

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



In my country, marriages are often arranged at birth. My marriage arrangements were made in just such a way. There is no choice of falling in love, it is simply a binding legal arrangement in which the exchange of Dinar, possessions, land, or a combination of items seals the deal.

I am thirteen now. My wedding was scheduled to occur later this year. I have never met my future spouse, so I feel no attraction to him, and what is worse, I have developed feelings for a poor boy. He has always been kind to me, but more importantly, he was always kind to my mother, who although she is a wife in a family of high social status, she's not the prettiest in my father's harem of wives. It disturbs me that father debases and abuses her, but what is deplorable to me is that my mother has never experienced being loved and desired by a man. The only world she has ever known is that of being used by a man as a sex toy, or as a beast of burden used to bear children...preferably sons.

I am usually shy, and the veil that covers my face has always hidden me from the prying eyes of men. Although not in the highest position I'm still of royal birth. I do not usually gaze upon men, for to do that in the presence of my father would have subjected me to much abuse.

Once, years ago at a young age, on a visit to the Souq, I had tripped and fallen on the ground, and before anyone else could respond, this boy quickly darted out of the shadows and helped me to my feet. If one of my father's guards had been able to reach him he would have been severely beaten, but he quickly whisked me upright, looked into my eyes, and then disappeared back into the shadows. It was at that moment that my heart fluttered. That brief moment in time sealed my future and my fate.

This boy was different. His hair, a dark black, was the perfect background for his piercing, steely blue eyes. I couldn't deny the attraction.

At my mother's insistence, and perhaps having seen the look of desire in her daughter's eyes, my mother convinced my father to employ the boy for a short while working in the stables and tending his herds of camels, sheep, and prized Arabian horses.

I took every opportunity to go to the stables under the pretense of riding a horse in a show for my father. I'm actually a quite good rider.

Perhaps it was one of the other shepherds who saw the look in our eyes, but much to my disappointment, the boy was soon let go.

And then came that fateful evening, less than a week ago, in which my whole world was changed...

I had crept unseen out of my father's compound late one evening to see the city lights, and hopefully to get a glimpse of the young man that made my young teenage body shiver with anticipation. Every night I spent longing for his touch ended with me experiencing joy from gently squeezing my nipples and rubbing that magical button below my waist, but never quite reaching that crescendo of an orgasm.

I had not found my heart's desire as usual, and it was getting late as I made my way through the shadows of the back alleys back toward my home. As I rounded a corner quickly, there was the silhouette of a large man standing to face me in the alley. I stopped quickly in my tracks, and before I could speak, men jumped from the shadows and forced a large sack over my head, and then something hit the back of my head hard, and I lost consciousness.

When I awoke, I was in a covered wagon. My hands were tied behind my back, a rope was tied

around my neck, my ankles were tied together, and a gag was stuffed in my mouth. The smell of burning hashish-filled the wagon and the entrance to the wagon was closed, not allowing the smoke to escape. My head still hurt from being hit, and my vision was not tracking correctly, most likely from the heavy hashish in the wagon. My clothing had been replaced with the rags of a slave. I knew now that I had been kidnapped, most likely to be held for ransom.

I struggled to sit up, stuck my head through the seam in the wagon cover, and saw that we were traveling across a seemingly endless desert, with nothing in sight but sand. It was then that I realized I was not alone in the wagon, as a man yanked on the rope tied to my neck, slamming me back against a crate in the wagon, and knocking me out cold again.

When I awakened the second time, the smell of the hashish was not as heavy. I was now in a tent, and still bound, but the rope around my neck was gone, and the gag had been removed from my mouth. I waited until my mind was cleared of the drug's cloudiness and then rolled to my knees. Peering out the tent door, I saw three men sitting in front of a campfire in the cool desert night. They passed a bottle of drink between themselves and puffed on the long cords of a hookah filled with hash.

Searching in the darkness inside the tent, I found a knife in one of the men's clothing, but before I could cut my bonds. Two other men guarding the back of my tent heard me rustling inside, rushed to the doorway and one large man yanked me out by my tied feet. The knife flying out of my grasp and onto the floor into the corner of the tent.

The men laughed as I hit the ground with a thud. The three men who were sitting by the fire rose and walked to me. A short, fat man- the leader of the group walked up to me, pulled a blade from his belt, and swiftly cut the bonds tying my hands together. I rubbed my wrists and begged him, "Please Sir...my father will pay you handsomely..."

But before I could finish the sentence, the two guards who had been at the back of the tent pulled my arms stretched out to my sides. The guards were very large, muscular, and rough-looking men with faces worn by the desert winds and sand.

"We have already been paid for our services," he muttered as he knelt down and cut the ties binding my ankles together.

I looked at the wagon train. It was a few simple wagons with a few camels and horses tied on.

"He will pay to have me returned home," I stammered.

"Perhaps," he said, "Perhaps not."

He stood and raised the sharp blade, slowly circling it around each of my pert, young breasts. His two partners pulled their garments aside and started rubbing their pricks.

I shuddered in fear.

He reached into the opening at the top of the slave's garb between my breasts, pulled it away from my body, and in one fell swoop cut the garb from top to bottom.

The cool night air hit my nipples, and they instantly stood erect.

He walked behind me, and as the men to my sides released my arms, he yanked the garment off my body. I now stood completely naked in front of five criminals.

I crouched, attempting to cover myself, but it was to no avail. The two big guards yanked me off my feet, holding my arms so tightly I couldn't even hope to move them.

The short, fat man lay down on a blanket; his head against a pillow and one of the guards held my hair from the back and forced me to watch in horror as the fat man stroked his cock to an erection. I had never seen a man's penis before, but I know what he has in mind, or so I thought.

The two other men walked up on each side of him but remained standing, stroking their shafts. One man's cock was longer and thinner, while the other man's was shorter but much larger in girth.

"If you attempt to bite, hit, or kick, we will slit your throat from ear to ear and leave your dead carcass for the jackals to eat," the fat man said as the men at his side laughed, "Is that understood?"

I slowly nodded my head.

"Good," he replied, as he spat in his hand and rubbed the spittle over the head of his cock.

The guards lifted me from my feet, turned my back to the man, and forced me to my weak knees.

The fat man deftly positioned my ass above his shaft, and to my surprise, he pulled me backward and shoved his cock up my ass. I screamed in pain, and the men erupted in a roar of laughter. He grasped my breasts and pulled me back against his body, shoving his hard member in and out of my tiny asshole.

My eyes were closed from the intense pain, and I didn't even see the second man- the one with the long, skinny dick, as he knelt, positioned his cockhead at the entrance to my pussy, and shoved it in. The pain in my ass was momentarily replaced by the ripping of my hymen as the man drove the eight-inch invader deep into my virgin pussy. I yelped in pain, and again the men laughed.

The two men pounded their cocks into me from both sides of my body, and I struggled to relax, hoping it would ease the pain.

I sought a way to remove myself from the situation mentally. Looking to the side, I saw an older stallion watching the raunchy scene unfold. There was a forlorn look of sadness in his eyes.

Tears were rolling from my own eyes as the third man approached, his fat cock gripped tightly in his rough hand.

Wrapping my hair tightly in his hand he ordered, "Open your mouth and whore!"

I glared at him defiantly.

"You bite, you die!" he said.

There was no mercy in his voice, only the threat of death.

"Suck my fat cock," he said in a gruff voice.

Reluctantly I complied.

He knelt, straddling my body, and thrust his fat cock onto my tongue and into my mouth, completely filling it, as the other men continued to take their pleasures from my body.

For the first few minutes, I would gag every so often, which only seemed to increase his pace,

slamming his pubic hairs against my nose, and his cock to the back of my throat.

I glanced back at the horse again, who appeared to be watching me.

Somewhere in it all, the pain subsided.

It must have been some time since the men had taken a woman because none of them lasted very long. It was all over in less than five minutes. I didn't come. I still had no clue what an orgasm was. The fat man shot his load in my ass, within seconds the man with the long dick came into my cunt, and the man fucking my face deposited a big load of cum down my throat. It surprised me that although the taste was a bit salty, it wasn't really very bad.

It was odd. They had all seemed to be trying to hurt me, and yet I didn't feel hurt at all now. As each of the men pulled their dicks out of my body, it felt as if I had conquered them, reducing their angry pricks to deflating little balloons of nothingness.

I felt a sense of victory.

The two large guards pulled me to my feet, their erect cocks swaying heavily before them; both cocks were huge- at least ten to twelve inches long, and thick.

I smiled inwardly as they forced me to my knees.

I would defeat these two ruffians as easily as I had dispatched the other three.

One took my pussy from behind; the other shoved his cock into my mouth. I sucked and worked his cock quickly, listening to his moans, and speeding my pace when I knew I had hit a good spot.

I thrust my hips against the man behind me, making him moan loudly.

"Take it all, bitch!" he yelled, shoving his twelve-inch monster to the hilt.

Again, there was some pain, but it was somehow now mixed with pleasure. I was amazed that I could take all of his cock into my petite body, and there was something unique about the length and girth of his cock that made my pussy start dripping. There seemed to be a great feeling there, and yet even with his twelve inches, it seemed to be just out of reach.

Everything began feeling better and better, but unfortunately, it also ended abruptly. Both men pulled out before I came, and forcing me to kneel, they jerked their cocks until they sprayed my face and breasts with cum.

The three men who had finished earlier were now sitting around the fire, drinking, and smoking.

The fat man laughed at my appearance and ordered one of the large men, "Go...bring my camel."

The guard did as ordered.

The little fat man rubbed on the camel's sheath until the tip of his cock appeared and said, "Jerk his cock, slave!"

"I don't know how..." I mumbled.

To my surprise, the fat man wrapped his hand around the animal's shaft and began stroking it back and forth.

It was really odd. The idea was somewhat repulsive, but I was turned on. The camel sat back on his haunches, and I knelt down and began stroking his cock.

When it was out far enough, the guards began chanting in unison, "Suck it, suck it, suck it..."

I leaned forward and took his shaft into my mouth. I had seen camel penises before, but this one seemed unusually small for a creature of his size.

"Move your hair to the side so we can see you suck him off," said one of the men.

I complied, crouched beneath the animal, and then took his shaft into my mouth. The fleshy taste was actually pretty much like the men's, and like them, he didn't last too long, but when he came, Oh my, there was a huge difference! He shot several long strings of fluid straight down my throat, causing me to gag and pull my head backward, and then string after string of hot, gooey cum shot over my head, in my hair, and onto my breasts.

I sat back, unable to see, cum strung across my face in ropes that fell into my eyes and burned.

I sat frustrated and dejected. I had been used by several men, but still had not had my own orgasm.

The two guards laughed at my plight, tied my wrists together, bound my ankles, and tossed me face down inside the tent.

As I lay in a puddle of cum, strings running down my face and hair, I devised a plan to escape.

Waiting until all of the men had passed out except the one guard standing watch; I found the knife and cut my bonds.

The guard on watch sat at the entrance to my tent and didn't hear a sound, or mutter a word as I covered his mouth with one hand, and slit his throat deeply from ear to ear. He simply fell over dead.

There was no time to think of rummaging for food or to grab clothing. I silently crept from the tent and untied the reins of the horse who had been watching me earlier. He appeared to be strong and healthy, and my only way to escape slavery or death.

I walked him quietly until I felt we were at a safe distance and then mounted him and spurred him on quickly. There were no city lights in the sky, so I picked a direction by the location of the moon in the sky and rode.

I couldn't help but notice with every gallop how the prickly horsehairs teased my enflamed clit. With every bounce, my clit tingled, and the desire within my body to explode just continued growing.

Into the night, across the sands, we raced. The winds picked up, and I smiled, knowing that the trail would be impossible to follow in the shifting sands.

I had escaped.

By the next evening, with no city in sight, I was weak, and with a dehydrated, tired horse, I didn't feel so lucky.

To make matters worse, it seemed that the only place on my naked body that wasn't sunburned was where there had been a plastering of cum stuck on me from the night before.

Had we escaped a life of slavery only to die in the desert of thirst?

No.

When I sighted the palm trees in the waning light of the evening, the horse could barely walk. I was terribly weak myself, and feared the vision might only be a mirage; nonetheless, I aimed my tired steed towards them and collapsed onto his back, holding onto his neck for dear life.

When we arrived at the Oasis, my lifesaver walked to the edge of the water, and I fell from my steed into its coolness.

Both of us drank deeply until we had satiated our thirst.

The horse waded out into water up to his neck as I lay close to the edge of the pool, nodding in and out of consciousness as the water-cooled my burning skin.

After what seemed like hours, I felt somewhat refreshed and strode up next to one of the trees.

The horse had already exited the water and was busily munching on anything edible he could find.

Without a tent, the desert air now seemed bitterly cold on my wet, sunburned body.

Fearing I might catch the death, I tried to find a place that was blocked by the wind, but it was no use. The wind swirled around in circles from seemingly every direction at once.

As a beautiful full moon began rising in the sky, the horse, now dry and having satiated his hunger and thirst, walked over to me.

Suddenly it occurred to me that although horses often sleep while standing, they could also lay down to rest.

I could curl up next to his warm body if he let me!

I decided to name him 'Master' because he was the master of my destiny at that point.

After a few moments of prodding and encouragement, he knelt and then lies down on his side, head in the air.

His muscular rear haunches formed an almost perfect pillow for me. It was early evening, but I was beyond exhausted, and I fell asleep almost as quickly as I curled up against his warmth. This remarkable, silent beast had now saved my life twice in as many days.

I slept comfortably at first but woke near midnight after hearing the desert winds howling, and fearing it might be some wild animal set out to devour me.

I walked around in the moonlight until I found a piece of wood, most likely left there by a past traveling caravan.

I placed the weapon at my side, and now cold again, lay down next to my friend.

Perhaps it was the way I touched him as I lay back or my motions as I closed my eyes and snuggled up close to his crotch, but I didn't foresee what happened next.

His mottled shaft peeked out of its furry sheath, and the rubbery tip gently touched my arm.

Startled, I sat up quickly, rubbed my eyes, and focused on what was happening.

I laughed to myself. It was nothing dangerous, but then again it was something unusual. Most amazing of all, except for the tip being flatter and more flared, it still resembled a man's penis, except it was much thicker. Much thicker than even that one guard's twelve-inch penis.

I lay back again and closed my eyes, but as I tried to return to sleep, the howling winds kept me unnerved.

My thoughts ran back to the site of Master's penis, and familiar warmth flooded my pussy; I was getting wet.

The heat from my clit seemed even hotter than the sunburn that tortured me.

I tried to change thoughts in my mind, but I could find nothing good to think of.

I couldn't think back any farther than my brutal raping the day before.

The only seemingly good thing that I could think of was Master.

Master... and his amazingly thick cock.

"How long would it be if he was fully erect?" I wondered. Surely, it would be even larger than twelve inches, if thickness meant anything in relation to length.

My crotch was sopping wet and tingling.

It was that same longing I felt when I saw the boy I loved.

It was strange. I was seeing past the horrors of yesterday now, to the boy of my dreams...but all I could see was his handsome face and those eyes.

Master, how long had it been since I saw Master's amazing cock?

One minute? Two? Five?

I sat up and looked into Master's eyes. Somehow, in some odd way, I saw the eyes of the boy I loved and longed for. Would he still love me, now that I had been tainted by rape, sodomized, and forced into pleasuring a camel?

I laughed inwardly.

Maybe I was delirious from the sunburn.

I turned and lay down again, this time on my side, and found myself facing his wonderfully beautiful shaft in the moonlight. It has retreated but still extends from the sheath a few inches.

At that point, curiosity and more than just a little a bit of horniness got the best of me. I reasoned that I would just take a look and see if it would get larger if I stroked him like the camel.

Reasoning's can be very inaccurate.

My answer came very quickly as I turned toward him and gently, slowly caressed the underside of his cock. Within moments, several inches of horse cock emerged from his sheath, and it was still

growing longer.

I wanted to see it grow larger.

I wrapped one hand around its fullness and began stroking it back and forth.

When it reached around twelve inches long, I held it above my face, staring at it.

“How much longer can it possibly get?” I wondered.

My crotch was now begging for attention, juices leaking from between my parted pussy lips.

It was crying out for a cock, any cock...and this one was incredible!

I pulled the horse's shaft down onto my waiting lips and began licking along the bottom near one of the huge veins that were beginning to strut proudly.

Master chortled, momentarily pawing at the air with one hoof.

I had found something he liked!

Another several inches of meat quickly pushed out of the sheath, and the shaft was now so swollen that my hand would not fit around it all the way.

I fervently began licking his shaft, sucking up and down the bottom side of it where he seemed to enjoy it most, and began stroking him vigorously with both hands.

I gripped the massive shaft tighter as it hardened. It was so big and strong!

By the time, I had gotten him fully erect; his cock was an enormous size! It was probably close to thirty inches long, hard as a tree trunk, and as thick as my tiny wrist!

I moved up to my knees and struggled to get my mouth over the head of his shaft.

Try as I might, I simply couldn't make it fit comfortably.

I continued to please the stallion by sucking along the bottom side of his shaft, alternately licking his pole up and down like a huge candy cane.

There was a bulge along the bottom of his shaft, which must have contained many pleasure nerves because I noticed that when I sucked along that bulge his shaft pulsed.

Master made no attempt to move from his position and snorted his approval at the wonderful sensations my loving was giving him.

Feeling the powerful pulsing of his heartbeat coursing through the veins on his shaft only made me more excited.

It empowered me.

Silently I wondered how long it had been since he had mated.

Surely, those ruffians would care nothing for his needs or desires.

My clit throbbed with desire.

I spoke softly to Master.

“How would you like me to please you, Master?”

“I can continue to use my mouth, but wouldn’t you like something better?”

He shook his large head up and down several times.

I was stunned.

Somehow, it seemed he understood and had given his approval.

I could deny the cravings of my hungry pussy no more.

I had to try putting this monster inside me.

There was no sense in reasoning why, or what might happen.

I had to do it.

I had to have it.

Inside me.

Now.

I stood to my feet, knees trembling in anticipation.

I leaned the shaft onto my hot pussy lips, and rubbed the cockhead in circles, coating his head with an ample amount of my own lubricant.

When I leaned back, the huge mushroom shaped head seemed to cover my pussy from top to bottom and then some.

I leaned back more, and the tip seemed to flex a bit, but it wasn’t going in.

“Please, please let me have this Master!” I begged.

He cleared his nostrils as if to say, “It’s yours for the taking!”

I spread my legs wider and leaned back harder.

Still nothing.

I released my grip from his shaft, put both hands on my knees, and began rocking my weight back and forth, harder and harder.

I rotated my hips in circles, hoping to find some way to wedge the giant head between my swollen pussy lips.

My juices, which were now flowing like mad, continued to drench the head of his prick, dribbling down onto the monstrously thick shaft.

I shoved back again, this time putting all of my available body weight on his steely shaft, which bowed slightly under my weight, and then it happened! Suddenly the head slipped past my lips with

an audible slurp, and I moaned in ecstasy as a good eight or nine inches slowly sank into my body.

The deeper he went, the thicker the shaft was stuffed into my hungry pussy... and the better it felt.

Then it hit...a massive orgasm exploded in my pussy, and I moaned, bucked and writhed with the extreme pleasure of having my pussy completely stuffed with horsemeat.

I went wild! I didn't just want more, I wanted it all!

When the guy with the twelve-inch cock had fucked me the day before, he seemed to have hit something ultra-sensitive, and I wanted Master to find out if there was more.

Oh my God, yes, there was more!!!

I was now pounding my pussy down onto Master's shaft, trying to stuff every inch into me that would fit.

When I reached that point just past twelve inches, maybe thirteen at the most, he hit my deep spot. Explosions of pleasure ripped through my mind, and all I could see was stars.

Having hit the mark, I humped his giant cock as a long series of orgasms swept over my body.

I didn't want to let it go.

What a wonderful cock!

I didn't want it to ever end.

Already he had given me more pleasure than every man who had fucked me, combined.

I cried out in pleasure, bouncing on his massive cock for several minutes until suddenly I felt the surging welling up deep inside him.

The shaft that was filling my pussy, stretching it beyond that of any man, began swelling, stretching me even further.

It was the most delightful pain I've ever experienced!

When the spurts of cum arrived at the end of his long shaft, he chortled and whinnied.

The heat from his hot spurts of cum sent me spiraling into yet another orgasm; this one, the strongest yet.

For what seemed like hours, but was probably only a few minutes, my body was wrecked uncontrollably by a series of spasms, and I fell to my knees.

After a few minutes, his spent cock slowly snaked its way out of my pussy. It would retract a few inches at a time, sit for a moment, and then retract further until finally the mushroom shaped head pulled free from my body.

The sound was like that made when popping a bottle of champagne.

A flood of cum gushed out of my pussy and onto the desert sands.

Completely spent, I crawled to Master's side and fell asleep on his haunches.

The hot morning sun would rise in a few hours, and we were still completely lost...

The End.