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Swirling clouds surrounded the inaccessible summit crags of Mount Olympus and from his impressive, though not very relaxing throne the Old God peered short-sightedly downwards and tried to make out what his subjects were doing in the world below. Why do the clouds always have to form round here, he wondered tetchily. They were damp and made him wheeze so that he had to wear Thermogene underwear and get his chest rubbed. He thought about hurling a thunderbolt to disperse them but it was too much trouble. He shifted uncomfortably. The marble seat was aggravating his piles and Ganymede had forgotten - again - to put out the cushions which provided some relief for his aching bottom. Zeus sighed. It was all very well being immortal but it didn't stop you getting old!

"Ganymede. Ganymede," he called but his voice sounded hoarse and croaky and his cup-bearer, who was getting very deaf these days, didn't hear.

His wife, though, great Hera waddled in as she always did when he called for Ganymede. How she could still be jealous after all these aeons, Zeus didn't know. The only things stiff about his aged body these days were his limbs.

"Hail, great Zeus," said Hera, her raddled face painted with some red pigment which made her look feverish rather than attractive. "What can Ganymede provide that your faithful wife cannot?"

"I only wanted some cushions and perhaps a glass of mulled nectar." Zeus realised that there was a whine in his voice.

"Oh - servant's duties," said Hera shortly. "And there was I in the middle of writing a letter to mother. I'll see if I can find him and pass on your order." She disappeared and Zeus sighed. Again he stared down and this time a gap appeared in the clouds and he saw down onto the sun-drenched slopes, where pale blue-grey rocks were clothed with cypress and olive trees, the sun squeezing amber resin tear drops from the bark, and white marble temples stood in honour of the Gods. His eye was caught by a sudden movement. There were two figures there. Now what on earth were they doing?

The two boys, Clovis and Spiro, sat side by side in the shade cast by an olive tree out of the burning heat of the midday sun, the bleached rocks reflecting the light and heat. Their tunics were up above their waists and their hands were clasped round each other's erect pricks which they were energetically pumping. "I'll bet you three obols that I can make you come first," said Spiro and immediately increased the rate of his stroke.

"Done," said Clovis and started thinking of all the unpleasant things he could, lessons in school, his elder brother, cleaning out the stables - but it was no good, he could not stop the relentless build-up in his loins. "Oh, oh, oh," he cried, arching himself upwards and spraying jets of his vital fluids onto his stomach and chest, even over Spiro. It was as if the determination not to come had only increased his potency.

Spiro laughed and allowed himself to finish.

Old Zeus muttered to himself. The sight of the two young boys busily frothing each other had sparked off a memory of his own youth. Could it be that something was stirring between his own legs? Ganymede came in bearing a pile of cushions to make his lord more comfortable. Zeus looked at him and wondered at the change from the beauteous youth he had taken as his cup-bearer - and bed-sharer - so long ago. Now his firm golden flesh had grown soft and flabby. His eyes lost their lustre, his walk its grace but there were still some vestiges of the youth that had been the glorious son of King Tros. "So long ago," whispered great Zeus. "Long, long ago!"

"Long, long ago," said the blind Master standing in front of his class of boys, "when the Gods were powerful and interfered in the ways of man, there was a great hero - everyone knows his name for he was Heracles."

Spiro sighed for, as the Master had said, everyone knew the story of Heracles and his Twelve Labours and it would be tedious to have to listen to that old tale yet again.

"Now who can tell me who was Heracles' father?"

"Great Zeus, Most Powerful of the Gods," chorused the class.

"And who was his mother?" That was more difficult but Spiro knew.

"Queen Alcmene, daughter of Electryon and grand-daughter of Perseus," he said and received an approving look from the Master and a sly dig in the testicles from Clovis for being teacher's pet.

"But because Zeus had strayed from his marriage vows, his wife Hera was jealous and hated Heracles, even though he was named after her. Now by a trick Hera was persuaded to suckle the young hero and thus he became immortal though not before allowing a spurt of the divine milk to escape from his mouth and become the stars of the Milky Way in the sky. For this Hera hated him even more and made him mad so that in his fit he killed his sons." Spiro yawned and, to amuse himself, tickled Clovis where he knew he was most sensitive so that Clovis could not help but make a sound.

"Who is that?" asked the Master and Clovis was forced to answer. "It was I, Clovis, Master. I, er, stubbed my foot."

"So, Clovis of the stubbed foot, what happened in the story then?"

"Master, when Heracles regained his sanity he was very upset and he went to the Oracle at Delphi who told him he must bind himself to King Eurystheus and carry out all the tasks that the king would set him."

"Well done, Clovis, and perhaps you would ask Spiro who is sitting next to you not to cause you to cry out again."

Spiro marvelled that the blind man should be so aware of what was going on and had the grace to look embarrassed.

"So, how many tasks did King Eurystheus set Heracles?"

The class chorused obediently, "Twelve, Master." and Spiro said under his breath, "Everyone knows that."

"No, there you are wrong - even you, Spiro. He was set twelve tasks which he accomplished and one extra at which he failed and it is the thirteenth Labour of Heracles that I will tell you now."

The class sat attentively for a new story was always worth listening to. "After the twelfth labour which, as you know, was the capture of the three-headed dog of the Underworld, Cerberus, King Eurystheus became overbold. If Heracles had got the better of the God Hades, why should he not now try with Zeus himself. So he called Heracles to him and said, 'This is your final task. Go and get for me Ganymede, Cup-Bearer of the Gods and the most beautiful youth that ever lived, for I want to try the pleasures of such a divine creature myself.'"

"Now Heracles doubted the wisdom of upsetting the greatest of the Gods but he was bound to undertake any task that Eurystheus should set him so obediently he set out for the slopes of Mount Olympus at the top of which, as everyone knows, live the Gods. Now Hera had heard all this for she kept a constant watch on the activities of her husband's bastard, and she thought this would indeed be a good opportunity, first to get her own back on her errant husband, and secondly, when he discovered what was going on, for him to punish Heracles. So she hid Heracles in a cloud of mist so that Zeus would not see him climbing the mountain, and helped him to scale the almost vertical pinnacles until he reached the portals of Olympus itself."

"Then she persuaded Ganymede to go outside so that Heracles could take him. Now when Heracles saw Ganymede he was himself smitten with great wonder for Ganymede was beautiful beyond compare. His locks were flaxen yellow and his skin was as soft as silk and glowed with a golden light. His eyes were deep blue sapphires and his mouth was the Gate of Heaven. He was tall and straight and his body was as the statues of athletes but living and suffused with health. And, as was the custom, he was naked and his manhood was as beautifully formed as the rest of him. And Heracles thought, I shall not let that randy old King have this creature for I want him myself."

"So he stepped from the cloud of mist and Ganymede saw the hero, Heracles for the first time. Now Heracles was strong and handsome and dark as Ganymede was fair. And he was dressed in the lion skin of the Nemean lion but his passionate excitement was obvious for the pelt of the lion was sticking out in the front."

"And Heracles drew Ganymede back into the cloud of mist, and he went not unwillingly and they were hidden from sight from both Gods and mortals - but I will tell you what happened."

"First Heracles lay the willing Ganymede on his back amongst the sweet-smelling herbs that grew in that place and lay on top of him so that their bodies were joined at the breast and the hips and the loins. Then he kissed him and their tongues were joined and they tasted the sweetness of each other. Now their senses were inflamed and their pricks jostled in amorous conflict and Ganymede wrapped his legs around Heracles' waist so that the rosebud of his anus was exposed and immediately probed by his questing finger."

"And Ganymede cried out, 'More, more,' so that Heracles put another finger in and then a third and still Ganymede was not satisfied so he positioned his cock which was the thickness of four or more fingers against the opening and he thrust so that the vacant place was occupied and both experienced great rapture. Then he moved in and out and each time he thrust Ganymede was filled with delight as well as more material substance."

Both Spiro and Clovis were enthralled by the story which was giving them several ideas about future activities which they could try out together.

"At last," continued the Master, "Heracles reached his climax and pumped his seed into Ganymede's entrails and the quantity of his seed was without measure and the length of his orgasm was without time. And once Ganymede felt the spurt inside him, his own climax ensued and both were satiated and lay quietly together for a while."

"Now Hera, wishing to make trouble, told Zeus that King Eurystheus was making the double-backed beast with Ganymede - for that was the original intention - and Zeus in the quickness of a flash of lightning went down to earth and waited disguised as a kestrel which hovered over the Palace."

"At last Heracles returned but he had not brought Ganymede and was alone. He went to King Eurystheus who demanded, 'Where is Ganymede?' and Heracles answered, 'I could not dishonour

my father, Zeus, by bringing his Cup-Bearer to be your catamite.' And King Eurystheus waxed exceedingly angry when a kestrel suddenly stooped down from the skies above and struck him on the forehead with his beak so that he fell down dead. Then Zeus himself appeared and said to Heracles, 'Heracles, you are truly my son. Your sins are pardoned.'

"Thus because Heracles did not carry out the last labour and in fact deceived and cuckolded his father, it has been conveniently forgotten by the story-tellers."

After the lesson was over and the boys released, Clovis and Spiro returned to their sheltered place amongst the olive trees where no one observed them - except a distant eye from a mountain top.

"Let us enact the Tale of Ganymede and Heracles," said Spiro, "and, because I won the last bet, I shall be Heracles."

"Only if you cancel my debt of three obols," said Clovis.

"Agreed," said Spiro. "Now I shall wear this piece of hide as my lion skin but you must be naked."

So Clovis took off his chiton and Spiro did not need much attention before his member was sticking out in front of him and making the hide stand out in a very stimulating way. And Clovis moved towards him and truly in his youth and freshness he looked as lovely as the fabled Ganymede.

Then Spiro said, "I am the hero, Heracles, and I am to take you, Cup-bearer of the great God, for my master, King Eurystheus, but hold, I find you too attractive so first I will ravish you myself." And the two boys giggled at the game they were playing.

Then they grasped hold of each other and pretended to wrestle for a while but all the time making sure they were rubbing their bodies together so that their pricks rose and were engorged with blood. Then Spiro lay on top of Clovis and kissed him but they were laughing so much that they spluttered into each other's mouths and that made them laugh even more.

"Now you must wrap your legs around my waist, Ganymede," said Spiro "so that the rosebud of your arse is exposed." But the idea of Clovis' little shithole being likened to a rose was so ludicrous that they both collapsed in helpless merriment and they rolled around together until they again felt the sexual urge of their bodies.

Meanwhile on his now more comfortable throne, the aged God was again viewing that activities of his young subjects. At first he could not understand why they were calling each other 'Ganymede' and 'Heracles' but gradually understanding dawned and he realised they were enacting something that had happened many ages before between his son and his lover. Anger stirred.

Now Spiro was trying to put his prick into Clovis' hole but was having trouble. "It hurts, Spiro," complained Clovis.

"Call me, Heracles," grunted Spiro who was trying to force a very tense sphincter muscle and not being very successful.

"We need something to help it in, Heracles."

"I bet Zeus didn't have this trouble," said Spiro. "What can we use?"

"Try some olive oil," suggested Clovis. "That's slippery."

Spiro picked some ripe olives from the tree, crushed them in his hand and rubbed them on his prick. It felt good. Then he gently pushed an oily finger up Clovis' rectum. "That's better," said Clovis. "In fact that feels good. Try a second finger. Oh yes!"

"Right, Ganymede," said Spiro. "Here comes your hero, Heracles," and he inserted his oiled cock into the now ready opening. It slid in with only a faint cry of protest from Clovis. The clamped feel of the tight muscle around his cock and the warm and moist nest in which he found himself was in itself a delight and he rested for a short while and allowed Clovis to get accustomed to the alien thing inside his body.

Then gently Spiro began to move in and out.

There was a flash of lightning closely followed by an ear-splitting crack of thunder and the olive tree under which they were performing was riven from branch to root. The smell of burnt wood and the residual stench of ozone hung in the air.

Terrified, Spiro's cock shrivelled and dropped out of Clovis.

A gaunt old man stood in front of them. He was clothed in an old-fashioned hymation (or toga) and carried a piece of metal shaped like a lightning flash in his hand. In spite of being very old, he had an unmistakable air of majesty and authority about him. He also looked very angry. "What are you children doing?" he demanded.

There was an obviously truthful answer but neither Clovis nor Spiro felt like making it. "It was just a story," said Spiro. "We were playing a game."

"Have you no respect for the Gods?" was the next unanswerable question. "I think you need to be taught a lesson." He raised his staff and pointed it at the two boys. Instantly in the place of Spiro stood a doleful-looking donkey while instead of Clovis writhed a large python.

Zeus looked at the two for a moment, raised his staff and vanished.

The aged Heracles, his muscles turned to flab and leaning on a stick, and Ganymede stood in front of Zeus. The unaccustomed exercise of going down to earth had not benefited the great God and he was out of breath so that when he demanded of the two what had been going on between them in the days of their youth, the question came out in short bursts and did not carry as much of the authority he would have liked.

Heracles looked bewildered. He had been recalled from his place as a constellation in the night sky and the rapid translation had confused him.

"Lord," he said, "there is nothing between us."

"What about you, Ganymede," demanded Zeus.

"Oh, Lord, I do not remember. It was all too long ago. Let me give your feet a rub. You know that always calms you."

"I must know the truth," said Zeus petulantly, though the foot rub sounded very attractive. He had grazed the soles of his feet on the rocky outcrops of the mountain.

"What does it matter now anyway?" asked Ganymede. "Send Heracles back and I'll get the oil ready."

Zeus sighed. He was right. It was all too long ago and did not matter now. Just as long as those boys did not continue spreading the tale - and turning them into animals had certainly stopped that. He gave a sign and both Heracles and Ganymede left.

While Zeus waited for Ganymede's ministrations, he had one last look down through the clouds. Under the riven olive tree, the donkey, with its huge donkey cock was being fellated by the python who, as was possible with all snakes of that sort, was able to dislocate its own jaws to accommodate large prey. The two animals were obviously enjoying the activity and the braying of the donkey echoed even as high as Mount Olympus.

"Hee- haw, HEE-HAW," said Spiro.

"Sssssssuck," hissed Clovis.

Zeus laughed. "You two are incorrigible," he said and waved his staff.

Spiro was lying on his back amongst the short grasses and tussocks of flowering thrift while Clovis, on all fours, crouched over him, his mouth firmly fastened on the other boy's cock. For a moment he disengaged his mouth to say, "Spiro, I think your prick is bigger than ever."

Spiro said, "Your mouth certainly is, Clovis. Don't stop!" and Clovis resumed his activity.