

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part I

I was late, of course. By the time I arrived at the court, I was greeted by an eerie silence, walking through rooms and rooms of people sitting, slouching, laying, all of them sleeping as if frozen in time. I slowly paced the long hallways, quiet rooms and courtyards, stripping off more and more layers of my gown until I was completely naked, enjoying the freedom, the feeling of a cool, light breeze on my breasts, safe in the knowledge that nobody could see me now as I set out to enact my revenge.

It started many years ago. The king and queen had tried long and hard to conceive, and despite all their efforts, the queen remained without child. Fearing the ever-growing unrest of her husband and being cast out on suspicion that she might be barren, she grew more and more desperate. And so, late one autumn night, I heard her faint tapping on my door.

My cottage lay outside of town, well within the forest that surrounded the kingdom and served as a border to the neighbouring lands. To the townsfolk I was a healer, one that knew her way with herbs and cures, but in reality, I'm far more than that, for I hail from the unseelie court, and my powers are of night and magic. However, in the queen's case, neither night nor magic was required to find out why she would not conceive. The king, for all his pompous posturing and parades of power, was a wimp when it came to women and bedding them, and the only ones that could get him hard enough to shoot his load were his manservants.

My advice to her was simple. Either she would need to find someone else to get her pregnant or, if she did not want to risk that kind of infidelity, would need to find a way to get his sperm while he's bedding other men. She left, without so much as a thank-you, but I could tell her mind was racing, thinking of a way to solve her desperate situation. My curiosity piqued, I followed and watched her in the next days, disguised in the ways the fairies use to be invisible to human eyes. Finally, she seemed to have formed a plan. One day, when the king retired to his private quarters, she went into the armoury and told the captain of the guard to put armour on her and let her go in the place of her husband's private guard. Hesitantly, the captain obliged.

Now, the queen was voluptuous, and so a lot of effort was required to squeeze her ample bust and round butt into a man's armour, but eventually she stood, breathing heavily and sweating in the plates and tight straps, in front of her husband's door. Slowly she stepped in.

The king was already half-undressed, only wearing his crown and royal gown, sitting on a chair by the window. As she stepped in, he got up. "Ah," he said. "My faithful friend, have you come to please me, once again?"

The queen paused for a moment, then said, her voice hoarse and as deep as she could from underneath her helmet: "My fellow guard was struck ill, so I will stand in his stead today."

The king stared at her for a moment, then nodded. "Very well then. Do you know what you are here to do?" he asked.

She hesitated. "I am here to please my lord in any way he wishes," she said finally, trying to bow as much as the armour would let her.

The king nodded. "Then come and relieve me of the load in my loins," he said and sat down on the bed, opening his gown and stroking his small, half-erect penis.

The armoured queen moved closer and knelt down, opening the visor only when her head was close to his crotch, and instantly starting to suck on him, as well as the helmet would allow her. The king moaned and breathed heavier, but none of the two were very good at what they're doing, and just didn't get anywhere. I almost would've gone in there to help them, would it not have compromised myself, and so I kept watching from a safe distance outside their window as the king finally sat up and said: "Today, I require more of you. Let me take you from behind."

The queen froze, but resigned, removing the straps that held her bottom guard in place, but lowering it only so far as to reveal her white, round, naked buttocks. This seemed enough for the king, who just got behind her and pushed himself into her soft, moist anus. I don't know if he even got deep enough to penetrate her, but it didn't seem to matter to him, because only moments later, he grunted and rolled back onto the bed.

The queen quickly snuck out of his room and went outside, taking off parts of the armour to help her move faster as she left the castle, and town hastening through the forest, her butt still exposed. When she reached my hut, I was already expecting her. "Quick," she said. "I've done what you asked and collected his seed."

I nodded, feigning ignorance. "So where is it then?" I asked.

She blushed, but turned around, pushing her ample buttocks out towards me. "It is in my behind," she said meekly. I licked my lips, having waited for that moment, then guided her to my table where I bent her forwards as I knelt behind her.

She was quite my type, a well-rounded, feminine woman with a butt that just asked to be fucked. I opened a few other straps, until her leather garments around her waist came all loose and fell to the floor, giving me easy access to the whole area between her legs. Then I began to lick her, starting at her dark, curly pubic hair, tasting the sweat and juices emanating from her sweet snatch. I worked my way further up until I reached her rosy anus, all sticky and smelling strongly of cum. As my tongue lapped across it, I could already taste the sperm. I began collecting it carefully in my mouth and was spitting it into a small spoon.

My tongue then began to penetrate her, wetting her anus as I parted her cheeks with both hands. More sticky cum came oozing out and I licked it up, sucked everything I could get to out of her asshole until the spoon was full. During all this, she remained calm and composed, only thinking about finally getting pregnant. But when I began parting her labia and penetrating her with my fingers, she finally lost her composure and started moaning.

I worked her slowly, pushing my fingers further and further inside her, while steadily licking her clit, sucking it into my mouth, pulling at it with my teeth and making sure she got as wet as I could get her. More and more fingers entered her, stretching her wide. "Uhhhh," she moaned. "H-h-h-how will you get me pregnant, now?"

I smiled, grabbing for the spoon. "We'll do it like you were a mare," I said, placing it at the entrance of her pussy. She didn't know what I meant by that, but the cold silver startled her. Slowly I pushed the spoon in, holding it tight in my fingers. As the head of the spoon had disappeared, I pushed further, my hand squeezing deeper and deeper into her sopping cunt, stretching and filling her deep and wide.

She groaned, grunted, then screamed as my knuckles passed her flabby labia and my whole hand shoved firmly up her unfucked cunt. She arched back, pushing against me, her heavy tits swinging down onto the table top as I began fucking her with my hand, going deeper and deeper, past my

wrist, until the spoon hit her cervix. There, I turned it, scooping the cum off with my thumb, imbuing it with some magic and making sure it got distributed well all around her cunt as I pulled back out.

She gasped, exhausted, thin streams of cunt juice running down her legs as she remained bent over my table for a while, regaining her strength. I licked my fingers clean, but left the spoon for her, so she could get whatever was left of the cum and her twat slime on it. She savoured the taste, and finally got back up and dressed as good as she could, before thanking me and bidding me farewell with a kiss.

~~~~~

## **Part II**

Of course, helping the queen wasn't entirely selfless. I had wanted a human child for myself for a while now, and was determined to get her kid once the time was right. The queen must've sensed something about that, and so when she had a daughter nine months later, I did not even get a notice about it, and instead she called on the seelie court for help to guard the princess' birth and upbringing. Not that I had needed notice, as I kept my eyes and ears on the queen every day since she left my cottage. And of course I could enter the castle, invited or not, at my leisure, so when the day came that the royal couple introduced their firstborn daughter to the court, they were in for a nice surprise.

I stood among the crowd, cloaked in shadows, as the faeries of the seelie each bestowed a gift upon the child, granting it useless things like beauty, and grace, and good manners. And as I saw the child - my child - getting turned into something boring, meek, obedient and subservient, I finally stepped forward. "Well," I said, as I made the crowd fall silent with the flick of a wrist. "It is so good to see my king and queen finally conceiving, after all that fruitless time." I smirked and looked at the queen longer than she could bear. The king wanted to protest, but to his surprise, my magic prevented him from speaking, or even lifting a finger. "So, since I only wish for the best of the child, I, too, will grant her a gift: She shall grow up happy and peaceful, and have the best childhood any girl would ever have. And then, on her fourteenth birthday, it will all be over quick, for she will be stuck with a prick and die. She'll be the happiest princess that ever lived!" I finished, my voice drooping of irony as I twirled and walked out.

Once I had left, the magic was lifted. I perched in the shadows again, watching the scene unfold. The remaining seelie, who had not yet delivered gifts, could of course not let this slide, but powerless to remove the curse of another faerie, they at least were trying to remedy it. "Your daughter shall not die," one said, "but her death may be dispersed as a deep sleep that would befall all the kingdom until the cause of the curse is lifted."

I tried hard not to laugh. Really, that was the best they could do? An eternal sleep until some ragtag stranger comes along to somehow figure out why everyone's asleep and lift the curse? Very well, I had other plans anyway. "And technically," the last faerie, who also worked as a lawyer for the king, said, "she's a kid until she turns 18, so nothing shall happen before her 18th birthday." I shrugged. I didn't care about her age so much as long as I got to keep her.

~~~~~

Part III

As the girl grew up, people started calling her "Beauty". Not so much because she was an outstandingly beautiful girl, but mainly because her parents had named her Hultrond, and nobody really liked that name, so it was lost to history. Don't get me wrong, she looked alright and was

pretty for the standards at the time - which basically meant her teeth weren't too rotten and she had no bad skin diseases. Other than that, she was chubby, like her mother, with a cute, round face that loved to smile and laugh, the curly, blonde hair and light brown eyes of her father. The gifts of the faeries worked well on her, and she moved about with a natural grace and was always polite, well behaved and a delight to everyone around. In short, she had the happiest childhood, just as I had promised her.

As she got closer to her 18th birthday, her parents became increasingly nervous and began preparing. The king ordered all needles, and to be safe, all other sharp and pointy objects, like knives and swords, to be removed from the castle and hidden in a secret location until her birthday was over. Also, the princess spent more and more time in her room, hidden away from everyone else, and guarded by the king's most loyal guards and her parents themselves.

The night before her birthday they locked the door to her room, which lay up in a high tower of the castle, and hid the key, forbidding anyone to try to approach her. Food was pulled up to her through a rope from her window and for the next days she was to be alone and by herself there.

Now, the kingdom held all manner of strange beings, and many of them weren't even my doing, but it happened that during that time, a particular wolf had come to the area. He was fleeing hunters from another realm, where he allegedly ate someone's grandmother and was preying on travellers in the forest. The thing about him was that he was no ordinary wolf, but a man, changing into wolf shape during the nights of a full moon. That way, he managed to remain hidden from the townsfolk and his pursuers, living a secret existence that nobody knew about. Nobody except me.

I won't say how much of all this was due to my influence, but the moon was full and red on the night before the princess' birthday, and the man awoke at night with an unnatural craving. Soon, he was running through the shadows, a large, black, furry shade himself, hunting, searching, looking for prey. I followed him, making sure to guide him where I wanted him to go.

Guards in the castle that night, had they looked up at the princess' tower, would have been able to see a large black animal climb the tower wall, its sharp claws clinging to the rough rock, quiet and catlike, but ferocious in its appetite and hunger. And maybe, if they would've looked very close, they could've seen a faint dark shape, in flowing gowns and long curly hair hovering behind him, watching his every move, making sure he was doing just as she intended him to do. But really, nobody ever looks up to see what happens above them, do they?

And so, when the clock struck midnight, and the princess' 18th birthday began, the wolf landed softly in her room, through the open window, eyeing her for a moment as she lay sleeping. The princess stirred and moaned in her bed, one hand inadvertently running across her breasts as she had her legs wrapped around her sheets, rubbing them tight against her crotch. I could see the dream she was having and knew she was getting into the right mind for what was to come. The wolf stood still, his forelegs on the bed, watching her quietly as she squirmed more and more, until she woke up with a sharp breath, gasping for air as she came.

In the dark, she could see the animal as a dark shadow, looming in front of the window by her bedside, but she was not afraid. "Mmmh, you have come," she said, greeting him. "The many times I had dreamt of you, and now you're finally here." The wolf didn't quite know what to make of this, but became curious as the princess threw the sheets aside, revealing her naked body, white and pale in the moonlight. As she crawled over to him, her large breasts, a gift from her mother, were bobbing and swinging underneath her.

She caressed him, running her fingers through his fur, ruffling it behind his ears and around his neck as she held him. The wolf began to breathe faster, his tongue sticking out as a hunger of a different sort began building up inside him. "Mmmh, you must be thirsty," she said, leaning back slightly. "I bet you want to taste me first." And with that, she spread her legs in front of him. Her pussy was glistening wet in the moonlight, still dripping a little from the dream she had, her labia swollen and pink, and crowned by a large patch of curly, blonde pubic hair all around.

He sniffed her, slowly, going from her slit to her pubes, down along her legs and back up to her pelvis. Then, suddenly, he took a quick lick. She gasped immediately as his big tongue slid across the whole length of her pussy. "Mmmmh, yes. Good doggie," she purred. "Go on, lick it all up." Her hands began to play with her breasts again and she moaned softly as the wolf licked faster and harder on her sappy little twat, drinking it like it was a bowl of water.

After a while she got so aroused that she couldn't hold back anymore. She sat up, her pussy now all wet from the tongue, and motioned the wolf to get higher up on the bed as she tried to reach down between his legs, feeling for his cock in the moonlight. It wasn't hard to find, having long grown hard and erect, and unnaturally large, even for a wolf of his size. She could barely close her fingers around it as she began to stroke, slouching down to kiss its red, thin head with her lips.

The wolf stood still, only his tail wagging fast as she began to suck him. Inexperienced, but full of fervour and desire she tightened her lips around his shaft as she moved her head further down, taking it as deep into her mouth as possible. She held it there for a moment, until she needed to breathe again and pulled back, gasping for air. Flicking her tongue quickly around the massive cock, she felt it pulse in her hand as she wrapped her lips around it again, moving it in and out of her mouth a few times. The wolf began to growl and pace, growing hotly aroused and impatient.

"Do you want me, my love?" she asked, looking up at the large beast. "Do you want to take me as yours and make me a woman, yes?" She got on all fours and turned around, her wide white ass in position for him. Immediately, the wolf began to mount her, his forelegs positioned on both sides of her as he moved his pelvis up to her butt. The long, thick red cock was slightly hanging down, finding its way between her legs, but missing the mark a few times, until she reached down beneath herself and guided it into her damp, musty 18-year old cunt.

Instantly, the wolf rammed his prick deep up her bowels, fucking her mercilessly and hard, so hard she didn't even notice as he ruptured her hymen and took her virginity, her cunt getting filled to the extremes by his dog-boner. She clenched the sheets and bit her pillow as he ploughed inside her, yelling muffled screams as he took her violently, thrusting her down against her bed, her fuck hole getting used deep and wild by his animalistic rod. If I didn't know better, I would've thought he raped her like I heard about in the stories from that other realm he came from. But she seemed to enjoy it, welcome it, push back and make him go ever deeper as she became his willing fuck whore, serving only as a receptacle for his cock.

Finally, he came. His cock swelled beyond her imagination, and a fountain of hot cum shot high up into her belly. He held her in position for a moment, unable to get his swollen member out just yet, and when he finally did, she had fallen asleep. Just then, he turned back into a man, the curse finally lifted off him, and fell to the floor as sleep overcame him as well.

~~~~~

## **Part IV**

And I was late, of course, when I came into her room, having watched the scenery from outside. I

landed at the foot of her bed, watching her bent across the sheets, sleeping peacefully, a young, dark-haired man at her feet. I took off my gown and threw it on her bed, unlocking the door to her room as I walked out through the castle. Wherever I went, people slept, right in the places they were just in.

No longer feeling the need for clothes, I stripped them off, my garments, undergarments, corset and boots, until I walked all naked through the castle, the cool night air caressing my skin, making my nipples grow hard and my labia get moist as I felt it on my pubes. The time for revenge, the time to take the child as mine, had come.

I found the king in his chambers, asleep in a chair. Taking off his gown, I made him levitate behind me as I walked out towards the guards barracks. As we arrived, all the soldiers were asleep, either in their beds or at their posts. I positioned the king in the middle, and placed his most favourite guards at his sides with their heads close to his exposed cock, letting one of them nibble on it in his sleep.

The queen was next. She had nervously been waiting outside the princess' chambers and was still sitting there, asleep in a chair. I opened her gown and stripped it off, letting her big, heavy tits fall freely out. I remembered the night when she came to me, those many years ago, as my hands ran across her naked skin, caressing her softly. When she was all naked, I levitated her too, bringing her outside into the courtyard. Rumours had it that she, rejected by her husband, would take to anyone to satisfy her, and so I brought her to the pig's wallow. She landed in the dirt with a "splosh", sleeping pigs all around her, and I arranged it so she would be coddling a pig's cock in her hands as she slept.

And finally, the faeries themselves. Most of them had left the kingdom, but the lawyer one was still working in the king's employ, so I sought her out. As a seelie, she was unaffected by my spell, but was asleep nonetheless when I entered her house. I found her in bed, where she woke up, just as I had straddled her face, pinning her down with my hands. I smirked as she struggled, thinking how the first things she saw as she woke up were my gaping wet cunt and dark curly pubes. "She's eighteen now, and she's mine," I whispered, though nobody would hear us anyway. "So as the loser, you'll get to lick my twat now." She stared up at me, with an expression of fear, anger, and lust, but the laws of our courts were binding, and so she began hesitantly to lick.

Her tongue ran across my labia, tickling my clit in a way only faeries could. I made sure she would lick me on all my holes, good and deep, giving her time to explore me as much as she could. My sex juices began to flow in copious amounts, and I made her swallow every bit of it. She obliged, acting upset, but secretly enjoying every drop, and so I finally spread my pussy flaps wide and gave her my warm, tart piss to drink, right in her mouth. She swallowed, coughing, getting much of it on her face and into her hair. When I was finished, I got up, releasing her. "Go now," I said, looking straight at her wet, piss-soaked face. "And remember this night, for whenever you come back here again, you will be my slave."

~~~~~

Part V

Then I returned to the princess. I smiled as I saw her laying, just like before, sleeping sound and tight. I hated to wake her up so soon, but the time had finally come for her to live with me and learn all the ways of the faerie. I knelt behind her, parting her buttocks as I began to lick, gently and carefully, all the way between her legs, from her moist pubes to her puckered anus. She groaned and stirred, but was still asleep.

Slowly and diligently, I began to suck the cum out of her pussy. At first, gulps of it came running out all by themselves, and I made sure to catch them with my mouth. Then, I had to suck harder, probing her with my tongue for the load he had dumped deeper inside her. And, to be completely sure, I probed her with my fingers, reaching deep inside her pussy and scooping up whatever slimy remnants I could find there, licking my fingers clean every time I pulled them out again. The more I sucked, scooped and swallowed, the more she woke, until she finally opened her eyes, turning around to look at me.

"I ... I had the strangest dream," she said, still too drowsy to move or understand where she was. I nodded, saying: "I know. But it's alright now, everything is alright." I kissed her labia gently and rubbed her butt with my hands. "Are you ... are you the one who saved me?" she asked. I smirked. "In a way," I replied. "But that means you are mine now, and will serve me in any way I wish." She nodded. "What would you want me to do?" she asked. "Well," I said, thinking for a moment, "everyone got fucked tonight, except me. So why don't we start your training with that?"

I stood up and stepped over the still sleeping man, bending forward as I held onto the windowsill, pushing my butt out towards her. She followed me, kneeling down behind me, caressing my clit with her fingers. Soon, she moved further up, sliding them into my still dripping wet cunt. When she felt how wide I was, she didn't hesitate and pushed as many fingers inside as she could. I felt four of her slender fingers enter me deep, while her thumb played naughtily with my anus. She moved them, pushing in and out, getting a feel for what I like, while I stood bent over, halfway out of the window, finally getting fucked the way I needed it.

"Yesss," I groaned, "fuck that big cunt with your fucking hand, whore!" I bit my teeth, pushing back harder against her. She got the message and pushed back, squeezing her thumb inside as well and filled me deep and hard with her hand. I felt her pound it into me, fast and hard, like she was born for this, fucking me mercilessly against the window. I yelled, bent over, my tits dangling down on the outside, screaming loud enough for the whole court to wake up from: "YES! Pound my fat PISS CUNT with your hand, you worthless little fuck slave! Fuck me like the bitch I am!!!"

She slapped me, ramming her hand hard up my sopping muff, and when she shoved two fingers up my puckered ass, I came. I came so hard I shrieked unnaturally, making noises no one has ever heard as a fountain of cum erupted from my raw cunt hole, pushing her hand out as it came gushing all over her, soaking her tits, her face, her freshly fucked crotch in my juices. Now she was mine, and I pulled her tight, holding her in my arms as our naked bodies rubbed against one another, my cum getting smeared all over us. I kissed her, passionately, as I wrapped my arms around her, lifting off, flying blissfully out of the window as the court awoke below us, hearing yelling and screaming as they discovered what had happened. But we left all that behind us, heading out to a new life, in another land.

The End