

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Liza paused in the welcome shade of the ruined barn. She was hot and sweaty from her hike. It was only April but in south Texas, April was searing. She surveyed the dusty scrub around her, the mountains of the Chisos range in Big Bend National park hazy in the distance. She was a paleontology student and she was hoping to kick start her Ph.D. thesis in the ashes of this lifeless, thankless land. Several other theses had come from the rich fossils of this land, so why not hers, she thought.

So far, she had found nothing but she didn't mind too much. Her advisor was going to hook her up with a professor in Canada anyway. There were still theses to be mined in the Burgess shales. This expedition was just gravy, a chance to make it on her own. It was also supposed to have been a getaway with her boyfriend Jake but that had fallen through. So now she was on her own. She didn't mind that either. She was a sturdy lass and going it alone was just fine with her.

Liza wasn't broken up about Jake. She had been drifting away from him for the last semester anyway. He was dreamy while she was down to earth. Something about his part Apache blood, no doubt. At least that's what he claimed. He had sensed the growing chasm and had suggested this little project as a last ditch attempt to keep her. She had accepted his advice on where to hunt for Eocene fossils (legacy of his youth in the area) but a last minute fight on the plane had put an end to their relationship and their joint expedition. Not that his fossil savvy had been worth anything anyway she thought, kicking the dusty ground.

She had checked out on the relationship some time ago but even so she vividly recalled the spat.

He had pawed at her the entire flight from Sacramento. It wasn't clumsy groping; she would have slapped him silly for that. He had just kept trying to hold her hand as if somehow by holding her hand he could keep her. Finally he had asked the ultimate.

"Do you love me?" he asked, his dark brown eyes overwrought with emotion.

She stifled a roll of her eyes. No sense getting him irate, she thought. Best to let him down gently. "I don't know, Jake. We've grown apart the last few months. Maybe we aren't meant to be together."

"Yes, we are. I know it. I know it in my heart."

Great, she thought. A budding stalker. It wasn't like she was some knock-out who deserved a stalker. She caught her share of looks but her nose was a little long, she was a little hippy and she rarely took the trouble to put on makeup or even fix her naturally blond hair. She did have a good bosom and cleaned up nice as the saying went but surely the guy could find someone more winsome to pine over.

"Jake, look, if the sparks were going to fly they would have flown already. I think we're just destined to be friends. Please," she said, trying to fix him with her blue eyes. She kept her gaze cool so there would be no mistake of love.

Then the shit had hit the fan. He had blown up. He had actually demanded that she return his love. Muttered some incomprehensible stuff about how she had no loyalty, how his horse could teach her a thing about loyalty. Said that if she was a horse, then she'd know the meaning of loyalty. And obedience. Very weird stuff even coming from medicine-man Jake as her friends called him when he wasn't present.

If he hadn't cooled off by the time they had landed, she would have turned around for the safety of

Berkeley and a restraining order. But he was the one who had advanced his return flight and went back to school. She had left him at the counter, re-issued return ticket in hand. There was a coldness in his gaze.

So here she was at this former ranch. On the edge of Big Bend National park on a so far unsuccessful expedition for Eocene horse fossils. But, she thought again, she didn't really care. The right Eocene fossil was a sure fire thesis but it wasn't as exciting as the Pre-Cambrian of the Canadian shale. She'd just enjoy the scenery and head back in a few days.

Jake had said there was spring at the ranch but she didn't see it. There was a dry cistern near her, the concrete crumbling the heat. A few lone fence posts still standing, barbed wire draping from them like seaweed on a wreck. A barn off the corral was missing so many boards that it seemed to gape a near toothless grin. The ranch house was a low adobe building made more squat by its sagging roof. A touch of white wash still glistened from a window frame but otherwise the place was sucked dry and lifeless.

A tinkle like glass wafted on the wind. She started. Perhaps something laired in the ranch house and had disturbed a shattered pane. She listened more carefully. No, she thought, it was the sound of running water. It was coming from the barn. She perked up.

Her water was low and she had counted on Jake's spring to replenish. She made for the barn. She noticed no vegetation growing anywhere near it, which was odd if there was a spring draining inside. The little mystery made her curious.

The barn door sagged heavily. It would never swing again. She could probably break it down but there were plenty of holes in the wall she could fit through, wide hips and all, she thought with a chuckle. Inside, it took a moment for her eyes to adjust to splashes of bright sunlight and shadow but she soon saw the sparkle of clear water.

There was a concrete cistern in much better shape than the one outside. The water bubbled from a spring that emptied into its center, most likely an artesian well of some sort. The overflow spilled in a pair of troughs, one on each side of the barn from their it disappeared into two drains. Odd, she thought. Why hadn't the rancher collected the rest in a larger cistern? No wonder the place had failed.

She noticed the troughs had been repaired within the last few years. And a functional door, on the opposite side from which she had entered had also been recently fixed. The stalls looked functional, too. She guessed the place served as a local camping spot, although she hadn't noticed any signs of recent camps. More oddly still, there were signs over three of the stalls. Betsy, Sarah, and Linda. Odd names for horse's, she thought. She walked over to the stalls. They were full of old manure. And towards the back, what looked like human feces, too. Fortunately, the stuff was too desiccated to stink although her nose wrinkled in disgust all the same.

"This is an interesting place," she said with satisfaction. She enjoyed a good puzzle. If she couldn't puzzle some fossils, she'd keep her brain sharp on this little mystery. "But first the water."

She used one of the trough run-offs to wash the grime from her face and her, soaking her shirt and bra. It was a no-nonsense sport bra, it had to be given her ample C-cup and the amount of bouncing her fast pace inflicted on her. She smiled at her wet boobs. She rarely let herself appreciate them but she did have a good figure. If she was tad too wide in the hips, and here she admitted she was probably just being too hard on herself, she was well matched in her bosom.

The trough seemed clean enough and the water so cold it was clearly from a deep and therefore

clean layer so she drank her fill from the runoff before filling her water bottles. The water tasted hard but there was no lime buildup in the trough. Another mystery for her, she thought.

She walked over the cistern to see if it had a lime ring. There was no ring but that wasn't what shocked her. Beneath 2 feet of clear water, there was the intact skeleton of an early Equine. It was only 3 feet at the shoulder but whatever it was, she couldn't place it. That didn't surprise her. She only planned on becoming an expert in Eocene horse evolution if she actually found something worth studying out here.

And some idiot had found the perfect thesis and moved it. Maybe the moron thought that water would be a better preservative; it wasn't but it didn't look like any harm had been done. No, the real harm was removing it from its place in the ground. Establishing provenance would be that much harder. No matter. The fossil was find itself. She might be able to find the original site from disturbed spoil and in any case, odds were that there were other such fossils in the immediate vicinity. Almost certainly not so complete but enough to link it to a strata. Yes, there was still hope.

She splashed the cistern in joy, "Theses, here I come!"

And to her horror, the skeleton shimmered away in the waves.

"Aaah!" she cried out in horror.

She plunged her arms in seeking the bones. But there was nothing but slightly slick concrete.

When the shock passed, she convinced herself it was just figment of heat stroke. She must have had heat stroke without realizing it. She checked for the signs, no sweating, excessive warmth, flush but didn't find any. Maybe she hadn't quite made it to heatstroke but the shock of the cold water had addled her. That and her daydreams of a thesis topic.

Spooky, she thought. This whole place is odd. She wasn't one for getting spooked but spooked she was. She wasn't going to camp here, that she was sure. She told herself it was because the day was still young but regardless, she was pushing on.

As a salve to her pride, she did force herself to poke her head into the ranch house. It was a single room affair with the roof sagging too much for safe entry. At the far end, there was a faded picture of a somehow sad looking pony with the name Linda scrawled on it. Beside it was an equally faded picture of a woman in some sort of bondage get-up. Her arms were bound and there was some sort of bit in her mouth. Liza knew that some girls got into S&M. She wasn't one of them and she didn't think this lady was either. Her face seemed puffy, perhaps from a beating.

That was it, she was getting out of there. Whatever had happened had happened long ago but she was leaving this place.

The rest of the trip had been uneventful. Liza had found no fossils but her heart was not in it, not after seeing the picture of the bound woman. She had cut the trip short. She couldn't get the picture out of her mind. Nor could she get over the rocky taste in her water. She would have done without it if she could have but it was all she had for the two days before she made it back to the trailhead.

Now in the apartment she shared with another girl who was away for the semester, she was bolt upright in bed in the middle of the night. Her sheets were plastered to her heaving bosom. The nightmare that had awakened her fled her conscious mind. Something about horse's and bondage.

And the taste of the water from the ranch. The memory made her gag. She got up to flush her mouth with tap water.

Three more nights passed, each with the same nightmare. She remembered more of the dream with each episode. By the fifth night, with a neigh of terror echoing in her ears she had a clear recollection. She dreamed someone was putting her in a harness, bit and bridle. She dreamed that someone was treating her like a horse, just as in the photograph of the woman with the puffy face.

By now, the horrible memory of the rock-like water and her need to flush her mouth with water was routine. She went to the bathroom and rinsed her mouth several times. Then she stared at her face in the mirror. She didn't know what she was looking for and she didn't find anything except for rings under dull eyes due to a lack of sleep.

"Nothing," she said to herself with a sigh. At least that's she had intended to say. But it came out as, "Neigh-thing," followed by a very horse like snort and splutter. Liza nearly choked in surprise.

"Nothing," she articulated careful. It came out as "nothing." Was there some slight tendency to turn the "no" to "neigh?" How could it be?

She repeated the word nothing over and over again. It came out as "nothing" for the first twenty times, until she began to relax. Then "neigh-thing."

"Oh, my god," she said.

In the mirror, she could see that her face was white with shock and terror.

Liza stayed up the rest of night speaking to herself in the mirror. By morning, she had found that any word with the syllable "nay" in it came out a very horse like "neigh" no matter how hard she tried otherwise. Sighs had a way of turning into horse-like splutters. Syllables similar to "nay," like the "no" in nothing would come out as neigh if she wasn't careful. It was awful.

Shortly after first light, the phone rang. Liza almost didn't pick up. Finally, she answered, "hello?"

No horse sounds came out to her relief.

"Hi, Liza, it's Jake."

Chirst, she thought. She didn't want to speak to her ex-boyfriend, not now.

"I just wanted to apologize for my behavior on the plane," he continued when she didn't reply.

"Liza?" he asked, after there was still no reply.

"I don't want to talk," she said.

"Liza, please let me see you."

"No!" she said sharply. Only it came out as "neigh!"

She quickly hung up. She thought she might have heard Jake laughing as she put the phone down.

She went out only once to make a quick run to the grocery store. The rest of the day she spent in her room speaking to herself in the mirror. Her speech was getting worse. Any syllable beginning with “n” was likely to come out as a neigh now. And she found herself snorting like a horse frequently.

A panic seized her. She remembered her nightmares of being treated like a horse. Was this just some psychosis? Or was there some evil magic in that ranch and its sickening tasting water?

That night the dreams came again but she was too tired for them to awaken her. Or she was simply coming to accept them? In any case, she woke with the dawn, more rested than in days. She made her way to the bathroom, afraid to utter any sound, eager yet terrified of what she might find in the mirror. Her face stared back at her. Rings under the eyes were fading but still present. Nothing else, except her lips were bruised. She looked at them more carefully. No, they weren’t bruised, the vermilion of her lips had turned a flat brown.

“Neigh!” she shouted, meaning to say no.

“Neigh! Neigh! Neigh! Neigh!” she said, trying futilely to say no. In terror she clasped her hands over her mouth. She would have gasped but it came out as a horsey-snort.

She cried for hours but when she finished she determined to discover the extent of the changes. She stripped and examined herself in front of the mirror.

Her nipples had thickened slightly. Her aureola had turned an animal pink. There seemed to be a faint brown peach-fuzz growing on her breasts, chest and front of her neck. And the thin hair on the back of her neck was thickening.

It wasn’t just in her head. She was changing into a horse. No more tears were left in her but she felt a sinking despair. How could she possibly stop these changes? What could she do?

She thought back to the ranch. Was there something there to reverse the process? She remembered the oddly named stalls and the pictures. Legacies of previous victims, no doubt. Maybe there was someone from the original ranch who still knew the secret of the place. And who had first told her of the place? Jake, of course. He would know. But would he do anything about it? He had no doubt intended for this to happen. Maybe she could find someone else?

She had two choices she decided. She could turn to Jake for help, the apparent architect of this disaster. Or she could try to find her own help. She could start with the web, then return to the area and question the locals. Question people with her horsey voice, she asked herself?

“Sure, why neigh-t,” she said out loud, with the “not” turned to a “neigh”, of course. She let it go. Unless she just wanted to stay in this room until she was all horse, she’d need to deal with the situation and find a way out.

“Sure, I’ll talk to them as is. A few neighs could even help me find the right person faster.”

But she better hurry, she thought. The changes would be getting more dramatic.

She started on the web, hoping to find any reference to the ranch, disappearances of people in the area or any mysterious locals. There was nothing. There was a lot of stuff on the web but not as much as people might think. Unfortunately no regional papers had put their material on the web. More general searches for horse transformations found plenty of stories, much of it X rated, but

nothing helpful.

It was afternoon when she gave up on the web and logged out. The phone rang immediately when her modem freed the line. She stared at it suspiciously, then answered it.

"Yes?" she said slowly.

"Hi, there babe, it's Jake again. Took you long enough to put your phone back on the hook."

"I was oneigh the web," she said.

"Nice neigh, filly."

"What have you doneigh to me, bastard?"

"Me? Nothing. But surely you've figured out what you did to yourself."

"You meant for this to happeneigh."

"It didn't have to go this way. It's really your fault."

This is going nowhere, she thought. Either I demand he fix it or I search for my own fix back in Big Bend. With maybe three days before the changes become too much to be seen in public. If the bastard still loves me, maybe he'll undo this. What's a little sex to be human again?

"Undo it, Jake," she said with a neigh in the middle of undo.

"I thought you didn't want anything to do with me?"

"I wanted to be friends," she said with two more neighs.

"Bullshit answer. That's just your attempt at a soft let down."

"Please, Jake?" she hated herself for pleading but this was bigger than her pride. This was about her humanity.

"Okay, filly, I'll come over and we can talk about it."

"Okay," she answered. What choice did she have?

Two minutes later there was knock on the door. He must have been on a cell phone. She opened it and Jake pushed his way in and set his backpack on the floor. She tried to keep her face turned away but he grabbed her chin and turned her back to him. She sickened at his smile- this was not going to be easy. It wasn't going to be just a kiss and make up, he wanted to humiliate here.

Jake closed the door behind him before speaking.

"Here's the way it's going to be, filly," he said. "You answer to filly. Unless I specifically request it, all you answer with is one long neigh for no and two for yes. Got it, filly?"

She stared at him with hate. She considered refusing, going it alone. But the fear of changing forever overwhelmed her. She neighed twice.

"Good, filly. Okay, first order of business, give me that blowjob you never gave me and be sure to swallow."

He laughed at the look of shock on her face.

"What's the point? You aren't going to help me, just turn me into some sort of slave," she said in despair.

Her sentence was semi-intelligible with all the neighs but Jake seemed to get the point.

"Only until I get tired of you, then you can go your own way."

"Back to my normal self? You promise?"

He looked at her and gave a solemn yes. She didn't really believe him but she had no options. She got down on her hands and knees and unzipped his jeans. His cock was already hard and it popped free of his underwear. She stared at it for a second. She had only given two blowjobs, none to Jake and she had liked neither.

"Get going, filly," Jake ordered. "And no teeth."

She gingerly took his dick-head in her mouth and began to slowly lick it.

"Faster and take it farther in," he commanded.

She did as ordered. It was a poor blowjob but she eventually got the job done. When he finally came, she forced herself to swallow.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" he asked with mock concern.

When she didn't answer, he continued, "you'll get used to it. There are a few other things you need to get used to."

He reached into the backpack and took out a pile of leather straps and buckles. When he sorted it out, she could see there were two pieces, a bit with two straps that fit behind the head and a harness that went over the chest. It would push her boobs out. There were also two rings at the waist of the harness and a matching set of wrist straps.

"Put it on, filly."

She did as ordered. First the bit, then the straps around her head, one high on her skull, one at the base. Jake tightened it so that the bit dug into her mouth. Then the harness, more of a bustiere with half cups. Then the wrist bands. Jake had to clip them to the harness. Now she was effectively bound. She could walk but she couldn't speak or use her hands. Her C-cup breasts seemed to stick straight out. Her boobs quivered like Jell-O with every move she made. The horse-flesh pink nipples and aureola disgusted her but seemed to give Jake special pleasure.

He had her prance around, neighing all the while. She found she could still neigh well enough through the bit although speech itself was quite guttural. He sat in a stuffed chair giving commands, his dick still out of his pants, stiffening again as she paraded for him. When it was hard again he removed the bit, ordered her to kneel in front of him and give him another blowjob. She nearly fell over several times with her hands bound but she managed it.

"Nicely done, filly."

He helped her to his feet and replaced the bit. Then, he surprised her by pulling a camera from his pack. She whinnied and neighed in fear then ran into her bedroom and butted her door closed with her shoulder.

"None of that, filly," he said forcing the door open, knocking her to the floor. "I want pictures. As a souvenir. You won't be like this forever, remember, I promised. I just want you to remember this when you're back to normal."

She huddled on the floor.

"Get up!" he barked.

She rose to her feet. Her positioned in front of a blank wall and took several front on and profile shots. Then he had her prance around again while he took more. He must have finished a whole roll.

"Okay, time for another blow-job, then bed."

She neighed. Not at the blow-job but at the delay. He seemed to understand the cause of her distress.

"Sorry, we don't go until tomorrow. But I swear, I'll keep my promise to you."

She serviced him again. He was fairly well spent so it took fifteen minutes of hard work. He took the time to coach her on his technique. By the end of it her jaw felt like it would fall off. It didn't feel any better when he put the bit back in but at least she didn't have much cum to swallow by his third orgasm.

In the morning she woke very stiff. Her mouth ached from the bit, one arm was numb. Both wrists will still strapped to her side and she had slept on one of them. Plus he had made her sleep on the floor.

Her lips felt puffy and her mouth felt swollen. She looked down. She couldn't see her mouth, thank god, but she could see her boobs, propped up as they were by the harness. Her nipples had grown fat! They were the size of her last joint of her thumb. Yesterday's peach fuzz had also turned into a brown down that hid her skin on her breasts and chest. She thought she could also feel a mane growing on her neck when she shook her head. And was that her ear flicking by itself? She neighed in despair.

The neigh woke Jake. He got up to examine her, a wicked grin on his face.

"Nice filly. I don't think you would have gotten very far on your own little horsey. Good thing you decided to cooperate. Otherwise you'd be joining the freak show now.

He made her examine herself in the full length mirror. Tears came to her eyes at the view.

Her blue eyes were now brown. The peach fuzz that had been on her chest yesterday was now surrounding her mouth. Her lips weren't puffy, they had thickened. And the bones of her lower face had pushed out an inch. If it weren't for the fuzz, her face would still look human but a grotesque, ugly human. Then her ear twitched free of her hair. It was coated in fuzz, too. It was also growing pointed and seemed to flick on its own accord. She turned her head and sure enough, there was mane of two inch long hair growing to the bottom of her shoulder blades.

But she didn't break down. Part of her refused to humiliate herself further in front of Jake. Part of her was resigned to this change.

Jake removed her bit.

"Speak, horsey," said Jake. "I want to hear you try to talk."

She shook her head. She could feel her mane sway at the motion.

"Horsey wants to play difficult, eh?"

He left the room and returned with his pack. From it he withdrew an Evian bottle which he uncapped.

"Sniff," he said, putting the bottle beneath her nose.

The smell of the rocky-water from the ranch, the smell from her nightmares came from the bottle. Involuntarily, she backed up. With her wrists strapped to her sides, she had no balance and fall backwards onto the bed. Jake advanced towards her, threatening her with the bottle.

"Last chance to speak, or I start turning other parts of you into a horse," he said. The grin on his face spoke of the complete mastery he had over her.

"What do you want me to say?" she said at last. Only it came out "Whiney do you whiney neigh to saaaaay?"

Jake broke out laughing.

"That's good enough."

He put the bit back on her. Then to her surprise, he donned rubber gloves from his bag, pulled his draws down to reveal his cock and carefully poured the water on his cock and balls.

He saw the confusion in her eyes but all he would say was, "why should you have all the fun?"

They spent the next five days driving to Texas. It was a drive made leisurely by Jake's insistence on driving in the late afternoon and early evening. He had an ancient Suburban with heavily tinted windows. She spent her days sitting on a bean-bag in the back. Each night they would stop at a creaky old motel and Jake would hurry her into the room in the dark with a towel over her head.

The towel was quite necessary by this time. Her transformation had ceased but not before progressing farther. She had four inch, fully equine ears. Her face had pushed out into a modest muzzle that had swallowed her nose and protruded about 4 inches. Her entire head, face, neck, chest and arms were covered with brown horse hair. She had a long, black mane but no other long hair on her head, the rest having fallen out. Her boobs had flattened and the nipples grown a bit more. She could barely make herself understood when she spoke. But worst of all, she no longer had hands. Her fingers had fused on the first day of the trip and two days later her nails had grown into a single horse hoof on each hand.

The rest of her was human but that only left her normal from the waist down. All else was miniature horse. She had passed the days in a depression that only broke as they entered Texas. There was still hope of being human again, she reminded herself.

Jake had stopped demanding blowjobs when her horse teeth came in but he still took her in the pussy. And though it was no magic of the water, her pussy was soon horse sized thanks to Jake's own transformation. His cock was now a stallion cock, complete with sheath, two foot length and three inch breadth. And with balls to match.

The ponderous balls hung nearly to his knees and his cock, when only partly erect hit his chin. It tipped past his head when fully erect and was three inches broad. Needless to say, his swinging balls and great python of a cock made clothing awkward (he wore very baggy sweats) and walking difficult. When she had asked him why he had done such a thing to himself, he had answered, "To better service my filly."

But she had taken hope in Jake's transformation. It was grotesque enough that she doubted he would have done it permanently and he must have been planning to reverse himself and therefore her own return to normalcy was a possibility.

In the meantime, she suffered her own hell of being the front half of a horse while having to service a stallion size cock in her all too human pussy. She was so stretched she doubted she would ever shrink back to a decent size but that was the least of her worries.

In Texas, Jake drove past El Paso to the Big Bend region where this had all begun. He left her hiding in the car when he stopped at a ranch. He returned with a tattered Indian blanket wrapping a bundle. Then it was four-wheel drive to the abandoned ranch with the well.

Jake put her in a stall and placed a sign her had prepared over her. "Liza" it read.

Then she watched him throw bones into the cistern. She knew what was next: the water would now finish the job of turning her into a horse. Better all horse than half horse she thought resignedly. She would have forced herself to drink as much water as she could from the trough before her but Jake separated the spillway at the cistern so that the water drained into the barn floor. She looked at him questioningly.

"I'm not really into this horse thing, filly," he said. "My uncles are but that's their taste. Me, I just want you to realize who is boss."

He filled a bucket from the cistern and brought it to her. Then he made her stick her arms out and lashed the arms and hooves to the sides of the stall away from her body. Once her arms were clear, he proceeded to dump the bucket on her head and chest, refilling and repeating the bath several times. Then he removed the bones from the cistern.

"Good night, filly," he said after untying her.

In the morning, the parts of her touched by the water had turned back to normal. She still had horse hooves for hands and horse hair running to her elbows but the rest of her, as far as she could tell without feeling herself seemed normal.

"How is my voice?" she asked to check out the rest of her. Disturbingly, it was unchanged. The words came out still as a semi-intelligible collection of fragments mixed with neighs and whinnies. Still, it beats having a horsey face, she thought.

When Jake returned in the morning, she could tell he preferred her new look since his horse-cock quickly poked its head from his sheath and grew to a full erection. He fucked her raw, stretched pussy.

Before he came, he made her turn around and jerked himself the rest of the way to an orgasm, spraying the hot cum all over her face and chest. With horse balls, the quantity was immense, several cups maybe a pint. Liza endured the humiliation and calmly watched him with dripping brows, face and body.

"When you convince me that you can really orgasm when I fuck you and when you happily take my jizz, then I'll turn you back to human and you can go. Go it?"

"Jake, please, that will never happen. Your dick hurts now. And even if it didn't how the hell could I cum from being fucked? Women don't work that way. And forget that jizz crap the stuff tastes awful."

Jake seemed to follow her despite the neighs and whinnies.

"Should I just let you go now then?"

"Give me my hands back and let me go?"

"Of course not stupid bitch. Let you go as you are. It's your choice."

"Jake, what you want isn't going to happen. You might as well let me go and save some time."

"Tell you what, filly, I see if I can help you out. It'll cost you but I'm part Apache, as you know. We used to have ways to make our captured females more cooperative."

He left her with a pail of water and another of dry cereal then disappeared for the day.

It was evening when he returned with a flashlight and a leather pouch. She was lying down in the stall, her useless hooves on arms held straight in front of her. Straw was glued to her with dried cum. Her hair was crusty with the stuff.

"Want your hands back?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Here's the price," he said, taking a plastic baggy from the pouch.

First he cleaned her breast free of the dried cum. Then he pinched a small hole in the baggy and squeezed out the red paste inside onto her breasts and nipples. Then he rubbed it into her breasts, playing a little with them before rinsing his hands carefully in the cistern run off. He had always enjoyed playing with her perfectly shaped C-cups.

"If that paste is still on in the morning, then you can have the other help you need. Remember: that paste is the ticket to your hands."

She could feel her skin tingling all night under the paste. But she left it on.

In the morning, Jake came in and rinsed her tits off. The paste had stained them a dull red.

"Don't worry, turning them red isn't the price."

He then fucked her to near climax then jerked himself off on her as before.

“Okay, now enjoy the day. I’ve got business to attend to.”

Once again he left her alone but today wasn’t not quite so dull as yesterday. Today, her breasts grew. Shortly after Jake left, they felt a little sore and heavy, like they sometimes got during bad PMS. She wanted to cup them to check them but her hooves were useless for that. An hour later, there was no doubt. They had grown to D-cup, swelling evenly all around. And they were so swollen they were almost taut. They ached with the least movement. If there was any consolation to the affair, the red dye seemed to have seeped into her flesh as the breasts grew leaving them their normal color.

Over the next few hours they continued to swell, reaching DDD by lunch. New flesh as they were, they were almost perfectly round and stuck straight out. She could not bear to keep them unsupported, given how tender they were so she had little choice but lay on her back and support them by holding her arms to her side.

She expected them to continue growing after lunch but was relieved to find them no longer when Jake returned with his backpack.

“Great tits, babe. But you really reek. You ought to clean yourself up from time to time. Stand up and let me see them.”

Liza lay in the stall. Old straw and dirty covering her body. Dry and damp jizz coating her. She ignored him.

“Come on, Liza. They look magnificent. Let me see.”

She did not reply.

“Suit yourself.”

Jake pulled out the pouch had had in the morning and removed two small, liquid-filled plastic vials.

“Now, I was going to let you have these. The pink one makes you like fucking. The clear one makes you like jizz. But I found something much better.”

He tossed the vials behind him. From his backpack, he pulled a black plastic canteen.

“Drink this stuff and state your wish, and it will come true,” he said.

Liza’s eye’s lit up.

“Hold it. It isn’t like a magic wish ring or anything like that,” he continued. “You can only wish for things like, ‘I want bigger tits’ or ‘make me taller.’ You might find it useful for fulfilling the conditions of your release.”

Liza looked dejectedly back to the ground.

“Come on, filly, it isn’t much farther to your freedom.”

She looked up sadly then looked away again.

“Tell me what’s wrong.”

"You'll never let me free. Nothing I do matters," she said.

"Au contraire, my filly. I will not break my word. Tell you what. I'll even show good faith. Stand up."

"You just want to see my boobs."

"That I do. But if you stand up, you'll also get your hands and your voice fixed. 'Course, I can't have you all human just yet so I'll need to do your legs but I don't think you'll mind the trade, eh?"

Liza considered only for a few seconds before rising. It was awkward work for her with the ponderous boobs and her horse-hoof hands. Sure enough, Jake spent some time admiring her great gelatinous globes each nearly the size of a soccer ball.

Jake bathed each of her legs from the thigh down with a bucket of water. Then he put the bones back in the cistern and bathed her hands and arms with the water. Finally, he let her drink from the bucket. She nearly vomited at the taste but he promised it would restore her voice. He removed the bones again and stashed them in his trunk.

"Before I go tonight, let's get going on your wishes. Drink this," he said, holding out the black canteen.

She took several gulps from it.

"Now when I fuck you, say how much you want me to make you cum. And when I blow jizz all over you, say how much you want to me to do it, how much you like it. Got it?"

She nodded.

"Now let me feel those titties."

He began rubbing his hands all over her vast tits. To her surprise, she found that her nipples were now extremely sensitive and even the caressing of her breasts now made her hot. Soon, he had worked her to the brink of orgasm by his strokes and the gentle teasing of her nipples. She hardly noticed his growing erection that soon brought his horse-cock to the level of his head.

"Now it's my turn. Turn round filly. And don't forget your wishes. I think you're hot enough to beg for them."

She bent over and present her pussy to him. Her nipples still begged for release and her pussy was soaking wet. She would have diddled herself if she had hands. A fat, heavy cock would be the next best thing.

Jake guided his cock into her, amazed as always at how his huge member filled her once tight hole. He began plunging into her easily bottoming out on her cervix.

"Make your wish, filly, if you want out of here."

"Make me cum," she said.

"That isn't much of a wish. You'd better try harder."

"I wish I can cum. I wish to cum when I fuck. Make me cum when I fuck."

"That's a start. Now turn around for your shower."

She dutiful stood before him, not needing to kneel thanks to the length of his cock which was aimed nicely at her head when she stood. He began stroking his slick member, starting slower than usual.

"Make your wish again, filly."

"Give me your cum, I want it. I want it bad. I wish I liked the taste of this stuff."

He made her continue on with the fuck-talk for a few minutes before bringing himself to release, coating her once more with jizz.

"Good night, filly," he said, leaving her in her filth.

She woke in the morning light on the floor of the stall. Stale jizz made the place reek. Her skin felt crusty with dried goo. Remember yesterday, she brought her arms into view. She had hands. In joy, she tried rising to her knees but her legs didn't work right. She looked at them. From the mid-thigh down, they were shaped like horse' legs and covered in horse fur. Her feet now had hooves and the hoof and heel were greatly extended so that now her ankle was more like a backwards knee. Her knee was connected to her lower leg by a great hock. Above her knee the muscled flared out then oddly back in since the transformation did not extend to her waist. The net result were legs that she could barely stand on and had no ability to walk with.

"Still, I've got hands at last," she said testing her voice. The whinnies and neighs were gone.

She was deformed from the legs down but it was still better than before. When Jake came in later that morning she actually smiled at him.

"Down girl," he called to her. "You're positively glowing. Least I think you are under all that filth. I've got to figure out a way to let you clean off. Don't think we want to let you use the cistern. But maybe I'll take you over to the Canyon spring later. In the mean time, it's time for fucks, facials and wishes."

He gave her the black canteen to drink from than asked her to stand for her fuck. She couldn't. It took some heaving and maneuvering before he could it her draped over a rail and begin fucking. Still enthused by her returned hands and finally seeing an end to the misery, she made her wishes with more gusto.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" she called, enjoying her voice again. "I want you in me. I want you to fuck me until I cum. Make me cum. Pound me with that slab of meat. I want the whole thing in me. Fuck me, big boy."

She didn't cum but they both enjoyed the fucking for a change. He pulled out and helped her to the ground so that he could cum on her face and wondrously monstrous tits. They flatten under their own weight and threatened to slide off her chest. Liza worked her nipples as he jerked off on her.

"Give it to me, horse-cock. Give me your load all over my face and boobs. I want your cream in my mouth. I want to love your sticky goo. Come on, come on!"

He didn't last long with that encouragement and soon spewed all over her face and chest.

And so their routine continued for four days. Each day, he fucked and sprayed her morning and evening. Each day, her fuck-talk become more earnest and more real. On the fifth morning, Jake walked into the barn his cock already hard and erect.

"Come on, big boy," she called to him from the floor of her stall. "I want that fat pole inside me now. I'm going to cum today. I can feel it. Look how wet I am."

She ran her finger along her nether lips and withdrew them dripping with juice.

"And I can't wait for a mouthful of that steaming goo. Let's go!"

After a drink for Liza from the canteen, he began his fuck.

"Give it to me, Jake. I need it in me. I need you to fill me to my heart. I want to cum with you pounding me with your salami. Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

Jake met little resistance to his cock, she was so wet and so large now. Her wishes had also deepened her so that she could almost bottom out his cock, burying a full 2 feet into her. She told him that she could feel his cock deep in her guts, pounding the breath from her. In and out he rammed, spraying pussy juice and making deep, wet slurps and farts in her. She sang her fuck-song. He was nearly ready to cum when he felt her tense and she ceased speaking and started an almost lassie-like howl.

"Yes, yes! Yes! YES!"

Jake pulled out.

"Christ, I nearly came myself."

"Not, yet," she said panting heavily. "I want that precious cum of yours all in my mouth. Please honey, give it to me quick."

She let herself down from the railing and flopped onto her back. Her big titties jostled and jiggled as she did so.

"Come on, sweetie, fill my mouth with your man-milk. Give me that sticky facial. I want my mouth filled. Come on!"

Jake's dick took one stroke only before he spewed. He directed the stream as carefully as he could into her open mouth, not believing how hungrily she slurped up the goo. She couldn't keep up with his spew and soon she was coated face and chest. She used her hands to shovel the stuff into her mouth and soon had it all swallowed, except for one last mouthful she showed off to him before tossing her head back.

"Yummy," she said. "I wish you could come more often."

"You're incredible, Liza. An incredible slut but incredible all the same. Still, my word's my word and you've fulfilled my demands. You can go, safe and whole."

He put the bones back in and washed her from head to toe with water. He also washed his horse cock and balls.

"I'll check on you tomorrow morning."

Next morning she woke before dawn. Her body was whole once more. She could walk again, no trace of horse hair or flesh remained. But her pussy was no work of the water. It had been stretched the good old fashioned way: by heavy fucking. And since she still felt she liked the taste of jizz, she figured it was still just as deep as it had been yesterday. That part of her seemed there to stay.

"Great," she said out loud. "I'm human again but I've got a pussy only a horse could fill. Fuck."

She dejectedly watched the sun rise. Then she remembered the pink and clear vials Jake had tossed away. He had never reclaimed them. She recovered both of them and hide them deep in her pussy.

When Jake returned for the final time, he offered her a going-away fuck. He pulled his cock out. It too was back to normal.

"No, thanks, you shit. Neither of us would get much fun from that little toy."

"How about a good-bye blowjob?"

She hesitated. She didn't want to do thing for the architect of her humiliation. But a little white goo sure was a good way to start the day. She knelt before him and blew him off, swallowing his full load. It was tiny compared to his former volume.

"Now we go?" she asked.

"Yep."

The drive back to school was mostly in silence but she did give him three blowjobs a day. She would have given him more if his balls could have made more jizz.

Jake left her alone at school except for dropping by for frequent blowjobs. She knew her fondness for jizz was a result of his potion but she liked the stuff all the same. She loved the thick gooey feel of it in her mouth, the musty smell, the salty taste. She usually roll it around her mouth and display it for Jake before swallowing.

In the months that went by she gradually added others to her blowjob schedule so that without really thinking about it, she was doing five guys a day by fall. She would have liked to be fucking guys regularly, too, but none could fill her chasm of a cunt. So, she had purchased a monster dildo that she had once wondered would ever fit in any human pussy and serviced herself on that. Her nipples too proved even more sensitive than her clit and eventually she could find orgasm working them, too.

Of course, her suddenly stripper sized tits had caused quite a stir and the loss of her roommate and girlfriends all geeks and already jealous of her previous C-cups. They didn't want to hang out with such a slut. And the rumor of her blowjobs soon spread around the campus to the point were the girls called her slut and the boys were quick to solicit a blow when she passed.

One day her advisor suddenly disappeared on an unexpected sabbatical. He was the first guy she

had started blowing after Jake and she had noticed him getting quite nervous about her attentions. She could guess that had fled before her services were discovered and he risked his tenure track.

She was mulling this over when Jake arrived for his servicing.

"Got a good load for you, honey," he said at the door.

A girl passing in the hall muttered "sperm-queen" as she passed them both. Liza hurried him inside.

"Shit, Jake, you did turn me into a sperm queen."

"Yep, that was the plan. Worked wonders."

"Bastard."

"True again," he said and pulled his cock out. "Now suck like only my little cocksucker can suck."

She worked him quickly, wanting his load and not caring to prolong his joy. She sucked it down perfunctorily.

"My prof bailed on me. Went on sudden sabbatical. Afraid of getting busted more like it. Fuck, now what am I to do? Even if I could find another prof, which I can't, I'd have to start my thesis over again."

"You could turn tricks for a living."

"Fuck you!"

"No point," he said. "Might as well fuck a six inch pipe. Not much traction in your gaping cavern."

Tears came to her eyes.

"You brought this on yourself, bitch. You could try porn."

"Yeah? And do blowjobs only? Not too many porn-guys are hung like a horse."

"Guess that's your problem," he said as he left.

She spent the day in a funk and skipped the rest of her regularly scheduled blowjobs. That night she couldn't sleep. Her bleak future offered little prospect. Trouble was, she was ready for porn at this point. But her pussy would keep her doing blowjobs and freak shows. She gave up trying to sleep on her own around midnight and went to the medicine cabinet for a sleeping pill. The bottle of red Nyquil suddenly reminded her of the vials she had taken from the ranch. A plan hatched.

The next morning she went to Jake's place for the first time in eight months. He had a garage loft on a professor's farm outside of town. It was a quiet place, especially since the professor was in Bolivia for two years and Jake was looking after the property all himself.

She knocked firmly on the door. There was no answer. His car was out front so she pounded again.

"What?" came a sleepy reply.

"It's Liza. I need a cock in my mouth."

"Fuck, girl, it's too early."

"It's 11:30, dick-head."

She would have come over earlier but she had had to make a stop at one of the adult stores in town and they didn't open too early.

She heard some signs of life behind the door and eventually it opened. He had his cock hanging out of his shorts.

"Here you go, cock-slut. Do it right on the door."

"You're neighbors will see you and you'll lose your cushy job. Let me in."

"Fine, fine."

She followed him into the loft. It was a spacious place with a iron frame bed, a couch, a stereo and TV. Of course, Jake had it pretty well trashed with clothes strewn about and old food stinking up the place.

He stood near the door with his cock still out.

"Go at it," he said pointing both hands at his cock. It was limp.

"Let's have some fun, baby," she said.

She walked to the bed and stripped from her jeans and shirt revealing a hot pink bustier and garter belt.

Jake's smile and his cock perked up. He joined her on the bed.

"Now lie back and Liza is going to give you a blowjob to remember," she said.

He lay down with his arms above his head. She positioned herself over him and let her boobs spill from the bustier. They were still firm and unstretched but she knew it was only a matter of time before gravity took its course. She rubbed them across his chest and down to his cock. Then while tweaking her nipples she mashed his now rock hard cock between her pillows. She brought herself to one orgasm, howling during the process.

"That's my first one, now yours," she said.

She got off the bed and knelt at the side. Then rolled him to her so that he was at the edge of the bed and his cock was in reach of her mouth. Jake closed his eyes in anticipation, leaving his arms stretched above him and his hands gripping the iron head board.

That was her chance.

She pulled the handcuffs from the pocket of her jeans that were lying on the floor by her and slapped one on the head board and the other on his wrist. Then she stepped away with her clothes before he realized what had happened.

"Hey!" was the first thing that came to his mind.

Then, "You sick bitch. What did you do that for?"

"Why? Because you turned me into a slut. You ruined my life and you made it so that I can't even do the one thing I'm good at now: fuck for a living."

"Come on, you like it."

"Fuck-head. You made me like it. And now I have no friends and no degree. No future. So, you have three choices. You can sit here and die of thirst. You can drink the water I give you. Or you can tell me how I can get my pussy back to normal."

"What's the catch with me drinking the water? You keep me locked up here for ever?"

"Why would I ever want to spend that much time with you? No, something better. Just a one time drink. Remember these?" she said, taking the pink and clear vial from her purse. "Your drink will have these in them. Then you too can enjoy fucking and eating jizz. Guess since you are a boy, that means ass-fucking but don't worry you'll like it."

"You demented slut!"

"Look in the mirror creep. Myself, I'd think option number three is your best bet but if you won't give me that, I'm sure going to enjoy option number two. I don't think you've got what it takes to refuse a drink after you've been without for a few days."

"You won't do it."

"Suit yourself."

She dressed and went work. She removed all liquids from the loft. Shut off the water from the garage below. Empty the fridge and even drain the toilet. There would be nothing for Jake to drink no matter where he dragged the bed. Taking his key with her and locking the door behind her.

Two days later, she returned to the loft. He had dragged the bed to the door and broken it open but had been unable to take the bed apart and so was stuck.

She found him huddling under several blankets. The place was frigid with the door busted open. His lips were chapped with thirst and his tongue was swollen and dry.

"What is it, Jake? Death by thirst, a special drink, or your formula?"

"The formula," he croaked.

She forced him to recite the entire thing before she gave him a drop. But she didn't sneak the vials in to his water. They were too valuable to waste. She might need them for him again some day. She made him drag the bed to the far side of the loft then left the handcuff keys on the doorsill.

"Bye, lover boy. That wish had better work. I still have these vials. They'll be in a safe place and my sisters will be instructed on how to use them should I meet with an unexpected end."

She spent the next week gathering the ingredients. Some required certain timing, such as the mistletoe gathered under a full moon. Others required her to ask countless shopkeepers before she could identify and locate the item. But in time she had her potion. And once she did, using a nice,

small dildo, she wished and fucked herself back to a tight pussy.

She considered whether to do the tits and jizz-craving but figured there was little point. C-cup or DDD+, her career was ruined and she was branded a cock-sucker. Might as well make some money at it.

Liza, a.k.a. Candy Lyxxxit, became one of the most successful stars in the porn business thanks to her gusto for jizz, her huge tits (unusual in that they were real) and her multiple, real orgasms. When she retired twenty years later, it was only because people had started to wonder how her tits never sagged or anything else age on her. That secret, the secret of the wish potion, she kept to herself.

The End