

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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“So far, so good,” Zahrine breathed to herself. She tightened her gauntlets around the reins of the beast beneath her. If she dropped her guard for even a moment, something could take her by surprise. That was a risk that she was not willing to take. The eagle-eyed priestess brushed a lock of her blonde undercut from her face and narrowed her gaze. She could hear every staggered step of her mount beneath her as the stallion delivered her through Feralas. Each hoofbeat rang out into the motionless forest around the pair, out into the low mist just off the road – what of a ‘road’ it was.

Crunch-crunch.

Zahrine’s stallion tread lightly on the woodland path carved out in between the creaking old hardwoods. The hammock of tree canopies overhead filtered out the fading autumnal light as the sun sank towards an unseen horizon beyond the foliage. Thin columns of amber shone down onto the trail comprised of worn-smooth cobblestones being reclaimed in old growth spider webbing up onto the surface from the network of tendrils infiltrating the soil. Overtop the obfuscated footpath lay a carpet of leaves in a range of hues from the same gold tint as the sunbeams to a deep, ruddy brown. The slender shadow priestess’ dusky mount maneuvered along the rapid decay of the overturning forest as his wrought-iron horseshoes crunched the leaves underfoot. Each hulking muscle movement of his tree trunk body caused Zahrine’s black steel sabatons to rattle gently against his side.

Crunch-crunch.

Her eyes darted back and forth in the surrounding brush that comprised the floor of the ancient forest of Feralas. She wasn’t welcome in this forest, and she felt as though her presence alone was being contended against by the spiraling old pillars of oak and fir that enclosed the rough-hewn trail stretching out in front of her. It was eerily quiet, and that sort of environment leant itself to tactical complications. Albeit content with the knowledge that Zahrine could summon her energy and reduce most assailants down to compost for the plant life to thrive upon, the fact that a wayward branch snapping could be either a threat or a harmless woodland rodent was.. unsettling at best. Opting to play it safe, the Alliance liaison had gone for a low profile and summoned her faithful steed, Justice. Perhaps, then, her passage through the primordial grove go unnoticed. Had she instead gone for a great, winged, flying beast that she would typically select for such a journey, there would be no mistake that she was a threat, and a contender in the constant power struggle boiling under the surface in this land.

Crunch-crunch.

Her raiding party awaited her at Dreamer’s Rest, which was several leagues ahead of her on the road. They were encamped there, awaiting her arrival to coordinate an assault on a nearby Horde settlement. If she had been made somewhere in-transit, identifying her as a figure that could tip the delicate balance of power in this region would not have been a misplaced assessment. Thankfully, Zahrine has put the majority of the distance behind her without issue – but something was still off. Feralas was a secluded rainforest tucked away in southern Kalimdor and surrounded by ringed mountain ranges. For all intents and purposes, only the most intrepid of traveler would consider venturing into these lands.

But that wasn’t enough to convince Zahrine that the utter absence of passers-by on the trail she had been riding was normal.

Cr-crunch, Cr-crunch.

Zahrine yanked on the horse's reins, prompting the equine behemoth to halt his march forwards on the overgrown path. Something off, indeed. Only some of those sounds were made by Justice, that much she knew. The uneasy stillness of the wood that had been encroaching upon her throughout the trip suddenly felt less like a characteristic of the landscape and more like imminent danger. Zahrine tensed herself, and summoned power from a wellspring of void energy - the magical equivalent to pulling the hammer back on a crossbow. She would be ready to lash out with a burst of shadow magic at the first sign of reified threat. Now, with the beast out of the equation, Zahrine turned her senses outwards, and listened.

Rustle-rustle.

Lumbering silhouettes materialized in the low-lying mists that hung throughout the underbrush. Zahrine was no stranger to siege, and she knew what she was looking at. These creatures were big-boned, small-minded, and sported a mean streak a mile wide - especially when conducting an ambush like the one she was about to be firmly in the middle of.

"Orcs," Zahrine confirmed under her breath.

Something was still off about the situation, even with the threat made itself known. The brutes were upon her quickly, springing out of the treeline and cresting nearby hills with speed and coordination that was unlike anything Zahrine had experienced. Orcs of this caliber - sporting juryrigged armor comprising of lashings of leather and great slabs of tree bark - normally would never orchestrate such a strike with the timing and grace that these ones did. Not without some kind of leadership pulling the strings. Zahrine didn't have time to muse on that possibility, however, because she was going to need to let fly the shadow energy trapped behind her fingertips.

"GET HER, BROTHERS!" roared a voice from near Zahrine's position atop her horse.. Conjuring up her power, she loosed a wave of energy toward a pair of approaching green skins, which sent them flying back across the uneven terrain and towards a nearby tree. One glanced off, and was sent spinning deeper into the forest. The other crunched against the bark and left an indent of splintered wood, embedding his body in the ancient forest growth.

By the time the capable priestess had dispatched two on one side of her mount, three had grown nearer on the other side. She could hear three more were bounding up from behind her.

"Damn," the overwhelmed and outnumbered shadowslinger swore under her breath. This wasn't looking good. Even at her most readied, Zahrine couldn't do a thing to combat the numbers game that was beset upon her. Blasting away another assaulting orc would yield two more charging from the dense fog. She felt a pair of leathery, clawed hands squeeze onto one of her greaves, and then she was unseated from her mount. Justice reared back onto his hind legs, kicked out with his front, and brayed shrilly. With a clatter of armor plates onto the ground, Zahrine was smashed into the soil at the feet of her foes.

"Stay still, little sorceress," belched the fanged grunt that had forceably removed her from the saddle in a thick smattering of low common speech. At least the beast had the decency to order her around in a language Zahrine would understand.

"W- what do you want, monster?" Zahrine snarled as a hefty foot was set into the small of her back, pinning her.

"Do you know where are?" her captor replied in his broken dialect.

Zahrine said nothing. All around her, she could hear the rustling of armor, the idle grunting of other

members from the ambush party, and the gentle growling from the overgrown wolves that the orcish equivalent of a cavalry would ride into battle astride.

“You trespass on our land - on orc land, you do, meat.” A flash of anger cast across the disheveled visage of the decorated guild raidmaster.

“I was just passing through,” Zahrine replied with the practiced poise and confidence that brought her up through the ranks of her raiding guild in the first place.

“No good - no good, eh, brothers?” spoke the orc, first to her, then querying the cavalcade of adversaries that had dispatched her in record time.

A clamor of approving grunts shot through the party around her. A couple of hollers rang out into the otherwise still, quiet forest.

“Must make her pay toll!”

“We take pay from human meat girl!”

In service to the demands of the couple dozen orcs in the party encircling her, the foot on her back was removed and Zahrine was snatched off of the ground by the back of her neck. She had an opportunity to fight back, here. With her hands free as she dangled from the muscled grasp of the orc, she called up a burst of void energy and prepared to accelerate it outwards. If she could clear the field for a moment - or, at least, temporarily render them unable to give chase, she might be able to mount Justice and tear off down the trail.

All the magic in the world was of little use when the knotted wooden war club of an orc crashes into the side of one's only skull. Zahrine's vision faded out completely for a moment before blurring back into clarity a full second or two later. When it did, she was rubbing noses with the slack-jawed mug of an orc boasting lower fangs that extended up over his bottom lip and halfway up the bridge of his nose on either side of his wide, squat face. She could feel his hot, acrid breath beating down onto her as he growled. When the orc's guttural evocations bellowed, a spray of spittle escaped his throat and misted her face.

“No good, meat!” chortled the orc lifting her, punctuating her humiliating stun with a belly laugh. His derisive laugh was bolstered with a crescendoing chorus from the other orcs around her. Zahrine knew, then, that this particular brute was the chief among the band of ambushers. Being the tactical mastermind that she was after having been swiftly overrun by these pea-brained thugs, she also knew that she was his prisoner now.

“You pay toll!” grunted the commanding orc before beginning to pull away parts of her decorated, ornate armor plating. Piece after piece was ripped from her, snapping away the leather straps that bound each half of the clamshell designs. One by one, each layer of her protection was strewn about on the ground until nothing was left on her body. Nubile and baring all, Zahrine dangled there helplessly as the eyes of several dozen orcs poured over her - admiring their prize catch of the afternoon. What this ‘toll’ was, she could only make an informed guess at.

“Tiny humans only good for one thing, I say!” announced the chief in a remark that seemed more aimed at his men rallied all around him than at Zahrine, the ‘tiny human,’ herself. The incapacitated mage felt herself being lowered toward the ground by the vice wrapped around the back of her neck and was face-to-face with an engorged orcish cock. In contrast with the rest of the chief's skin, his dick was a deep shade of sage - no doubt from the blood rushing to it in anticipation of making use of what Zahrine was ‘good for’ in his degrading view of humans. The head at the tip of the swollen

shaft was a dark shade of purple, and flared out in a ridge of knobs and bumps that resembled warts. A dribbling stream of milky precum oozed from the tip of the pipe aimed at her threateningly. She felt the knobby cocktip press up against her lips exploratorily, and Zahrine protested with pursed lips and clenched teeth. She had been beaten off her horse like it was easy, but she wasn't about to slurp on some orc dick because she was easy.

Having no patience for Zahrine's lack of willing participation in being the spoils of their victory, the chief swung his hips to the side, and then thrust them back the opposite direction with thundering results. Zahrine felt as though this was the second time she had taken a wood club to the side of her face, except this time it was hot, throbbing, and green. The chief's cock battered the side of her face like nothing short of a cudgel and prompted Zahrine to let loose a spray of slobber from her knocked jaw. Her assailant took advantage of her bashed, slacked orifice by lurching the priestess over to the head of his dick and jamming her mouth full of it.

Zahrine didn't get to the top of her guild with claymore diplomacy, or by shattering the minds of any and all in her way - though mental manipulation through shadow magic trickery was never off the table - she did it through careful political dealings across all races. She had dined with high elves in Sunwell. She shared in a pint with a band of gnomish warriors in New Tinkertown. She considered herself an experienced and vetted political player. Being the veteran in diplomacy that she was, she also knew that orcs were known for their bluntness and impatience. When her throat was reamed out with orc dick as soon as the chief could reasonably cram down into it, she wasn't wholly surprised. That did not, however, make it any easier to choke down.

Zahrine's eyes watered. Her throat bulged to accommodate the dick in it. She reached up and pawed at the chief in a plea of mercy. The pitying chieftain laughed. Back and forth, the debilitated and dishonored shadow priestess received her steady supply of orcish throatfucking. Each thrust forward was punctuated with a meek "gl'urch," or a spluttering "hr-rrk." Each pitiful protest to the raid on her maw quivered her vocal chords and hummed pleasingly around the chief's blunt tool.

"Human good for orc pleasure, men!" Grunted the chief, plugging merrily away at Zahrine's hole as if it were any other. Another chorus of laughter rang out from the yes-orcs abreast him. Meanwhile, below his belt, Zahrine was making a show of pushing at his bulging, green thighs. She scratched at him, punched at him - albeit with her energy drained, she couldn't pack much 'oomph' in her protests - and pulled at the wrist wrapped around the back of her neck as if she were a whelp. She hadn't had a breath since the chief started reaping the rewards of his conquest, and she could feel every thrust of the brutal dicking coax another few moments out of her dwindling oxygen supply. Her face grew hot. Her eyelids snuck closer and closer together.

"Human bitch going limp!" warbled a far-away voice from somewhere down the deep, dark pit of warm blackness Zahrine was fading, slipping down into. Next to her, she could feel her own hand be lifted, then drop lifelessly to her side again. A trail of thick throatslop leaked down over her bottom lip, over her chin, and was waterfalling down between her breasts. She had felt this feeling before when she had fallen in battle. Realizing this brought Zahrine the knowledge that she was about to be throatfucked by some savage swine unaware that humans need to breathe to live. This time, she might not be brought back. She might not come back.

She could no longer feel her esophagus stretched around the orc schlong like a slippery, fleshy condom. The tightness of her throat's cock invasion was all she knew - other than the callused fingertip prodding at her forehead to see if her lights were still on inside. She didn't have the lifeforce left to respond to it.

"I can't believe this is how I'm going to go out.. facefucked like some Goldshire Tavern wench.."

Zahrine thought, and was surprised by the volume of her own internal voice. As she tumbled over the rain-slick precipice and into the neverending void of death, she felt a warm, gooey sensation spurt down what must've been her throat. The tacky paste rushing down her well-used tube came in spurts, and slid all the way down into her belly where she could feel it pooling.

Zahrine never imagined that her final thoughts would be of the comforting, almost pleasurable feeling of a fresh batch of orc seed spilling down into her. All things considered, there were worse final moments.

That was when everything came rushing back, all at once.

The first sensation that she recognized was the bitter taste of cheap health potion. Goblin make. The kind of remedy that only impoverished adventurers subsisted off of. They didn't do much for the battle-hardened shadow priestess, but the acerbic brew was at least bringing her back from the brink of certain death. Zahrine coughed on the liquid flooding down into her belly. A dull, throbbing headache pounded at the inside of her skull. Her vision was fuzzy and her throat was empty. She was thankful for the latter.

"We almost kill human bitch! We get no pay if she die!" This voice beared the same coarse intonations as the commanding orc who used her previously, but was distinct enough to belong to another orc. As Zahrine's vision finished returning to her, she began to suspect that it belonged to the owner of the cock in her face. "... but if she live, we still use!" Zahrine's heart sank. They weren't done with her. This humiliating defeat wasn't over. The head of this new cock was being shunted towards her mouth. This time, she opened it. She knew it was that, or take another blow to the head. A tear ran down from the corner of her eye.

This orc was just as much of a gauche throatpounder as the chief was. He slithered his cock past her lips, across her slimy cockpillow, barged past her tonsils, felt the back of her throat, and straightened out that hindrance with a graceless thrust of his hips. With his wart-riddled and gnarled cock plunging closer and closer down to her stomach, Zahrine could feel her neck bulging out from the front. On the other side, a just-tight-enough-to-be-painful grip was latched around the back of her neck. Zahrine hung there, limp, but not lifeless, with her feet brushing the mossy ground, while this new orc humped her face for what felt like hours. Just like first time she sampled on what an orc dick felt like pistoning her gullet, she could feel the fluttering feeling of her pair of twin air tanks running on fumes. In this diplomatic recon mission, Zahrine was learning about serious lack in understanding of human physiology among orc raiding parties. Or, maybe this animal simply didn't care if Zahrine was about to be asphyxiated to death once again on the second orc cock of the afternoon. Her eyes slipped backwards up underneath her upper eyelids and she could once again feel the encroaching darkness closing in on her from her periphery. She could feel her life slipping out of her grasp. Zahrine twitched and convulsed, spasming as her lungs ached for another breath and her brain cells began to die off. A bubbly foam formed in what minute gap between the cock lodged in her windpipe and her lips that were pulled around it.

Then, another rejuvenating splash of bargain-bin goblin constitution elixir was poured into her open mouth to wash down the deposit of orc cum emptied into her, and she was face-to-face with a new orc cock. She didn't know if this one was the third, or the tenth. The procedure was the same. Choke her until she was nearly dead, return her to the land of the living with the application of a quick-and-dirty fix, and resume using their nearly-broken toy. Zahrine had stopped putting up a fight several dicks ago. She would open her mouth when they would approach, and she would take them without a shred of resistance - or dignity. She even began to look forward to the warm, milky payoff that was spilt down her well-travelled fuckhole. Almost without fail, she would approach the brink of being snuffed out of existence, and be brought back with a twin splash of orc cum and knockoff goblin life

potions.

“Human good for other thing, too,” grunted the unfamiliar cadence of what might as well have been the first member of a third dozen orc dicks she had been passed between. Zahrine had just been deposited unceremoniously onto the dirt, speckled with orc spunk that didn’t manage to make it’s way into her throat, and was sitting there motionless.

“Come over to me, meat,” barked a nearby orc resting his back on a rock with his arms crossed. His dick was swinging down between his kneecaps and glistened with the ooey-gooley leftovers of the concoction of spit and stale spunk that was collecting in Zahrine’s tummy. She had visited him before - or, rather, he had gotten acquainted with her throat. Zahrine couldn’t bring herself to her feet, but a part of her wanted to go to him. Maybe she would be rewarded with more cum if she went to him. The chance, alone, was reason enough for her to begin a crawl along the dirty forest floor towards the orc waiting on her.

“You sit in front of me,” Zahrine was instructed upon arriving at the enormous orc’s feet. With a half-dazed, whole-broken look on her face, the disgraced shadow priestess watched as the orc hefted his impressive pipe by the base and began showering her with a warm, but unfamiliar liquid. It was salty, but less viscous than the glue-like orcish spunk that had been filling up her belly. It was the strong, musty aroma that gave it away; Zahrine realized that this orc was pissing on her. She, a warrior that had been honored by the king of Stormwind and a pillar of strength in her guild, was being pissed on by an orc grunt on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere.

And she was going to sit there and take it without complaint.

Once the soldier had finished relieving himself on her, he relieved himself of her with a wave of his hand. Zahrine turned away, and moved on her hands-and-knees towards a gaggle of orcs standing around a fire they had lit at some point as the day grew to a close. She deposited herself next to them, relaxed back onto her knees with her juicy, thick rump resting on her ankles.

“What you want, meat?” grunted the first orc to even take notice that the girl they spent the evening passing around like a dispensable pleasure object.

Zahrine didn’t exactly have an answer to that question ready. Racked with ambivalence, she sat there in silence while considering the options. A part of her wanted a shower. She was sticky with a combination of bodily fluids, both her own and otherwise, and her knees were caked with dirt and mud. A part of her wanted to get on her horse - provided it hadn’t left without her - and ride for Dreamer’s Rest, where her guild was waiting for her. Another part of her wanted another helping of orc dick, or, rather, another steaming load of orc semen sloshed down into the growing collection of seed in her stomach. That particular ‘want,’ she could feel, was lust-driven and animalistic. She wanted the rush of gasping back into life with a new batch running down the back of her tongue. Even after fucking her way through every cock in the camp, however, she retained enough of herself to know her mission.

“.. my horse. I- I want my horse,” Zahrine whispered.

“You want horse?” chuckled the orc in response, a hint of amusement dancing behind his words as he said them. “Okay, meat, you get horse.”

Zahrine sighed and nodded, content that she could put the incident behind her and move on. She watched as the orc pushed his way out of the group and lumbered in his orcish, heavysset gait out of her line of sight. Moments later, the orc trudged back, leading Justice by the reins of his bridle. Instead of stopping in front of her, however, the horse was led over her. Zahrine had to scramble out

of the way of the horse's black steel shoes as to not be trampled. With a complaintative nicker, the stallion was brought to a halt standing over Zahrine. She peered up at the bulk of the beast's equine girth, having not often seen this side of her faithful mount.

"I bring horse," spoke the growling voice of the orc standing beside Justice, "now you please him."

Zahrine knew, as she turned without a word to the furry sheath of her companion's horse cock, that these orcs had broken something inside of her. Something inside of her knew the pain that would be inflicted upon her if she didn't comply. But the part of her that was stroking a rapidly-growing equine cock was a new, and fresh. And that part of her craved the feeling of a dick stuffed into her. With Justice's cock fully erect and about as thick as her toned bicep, she looked over at the orc who had informed her of the next dick that would be impaling her.

"I want him.. in me," she stuttered. She had taken cock after cock in her gullet that afternoon. She might as well have one for her, right? "P- please," she added after a beat. That last word drew out a smug grin from one of her many orc superiors.

"That can be arranged," retorted the orc in a surprisingly cohesive application of common tongue. Moments later, Zahrine was on her back, laying on a wooden crate, with her legs splayed out lewdly over either side. In her hands was the flare-tipped horsecock belonging to one of her oldest and most faithful friend in the unforgiving landscape of Azeroth.

And she was about to let her old pal sink his horse dick right into her puckered starfish of an asshole, all at the behest of a band of orcs watching the horse show like a back-alley Goldshire attraction. Zahrine reached up and stroked the side of the panting beast, encouraging him to lay his pipe right into her. With one, mighty thrust forward of his rear, the stallion did just that. After the initial 'pop' of the horse's wide, flat cockhead into her tight tailpipe, he impaled Zahrine with a respectable six inches of horsey dick.

Halfway down the length of Justice's shaft pushing up into her, Zahrine felt the part of her that still had shame for what took place that evening - the part of her that was a willing devotee to the void, and the part of her that was a respected guild powerplayer - extinguish. All that mattered was this fat schlong humping haphazardly at her gaping asshole. Zahrine reached down and felt at her belly, and giggled when she felt the head of Justice's cock pushing up on her stomach from the inside to briefly form a bulge on her tummy.

"Meat is enjoying herself!" roared the familiar voice of the orc chief that had set her down this path and was indirectly responsible for her taking a horse cock up in her guts right at that moment. "Are you, meat?"

"Y- yes," was all that Zahrine was able to squeak out while a horse dong hollowed out her asshole without a moment's hesitation. To Justice, Zahrine was the same as any other mare: a warm hole to sink his breeding rod into and flood with his DNA. Zahrine wanted that sticky splodge for herself, too. When she felt the quivering shaft tense up inside of her cavernous anal entrance, she wriggled her way off of it. The sensation of the horse's schlong oozing it's way out of her well-fucked butt was almost enough to make Zahrine cum right then and there - but she had to be quick.

The dick addict priestess to the church of cock scrambled off of the makeshift riser and brought herself up in front of the horse dick fresh out of her anal cavity. Without so much as a thought to pause, she ran her tongue down the side of the pulsating member and up the other side. She suckled gently on him until she felt the fruits of her labor splatter into her face.

In all of the years she had spent astride her tried-and-true war horse, she never know how downright

delicious his spunk would taste. From the moment it caked her tongue and flooded her tastebuds, she knew she wasn't going to live to forget it. Rope after sticky rope of horse semen splashed onto her face, over her perky tits, and into her hair. Her hands pumped back and forth at the two-foot shaft of horse dick available, aiming to milk every last drop of flavorful nutbutter from the horse's grapefruit-sized balls. Her prayer and confession to the ministry of horse cum, however, was cut short by a throat-clearing grunt from the orc chief who had watched the entire depraved goings on.

"You pay toll, meat. You get to go," snarled the orc chief, " - but you go back with gift."

Zahrine watched with a timid stare - or, what stare she could manage with her face layered in horse tackle spackle - as the overgrown mass of green muscle approached her with a devilish look on his two-fanged face.

A torch sparked into life in the darkness of the encampment. Then, another torch. Several more flickering firelights sprung up as the raiding party became aware of the approaching hooves. The dark stallion trotted up carefully to the men walking out to meet it.

"Brought something for us, Justice?" one of the gruff-voiced raiders spoke as he stroked the horse's muzzle. "Someone, maybe?"

The man held aloft his torch up to illuminate the nude form of Zahrine, the raidmaster who was supposed to be leading them onto the fields of battle come sunrise. Her body was littered in graffiti written in the barely-intelligible scrawlings of the orcs who left it. The writing was tapped out onto her skin in the traditional method of orcish tattooing. All in the common tongue, phrases like "meat whore," "worthless," "good for pleasure," and "orc dick slave" were inked on her flesh. A handful of orcish names, presumably for posterity, were also tattooed on Zahrine's naked body slumped over in the saddle.

"Savages did their job as instructed. Can't say that I'm not at least a bit surprised," remarked the man to another member of the detachment. "Poor cunt can't even stay conscious."

"Yeah, that 'ought to take that bitch down a couple notches, huh?" returned the other man.

"We'll have to make sure they get paid. You know how those orcs are about 'paying the toll,' especially when you're hiring them for a delicate job like this."

"That remains to be seen - we hired them to break her down. If she's under the table blowing me tomorrow morning, I say we pay them."

The two men shared in a laugh, and one of them took the reins of the stallion who ferried their 'leader' back to them. The stallion nickered quietly in the dark.