

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Shape Shifter

Dahala's armor felt warm on her shoulders as she saddled her war stallion. She hated horses and this spirited light war horse was no exception. They tended to be headstrong and they smelled bad, though, admittedly, their fur could be soft. The feel of the saddle reminded her of the smooth leather against her own skin under her armor. She loved leather and when the horse died, either in combat or if she slit the foul thing's throat, she'd make herself a new jerkin out of it's hide.

She swung up into the saddle, the girth tight around the horse's barrel, the cinch squeezing it snugly. Though she was still a virgin, she was not quite the valiant knight most thought her to be - mainly because she, and her five sisters, enjoyed the teasing she could give the men - and the sound thrashing if they overstepped their bounds. Still she was kind by nature. She was a tall woman, broad of shoulder, narrow of waist, and quite lithe. Her musculature did not detract, rather, it enhanced her shapely figure. The long flowing blonde hair left hidden, along with the firm curves, inside the full plate armor she wore.

The horse was a buckskin with a slightly whiter mane and tail. As she had combed the mane out it had kicked her viciously, almost as if it knew and understood her resentment, as if it knew she enjoyed dominating it, and it chafed at the dominance. Faint traces of that resentment faded as they rode off.

Rumors of a dragon, a foul platinum colored thing, swept the land. It was said that this dragon was once kind and good but now it had been conquered and corrupted by the evil goddess Tiamat. Now she rode forth to find it. And slay it.

She passed a field with a mare in it. From the way the stallion pranced she guessed that the mare was in heat. The thought of the stallion being tormented by the mare caused her to smile. Shades of her teasing many a man with her own sexuality. As she drew closer she realized that it smelled as bad as the stallion, ending the comparison right there.

Soon she came upon a scene of great beauty - gold strewn about the mountain - works of art scattered carelessly - the dragon's horde. Out daring any to even touch it. Gnawed bones and shattered armor showed what fate befell those attempting to claim that horde.

She lowered her visor and lance and spurred the horse forward. Over the rise it lay, every joint plated, many sharp spurs covering it, razor sharp teeth filling it's mouth. And it was regarding her. She charged. The lance struck home and she was hurtled from her mount. With a glance from the dragon the stallion froze - a statue. She tumbled to the base of another statue, that of a naked woman and shuddered, wondering. Suddenly the thing's massive paw pinned her to the ground in her armor. The jaws closed around the helm and ripped, freeing her long hair. The dragon stopped, regarding her with a gleam in it's eye.

"Well, what have we here? A wench? You could prove much sport!"

Casually, it pulled the lance out of a bony shoulder, gushing forth blood. A good hit but his magic healed it quickly. And, as it healed the wound, the dragon began to shrink, becoming just more than half again her size.

With another crunch it ripped off her breast plate exposing her heaving chest beneath the leather jerkin she wore, slicked with her sweat.

"Ahhhh," said the dragon, "I like a woman who can appreciate the caress of leather."

With a single talon he slit the jerkin open and stood there eying her beautiful breasts. They had been compressed behind the jerkin but now they burst forth, sweat and a few beads of blood rolled down her cleavage.

"Why does such a beautiful wench hide her beauty?"

Her breasts were full, her nipples ripe. The forked tongue snaked out and circled them causing them to worry slightly. She gasped as the tongue traced wet lines around her chest, then surrounded one and squeezed it firmly. Her hips arched upward, her own desires giving her away.

"Hmmm," said the dragon, "the bitch shows her true colors. Let's reveal the rest of thy hidden pleasures."

The dragon extracted her from the armor like a lobster from its shell and she lay before him naked. With a breath of icy flame the dragon breathed between her legs and the hair on her pussy turned to ash, leaving her skin smooth and untouched beneath. Lizard smooth.

"Now," said the dragon, "on your knees. I wish to sample those ruby lips."

She found herself unable to refuse as she groveled before the platinum beast. She lapped at his paws 'til he swung behind her, mounting her as a ram mounts a ewe. With hardly a thought the beast took her virginity.

Virginity! Her order of knight required females to be virgins. She would be banished! The realization was nearly as devastating as the rape itself. She felt his scaly belly press down against her back his head snaked forward and pressed its scaly lips to hers. Before she could think, much less respond, the forked tongue was exploring her mouth, forcing itself in. She could not spit it out. The scaly paws began to wrap around her as its huge member bore down into her womb. One taloned paw rubbing her nipples...her body was betraying her - her nipples hardening - her juices helping his member slide in faster and deeper. The dragon chuckled and continued his rape of her. She lost track of time as she squealed under his draconian body and he called her his strumpet. Finally his seed was cast into her it was strangely warm but no less repulsive. Her first time with a male had been at the paws of a lizard!

"Now my dear," said the dragon, "I \*must\* be clean...."

She screamed curses at him but the paws forced her face between his haunches. He hissed in delight as she tried to bite his huge cock to no effect. As he held her head his loins pumped into her, cleaning her own juices and his seed off with her mouth. When he had finished he chained her naked in the sun to the statue that had been her horse. He noticed that, despite her chains, she stayed as far from the statue as she could.

The dragon addressed her: "Could it be you do not like your former servant?"

"No!" she said. "I care nothing for the beasts of any kind!"

"Do you now?" replied the dragon.

The dragon flew off, leaving her sobbing as she tried to clean herself as best as possible. As night fell the dragon returned with a handsome youth in his jaws.

"I have found a lover for you."

The youth was dead, his head lolled to the side. Leaving the body with her, the dragon scratched a pentagram around the three. He looked to the sky and said: "TIAMAT! Hear your slave! As you defeated me and made me into your image - I beg you, grant me this spell, my goddess!"

Slowly the boy and horse merged, blending to form a centaur. Another puff of his icy breath breathed a sinister life into the previously still form.

"NOW," the dragon said, "the horse has a human intellect but still all the desires of a stallion - and he remembers how he was treated by humans!"

She shuddered - she was still chained to the beast's hind leg. The centaur reared and praced at it's vitality before noticing the chain and what it held. A cruel smile flicked across it's face. The centaur looked down.

"All womanhood will be my brood mare's! Slut! Lick the hooves clean!"

"No!" she screamed and received a kick for her defiance. She whimpered.

"Do it, my sweet slut! Or your sisters I'll seek out and have them tortured!"

She looked into it's eyes then pressed her lips to it's hooves and bent to her work, her breasts swaying heavily beneath her. The centaur laughed at her servitude and forced her to clean it's entire body.

"My god Bahamut who through Tiamats wishes has created me - allow me her as a slave! Forever naked and linked to the horse. She shall only eat my seed for her food...my excrement shall feed her as well!"

The dragon chuckled and held and fondled her while the stallion again raped her loins. When he was finished the dragon tied her arms around the centaur's barrel so she was staring at it's huge balls. Against her own will she found herself licking them, covering them with a layer of her own spit. Again she found herself cleaning her own juices from the cock of a beast. Her legs were tied between the centaurs front legs and her head forced under it's tail. As it reared in triumph her breasts stuck out just in front of the horse's haunches. She felt them heavy with milk. The centaur noticed this as well and slowly fondled, then milked her breasts. Soon, pearly drops form on her nipples and the centaur bent his head to taste them.

"A brood mare and a milk cow! Wonderful!"

"Now," said the dragon, "I shall hunt down her family and we shall truly have fun."

Marsha went about her tasks with her usual zeal. The capture and subjugation of her sister by the dragon were unknown to her, just as she was unaware of it's invisible platinum eyes watching her.

She and the birds had a unique bond and, at times, she felt more at home with them than with humans. As she fed raw meat to the injured birds of prey she heard a crashing in the trees. Investigating, she found what appeared to be a falcon, a falcon the size of a pony. A pony? No, it was larger still. Examination revealed still other surprises - it was but half falcon. The beautiful front half was attached to the powerful hindquarters of a male lion.

Strange, yes, but injured as well. Many arrows protruded from it and much blood had been lost. With much effort she managed to load it into a cart and haul it back to the largest cage she could find. As she cleaned and bandaged it, the bright eyes opened briefly until she

stroked it's head. Soothed, it fell asleep on the soft straw.

She awakened early to go check on her new charge and found it sitting calmly, waiting for her. It, or rather he, watched her closely as she hobbled and muzzled it. The golden eyes rested uncomfortably long on her blowing hair and loosely covered breasts. She could not help but noticing it's long cock harden and wondering what else might be strange about it.

Unbeknownst to her it had been the leader of a great Arie and was mated to a pure white griffin. A rival griffin desired both his power and his mate. Lacking the prowess to win in fair battle he had turned to Bahamut.

Griffins were strange beasts, certainly, but still quite intelligent and governed mostly by emotions instinct and a strict code. Mates and positions went to those who won in open challenge. Transformed by Bahamut into a pure black with eyesight enhanced by night vision he felt confident in calling out Krie in the dead of night.

Expecting nothing more than an annoyance Krei was surprised by the viciousness and accuracy of the attacks. Before he realized the seriousness of his predicament Cack had battered him to unconsciousness. As he lay in the mud Cack landed upon his body and pressed his face into the mud. Then slowly and with great malice Cack took a foot into his beak and twisted until the bone snapped. Methodically, he repeated this on the other leg.

He lifted the battered and now torn Krei in his beak and delivered him to another rogue griffin.

"Use him as you see fit but if you kill him you'll answer to me. Make sure he suffers..."

With that, he lifted off to find Krrk, Krei's mate. Normally a female may choose her own mate as the leader will intercede on her behalf if a griffin attempts to force her. But with Krei gone she had lost both her leader and her mate. She flew fast, as fast as possible in the night, but could not avoid what she could not see. He flew around her, teasing and playing with her in the night sky, 'til she fell panting. Lifting her in his talons he brought her to display to the arie.

As they arrived Krei moaned. The other griffin had his legs splayed while he lay on his belly on a rock. The other male was thrusting into him as it's friends held Krei and waited their turn, their long dicks stiff and balls full. They mounted Krei as he had mounted Krrk, probing with their long cocks under his tail each rolling it's lust into him.

Kack forced Krrk to watch the rape. "See, my dear, he loves another!"

Raising his muddy paw, the one that he had used to rub Krei's face in the ground, he ordered her to clean it. She resisted until he reached a talon out to Krie and opened another gash in his side. Her avian tongue began to work over his paw.

"That's better, my dear. See Krei, I am training her already."

After she was done he lay her face down beside Krie and moved around behind her.

"Now everyone here will watch me take you as my mate, including your ex-beloved! Is there any who wish to oppose me?"

Krie attempted to rise by was forced down, head turned to Krrr.

"No? Then let the fun begin!"

With that he pressed the griffiness to the ground and placed a foot upon her head to keep her chest pressed to the stone. As her hind quarters rose his long black shaft pressed into her pink and white twat. Despite herself, and despite the torment visible on Krei's face, she shuddered with pleasure. He was very big and he groaned at her tightness. She felt his balls press against her and she could not resist anything he did to her.

Stroke for stroke, his friends matched him plunging into Krei as he took Krrk. Finally, they were done with Krei but he continued to work into her cunt, ass, and mouth for better than two hours, pleasuring himself and bringing her to new heights until she begged him to spare her and agreed to be his mate. She felt his hot seed shoot into her for the last time that night and knew that he had fertilized her. Now none could dispute his claim on her.

After sending her to his den he took Krei to the dragon. Bahamut looked down upon the two.

"You have done well, my servant. You may keep his mate and I will take care of him."

Weaving mystic energy he tapped into Krei's mind.

"Now we shall continue our games. So you don't feel left out we'll permit you to lust after a females still, but human females. One in particular will fall to your domination as Krrk has failed. As Krei's identity faded so did his will to resist - he would do as his master ordered.

So now as this woman stood before Krei he noted her hair and her firm yet compact breasts, the kind he'd like to see be attached to a milking machine. She walked in and checked his splints and bandages. When she turned to walk off he could see a very tight ass shifting beneath the leather.

In the hot sun Marsha was all alone and could see no reason not to disrobe. Lifting the jerkin freed her breasts to bounce slightly in the sun. The warmth tightened her nipples and send inner warmth to her thighs. With her pants removed Krei could see that she was evenly tanned and grew no fur between her legs. Her ass was round and broad in the hips and her legs curves gently to her ass cheeks.

She noticed the griffin's eyes following her and again the hardening of his cock. Always willing to tease a male when she was in control, she began to stroke her hands down her sides, following each curve. The slid up her stomach and cupped each breast to the sun, gently squeezing each in turn, stiffening the nipples. Head thrown back, she spread her feet and allowed her hands to fall to her cunt. Gently playing with her clit, she spread her inner lips to Krei's gaze. Noting the lust in those eyes she swayed forward and cocked her hips towards the cage. Slowly, his tongue reached out...and in. Bypassing her clit, it slid deep into her, the longest most flexible, most talented thing she'd ever had in her. The rush of pleasure forced her to grab the cage and lift her hips closer. And then he withdrew, and sat back in the cage. Disappointment filled her but knowledge filled him. He knew that she would fall to his power.

It was the third week since she had brought the griffin in. The wounds healed with a speed that was amazing - already it's grey wings were restored to their earlier power. It was hot again that day and, as usual she was naked, teasing the griffin. She'd not been able to get it to use it's tongue on her again, though, much to her dismay.

She opened the outer door to Krei's cage and stepped in. He appeared to be asleep - a good chance to change his water. She slipped into through and set the tray down. When she turned around she gasped. Soundlessly, the griffin had blocked her exit and both cage doors were closed. The griffin peered at her with avian eyes. She backed into a corner. It stalked up to her. She saw the feline muscles in it's back and the huge feathery chest and collapsed to her knees. The griffin let out a loud

squawk and reared. She closed her eyes expecting death. A taloned claw closed around her head and pulled her toward that great beak but instead she had something hard rammed into her lips. In surprise she opened her eyes. In horror she tasted the salty sweaty end of it's cock and saw two furry orange-sized tawny balls swaying in front of her. It was pleasuring itself with her - it was forcing it's way into her mouth. This was not supposed to happen - it was supposed to be serving her!

She bit down and the griffin squawked angrily and cuffed her, leaving a bloody gash across her back. It would kill her, she thought, almost hoping so. But instead the beast wrapped it's claws around her head and drew her to it's bestial crotch. Too frightened to try biting again, Krei held her head motionless as his loins began working his cock in and out of her throat. She'd never had a male before but she realized that he was truly huge. The fur tickled her chin and the salty taste was not what she had expected. She looked up past it's belly as saw it's avian eyes closed in pleasure while the talons kept a firm grip on her.

She was more surprised when it squirted down her throat, filling her mouth and overflowing onto her breasts. Silky feeling on her throat, salty on her mouth, sticky and warm on her skin. The griffin pulled out and stood over her. To her dismay it lifted a leg and drenched her in urine, making sure that some splashed into her mouth. He was only marking her now but would teach her to drink it later.

Krei was strutting around the cage flicking his eyes over the girl shivering in the corner, still in shock from the rape of her throat. He wondered if Cacak was crouching on Krrk now, pleasuring himself, spilling his seed into her throat, cunt, and ass. The comparison left him annoyed, not really even angry. He had Krrk so well trained and here he was, forced to train another one. Granted, she was soft and quite desirable, for a human, but...well, perhaps he could train her even better than Krrk. She certainly had potential.

Despite his hopes for her he yearned to return to the arie, to his master Cacak, to crouch beside Krrk as Cacak used both of them in turn. What once would have driven him to rage now seemed to be a source of pleasure. Something was wrong but he could only vaguely being knocked silly and then something cutting into his brain.

Well back to business. With one swipe of his claw, oh dear he chipped a talon, the cage walls fell outward. He pushed the girl with a feathery head. She stood on both legs and was rewarded with a vicious swipe. After two more attempts she realized that she must remain on her belly or on all fours. Even in her shock she realized that this would allow him to mount her at will.

She crawled out, more than a day since the griffin had taught her how to suck cock. She spent most of the night with the thing's balls resting in her mouth when he wasn't filling her mouth with semen. It seemed that he never tired. Worse, it seemed as if he enjoyed teaching her with cuffs to the head how best to please him. And, worst of all, she was even getting good at it.

Her crawling accented the roll of her ass cheeks and the tautness of her body. Twin trails remained in the dust where her nipples dragged and the muscular play of her thighs drew his eyes up to her cunt, one orifice that he had yet to try. Where his eyes went his cock soon followed. He walked over and straddled her.

She felt the feathers on her back and knew what was coming. The scaly hawk foot landed in front of her and the beak pressed her lips to it. The texture was warm and revolting, similar to snake scales in the sun, but her tongue continued to lap at it as her breasts pressed into the ground. Behind her she felt pressure of the lion's cock pressing into her. Her body shuddered and she pulled her knees

apart to allow it easier entry. Juices flowing off it's cock combined with ones she made against her own will. Another shudder rushed through her as the tip of the cock pressed against her womb. Lost in the sensation she pressed back against it. One foreleg cupped her belly and pulled her harder, back to the probing member. She gasped as Krei began to hump her in earnest. Krei's loins rocking him forward on his hind toes then back again. Her knees and hands sunk slightly in the soft dirt, breasts digging out twin holes with deeper indentations for her nipples. Gasps poured from her throat yet tears welled in her eyes. Soft feathers came down and encompassed her like a cocoon. The feathers were soft on her tits, caressing them. Still he thrust.

Unlike the centaur, the Griffin could impregnate a human, the result being a winged sphinx. Krei intended on having more than one litter by her. After an agonizingly pleasurable hour of bestial lust she felt Krei orgasm into her before he fell atop her, panting over his slave.

That night Krei repeated his feat in her ass, leaving her sore and unable to walk even if she'd desired to do so. She had such a tight, sweet ass. As her erupted into her ass, Krei wondered if Cacak thought the same about him. Still unsatisfied he paced around in front of her and knocked her onto her back with all the care of someone flipping a turtle over. He then lifted his tail and sat on her face, sealing her mouth with his ass and her nose with it's cheeks 'til she could not breathe. Krei let her struggle then get some air then struggle again 'til he felt the satisfaction of her tongue extending inside him.

In the morning she was exhausted but her respite from sexual abuse was replaced by the sheer terror of the flight to his aerie in the claws. A lizard man and a platinum one waited by Cacak. Krei placed her at the feet of Cacak who still had Krrk beneath him. Krei prostrated himself before Bahamut and felt his own ass violated. His compliance was hardly surprising, given the god's wrath, but his ready acceptance of Bahamut's cock was another thing.

"Oh Krei," he said, "you have such a sweet tight ass."

When Cacak finished with Krrk he donned a harness of an odd sort.

"Krei, you've done well...go to my males and let them rape you. You, madam, shall now be slung from my belly."

As she was strapped into the harness, feet around his neck and head suspended below his hind legs, her mouth was forced to a seal against the black penis. Golden liquid flowed into her mouth. She choked but inside a week she would be drinking him like fine wine.

Among her duties she regularly pleased Krrk and cleaned her talons as well as those of the males. Krrk's favorite time to be eaten was just after Cacak raped her. Her belly swelled with Krei's chicks and, despite cries and complaints, she was never far from a griffin's cock. The entire aerie saw her as a pleasure doll and they used her even throughout her pregnancy.