

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

I cast a glance around the cluttered room, wondering where to start.

"I don't want anything for it," the landlady said. "I just want shut of it all, so if there's anything of use to you, you're welcome to it."

From what I could see, the items of value would barely cover the cost of disposing of the trash, but there was little work around, and she was paying me a few quid for a morning's work. In honesty, it would probably take the whole day, and maybe another day if I was to bother sorting out the crud from the promising stuff.

The bureaux would sell – they are usually popular, and I could sell the bookshelves easily enough as long as I pitched the price low enough. House clearances are something of an art these days. Gone are the days you could take a van full of bulky waste down to the tip and have it landfilled – now it all has to be sorted, weighed, processed, and moved to a recycling plant – at a cost.

The more I could find a use for, the less I would have to pay, so the bigger my profit margin. The iron bed will fetch a couple of quid at the scrap metal yard, and I knew a rag merchant who will be happy to take the bedding off my hands. I might get a few quid for the wardrobe and chest of drawers, and I could sell the picture frames at Sunday's car-boot.

The books and papers would be my bugbear. Nobody wants books these days, particularly dusty old ones. Maybe I could get the local charity shops to take them off my hands – but they didn't look like the sort they would want.

I picked one up and flicked through the pages, almost reeling from the awful musky smell that arose from the yellowed dusty pages.

"He was always wasting his money on rubbish like that," explained the landlady. "strange old books that nobody's ever heard of, weird statues, funny looking jewellery. I wouldn't give you tuppence for em, but he collected that rubbish like it was treasure or something."

I picked up a heavy onyx figurine from the cluttered dresser and shuddered.

"See what I mean" the landlady said, "Horrible thing isn't it? Something like that on my dresser would give me nightmares."

I had to agree – the thing was monstrous. I examined it closer to try to figure out what it was meant to be. The head looked like some sort of goat. Or a dragon perhaps? Something with a long snout and horns anyway. The body could have been a goat, or a dog. The hind legs ended in hooves, but the forelegs were more like arms, ending in ape-like paws (or hands) with hideous talons. The tail was long and slender and undulated like a cat or monkey tail, but there were webbed, bat-like wings growing from it's back.

The whole thing was a chimera, a mix of several creatures, but the detail was quite fine. It seemed to be sitting on it's haunches in the way that a dog sits when it is alert. I tried not to stare at it's groin, but the attention to detail that had been lavished on the statue did not stop at it's shaggy fur. Sprouting rudely from the exposed under-belly was a sheath and testicles of immense size, and standing erect from the sheath was a bizarrely shaped penis.

"Maybe that's why he killed himself" she reflected, "Driven mad by bad dreams. There's something unwholesome about those books he read."

I put the statue down and began to sift through the books. A lot of them had Latin names, and several seemed to be in some foreign script that I couldn't even read. Quite possibly Arabic maybe, or Hebrew?

I shrugged and began packing them into boxes and tea-crates to load into my van. There were a few other strange figurines too – one of a devil-like figure sitting on a globe that seemed part man, part woman, and part goat. I've seen that on record sleeves and T-shirts (I think it is called Baphmet or something), and another statuette was of some sort of dragon with an octopus for a head.

Some of the things looked like the sort of creatures you see in computer games, and I wondered if maybe he was an obsessive gamer. But his collection looked old – far too old to have been created in the computer age. Maybe collectors would be interested in some of those books. In fact, I was pretty sure that as hideous as his statues were, they would probably fetch a tidy sum on E-Bay. I suppose I could put up with them in my home for a month or two if they could make me money. I didn't get to where I am today by throwing stuff away – there's a market for anything if you look hard enough.

Satisfying myself that there was enough sale value in the good stuff to make it worthwhile, I called Alan on my mobile and told him where to come. Alan's one of several local unemployed teenagers I sometimes employ to do the donkey work. He's not a shirker, and for twenty quid and a couple of pints at the pub afterwards he'll help move the stuff into the van. I know that's twenty quid more to add onto my expenses, but to be frank there's no way I can get a wardrobe up a flight of steps without doing myself a mischief, and he'll cut the time in half at the very least.

I started sorting and packing whilst waiting for him, the plan being to get all the stuff I want in storage at the front, then the stuff for the shop, and crap at the back so I can take it straight round to the recycling centre. Looking closer at the books I began to change my opinion – they looked like the sort of stuff the Goth kids will just lap up. I could tear the pages with pictures out and put them in frames – probably get enough from that alone to cover the expenses for this job.

By the time Alan got to the flat I'd packed most of the books, got all the bedding and clothes in bin-liners to take to Frankie, and was packing the knick-knacks into a tea chest. It looked like I'd have to use a second one, but I have plenty, and almost all of the weird crap in the collection is likely to fetch a good price at the car-boot sales.

As it happened, I had miscalculated a little and by 2pm we had the van full of crates and furniture, with at least half a van full of crap still in the basement flat.

"Are we taking this lot to the tip now?" Alan asked as we closed the tail of the Luton.

"Nah! This is all going to the lock-up." I told him.

"That rubbish? You'll never sell that – it's ancient."

"That dresser is quality mate." I told him. "that's solid oak – not chipboard and MDF like your modern rubbish."

"Looks like the sort of thing my Granny had. No bugger round here will have it. Wont fit in with their new suites."

"Not round here perhaps." I agreed, "But folks 'll pay a bunch for stuff like that down south. Your granny has sense."

Maybe I had been a little too enthusiastic – We struggled to fit it in the lock-up, and I ended up having to take the two crates of knick-knacks and four boxes of books to my home before heading back to the basement flat to finish emptying it.

We took the trash round to the municipal recycling centre, paid more than I would have liked but

less than I calculated for to dump the shit, then took the bags of bedding and clothes to Frankie's, and finally weighed the bed and the cooker in for scrap at the scrap metal yard, and donated the fridge and electric fire to one of the charities that sold electricals. I was surprised there wasn't a TV to get rid of too, but I expect the landlady skimmed that off first for one of the other tenants. There was an old computer, but it looked at least ten years old, and very low end. Still, I took it anyway just in case there was anything interesting on the hard drive.

At last the job was done, so after parking the van I took Alan to the pub for a well earned pint or two.

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## **Part Two**

It may have been more than two pints. I was feeling pretty woozy by the time I got home, but it was still early in the evening, so I decided to take a closer look at the haul of knick-knacks and deciding what I might charge for them. I think the deceased tenant must have been some sort of cultist or warlock, because not only were nearly all the books on the subject of magic and the occult, but many of the items I had stashed in the crates seemed to indicate that he was a practitioner rather than just a curious collector. There were several ceremonial daggers, pentacles, thuribles, crystals (even a crystal or glass ball), and other such oddities – as well as those peculiar idols.

I had decided they were idols rather than decorations, because they seemed mismatched, and to my eyes at least had no aesthetic qualities. I re-examined the goat-dog-bat figurine that I had found on the dressing table. It was the biggest and heaviest of all the figurines in the collection, and was quite clearly a genuine artefact. I have been in the business long enough to tell the difference between a carving and a resin cast figurine as soon as I pick it up, and despite the well preserved detailing this just cried out ancient.

I'm not sure why I knew it was ancient, because usually the only way to tell if a stone carving is old or relatively new is how worn the detailing is, and as I said – this was not overly worn. It was more a feeling it gave off.

I laughed at my imagination – too tired or too drunk. I placed the heavy onyx figure onto a shelf and readied myself for bed.

I did not sleep well though. I had strange disturbing dreams, which now I can only vaguely recall, but they seemed to involve a smoke filled chamber with stone walls, dimly lit by flickering torches. I was lying on some sort of stone bed or table that felt rough and cold, and couldn't move. I felt something touch my feet, and looking down I saw a female figure with long black hair crouching at the end of the stone slab. She glared at me with hungry green eyes and began to climb up onto the surface of my stone bed, crawling slowly between my legs. She grinned at me and then wrapping her hand around the shaft of my penis, began to lick the exposed glans as she pulled back on my foreskin.

I tried to wriggle, but couldn't – I was totally paralysed, but could feel her rough tongue rasp against the crown of my now erect organ, making my balls twitch as my cock was teased to a state that was halfway between pain and pleasure. Her tongue seemed long and thin, at times wrapping around my cock at least twice, and flitted almost whip-like. My cock was throbbing and feeling raw from the harsh treatment of the woman's animalistic tongue, yet at the same time greatly aroused. My balls were aching, and felt as if they had swelled to the size of grapefruits, but every time I felt about to ejaculate, her thin fingers squeezed the base of my cock with a vice-like grip, stopping me from cumming.

After the third time of foiling my climax, she suddenly closed her lips over my throbbing shaft and swallowed my cock deep into her throat. At last she allowed me to ejaculate, and I pumped spurt after spurt until I was dry. Sucking the last drop from my abused organ, she raised her head to look me in the eyes, only now she was no longer the raven haired beauty, but a hideous old hag.

Suddenly a deep voice, loud and commanding snapped "WAKE UP!" and I awoke with a start, drenched in sweat, and shivering. My bedroom was dark and quiet. I had undoubtedly been awoken by the voice telling me to wake up, but was the voice real or just created in my mind? I couldn't hear a thing - not a breath or a movement. The room was in total silence, and as I looked towards the alarm clock on my bedside table, I realised that there was no light at all. No glowing red numbers on the clock, no dull amber glow through my curtains from the street light outside - nothing. There must have been a power cut. I rubbed my eyes and fumbled for the small flashlight that I kept by the side of my bed for just such a situation.

Something glowed amber at the end of my bed - something like the eyes of a beast caught in the headlights of a car at night. I shone the flashlight towards them and was rooted in fear to see some sort of animal was in my room staring at me!

At first, all I could make out were the glowing cat-like eyes, a shaggy black mane, and a long snout. As I stared in terror, transfixed by those terrible eyes, I began to make out more details. It had two curved horns sprouting from the top of its head, which resembled that of a horse or a large black goat, large ears that stuck out sideways (more like a goat or sheep than a horse or dog), and its jet black skin was covered in a shaggy reddish black furry mane.

After what may have been a couple of seconds, the beast leaped up onto the bed, briefly flapping a pair of dark leathery wings. The beast was big - almost as big as a man (maybe even bigger - it was hard to tell with it crouching on all fours), and looked very powerful. As it padded slowly towards me curled up into a ball at the head of the bed, it reached out with a black five fingered clawed hand, grabbed my left ankle, and roughly pulled me down towards itself. It looked down at my face with its glowing beast-like eyes that seemed to gleam nonetheless with a malevolent intelligence, and licked my face with a long purple tongue. I could feel and smell its foetid breath on my face and shuddered. The flashlight was still in my right hand, gripped tightly in a frozen fist, lighting up the creature's underbelly.

I felt something hot and wet on my belly, and involuntarily glanced down to see that sprouting from the shaggy expanse of fur in the beast's groin protruded a bright pink organ pulsing with a myriad of tiny red capillaries and dripping in a clear viscous fluid. That this was a penis was obvious, but it was totally unlike any human penis. Not being a vet or farmer, I could not say what animal (if any) that it belonged to, but it was narrow and pointed at the twitching ruby tip, bulging slightly at what I guessed to be the crown of the glans, narrowing, then bulging slightly in the middle of the shaft, and then narrowing again as the base disappeared into the furry sheath. It looked to be about a foot long, and at its widest bulge at least two inches thick.

The creature drew back a little, dragging its slimy hot member down my belly and over my own cock towards my thighs. Realising its intent, I was suddenly galvanised into action, and kicking out at the beast whilst hitting it with my torch, I wriggled out of its clutches and darted from my bed. As my hand reached for the door handle, I came down with a thump. One of the sheets had become entangled around my foot, and my escape was foiled.

Within seconds the beast had recovered and leaped onto my back, knocking the breath from my lungs as I collapsed under the weight. With almost supernatural speed and accuracy, the shaggy beast grabbed my throat with one hand, wrapped its free arm around my chest, and thrust its awful

groin at my exposed rear.

I felt a sharp pain as the hot moist tip of its cock ripped into my back passage, punching through my virgin sphincter like a knife. As I screamed in pain, the beast gripped me tighter and thrust its member deeper inside me, its powerful hips and thighs jack-hammering my rear like an unstoppable machine. I could feel my anus stretching as the creature rammed its cock inside me inch by inch, until the burning tip was straightening my gut and poking into my colon.

The hot shaft swelled and throbbed deep in my rectum as the awful nightmare demon bred me like a bitch. Just as I began to loosen up and learned how to take the invading organ without causing me more pain and internal damage, I felt something wet and warm pressing against my anus. Something flesh, but hard and too big to fit inside me. The creature growled like a dog, then with a grunt, jerked forward several times very rapidly and with such powerful strength that after a few seconds I screamed out in agony as with a searing pain, my poor ravaged anus was suddenly stretched so wide I thought it would rip.

I could feel something huge swelling and throbbing in my rectum, and knew that whatever was at the base of the monstrous cock that couldn't breach my anus was now locked inside me. The beast (whatever it was) was no phantom or spirit - it was flesh and blood and bone. It felt real, and was immensely powerful. I sobbed with misery, pain, and shame as the foul monster raped me, but after some time became resigned to my fate, hoping the creature might at least have enough mercy to kill me after it had finished using me.

I don't know how long it kept up with its mating - it seemed like an eternity, but eventually it gave a couple of sudden jerks that actually brought pleasure to my ravaged body, and I felt my belly suddenly fill with a hot fluid as it ejaculated its seed inside me. At that point, I even ejaculated myself, and it dawned on me that now I was actually getting pleasure from this terrible ordeal. The creature did not stop though. It continued to rut, spurting its cum into my belly over and over again until my stomach was visibly swollen and making slopping noises with each thrust. Eventually the beast stopped, and with a sharp pain, pulled it's massive organ out of my back passage to leave me exhausted. Just before I passed out, I heard a dreadful cackling sound, as though the creature was laughing.

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Part Three

I opened my eyes to dazzling light that made my head throb. Shaking off the cobwebs from my mind I sat upright in my bed to see the blessed morning sunlight streaming through the curtains. My nerves were raw, and my shivering body was drenched in sweat, but as I glanced around my bedroom I realised the whole terrifying ordeal had been nothing more than a nightmare, a bad dream brought about by too much alcohol and thinking too much on the outré collection of obscure books and perverse figurines that I had rashly brought home with me.

I glared nervously at the black statuette on the shelving unit that seemed to glare back at me with an almost sentient malevolence. Did I put it there? I could not rightly remember what I did when I got home last night. I must have been really drunk - why else would I have put that obscene abomination in my bedroom? I shuddered with revulsion as I recalled that dreadful nightmare of being brutally raped by a huge living version of that demonic incubus.

It truly did seem as though it was staring back at me with a wicked glint in it's eyes. I could stand it no more! I do not consider myself a superstitious man, but that unspeakable horror filled me with

dread and made me feel sick to my stomach. I don't know who created such an abomination or why, but it had an aura of utter evil. To hell with finding a buyer for it! I grabbed the onyx monstrosity with the intention of hurling it through my bedroom window into the street to be rid of the foul thing.

It was only then that I noticed that the eyes did in fact twinkle. I looked closer. Yes! It had two tiny gemstones set in as pupils for its eyes; possibly diamonds. They certainly looked like diamonds, though of course, very small diamonds and probably not particularly valuable. Maybe it was just my own greed that overwhelmed my fear, or maybe rationality won out as the daylight gradually wiped the nightmare from the fore of my mind. I calmed down quickly in any case, and once again curiosity outweighed outrage.

It was clear why this strange figurine was the pride of that insane hoarders' collection. The craftsmanship was truly exquisite. Of course, the creature was an impossible chimera that could never exist in the real world (thankfully), but such was the attention to detail in its carving that it seemed so realistic, as though it had been real, and somehow turned to polished stone by whatever magical forces had brought it into this world. Every sinew that could be seen to flex beneath the skin, every strand of matted fur in the mane, every wrinkle in those leathery wings, even the veins that ran through its rampant penis – all perfectly picked out in the smooth stone. As a work of Art, it was to be admired. I suddenly felt foolish for blaming the work of too much alcohol and a fertile imagination onto an inanimate object. I put it down carefully, swept aside all memory of the bad dream, and dressed myself for another day's work.

There was quite a lot of work for me to do. I had not properly sorted out the junk I collected from yesterday's clearance job, and I needed to decide what should go in my humble second hand goods shop, what I should put on E-Bay, and what I should pack in my van for Sunday's car-boot sale. The Sunday car-boot can be the high point of the week – for a trader who knows what he's doing. That means knowing what to offer the right customer.

There was enough occult paraphernalia in that haul to put together a themed stall, and knowing the car-boot patrons as I do, that would offer a good opportunity to sell a lot of it in one day, and at a very good price. In fact, there is a regular trader in that sort of thing who is likely to want to buy half the stock before we even open for business.

I began unpacking some of the books to decide which to take. No need to finish unpacking the knick-knacks, as I know that everything in the tea chest is likely to sell well on the stall. The books were another matter. There may be one or two of them so rare that I will need to put them up for auction, and though I am not really an expert on books I can tell the difference between a modern reprint, a first edition, and something unusual.

Several of these books came under the heading of "something unusual". In my line of business you get to meet experts in every field, and when I lay my hands on a book that is hand bound in leather, and hand written on yellow vellum as soft as cloth, I know I have something unusual. I've never come across that before. The pages of old books are usually brittle, as the inks used in mass printing have a detrimental effect on the poor quality paper. At least three of the books I had in my hands were undoubtedly old, and hand crafted. Maybe they were made by a monastery? I have no idea, I will have to get these looked at by an expert. If they were made by monks, they must have been pretty weird monks. I carefully opened one to try to read it, and found the borders of each page were embellished with the strangest illustrations that could only be described as obscene.

The text was in Latin – a language I never took at school, so only know a few basic phrases, but the pictures that decorated the borders quite clearly showed male and female figures in obscene

congress with bizarre and monstrous beasts. I shuddered as I was suddenly reminded of my nightmare, and shut the cover of the book quickly. I took the next book out of the box and tried to appraise its worth. Again, it was bound in some sort of rough leather (or at least I hoped it was leather) which seemed to have been fashioned to look rather like a face. A polished stone, possibly agate, was set in to resemble an eye, and there was worn lettering in gold leaf that proclaimed the book to be "The Necronomicon". Of course, I have heard of that book – who hasn't? – but I always believed it to be a fictional book that never really existed. Could it have been a real book? Or was this just a clever fake created as a joke?

I turned the pages to see just what was in this fabled tome, and again was shocked by the eldritch horrors that had crawled from the deepest pit of the authors' mind. As I expected, it was mostly images, with some text in an unfamiliar script – possibly Arabic. The drawings and the foreign script were in a brownish ink (blood maybe?), but here and there were what I presumed to be English translations in another hand – and a blueish black ink. I say English – none of the words made any kind of sense, and did not appear to be any European language that I know of. Perhaps they were phonetic translations of the older glyphs. I tried reading them out loud, but the words just sounded weird and alien.

The pictures were very much of the same theme as the other book. There were circles, pentacles, other geometric shapes and strange squiggles that I guessed to be some sort of rune or glyph to activate spells, and there were also depictions of peculiar demonic beasts. Most of these were even stranger than those in the other book, looking like some sort of cross between plants, animals, and some of the stranger sea creatures that might dwell in the deepest oceans.

Again, there were graphic representations of humans, apparently being impregnated by horrific monsters, and there was a series of crudely drawn pictures that seemed to show a progressive life-cycle of a starfish-like creature impregnating a woman, who then becomes heavily pregnant, and eventually gives birth to a vast multitude of smaller star-fish demons.

I decided that this was obviously the work of a very sick individual, but whether that individual was a twisted con-man out to take advantage of gullible collectors like my late benefactor, or whether it was the work of some ancient insane cultist of a bygone age, I could not say. Either way, as a curiosity it would fetch a good price from the right person. I decided these books were perhaps a little too exotic (and maybe too valuable) for the car-boot stall, so placed them in a drawer for safe keeping.

There were a few similar tomes, but most of the books I later unpacked were relatively modern books on Astrology, Demonology, Witchcraft etc, and were excellent fare for my stall, so along with the crate of crystal balls, ritual daggers, pentacles, and wall hangings etc, I packed them back into the van for Sunday.

There was, of course, more to unpack over at my lockup on the other side of town. Mostly it was bookshelves and other such furniture, which would be better placed in my shop, but there were another couple of boxes of books, as well as another chest full of oddments.

As I opened the shutter and unlocked the huge wooden doors, I realised I had really gone overboard yesterday. There was barely any room for me to get inside, and I quickly decided that rather than research everything on the internet before posting it onto E-Bay, it might be better to try to sell as much as I could quickly to make a bit of space. I started to load the crate into the back of the Luton, but without Alan to help, it was too heavy to lift. I began emptying it, putting small objects into a cardboard box, and loading the larger items (such as the peculiar ornamental lamp, and the resin-cast gargoyles) straight onto the van. I soon had more than enough items to fill my stall, and was

just about to shut the doors when I noticed the ornately carved box amongst the books I hadn't unpacked yet.

It was about the size of a shoebox and was locked, but guessing that it was very much like the standard lock found on wardrobes and bureaux, I was easily able to open it with the set of skeleton keys I usually carried for just such a situation. Inside was a pile of jewellery - mostly amulets, charms, rings, and circlets. One particular piece set in a velvet shelf on the lid of the box caught my eye. It was a large round concave pendant, made of bronze by the look of it, and had a number of peculiar glyphs carved into the edge of the circle. However, it was the relief image in the centre of the amulet that really struck me, for it bore a striking resemblance to the onyx figurine that had so affected me and haunted my dreams. I slipped the amulet with its silver chain onto my pocket, and closing the lid, loaded the box onto the van. Parking the Luton outside my house ready for tomorrow's car-boot sale, I settled down to rest for the day after cooking myself a quick meal.

After dinner, I took the amulet out of my pocket to examine it more closely. It was not an exact replica of the statuette in my bedroom, its proportions differed, and the shape of the wings were also very different, but it bore many of the same features - as if someone had fashioned the amulet having heard a description of the thing on the shelf. It had a long face, two curved horns, bat-like wings, cloven hind feet, and a large erect phallus.

The erect phallus seemed to be an important distinction - perhaps it was a fertility deity? Most fertility idols tend to be crudely minimalist or symbolic, not finely detailed. I slipped the chain around my neck and sifted through the collection of odd books to see if that specific beast was in one of them, and eventually found something that looked remarkably like it in the book claiming to be *Necronomicon*. There was an image, looking very much like the figurine, some symbols and glyphs identical to the ones on the pendant, and some other kabalistic designs that seemed familiar. I took the book with me into the bedroom and looked carefully at the base upon which the figure sat. The same designs were engraved onto the base, again with a precision that almost seemed as though they had been made by a machine tool. A complex series of concentric circles and angled lines. The circles intersected each other in ways that made my eyes blur and my head spin until I felt dizzy.

I turned the figurine over to see if there were any other details I had missed. It seems every time I look at it, I see something I hadn't noticed before. Again, I marvelled at the craftsmanship, finding it hard to believe it could have been carved from one solid block. I looked closely at the base of the wings to see if they had been carved separately and then fixed on, but they merged smoothly with the shoulder blades.

The shaft of the penis looked like maybe it was made separately from the rest of the body, but as I looked closer I realised that was simply because of the way the way it sank into the loose sheath. Almost unconsciously I ran my finger gently over the protruding organ, to recoil in shock. It felt warm! Not just warm, but almost hot. The statuette began to feel heavy in my hands, and I had to put it down again.

I picked up the book to read the side-notes that were in the margin. They were in Latin, and I could not understand the body of the text, just the odd word here and there. Then, below the dark red text that was in a strange alphabet unlike anything I had ever seen before - not even resembling Arabic; there beneath those glyphs in a black ink that looked sharp and newer than the rest, was a passage that looked like a poem or incantation. The words rhymed and scanned, but made no sense - they seemed utter gibberish. I read them out loud, and strangely the words poured easily from my mouth, as though I had spoken them many times before.

Suddenly, my head began spinning and my vision blurred as the room was filled with a blinding blue

light, and for a moment I passed out, stumbling to my knees, my invocation to Shub-Niggurath complete.

I opened my eyes and looked up to see the statuette looking down at me. Only it wasn't a small eighteen inch statue anymore - it was bigger! Almost as big as a mule, and not stone, but dark skin and black fur. Just inches from my face I could see the creatures' groin as it squatted on its haunches, two huge swollen purple orbs each the size of a small melon hung from a leathery black scrotum, whilst just above them a musky smelling sheath with matted fur swayed with the weight of a huge shiny pink organ that gave off a heat I could feel upon my face.

Unlike in the dream, I was not terrified - on the contrary, I was fascinated by the intense aura of lust that the twitching member gave off. Unable to resist and acting almost on instinct, I leaned forward and touched the strange looking penis with the tip of my tongue. It was hot, and tasted sweet yet spicy. Hungry for more, I pressed my lips to the conical tip of the throbbing organ and tasted the warm fluid that dripped from the tip. I heard the beast give a low growl as I took its member deeper into my mouth, lapping the juices with my tongue and greedily swallowing them.

The huge beast leaned over my back and grabbing my trousers, ripped them apart with his claws as if they were tissue paper. My thin cotton jockeys were even less of an obstacle, and within seconds my ass was exposed to the cool air, though not cool for long. Moments later I felt the hot foetid breath from the beasts' snout fanning my backside as its throbbing cock pulsed in my mouth. I could feel a taloned claw trace over my balls and up along my perineum towards my pouting anus. Maybe deep down inside a part of me was feeling revulsion or at least shame, but if there were, then it was completely submerged by lust. A part of me should at least have felt fear, but all I felt apart from an all consuming desire, was a thrill of anticipation as the monster began to probe my anus with its long slimy tongue.

Resting on my elbows, I lovingly stroked the huge heavy ball-sack that promised to flood my insides when the time was right, and gave one of the enormous testes a little squeeze. My right hand caressed the oily sheath, feeling a bulbous lump beginning to form beneath my fingers until a hard fleshy knot emerged from the furry sheath at the narrow base of the veiny organ I was sucking. I squirmed as the beasts tongue made my pucker gape and knew that we were both now ready for the final act.

Still on my knees, I spun around, raising my ass high in supplication, and lowering my chest to the carpet, waiting to be taken. I did not have to wait long - within seconds the beasts chest was pressed against my back, and its almost human hands gripping my shoulders as it thrust its hips into my buttocks, the point of the hard wet penis plunging deep into my back passage with ease.

Easy at first, but then it withdrew a little, and with a hard powerful thrust the creature rammed its hot member deeper into my gut. I cried in pain as the wider bulge of the organs' mid section stretched my virgin sphincter open. Regardless of my cries of pain, or possibly even spurred on by them, the rapacious beast thrust its cruel cock deeper inside me, even faster and with greater strength.

The breath was knocked from my body as at least ten inches of hot boney flesh tore into back passage, filling me completely. I could feel the hard knot bashing against my tortured ring over and over until with a powerful lunge, my ring of muscle gave way, and I felt that hot knot throb and swell as it grew inside my rectum.

I could feel the knot inflating and getting bigger and bigger until my rectum was completely filled. My sphincter strained to open wide enough to squeeze the thing out, but I was firmly plugged and

tied. Then came the warm rush as the creature began to ejaculate deep inside my gut. I could feel his hot cum flooding my belly as those enormous testes did their work and pumped lord knows how much of the thick semen inside me. I could feel every beat of the beasts powerful heart through the organ that throbbed and pulsed inside me, and soon my belly was aching as it continued to pump its seed inside me. I swear I could feel the penis expand, as if it had to swell with each new spurt of cum that travelled up the shaft and out through the throbbing tip that was depositing its contents into my colon.

It seemed like an eternity before the black incubus had finished its task, and slowly began to withdraw its organ from my body. Apparently, the bulbous knot had deflated again by now, and the beasts' exhausted penis was rapidly shrinking, making the withdrawal surprisingly painless and even pleasurable. I sat up and looked down to see that I could barely see my own penis for the swelling of my distended stomach, filled with who knows what, but it was clear by the sticky mess down there that I had myself cum several times during the ordeal. Turning, I noticed that the living beast that had just ravished me was once again a small onyx statue.

I staggered to my bed and lay down, falling asleep in an instant. When I awoke, my belly ached, and it was not surprising, for it was hugely swollen, like the belly of a heavily pregnant woman. I tried to get up, and my stomach gurgled as something shifted inside me. Not just liquid, but I could feel something solid inside me, as though my guts were full of something lumpy. I felt ravenously hungry, so staggered to my kitchen to dry up a quick meal. An hour later I was hungry again, and had to eat. Well, I was eating for more than one now. I tried to read the book again, but apart from a few Latin words (such as "Black goat", "eggs", and a word that I think means offspring), all that made sense were the pictures.

I was feeling very tired and needed to rest, and I was certain that my swollen belly was looking even bigger by the end of the day. I retired to my bedroom, and before getting into bed, knelt before the black statuette in worship of its majesty.

I wonder how many eggs I will lay?