into my anal opening and it started slowly expanding. Suddenly I had the urge to move my bowels, but I didn't care, as my attention was totally focused on my imminent orgasm. My penis was released as Paige suddenly grabbed my sides and jammed her hips against my butt.

I woke up to find myself with my rear in the air. Someone was grabbing my sides and hitting my butt. I jolted fully awake as I felt something expanding in my rectum and realized I was being fucked. The cock in my butt was still expanding and was becoming painfully large. I thought I could actually feel it moving around in my guts like some kind of writhing python.

I looked over my shoulder and my heart nearly stopped. One of the demon satyrs from the book I'd found this morning was screwing me with obviously delight. He probably only stood about 3 feet high, but he was well proportioned. He appeared to be a conglomeration of animals. He had two bull's horns above his bovine ears. His face was a cross between a human and a goat. His upper torso and arms appeared to be human. His waist on down was hidden by my body, but if it was consistent with the picture he would have the legs of a goat, a tail of a bull, and a penis the size of a horse.

My shock wore off as I realized the cock in my guts was still expanding. I tried to stand up and fell off of the bed onto the floor as the little demon wrapped his arms around my waist and planted his massive cock tightly into my rump. With the help of my desk I managed to stand up with him firmly clasped to my backside and his legs wrapped around my hips. His tail whipped up between my legs and with the dexterity of a monkey's tail corkscrewed around my penis and started milking me. I tried to pull it off of my cock without success. His tail was like a soft steel coil. I tried to pry his arms from around my waist, but again I failed. He was amazingly strong.

My rectum was on fire and still the bastard's cock continued to grow. I could actually see my abdomen move as his monstrous penis slithered through my intestines causing my stomach to cramp. I slammed my back into the wall to try to crush him. All this did was push him harder into my rectum as his horns stabbed into the muscles of my back.

I pitched forward trying to get away from the pointed horns and ran into my desk. I could see the drawing in my open notebook. It was glowing. The lines appeared to be written with florescent ink. I grabbed the paper and tore it in half. A flash of light blinded me and an electrical shock shot up my arms making them tingle.

The demon's tail stopped jerking me off and uncoiled to slide limply off my unbelievably erect cock. He let go of my waist and hips and fell heavily onto the floor with a thud. Despite lying on the floor and me still standing his cock was still in my guts. I quickly stepped away from him before he could recover. This ended up pulling about another foot of cock out of my rectum. His gargantuan snake of a penis plopped wetly onto the floor like an empty fireman's hose. It was at least four feet long.

I picked up a pitching wedge from my golf bag against the wall and holding the club like a baseball bat walked slowly over to his still prone form. He didn't seem to be recovering very fast. In fact he appeared to be barely breathing. As I approached he slowly turned his head towards me and spoke.

"Opening the portal an invitation makes. Cut off from Aether's vitality withering does commence. Forever be you cursed for this most evil deed." He paused to draw a ragged breath.

"When next you gaze upon a creature not your kind, its purpose you shall have. You have but three suns to gather into yourself that creature's seed, or that creature's kind be yours."

His pupils started to reflect an eerie reddish glow as he looked up at me. I felt a buzzing vibration in my groin as my cock suddenly shot up to become viciously erect. I blinked and my ears suddenly popped. When I looked back down at the little demon he was not on the floor anymore.

I ran to the light switch on the wall and turned the overhead light on. Using the golf club I lifted the covers on my bed up to look under the bed from a safe distance. Nothing there. I checked under my desk and then carefully opened my closet. He wasn't anywhere in my room. I sat down in my chair as my arms and legs started shaking as the adrenaline rush slowly passed.

My back and rear end were aching. I got up and looked at my back in the mirror over my dresser. There were two puncture wounds but they weren't bleeding anymore and didn't appear too serious. My anus was another matter. I couldn't see my rectum, so I put my hand to it. I was wide open. I could fit my fist into my asshole. If I squeezed down, I could barely feel my sphincter tighten.

I put on some underwear and then wrapped a towel around myself and went down the hall to the shower. I took a long hot shower and gently cleaned my backside. It seemed that my anus was slowly contracting and returning to normal.

Once back in my room, I took the pieces of paper with the diagram on it back to the restroom and tore them into smaller pieces as I flushed them down the toilet. Feeling satisfied I had prevented him from coming back I went back to my room and lay down on my bed with the lights on. I didn't think I would be able to fall asleep, but I was so exhausted I fell into a dreamless sleep.

When my alarm started buzzing I reflexively jumped out of bed, turned it off, wrapped a towel around my waist and with my eyes barely open I marched off to the shower with my shampoo and soap. I didn't wake up enough to remember what had happened the night before until the steamy water hit my face in the shower.

It seemed like some sort of horrible nightmare. But I could feel the wounds on my back and my anus burned and still felt very loose. What was that thing? I've got to find someone to translate that book. Paige would know what language it is and who could translate it.

I finished my shower, got dressed and skipping my first class I went to the main library. I found the same stacks where I had checked out my book on ancient druidic lore, but I couldn't find the leather bound book anywhere. I checked several stacks but it was nowhere to be found. I described the book to a librarian to see if anyone could have checked it out, but without a title, author or even a subject he couldn't help me.

Now what? I had already missed my lecture on Italian Renaissance architecture and I was about to be late for Dr. Hoffman's seminar on 18th century British political science where attendance was part of the grade. I picked up my bookbag and sprinted across the quad to Milton Hall.

I sat down, but my mind kept wandering. I wasn't paying any attention to Dr. Hoffman as he started his rather dry discourse on the Enclosure Acts. I couldn't stop thinking about last night. I noticed movement to my left and looked up to see Phil enter with his seeing-eye dog. He was a beautiful German shepherd named Shultz. The dog always made instant friends for Phil wherever he went.

Just as I noticed Shultz I got a terrible pain in my groin which caused me to double over. I gripped the edges of my desk as the pain slowly subsided. I felt a little sick to my stomach and got up to go

to the restroom.

I sat down on the toilet in one of the stalls. I pulled my sweatpants down to see what was hurting. A pitiful little moan escaped my mouth as I looked down in shock at my genitals. They weren't human. They had been transformed somehow into what looked like a dog's cock.

My pubic hair was gone and in its place was a soft brown fur. It was covering my scrotum. My penis was encased in a fur-covered sheath, which extended halfway towards my navel. I put a tentative finger into the sheath and quickly withdrew it as I felt it touch the tip of my penis. My dick felt alien somehow. I tried to pull the sheath of skin down but it was firmly attached to my abdomen.

However, the manipulation caused an erection. I was even more shocked as a moist pink piece of flesh grew out of the sheath. My dick was deformed. It was about the same diameter as it should be but it was pointed at the tip and my glans was missing. Then I noticed a bulge just inside of the sheath. I pulled down on the skin and the bulge popped out. This caused my dick to become fully erect and the bulge to expand. It looked like my penis had swallowed a lemon or something as it bulged at the base. Is this what a dog's dick looks like?

What was happening? It must be tied into what happened last night somehow. What was it the demon said? Something about the next time I saw a creature "not your kind" its "purpose I shall have"? Shultz was the first creature not of my kind I had seen since last night. But why did I have a dog's cock. If I was to have Shultz's purpose it would be to see for the blind. This doesn't make any sense. And it's not possible. But it's real. How do I reverse it? What if I can't change it back? Questions were whirling too fast for my mind to process. I had to slow down and take a deep calming breath.

I've got to get help. I doubt a doctor would know what to do. It's not like this is a disease. I'll tell Paige. But what will she think of me? It dawned on me that she would probably think it was neat. But what if she's repulsed. I can't think of anyone else I can trust. Maybe she's read something in her studies of the occult that could help.

While I was thinking, my cock had retreated into my sheath. I pulled my sweatpants back up and quietly retrieved my bookbag from Dr. Hoffman's seminar. I made my way to Bradley Hall and waited for Paige to come out of her Germanic Philosophy seminar.

When I saw her emerge from the classroom in a knot of other grad students I called out to her.

She wove her way over to me and grinned. "Scott! How's my little 'beast' doing?"

"Please, not now." I groaned.

"I thought you were spending all of your free time working on your druidic chapter for your thesis. What's wrong? You look upset."

"Paige...I've got to tell you something..." A lump formed in my throat choking off my words. I leaned against the wall to try to regain my composure. How do I tell her?

She put her hand on my shoulder. "Scott, what's wrong? Is something wrong with your parents...your brother...your sisters...?"

I shook my head. "Paige, there's nothing wrong with my parents, brother or sisters. I need somewhere where we can talk in private."

"Let's go to my office." She suggested.

We walked into the next building where the philosophy grad students were given small offices, which were probably converted broom closets. The office was barely big enough for a desk and two chairs, but it would do. Paige listened attentively while I told her about the strange book and about how I had copied the pentagram.

"Then I pronounced the words phonetically, but I still couldn't figure them out or even get a sense of the language's origins. Now it really gets bizarre." I told her about how the demon appeared. I couldn't bring myself to tell her what he did to me, so I left that part out. "I panicked and tore the paper with the pentagram. This seemed to hurt the demon somehow and I think he cursed me before he disappeared."

She had listened without saying a word. Then she smirked. "Well, it's not April Fools. Are you serious? Do you expect me to believe you actually conjured a demonic force in your room last night?"

She looked me straight in the eyes. My vision started to blur as tears started to form in my eyes. I looked down and wiped my eyes.

"I'm totally serious. It really happened and I wasn't hallucinating or dreaming or any thing like that."

She digested this for a minute, perhaps still trying to figure out if I was joking.

"We should get that book. We can go to the library right now."

I shook my head. "I was already there and the book is gone. And there is no way of finding out if it was checked out because I don't know the title, author or even the God damn subject. In fact, I just remembered there wasn't even a call number on the spine of the book."

"All right, I can do some research and see if I can find it through cross referencing. But why are you so upset. The demonic force is gone, right? You said he disappeared."

"I'm pretty sure he's gone."

"Then what's wrong?"

"The curse...I think it is real." I stopped. I was embarrassed to continue.

She asked. "What was the curse? Tell me how it was worded."

"Well, the grammar and syntax were unusual. He said something about if I see a creature not of my kind then... I would have its purpose." I looked up to see her reaction.

She didn't react much at all. "'A creature not of your kind.' Could mean any non-human animal. The 'have its purpose' is a little vague. What do you think it means?"

I tentatively asked. "Do you think it could be referring to the primal instinct of procreation?"

"That could certainly be one interpretation. It could also refer to the primal instinct of self preservation among other things. It's too vague to tell for sure."

I hesitated. "I'm afraid my guess is probably the correct one." I was still having trouble getting it out.

"What do you mean?"

"I've been changedÉphysically changed."

"I still don't get it. Changed how? What's different?"

"Substitute cock for purpose."

Paige thought a second. Then her eyes widened and she grinned. "You mean the 'little beast' is really a little beast?" When I didn't laugh she said. "I'm sorry, I couldn't resist. Well, what kind of animal did you see?"

"Shultz...Phil's seeing eye-dog."

"So we'll have to call him little Shultzie?" She chuckled.

"I don't know why you think this is funny."

She put on a serious face but her annoying mirth was bubbling just under the surface. "I'm sorry. Okay, then show me."

Despite my irritation at her I stood up and slowly untied my sweatpants. I let them fall around my ankles. I lifted my shirt up. The irritating grin she had worn since we started this conversation suddenly disappeared. She reached over and touched my sheath.

Her mouth dropped open. "It's real. Oh my God, what happened?"

I dropped my shirt. "What do you mean 'what happened'? I just told you what happened."

She lifted my shirt up and touched my sheath again. She cupped my low hanging fur covered scrotum in her hand and lifted it up to look underneath. She pulled on the fur and skin of my sheath. Feeling her stroke my genitals started getting me hard and my pointed penis started emerging from my sheath. She paused and then touched my penis. I was ashamed about becoming erect and the strange appearance of my genitals. I stepped back as far as her tiny office would allow and bent over to pull my sweatpants back up.

She seemed disappointed. "Don't be embarrassed. This is exciting. Are there any other changes?"

I froze. I hadn't even thought about that possibility. I did a quick mental check patting my hands over my body. "No, at least I don't think so." I relaxed a little at not finding any other changes. "What I need to know is how to change back?"

She rolled her eyes. "I haven't a clue. Though there's usually a recipe to save the afflicted outlined within the curse itself. Was there any more to the curse? Did he say anything else?"

"Now that you mention it there was a second part. Let me think. Something about sun and seed...three suns...I have three suns to get a creature's seed, or something will happen. There was one last part. Oh right, the last part was 'or that creature's kind be yours'."

"Three suns is obviously a deadline. You have three days to get a creature's seed or you will become that creature. According to the terms of the curse you will change into a dog in three days if you don't get a dog's seed. Seed must refer to either the ovum or sperm, but which and what do we do with it once we get it?"

I looked up tentatively at her. "We?"

Paige got a peeved look on her face. "Yah, stupid. I'm not letting you do this without me. Did you think I was not going to love you anymore because of Rover down there? You know, you really piss me off. I thought we were connected on a deeper level than that. I thought you knew me better than that. I thought I knew you better than that."

My mouth dropped open. "My whole concept of reality is changing and you want to fight. I'm scared to death. You know I love you. I'm never as sure about how you feel towards me. You're always so flippant. Nobody would blame you for not wanting me after this."

She smiled consolingly. "You really are stupid. You copied down the diagram in the first place because you knew I'd be fascinated. For the first time I see evidence that something exists beyond our mundane reality and you think I'll be turned off. In fact, I'm rather turned on." Her voice transitioned into a husky whisper. She placed her hand on my crotch and squeezed.

"You mean you actually like the new...um...little beast?"

As an answer she reached over and locked the door to her office. She turned back to me and knelt down on the floor between my legs. She untied my sweatpants and pulled them down to the floor. She started rubbing my cock through my sheath.

"Your fur is so soft. Let me see what you've got hiding in there. Can Shultzie come out to play?" She chuckled.

My dick started migrating out of my sheath. About six inches was protruding when she put it in her mouth and started twirling her tongue around and around. She kept one hand on my sheath to aim my cock into her mouth. My cock was suddenly cold as she pulled off.

"What's this?" She'd found the bulge in my sheath. She pulled down on my sheath and the bulge popped out adding another three inches to my exposed penis.

"Wow. Just like on the farm." Just when I thought she was going to turn away in disgust she got up on her knees and deep throat my whole nine inches. It felt great. My new penis must be more sensitive than my human cock. I can't ever remember her blowjobs being this intense.

I moaned. "Oh God, oh God, OH MY GOD!"

"Shhhh. Quiet. You're not going to howl are you? There is a class going on two doors down the hall."

She quickly dropped her shorts and panties as she stood up and bent over her desk.

"I want you to take me. Take me like a dogÉbut no howling." She grinned lecherously.

My surprise at her behavior quickly turned to lust. I ran my hand across her vagina. Her labia were swollen and she was sopping wet. She was really turned on. I moved in behind her and placed my throbbing canine cock into her cunt. She was so lubricated that I slipped in easily to the bulge. I started slowly going in and out picking up speed with each thrust. The wonderful feelings were becoming very intense. The rest of the world disappeared and there was only the beautiful sensation emanating from my groin. I started thrusting harder and faster. My bulge kept advancing further and further into her vagina with each thrust. I was trying to restrain myself and not hurt her, but I was losing control.

"Put it in me. Come on, I want all of you in me." She panted in a deep raspy voice.

The encouragement caused me to totally lose control. I slammed into her and pulled back on her hips pushing that bulge into her cunt. After some resistance I slid in. I had this urge to wrap my arms around her waist and pull her tightly to my pelvis. As I held still, it seemed her cunt was getting tighter, or was my cock expanding. That thought was quickly forgotten as my pelvis all on its own started jack hammering into her with short rapid strokes. I couldn't seem to pull back very far because her vagina was too tight around my bulge. Finally I gave one last great heave and wave after wave of pleasure radiated from my groin as my cock started spasming my juice deep inside her.

Weakly I panted in Paige's ear. "That was the most fantastic orgasm of my life."

"I like the new little beastie too. You were quite literally an animal. But maybe next time you could be a little gentler though. I think I'm going to be sore for a week."

Just then I felt a stabbing pain in my lower back extending to my butt. Once the pain subsided I looked around at my butt and there was a brown fur covered tail, a German shepherd's tail. As soon as I realized what had happened my tail disappeared as it bent down between my legs.

Paige giggled. "That tickles. Wait. What is that? A tail?"

I moaned. "Oh my God. It's already started. I'm changing."

I took my weight off of her back and stood up. I pulled back, but I couldn't withdraw my cock from Paige's vagina.

"Ouch. Stop pulling. That hurts. I think we're stuck because that bulge of yours is too big. Give it a minute to shrink."

I plaintively asked. "What happened? I thought I had three days. Why have I started changing early?"

"I don't know. Maybe having sex is a catalyst of some sort. Are you sure there was nothing else with the curse?"

"I'm sure he didn't say anything else, but—" After a moments hesitation I proceeded to tell Paige the full story including the part about being raped.

She nodded. "That explains the tenor of the curse. A Bacchian-like demon or in an Id-centric force would certainly feel a beings primary purpose would be procreation."

"So now that you know the kind of demon, do you know how to reverse the curse?"

Paige shook her head. "Not really, but it gives me some ideas on how to focus my lit search."

We waited a couple minutes and my penis was still firmly locked into her vagina. So we waited some more. Thankfully no more changes occurred. Ten minutes went by and we were still stuck together.

"Boy that sure is some staying power." She tried to joke, but I could tell she was afraid of the same thing I was.

I finally verbalized what we both were thinking. "What are we going to do if we're stuck like this? What if it's part of the curse?"

Paige tried to reassure me. "This is normal for dogs you city boy. There is no 'slam bam thank you maam' in the dog world. The male dog has to stay and cuddle whether he likes it or not."

"How long then?" I pulled hard, but couldn't move.

"Stop that. You're hurting me. Give it some more time. Stop being so impatient."

I pulled slowly but firmly and started to feel some give, but I still couldn't pull out. I was encouraged that I could finally move a little. We stayed locked together for another couple minutes before I was able to pull out with a loud suctioning noise. No wonder I'd been stuck. I was still erect and my bulge was incredibly large. Paige turned around and her eyes nearly popped out of her head when she saw my still erect penis.

"Wow, that was in me? I can't believe you didn't rupture me."

I was so relieved that we could separate that my tail started wagging. I didn't even notice until Paige started giggling.

"I'd say the little beast is happy." Paige continued to giggle. I tried to stop my tail from wagging back and forth, but I was feeling oddly giddy and started laughing. Causing my tail to wag harder.

Once our nervous energy dissipated, we decided that I was going to go back to Paige's apartment while she went to the library to do her lit search. We tied my tail to my leg with some string she had in her desk. This allowed me to put my sweatpants back on. It made it uncomfortable to walk and a bulge could still be seen. However, unless I ran into someone I knew I doubt anyone would stop me to ask about it.

Paige checked out about a dozen books she thought may help and brought them back to her apartment. I wrote down the curse as well as I could remember it. I also tried to recreate the diagram and words that I had copied from the book. We both read and searched the internet until the early morning hours without success and eventually I fell asleep.

I discovered the next morning that I couldn't stand or sit on the toilet to urinate. My sheath prevented me from pointing my penis down. I had to back up over the toilet while bent 90 degrees at the waist and then squat down placing my genitals in the bowl just over the water. Thankfully the thought of urinating or just having a full bladder caused my cock tip to automatically emerge from my sheath.

Neither one of us had any teaching responsibilities and tomorrow was Saturday. We skipped our classes and continued our studies. Paige went back to the library to check out some more books, as nothing seemed to shed any light on my problem. I did some internet surfing on dog anatomy and discovered that the bulge in a dog's penis is called a knot and that it is normal for the male dog to be "tied" to the female after ejaculating.

I was finding it hard to concentrate. My mind kept drifting to erotic thoughts. Everything seemed so sensual. I had cut a whole in the back of my sweatpants so that my tail could stick out. I found myself with an almost constant hard on. I was becoming turn on just rubbing my erect penis against the fabric of my sweatpants. I either had to take them off or orgasm.

"I brought you a drink." Paige stopped at the bedroom door when she saw I was sitting at the computer in the buff sporting a woody. "I didn't know you were so turned on by canine breeding. Don't you think you've learned enough?"

I blushed. "Okay." I got up and started walking into the living room.

"Scott. I'm not complaining mind you, but don't you want to put your pants back on?"

"I can't. Something is wrong. I seem obsessed. All I can think about is sex. I took them off because the cloth rubbing against my...um...exposed dick was going to cause me to cum."

Paige grinned. "I don't think I've ever seen your face that shade of red before. You think it's part of the curse?" It was more of a statement than a question. "Why don't you help me in the living room with the library books. They are pretty dry reading."

We went into the living room and sat down on the couch. We each took a book and started scanning through them. But my attention was not on the book. Involuntarily I was glancing at Paige's bare leg. Its seductive curves and valleys. The wonderful warm moist mound of darkness I imagined I could see through her shorts.

"Paige, I'm going to take a shower." I got up and for the first time in my life I took a cold shower. It was not a pleasant experience, but it seemed to work. My canine dick finally returned to its home. My tail fur was holding the water and I reached around to towel it off making the fur puff out. I did the same with the fur surrounding my genitals. It was still moist, so I took Paige's hair drier and started blow drying my tail and sheath. The warm hair was like a soft caress. Unfortunately, by the time I had dried off completely the urges had returned and they seemed stronger, more immediate. My thoughts were clouding with a powerful desire.

Paige's sexy voice drifted into the bathroom from the living room. "Scott? Are you okay? You've been in there for a long time."

I dropped the hair drier. There was something much more pleasurable. Something I wanted, desired, needed. I walked out of the bathroom and quietly snuck down the hallway towards the living room. Her back was to me as she sat on the couch. I leaned over the couch and put my hands on her shoulders. I started to knead and massage her petite neck and shoulders. She leaned back into me.

"That's feels great." She leaned her head forward exposing more of her supple neck.

I put my nose into her hair. Inhaling her fragrance. Shivers ran down my body. I started to lick the back of her neck, as my hands migrated down her back. I felt the urge to bite her and started to gently nibble on her velvety nape.

"Scott, I think you need another shower. You better stop before you get carried away."

I continued to advance my hands down her back and then sliding them around to grasp her breasts. The female moved to get up. I grabbed her shoulders and held her down, pushing my face into her hair. She violently wiggled out of my grasp.

"Scott! What's wrong with you?"

She turned and we locked gazes. She started backing up as fear creased her brow. I stepped over the back of the couch. My maleness proudly displayed dribbling pre-cum.

"Keep away from me. I mean it." She commanded.

I crouched down on the couch and then pounced. Our bodies collided. Her body sliding against mine. She got her legs between us and catapulted me over the coffee table. She got up and ran. By the

time I got to my feet she was starting to close the bedroom door. I ran down the hall just as the door slammed shut. The knob wouldn't turn. I threw my shoulder into the door, but it wouldn't move. I could hear furniture being piled up against the door. I couldn't reach her. I let loose with an incoherent yell of frustration. I needed release. I grabbed my straining cock. An electric jolt of pleasure shot from my groin. I started jerking off wildly. The pressure quickly grew until I was blinded with desire. Large thick shots of cum covered the wall and floor. As soon as the orgasm passed the pain began.

My toes started to ache. The ache quickly migrated up my legs and became painful. My feet started lengthening and brown fur started emerging from my skin. A line of fur quickly migrated up my legs to merge with my furry genitals and tail. My feet became incredibly long and then both legs started changing. My thighs shortened and became slimmer. My calves thinned as my legs turned into dog's legs. My toes had merged to form perfect canine paws complete with pointed thick nails and dark tough paw pads.

I held my breath waiting for the change to continue, but it seemed to have stopped at my waist. From the hips down I now resembled a very large German shepherd. I started breathing again. It was beginning to look like I wasn't going to be able to stop the curse. I seemed to be destined to live the rest of my life as a dog. Feelings of self-pity and despair merged as I was losing hope. Tears started filling my eyes making my vision blurry until I wiped them away. And then it hit me. Everything that had just happened came flooding back into my mind. What had I done to Paige? I had nearly raped her. Now she will leave me. I didn't deserve her in the first place, it would only be a matter of time before she met someone she liked better anyway. I stood up and knocked on the door.

"Paige? I don't expect you to forgive, but I'm so sorry." She didn't respond.

"If you'll let me get my clothes, I'll leave. I won't try to touch you. I'll go to the living room and you can throw them into the hallway." I found that I could still walk upright. It was a lot springier walking on paws. Like I could jump a mile. It seemed like I was walking on the balls of my feet, but it felt comfortable. I went back into the living room. I could hear the furniture being moved again.

From behind the door Paige's muffled voice warned. "I've got my mace, so stand back."

The door opened a crack. When she saw I wasn't there she opened it all the way and saw me standing in the living room. She froze in the doorway as her mouth fell wide open. She broke the silence and kept me from starting to cry like a baby.

"They say that big feet mean a big dick. I guess it applies to big paws too."

I looked down at my canine legs in shame. "You like them? Unfortunately they're attached to an asshole. If you throw me my cloths, I'll leave."

"You can't go outside like that. You don't have to leave. If the curse becomes too strong again, we'll pay more attention and I'll just lock myself in the bedroom again. Besides we have a better chance of breaking the curse together."

"Paige, I love you. I don't think I could handle this without you. You are my sanity, my reason for being. I know this isn't the most romantic time or place, but when this is overÉdo you think you wouldÉumÉwant to marry me?"

"When you can get onto your human knees and propose, then we'll talk. Right now, while you've got your hormones under control we need to crack the books."

The next morning I awoke from the couch almost in a panic. Two days were gone already and we didn't have any idea how to reverse this. What was I going to do? I didn't want to be a dog. We had talked about going ahead and fulfilling the requirements of the curse but we were keeping it as a last resort. But it seemed that we were out of other options.

Paige came from the bedroom. She was watching me and I could see the little can of mace in her hand.

"Are you okay?" She asked.

I frowned. "No. But I've got my hormones under control still."

"Good, I can't lock myself in the bedroom if I'm going to pick up Ricky and Tina."

We had called a dog breeder about purchasing two German shepherds. Our insistence that we had to have the dogs by today and that the female be in heat made the breeder a little suspicious, but our references checked out. By the evening our savings accounts were significantly depleted, and we were proud owners of Heinrich von Leipshen and Christina von Butchmeier also known as Ricky and Tina.

I asked for about the hundredth time. "Are you sure we've interpreted the curse correctly? I mean do you really think making love to a dog will return me to normal."

She responded. "I don't think we have any other choice, unless you are willing to wait until tomorrow morning to see what happens."

"I'm convinced the curse is real. Every time I go to the bathroom or forget and sit on my tail I'm rudely reminded of just how real." I sighed.

Paige picked the dogs up herself. She had a little trouble trying to keep them separated. Ricky could obviously tell Tina was in heat and was very persistent in his attempts to get to her. We locked Ricky in Paige's garage where he couldn't do any damage.

We were sitting in the living room with Tina walking around the room sniffing the furniture.

Not knowing how to proceed I wondered aloud. "Now what?"

Paige grinned. "Maybe you should whisper sweet nothings in her ear?"

"Very funny." I growled.

Tina seemed to resolve the issue for us. She started smelling my furry leg and then quickly worked her way to my crotch, which she started licking. She must have gotten confused because she started to hump my leg. I bent over to gently push her off and she started licking my face. Once I placed her back on all fours she turned her tail towards me displaying her vagina.

"Was that foreplay?" I asked with a crooked grin.

"It seems Tina knows what she wants. Why don't you go ahead and give it to her? I can see you're ready."

Since even sweatpants were uncomfortable now I was wearing only a T-shirt around the apartment. My pink pointed cock was fully erect and plainly visible. The surges of desire had been steadily

increasing all day, but hadn't reached the same level as last night yet.

"Paige, I don't know if I can do this. I mean she's a dog for god's sake."

"Scott, from the waist down so are you. She is obviously receptive to you. Just let those urges you keeping talking about take control."

Tina backed up and started rubbing her flanks against my legs. As I bent down and tentatively grasped Tina's hips the curse stepped up a notch. I leaned over and aimed my swollen pink cock at her opening. I slowly inserted my throbbing dick into her canine cunt. As soon as I was inside her she held completely still. I started to slowly thrust in and out. However, my control evaporated and I soon found myself plunging my knot deep into Tina. She accepted it easily. My pelvis got a mind of its own and started pumping as quickly as possible. My orgasm quickly built and I flooded Tina with my canine sperm. As I had expected I was firmly tied to Tina and if past experience was any indication I was going to be stuck for about 10-15 minutes. Tina merely stood still as if she knew we were locked together.

"Well, when should I change back?" Paige had been quietly watching the whole time, which in retrospect I found a little embarrassing. It almost felt like I was cheating on her and right in front of her too.

She shrugged. "I don't know. I thought it would happen immediately. Perhaps we have to wait until you are untied."

Just then I got a terrible headache. Once the pain subsided a little I could see Paige with her hands over her mouth and her eyes very wide.

"What's wrong? Why are you looking like that?"

Just then my whole face started to hurt and I watched in horror as my nose and mouth started stretching away from my face. My eyes started watering as I inhaled some very strong aromas. Once the newness of the smells died down I realized I was smelling things I had never smelled before. I could smell my own body odors. I could smell hundreds of strong fragrances from Tina and Paige. Some seemed to convey a sense of eroticism, calmness, contentment, and hunger. Somehow I could even smell the Doritos bag I threw in the trashcan two nights ago. I couldn't name the odor but I could actually smell fear flowing in waves from Paige.

As this occurred my ears started aching and then popped. It was if my ears had been plugged and now were open. I could hear all sorts of noises from inside the apartment and out. Rick rummaging around in the garage. A fly buzzing around in the bedroom and people walking by the apartment on the sidewalk outside.

I looked over at her with my heart racing. "Help me Paige. Please do something." My voice had turned gravelly and husky. I tried to clear my throat and I produced a very dog-like whimper.

"I don't know what to do." Paige said plaintively from the couch where she sat hugging her knees to her chest.

I pulled hard out of Tina causing her to yelp. Incredibly my cock was still erect. Apparently overwhelming fear didn't affect it.

Tina lay down on the floor and started licking herself as only a dog can do. She didn't appear to be injured by my premature withdrawal.

The pain had stopped and it took a minute for me to register that the changes had stopped. I did a quick survey and realized I was not completely changed. I was still standing upright. I was covered in fur everywhere now except for the palms of my hands, which were still mainly human. My fingernails were half way between human and claws. I took my T-shirt off, but besides the new fur coat my body was unchanged. With my toe nails clicking on the tiled floor I walked to the mirror in the bathroom and despite knowing my face had changed I was still shocked to see a dog's head on my shoulders looking back at me with my eyes. My ears felt very flexible as I stretched a previous unknown muscle, sort of like a clenching my jaws but further back and higher on my head. I lifted them from their currently flat position to erect. However that didn't fit my mood somehow and when I relaxed that muscle they dropped down to give me the look of a scolded dog. Upon looking closer I realized that I still had a few human characteristics left in my face, but on casual inspection my head could easily be mistaken for a German shepherd.

I saw Paige appear in the mirror behind me. She put her hands on my shoulders and rested her head on my fur covered back. I turned away from my image in the mirror and hugged her. She was my center of normalcy. We hugged for a long time. Her gentle stroking down my back had a wonderful calming effect. I got a strange stuffy feeling in my mouth. When I opened my muzzle a wonderful cooling sensation spread through my body. Before I knew it I was panting.

An eternity later, once I had regained my control, I let go of her and went back into the living room. Careful not to sit directly on my tail as I sat on the couch. Paige went to the refrigerator and poured a glass of lemonade.

"Here." She handed me the glass of lemonade.

I brought it up to my mouth, which seemed to be a mile in front of my face. I put the glass to my lips. The smell of the lemons was almost overpowering as my snout entered the glass. I tilted the glass up to take a drink. As I let the lemonade enter my mouth, I tried to swallow. Instead my tongue jutted out of my mouth and nearly to the bottom of the glass lapping up the lemonade. I put the glass down discouraged.

Paige started giggling.

"What do you find funny?" I growled.

I must have sounded meaner than I intended because Paige started producing that scared scent again and she immediately stopped giggling.

"I'm sorry." She meekly replied.

My anger quickly evaporated and to break the tension I decided to joke around with her. I wrinkled my nose and lifted my lips showing my teeth. I followed this with, to my surprise, a very convincing growl. Unfortunately Paige didn't see the joke. She pulled her knees up to her chin and started crying. She was shaking and the smell of terror was streaming from her pores. My indestructible rock of stability was crying. I felt terrible. I reached over and put my hand on her head.

She mumbled into her knees. "Please don't hurt me."

"Paige, I'm the one who's sorry. I would never hurt you. I didn't even mean to scare you. It was supposed to be a joke. Obviously not a very good one."

She looked up at me. Tears had left little streams down her cheeks. I tried to imagine how a dog would look apologizing or a way to look nonintimidating. As soon as I thought of it, my body of its

own will got down on the floor and rolled over onto my back displaying my belly. I added some whimpering and the best apologetic eyes I could muster. The fear smell disappeared and she started to giggle.

"You bad little puppy."

She reached down and scratched my belly. My right leg started pounding the ground. Paige started laughing. I was surprised and a little embarrassed. I had not intended for my leg to do that, but I wasn't going to tell her that. Playing along I sat up and put my head in her lap. She started stroking my head and scratching behind my ears. It felt so good, that I started to doze. I imagined this wonderful fragrance. As it grew stronger, it became more and more sensual. I opened my eyes when I realized that it was Paige's scents that were turning me on. I stood up and walked to the other side of the room with my cock proudly erect.

"Paige, you've got to move away from me. My new nose is making all smells very powerful. Your aroma is turning me on and it is becoming hard to resist. There isn't that much human left in me. If we make love again, I'm afraid the curse will finish the process and turn me completely into a dog."

Tina had been curled up in the corner dozing. I had forgotten about her, but as I got closer to her, she woke up and walked over to me. She rubbed her side against my legs. Being in season her erotic scent was even stronger than Paige's and I was starting to think it wouldn't be so bad to be a dog.

"Paige, take Tina back into the bedroom before I loose control. Hurry."

Paige got up and watching me warily she took Tina by the collar. Tina didn't want to leave me and resisted, but Paige managed to get her into the bedroom. I cracked open a window and stuck my snout outside to clear my head. The variety of scents and their nuances amazed me. It was great. I couldn't identify more than 10% of the smells, but I could tell old from new, near from far, and a lot of them communicated emotional tones.

"Are you okay?" Paige asked from the kitchen doorway.

"Yah, I seem to have control again. You would be amazed at the odors I can smell. Both your and Tina's scent are still present but they aren't overwhelming anymore. I must have developed some canine instincts that I can't completely control. Unless the curse is picking up speed."

"So now what? The curse evidently requires a male's seed. Are you willing to try it with Ricky? Do you want to do it now?"

Against my will I started to whine. "Oh Paige, why is this happening to me? Why me?!" My whining words degenerated into a pitiful whimpering sound. Hearing the canine sound oddly enough made me angry at my weakness in front of Paige. She stood watching me sadly from the kitchen doorway as if she was torn between trying to comfort me and the fear that I might turn on her.

"I don't know if I can do it Paige. What if we are wrong and Ricky only completes the curse? What if it's all just a sadistic joke and there isn't away to reverse the transformation?" I held up my hand to stop Paige, as I heard and smelled her leave the relative safety of the kitchen to come towards me.

"No Paige. Don't come any closer. I can't be trusted to control myself."

She backed up into the kitchen again. "Scott, I sorry. What else can we do? We went over every possible interpretation and this is the only option left that has any chance of reversing the transformation. If you don't take Ricky, the curse is bound to complete the change."

With my head down I nod reluctantly. "I know. Let's get this over with." I had to pause as my throat tightened and my voice turned to a whisper. "Just remember, whatever happens, I love you Paige."

She didn't appear to have heard my choked up whisper as she walked down the hallway to open the door to the garage. I could hear and smell Ricky running around sniffing things before I could see him. It didn't take long for him to reach me. He evidently smelled Tina's scent on me. He immediately started humping my leg, brushing his erect dick up against my leg.

I told Paige that she'd have to come near me to hold him back while I put some lube on my ass. Even though my sphincter had returned to normal from two nights ago, I was still pretty loose. Ricky was obviously ready to go. Paige could barely hold him back.

Once I felt I was ready, I put my hands on the ground and kept my rear in the air. "Paige let him go."

He bounded over to me and quickly licked the lube off of my ass. Against my will my tail clamped down between my legs. Ricky mounted me anyway. He started jabbing at my ass in a quick series of humping motions, but he was not penetrating because my tail was in the way. I was shocked when Paige knelt down, pulled my tail out and to the side. She then guided his cock into my ass. As soon as he penetrated he pushed his knot into me. Thankfully he was not as large as I was but despite my being stretched recently it still was initially uncomfortable. The jack hammering commenced as he started firing away at my butt in short bursts faster than any human could. He lasted for about 2 minutes and gave one final thrust. I thought I could feel my guts filling with his hot jism and I could definitely feel his knot flare to its final dimensions. Just then Ricky slid off of my back and stepped over his cock while it was still implanted in my ass. We were now tail to tail, butt to butt. I had read about this maneuver, but I had forgotten about it.

"Paige, don't let him pull out. He'll tear me apart." Paige was already ahead of me and had grabbed Ricky's collar to hold him still.

After an embarrassing eternity of being locked tail to tail with Ricky, he finally shrank enough to withdraw without hurting me. Paige took him and put him back in the garage where he would spend the night in the bed we had made for him. I collapsed on the carpet in complete exhaustion and despair. I hadn't changed into a dog, but I hadn't changed back into a human either.

"Paige, what are we missing? We've been over the curse hundreds of times. We've tested all of the interpretations we could think of. Do you think we were too late and maybe getting the male seed only stops the process at whatever stage of transformation I'm at? What if I'm going to be a dogman for the rest of my life?"

I felt her sit down on the carpet beside me and start stroking my back as I felt like crying, but was not able to. Evidently my tear ducts had changed. She must have sat there silently petting my back for an hour before I finally lifted my head up from my furry arms.

"Well, I guess by morning you'll either have three dogs to take care of or two dogs and a freak. If I transform completely into a dog do you think I'll still be able to think and talk."

"Scott. Of course it's possible."

I noted. "You know, you've been sitting right beside me for over an hour and I don't feel an uncontrollable sexual need. In fact, I'm content just to let you keep stroking my fur. That feels great. Paige, I love you."

My tail started wagging, thumping the floor. I rolled onto my side and curled into a ball as I

snuggled up against Paige's warm body. She kept stroking and stroking my fur. As I drifted off to sleep I thought I heard her finally respond, but the words were lost in my pre-dream state.

It was suddenly very cold. Paige must have taken the sheets. I rolled over with my eyes closed. The line of sunlight coming through the vertical blinds hit me right across the eyes. I buried my head in my arms to shut out the light. It slowly penetrated my sleepy brain that my muzzle was missing and I was lying naked on the floor. I lifted my head and saw that the fur was gone from my arms. I sat up and found that I could see my skin, all of it. I was back to human again.

"Paige, wake up." I shook her shoulder enthusiastically as she cleared the sleep from her eyes.

"Look. It worked. I'm back to normal again."

We hugged for awhile and talked. Paige thought the curse may still be active and that I would have to avoid seeing any animals until we could figure out if the curse was over. She removed all of the animal nic-nacs from the shelves and pictures with animals in them from the walls. The blinds were kept closed to prevent me from seeing anything outside the apartment.

Paige took the dogs to her Uncle's farm about 10 miles away. I stayed in the apartment. The atmosphere was depressing as the closed blinds did not admit much sunlight. I had the radio on for some noise since I was afraid to turn on the TV.

I was reading one of the books on the occult when the phone rang.

"Is Mr. Scott Ohrman there?"

"I'm Scott Ohrman."

"Mr. Ohrman, I'm the unit clerk from the University Medical Center's emergency room. Your friend Paige Ruckle has been in a car accident and she is being admitted to the hospital. She asked us to call you to let you know she is doing well and she specifically asked that you not come to the hospital."

"Is she going to be okay? What's wrong with her?"

"I'm just the unit clerk. I don't know what her injuries are, but I can tell you that they are not admitting her to the Intensive Care Unit so the doctors must think she is not that serious."

"If you can't tell me how bad she's hurt, then I want to speak to her doctor."

"He's with another patient and he can't come to the phone right now."

"Then I want to speak to Paige."

"She's still here in the ER and patients don't have access to phones down here. You can call her when she gets to her room. I've got to go now Mr. Ohrman. Good-bye."

I waited about an hour, pacing around the apartment. When Paige didn't call I decided that I was going to risk the two-mile walk to the hospital. Even though it would be slower, I decided walking would be safer than riding Paige's bicycle. I put on a baseball cap and some sunglasses. I walked down the sidewalk with my head down watching my feet. Besides literally bumping into a couple people I made it to the hospital without seeing any animals.

I took off my sunglasses and walked up to the information desk.

"Can you tell me where Paige Ruckle is please? She's a patient here."

"Certainly, let me check."

The pleasant elderly woman in a pink smock behind the desk typed something into her computer terminal. While she was looking for Paige's name I glanced up at a large painting behind the information desk. I doubled over from the pain in my groin.

"Are you okay?" Asked the concerned information clerk.

My sweatpants felt tight and I had to quickly loosen the drawstring before I could straighten up. The wave of nausea and pain quickly subsided. I gathered my wits as my heart continued to pound away inside my chest.

"I'm fine. Where is Paige Ruckle?"

She looked worried. "Are you sure you're okay?"

More forcefully I replied. "I said I'm fine. Can you tell me where Paige Ruckle isÉ please?"

"She was just transferred from the ER to room 423. Sure I can't get anything for you?"

"You can tell me where the nearest restroom is."

"Just around the corner to the left." She stood up to point with a bony finger.

I took one more look at the painting behind her desk and walked to the men's room. To my embarrassment I found that walking was awkward. I had to swing my legs around the mass in my pants. I could feel the eyes of the perplexed clerk on my back. Once I finally reached the bathroom I quickly waddled over to the stall and closed the door.

I pulled down my sweatpants. Fortunately I wasn't wearing any underwear. My scrotum was almost hanging down to my knees like a baggy cantaloupe containing two enormous softball sized testicles. The weight of my large balls pulled on the scrotal skin as it attached to my pelvis. My scrotal skin was dark smooth and very soft. My penis was enclosed in a silky fur-covered sheath, which climbed up my abdomen and disappeared under my shirt. I lifted up my shirt to find my new very pliable sheath didn't stop until about halfway up my abdomen. My belly button was lost somewhere down inside my sheath. The opening was large enough for me to put my entire hand inside this warm silky cave of skin. I could feel my penis about 4 to 5 inches down inside.

I had always secretly fantasized about a huge cock, but this was wild. I was starting to become very turned on. With my right hand I reached into my sheath and tried to pull my penis out. With my left hand I massaged my thick massive cock from outside of the soft leathery sheath. I had to know how large my erection would be. Slowly I coaxed this light brown-skinned python out of its lair. It kept growing longer and thicker. I could not grasp all the way around my dick even when I was flaccid. My fingertips were separated by about 2 inches. Over two feet of my dong was out of my sheath and it was still limp. The skin was smooth and surprisingly very soft. My new penis was really turning me on. I finally started getting hard. It took two hands to reach the whole way around my veiny dick. Once fully erect the head reached to my forehead. My heavy balls, which gravity pulled towards the ground, actually started churning up and down. A pressure was building and a great sensation started radiating from my cock. Copious amounts of clear pre-cum started flowing like lava out of an

inch wide urethra. The clear liquid quickly covered my pleasure pole. The lubricant allowed me to take full long strokes along this monster using both hands to throttle my erection from where it emerged from my sheath to the massive flattened head. The slick pre-cum increased the sensation in my cock and the pressure in my pelvis reached its threshold. My balls tightened up and my cock became iron hard. A huge jet of cum rumbled up my shaft. A stream of cum, as big around as my finger, hit the wall five feet above the toilet. I could feel each jet as it vibrated up my incredibly long shaft. Through a haze of pleasure I saw that the head of my cock had suddenly expanded to about the size of a large grapefruit. I covered the wall with eight more great loads of cum which started to form a large puddle on the floor as my seed ran down the wall. I tried to milk my big boner dry but it became so sensitive that my body nearly went into convulsions with each stroke.

Then reality set in as the pain started in my tailbone. Once it was over I had a dark brown tail. The hair was long and dropped down to touch the floor.

I was exhausted from my excruciatingly intense orgasm and the pain of transformation. My legs felt like rubber and I had to turn around and sit down on the toilet. I moved my tail to the side as I sat, but I jumped up when something cold hit my balls. It was the water from the toilet bowl. My scrotum hung so low that it sunk to the bottom of the toilet bowl when I sat down. My legs still felt weak so I sat down again and draped my huge scrotum over the front of the toilet bowl. My massive cock continued to soften as it lay over my left thigh and almost down to the floor. As it slowly retracting into my sheath I used some toilet paper to gently clean it off and to dry off my pendulous ballsac.

I finally remembered why I had come to the hospital. I had to wait a couple minutes for my swollen penis to resheath itself before I could pull my sweatpants back up. The crotch seam in my sweatpants separated my balls with one hanging down each pant leg. I had an obscenely obvious bulge in my pants. I put my tail down my pants leg the best I could. I pulled my shirt out and draped it over my front. This hid my inhumanly large scrotum if nobody looked too closely. I closed my jacket to hide my sheathed penis, which was visible under my shirt. If I leaned forward the bulge in my pants was not as obvious. My tail in my leg pants leg caused me to walk stiff legged on that side. I figured if I had to, I could tell someone I had a large padded knee brace on. I limped as smoothly as possible out of the bathroom. I had to go back through the lobby by the information desk on the way to the elevators to Paige's room. I sheepishly smiled at the concerned look on the elderly information clerk's face as I took another look at the painting of the old civil war hero as he sat astride his horse.

I found Paige sleeping. I stood there watching her breathing. She had a bandage on her forehead and I could see some scratches on her face. There was another bed in the room but it was apparently vacant. I walked over to her bedside and quietly pulled a chair up to sit down as best I could on my left butt cheek to keep from crimping my tail. I leaned forward and put my hand on her shoulder. "Paige?"

She appeared disoriented as her eyes opened but her facial expression went through some rapid-fire changes starting with joy and ending with annoyance.

"Didn't you get my message? Those incompetent bastards. I knew I should have insisted on calling you myself."

"Paige, calm down. They did call me with your message, but I had to come. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, the doctors say it is a mild concussion and that they just want to watch me overnight. I also got a couple stitches in my forehead." She smiled. "Now that you're here, I'm glad you came. How did you get here?"

I held up my sunglasses and baseball hat and said. "I simply kept my head down and watched my feet as I walked. However, I was caught off guard in the hospital lobby and now I know for sure that the curse is still active."

"Well, we'll just have to go visit Ricky at the farm." Her voiced drifted off as I shook my head. She asked. "Why are you shaking your head?"

"I didn't see a dogÉ There is a large painting on the wall in the lobby of some civil war hero and he is riding a horse."

Paige sat up in bed and looked down at my groin. However, I still had my jacket closed and with me leaning forward in the chair with my elbows on my knees I could effectively hide what I was packing.

"Are you telling me you are literally hung like a horse? Wow, that's amazing. I want to see. You close the door and I'll pull the current around the bed."

I got up and waddled over to the door.

"What's wrong? Why are you walking like that?"

I snorted with a lopsided grin. "I don't have much choice in the matter."

I waddled back. I opened my jacket, pulled down my pants and lifted my shirt up.

"Oh my God. You're enormous. The little beastie has become a real beast. Do you realize how big a stallion's penis gets when erect? I've be there when my Uncle is breeding his stallion, Onyx. You won't believe how big he gets. Wait a minute, is that a tail back there? You already came, didn't you."

I put my head down and swished my tail around displaying the brown flowing hair. "I couldn't control myself."

"Already?! The curse is getting quicker."

I was too embarrassed to admit to her that I didn't think the curse had anything to do with my getting turned on by my enormous anatomy.

"Your testicles are even bigger than Onyx's." Paige noted in obvious admiration.

I looked down at them. "They're very heavy. They pull hard on the skin here as it joins my pelvis."

Paige reached out and held up each ball with one hand. She gently bounced them in her hand like she was comparing melons at the store. Feeling her fondle my balls was starting to make my new cock respond by peaking its head out of my sheath. This caught Paige's attention and she dropped my enormous testicles and zoomed in on my horse's dick.

"Ow! Don't drop my balls like that. They really jerk hard on the skin."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

"Yah, just be careful."

The mild pain from my balls being dropped caused me to loose the feeling and to retract into my sheath. Paige was not to be thwarted. She started stroking my sheath and in no time my dick was

emerging from my sheath. When she saw the size of my horse cock she stopped for a moment and simply watched as it crawled up my abdomen and then chest before falling limply over the right armrest on the chair.

"I've always wanted to do this." She mumbled.

She grabbed my cock in two hands and brought the head to her mouth. She had no hope of being able to put the head in her mouth so she sucked on the area around the urethra and started licking the sensitive area just under the glans. She took her tongue and actually inserted it into the tip of my cock.

"Paige. Stop it. I'll change." I weakly protested.

Thankfully just then a knock came at the door.

"Ms. Ruckle, it's time for your vitals."

Paige jumped back in bed. I barely had time to get my bloated scrotum back into my sweat pants and stuff my still expanding dick under my shirt. I leaned forward to hide my equine equipment and moved my still exposed tail to my right hiding it with my body just as the nurse pulled aside the curtain surrounding the bed.

Noticing me she stopped.

"Oh hello. I'm Ms. Ruckle's nurse. I just need to take her vital signs."

Without waiting for me to answer she put a thermometer in Paige's mouth while she took her pulse. Paige looked over at me and winked. Unfortunately my penis was not retracting. The head was trying to emerge from the top of my shirt at the neck. As unobtrusively as I could I pushed my disobedient prick underneath my right armpit so that it was aimed towards my back and away from the nurse. Paige was watching what I was doing and started smiling. My body must have been confused by the adrenaline that was coursing through my veins from almost being caught. It was causing my cock to continue to engorge instead of shrink.

The nurse finished taking Paige's temperature and pulse. She then took Paige's blood pressure. As she inflated the cuff to take the pressure I could feel the head of my cock tenting my shirt up by my right shoulder blade. I had to tilt away from the nurse while still leaning forward to hide my uncooperative cock. Unfortunately I couldn't lean back very far without painfully bending my tail. Paige must have thought this was funny because she was wearing a big smirk and appeared close to laughing out loud. This made me angry. Didn't she realize how bad it would be to be caught and the problems it would cause? The anger and pain in my tail finally reversed the direction of my wayward penis.

"Ms. Ruckle are you feeling okay? Your heartbeat is very fast and your blood pressure is elevated."

"I feel fine."

"I think you'll need to wrap up your visit. You need your rest. I'll be back in after I call your doctor."

My cock was almost resheathed as the nurse walked out leaving the door open. I quickly rearranged my clothes to better disguise what I was carrying. I was still irritated by Paige's reckless attitude and it must have been visible on my face.

"Scott. Don't be mad at me. I've never told anyone this before. Ever since I was little I've always fantasized about the horses on the farm. I would have stopped."

"The problem is that I'm not sure I could have. I'd better go."

I gently kissed Paige good-bye before the nurse could come back.

The walk home was terrible. I had to sit down several times to rest because of the difficulty walking around my bulky scrotum. Thankfully my cock stayed nicely packaged against my abdomen inside my sheath.

When I finally got home I realized that my bladder was full. I walked into the bathroom and stopped to try to figure out how to urinate with my penis hidden in my sheath so high on my abdomen. As the pressure in my bladder built my cock obligingly climbed two limp feet out of the sheath. This allowed me to redirect it like a large fire hose. After I was done voiding I couldn't help but admire my majestic member as I started to get an erection. I quickly let go of my cock and it slowly, almost reluctantly, retracted into my sheath.

The next day I sent a taxi to the hospital to bring Paige home. We discussed a way to change me back. We concluded that there was no way I was going to be able to take Onyx's horse cock. However, Paige said that her Uncle sometimes used an artificial horse vagina to gather Onyx's semen for artificial insemination, but we had to wait two days for her Uncle to leave the farm. The sexual urges continued to build through the day and my dreams that night seemed to all have erotic themes. The next day my cock wouldn't stay in my sheath. My mind was constantly on sex. Paige started getting nervous, but I somehow managed to keep control. Waiting two days seemed like an eternity.

That evening while I was lying in bed. I woke up from an erotic dream as my cock started pushing into my chin as it became erect. I softly moaned and still not fully awake I started stroking my horse dick.

Paige had become afraid to get too close to me and was dozing across the room near the door. Paige yelled from across the room. "Hey! Scott! Wake up!"

I came fully awake. "What?!"

"You were stroking yourself in your sleep?"

I sighed. "The urges are becoming so strong. I don't know how much longer I can hold out. I can't seem to think straight."

"Just wait a minute. Don't do anything. I'll be right back."

She got up and ran out of the bedroom. I kept trying to ignore the urges but every image I brought up to try to distract myself changed into something erotic and sensual. I couldn't think of anything else. I couldn't resist and I started stroking myself again.

"Stop!" Paige frantically commanded as she came running back into the room.

With a great effort I put my traitorous hands at my sides.

"Put your arms over your head and grab the bedpost."

I complied and I felt Paige snap something around my wrists. I looked up to find myself handcuffed to the bedposts. As I stared at my wrists Paige grabbed my right ankle and tied a rope around it which she ran under the bed and then tied the other end to my left ankle.

"You think tying me up is going to make the desires and urges go away?"

"No, but it will keep you from acting on those impulses."

I shook my wrists and pulled on my legs. The bed shook some but everything appeared to be very secure.

"Paige, this is only making me hornier. I've got to cum. You can't imagine the power of these urges. I don't care what happens anymore. I need release. Take these things off me."

She stepped back. "No. You don't know what you're saying."

I angrily said. "Yes I do. I said take these damn things off me now!"

Paige crossed her arms. "No."

Since my erection was throbbing right beside my head I couldn't resist and turned to the only option open to me. I started licking my cock. Paige quickly reacted by taking several pillows and placing them on my abdomen and placing my cock on top of the pillows so that it was elevated out of the reach of my mouth. Thwarted, I jerked hard on the handcuffs and rope, but without success. I was totally out of control now. All I could think about was releasing my self from these pounding impulses. The urges kept building and building. My balls were starting to ache with pent up seed. I tried to roll over to rub my cock on the bed but the ropes around my ankles prevented me. Arching my back I started rutting with the air. Paige tried to steady my hips and as we struggled she fell onto my cock. The contact with her hands as she got up was all I needed. Great spurts of cum shot over my head coating Zaslow's picture of piano keys called "Inspiration on Ivory." Giving it a whole new meaning. The release was wonderful but short-lived.

The pain started in my feet. My feet started lengthening. My toenails turned black and as my toes merged they became shiny black hooves. A wave of dark brown hair started migrating up my legs starting just above the hooves. As it passed my former ankles it lightened and turned a reddish brown. The same color as the fur on my sheath. The horsehair totally covered my skin up to my waist. My legs looked like those of small horse. From my ankle to my hooves was about two feet. My calves had shorted and my thighs had become sleeker. My legs wouldn't lie flat as my ankle, knees, and hips were all slightly bent. The rope, which had migrated with my ankles, was holding my legs in what was now a very unnatural and uncomfortable position.

Once the change stopped Paige took the ropes off. She undid the handcuffs and sat down on the bed heavily with her shoulders sagging. "I'm sorry, Scott. I tried, but I couldn't think of anything else. Do you forgive me?"

"I think I love you even more. Who else would put up with this nightmare?" I sat up and kissed her and held her tight.

It took longer to learn how to walk with my hard hooves than it did with the soft paws I had previously. But if I kept my hips, knees, and "ankles" all in the natural slightly bent position, I could manage. My nearly insensate hooves did not provide much traction on the smooth wooden floors as I carefully clip clopped around the apartment. Thankfully Paige's apartment was on the first floor. I'm sure if there were any tenants below, they would surely complain about the loud clomping sound my

hooves made on the hard floor. At least the urges had died down to an easily controllable level. I just wasn't sure how long it would take before they started boiling up again.

Thankfully the next afternoon came quickly. I put a shirt on and I safety pinned a folded bed sheet around my waist like a kilt. There was no way I was going to be able to hide these new legs. While I got dressed, Paige rented a car. Getting in to the car was a little difficult. Even with the seat the whole way back my legs were still very cramped. Luckily the drive out to her Uncle's farm only took about 20 minutes.

Despite having visited her Uncle's farm for dinner before, I had never been in the stables. Having spent my whole life in the city I had no idea what to expect.

A large long wooden structure had about twenty stalls inside. When we entered the stables several horses stuck their heads out of their stalls into the main walkway. As we walked to the other end of the stables to where Onyx's stall was, horses started to snort and shake their heads and curl their lips up.

Paige smiled. "You must be putting off some equine pheromones. They usually only react like that to a stallion when they are in season. I thought you were starting to develop a horsy smell."

When we got to Onyx's stall he became very agitated and started kicking the stall door. Paige thought he apparently saw or more likely smelled me as a threat.

I left the stables to wait outside. Paige got him out of his stall and into a special confinement stall. She called me back in and we went into the storage room to retrieve the artificial horse vagina. Again as I approached Onyx he became very agitated and wouldn't cooperate.

Paige recommended that I rub against one of the mares to cover myself with their scent. I walked down the hallway and looked in one of the stalls. The white horse appeared very mild mannered. She was eating something from a trough seemingly oblivious to my presence.

From the other end of the stables Paige yelled. "That one won't work."

"Why not?" I yelled back. "She seems better behaved than the others."

"That's probably because he's a gelding. Didn't your daddy learn you nothin' in the big city."

I turned around and walked across the hall to the opposite stall. A blonde colored horse that was a little smaller than the others was bobbing her head up and down. Just to be sure I tried to look under her belly but as I approached her stall door she butted me with her head nearly knocking me off my unsteady hooves. I ignored Paige's distant laugh from the other end of the stall.

I wouldn't admit it to her, but I was a little intimidated by the size of these animals. I got my nerve up and walked over to the stall door. I pushed on her forehead and she backed up. I opened the door and stepped inside; sliding the door part way closed leaving enough room for me to make a hasty retreat if needed.

Upon entering the stall the wonderful equine fragrance intensified and was strangely erotic. My cock started growing very rapidly as I rubbed up against the silky smooth fur of the mare's side and drank in her beautiful smell. She turned around and presented me with her hindquarters. This placed her between me and my exit, but she didn't seem that threatening anymore. She seemed pretty friendly, just like a big dog.

She lifted her tail up and over to the side. Her vagina was dripping wet and she was opening and

closing the lips. I put my hands on her rump as she started backing up into me. I couldn't stop her and I had to step back or be trampled. As my back hit the wall of the stall I panicked and started pushing frantically. My right hand slipped into her vagina. She clamped some muscles down and grabbed my arm. She stepped forward a little. Out of reflex I yanked my hand out. The aroma was overpowering. The sexual urges had returned in full force. I was losing control again and I didn't care.

She backed up again and I inserted my hand into her horse cunt. My nose was very close to her vaginal juices and the smell was stimulating some equine erotic center in my brain. My cock was so hard it felt like it was going to burst. Instead of escaping the stall while I could I pulled my arm out of her vagina. I quickly removed the kilt, straightened up my legs as much as I could and stood on the trough. This put my pelvis at the same level as her tail. I put the head of my pulsing cock against her moist cunt. She started backing up and my rigid cock bent a little before starting to disappear into her hot tunnel. I watched in fascination as her horse cunt swallowed inch after inch of my cock. Once I was buried up to my sheath I grabbed her broad rump and started thrusting in and out. It seemed like an eternity but I probably orgasmed in only a couple minutes. I collapsed onto her hindquarters with my cock slowly softening inside her.

I braced myself against her soft flanks as the pain hit my head and face. My mouth and nose started morphing out into a horse's snout. My ears grew and my neck lengthened and thickened. The hair on my head turned a darker shade of brown and migrated down the back of my neck to stop between my shoulders creating a thick flowing mane. The reddish brown horse fur of my thighs spread up my torso covering my whole body and eventually my arms and face. The fur of my hands was a very dark brown like my mane, tail and lower legs. It looked like I was wearing long dark gloves. Thankfully, like before, the changes stopped before completing the transformation. My cock had withdrawn from the Palomino mare as it retreated into my sheath. I got off of her back and saw Paige standing outside the stall watching.

"Well, is my stud done yet. You're lucky the curse is consistent. There was no guarantee you wouldn't change completely."

"I'm sorry Paige. I couldn't help it." My voice had become very deep and gravelly.

She nodded almost petulantly. "I know the sex drive took control. I'm not mad. You don't have to apologize. Maybe I am just a tad envious since I certainly couldn't do for you what Morning Glory did. I just hope her owner won't be upset when his foal turns out not to be Onyx's progeny."

With a shock of sudden realization I asked. "What are the chances I got her pregnant from just this one time?"

"Typical male. Thinking with the expandable head. She's in season. That means she is ovulating now. It is the reason she was willing to be covered. That's the term for when the stallion inseminates the mare."

"Oh my god, what about Tina? Do you think?"

Paige chuckled. "I haven't a clue. Time will tell. Uncle Bill says she has rejected Ricky's advances ever since I brought them to the farm. Well, are you ready to get on with it? I'm sure you've got her scent on you by now."

Onyx didn't seem to be bothered by my presence anymore. In fact he seemed rather pleased to see me as his cock dropped when I put my hand up to his nose. Paige placed the artificial horse vagina over his expanding cock as I held him still. In about two minutes we had about two cups full of horse

seed. Paige had purchased an enema bag, which we used to insert the sperm into my rectum. When nothing happened, we figured I would change back to normal with the sunrise tomorrow.

The enema tube was removed from my rectum and I managed to keep the horse sperm inside. Paige put one hand under my pendulous balls and slipped the other hand down inside of my sheath and grasped my cock.

"Whoa! What do you think you're doing? I'm going to cum if you do that."

She smiled wickedly. "That's the idea. Now that the terms of the curse have been satisfied, it should be safe. I've been dying to do this and I want to take advantage of you while I still can."

She pulled on my cock, trying to take it out of my sheath. It kindly obliged and started growing. She started to stroke up and down my growing length as I telescoped out of my sheath. Using two hands she encircled my veiny horse penis pulling it longer while it was still soft - milking it. The sensations were wonderful. My large black balls were churning up and down inside my dangling sac. My tail started to swish back and forth involuntarily in excitement.

She started licking my cock head, pulling it down towards her face. I closed my eyes to enjoy the feelings spreading in waves from my equine genitals. I very horse-like whinny escaped my lips.

Paige had removed her shirt and was rubbing her naked torso up and down against my cock. Holding it in between her firm breasts. Using her warm tongue to lick the underside making it slick between my cock and her skin. The pressure was building in my black orbs. My breathing started becoming quick and deep. Sensing my impending release, Paige pulled away.

I opened my eyes to find her removing her shorts. Using my cock as a leash she led me over to a pile of hay onto which she threw a large blanket. She laid me down on the blanket with my erect cock throbbing on my abdomen. My equine legs spread apart.

"I want to ride you. My beautiful powerful stallion."

Before I realized she didn't mean my back she straddled my belly. She sat on my cock like it was a large pipe. Her vaginal lips pressed down on my shaft. She grasped my cock with her two hands and was riding my cock. Bouncing up and down like she was riding an imaginary horse instead of straddling my monstrous pulsing pole. Her round ass cheeks were putting pressure on my sheath and pelvis with each bounce. It only served to heighten my state of arousal. Copious amounts of precum started flowing from the end of my cock, landing on my new longer neck and running onto the blanket. She leaned forward and cupped my precum in her hands and used it to cover my aching horse dick.

She then slid her slick vagina down my shaft towards my cock head and then back to my sheath. She proceeded to lie down on me trapping my cock warmly between our bodies. She grabbed my muzzle and started stroking my soft whiskery nose. Her scent was great and bringing me closer to climax. She licked my large furry nostrils and started playing with my equine ears- bending them one way and then the other and stroking them like they were furry dicks. I reached out with my tongue to lick her chin and was amazed at the length and size of my tongue. Paige became even more excited. She put her little mouth up against my large flexible horse lips and started digging into my mouth with her tongue. I reciprocated by sliding my long thick horse tongue into her mouth. She had to back off of my lips to take it. She started giving my tongue a blowjob. Putting one hand on my nose and the other under my chin. I started grinding my enormous penis in between our two hot bodies. The precum made my cock very slick. The head of my cock started flaring. A large mass of penis was expanding between our necks. Paige shifted her attention from my tongue to my bulbous cock head.

She started massaging all around it and squeezing it. I couldn't hold back any longer. My balls tried to tighten up inside of my scrotum as they released my seed. A hot white river of cum erupted out of my cock, spraying me under my equine chin. Paige put her hand over the next spray and it ricocheted up into her face. She rubbed her face all over my cock as it continued to spasm again and again. My neck and chest were totally coated in cream and the blanket under me was soaked.

Paige looked down at me with a big grin. My cum congealing on her face.

Through my lust clouded peripheral vision I noticed movement by the artificial vagina, which we hadn't put away yet. Sitting on top of it was one of the little oversexed demons from the book looking at the device shaking its head. He held up the enema tubing and turned to look at me shaking his finger at me. Like the Cheshire cat his sneering smile was the last thing I saw as he vanished.

My fingertips were suddenly aching. I looked at my fingers and they seemed to be very slowly growing longer and merging together.

"NO!" I screamed, nearly neighing as Paige jumped off of my belly.

I sat bolt upright holding my hands out in front of my face.

"He was here!"

Paige spun around to look but didn't see anything. "Who? Where? I don't see anything?"

"The demon. He was here. He was over there. He just vanished and now I'm changing the wrong way!"

I moaned as I watched my fingers slowly merge. It was happening a lot slower this time. Perhaps this is the final transformation. Maybe the final change takes longer. Maybe he just wanted me to suffer longer seeing the changes happen a little at a time.

Paige asked plaintively. "Why? We followed the curse. You shouldn't be changing. He can't change the rules once the curse is cast."

I moaned. "Why not? Is it written somewhere in the demon's code of honor. Besides I don't think he did. He was looking at the artificial horse vagina. He seemed to be scolding me. I think I was actually required to receive the creature's seed directly."

"Oh my God, it's my fault. What have I done?" She started crying.

Paige seemed to be getting smaller, until I realized it was because I was starting to gain body mass as my body started slowly growing to horse proportions.

Suddenly my frantic mind grasped at an idea. "Quick, there may still be time. I've got to get to Onyx."

I got up and quickly walked over to Onyx's stall. He was standing at his door watching us. He snorted as I got closer. His cock was hanging down almost to the straw covered floor gently swaying back and forth with Onyx's movements. I must have been exuding a lot of the sexual energy or more likely the scent of Glory was still on me. Either way he started sniffing me as I opened the stall door. I stepped inside.

"Careful, a riled up stallion can be very dangerous." Paige warned from the entrance to the stall.

"What do I have to lose?"

Onyx didn't seem to be agitated or threatening me like he was when we first met. He turned his side to me and as I walked by him he tried to bite my tail.

I jumped. "Hey!"

Paige noted without her typical grin. "That was just a love nip. If he means to hurt you, you'll know it."

Watching his head closely I came back beside him and reached down under his belly and tried to grasp his hanging dick. I managed to lift it and stroke until he started responding. My hands continued their slow change and were so long now and my fingers so fused together that I couldn't hold his cock anymore. I could feel my face completing the transformation as my muzzle got even longer and my eyes moved farther apart disorienting my vision for a second.

"Paige, I need your help. I don't have hands anymore!" I wailed.

I now had four hooves and my arms weren't working right anymore. I was losing flexibility in my shoulders and wrists. My neck started to lengthen even more. My mass slowly increasing all the time. I got down on my four hooves, which felt very comfortable. I hadn't realized how much I had been straining to stand upright.

"Paige take Onyx's cock and stick it in. Hurry."

I turned my rear towards Onyx's cock. Paige came into the stall and lifting my tail to the side as she placed Onyx's erect cock against my anus. It wouldn't fit. I backed up and Paige pushed but I was still too small for him.

"As I get bigger he will fit, I know it. Keeping trying."

Paige rubbed the precum running out of Onyx's rigid cock onto my asshole and onto his cock and pushed it against my asshole. I strained trying to open my growing anus. I stretched some but not enough.

"Paige, push harder." I pleaded.

I backed up and put more pressure on to Onyx's cock head and suddenly it was rammed past my unforgiving anus up into my rectum.

"Aiiiiieeeee!" I neighed in pain.

Onyx had helped and rammed it in himself. He reared up and came down straddling my sides with his forelegs on the ground. He thrust even deeper. I wasn't large or strong enough to support his weight, but it was becoming very crowded underneath his belly. I had to fold my fore legs underneath me and bend my hind legs slightly to fit. Onyx thrust forward again inching deeper into my gut. He started thrusting in and out. He was taking forever. He didn't take this long to cum into the artificial vagina. I kept growing and he didn't seem any closer to coming. He must need a longer rest in between orgasms.

"Phaaieeggg. Hhellp hhiieemmm." I couldn't form the words well. My tongue and mouth weren't working right.

She ran away leaving me there with Onyx's cock in my ass. She came back with another horse. It was a mare in season. The mare did a strangely erotic dance, urinated a little and then turned her tail to Onyx. He obviously smelled her as his thrusting became more frantic. And still I grew. I was too large to stay in my current position. I stood up, lifting Onyx's forelegs off of the ground. His forequarters were now being supported on my back. He started to neigh loudly and he bit me on my withers as he plunged forcefully in and held still pumping his seed into me. He dismounted once he was done planting his seed. He must have still been confused as he started rubbing his head affectionately against my long equine neck.

The mare was now in front of my nose. Exuding her powerful perfume of sexuality and it was hitting me full force. Paige started leading her away. I followed making clip clop sounds on the cobbled hallway. I put my nose to the appaloosa's tail. She stopped walking and spread her hind legs. I couldn't resist. I walked closer, reared up on my hind legs and mounted her.

Paige yelled. "No! Scott get down."

Having lost the power of speech I shook my horse head back and forth and proceeded to penetrate my mare. What did it matter anyway. I was a horse now. And the urges were too strong. My new stronger equine instincts had taken control. I couldn't stop myself, even if I had wanted to.

"Scott. I know you are still in there." She slapped my flanks with a loud smack. I barely felt it, but it got my brief attention.

"Think about it. Hope isn't gone yet. We won't know if Onyx's seed works until sunrise tomorrow. This might jeopardize any chance you have of becoming human again. Don't you want to be human anymore? What about me? I thought you loved me? If you really love me, you'd stop." Her voice dropped to a sobbing whisper. "I love you."

A pain in the middle of my chest started blooming, it actually felt like my heart was breaking. I did love her. What was I doing? She was right. I wanted to be human. I tried to withdrawal and dismount the appaloosa, but I just couldn't. She was mine and I had to claim her. I started thrusting in and out again. I didn't notice Paige crying as she walked away. All of my attention was focused on my beautiful mare.

Suddenly there was a terrible pain coming from my upper lip. Paige had some sort of stick with a chain on it and had cinched the loop of chain down around my upper lip. The pain was clearing my mind. She tightened and pulled to the side. I was forced to turn my head and follow my trapped lip. She pulled back towards my rear. My neck bent all the way around, but she kept going. I was forced to back off of my mare, cock straining and erect. Paige pulled me into an open empty stall, released the lip vise and ran out sliding the door closed behind her.

"Now you'll stay there until the morning." She said between great weeping breaths.

Tears were streaming down her cheeks. She walked away audibly crying. I wanted to tell her I loved her. I really did, but all that came out was a loud neighing sound. I could hear her closing the stall door for the appaloosa. She walked past my stall on the way to close Onyx's stall door. I put my head out of the open top part of the door and neighed at her again. I had to let her know I still loved her and how sorry I was. I wanted to beg her forgiveness, but she wouldn't even look at me as she walked past. Once Onyx's door was secure, she walked over and put her crumpled and soiled clothes back on. She started marching back down the hallway. I had to get her to stop. I realized that the latch for the stall door was within reach if I leaned my head way out of my stall. I tried to grasp the sliding post with my lips.

The audible smack to my left cheek from Paige's hand was more startling than painful. I jerked my head up and Paige swung the top half of the Dutch door closed and locked it. Now I couldn't put my head out of my stall and the latches were out of reach. In frustration I screamed a loud neighing sound.

Paige paused as she walked away, but didn't turn around. Without a word she continued out of the stables and out of my sight.