

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Grumpy

“Mother, why is there no record of a successful mating between the Minotaur and a royal princess?”

“Hush dear, one should not ask such questions.”

“Why?”

“You are intelligent, you will know why and why you must never mention it again.”

“Why must I mate with the Minotaur if there is no conception?”

“Would you hold yourself above all the royal maidens that must endure? Would you have them think they too could avoid their duty?”

“Please, I need to know?”

“Not now, after your mating, we may talk about it but you will be Queen and you must never discuss this with anyone.

Hush now, the priestess will be here to prepare you for your initial mating so that you can accept the Minotaur.”

The two priestess’ soon entered the room and without fanfare, began to disrobe the Royal Princess.

When she stood nude before them, they began to closely inspect her body in an impersonal manner. Her nipples stood proud from the small breast above the slim waist and hips that framed a lightly covered Mons Venus.

“You are almost boyish, we have much work ahead if you are not to be injured by the Minotaur.”

“Drink this, it will help with what we must do.”

She drank the sweet tasting potion and was directed to the raised bed on which she gladly reclined on as her ability to focus seemed to vary.

The younger priestess tugged at her hips until she was positioned with her knees at the end of the firm bed. Her legs were then spread and knees rose until her tiny feet were able to be placed on the end of the bed.

The older priestess began an almost silent chant as she began to lightly rub the Royal Princess’s breast causing an almost immediate fire to start burning between her open legs. She felt her tender nether lips being spread open to the cool air, slightly jumping as the priestess positioned between her legs started lightly brushing her with what felt like a soft feather. The fire burned hotter as a flush spread from her open legs to her breast and cheeks. Within minutes, her body shuddered and her vagina fluttered causing her to almost faint with the wonderful feeling that flowed like sweet wine through her body.

It must be the potion she thought as she slowly calmed slightly embarrassed by the amount of moisture she felt flowing from her vagina to the bed below channeled by the almost sixteen year old buttocks. The vaginal flow was warm but cooled quickly as it found its way to the bed.

She jumped as the priestess pressed a finger into her, causing the fire to rekindle. She could feel the finger as it explored her vagina causing some stretching and slight pain as it encountered her

hymen.

“It is good that you produce so much fluid, oils will not be necessary when you mate. Now we must remove the barrier and prepare you for the Minotaur’s member. This will hurt but it will soon vanish. Are you ready?”

She slowly nodded her head as she felt the finger withdraw and a cool object touch her opening.

It was moved up and down her lips a few times and then the tip was introduced. Her body shuttered again as the feeling of fullness drove the fire to new heights, her body responding by trying to force her hips against the object. Then there was a determined movement of the object into her and a sharp pain raced from her vagina to almost immediately disappear as sweet fullness invaded her causing another outpouring of fluids and a butterfly like fluttering of her vagina.

“Oh, Oh blessed Mother of all, thank you. It is the most wonderful feeling.” she exclaimed as she felt her body relax and she slipped into a quiet sleep.

She awoke to feel warm cloths and cool hands washing her labia. She was then turned on her side as a priestess spread her buttocks and continued the cleaning.

She could not believe how mellow yet excited she felt. She was weak but in a good way and she quietly awaited the completion of the tender cleaning.

The priestess finished their duties and handing her a simple cloth robe bade her move to a more comfortable reclining chair where fruit and wine awaited her.

When she had consumed her fill, the priestess moved to the door and opened it. Ten bronzed young men in loin clothes filed into the room, lining up facing her. She gasped as she focused on the hardened muscular bodies, the strong arms, well developed chest and ridged stomachs, slim hips and strong legs. Adonis times ten.

At a signal from the older priestess, the young gods dropped the loin clothes exposing semi-erect members that were much larger than she had ever imagined. Her eyes devoured every detail of the young men and when she motioned for them to turn away, they turned in unison exposing tight muscular buttocks that could drive the penis hanging between their legs in strong powerful strokes.

The ten spoke not a word as the priestess dismissed them. As they reached for the loin clothes at their feet, the Royal Princess could feel the fire rekindling and the sweet nectar flowing from her.

“You will be very tender for the next day or so but on the third day you must be prepared to mate with as many of these young warriors as possible, you must be with child by the time you mate with the Minotaur. The young men will be the only ones allowed to give you child, but you must never speak of them to your hand maidens, your friends and your husband to be.

Your husband to be must believe that your first child is the product of the mating with the Minotaur and that he is the father of all your following children. We will be with you at all mating, except for the mating with the Minotaur, and will make sure that your husband to be does not put you with child.

Your first girl child will follow in your footsteps and become Queen when she mates with the Minotaur.

The temple may select other suitable men to mate with you should you, or we, decide any of the

chosen ten are not satisfactory.

You have one cycle in which to become with child before your mating with the Minotaur. You will mate with as many of the ten each day as is possible until that goal is achieved. If you fail to conceive, your sister will in all likelihood become Queen in your stead.

You and each of the ten will be given a daily potion to insure that the male offerings will be plentiful and strong and that you will be most receptive. Rest now, we will return on the third day."

The Queen entered the room as the priestess departed, not looking directly at her, moving to one side, gazing out the window.

"Mother the man I've called father all my life is not?"

"That is true," came the hesitant reply.

"Do you have ten in attendance?"

"Yes."

"Is one of them my father?"

"Yes, although I know not which."

"Why is the Queen's consort not allowed to conceive with the Queen?"

"The consort is chosen from the successful mating of maidens with the Minotaur that is why your children must not be conceived by the Minotaur. It is also why certain maidens, those conceived by the Minotaur, are not allowed to marry any of the potential consorts.

We must do all possible to avoid the madness in the Royal line that preceded the ascent of the Queen as the ruler.

You must not disclose any of this and you must continue to honor my consort as your father as he has indeed honored you as his daughter since the day you were born."

"Why ten?"

"The consort has other duties to perform and is not always available to meet my needs. Rest now."

On the third morning the two priestess arrived shortly after the morning meal. She took charge of the Royal Princess, leading her to one of the many rooms in the Queens area of the Castle.

When she entered the room her attention was drawn to the padded odd looking split chair that occupied a prominent area of the room. The chair was designed in a somewhat reclining inverted 'L' shape. There were two legs with padded rest which she assumed were for her knees, the legs formed a vee with the rounded and padded area where her waist would be if she were lay on it.

The portion where her upper body would rest sloped downward with restraints that would enclose her shoulders relieving any pressure on her abdomen. There was an open head rest which would allow her to look back between the vee. The thought of what was about to occur kindled the fire she had first experienced two days before.

"This chair is the same as the chair that will restrain you during your mating with the Minotaur.

Please drink this potion, disrobe and we will position you on the chair.”

The potion was the same as the previous potion but must have been more potent as she felt the fire burn more fiercely. By the time she had disrobed, she could already feel the vaginal fluids flowing down her legs.

She stepped to the chair, placed her knees in the padded rest and leaned forward. She was pleased to see there were openings for her breast.

With a few adjustments to the shoulder restraints and the head rest, she found it quite comfortable.

“The potions we have given each of the ten is quite powerful, they will do their duty quickly and will be ready to perform again within only a short rest. We will monitor your condition so that no harm befalls you.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

The younger priestess prepared a table nearby with a basin of warm water, towels, and sponges.

She then stepped behind the chair and using a warm cloth, wiped the excess fluid from the princess’ legs.

The princess lowered her head and looked under the chair to area of the vee, she could see her pubic patch framed by the vee. She then noticed a mirror behind the chair which gave her a view of her slim legs leading to her spread buttocks and the center of the fire growing in her. The lips of her womanhood were a warm reddish pink and her vagina was slightly open. Even her rosebud was visible.

She couldn’t resist, she reached with one hand to touch herself, sending an electric charge through her body and causing the flow from her vagina to run down her legs.

A slight turn of her head showed another mirror set opposite the chair giving her a good view of her profile. She was pleased with the beauty of her body, her bottom prominent in this raised position.

Her admiration of the view was interrupted when the priestess walked to a wall cabinet, unlocked the door of the cabinet and opened it to reveal a passageway in which stood one of the ten, nude, standing tall with a penis that shot upward from his loins. She watched it bounce as he stepped from the cabinet and walked towards the chair. She estimated the length as two of her small hand spread and placed together.

She quickly looked between her spread legs as he stepped behind her. He stopped, looking at the treasure exposed before him, reaching forward and caressing her buttocks.

“Do you duty.” sternly ordered the older priestess.

She watched as the young man took hold of the hard penis, bending it down and stepping forward. He pulled back on the shaft, exposing a helmet like head, dripping with a fluid that glistened in the soft light of the room.

She felt the head touch her and held her breath in anticipation. She saw the hips of the young man flex forward and felt the head enter her, filling her with a fire that raced through her body causing a

delicious sweat to coat her body. She watched as the penis slowly entered her, filling her, consuming her until the scrotum bounced against her pubic bone touching her exposed nub, causing her vagina to convulse. She watched, transfixed as the penis slowly withdrew, hoping it would not pop out.

Her fluids poured down her legs, dripping from the pads that cradled her knees.

The young man flexed forward again, filling her again. She felt every portion of the penis as it entered, the flared head, the veins, the hard ridges, the fullness in her abdomen, the pressure against her diaphragm.

The young man leaned forward, bringing his hard body into contact with her buttocks, filling her crack with heat. He reached forward cupping her firm breast, massaging the rock hard nipples while at the same time increasing his rhythm, withdrawing and pounding into her with an urgency that was not to be denied. Her body shook with each stroke, her buttocks squashed, his hard body slamming into her exposed rosebud. His balls slapping against her pubic bone and clitoris.

She felt him swell and then the quick in stroke as his hands withdrew from her breast, his body straightening, his hand grabbing her hips pulling himself further into her followed by a hot blast into her vagina, a flood that drove her over the edge, causing her to briefly faint.

Her recovery was quick as the storm subsided, the young man still pressed strongly into her as she felt her cervix dipping, rubbing against the helmet buried within her, trying to reach the pool of hot liquid just deposited.

She watched as the young man withdrew, an audible plop as the beautiful penis fell from her vagina, trailing a sticky rope of white fluid..

"This way." commanded the older priestess as the younger swabbed her bottom with warm wash clothes.

She heard the priestess walk to the wall cabinet, opening it. She turned her head in time to see another hard penis bouncing as the next young man walked to her rear.

She watched in the mirror opposite, seeing the young man stroke his penis, exposing the head. She watched as he entered her, stimulated to more vaginal convulsion induced by both the physical act of the penis expanding her as well as the visual image of a long hard penis slowly pushing into her depths driven with firmness by tightly clinched muscled buttocks. She watched as he slowly withdrew, feeling the pressure in her body subsided only to return as he stroked into her again.

She watched and memorized each feeling, both visual and physical, as he continued to serviced her until he too, could no longer contain his seed and exploded within her, sending another hot wave through her vagina and into her uterus.

When the young man was escorted from the room, a warmed sponge was placed in her gaping vagina and she was helped from the chair so that she could take some refreshments while being cleaned.

"I think we will schedule the remainder, two at a time every two hours. You will mate with each every day until the time your cycle would normally end.

If successful and you do not have your monthly flow, you will be able to rest as we prepare for your 18th birthday and your ritual mating with the Minotaur. After an appropriate period of time, we will announce your successful mating with the Minotaur and your wedding to the consort we have

chosen and your assent to the throne.”

She was ready for the rest when her monthly flow did not start but within a day was wishing that she could again couple with the ten. Two of the ten had proven to be very adept at stoking the fire that burned within her during the mating.

“Mother, do you have need of the ten during each month?”

“Yes, you must not chose only a few of the ten but make all welcome in your chamber. There is one that I find quite pleasant though.

The priestess will schedule your monthly activities. You will be the absolute ruler in all things other than your personal life.”

“What about the consort?”

“His duties allow us to be together only two or three times a year. The priestess must be aware and present when with the consort.”

“Why?”

“They are charged with determining lineage in order to prevent the madness.”

“Do you love any of the ten or the consort.”

“It is not a word used by the Queen.”

“That is not an answer.”

“It will have to do.

On your assent, the duties of my consort will change and I look forward to more time with him. I think it will mean the ten will no longer be needed and will go away.”

The day of her birthday arrived preceded by two days of public acclimation and honors by her future subject.

This day was reserved for the private celebrations restricted to the royal family and a few select subjects. It was a day of activity as she must make sure that all the family was loyal to her future role as queen. She practiced her diplomacy with skill and verve, winning over any doubters to her side.

Three hours before sunset, she was taken away from the celebration, bathed, perfumed, coifed and dressed in a simple smock without any underclothes.

On her return to the castle ballroom, all fell quiet as the priestess intoned the prayers that told of her duties to mate with the Minotaur and to bear his spawn in order that the kingdom could be assured a secure, prosperous and peaceful future.

She was then anointed and drank the special potion that would help her during the mating.

The two priestess and her royal handmaidens then escorted her to the entrance to labyrinth below the castle. At the entrance, the handmaidens stepped aside as the guards opened the portal and motioned the two priestess and the Royal Princess to enter.

Candles lighted the narrow damp passages that branched frequently but the two priestess proceeded without fear and seemingly knowing their destination.

After numerous turns, they arrived at a large open chamber. The chamber was richly furnished with intricate draperies covering the walls, the floor was of polished stone, gleaming in the bright candle light. Tables occupied one side of the chamber with the now familiar basins of water, sponges, towels, flask of drinks and fruit.

The 'chair' occupied a central position. It was richly furnished with soft padding covered with a fine woven material in the royal colors. There were no mirrors as there was in her mating chamber.

She was given another potion from a flask and as she consumed it could feel the now welcome fire starting to burn in her groin.

She was then led to the chair where the simple robe was removed leaving her standing nude in the cool chamber. When directed, she mounted the chair and when comfortable, was strapped to the chair at her shoulders, waist and legs. The straps were of a soft material that seemed to have a slight stretch. They did not bind but did restrain.

The priestess then moved to the table and prepared a small sponge by soaking it in a small cup of liquid. On her return to the chair, the Royal Princess felt her labia being spread and the warm sponge carefully inserted deep within her vagina. She knew not its purpose but such was her faith in the now familiar priestess that she did not question the preparations.

Her pubic area was then bathed and perfumed and a liquid applied to the inner folds. The liquid caused her labia to feel very warm. The warmth plus the effects of the potion caused a copious flow from her opening. The priestess made no attempt to stop or clean the warm flow that poured down her legs but stepped to the drapery and disappeared from sight.

Within a minute she heard a distant gong and knew instinctively that it was a summons to the Minotaur.

She had not long to wait. Her first awareness that her time was approaching was a cool breeze that wafted gently through the chamber, cooling somewhat the warmth in her exposed and engorged labia. She then heard the sound of cloven feet slowly approaching the chair. A shadow progressed across the floor and onto the drapery. It shadowed the Minotaur, a head of the bull on a body of a man with cloven feet. The body appeared well shaped, firm and very strong. The shadow did not indicate the presence of a penis so she dropped her head looking back between her spread legs.

She gasped when she saw the rampant penis and the large scrotum. The penis was at least three hands in length if not four and so large in girth that she knew she could not encompass it with her hands. The head was large with the helmeted shape showing clearly through the foreskin.

The eye of the head was awash with what she now knew was the pre emissions of the aroused male. The erect penis stood almost straight up with the head just below the breast on the well developed body. The hips were slender, the legs showing the flow of muscles that supported the beast.

The beast stepped closer and bent over her buttocks giving her a view of the penis almost straight on. She could smell the pre-emissions.

She jumped within the limits imposed by the restraints when a raspy tongue slowly washed across her womanhood, coating her with its moisture and generating an intense orgasm that wracked her body as the tongue moved onto and lingered on her nub. The heat was intense, causing her to gasp



loudly at the pleasure coursing through her body. The tongue retraced it's path at least three times each time intensifying the pleasurable agony of anticipation.

She watched the shadow of the Minotaur as it slowly straightened, the penis again in full view.

She felt the hands start a caress of her legs, working on the inner thighs and progressing to the junction with her genitals. The hands then moved over her smooth buttocks to her waist and back down her hips.

The shadow showed the Minotaur bending again and she felt the warm breath on her rosebud.

When the tongue touched her there and again jumped.

She then felt the hands again on her genitals, a large finger entered her and withdrew. She jumped again when the finger, now slippery with her juices, began an assault on her rosebud, slowly forcing it way into her rear. This was a brand new sensation, not objectionable, somewhat exciting.

The finger, explored her rectum and then slowly withdrew.

She then felt the chair slowly descend a short distance till she could see only the tight scrotum in her view. She quickly looked to the shadow on the floor, observing a hand grasp the huge penis, straightening it, the beast upper body bending somewhat.

She felt a sudden pressure as the head locked onto her opening. The pressure increased, growing, demanding, not to be denied and then a sudden relief as the penis gained lodgment, the head entering her stretched vaginal opening, filling her with a overwhelming sense of fullness, triggering another orgasm of such intensity as to cause a convulsion through out her body.

The pressure suddenly increased again, the member slowly pushing into her hot, slippery vagina, pulling the inner labia and maybe the outer as well into her as it relentlessly advanced. She felt the pressure build within her bladder, her lower body moving to accommodate this glorious, exciting yet soothing monster. It touched her cervix and stopped.

A quick glance showed the now tighter scrotum still some distance from her rear.

The monster slowly started to retreat, pulling her insides out, she could feel the labia again meet the air. It stopped with the fleshy large head just barely captured within her.

The Minotaur then began a fluid stroking and between her legs she saw the seed sacks slowly draw near on each stroke until finally they rested against her widely spread genitals, rubbing her nub, generating a pleasure so intense that her body was again racked with pleasure, fluid running from her, coating the balls, filling the air with a beautiful odor.

She could hardly breath, such was the pressure within.

She felt the hands caressing her buttocks, slipping around her trim thighs to worm between the ball sack and her nub, holding her for a few moments before moving outward to grasp her hips where the legs formed the angle with her torso. The Minotaur then began stroking, fully withdrawing, sucking the breath into her lungs and then driving back into her, forcing a rapid expulsion of breath.

The frequency increased, causing her to pant, warming her vagina to a high heat consuming her lower abdomen, generating repeated orgasms, each more powerful until she fainted.

She came back with her body being slammed back and forth against the soft restraints as powerful strokes quickly drove her to another orgasm.

She gasped as there was a sudden, powerful full depth stroke and a clenching of the hands on her hips, the ball sack snapping against her nub in an almost painful way. She felt the penis grow within her and the sudden flood of hot seed further distending her stomach. The hot wash continuing until her body was on fire.

The penis remained within her for a full minute but slowly deflating somewhat. It then began a slow, hesitant withdrawal, hot semen and body fluids washing her nub, dripping, no splashing, to the floor, washing her thighs with fire.

The head popped from her vagina followed by a large splash of semen on the floor between her spread legs. Her vaginal opening cooling in the air of the chamber as it struggled to close.

The Minotaur, turned and left the chamber as the priestess re-appeared, hurrying to the chair, releasing the restraints but holding her in position with their hands. She felt finger probing her gaping hole, withdrawing the sponge along with gobs of semen.

When she was finally washed and cleaned, she saw another sponge being prepared and felt it being tenderly inserted within her. Dared she hope?

When the floor was cleaned, she was raised from the chair and escorted through the drapery to an anti chamber occupied by a small bed. She was assisted onto the bed and her entire body washed in perfumed water.

She was offered a container of water to drink and a small amount of fruit and after a small rest period, was assisted in raising from the bed and with a priestess on each arm led to another anti-chamber where she was able to relieve the pressure in her bladder and bowels.

She was again cleaned and with difficulty led from the anti-chamber, her groin sore, her tendons in her upper thighs stiff and hurting, her vaginal opening still exposing her to the air on each hesitant step.

She was led from the anti-chamber past the chamber with the bed and into the main chamber.

She almost cried when the priestess moved her to the central chair, cried not with fear or pain, but with anticipation again building within. She was again placed on the chair, the restraint again tightened. Her genitals, both external and internal were bathed with a soothing, warm oil, a small basin held between her legs to catch the outflow.

"You will not have a potion to assist you." whispered a priestess as both turned and exited the main chamber.

The gong sounded again, a cooling breeze wafted through the chamber, carrying the sound of cloven hooves approaching.

The Minotaur approached as before but this time her attention wandered to the shape of the hooves as he strode towards her exposed rear. The hooves did not look natural in the brief glimpse.

The Minotaur stopped behind her, the ball sack as tight as before, the penis standing proud.

She felt a tender caress on her buttocks and then without hesitating, the penis was bent to her still

gaping hole. The pressure mounted and when the head again popped into her, a powerful slow stroke buried it to the hilt, the ball sack slapping against her in a familiar, pleasing manner.

Hands grabbed her hips and without the slightest hesitation, long powerful strokes drove repeatedly to the base of her being, slapping her buttocks and nub on each in-stroke, sucking breath into her on each out-

stroke. Her tender muscles protested but could not subdue the fire again building within her, the body responding, the vagina flooding with her fluids, mixing with the oil in which it had been bathed.

She concentrated on the power of the strokes, the fullness, the fluttering of her body. She closed her eyes, letting the feelings build until they spilled over generating an orgasm so powerful that her abused body momentarily shut down, starving her for oxygen, causing her to briefly pass out.

Coming back she opened her eyes watching the fluid coated ball sack slap into her mound, the hands gripping her hips, pulling her tighter as the flood of semen again erupted within, semen squirting from her, splashing against the ball sack, flowing down her legs, creeping over her mound, dripping to the floor.

When the spurting subsided, there was a slow withdrawal, semen again flooding from her as the head came out. There was a pause and then a hand reappeared, grasping the penis, aiming the penis, sudden pressure, insertion, a slow, tender stroke until it bottomed out, a hand reaching to her head, a soft caress of her cheek and then a sudden withdrawal. The Minotaur turning, walking from the chamber. Was that a scar above the right knee, a familiar star shaped scar?

The priestess, now accompanied by two other priestess, entered the chamber with a litter. The Royal Princess was unstrapped, lifted from the chair and placed on the litter. The four priestess quickly lifted the litter and wormed their way through tie drapery, hurrying through the labyrinth.

She closed her eyes and drifted into a fitful slumber.

She awakened when the litter was lifted and placed on a table. Glancing around she saw she was in the castle ballroom, the morning sun peaking through the windows. The Queen standing beside her.

The priestess quickly grasped her legs, spreading them, shoving the knees against her breast, exposing her to the room, caked semen coating her legs, semen that had drained from her red, gaping hole pooled between the reddened cheeks of her bottom. She heard the intake of breath as the assembled royal family noted the evidence that she had indeed fulfilled her duty.

She awoke again in her private chamber. Soreness coursing through her, tempered with memories that would never fade.

“Welcome back daughter, I am so proud of you.”

“Mother, I, aaa, is father, aaa, your consort the Minotaur?”

“Yes dear, just as your consort will assume those duties upon leaving your wedding bed.”

“Are all consorts as big as father.”

“Yes dear, they are chosen for their size and stamina.”

“Ten may not be enough if I have to wait 18 years to have the consort all to myself, may I borrow

father, uh, your consort, on occasion.”

“Yes dear, if the priestess approve.

Now get some rest, your coronation and wedding night await.”