

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Authors Note

*Felt like beginning a series in an adult fantasy world. Watch out George R. R. Martin. I hope anyone that played D&D in the early 80's gets the title reference.*

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I stood there in awe, watching the small procession of five Centaurs enter our little village on the plains, just two weeks after my 18th birthday. It seemed like most of the village had also turned out as well. Though the great wars between our human kingdoms and the Centaurs have been over now for almost three generations, they are still uncommon enough and fearsome enough to warrant more than casual interest anywhere they go in our lands.

They are huge and powerful creatures, superior in strength, speed and stamina to humans and equal in intelligence. They are not quite as large as our horses, which are a rarity these days anyway, but they still outweigh us massively. The only thing they lack compared to us, is our numbers. Their leader is the chieftain of the Swift Hoof clan, known as Gresham. Like all their kind during peaceful era's, he wears simple leather armour on his torso and his horse like body is unclothed. They plan to bed down in our village before moving on to an annual political meeting deeper within the Kingdom.

It isn't the Centaurs that intrigue me the most most, however. It is the beautiful dark haired woman riding naked on the back of their leader Gresham. She looks to be about 30 years old. Everyone knows the stories of the human women that find lives as concubines for the Centaurs. They are greatly sought after amongst the Centaur leaders. I hear whispers amongst the villagers, not loud enough for the Centaurs to hear, obviously. "Whore... filthy slut!" "Dirty horse beast lover!"

The Centaurs are being billeted for the night in the large storage barn in the middle of town, which is almost totally empty now since it is right before harvest. I sneak up closer to get a better look around the corner of the barn. I gasp in shock as the beautiful naked woman throws her leg over the Centaurs back and slides to the ground. Her ass hole...it's obscenely stretched out! It gaped open large enough to push an apple through it as she swung her leg over. The woman and the Centaur then go inside the barn as the four body guards remain outside to prepare the evening meals. I'm mesmerised now, and I know that I shouldn't do it, but I cannot help it- I've never been able to control my curiosity. I tiptoe my way around to the back of the barn and find the loose board that I know about. I often use it to sneak in and watch "Block Head Bill" and chubby Fatima (who I call Fat-Ima) during their little private meetings. Once quietly inside I hide behind my usual hay bales and peek over the top.

At this point I need to give some historical perspective for someone unfamiliar with our lands to make sense of everything that is happening.

For generations the human kingdoms and the Centaur clans were locked in endless fighting. Even the relatively peaceful years were marred by countless skirmishes and raiding. The waste in lives was immense. Humans took, by far the heaviest loss of life, but equally outnumber the Centaurs many times over. Each Centaur loss is felt more keenly by them due to their lower numbers and a breeding condition that has existed for as long as anyone can remember. Basically, the Centaurs are lucky if one in every five conceptions results in a successful birth. The same issue faces our horses, resulting in horses being rare and excessively valuable- normally only owned by Lords and never anyone lower than an Earl. No one knows the cause of the Equine breeding issues. So each Centaur loss in battle is hard to replace, whilst human females can, and are encouraged to, pop a newborn child out every year.

On the open plains the Centaurs could not be matched. Their strength in battle, their speed and mobility when combined with the lack of horses for mounted human troops resulted in many human slaughters on the battle fields. The Centaurs could march ten times further in a day and link up clans to temporarily overcome the human superiority in numbers. The humans, on the other hand, would always fall back into their lands to the west, and hunker down in the mountains. There the Centaurs would find the passes blocked by walls of Pikemen and walled fortresses that the Centaurs could not penetrate without heavy losses. Soon the nomadic Centaurs would be forced to abandon their campaigns and return to the plains to forage and cultivate. Generations of fighting could not break the stalemate.

Finally we got a generation where both sides each had a supreme leader with enough brain cells and influence to try and find a peaceful solution, relatively speaking. Unfortunately the negotiations always kept breaking down in one area where neither side could find compromise.

Over the course of hundreds of years of conflict, the Centaurs developed the tactic of raiding human low lands, taking what crops and items they could carry and burning everything else. But the most valued prize of conquest was human women. Males would be killed, but the women would be rounded up and gang raped in victory orgies. For the Centaurs, human women are a tight and very pleasurable sexual conquest. The word for Human females in the Centaur language is difficult to translate perfectly, but the closest matches are either "cock sleeve" or "cock adornment". The pleasurable experience is not a reciprocated one. Centaur penis sizes range from 18 to 26 inches, not quite as large as horses in length- but they are immensely thick and generally cause internal injury to any human woman they are forced into. If that's not enough, it is common in many clans for the Centaurs to adorn their cocks with piercings to increase the sensation for their own females. This is usually anything but pleasurable for human females. As if that were not bad enough, the nature of Centaur and human intercourse slams the final nail in the coffin. Under clan laws it is perfectly fine for Centaurs to take and keep "cock sleeves" as concubines. In fact it's a status symbol to have one. However, it is a great affront to the females of their species to have vaginal intercourse with their human concubines. Largely because of their problems with conception and their religion. Intercourse with human females vaginally brings severe punishment. So, Centaurs use their "cock sleeves" up their back hole. The males don't mind at all, since the ass hole is tighter and they can force more of themselves in deeper.

So the mentioned rape orgies after conquests were brutal. For the vast majority of women captives the first rough anal penetration by the immense cocks would be fatal to an unprepared woman. Some would expire fast, some would cling to life and be raped through the night in agony, suffering increasingly more severe injury. Some Centaurs could be powerful enough to disembowel a captive with their cocks during intercourse. Generally, 95 percent of captives died by morning from their internal injuries. Over the next few days half of the remainder would expire as well. The remaining 2.5 percent were strong enough to recover and survive. These women were taken back to their clans and sold as concubines. Some didn't last long, but some were purchased by important Chiefs and lived in luxury. Either way, the rarity of survivors, and the desirability of human women as concubines, made them the single most valuable commodity for trade in the clan lands.

So back to the peace negotiations. Naturally, most of the war like clans were not prepared to give up their raiding for valuable "cock sleeves" for trading. There seemed to be no solution in site. Finally a solution presented itself. Laws in the kingdoms are harsh and punishments severe. Many crimes that may seem quite minor to more civilised places could carry the death penalty in the Kingdoms. Such things as infidelity after marriage for example, for both men and women. This resulted in a huge burden upon the penal systems. So the first solution was for the Kingdoms to send female prisoners, that are relegated to death row or life in a cell, to the Centaurs for their sentence instead. It was close, but not quite enough for the peace settlements.

The final part of the solution came from a General that suggested a similar system to that of their special Legion. The elite Kingdom Legion are some of the few troops respected by the Centaurs. Anyone who joins has all history and crimes erased and spends life serving the Legion instead. So, along the borders with the Centaur lands, four special brothels were constructed to cater to the Centaurs. Any woman reaching them, and entering, would have all history erased, no questions asked. In return they are sexually prepared and trained, by the brothel madame for relatively safe use by the Centaurs. Because less fatalities occur due to training and preparation, less women are needed than the wasteful raiding. The brothels can also sell the women directly to Centaurs as consorts for the right price. The solutions were trialled and worked well enough. At first, most women arrived at the brothels because they were running from the law and preferred a chance there rather than risk being sent directly to the Centaurs as a sentence. Soon enough, the destitute, the poor and desperate began to go there, knowing they would at least be well fed and live in more comfort than they knew before. These days, poor families that have too many daughters instead of sons even take Crown money to sell their extra daughters to the brothel. Sometimes though, it is whispered, that a woman even goes there because she wants to.

The beautiful concubine, the "cock sleeve", is bending over some hay bales and wiggling her ass to entice Gresham. She is actually looking forward to him. Her ass hole is hanging open loosely, obviously having been heavily trained and used. You know that Fat-Ima often gets Blockhead Bill to push his cock up her big flabby ass and she seems to like it, but this is on a whole different level.

"Oh Gresh, I've been looking forward to this all day! Come on baby, it's been a long ride"

I move along my own hay bale to get a more side on view and have to clap my hand over my mouth to stop from crying out. The Centaurs cock has slid out of its sheath. Oh my fucking god, it will kill her! There's no way she can survive that! The only cock I've really seen is "Block Head Bill" (I call him that because he's a total idiot) when I watch him putting it into Fat-Ima. This Gresham is at least 24 inches long and as thick as my leg just above the knee! Now I understand why the woman is so stretched and worn! But she is clearly looking forward to it!

Gresham put his front hooves over the hay bale as well and lines up with her broken ass hole. The woman reaches behind to help guide it in. It's too big! Even with all her wear it surely cannot go in? It does. The woman shakes in delight.

"YES! Give it to me now, fuck me hard baby...I need it rough tonight...don't warm me up just pound it in...hard!"

The Centaur does what she asks for and drives forward into her hard! Then again harder.

"Harder, you know I can take it! You know I want it!"

The Centaur thrusts harder, I can hear the sickening noise it makes slamming into her ass. What is that I can see? I need to move around to the side more, it's risky but I need to get a more side on view. Oh my god! Every time the massive cock thrusts into her, her belly bulges out! The cock is up to her breasts...she isn't taking all of it, she probably cannot quite do so, I'm not sure. There is only 4 inches of cock left outside of her though! But no woman should be able to take this without serious internal injury! Slam! Slam! Slam! Goes the cock as it drives deep up into her guts.

"Ahhhhh, Ahhhh fuck baby, harder I want it to hurt tonight!"

Again I have to cover my mouth for the next part. The Centaur thrusts his cock in, lifts his hind legs up and lifts the woman's hips up into the air so her feet are off the ground. The she is now impaled, holding herself up by her hands on the hay bale at the front whilst her hips are held up by the huge

cock in her ass hole. The woman is cumming! The Centaur puts her back down and repeats the thrusting ten more times, lifting her hips up and suspending her by her ass hole. The tenth time he squats slightly and causes her to begin sliding back down his immense shaft, slowly impaling her with her feet twitching in mid air. Soon she is moaning loudly as her belly bulges deeper, that soon turns to panicked groans that soon turn to desperate shrieks...he's going to kill her! The final 4 inches are slowly going into her as her own weight makes her slide down the thick cock shaft.

"OH BABY that's enough...PLEASE!"

Finally he drops her back onto her feet. He grabs her with his powerful arms and rotates her around on his cock so she is now facing up, supports her on the hay bale and drives back into her rapidly now so her belly looks like its being pulverised! She has another orgasm. Shortly after that the Centaur stops driving his cock in and pauses at maximum depth. I can see her belly swell up more as his big cock head flares inside her and pumps her full of his seed. The woman throws her head back in bliss. When his cock stops pumping its semen, she again lifts her head and looks up into his eyes. The huge flared head is now bulging her belly up to the same level as her tits!

"Baby...you know what I feel like tonight?"

"You sure?...it hurts you!" The Centaur speaks for the first time.

"Do it! Mess me up tonight! Do it!"

The Centaur's cock is still flared massively inside her, he never the less begins sliding it back. When the flared head is back below her navel he drives it back in deep. The woman's eyes roll back in her head, but she clings to consciousness and tells him to do it again. The second thrust has her crying tears of pain.

"Okay baby...rip it out! Give it everything!"

The Centaur grasps her under her arms and rips her off his cock in one savage movement. The oversized cock head is still flared and it pulls her rectum out of her ass hole so that it is prolapsed out 5 inches as the cock leaves! The woman sprays semen from her ass hole and squeals in orgasm and pain at the same time. Rolling around on her back, she sprays urine into the air. Finally she stops thrashing and lays there on her back, spreadeagled over the hay bale with her prolapsed rectum hanging out still.

"Thanks baby...I need that so much..."

"Tomorrow I'd like you to go out in the sling"

Whatever "going out in the sling" means, makes the woman's eyes light up again in excitement.

"Yes, it would be my pleasure! I'll do it with pride"

"Okay, I have to go and talk to the village elder and give the guards their instructions"

The Centaur leaves and the woman lifts her and looks towards me and speaks.

"You can come out now, I knew you were there right from the start- I saw you. Did you like what you saw?"

No point hiding, I step out to face her.

"You seemed to like what he did to you?" I ask her.

"Yes I enjoyed it very much. What's your name honey?"

"Ingrid, what is your name?" I answer, I cannot stop staring at her prolapsed ass hole which is still leaking the Centaurs semen onto the hay between her legs. She sees where I'm looking.

"Yes it's well and truly ruined isn't it? I've been taking very large cocks up there for a long time. How old are you Ingrid? Oh and my name is Agniezka where I come from, in these parts you'd say Agnes"

"I'm 18 years old. Didn't it hurt to ruin your hole Agnes?"

"I was trained and stretched at the brothel, which made it much easier. But yes it hurt a bit early on, the more I got used to it, the more I liked it. I love what I do now. Gresham fucks me almost every day, that's why I'm so worn down there. Did you like seeing me with Gresham?"

I pause to consider how truthful I should be. "Yes...it made me want it too!" I blurt out, relieved in a way that I said it. Then I continued on. "Why did you decide to do it when you started? I mean way back when you went to the Brothel"

"My family arranged a marriage for me, when I was about your age, to the local Lord. They received some land as payment. The Lord turned out to be a beast. After drunkenly fucking me on our wedding night, he then decided to let his horse have a turn on me, he being lucky enough and wealthy enough to own one. The horse did it's work well and really enjoyed me. It left me badly injured"

She draws my attention to her vagina, which I hadn't taken any notice of up until now. It is quite deformed and has been injured in the past, seemingly not from wear like her ass, but from forced entry.

"Oh...I see...what did you do?"

"It took me 2 months to recover from what the horse did to me. When I did, I went to his bed when he was in another drunken stupor. I woke him up by cutting his cock and balls off and shoving them down his throat. Then I slit his throat once I was sure he had seen me and realised what I'd done to him"

"Served the prick right!"

"Quite so. But a wife murdering her husband, a Lord at that, well you know what it means I'm sure. So instead of waiting to be judged and sent to the Centaurs as a prisoner and probably be fatally raped, I chose to make a run for it and go to the Brothel on the Borderlands on my own terms"

" And Gresham? How did you end up there?"

"He was a client of mine at the brothel and came to really enjoy me, not just for the amazing pleasure I bought him, but also my conversation. He eventually purchased me as his personal concubine...his cock sleeve as they say! Anyway, maybe you better move along, he may be back soon. He wouldn't hurt you as long as I say I asked to talk to you. But you should move along, because I bet the villagers wouldn't like to find you here right?"

"Oh fuck! You're right, I'm late, my dad is so going to thrash me....oh one last thing before I

go...what did he mean by "he'd like you in the sling tomorrow?"

"You'll see tomorrow, won't you? If you liked watching me with Gresham earlier, then I think you'll like what you see when we leave tomorrow as well!"

I go back out through the loose board, glancing back one last time and see that her ass hole is still prolapsed out and leaking semen, it doesn't seem to bother her to be like that at all.

I got up early to make sure that I didn't miss the Centaurs leaving. It was just like yesterday evening, except Gresham wasn't carrying Agnes on his back. Instead she was carried under his belly in a sling. Her ass hole was deeply impaled on his huge penis and her arms and legs were strapped up his flanks. She was looking around proudly, with no shame at all from being openly displayed in her current position. She just knew that she was the winner here.

As they set out she bounced gently on the Centaurs cock and she seems to grind from time to time to pleasure her partner further. Many of the villagers, especially the women, hiss things at her "whore!" but they only do it once before making a quick exit, probably scared that Gresham may decide to pull their arms and legs off.

Before the edge of the village Agnes orgasms strongly and makes no attempt to hide her pleasure from the villagers. Some of the women again hiss "whore" or "slut", but this time I also notice a few women looking at Agnes differently and licking their lips slowly. I spy one woman up the back with her hand under her dress stroking herself.

I follow them and watch for as long as I'm allowed and the last thing I see is a stream of semen escaping between the cock and the concubines loose anus, leaving a trail on ground. It's many leagues to their next stop...I wonder how long Agnes stays mounted like that? In my mind I imagine and hope that it is all day long. That night I masturbate to what I saw, except that I'm the one in the sling.

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*Three years later.*

Here I stand before the famous Brothel on the Borderlands. Well one of them anyway. There are four. This one is closest to our village. It has no signs or anything else to indicate what it is. It is a long low solid stone building, with no windows and just a single normal sized door on this side. It's the back entrance for new staff. It only open one direction. You go in it, you don't come back out of it. The Centaur entrance is on the other side of course. The building straddles the border perfectly.

The journey here was easier than I expected, the soldiers I met as I got closer to the frontier are instructed not to impede women going to the brothel. The King wants women to go there, they always need more.

My parents were forcing me to wed the old village elder, a smelly, foul, lecherous piece of shit. I've also heard he beat his other wife to death. I told my father that I wouldn't marry him. He beat me for the thousandth time in my life and told me that I will marry the elder or he will take the Kings fee for sending a daughter to the Brothel and I'll have my ass hole raped by Centaurs for the rest of my life.

When he woke up the next day, I'd already left. One thing I want to make very clear, I could have gone to another village somewhere, found work, maybe even married someone half decent. I'm not a criminal or someone coming here solely on desperation. Remember when I said that some women come here by choice? I've come here by choice. I've never been able to get the images of Agnes out

of my mind, cumming with that beautiful smile on her face on the way out of our village. Every time that I masturbate since then, it has been to that image in my mind, picturing myself impaled upon that huge cock.

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