

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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A stallion that could speak. His malevolent voice turned my guts to ice. "Bind him." The command was to his companion.

It had taken two of them, but I, Laerak, King's Champion of Mindea, was beaten.

The lesser of them was an Elf. Tall, he loomed over even me, his face unearthly — and beautiful. His eyes burnt like the blue wizard's fire illuminating this rough forest camp. The air was hot; crystal rivulets of sweat ran between his pectorals. His square-jawed face seemed chiseled out of sapphire; his long black hair looked as if it had been ripped from the night sky. Between his thighs hung his preferred clothing — a skimpy deerskin loincloth, dangling from a black leather belt. His skin was smooth and hairless as a boy's ass.

He wasn't the master here. The stallion ruled.

A huge white horse with an ebony mane. Taller than my own mount Mouraus, who they also held. Muscular. Massive. Male. The stallion Aradd. He stared at me, challenging me as I had challenged the transgressors of the laws of the Kingdom of Mindea.

Obedying Aradd's orders swiftly, the Elf bound my wrists with a long rawhide thong. Casting the end over an ancient oak's branch, he pulled the strand so tight that I stood on the balls of my feet. My muscles strained and stretched, their shapes coldly delimited by the demonic blue glow.

The Elf stood from his work and said, "He is bound, Aradd."

The stallion nodded — just as a Man would — then turned and walked thrice round the wizard-fire. Shadows played on his flanks. The fire leapt up high, as if oil had been cast upon it. Yet I felt no heat.

Thrice the stallion circled. His eyes were turned away from me and the Elf, away from this world, focused on something beyond.

As he walked, I smelled him.

Rich and earthy, like all stallions — like all males. It smelled of ball-musk and headcheese, but mingled with it was a fragrance of a different order, something strange. An electric cinnamon that was somehow hallucinogenic. When I smelled it clearly I dreamed of my lusty, sweaty youth.

"Look at me, Man," said the Elf.

Immediately I looked at him. I saw the half-moon of his partially uncovered ass. Down the backs of his thighs I saw sweat rolling. A flood of saliva filled my mouth.

He said, "I am Salanu. I am on a quest. You are Laerak, King's Champion of Mindea?" Behind him, behind the evil fire, stood Aradd wreathed in shadows, outlined by the fire.

The stallion's eyes were fixed on me, and I feared what they might see. I couldn't speak. Except for the nervous whinnies of Mouraus, all of silent.

"Make him speak," Aradd rumbled. A thrill like lightning pulsed from my crotch to my brain.

Salanu turned. He held a huge, shiny black stone. In diameter it measured perhaps as much as his huge thighs. A rawhide thong was tied to it.

The Elf strode towards me, smiling. I felt my testicles, dangling low between my spread thighs, shift nervously.

Droplets of rank sweat dripped from my armpits.

He knelt before me, seized my balls. He yanked them downwards in my sack. Sharp stabs of pain tore through my sides. Deftly he twisted the rawhide around my flesh. I felt him start to tie the knot, felt the bitter end of the rawhide flick at the intimate parts of my thighs.

Salanu stood, his fist holding the cord tied to my balls, supporting the stone's weight. He grinned. "You are Laerak the King's Champion, are you not?" He waved his fist back and forth a bit.

I felt the heavy stone bang against my knees, felt the tug on my balls. I didn't speak.

He dropped the rock.

My scream split the night. Pain exploded up out of my groin in a red volcanic gout. The stone was squeezing my testicles out of my sacs! I shut my eyes, tears pooling at their edges. I twisted and writhed, suspended by the tree and by the weight.

"You are Laerak," he said calmly.

This time, my breath ragged and wet, I nodded.

"You are of the House of Dyarmen, then. The House of Dyarmen holds the Championship by hereditary right, does it not?"

I nodded. Blood pulsed in my balls.

"The House is the possessor of the Rod of Might?"

My balls burnt like fire. I didn't speak. What he asked me to do violated every oath I'd ever sworn. He'd not know!

I shut my eyes, because I didn't want to see the agony the stallion would command him to do to me. There was nothing except the burning pain — and the smell of Aradd, making me think of my youth in the barracks of the Fortress of Gautrond ...

"Open your eyes," said a voice, deep and resonant as thunder. The stallion advanced so that his head was over the Elf's shoulders. His dark eyes peered at me. His smell raged at me ...

"Salanu has," Aradd said, his voice stirring the silver seed in my stretched balls, "for his kinfolk, taken up a quest. I guide him. He must assemble the Seven Great Talismans, of which the Rod of

Might is one. Your kingdom is its location, your house is its guardian.”

I said nothing. Demon! My balls’ pain filled my guts with a black acid, but I wouldn’t answer him. Oaths I’d sworn and oaths I’d keep. They’d not break me. I watched them. How similar were their eyes — as if they were twins. In Salanu’s hand appeared a strange whip. The rawhide strap dangling from it wasn’t very long — a foot or so. It seemed very supple. The muscled Elf didn’t move, merely let the thing dangle from his hand. The rawhide swung like a big, pendulous cock.

I heard a slithering noise, like oiled leather sliding over wood. Through my pain-distorted gaze I saw Aradd’s genitalia. They were massive. Lordly. His balls were bigger than my clenched biceps; the black skin covering them seemed stretched and inflamed. The scabbard hiding the demon-horse’s cock was made of thick, black leather.

I sucked in air in a horrified strangle.

The lips of that scabbard suddenly parted — the head of an enormous pink cock protruded through. It looked like a huge python. With legs shaking, I waited for the unbelievable length of the stallion’s penis to emerge.

Aradd said, “For right now, this is all you deserve to see.” And his incipient erection stopped with only his fat cockhead showing. The godlike shaft was thicker than my wrist.

Salanu knelt beside the horse. He extended the whip into the horse’s shadowed groin. He positioned the whip carefully. The leather flap covering his cock seemed to be angled away from his crotch a bit. I saw muscles in his jaw flex.

Aradd’s pisshole opened like the mouth of a shark.

The yellow stream sprayed outwards, a golden ray of sunlight in this night of sorcery. I heard the sibilant hiss as the stream struck the whip, heard the splatters as the urine dribbled to the ground. The flood ran down the rawhide, darkening it, excess pouring onto the ground.

Sweat ran down my inner thighs from my asshole as if I bled from inside. And I smelled Aradd pure and unmingled. The hallucinatory component burned directly into my blood, swept into my brain, carried me upward as if I were an ember born aloft in a plume of smoke.

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The barracks of the Castle Gautrond: crude, wooden, rushes strewn on the floor. The smells of ripening boys — crotch sweat, urine, new semen. I had come there, as all fifteen-year-old males were bidden to, for training in the military arts.

I remembered standing in the barracks, on a cool fall day, naked because I was not a man and not entitled to clothing except in winter. My already over-long prick dangled well below my tightly packed balls. I felt the air on my quivering asshole. Was it truly the air that made my hole pout and clench — or was it the gaze of my sergeant, who had ordered me to stand there at attention while he examined me?

My sergeant, a huge man, muscled like an ox, who circled me, wearing nothing on his naked chest, girding his loins with black leather armor. My sergeant, whose hard cock arrogantly thrust out from below his loin-armor, dripping a clear fluid as he so clinically examined me. My sergeant, who circled me and circled me without speaking, his square-jawed face framed by shoulder length black

hair, who suddenly stopped his circuit, directly behind me.

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The fire in my brain died briefly, and I saw the real world. Salanu drew back the piss-dripping whip, swung it hard. The tip cracked against my left nipple; the exquisite agony of it exploded into my pec. A trail of Aradd's golden piss smeared me. It dripped from my erected nipple. The second crack fell on my right nipple; three fires burnt within me: balls and tits ...

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My sergeant dropped his heavy armor to the floor. I heard the wet sound of meat smacking against rippled muscle. His hand pressed between my shoulder blades, pushed me over. I rested my hands on my knees. His foot kicked my legs apart. His finger touched my virgin, sweaty hole.

In reflex, my prick erected. My breathing quickened.

I felt my sergeant's warmth suddenly against my back. A hot, sizzling coal probed between my asscheeks. A hand spread me. I was open to him.

I felt the smooth foreskin. His lube smeared my hole — cold, yet warming me. Hands grabbed my hips, held me steady.

The cock crashed through, and I came for the first time in my life, a hot jet of gray cum spitting from my cock, balls jerking wildly.

I whimpered, and as the spasms died away I skewered myself wantonly backwards onto my sergeant's huge phallus. He grunted like an animal as he fucked me.

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Salanu thrashed me a few times with the whip, then let Aradd piss on it again. My pecs dripped sweat and horse piss. My swollen nipples erupted with delicious pain.

The demon-horse watched me while I writhed in pain and ecstasy. His cock slithered out a few more inches. He watched the Elf beat me, his mighty cock inching out with each stroke.

The whip cracked, and I jerked, and it felt as if my puffy nipples were dripping milk. Salanu's own phallus — more human-like in size and shape than Aradd's, but larger still than even my sergeant's — thrust out at a right angle from his groin.

On a final surge I rose.

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My sergeant's cock churned in my guts, ramming against some turn my bowels made deep inside me. In front of me were all the orgasms he'd fucked out of me — a thick pool of sperm laying between my splayed feet. I hadn't moved — bent over from the waist, hands braced on knees, absorbing the shocks he pumped into me. But my sergeant clutched tightly now, his arms hooked under my pits, his groin slapping a military tattoo against my red buttocks.

His orgasm was like a volcano erupting inside of me. I felt his penis spit its semen. I felt my colon swell up around the incoming tide, I felt it bluster from my asshole and run hotly down my thighs. Perhaps I came, perhaps not — the whole world for me was my sergeant's cock and his offering.

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The beatings stopped. I descended. My agonized balls were now filled to the brim with jism. My cock jutted. Salanu's foreskin still covered his fat cockhead. I watched pearly fluid drip.

My thighs opened. I farted. I moaned. My nipples felt as if they'd been gouged from my body, leaving two hollow pits in my pecs.

I looked up, and suddenly my mouth dried up.

The stallion's titanic erection arced out. It was huge. It shamed serpents. It shamed swords. It shamed the brawny thickness of my sergeant's arm, which on my eighteenth birthday — when I left the barracks — came to know my asshole as well as his cock did.

Aradd's eyes were narrowed, as if he peered into the distance. Or as if he derived some horrible pleasure simply from being erect.

I heard Mouraus, my own stallion, whimper in fear. He was tethered to a stump on the other side of the clearing, my pretty boy, lost in this wizard's nightmare. Mouraus had been captured along with me as well. A big pied stallion, young and frisky, I loved him with all my heart.

Salanu sneered, looking at my groin, "You humans don't have much where it counts, do you? Elves' who've seen only three winters have more meat than you."

"Will you tell us where the Rod is kept?" Aradd's voice was the opening rumble of the gates of Hell.

"The Rod," I gasped suddenly, "has been my House's possession for centuries. I will give not give it to ... a circus act."

Aradd said, "Little man, I am a stallion, not a circus act. You will reveal to us where the Rod is kept — even if we have to keep your balls tied up till sperm bleeds through their flesh."

"I will not. I have sworn," I said.

"Salanu and I," said Aradd, "have sworn as well." The huge horse whispered the Elf's name; they withdrew, whispering.

I closed my eyes. The pain had become a part of me and sang within me.

Then I heard a scream. A horse's scream.

Aradd stood behind Mouraus, the demon-stallion's erection thrusting long like a sword from between his legs.

In a swift motion, Aradd mounted Mouraus.

Mouraus bobbed his head, spread his legs to support himself. Aradd leaned downward, placing his lips near Mouraus' ear, as if he whispered something. His mighty prick probed under Mouraus' big balls, rubbed against his sheathed cock.

Aradd humped my stallion.

Salanu came to me, seized my jaw, turned my head to look in his beautiful face. "Watch this. Watch

my stallion fuck yours, Man, or I will have him fuck you.”

Looking at that immense cock, which Aradd had drawn back and placed between Mouraus’ cheeks, sprouting from Aradd’s groin, I whimpered. That vast shape, forcing its way up my buttohole, would kill me. No human could ever accept such as phallus. My buttohole pursed; my cock, hard as the stone that tormented me, spat a line of clear fluid.

Salanu said, reading my thoughts, “A human, possibly. But not an Elf. I take it all the time.”

I looked at his cock, fantastically hard, the head drooling precum like piss. His foreskin was drawn back, the cheesy head stood revealed, a helmeted warrior.

I turned back to the stallions, not wanting to think about what he implied. But I was perversely excited.

Mouraus turned his head around, looking at the white stallion. Aradd’s big cock pushed at the equine gates. Mouraus swished his tail out of the way, almost demurely. Did he know what was to happen to him? Did he actually desire it?

Aradd stabbed forward. The scream that rent the night lasted as long as it took for Aradd to sink all of his penis into my horse.

A huge dollop of precum dropped from Salanu’s cock. I looked up at him, shivering. I had a vision of Aradd fucking Salanu. I forget it as quickly as I could.

Salanu focused on the two bucking stallions. His gaze fixed on the tight, hot juncture where Aradd’s cock vanished into Mouraus. He said, slowly, “He fucked me not long after I became an adult.”

I said nothing. But I remembered again my sergeant, and how he had taken me, his size — and my balls ached with unspent seed.

Aradd screwed Mouraus. The stallion drew his hips back. I heard Mouraus’ asshole slurp as the great weapon withdrew. Then Aradd pumped, his muscles a symphony of movement, and the phallus sank in again. I watched unbelieving as Mouraus’ cock snaked out of its sheath. It was a thick, brown penis. Slowly, it hardened into a length of cock only just slightly less than Aradd’s.

I watched as the Elf’s master fucked my horse.

Salanu circled my bound, agonized body. I heard the leaves snap under his unshod feet. He stopped behind me. I felt his gaze fall coldly upon my ass. He grasped my right hip in his hand. Looking down, I saw the wet head of his prick probing between my knees. The hanging stone stroked his erection almost lovingly. He sighed. Then his prickhead was gone and I could not see him.

Something warm began to flow between my buttocks. It ran like blood down my furrow, spread over my swollen balls, dripped to the ground. “Ah, that feels good,” the Elf breathed. His hot stream splattered against my asshole. I opened a bit, felt myself become wet inside of me.

He peed on my asshole for long minutes.

I could not help but spread my legs for him. The blue fire cracked and popped, as if now suddenly began consuming the pile of wood on which it danced.

"You don't realize, Laerak, that I can see the visions that Aradd gives you. I saw you as you spread for that big man. I saw how you writhed on his penis. I saw your floods of jism." He reached down, yanked on the rawhide cinching my balls closed. I moaned, groaned, bucked wildly. "Now I will take my pleasure with you, and you will not have the privilege of orgasm — unless you tell me where the Rod is hidden."

I clenched my lips, closed my eyes against the sight of the two stallions fucking in the blue illumination, the huge pricks dripping lust-fluids ...

His hips snapped forward and he speared me in one swift motion. The pain was so great I screamed loudly as Mouraus had. He rammed piss deep inside me; it burned gloriously. His big, low hanging balls rubbed against my strangled spheres. The Elf's callused fingers pinched and twisted my tits into an unbearable agony, pulling them away from my body.

Slowly, he began to plow me.

I felt his long lance slid out. My colon closed up as he withdrew; then he rammed it back in, that big Elven cock, sudden shockwaves spreading from my gut through my body. My asshole burned.

"Where is the Rod?" he breathed in my ear.

I swung helplessly in my bindings, feeling him ram me repeatedly. Looking up, I saw that damnable Aradd fucking my stallion. Two horses with erect cocks, one buried deep in the other's bucking ass. Mouraus neighed, as if he enjoyed it. He had to — he rolled his hips like a mare being serviced.

"Where is the Rod?" Salanu said. His cockhead scraped over that swollen spot deep inside my that only true males could reach. Helplessly, I spread my legs for him, admitted him, desired him, wanted him. Wanted this whole perverse, sick evening. Silver sperm boiled in my choked balls. My eyes were slits. Between my quivering thighs I felt him, my lord — masculine, swollen, hard — enjoying me as he denied me enjoyment. My gates, spread immeasurably wide by Salanu's churning cock, burned with his urine, burned with pain, burned with lust, burned with desire for my rapist.

Salanu drew back suddenly, leaving just his cockhead buried in me, abandoning the rhythm of the fuck. I cried out — I felt the awesome loneliness of the gulfs between the stars. I had to have him fill me.

"If I could, I'd beat you again with the rawhide," he said. "You like that, filthy human, don't you?"

Mouraus gave a great cry. I looked up.

Aradd chewed at my stallion's neck with his great white teeth. Mouraus' head reared toward the sky — his long skull made him look, in silhouette, like an erection himself. Mouraus' great cock thrust out between his legs, Aradd's own cock churned in Mouraus' big butt.

Time seemed to suddenly stand still.

Mouraus orgasmed. A silver spurt of seed erupted from his cock, shot between his forelegs in a long rope, and landed ten feet in front of him. His balls contracted madly between his legs. He fired rope after rope of horse-seed, his mighty load, out onto the leaves.

Aradd rammed his crotch against my mount's ass, his mighty pink lance holding the hot breach wide. His eyes rolled up, he whinnied, and I knew he was coming inside my stallion, hosing my horse's guts with his evil seed.

“Uh-huhhhh,” breathed Salanu in my ear, slicing his cock back into me. “Where is the fucking Rod? Isn’t it hot to watch two stallions fuck?”

I was going to come. I could feel the surge build within me, gathering force. The Elf’s cock pounded me, sending shockwaves throughout my lower torso. His tongue entered my ear. The sperm boiled, it rose — but the rawhide on my balls kept it from spurting. The sudden pressure was pure agony.

He yanked my balls. I screamed. He bit my neck. I felt, deep within me, his hot sperm shoot out. It felt as hot as his piss going up me. It slimed my ass. My walls bloated around the flood, I felt my guts shift to accommodate the titanic sperming that he gave me.

The Elf’s teeth, buried deep in my neck, only tightened as he shot. He did not release me until his flood of sperm in my ass died away.

My need to cum did not abate. I felt the tension in my balls, the hot trembling, like a barely restrained earthquake.

He pulled out, my asshole slurping at his thick tool. A flood of semen — thick, hot, steamy — exploded from my asshole and coated my thighs like warm syrup. He cut my bonds somehow; I fell to ground. I started humping the dirt, trying to fuck out my sperm. Salanu seized me, flipped me over. He straddled me, sat on me, his ass on my chest, one leg to either side of my shoulders. My bound fists shook with agony and lust. Arrogantly his cock, slimed with gray fluid, pressed against my lips.

I opened my mouth. It slid in me.

His urine tasted like wine. I gave it no time to puff out my cheeks — I swallowed his offering gratefully, greedily. I drank his salty essence, seeing the smoke from the thousand campfires of his memory rise as high as my ecstasy.

I tasted his sperm as it swirled briefly around in my mouth.

I cramped, bent forward, but I still drank. Urine dribbled like saliva from my lips.

He finished, yanked his penis from between my lips. He turned, seized my erection, stroked me.

I screamed. “By the Gods! Let me come!” The pleasure was exquisite, the need overwhelming. I tried to pump his fist, because I was so close. But he loosened his grip, sensing my attempt, so that my cock pumped air.

“No,” he said. “No relief for you. Not yet.”

I looked up at him, pleading.

“Where is the Rod of Might?”

I looked over at Aradd. He had dismounted from Mouraus. His cock still thrust out of its sheath, but it was limp. Mouraus stood listless. Aradd’s potent seed bubbled slowly from his fucked and stretched butthole.

I looked at Salanu. His eyes were bright. “Please,” I whispered.

“Where is the Rod of Might? It is the will of Aradd. You must submit.”

I closed my eyes. I had to come. My balls screamed.

The Elf's fist closed again on my cock. I could feel the blood pulse in my organ. "Where is the fucking Rod?" he snarled.

I couldn't resist any longer. I sobbed. I said, "It is hidden in the Caverns of the Borealdon."

He released my penis. He undid the rawhide. "You will guide us there."

I whimpered. I exploded. The blast shot ten feet into the air and fell on us like warm rain. The relief was glorious. I thrashed and twisted, throwing Salanu off me. I felt suction as my balls emptied themselves. I worshipped all men everywhere with my orgasm.

When it died away, Aradd stood over me. He was on all sides of me, a leg at each corner; I looked up at his belly. His cock was mostly withdrawn into his sheath, but the head still was visible.

I heard his voice. "You will guide us there."

I smelled him, and began to dream ... and in slow motion I saw his asshole gape open, and the golden stream began to flow.

The End.