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Sari and I, being our Sultan Saladin's favourite courtesans, we went everywhere with him. We got to see the insides of kingdoms from Babylon to Egypt, each one more fantastic than the next. But it wasn't until we were back in our native land that these events occurred that I am about to detail, and which changed my life forever.

Our Sultan's business done, we had remained in the Kingdom of Pasht for several days of pleasure. He and another Sultan named Meyim were in the great hall having a feast, many dancers, jugglers and other entertainers present for their amusement. Sultan Meyim is much older than Saladin. His long beard white, his face wrinkly as an old date, and his teeth yellow and foul. Sari and I had whispered that we were grateful our Sultan is still in his prime.

The food looked excellent with all manner of meats, cheese, vegetables, and fruits. Sari and I just stayed at the smaller stools behind our Sultan, watching the jugglers and musicians, and eating some dried fruits. It wasn't until the replacement of the torches that Sultan Meyim clapped his hands and the hall became still. "Now, for the festivities of the Night!" He shouted.

The jugglers and such filed out, slaves coming in carrying cushions, blankets, bowls, and incense of such sweet perfume. I presumed we were due for an orgy, but I was soon to be proven wrong. No, what we saw that night was far, far more unnatural than even the most licentious orgy I had ever been made to participate in.

"My lord..." Sultan Meyim said to our Sultan, "Do you enjoy entertainments of a carnal nature?"

"Certainly," my Sultan answered.

"Do you desire to watch some of the most unique displays my kingdom has to offer?"

"Most certainly! For the carnal entertainments of Sultan Meyim are legend across the lands from the Ottoman to Abyssinie, from Syrie to Saba!"

Sultan Meyim nodded his approval at Saladin's exhortation. "Very good," he said, and clapped his hands.

Several women filed in, leading many male slaves. They were followed in by more slaves carrying a huge, square box which was maybe thirteen cubits (twenty feet) across. The whole thing covered with a thick curtain all the way around so its contents couldn't be seen. They also led in several horses, all of them fine Arabian stallions the like of which I had seen many times before, except for one. He was a truly gigantic horse, larger than any I had ever seen before, being fully five hands taller than any of the others. Taller at the shoulder than the head of even the tallest man, its coat deep brown and long white hair hanging from its fetlock. He shook his head and flipped his tail when I looked at him, as if he knew I was watching.

There were also many large dogs, two goats, a water buffalo, boar, camel, and one very small, and undoubtedly very young elephant. Most strangely, they led in a hideous creature the likes of which I had never seen before, which was hairless and grey and had one large horn on its nose. In one cage, I spied what looked like a large man, but covered in thick black hair, with silver around its head. Not one part of him was without hair. Lastly, they brought in several Baboon's, of which I had last seen in Egypt when my Saladin served there.

All of the women were pretty, and wore a simple silk wrap and a loincloth, except for two. They stood near the rear of the hall wearing robes and heavy veils to cover them completely. Once all

were in the hall, the slaves closed the doors and stood at attention, facing us. I couldn't even begin to fathom what was about to occur.

"Commence," Sultan Meyim said.

One of the robed women walked to the front and bowed. They were all, without a doubt, some of the prettiest women in the kingdom. "How should we begin, your majesty?" She asked.

"You choose, good Mistress," he said magnanimously. "Remember, my friend Saladin has never witnessed the marvels of your troupe."

The robed woman bowed courteously, and stepped back. "Then allow me to present to your Highness's..." she said, stepping back and indicating one of the girls behind her, "Ratri, and the Stallion."

The girl she had indicated came forward, and the slave men in charge of the animals released one of the Arabian horses. The girl walked to the horse, and as she led it into the centre of the hall, two slaves were setting up a large, wooden table there, its top and rim padded, as if for someone to lay atop of. I still had no idea what sort of perversions I was about to witness. It only dawned on me when the girl, Ratri, began stroking the horse's nose and muzzle, her face next to his, whispering niceties to him. Her hands on his broad, powerful neck, she then kissed him right on the lips. Sari and I were stunned at this display of affection between a woman and an animal, but we were to be shocked further.

After stroking and kissing him on the face, she undid her wrap, letting it fall to the ground, from where a slave immediately picked it up. She now wore only her loincloth, her flesh now exposed to our view. Lifting her arms for him, the stallion began snuffling at her naked breasts, their nipples becoming tipped with desire as his huge, leathery snout brushed back and forth across her nipples, lingering in the space between them, and then delving into her armpits, his nostrils quivering with obvious interest. I saw her eyes close in pleasure, though I found it difficult to believe that she was actually taking the same joy from this as she could from a man.

I had always known stallions were randy beasts, and so was unsurprised when I saw movement between his rear legs. I averted my eyes out of respect for the Sultan, not wishing to look upon an organ as fearsome as the horse's was sure to be. I had caught a glimpse of one once, but had looked away quickly, so as not to see it fully. I remembered that it was thick, the flesh a dark, mottled black, and very, very long.

After letting him do this for a sufficient amount of time, she ended their embrace and walked around to his side, stroking his hide as she went, her fingers tracing their way over his body. Getting down to her knees, she moved up underneath him, facing the forbidden place between his legs directly. Peering closer despite myself, I saw his sambool (penis) actually beginning to emerge, and I averted my gaze again.

"Ohhh, look..." Sari whispered to me, touching my arm.

Without even considering the consequences, I opened my eyes, turning my head back to view the sight we were being subjected to, shivering with unabashed awe as I did so. The stallion's sambool was now fully unsheathed, and hung down before the girl; she had placed her hands around it and was now gently stroking it with her palms and fingers, but without gripping it, as if trying to tease him into excitation. He was so huge; his male organ was fully as long as my forearm, and much thicker. The tip was not sheathed in a foreskin like that of a man, instead just the purplish tip sticking out, bulbous and swollen, and shiny with moisture. She was cooing, and regarding his organ

raptly.

No male, man or beast, could withstand such treatment without stiffening. As Sari and I watched, the girl already rubbing the rigid pole faster, gripping it more firmly. It began to extend upwards, swelling, growing stiffer and stiffer, until it was pointed directly at Ratri. She smiled joyfully, and then, grabbing the shaft tightly with one hand, began stroking the crown of his sambool. It was huge, fully half a hand span long, and so wide she could barely get her hand around it, which is just what she did. For the first time since he had appeared that evening, the stallion whinnied.

With a gasp of excitement, she took her hand from his organ's tip and spat in her own palm, then applied it to him, rubbing her spit all over his crown, making it slick and shiny. As she rubbed it, the strangest thing began to happen: the crown began to expand, blossoming like a flower beneath her touch. Having swollen up to nearly twice its previous size, it now began to leak, the clear fluid showing the height of his lust. The girl cupped her hand beneath his sambool, catching as much of the clear slime as she could, and then proceeded to rub it all over his crown, and up the length of his sambool. The stallion didn't seem to mind, just stamping twice with his left rear hoof, shaking his head and tail.

Then, her respect for the taboos of God clearly non-existent, she leaned her neck forward and put her mouth to the tip, eliciting another whinny from the stallion and a shudder of disgust from me. Imagine putting one's mouth onto such an intimate place on an animal's body! How lewd and evil it was! Smiling as if in pleasure at her denial of any sort of morals, she finally withdrew from beneath him, preparing herself for the next act of depravity she was about to perform.

Removing her loincloth as she walked to the table, he followed her, his shaft swaying back and forth. She smiled back at him as she bent over the table, and he approached her with obvious enthusiasm. Then, with an amorous flourish, she bent down over the narrow table, her body bent at the waist over the edge, her stomach flat across the tabletop, her arms gripping the sides. Her body now entirely supported by the table, she spread her legs, placing each foot near the legs of the table. Her rear entirely exposed to the Arabian Stallion, who even now advanced upon her, bearing an erection so large that it frightened me to think of any woman having to accommodate it.

What if she couldn't? What if he killed her, right here, in front of us? I hated seeing people killed, and the thought that it would be by being split open from inside filled me with horror. I wanted to look away, but found myself unable to, hypnotised, almost, by the sight of this big, sleek stallion, his tremendous rigid sambool exposed and hard, and this small woman bent over a table, so brazenly offering herself to him.

The stallion moved forward, his forelegs past the point of her waist. He slowed, as if instinctively knowing that the entry wouldn't be easy for either of them. I was glued to the sight, fascinated by the actual process of how it was going to happen. His body moving closer to her, the swollen tip of his thing gave a shudder just before touching her body, and then it did, the huge, spit-moistened crown just gently pressed to hers. She lifted her head and smiled, then began to wiggle her rear end, in the manner of a courtesan trying to excite a customer. The horse snorted, unmoving, and I realised that what she was doing was trying to position herself for him, to ease his entry.

Then, she stopped wiggling, holding herself still, and he grunted, suddenly pushed forward, the smile on her face growing, and as we all watched, his sambool actually went INTO her, the hideously flared crown disappearing into her koos (Vagina)! Once his entry had been initiated, the horse eased himself forward, his body now predominantly over hers, his thing sliding deeper as he moved, taking one step, driving it in suddenly and harshly, the bulk of it is rapidly slipping into her flesh. I gasped with terror, expecting to hear her scream, but instead she just emitted a satisfied sounding groan,

her smile widening, and her arousal at this violation clearly genuine. She was still holding her head up, her back arched tautly, the expression on her face clearly visible.

The stallion, now firmly ensconced inside of her, began to thrust. His pelvis moving back and forth, shoving his sambool in and out of her in the exact same fashion of every other man in the world when bedding a woman.

“Sari,” my Saladin said, and she went forward, putting her hands in his lap and touching his loins.

Her touches, gentle and irregular at first. She looked over at me and winked, and then turned back to watch the show. The girl and the stallion still going at it. Her expression had changed to one of a deeper sort of pleasure. The smile having disappeared, being replaced by a grimace of that sort of ecstasy which takes over at that special time. Now that I realised that she was not only not about to die, but was quickly being transported into bliss by the stallion. I envied instead of pity her. The stallion was really going at it, too. All four hooves on the ground, he was working his pelvis back and forth, using the strength in his muscular rear legs, hips, and back, the muscles bulging and contracting smoothly. His eyes were, strangely enough, open, his ears turned backwards, his head lowered, mouth open, lips curled up.

“Ah!” Ratri said from beneath him, shuddering all over, her legs shaking, twitching, her buttocks heaving mere inches beneath his stomach.

Her back arching, her shoulders curved up, eventually pressing her head up against his soft flesh. He didn't seem to notice, more intent on moving himself in and out of her, back and forth, his massive length shiny with her dew. Her face convulsed in the height of passion, she began to shake violently all over, her eyes closed, mouth open. Her pleased cries soon filling my ears, I caught a whiff of sweat and horse lather, and then she let out a long, sharp moan.

“As you can see, Ratri and the horse work well together,” Sultan Meyim said proudly.

Saladin just grunted in reply. Sari was now working away at his exposed sambool with her hands and mouth, gently suckling the tip while massaging the base of the shaft and his balls.

It was at this point that the stallion let out a whinny, his head shaking, his eyes, finally, closing, and the true pleasure obviously upon him. Thrusting forward with what looked to be all his strength, he drove his sambool into her all the way to the hilt, and she cried out in what sounded like blissful agony, her toes and fingers curling, a sure sign of sheer sinful pleasure. He withdrew only a little, then pushed forward again, his body shuddering mightily above hers, her head and shoulders pressed against him. The stallion arched his back steeply. He held himself in her that way for several moments, then went slack. His motions ceased. His sambool still impaling her.

“They remained there in silence for a moment, both of them dissolved in that afterglow of bliss which I knew so well. I wondered how it felt to share it with a mighty stallion such as that one, though.

“If it please the great Sultan Saladin,” the woman who had spoken first now said. “We shall provide entertainment using the oxen.”

My Sultan nodded in reply, and the slave men in charge of the water buffalo began checking his harnesses to make sure that they were tight. The stallion lets out a delighted neigh, and then, his hips giving one final shudder, took a step backwards, about a hand span and a half of his sambool withdrawing from the girl on the table. She shivered and let out a cry of wasted delight. Shaking his head violently, he then withdrew all the way, his thing softer and limper than it had been before, but still semi-erect, its fattened length shiny with the residuals of their lovemaking. The tip was still

dripping a cloudy fluid, and I could just see the train of droplets coming from

Ratri's koos, leaving a small puddle on the floor.

I could only speculate how much essence the horse had ejected at his final moment of passion. It was probably a lot, and I wondered if she ran the risk of pregnancy. Could a stallion sire a child with a woman? Such thoughts confounded me. Still, knowing how passionate and potent they were, I thought they probably could. Though I couldn't even begin to imagine how she could be delivered of it. Ratri stood, lifting herself off the table with difficulty, her whole body having been placed into a singular rapture in that particular position.

When she stood, a stream of the stallion's seed issued from her koos, joining the rest of it on the floor. She was smiling, and had clearly really reached that particular heaven, her thighs quivering as she turned to walk away, even her back reddened with the sexual flush.

The water buffalo was led forward, and this time another slave girl came to it. Her name not announced. After patting the buffalo on the nose, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the nose, then on the side of his face. He didn't seem to mind, though he did let out a grunt when she did this. She began stroking and stroking him, running her hands over his thick, fleshy neck, the corded muscles beneath completely unyielding to her touches. She kissed him once more, before letting go of him and walking around to his side.

Removing her wrap and her loincloth, she got down on her knees and crawled beneath him, right up under his stomach, facing towards his rear. Reaching up with both hands, she grasped the sheath and began rubbing it back and forth, the tip of his maleness peeking out. Like the stallion, his flesh was a dark blackish colour. At least the tip was, anyway. As she rubbed it, it emerged and rapidly stiffened, soon grown to its full size. It wasn't quite as long as the stallions had been, but was much, much thicker, being so thick that I was once again worried for the girl's safety, not to mention her comfort.

It didn't seem to frighten her a bit, though: in fact, she looked pleased and aroused by the sight of his fully hardened and extruded organ, leaning forward and kissing it on the tip. Our Sultan gasped when she did that, and I wondered what he was thinking. Sari now worked vigorously at Saladin, her pace quickening, slowing down, gradually but steadily to what it had been before. After another thirty seconds of that, she would start moving faster again, making Saladin twitch with pleasure.

After bringing him to the proper state of rigidity, the girl got up, turned about and knelt over the table, the buffalo following quickly behind, his thing swinging back and forth, his flesh fattened with lust, his gigantic balls dangling freely. She got on the table, spread her legs for him, and he happily walked over her, the tip of his monstrous organ soon up against her rear and pushing at it.

Another woman came up to them and grabbed his tremendous organ, her head lowered so she could observe the place where their bodies were supposed to meet. Reaching out, she put her hand around him and guided him in, using her other hand to spread the petals of the flower of the girl on the table. Once the tip was in, the buffalo made a brutish sounding grunt and pushed it home, making it all the way in on the first stroke. The girl gasped and shivered, spreading her legs further apart, as if to make more room for him. His massive, hairy body over hers, he began to push in and out, his giant and overly thick organ very visible with each return stroke, his black flesh glistening moistly.

The girl began to whimper and cry, her fingers curling up, her face contorted in pleasure. Now that I had seen just how pleasant and safe coupling with larger animals really was, I envied her, wishing I

could be doing it, too. The girl began moaning and groaning, the buffalo doing his thing, his massive body shaking with each thrust, until, without any more warning than a brief grunt, he was done. His motions ceasing almost immediately, he dismounted and withdrew, his handlers, leading him back to the other end of the room.

“To demonstrate how well-trained our animals are, we shall demonstrate their abilities on a less willing subject,” the woman who was the troupe’s main speaker said.

Two slaves moved forward with a device similar to the table, only much lower, maybe half the height. She clapped her hands, and two more slaves came in the room, holding a girl who was struggling against them, her eyes wide with fear, her mouth gagged. Using ropes, they securely bound her to the lower table, lashing her thighs to the rear legs, binding her wrists with sturdy cord to the front ones. Then they let one of the mastiffs go. He was a huge beast, one of the largest and fiercest looking hunting dogs I had ever seen. He immediately descended on the girl strapped to the table, sticking his snout in her rear end.

Snuffling and licking at her there, she began to twitch, her head rolling from one side to the other. The dog didn’t seem to notice or care, however, and just kept licking her. After tasting her in this fashion for nearly a minute, her anxiety and struggles growing and growing, he took his snout out of her rear and hopped up on her, clutching her waist with his powerful, hairy forelegs. I could just see the pink tip of his thing sticking out, and as he moved closer to her, more of it was revealed.

Pressing his pelvis to her rear, he pushed the tip in, the furred sheath around the remainder retracting, exposing his organ for all the see. It was a strange organ, too: it was bright red, and the tip was sharply pointed. But the queerest thing was its irregularity in shape: at the base was a gigantic bulge which was nearly twice as thick as the rest of it. I wondered what its purpose was. Pushing it into her, bulge and all, she screamed through the gag, the dog whining and letting out a yelp of joy that sounded alien coming from a dog that huge.

Once he had impaled her, he arched his back sharply, pumping brutally and rhythmically into her, pushing quickly and efficiently into her body, driving himself in and out repeatedly. Though her eyes were wide open with horror, his eyes were now squinted, his ears folded back, his giant body pressed tightly to hers. He was not only much larger than she was, but she was totally unable to escape. He seemed ready to take full advantage of both these things.

After five or six minutes of his frantic, brutal humping, the beast dismounted her, but left his sambool inside, turning around and facing away from her, their bodies connected rear-to-rear. I was unaware of why he did this, but it looked strange, and obviously very pleasurable for both the girl and the dog.

The next thing they released was the boar. And he was a big, vicious looking one, too. While the dog was in her from behind, they led the boar around to her front, the slave removing her gag while holding the boar’s leash, one of the other girls reaching in between his legs to excite him. The tip of his sambool emerging from his long, thin sheath as the slave rubbed it. I saw (or could have sworn I saw) that his sambool twisted like curly hair. As we all watched, they led the boar around to the front of the slave girl, removed her gag, and forced her to open her mouth.

She looked insensible and tired, and I wondered if it was from the pleasure or from the shock. The boar easily mounted her from the front, his cloven fore-hooves clutching her about the shoulders, his

sambool extruding further until I was amazed that such a long organ could belong to such an animal. Not that he was a small beast, easily outweighing the girl he was mounting, even, but that thing of his, with which he was even now poking right into her mouth, without moving his pelvis at all, was at least three hand spans long, if not more. The slave whom the dog was covering clearly didn't want to take it, I could tell, but she had little choice: they would have just forced her mouth open if she closed it, and if she was recalcitrant, she would be punished. Brutally.

The gigantic mastiff taking her from the rear in his peculiar fashion, his huge organ still firmly snared within hers, the boar taking her improperly from the front, his sambool moving in and out of her grimacing mouth, the slave girl's eyes were tightly closed, and I couldn't help but wonder if she was taking any pleasure at all from the exchange. I knew that it was possible to do so, even when one was unwilling, since I had been in the position of having to service our Sultan that way more than once, when, for some reason, my own appetites were not as fierce as his. Those times had lessened in recent years, though, my own fires growing hotter over time. I noticed the slave girl's thighs shivering, and wondered if this was a sign of her own internal spasms, but I couldn't be sure; it could just be due to fatigue.

"We must by no means let the action wane," the lead woman said, gesturing at another pair, woman and animal, the woman being a slight little thing, the animal, the elephant, the pairing as unlikely as possible.

I couldn't even fathom a woman that size having any sort of congress with even an immature elephant such as this one, his organ surely far too large for her, or even me! And yet she did, first coaxing him over onto his back*he was very well-trained* and massaging that whole area with her hands, drawing his organ out with her skilled hands and mouth. In the midst of her manual stimulations, the boar lets out a low-pitched shriek, and the slave girl moaned, almost choking in the process. His organ going off in her mouth, and an unbelievable amount of seed spilling forth from her face. A literal gusher of it running down her chin and neck. Spilling straight out, and spurting over everything! There was at least a small wine-flask worth of it there, and if I had not seen it with mine own eyes I would hardly have believed it from someone else.

But there it was, a thick, milky-white ooze all over everything, his fit of lust finally over, his sambool, still pronouncedly dripping all over the floor, withdrawing into its sheath, and they led him away. Notably the dog was still working away at her rear, his pelvis still making small, very irregular jerks, his tail flat on her back. The girl with the elephant had managed to excite him to the point where he was rigid, his organ just as prodigious as I had expected it to be, but less rigid and more flexible. Smiling, she got to her hands and knees before him, and he ambled over her in that casual yet deliberate manner which the lofty elephant has, his organ slipping easily into her depths.

The smile was a long time leaving her face, growing and growing until it was finally replaced by an 'O' of pleasure. Her back arching, her thighs shuddering, the elephant's trunk curling beneath her to rub its tip over her breasts, pausing happily directly over one nipple and fondling it with extreme care. She gasped at that, her face now contorted grotesquely, and she began to make rather unbecoming sounds, even worse than those of the others. The elephant was now groaning and making little roars. His mighty hips shuddering, though hardly moving at all, though something was moving. I could tell his huge balls were rocking back and forth between his legs as her body shook with each forward thrust, and pulled with each return tug.

The mastiff which was glued to the slave girl from behind gave a yelp, pulling away from her, his long, pink sambool that had connected their bodies visible for quite a long time. Its length the same,

though it was now slimmer and much, much redder, and it slid back between his legs. He shook all over in the manner of dogs and walked back to the pack. Then lay on the ground and groom himself.

The elephant giving a final cry, the girl's groans and cries at a crescendo of ecstasy, he gave his final shiver, gripping her tightly with his trunk, the whole thing wrapped around her torso. She convulsed with her own pleasure, then seemed to deflate, both of their bodies suddenly quiescent.

"Let's see another horse," Saladin suddenly said. Sari still working away at him. He put his hand on her head, which is the command to stop. She did, immediately. "May we see one of the women treat one solely by the art of hand and mouth?"

The old Sultan also had a pretty young slave girl working his sambool, he had since this entertainment had begun. Still, it seemed his sambool could not harden anymore, and looked weak aside Saladin's big thick glistening sambool.

"I don't see why not," said Sultan Meyim, gesturing to the lead woman, who nodded, speaking to two women, both of them saying nothing, but going to their chosen beast.

Leading the horse forward until they were centre stage, one of them went down between his legs, kneeling humbly before his crotch, his organ still hidden away in its sheath. The other began to stroke his head and kiss him, whispering things in his ears, and letting him nuzzle between her breasts. His huge velvety nose obviously causing her great pleasure. Opening her legs, she slid one hand down into her own cleft, rubbing her fingers in it for a moment, then offering him the fingers to sniff and lick. He did, giving a whinny of delight. His huge snout next snuffling down between her legs, his lips pulled back as if he were about to bite her.

Meanwhile, the other girl had been tending to his loins, her face right up close kissing and licking his sheath. Her actions only becoming clear and visible when she worked her way around the side of it, all the way to the front. Her tongue sticking out of her mouth and delving into the opening of his sambool sheath, finally moving her lips up to it in a kiss. The horse's left rear hoof stamped on the floor, twice, his tail twitching excitedly. She was forced to withdraw her mouth from his sheath as his sambool emerged, running her hands and tongue along that, instead.

Slaves having brought a table for her from behind, the girl who had previously been kissing and petting the stallion lay back on it, spreading her legs. Her koos now elevated so that he hardly even had to lower his head to nuzzle at it. His huge tongue and leathery lips moving all over that area, withdrawing, grimacing evilly for a few moments. His lips flared, his teeth held together, and then diving right back into her. His tongue the largest I had ever seen, the uncouth and clumsy touch of his lips and mouth obviously causing her much pleasure.

Saladin still keeps Sari from continuing her manipulations of him, but was obviously shaking with arousal, and desperate to finish. I said nothing, and just watched the show. The poor young slave of Meyim did her best to arouse the old man's affections, but his sambool seemed indifferent to her ministrations.

The girl tending to the horse's member was busily running her hands up and down it, her mouth, seemingly glued to the tip, working tirelessly at it. Taking as much into her mouth as she could, which wasn't more than just a few inches past the crown. The stallion grunted, still nosing in the first girl's crotch, his tongue deep inside her flower, a tongue that was easily twice as large as the organ of a man. It wasn't until his hips began to buck and thrust erratically that the Sultan let Sari continue, her pace racing against that of the horse's.

The girl on the table was moaning and writhing, the stallion's back had slightly arched. His hips

thrusting, pushing his fearsome sambool into the receptive hands and mouth of the second slave girl, whom appeared to be taking much pleasure from the act. The stallion began to make queer grunting noises, as if reaching his completion was proving difficult. I was sure it was probably due to the paucity of the stimulation. His thing used to being inside a much tighter, more form fitting receptacle.

His thrusts growing more forceful and less orderly, he lifted his head from the girl on the table, made a trumpeting moan. Then lowered his head back down to her, and clamping his teeth around the soft skin of her thigh. Holding her thigh carefully in his mouth, he pushed as hard as he could into his own release. His pleasure almost peaked, almost there, you could tell, his eyes rolling wildly, and his ears back. The only two things he was able to do at the moment being to thrust and pull backward so that he could thrust again.

With the stallion's mighty mouth, holding her by the thigh, the first slave girl was crying out in pain. Her hand snaking down into her own cleft, rubbing her button furiously. The horse was coming, and so was she. The girl between his legs suddenly took her mouth off of the tip of his sambool, but kept her face poised directly in front of it, mouth open. When I looked closer I could see why she had released it from her mouth. Just like the first stud, his crown had flared up enormously, too. Clear fluid leaking copiously from the tip, the girl's tongue remained on it as much as possible, his sambool shaking violently with the imminent release of his passion.

The stallion let out one last whinny and grunt, and then he came. A huge streamer of gooey white fluid bursting out of the flared-out head of his sambool and almost completely into her waiting mouth. Only a little bit of it landing on her lips and chin. The squirt was really big, and probably took a moment to emerge fully, his juices thick and milky. But he wasn't done yet. Oh, no, as I watched, another gush of it came out of the tip. And then another. And another.

He ejaculated for an eternity of equine pleasure, spurt after spurt of thick white essence emerging. His semen spilling out and all over the girl's smiling face, her eyes bright, her mouth wide open as if wishing to savour as much of him as she could get. After unloading what was easily the equivalent of the essences of ten men, he stopped. His back, relaxing, the arch collapsing, his hips growing still. She kept rubbing him gently, though, her throat moving as she swallowed what he had given her, then kissing the tip of his sambool repeatedly.

He slowly let go of the girl on the table, who was even now crying and moaning with bliss, relieving herself with her hands, her whole koos shiny with the horse's saliva. The bite-mark on her thigh already shading into a reddish-blue bruise. The bruise promising to become livid within several breaths. All three of them had obviously enjoyed themselves. The only one whose appetite had remained foiled being the slave girl whom ministered to the stallion's sambool. Her koos surely ached for sambool right now, mine did.

Sari's mouth working slower and slower on the Sultan, she kept him right there on the edge of his own pleasure, her face ecstatic, and totally absorbed in what she was doing.

The horse who had just been relieved got led away, back to the group. The gigantic horse being led forward in his place. The horse who stood so much taller than the others, his legs thicker with hairy fetlocks, and more muscular. His huge head and neck thick and powerful. I could just see the giant sheath between his legs, just the sheath itself easily twice as large as the entire organ of the biggest men. I had seen black slaves whose sambool's were unnaturally large. The horse's balls dangled behind the sheath, each of them the size of a melon. He tossed his head, his mane flowing out, and the muscles in his neck flexing attractively.

"Only few sharmuta (whores) can accommodate the physical love of a fully mature stallion," the lead woman said.

She indicated the huge horse as he was brought to centre stage. "And of those, only a few can take the truly large. This stallion comes from a land far from ours. He is not used for racing or fighting as our stallions are, but as a beast of burden in the same manner we would use a camel or oxen. If anyone here has seen a larger horse than this, speak now."

No one spoke, and the hall remained silent except for the animals. After a moment, she continued, "His sambool isn't much longer than that of most of our stallions, but his girth is so fantastic as to be deadly for a woman with a small koos."

I heard our Sultan grunt, almost inaudibly, which meant he wasn't far from his own climax. Sari was skilled with her mouth, however (just as I was), and I was sure she would probably be able to draw him out for another ten or fifteen minutes, at least.

"So allow me to produce, Shebah," the woman said, indicating the other woman at the back who was veiled.

Shebah stepped forward, pulling her hood back to reveal a tremendous length of hair, the colour of the desert. Her skin so pale I feared she may be a ghost as her name implied. Shebah's eyes were blue, like a pale sky, and her breasts were large with big nipples. Her hips were large, but beautifully proportioned. Her skin glowed in the soft light of the torches, and for the first time all night Sultan Meyim's sambool became turgid.

Despite my fearful disposition, I had to admit Shebah is beautiful in her way. I knew she wasn't from this land, and wondered how she felt being used in this manner. Maybe she came from the land the big horse did? As Shebah moved toward the horse, he whinnied and nickered, probably recognising her. The tip of his sambool began to emerge from his sheath. The hole in the end of the sheath dilates wider, and wider, and wider, until the whole crown emerged. Its extrusion having forced the foreskin-like sheath back around the rear of the glans. Just the head of his sambool looked bigger than my whole hand.

"A question," our Sultan asked the other one, and he turned to look at him. "How long does it take to train the women to do these sorts of things with animals?"

"I wouldn't know exactly. Mistress Beard trains the animals and sharmuta alike," he replied. "Why? Are you interested in training some of your girls to perform such acts?"

"I would not be averse to it," he said emphatically. The other Sultan summoned Mistress Beard over to us. "Tell me..." our Saladin asked, "How long does it take to train a woman in these arts?"

Mistress Beard bowed gracefully before answering. "That depends, Sire," she said, "on how much experience she has in the arts of the bedroom. A virgin is the hardest to train. A courtesan, the easiest."

"If I gave you one of my girls..." Saladin said, "Could you train her to perform with you now? Tonight?"

I gulped with fear.

"It depends upon the girl, Sire, and what animal she is to be mated to."

"Any of these animals," he said. "Arabian stallion's, dogs, anything. How long?"

"Well, Sire..." she eyed both Sari and I, and said, "Either of them could probably be mated to a dog with little trouble. Horses, however..." she began and shrugged, "that depends the disposition of the horse toward her, the physical attributes of the sharmuta, and her willingness to cooperate."

Saladin nodded, his face hard in thought. "If I gave you one of my courtesans, could you train her? Starting now, but showing her everything so she would be capable of it always?"

"Yes, Sire..." she said, "I can train them to mate with any animal quickly, providing they can accommodate the larger beasts."

Saladin suddenly frowned, a sign of displeasure. I trembled and looked at the floor so as not to provoke his wrath. "Why is it I hear a 'but' in your statement, Mistress?"

Mistress Baard bowed grovelingly, as low as she could bend. "I mean no disrespect, great Sultan. Mating comes natural to all, so it's easier to teach. Learning how to train beasts so they will mate with one not of their kind takes time. Which is it you seek?"

"I seek both, so that I may continue to watch these carnal acts in my own kingdom," Saladin said.

Mistress Baard did not respond, but Sultan Mayim. "No worries, my friend, the Mistress will be happy to take on an acolyte to train in all manner of beastly sex. Then I'll see her safely to your kingdom, so she can be your Mistress Baard. So hurry and choose, my manhood is suffering from waiting for Shebah to perform."

Our Sultan looked from Sari to me, and then he groaned. Sari undoubtedly giving her all to him with her mouth, so that he would be less inclined to commit her body to this sinful use. Thinking for a moment, he turned back to look at me, then looked at Sari again, and back at me. "Her," he finally pronounced looking at me, and I almost died.

I saw one of Sari's eyes open, looking upon me with pity. "You may take her now," Mayim suddenly said. "Train her. Teach her everything. Every beast or foul thing that crawls, slithers, or slinks on this earth you shall teach her to mate and train".

Saladin smiled, and nodded. "Teach her these ungodly arts, and I promise I will reward you, great Mayim, richly for your trouble," he said, and both men spat on a hand and grasped each other's and shook.

"Come with me," Mistress Baard said to me.

I got up from my seat, ashen and shaking, not wanting to do it, but knowing that disobedience meant death. I bowed in front of our Sultan, holding my tears so he would not think poorly of me.

Shebah had been beneath the giant horse all this time, stroking his sambool. It had finally erected to its full size. It looked frightening. I didn't see how she would be able to accept such a thing into her own body. The sambool looked a hand span longer than that of the other stallions, and at its thinnest point thicker than my ankle. They led me past this, around into the very rear of the hall, all the cages, gear and equipment, creating a wall between us and the Sultans.

"Shandi," Mistress Baard called. The woman who had just orally relieved the stallion came with us. "Find out how much her koos can take."

"Yes, Mistress," Shandi said, grinning happily.

She opened up a case and withdrew an item that scared me. It was a long, polished piece of ivory, at least a cubit long (eighteen inches) and as thick as my wrist. The ivory had been carved into the shape of a male phallus. She nodded at me. "Lay on the ground," she commanded, and I did.

She got down in between my legs, pushing my wrap aside, and checked my koos, sliding her fingers inside me. "You're already wet," she said. "Good."

Then, placing the tip of the ivory sambool against my koos, she slowly worked the tip into me. I wanted to cry out, but was afraid to, the fear making things even worse than they were. She realised this, and withdrew a small pellet from a pocket. Reaching in between my legs, she stuffed it up my faq'haa (ass), and I winced. She again tried to probe me with the ivory phallus.

She got it more than three quarters of the way in before I began to cry uncontrollably, whimpering and begging her to stop. The hard tip pressing up at the entrance to my womb itself. She 'Hmmed', withdrew it, and guided me over to some tables and other equipment. Shandi told me to bend over, pointing to one of the tables that I had seen used repeatedly this evening. I gulped, but did as I was told, my arms stretched out before me, my rear exposed to whatever she chose to inflict upon it.

I realised that I could see the proceedings very well from where I was, the giant horse now aroused and ready for service. But this time, instead of him merely walking over the girl as she lay bent over the table for him, there were three tables, all side-by-side, the girl bent over the middle one. I had a perfect side view of the whole thing as the horse reared up above her, his hooves coming down on the other tables with one loud CLOP! His organ aimed forward and at the ready, one of the other girls coming forward to assist him.

His organ was truly beautiful, I thought to myself, wishing I was able to take it, then wondering where these thoughts were coming from. I felt tingly all over, nervously excited, but very languid at the same time. I felt the girl placing her hands on my faq'haa, then moving them down to my thighs, pushing my legs farther apart. I didn't resist, letting her do it, even shifting my pelvis lower when I felt the tip of a second ivory phallus against my entrance. She pushed it in a little ways, then withdrew it, then pushed it in again. This one felt much larger than the first one, and it stretched my insides terribly. I moaned in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

"Oh the Gods..." she said, and I felt the phallus give a jerk, "You're a natural. This ivory sambool is almost as thick as Bahir's!"

She presumably meant the horse, his mighty organ even now being guided into the prone and ready girl on the table. The woman who was holding his sambool appearing to do so with great respect, placing the tip against her companion's lips as if it were an honour for both of them. Pushing at the glans until it slid in a little, then letting the horse do the rest. His passions aroused to their maximum, giving no more than a grunt and a buck of his hips, forcing two hand spans in with one stroke, causing Shebah to cry out.

Stepping into her, he steadily pushed it in deeper, his back now arched above her, his pelvis lowered and pushed forward, driving his body into hers, to the great pleasure of all concerned. His movements sure and strong, he set up a rapid rhythm that appeared effortless to me, his sambool slicked with her juices, sliding in and out with great rapidity. The girl behind me was steadily working the phallus in and out, and it wasn't long before I began to feel the beginnings of a climax. My own desires awakened by watching the horse and the woman coupling. The realisation that I may be doing that all too soon almost too much to bear.

After a moment the girl stopped moving the ivory phallus, calling Mistress Beard over to me. "Very good," the Mistress said. "Much as I hate to waste a dog, try her with one of the big ones first. Then, depending how she does, perhaps a pony after that."

Shandi bowed, and Mistress Beard turned and walked away as she had to stage manage the performances. "It's been decided," Shandi said to me, removing the ivory sambool from my koos. "Come on!"

She took me deeper behind the curtains, in an area far from the sight of the audience. There were dogs everywhere, leashed to a stake in the ground. They were all large, and frightening looking. "Are you particularly scared of hounds?" She asked, as if it was a matter of course to ask such a question.

I felt so dizzy that deceit seemed impossible. "No," I said, honestly.

"Good," she said, going to one of the dogs, who immediately got to his feet, looking at her expectantly with his tongue lolling about. "I'm going to let you have Bortan. He's one of the fiercest of the dogs." She began untying his leash. "Sometimes, when covering a sharmuta, the dogs will bite the neck. Don't worry, they won't ever actually harm you. Bortan actually has a very nice disposition, considering." She had finished untying him, and he now stood before her.

"Are you ready?" She asked, turning to me.

Hesitantly, I nodded. "All right."

She turned back to the dog. In a voice one uses when giving commands to animals, she said, "Bortan: Qybah (Bitch)!"

She didn't need to say anymore. The dog was upon me immediately, snarling and slaving with unbridled lust. I could just see the pink tip of his maleness peeking out from between his legs. He began trying to crawl over me, forcing himself upon me. He was much heavier than I, and I withered beneath his assault.

"If you want to soften his mood," the slave girl said, "Reach out and touch him between the legs, he likes that."

She spoke as if she had experience with him.

Eager to please him, to allay his lusts, I did as she bade, placing my hand on his sambool, gently cradling the furry repository for his dog sambool. He froze, as if waiting to see what I would do. I began rubbing it back and forth, just as I would a man. He let out a pleased sigh, no longer snapping at me. Gripping him more firmly, I began stroking him in earnest, sliding the soft pouch back and forth over the pink sambool within.

"Good, good," crooned the slave girl, encouraging me.

Still clutching his sambool, I lay back, knowing that he would soon take me like a man.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "That's not the right way. Don't make it hard for him to mount. Get up on your hands and knees."

Following her commands, I slid out from beneath him, turning over onto my hands and knees. In doing so, however, I had to release my hold on his sambool. The moment I did that, he growled

loudly, snarling at me once again. Thinking that I was trying to escape him, probably, he leapt upon me even as I was trying to make myself more accommodating for him. I had managed to turn over and was on my knees, but he knocked me to the ground, this time on my stomach.

“Get up, quickly!” She said, even as I was struggling to do so, his heavy body on top of mine. “He’ll start biting soon!”

Making it to my knees, his maleness jabbing at me, I didn’t even have time to prepare myself for his penetration. My face and chest still pressed to the hard floor, he forced his way into me. His sambool unbelievably hot, the pointed tip feeling surprisingly thin, compared to the huge ivory phallus that had been used before. Groaning with fear and horror, I managed to lift myself up a little more, so that I was now crouched on all fours, just like a qybah.

“Good,” crooned the girl. “How do you like her so far, Bortan? Is she as soft as I am?”

Bortan only whined in reply. Clutching my midriff with his powerful forelegs, he began pumping me with unbelievable speed, his sambool moving in and out of me with a delicious motion.

I gasped. “I think I can bear this.”

“Your choices are few, unless you have no fear of the lash. I suggest you bear it well less your Sultan lose pleasure in your performance,” laughed the slave girl. “This only be the start of your perdition.”

I didn’t have to ask what she meant. I could already feel the strangely shaped lump at the base of his sambool. It felt huge. Gathering me beneath him, he pulled back, and then pushed forward, hard, jamming the entire thing into me, bulge and all. I cried out when it went in, and he let out a yelp of pure joy. Then, once the hideous thing was within me, it did the strangest thing: it began to grow even larger, flaring out in me just like the tips of those stallion’s sambool’s I had seen. It felt mysterious feeling it grow inside me.

It grew quickly, easily doubling in size. Not only was it swollen, though; it was also impossibly hard, like a block of wood, or that ivory phallus they had used on me. Except that, unlike the ivory, it wasn’t cold. No, it was hot. Searingly hot. Once it stopped growing, his thrusts became slower, less regular. His hips weren’t actually quiescent at any point, instead jerking and throbbing randomly, causing his sambool to throb and vibrate in my koos. Feelings of acute pleasure ebbed outward from my loins.

He had been covering me for what seemed an age before I was able to stop moaning, my orgasms now coming more slowly than before. I had never felt anything like this before. Never. I now realised why these women were devoted to this group. No man could come close to giving me this sort of pleasure.

The End.