

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Having been deemed the least worthy of all the Harem, the conquering Sultan hadn't disposed of us as he had the others. The youngest among us were taken for his Harem, a good thing, at best, while the ones deemed unsuitable were given to his Royal Guard for their use, all of them soon literally torn apart by the soldiers repeated assaults. But we two, Sari and I, were given to his Grand Vizier, an alchemist, for his unorthodox and ungodly experiments.

We were shackled together in the corner of his lab, only seeing one other person a day for the first two days, the man being a slave who came once a day to attend to our bodily needs, giving us food and water, and a pan to use as a toilet. We were scared, but could do nothing.

After a couple of days, the Vizier came down alone, escorted only by two huge mastiffs, each of them more wolf-like than any dog I had ever seen. He spoke a command and they each sat attentively in the corner opposite us..

"Now," he said, as if to himself, breaking out a huge, leather bound tome. "we shall see how this Work will come along."

Opening vials that were on the shelves above the work table, he began pouring things out into a small bowl, then added a handful of grainlike stuff from a nearby bag. He put the bowl on the floor, and said, "Charon!" and one of the dogs came forth, the other remaining at attention.

The dog that came forth eagerly ate what was in the bowl, snuffling and licking it all up until it was empty. Then, the Vizier turned to Sari.

"You," he said, and walked towards us, key in hand. "here." He unlocked her shackles and led her towards the center of the room. "Now," he said, pointing at a low, padded stool-like thing that sat off to the side. "take that, and put it in the middle of this circle. It is for your comfort." She did as she was told, without a word. He smiled, and added.. "I might as well tell you now. My dogs are very well trained, and if you so much as try to leave, or do anything else I don't want you to, he—" he pointed to the dog who had remained at attention by the door. "—will kill you. Understand?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Very good," he said. "now, get down over that stool."

The thing he referred to was a very queer implement; it was about a foot or so tall, and was basically just a wooden rectangle with padding across the top. I wondered what it was normally used for.

"Bend over across the top of this, like so," he gestured, and then pushed her shoulder down, so that she was forced over it, sort of. She lifted her head to look at him. Both she and I figured that he was just going to use us, just as the winning soldiers in combat did.

"Charon," he said, backing away, "she is yours."

Sari didn't flinch when he said that, instead just bowing her head in submission as she realized that the ultimate fate was to befall her: she was to be given to his dogs as to a man, to be taken and used by them as a love-object. I shuddered, just thinking about it.

As I watched, the first dog, the one that had eaten from the bowl, approached her, his passions evidently inflamed. His manner confident and powerful, he sniffed around her, walking to her front so that he could sniff and lick her face, which he did. She gave a whine then, when his huge tongue

came out and licked her cheek, and the Vizier said: "Remember, dear girl, you had best do this willingly. If not, then I can have you tied, but it won't be pleasant....and if you try to resist him once he has begun his embraces, he might hurt you, terribly..."

With such words as these did he keep her still, her palms flat against the ground, her fingers curled as if trying to clench the cold, unyielding paving stones.

After contenting himself that she was a fit partner, the mastiff moved around behind her, his snout moving closer to that area that men like so much. Once his nose was planted between her legs, she gasped out loud, her whole body shivering with fear and revulsion. When he moved up over her, his forelegs to either side, she let out a shrill cry and started trying to crawl out from beneath him. He growled menacingly, and she grew still.

"Careful, girl," the Vizier warned.

She looked tiny beneath him, his huge furry body over top of hers. I could see the emergent tip of his manhood peeking out of his sheath, and was unsurprised to see that he was more fully endowed than any man I had ever serviced.

His pelvis mere inches from her, the rest of his cock became fully tumescent, sticking plainly forth at her sex, which was exposed to him by virtue of her positioning. His manhood was a fiery red, and fully two handspans long, if it was an inch. It was bigger around than my wrist, and I could see that it was strangely misshapen, the base of it bulging out further than a man's did. I almost gasped in sympathy for her when the tip neared her sex.

"Good boy, Charon," the Vizier coaxed, calmly watching the proceedings. "Gooood boy..."

The dog was now clutching her tightly about the waist, and, with a surprisingly dainty motion, pressed his manhood right up to her. I wasn't sure that he had it in the right place until she cried out, and I saw the tip disappear, his body seeming to sink forward into hers. Then I knew; her violation by this beast was commencing.

I watched, fascinated, as he pushed the whole thing all the way into her, his penis disappearing smoothly into her body. First he easily inserted the remainder of the shaft, all the way up to the bulge at the base, and once that met her flesh, then he gave a vicious, brutal buck, forcing the entirety of the misshapen lump into her, causing her to let out a brief, shrill scream, after which, her body convulsing once, sharply, she went totally limp beneath him, her will fully broken by the penetrations of this powerful male animal.

Once their physical union was complete, he started thrusting animatedly, his hips jerking and bucking against hers. She just lay there and moaned, her fingers no longer trying to grasp at their phantom handholds, her face turned away from me so that I couldn't see it. I wondered if she was feeling any pleasure, and then I saw that her thighs were stiffened as if in death's rigor, and her toes were curled...

After maintaining this steady, arrhythmic thrusting for several minutes, he did something strange: lifting his right foreleg over her back, he dropped it over to her left side. Then, with a mighty effort, he lifted his right rear leg over her ass, stepping over her and turning away until he was facing in the other direction entirely. I had seen dogs do this before with each other, and knew that she was now 'hung up' with him, just as if she were a bitch.

"Gooooood Charon," the Vizier crooned, stroking his pet's head. The wolf-mastiff just looked up at him out of squinted eyes, his ears back, his body obviously wracked with pleasure.

It was quite a long time before he was done, their coupling being a much more protracted thing than I had thought it could be. When he withdrew from her, he gave a little yelp, and I caught a quick glimpse of his thing as it slid from between her legs, all red and tender looking, and slick with their mixed juices. She let out an exhausted grunt, but otherwise remained still, his essence oozing out of her vagina.

While the Vizier fed the second dog from the same bowl, Charon went and sat down by the door, sprawled out on his side, his penis exposed to my view. He licked and licked at it, his huge tongue smoothing down all the hair around his mighty cock. I wondered what he tasted like, and if I would ever be forced to lick him that way....

"Alright, Suleyman," he said, addressing the second dog. "Now it is your turn to attempt—" he glanced once at Sari's dripping rear, then back to his prize dog. "—fertilization."

The dog licked the bowl clean and then leapt up, not even bothering to sniff her ass before he mounted her, his cock erect and ready. She moaned as he gripped her tightly around the waist and pressed his penis to her, his jaws open in a snarl. With a whuff! and a grunt he found his place and pushed it home, his manhood invading the same precincts his companion's had..

Suleyman covered her for maybe three minutes before managing to enter her all the way, the bulge at the base of his cock remaining outside of her body and exposed to my view during this initial session. Using just the shaft of his penis, he slid it in and out of her with great rapidity, his back arched tautly over her rear, his pelvis literally hammering her, over and over, the bulge coming only up to her lips before he drew back for another stroke.

Then, he could wait no longer; grasping her unresisting body even tighter around the waist with his forelegs, he rammed himself into her with violence so sudden that even I flinched, his whole thing, bulge and all, sliding almost effortlessly into her. She let out a single moan as this occurred, but was otherwise limp and insensible. Soon he was ready to step over her just like the first dog had, and he did. After stepping over her ass, he too faced away, looking rather happy, if plaintive. I just sat there, chained to the wall, watching as my harem-mate was defiled by dogs, a fate that surely awaited me, too.

While the second dog fucked her, the first got back to his feet and sniffed appreciatively at the air, as if trying to sense everything about what was going on. He then turned his eye to me, those dark orbs glinting with intelligence that seemed alien in a dog.

"Yes, Charon," the Vizier said, patting the dog on the head. "but not yet. We must try this one out, first. Then we'll go to her."

The dogs covered her repeatedly that day; after the second was done, the first took her again, and they took turns that way twice more. I had no idea that any male, man or animal, could be possessed of such stamina. By the time they were done, their things looked red and sore, and milky froth dripped in an unceasing stream from Sari's cunny. When Suleyman withdrew for the final time, not only his manhood but the hair all around it was sopping wet, trailing clear fluid as he backed away from her.

The Vizier refastened her shackles next to mine, and then he left, taking his dogs with him.

"Oh god," she told me, laying against the pallet which we had been given to share. "oh god."

"How," I paused, uncertain what I should be saying to her, but deathly curious. "How was it?"

"What do you think?" she said weakly, looking at me with unbelieving eyes. From where she sat next to the pallet with a cloth spread out beneath her, I could see the growing patch of moistness that was the semen the dogs had ejaculated into her which she was trying to soak out before getting into bed. "it was pretty horrible. It was almost as bad as being raped by soldiers."

"Well," I said, touching her face. "at least you didn't get killed or tortured."

"Yeah," she said, still swabbing out her crotch. "there is that."

"And, I mean, remember," I offered, my own excitement growing. "don't blame the dogs: blame the magician. They're just animals, and they'll do anything he orders them to. They just think you're another dog, that's all."

"Yeah," she said, finally done swabbing herself. "there is that, too."

"So," I said, my excitement open and obvious. "what did it feel like?"

"Oh god," she gasped, looking at me ashen-faced. "you really think it was nice, or something?"

"I saw your toes curling up," I said, and she grinned.

"Well, yeah, there was that." she brushed back her hair. I could still smell sweat drying on her body, her exertions of the day having been fierce. Now that we were actually in the same bed the odors of sex that clung to her were all the more noticeable. "I tell you, when he put his thing in me, I thought I would die, it was so big. And not only that—" she grabbed my shoulders, her voice lowering to a confidential whisper. "—but once it was all the way in, it started to, like, swell until it was really, really big and stiff. I've never felt anything that wide in me before."

"Really?"

"Really. It was big. Did it look big to you when you saw it?"

"It did, actually." I fell silent, my own passions growing even more just thinking about it.

"How long do you think he'll keep this up?"

"I don't know."

"Now we will see whether or not certain substances will assist in fertilization." He said on the third day of our captivity. I was fearful and anxious about the whole thing.

After unbinding Sari, he gave her a goblet to drink out of, commanding her to "Drink it all." She did.

After feeding both the dogs big heaping bowls of stuff, they seemed to go a little crazy, pacing to and fro in the room, the pink tips of their erections prominent. Sari let out a little gasp, and rubbed her face.

"I feel," she said, then trailed off. I could see the spreading flush creeping across her shoulders and breasts and stomach. Without another word she knelt over the little stool, and the first dog mounted her immediately.

Clutching her about the waist, he drove his penis into her with a vengeance, his thrusts vicious and brutal. She didn't seem to mind, instead even pushing herself against him. It was when the bulge met her flesh that I heard her make a moan that sounded like a 'yes', and then he was in her all the

way, his mighty cock penetrating all the way to her womb. Once he began whining, his pelvis going in little circles, I knew that he was now depositing his seed into her.

I spent the rest of the day watching her get fucked by the dogs, one after the other; they covered her several times, then both seemed to lose steam, and they sat down and rested while the Vizier wrote things down in his book. I just sat there and watched them, and while my blood was boiling with thoughts of what their manhoods felt like, the second, bigger one —Suleyman was his name, I could already tell them apart— got up and remounted her, though not terribly enthusiastically.

I was desperately passionate at this point, and could think of nothing but how it would feel to have a man in me. Even if one of the soldiers, or a eunuch slave had come in the room and offered himself to me, I would have jumped at the chance! I knew that I was all wet down there, and wondered if the dog's could smell me. Probably.

So there I was, terribly passionate, and with no possible recourse in sight except the dogs. I wondered when it would be time for them to service me as they were Sari....As I watched Suleyman's manhood plunging into her, I couldn't help but think how it felt, and how good it would be inside of me.

After this day's festivities were over, he pretty much left us alone for the next three days, only coming in to look Sari over. She didn't seem to have whatever sign it was he was looking for, so he just left each time, only to return eight hours or a day later.

Sleeping, eating and doing nothing else were how we spent those days. At one point I asked the slave if we were ever to be allowed to bath, and he just looked at us dumbly. When he returned he brought us a small basin, two towels, and a jug of water. We bathed.

At the end of the third day, the Vizier returned with his mastiffs, and made this announcement:

"I have decided to continue this experiment along somewhat different lines. In an attempt to induce your fertility, I have set up a habitat that should be — more suitable — to the potency of my dogs." Without another word, he unlocked our shackles, and led us through a door and into another room, and then down a hallway.

At the end of the hall was another door, through which we went, to emerge into a huge room with three skylights in the top, as if to simulate a natural area, but enclosed, so that no one could ever interfere with us. I was scared, and wondered if I would ever actually see the outside again.

He secured us to chains that were already set in the wall, which gave us a much freer reign, but without being able to leave the room. I now noticed for the first time that, on the other side of the room, was a low passageway that appeared to lead to the outside. I realized with some chagrin that this was undoubtedly for the use of the dogs.

I noticed that he was now looking at me somewhat skeptically. "Hmmm," he said. "I just remembered that you haven't been bred yet."

I thrilled inside with my repressed passions, my knees feeling weak at those words. I wondered which of the dogs would take me first.

"Well," he said, looking at each of his prize dogs. "I can't let one of them do it; my four-day magicks for boosting their stamina might be ruined. No, I'll have to get one of the sultans hunting dogs," with these words he barked a sharp command at the mastiffs, and they both snapped to attention and just stood, watching us. The Vizier walked out.

The dogs looked at us with what I was sure had to be longing; they both looked somewhat randy, and as Suleyman's nose quivered, his ears becoming erect, I realized that Sari was flirting with him! I turned to her, just in time to see her lips close, her eyes slitted in the way that we women know so well. I saw that she was sitting with her legs open, and wondered why it was that she was tempting this, her rapist and captor's assistant.

I heard the Vizier's voice, and then both the mastiffs moved off to one side. He entered leading a tremendously huge hunting dog by a chain. I don't know what kind of dog he was, but he was big.

"Now," he said. "we'll see how well you behave for covering."

"What," I gasped, and the Vizier looked at me, as if surprised that I possessed a voice.

"Yes?"

"What shall I get on for him to," I trailed off, and the Vizier nodded and, after securing the dog to a ring in the wall, left, only to return with a similar device as the box in the other room. This, however, was like a little padded stool, with four legs, conveniently large enough that the legs could be grasped whilst one bent over it, I saw.

"He's never covered a woman before," the Vizier told me. "you will undoubtedly have to exercise some of the arts you learned in your life before, as a courtesan."

I nodded, and came forward. The vizier looked on benignly.

He wasn't a bad looking dog, though I didn't find him as attractive as the mastiffs. He looked at me suspiciously as I neared him, so I bowed my head in humility, and this seemed to allay his distrust.

The first thing I noticed about him was his smell; like musk, and randy urine, and other, less definable odors. But all through was the smell of dog, that moist, canine scent that I had been inundated with during the days when Sari had been taken and taken again by the two dogs; that, and the overwhelming odor of male musk and semen.

Lifting my head to his, I kissed him on the lips. He opened his huge mouth to reveal rows of powerful teeth, and licked me on the cheek. I took this as a good sign.

Very gingerly, I lifted my hand up to his head and stroked it, which he didn't seem to mind. The Vizier laughed.

"You go too slow. Let him smell you, or taste you. That should be sufficient."

Following his words, I slid back, spreading my legs and exposing my flower to his view. His nostrils twitching, he leaned forward and then down, sticking his nose into my crotch. Once he realized what it was I had for him, he stuck his snout right there, began licking me, gently at first, and then with increasing vigor. I let out a moan, and the Vizier laughed again.

"Must I tell you everything? Now touch his manhood in the way women are wont to when they wish to inflame the passions. Then, get over the stool."

I moved, but without dislodging his snout from my crotch, I reached in between his legs and grasped his sheath. He let out a growl, and at first I feared I had presumed, but then his thing became all hard and growing in my grasp, and was soon struggling to emerge from its sheath.

Once I knew that he was sufficiently aroused, I took my hand from him and moved away, trying to turn over. He growled again, as though I were taking him from his favorite meal, but I ignored him, knowing that if he wished it he would just take it from me. I finally managed to turn over, and then crawled over the stool.

I stifled a moan as he moved towards me, clearly intent on covering me, just as the other dogs had covered Sari. I was desperately, intensely lustful, but was terrified at the same time of being penetrated by this beast, this male dog. But then, even that was washed away by the fact that this was to happen whether I wished it or not, and I was yearning for it so badly...

He slid over my back, his furry chest touching my naked buttocks, and I let out a little scream with the tension. The Vizier let out a laugh, and the dog grunted.

His forelegs were muscular, and I could feel their power as they moved to either side of me, and then he grabbed me, as if fearing I would escape, those strong legs of his gripping my sides so that I couldn't get away, even if I had wanted to.

His body right on top of mine, his legs around my sides, the tops of his furred paws just grazing my breasts, I knew that I was to be his, that it was inevitable, and that he would do with me just as he liked.

It was then that I felt it.

His hips pushing towards me, I felt the warm kiss of his manhood on my crotch, just a little below the lipped entrance to my body. I gasped with the terror, my insides shivering with commingled revulsion and arousal. He didn't even seem to notice, clutching me a little harder, perhaps, otherwise just thrusting again, trying to reach the proper place with his thing.

Needless to say, he did; eventually. After thrusting several times, I felt the tip of it pressed up against my cunt and then it was in oh god it was in it just slid right in as easy as that and then the rest of the shaft followed and oh god—

Once he had it in he began working it back and forth, and by god, he felt just like a man. Then I felt the bulge at the base meet my lips, and I clenched my teeth, waiting for him to complete my violation.

He whined and shifted his weight from one foot to another, jogging the base against me several times. Then, bracing himself with his back legs, he rammed it into me, and I cried out with the sharpness of his final penetration, my lips dilated briefly and painfully. Then he was completely within me, his hips working at me steadily and carefully.

I felt it swell further, and then it was presumably at its full size, now locked within my body. The dog had taken me, was taking me, now. He was possessing my body, making it his.

I don't remember the rest all that clearly. I remember thrusting against his ass—which was now pressed to mine, his body facing away— and feeling my insides spasm in that particular fit of passion that a man's body was capable of inflicting upon mine, my womb gripping his penis tightly..

It was over far too soon, despite the fact that he possessed far more stamina than any lover I had been taken by previously. Even though I wished for more, my loins ached with the residue of pleasure after he withdrew, and when I sat up, after several minutes, I found my thighs to be terribly stiff.



"I see there will be no problems," the Vizier said, and departed, taking all the dogs with him.

"Well," Sari asked me coquettishly. "how was your first dog?"

"Fantastic," I murmured, still sprawled out over the little stool. I was exhausted, and wasn't really paying any attention to what I was saying. I saw her eyes widen.

"You liked it?!?!" she said in astonishment that I would admit such a thing.

"Yes." I said. "Don't say that it isn't the same for you,"

"Yes," she confessed, shyly.

At the end of the third day, he returned with his mastiffs, and made this announcement:

"I have decided to continue this experiment only with you," he pointed at Sari, and then at me, "while you will be bred to a different nature of animal. Come," I got to my feet and he unlocked me from the wall, then bound my hands together with the padlock.

He led me up and out of his room, and then down some stairs, and then out into another room what had an opening onto the outside through what looked like stable doors. After securing me to a ring in the wall, he left, and I took the opportunity to look around.

The room was full of any number of odd devices. All along the walls were whips, chains, lengths of rope and strips of leather, and lots of implements made of leather and cloth.

But surely the most startling thing in the room was that which stood at its center.

Carved out of wood and fully as large as the real thing was a horse; it was solid wood, but when I looked closer I saw it was lined with leather, and had a horsehair mane. I wondered what its use could possibly be.

The vizier came back in with two guards, one of whom was unarmed, but leading a big, beautiful horse.

"Guard," he told the first one, "prepare the phantom."

While the man went over to the wooden contraption, the vizier approached me.

"Stablemaster," he said. "what do you have which we could use to test her girth and internal strength?"

"That is similarly prodigious, I suppose you mean?"

"Precisely."

"Well," the man just stood there a moment, still holding the horse's reins. "we could use the handle of the twitch, I suppose."

"Then let's."

The Stablemaster came forth with a big wooden thing with a small loop of chain on the end. He gestured with it to the Vizier.

"We'll need oil."

"Provided for," the Vizier said, handing the man a jar of something. The Stablemaster opened the lid and dipped the tip of the wooden thing into it. It was smooth, and the end was rounded. I was starting to get an idea of what was to happen, but no, they couldn't, the piece of wood was far too long, and so wide—

I whimpered when the Vizier motioned to me, saying, "Spread your legs, slut."

When I hesitated, the other man said, "Should I get a whip?"

I spread my legs.

I closed my eyes when he placed the tip of the huge thing against my cunt, the tip smooth and cool; he pressed it forward very brutally, and I cried out, twisting my head to the side.

I heard him say, "Now, there," and then with a mighty jerk, I thought I was dying. I opened my eyes again, and through the tears of pain I could see that he had shoved it about halfway up into me, the lower half protruding from between my legs, the loop of chain depending from it.

"Can you push it in any farther?" the Vizier asked, and the Stablemaster gripped the bottom of it and pushed up, hard. I let out an involuntary cry, and it slid deeper into me. He jiggled it about a bit, and managed to deepen the penetration another two inches. Then he stopped.

"Nah," he said, still holding it in me for the Vizier's benefit. "it won't go any further than this."

"Fine," he said, nodding. "withdraw it, and let us measure the depth."

The man did just that, lowering it out of my body slowly and painfully.. I gasped once it was all the way out, feeling as though I had just been evacuated inside, and that I was collapsing.

"That ought to be enough," the stableman said, holding the wooden implement right at the area where it had stopped going in. The length that he had inserted into me was over two handspans.

"So, in your opinion, the mating will be possible?"

"Yah," he said, "he'll have a difficult time, but it won't be impossible."

"The device is ready, sir."

They led me over to the wooden horse in the center of the room, which the guard appeared to have partially dismantled; it looked as though its stomach had exploded, exposing its innards to view.

The inside of its belly was upholstered with what looked like leather. The guard gestured.

"Crawl up here," he said, pointing between its rear legs. I did just that.

Once I was up between its legs, my stomach on the platform created by its lowered stomach, the guard pushed my legs through, until I was all the way beneath this strange thing, suspended from its stomach.

"Place your legs here," he instructed me, pushing my legs back until they were right at the wooden legs, and then I realized that they were hollow, and mine could rest inside, which they did, not uncomfortably. "Arms here," he added, and I did the same with my arms, though this time in the

front legs. Then he began lifting the stomach back up. Once he had lifted it to the point where I was completely inside the horse, he snapped clasps on either side of the wood shut, and then I was fully contained, there, within the belly of this horse.

It wasn't too uncomfortable, but it was a bit hot. I wondered when they would let me out.

There were, thankfully, many small holes near my face, so that I was able to breathe. When I felt a breeze over my ass, I realized that that was exposed to the air.

"Get the mare essence."

I felt someone dripping something cool and slick all over my rear. I heard the horse whinny.

"Let him sniff her."

It wasn't more than a moment before I felt the horse's massive snout snuffling at my exposed backside, his nose and chin soft and velvety. He pushed and shoved at me with his head, snuffling at me with obvious enthusiasm. I shuddered within my wooden prison.

"There he goes," the stableman said. "he'll cover her in a moment."

The horse gave a snort, and I wondered to myself what he looked like now. Was he erect? Was he eager to mount me? I could only guess how big his manhood was; having never been allowed near horses, or even, for that matter, out of the harem chamber, I had never seen the manhood of a male horse; I imagined it was prodigious, judging merely from the size of the animal.

With a tremendous thud! I felt the whole wooden contraption shake, and I knew that he must have placed his forelegs atop it, just as a man does when he takes a woman from behind, or when the dogs mounted Sari. I prepared myself for what I knew would be a difficult experience.

His huge body shifting heavily atop mine, I was grateful for the protection the wooden horse offered me; if I had been given to the horse as I was, surely I would have been killed! It was in the midst of these grateful thoughts that I felt it at my entrance.

"Make sure he doesn't enter the incorrect hole," the Vizier noted, and the stableman replied:

"He isn't: see?"

They were correct: he was not. I felt the moist kiss of his member touching my entrance, and then he pressed against me with something that felt thicker than the piece of wood they had violated me with, then he pushed forward a little harder, and I felt what I realized was the head of a manhood of epic proportions. I let out a cry of fright and tried shifting inside my wooden and leather prison: I couldn't, though, and my lack of mobility only added to my realization of how little I was in control of this situation.

He whinnied and gave another shiver atop me, and then, with a mighty snort, managed to push what was surely the whole length of his gigantic manhood into me. I screamed unrestrainedly, his girth so terrible -

"He appears to be having difficulty," the Vizier said.

"Not to worry; he's got the tip in already, and now that he's randy and ready to go, nothing'll stop him."

I cried with terror as they spoke, and then, sure enough, the stallion gave a mighty buck and drove more of his fantastically sized shaft into my barely yielding cunny. I screamed and cried, but to no avail, my cries ignored by both my rapist and captors alike, my gibbered pleas going unheeded.

It took him several more breathless moments to finish his initial thrust, only completing my violation after backing up slightly, then thrusting forward again. Once he had penetrated me all the way to the depth of my womb, my inner seal clasped tightly around the engorged head of his organ, only then did he withdraw to ready himself for his next thrust.

With brutally mechanical motions, he began working his length in and out of me, back and forth, his giant maleness rending and tearing me, my insides feeling even fuller than they had when the stableman had violated me with the wooden handle. I thought it would never end.

Needless to say, it did; but not before I had been reduced to tears of pain. In the background I could hear the Vizier and the stableman discussing the stallion.

"How often are mares usually bred?"

"Oh, between three and four times a day, on average. Do you want to keep using the same stud, or should we switch to the others?"

"Switch, most definitely."

Though I was nearly desensitized with fear, the size and violence of his assault upon my body couldn't fail to register: despite my anxiety, I could feel the stirrings of passion, however slight, within my loins.

His manhood sliding in and out of me with rhythmic consistency, I could feel the texture of him, each individual bump and ridge on his shaft standing out to me. The tip of his penis seemed to have become swollen once he was inside me also, feeling more than passingly similar to the way the mastiff felt, except with the impossibly large bulge at the tip of his member, rather than the base.

It was at this point that the horse gave a whinny that was more of a shriek, and the stableman said, "He's flagging, ". His manhood plunged in me to the hilt, I cried out, feeling the engorged end of his rod spasm and spit, his hot seed entering me in a gush, his essence pouring out of him in several powerful squirts. It literally felt as if I had been filled, his emission flooding out of him and into me.

His mission accomplished, he relaxed atop me, settling into stillness almost immediately.

I groaned long and loud from inside the infernal device, but they ignored me. The horse shuddered, and then, with a shivery thud, dismounted from the contraption, his manhood sliding out of me all in the same motion.

Where before I had felt overfull and in pain, now I felt as though my body had been emptied of everything in it; my cunny was very sore, and I could feel his emission dripping out of me.

"I'll plug her," the stableman said, and the next thing I felt was something cool and smooth, like wood, perhaps, being inserted into my cunt. With a hard, passionless jab he shoved it all the way in, and after the initial sharp twinge of pain it felt less uncomfortable. I realized that it was literally a plug, one that flared out at the base and the tip so that it sealed whatever orifice it was inserted in. I realized that my womb had been plugged to keep the stallion's potency inside.

It was several more minutes before they unfastened the clamps on the sides of the wooden

contraption and let me out. I couldn't stand on my own, my muscles were so stiff, the place between my legs so sore.

"Walk about a little bit," I was commanded, and so I did, each step like so much agony, I was so sore. And the rudely inserted plug didn't make things any easier, either...

After being forced to move about for a couple of minutes, they removed the plug, let me wash off a bit, and then put me back in the contraption, ready to be raped again, which I was; whether by the same stallion as before or another, I was unable to tell.

I was used twice more in this fashion before the end of the day; once in the evening, and once in the mid of the night, each time attended by the same stableman, the Vizier, and the guards. Each time I was loaded into the same contraption, and if it was the same stallion all four times, he must have had inexhaustible stamina.

The next day was a repeat of the first, except in between couplings, the Vizier returned me to his laboratory to exercise strange rites upon me.

I don't know what the rites were intended to produce, but what I found occurring was that I began to become — enflamed — by the daily sessions with the horses. Having become acclimated to their penetrations by the start of the third day, I actually began to take a growing pleasure at the commencement of each coupling. I wasn't sure whether to feel ashamed at this, or if I should just revel in what felt so good.

It wasn't until near the end of the first week that I was comfortable enough and familiar enough with the process to actually achieve orgasm with the horses.

By the end of the third week, I had been covered innumerable times by the stallions, to the point where I was able to differentiate between them just by feel, and the way they acted as they covered me.

After another few weeks, the Vizier grew discouraged at the trials, and sold me off for an unknown sum to a traveling royalty, a man who was probably a Caliph in some distant land.

"It is said that she couples willingly with animals, in the manner of the degenerate whores of the west," I heard him telling one of his fellows, probably one of his ministers. I had been brought to his tent, he and the others seated comfortably on cushions behind their table, two guards standing stiffly by the entrance. I was stood in the middle of the room, wearing no more than a loincloth; two more guards entered bearing a heavy wooden table, which was placed next to me; they left, and when they returned, they were leading a fair sized pony.

"Girl," the Caliph said, "unite with this beast, that we may watch."

Turning to him, I put my hand to his snout, letting him nuzzle my hand, which he sniffed and then licked with obvious excitement. I had never done it this way with a horse before, having always been safely locked inside the wooden device. I moved closer to him, letting him nuzzle between my breasts, my recollections of how to please men returning to me, albeit slowly. After stroking his head for several moments, I moved around to his side, then crouched beneath him.

His belly above me like the ceiling of a low-slung tent, I turned up towards his manhood. There was a huge, pouch-like sheath of flesh backed by two giant balls, and I reached up to them, touching them lightly with my fingertips. The pony twitched, his balls shivering heavily in my grasp as I hefted them in my palms.

Fondling his jewels in this gentle fashion, I slowly moved one hand up to his sheath, and began rubbing that. I could feel something inside, and without the least compulsion, I raised my head to him, touching the outer lip of his sheath with my mouth, my tongue. He whinnied from above me, and then I felt it move inside of him.

It was huge, like some hungry, overwrought snake, and I felt the sheath expand and shudder as it moved inside, slithering nearer and nearer to me.. Then, the head of the snake was there, touching my lips, and I kissed it. Touching the tip with my tongue, it emerged further, eager for my touch.

*The End*