

You Are What You Read

Inside a grand, old library situated in between a college campus existed a girl who sat on an ornate seat, a book open on the table in front of her. Yet, between the pages of this tome laid a smartphone, one opened to a pornographic site for erotic writings. This woman, her name Madison, enjoyed the idea of a lucky lady like herself transforming into some dumb male creature horny throughout its simple mind. It's something she thought about often, and so when her biology class assigned her a project of farm animals and their breeding habits, she knew she was going to have a fun time.

Twenty-five years of age, Madison constantly had to either tuck her giant breasts in or push the book out to read the contents of her porn and '*research*.' Under her jacket and tucked between two squeezing thighs was a rather large cunt slicking its lips together as Madison had the thoughts of *becoming* a large stallion. The idea that she could frolic around the grasslands of a farm, a bucking bronco with a free spirit. Any of the mares could do nothing but widen their legs and assume the position, and each foal that would drop from their equine pussies would be Madison's own. A quivering bottom lip was stopped as white teeth bit into it, the woman trying to both concentrate on her schoolwork while dealing with the libido her body seemed to always have going.

She put her phone away, figuring that this place wasn't the best to enjoy such fantasies. *I'm here for my work!* she shouted in her mind, trying to clear her head of feral

animals shoving sleek, heated slits in her face, her muzzle trying not to unleash that lengthy tongue to just explore their heat.

“Fuck,” she whispered, her jaw shaking. *Get it together Madison!* She moved her lengthy brown, auburn hair out of the way of her blue eyes. Under black sweatpants, she scratched at white skin, her pearl-colored t-shirt sticking from the perspiration brought on from the sweat of imagining such scenarios for the past few hours. Even her snow-dyed panties were covered in her vaginal fluids, causing quite the smell, one that only added to her imagined scenarios of nags pressing their hinds into her face.

Madison’s slim body quaked, a single yellow flip flop smacking against the cold carpeted floor. Her bouncy bubble butt stretched along the seat, sliding the shoe back onto her petite foot. Sometimes she wished she wasn’t like this, a person so attracted to something so taboo. But in the moment, when she’d smashed her legs together, and pinch her nipples, it all felt so right, so heavenly. The fair woman couldn’t wait to finger herself later to these thoughts.

Under the book laid a newspaper mindlessly grabbed from the college store, free for students. An article laid underneath caught Madison’s eye, the text there speaking of some odd disappearances near a farm. A farm that had several surprising rebounds in the past few years, for every missing person, more animals could be seen in the images shown.

This was just like one of her stories she'd read! How else do donkeys and cows and stallions randomly crop up from time to time?! Even the local newspapers knew something was fishy.

It... it couldn't hurt to give the place a look over no? Just walk on by, look at the animals, imagine herself to be one of them, and then keep going? It'd be in the direction of her home, a little detour to the more rural parts of town, but something that she could see and move on from.

Her loins were more or less making the decision for her. Collecting her phone, checking out the horse breeding book, and trying to ignore the faces that recognized that a certain *stench* was emanating from her crotch, Madison fast-walked to the location she wanted to see. It wouldn't take too long, only around twenty minutes or so considering her campus was already situated in the boonies.

The farmlands were located in between thickets of wooded areas that continued in long stretches of trees, the perfect place for someone to get lost in. Madison had reached the property line, white picket fences all along the side of the road. A series of 'NO TRESPASSING' signs were eagerly fastened to every tenth pole. One of those types who'd say they shoot you first and call the police later most likely.

Without really thinking, Madison hopped the fence. This place just *reeked* with the evidence of transformation. Perhaps she could finally be that dumb horny beast she always wanted to be. One with a pole so large it could smack her in the chin from its length, the girth that'd make all the jennies on the farm whinny in heat.

The farmhouse was in the distance, the trek wasn't too bad, and some of the horses came up to her, sniffing at her as her sun-colored flip flops weren't the best for trudging through the mud and muck. The way they approached her, the eyes that they gave off. Humanlike emotions ran through their orbs, just like Madison figured. Nothing would stop her now as she quickened her pace, ignoring the horses' pleas that she could almost understand as former humans trying to 'save' her. Most of them were mares, ones *she'd* impregnate.

Hearing the wood of the porch creak under her weight, the slosh of pussy lips against her panties, Madison rapidly tapped the door with her knuckles, smiling as her breasts wobbled.

An elderly woman with gray hair, fair wrinkles and a beige cowboy hat answered the door, her crow's feet and laugh lines exaggerated by her grin. "Now what can I do for such a lovely young lady like yourself?" Her accent was more of that typical grandmotherly cadence than something overtly country.

“I want you to transform me into a beefy stallion with a fat cock!”

It had never once occurred to Madison, someone who was usually soft spoken, kind, and considerate, that anything might have been wrong with her at this moment. That the idea of fucking the animals on the farm might have been alarming. Her smile was enshrined in mania, and the farm’s owner could only look down and notice the trail of slime coated in Madison’s sweatpants, droplets falling like a leaky faucet.

Taking off her hat, the old woman placed it against her chest. “Young girl, I have no clue what you’re talking about.”

A force of nature had enraptured the college student as she whipped her hand across the lawn. “All of the animals come up to me like they’re people more than just curious animals. So many females, but not enough males! The newspaper says people disappear near here, at the same time as you seem to get new animals. This *whole* thing is just like, one big transformation story. The tropes are there, I know them! I’ve read so many of them!”

The more she talked, the more the elderly woman twisted her face in concern and sincere confusion. Yet, a lightbulb seemed to appear in her head. “Have you been to the library recently? The one in town on the campus?”

Like a rabid chicken, Madison bobbed her head up and down, reaching into her backpack to pull out the book on horse breeding, handing it over to the gray-haired woman as she sat her hat aside. "Ever since reading this book, it's just like... I can't get the idea of me fucking a horse out of my head! I need it, I need a cock so I can breed your mares!"

"The reason you can't stop thinking about that my dear," the owner said, smirking as she saw the front cover, "is because this book is cursed. Whoever reads it, wants to *be* it. *Do* the things the stallion on this front of this book is doing." That expression of bewilderment was changing, becoming something much more malevolent although relaxed.

"Cursed?" Madison asked. "How do you know?"

The old woman threw the text onto her porch with a loud thunk. "I know because I was the one who cursed it. Now..." she took a step forward, Madison's eyes going wide. "A beefy stallion with a... *fat* cock you said?" The revealing witch raised her hand, purple magics revolving around her palm.

A bolt of violet shot into Madison's chest, causing her tits to fly upwards and back down as her whole body was shoved backwards like a stuntman in a movie, slamming into the grassy dirt behind her as her back spiked with pain. She winced,

using her elbows to stabilize herself as her legs were open, and heavy breasts in her view.

It was becoming to Madison that this situation had been much more weird than she realized, yet her loins did not lie. Being hit by that bolt, and the concurrent pressure in her pants tantalized her mind. Her dreams, whether the recent eagerness was manifested by a curse or not, were beginning to start.

A fat cock. Something she always wanted, a thick rod to shoot ropes of equestrian seed deep into the wombs of female horses. Two big, black balls churning with cum, running in overdrive like well oiled machines as she'd go from mare to mare, impregnating them all. Craning her neck down, Madison could see that specific pressure was only growing.

Her clitoris inflated, the mushroom headed tip of a cock slowly yet surely protruding out, bursting through white panties destroyed already from girl pre, the slit of her pussy bulging into an o-shape as the cave of her vagina moved forward, filling in and becoming the pleasure meat of something so much more masculine. Madison moaned as her hands gripped at the grass, ripping out the blades as she shoved the greens into her mouth, chewing at the flavorless vegetation. Her groans increased from this action, the new erection becoming bolstered with blood as developing veins and nerves were

created for this appendage. Her womb filled in, and from the bottom of her slit, two orbs flopped out, swelling in size.

The older witch walked down the steps of her porch, laughing and clapping as she got closer. "I've never had someone like you. Most people come to me just because they can't seem to explain the new attraction to farm animals. Men that can't stop their thoughts of letting a big bull plow their unused cunts, calves sipping from their udders. But you? You came right up to me, and *demand*ed what you wanted. I think that makes you a strong stallion in soul. You were **meant** for this."

Madison's sweatpants ripped open with a large black shaft sagging down, the young woman damn near whining as she brought her petite hands to rub at the flesh, the tip looking so alien. Her cock and balls felt heavier than her breasts, and it seemed impossible to even walk around with this thing. Feeling all around her crotch, her pubes were turning into coarse, brown hide, one fitting for a horse as all parts of her former female genitalia disappeared. The ends of her fingers became hard and black, keratin seeping over the digits as she used both hands to jerk her new penis off, feeling the veins and the urethra be used to shoot out precum, blanketing the green ground with seed.

The changing woman's face pushed outwards as a snout formed, sharp canines grinding into flat teeth made for hourly chewing. Madison's flip flops popped off of her

feet, one accustomed to horseshoes as hooves were there, the anatomy of her feet all together becoming that of an equine, toes merging together as the legs swelled with muscle and mass, destroying the rest of her sweatpants. The end of her black tail was swaying, squashed from her ass as the witch got a good look at the woman's anus. Though, *woman* wasn't really the right word.

As Madison's skull changed, two triangular ears raising to the tops of her head, the brain was being reworked. Reducing in size and mass, accommodating for the new skull it resided in. Ideas, thoughts of the future, her education, what the last seven years of college had done to affect her entire being, all gone. The horse-human hybrid was snorting hot air through a pair of nostrils, smiling dumbly as seminal fluids were spouting out like a faulty sprinkler, her ebony, throbbing rod spewing left to right.

The chest was taking a rectangular shape, as if you shaved off the bottom corners of a long, horizontal box. Hide and brown fur growing all around, Madison's own hair becoming black as it went down an elongating neck. Her, or well, *his* hands were losing their grasping potential, leaving the shifting human to playfully, and idiotically rub his dick with hard hand-hooves, not even paying attention to the way the fingers curved to become like horseshoes, the thumb idly withering away into nothingness.

His glutes inflated like a balloon, the thick muscle mass there only heightening in poundage, already showing the signs of well-worked calves that a stallion like himself

might have. The hairy testicles drooped like goop, resting against the ground as that bubble butt was turned into a stiff and stern rear that quaked whenever moved, constantly twitching as the internal tissue twisted. The legs below the knees slimmed, looking like industrial struts covered in the flesh of an equine. The entirety of Madison's lower half was now of a horse, and most of his upper half too. A gigantic stallion, a stud of revered proportions.

Whinnies were coming from his muzzle, becoming nearly finished in its growth. Left to right the thing shifted its head, shaking as spasming in the inner sanctum of the creature's mind was going through its final throes of the previous identity. Whatever was before, the idea of humanity, was weakening, and evaporating into the ether. The horse-person's eyes were changing, the pupils dilating with rapid blinks.

"Anyone still in there?" the witch said sarcastically as she could hear heaves coming from the beast, breaths in and out in puffs and huffs. One or two words could be understood by the horse who felt its breasts deflating and attaching the airless bags to its skin, morphing and smoothing over. "Guess not. You're looking really good now Madder!"

Madder. A simple word for a simple horse. There would be no thought as to how that name was so personal, so effective. The equine did a whine, shaking its little ears as more auburn hair turned black, joining the mane that the colt was accumulating.

Internal organs were also one not spared by the change, and for good reason too. For if Madder did not change its heart from one human to more horsey then how could this big body he was gaining survive on the farm? Running alongside fellow stallions with a heart that could not pump blood to the other parts of the body fast enough to keep everything running like a engine. Horsepower would not exist without a proper heart, and kosher lungs. That musculature, every bone in the horse's body painlessly breaking and reforming, the ribs, the tibulas, everything.

Laying on his back was becoming hard to do with the body he had. Hundreds of pounds packing onto the belly. Madder's stomach rearranging into one used to a herbivorous diet of grains, oats, and grass. Churning the insides into the innards of what he was now, a proud, loud, stallion.

Shifting his body, Madder used his four legs in order to stand, the height of the horse a few inches taller than what it used to be. Over a half ton in weight, and with chiseled, toned thews. This was a virile buck in his prime, and the fact that the tip of his cock still hadn't ceased its leakage proved that the seed would be strong. Mares were in the background, stomping their hooves as what was left of their minds screamed out, knowing that with a new male on the farm, their pussies would soon be stretched and penetrated.

The grass swallowed the remnants of Madder's clothing, giving off the appearance that no human was changed here, that this bronco was just Kentucky prime, born and raised to fuck, eat, and do whatever else horses do.

With a slap on his rear from his owner, the new horse rushed into the meadows, females, depending on how much was left of their humanity, trying to run as being pregnant with foals was the last thing they wanted. A white mare, one that Madder could tell was ornery, and too strange, would be his target. A former linebacker, this pearl-colored horse was surprisingly human, yet even her instincts could not deny the heat and musk that pumped from Madder's horse-cock.

Whinnies were surely given as the white mare's eyes screamed with panic, then subdued defeat as she wasn't given much more than a few seconds after being mounted when her vagina was filled into the shape of a circle, thrusts going in and out as the male on top of her was doing this not for pleasure, but to cum as quickly as possible. The pheromones all across the field, the heat of the mare, and the heaviness of Madder's balls were all players in this great game called consummation. Humanness was already gone from Madder, the human who must've been a horse in soul this entire time.

For those like this white equine, the idea of being fucked by an animal, the whole encounter, it was too much. Their minds voluntarily wilted, for it was better to accept

that this was natural, because they were a horse, then try to reason a way to keep going after being fucked.

The seed of the stallion painted the mare's inner walls, the womb being filled, and pregnancy assured. This would not be the first female that Madder would fuck today, several other girls being wrangled by his instinctual drive to make every foal on this farm his offspring. This would be his life from now on, forever and ever, the life of a stud, a genetic alpha.

A beefy stallion with a very fat cock.