

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



A long table stretched in the middle of the hall, a deep red rug laid underneath it. Banners hanged from the walls, each emblazoned with a different coat of arms. 24 chairs were lined along the sides of the table, in each of them sitting a noble, and at the head stood a throne, and on that throne sat the King. The diet has gone on for several hours now, discussing the many issues of the assembled nobles, most of them petty squabbles amongst themselves. But sunset drew near, and the King wished to continue tomorrow.

He stood up, the nobles doing the same. "Though there are many things left to discuss, we also have many days left. Let us retreat to our chambers. Unless, of course, there is a matter of great importance that must be brought up."

None of the nobles spoke up, but it was obvious that all of them had something different to say. The awkward silence was thankfully broken when the large doors of the hall swung open, and someone stepped inside.

Standing tall, in gleaming iron armor, the knight Asterion walked with the same confidence as royalty. All were drawn to him, to his athletic physique, his sharp features, his blond hair which seemed to shine, and his piercing green eyes. In his left hand, he carried his helmet, while in his right was the head of a great horned beast, its features locked in a snarl. The cut at the neck was perfectly straight, as if done with one fell swipe of a blade.

Asterion dropped the beast's head on the table, which shook from the force of the impact. As the nobles examined it with horror and awe, the knight turned towards the King. "Your majesty, as you see before your eyes, the creature which has hunted your people has been slain." His voice was a deep baritone which filled the room.

"Many have tried, yet only you have succeeded. An incredible feat, worthy of a reward as promised." The King glanced at the door, then laid a hand on Asterion's back and led him to it. "Let us discuss it in a more private place."

Once the two were outside the hall, outside the view of the nobles, the King spoke again. "If we are to be honest, we didn't expect you to kill the beast. And certainly not this quickly. Hasn't it only been two days since we gave you the task?"

Asterion shook his head. "Two nights, and three days. Finding the beast was more difficult than felling it. Took me a whole day to reach the forest, a day to find and kill it, and only today did I manage to return."

The King stroked his chin. "The forest is close to the castle. A good horse could carry you to it in but a few hours."

Asterion sighed, running a hand through his blond locks. "My steed died a long time ago, and I haven't saved the coins to buy a new one. I have only my legs, and the grace of the occasional carriage."

"Ah. If that is the case, then I know the perfect reward for your service." The King said, a wide smile on his face.

The royal stables housed dozens of horses, which lived in better conditions than most of the King's

subjects. The purebred steeds were attended to by many servants, fed fresh hay and sugar, groomed every day. All so that they were in top shape whenever they had to ride out, be it for a race, a jousting tournament, or a war.

Asterion walked by each of the pens, observing the horse inside. One of them would cost the average man a life's wage, and he could have any of them for free. However, he found that none of them suited his tastes, none of them seemed to have what he wanted.

"Coddled." He said, out of the blue.

"What do you mean, knight?" The King asked, confused by Asterion's statement.

"Your horses, they are coddled. Look at them. There's not even any dirt on their hooves and horseshoes. Do you ride them into war? They'd flee when they hear the twang of a bow."

The King furrowed his brow in annoyance, turning away from Asterion. "Your words mean nothing to us, knight. These are the finest horses in the land. And I suggest you pick one, before your insults make our good graces grow thin."

Asterion huffed, and kept walking. He saw no steed that he wished was his, until he reached the very back of the stables. There, almost tucked away, was a pen holding a true stallion. As tall as the knight at the shoulder and broader than two men. His mane hanged wild, a deep black in color like the rest of his fur. And when Asterion looked into his eyes, he saw not the gentleness of the other royal horses, but a primality, like he was looking at a wild animal.

"What's his name?" Asterion asked, gesturing at the massive horse.

The King scoffed. "That's Asmodeus. A brute of a horse, none of the servants even want to be near him. His smell alone makes them queasy."

The knight nodded, his lips spreading into a smile. "I shall take him. He is worthy."

The King sighed, and ran a hand over his face. "We would ask you to pick another one, but we know you wouldn't budge in your decision." With a simple gesture, the King called two servants over to him. One gave Asterion the saddle and the reins, while the other nervously opened the pen door and let Asmodeus walk out. His steps seemed to shake the ground around him.

He stopped in front of the knight, and looked down on him. As if judging his worth. Those eyes bored into Asterion, and he looked back into them. Then, slowly and to the amazement of the King and his servants, Asmodeus lowered his head, and allowed the knight to place the reins upon him. The saddle went on next, the strap almost too small to go around the stallion's whole body.

"Incredible. No one else has managed to tame him." The King said, his mouth hanging open, undignified.

"I did not tame him. A horse can tell when someone can or cannot control it. I am simply the first one that Asmodeus deemed worthy." Asterion mounted the saddle and grabbed the reins. Asmodeus raised his head and huffed out of his nose, his breath so hot it rose like steam.

"Whatever you've done, he's your steed now. May he serve you well." The King stepped away from the horse.

"I know he will." Asterion put his hand on Asmodeus' neck and rubbed it up and down. A scent

began to tickle his his nostrils, like sweat and grime, but not unpleasant. "You do have a smell to you, but it's not really a bad one."

After acquiring his new steed, Asterion did not linger for much longer within the King's domain. After Asmodeus was fitted with horseshoes, the two of them took to the road. They travelled on the merchant paths which spread across the land, most of which were simply wide dirt roads. The rocks crunched underneath Asmodeus' hooves.

Asterion sat in the saddle, sometimes pulling on the reins to get Asmodeus to turn, but otherwise letting the horse go at his own pace. His helmet tied to his belt, he could take in the landscape that they were traversing through. The rolling hills, spotted with flowers, the distant forests, and the sweeping plains.

But he could never take in their beauty for long. For there was something else demanding his attention.

He had hoped that Asmodeus' smell would fade away, or that at least he would become used to it. But as time passed, it seemed to become stronger, more overwhelming. His nostrils burned with every breath he took as his airways were filled with his steed's powerful musk. It made him feel lightheaded and warm.

But the smell itself wasn't bad. It wasn't the smell of an unwashed animal, not of filth and waste. It was something more than that, something almost feral, base and intense. It made him feel almost drunk.

Asmodeus let out a loud neigh and stopped in his tracks. Asterion shook his head, and rubbed his eyes. "What is it? Did you see anything?" He asked, patting his horse on the neck. Asmodeus turned to the left, and his eyes followed. He had stopped next a large lake, sitting a dozen or so meters from the road.

"Oh, right. You must be quite thirsty. Let's get you quenched." Asterion hopped off the saddle and grabbed the reins, walking towards the water's edge. He let the reins go once they were there, and Asmodeus leaned his head down to drink.

Asterion put a hand on the horse's side. He felt the muscles tensing and relaxing with each of Asmodeus' movements. They were like rock to the touch, hard and rigid. The knight walked along the side of his horse, keeping his hands on his fur as he did so.

Until he reached Asmodeus' back.

The sight that greeted him there made him gasp and take a step back. Hanging between Asmodeus' back legs were his massive balls. Each of them was as large as both of Asterion's fists put together, so heavy that they made his sack stretch down. Thick veins pulsed just underneath the skin, feeding blood to the oversized cum factories.

The stench of them reached Asterion shortly after he took in the sight. That musk that attacked his nostrils in the saddle, he was now standing in front of its source. A sniff was enough to make a shiver run up his spine, filling his mind with both disgust and something else, something that he didn't wish to acknowledge.

He wanted to look away, to simply get back into the saddle. But his eyes were fixed upon the vulgar

organ, brazenly hanging between Asmodeus' muscular legs.

Asterion reached a hand out. It wasn't a conscious act, his body moving on its own. The leather of his gauntlet prevented it from being skin-to-skin contact, but that wasn't needed to feel the heat and weight. He sucked in a breath, drawing more of the mind-numbing smell into his lungs, and tried to lift the testicle up.

He barely could. It was like a stone in a leather sack. He felt how the sperm was churning beneath the skin, more and more being constantly produced, waiting to be shot into a fertile mare.

Asmodeus let out another loud neigh, snapping Asterion out of his trance. The knight ripped his hand away, wiping it on his tunic. He turned to look at Asmodeus, and to his surprise the horse was doing the same. His eyes no longer fiery and wild, but giving him a knowing look.

He rode for hours, on a long dirt road through a plain. Hours alone with his thoughts, nothing to distract himself with. Hours to think about what he had done, what came over him to make him do it. And hours for him to breathe in more of Asmodeus' powerful musk.

Sweat ran down his face in streams, bringing his hair down with it. The feverish heat he felt also manifested as a deep red blush that was quickly spreading over his face. Topping off this picture of indignity was his panting, Asterion letting his mouth hang open and tongue often out.

In such a state, the relief that the knight felt when the tavern came into view was indescribable. It was a fairly large building, two stories tall, and it seemed even larger given that there were no other structures anywhere nearby. There was no sign hanging from a pole or nailed above the door that showed a name. This wasn't a building one searched for, but one that they stumbled upon, like Asterion did.

He tied Asmodeus' reins around one of the poles holding the porch roof, and stepped inside. The first floor was all one room, a bar on one end, a fireplace on the other, and many tables between the two. It was sparsely populated, half a dozen or so patrons, each nursing a mug of alcohol. At the bar was a large man, reclining in a chair. Asterion swepted his hair up and wiped his hair with his hand, trying to make himself at least a bit presentable before approaching.

"Greetings, sir. Are you the tavern keeper?" Asterion asked. His voice seemed different, but he couldn't tell in what way exactly.

"Indeed I am. You seem like you've been traveling for a while. A room is 15 silvers a night." The Keeper said, almost bored.

"I see. That's reasonable. I came here on a horse, is there anywhere to keep him?" If they had any place large enough for Asmodeus, which Asterion wasn't sure of.

"Aye, we got a pen in the back. I'll just get one of the boys to bring your horse there. But that'll be five silvers extra." The knight was too tired to haggle prices, and simply scrounged around in the sack hanging off of his belt before slamming the 20 coins onto the countertop.

With no further words, Asterion was given the key and shown the staircase to the upper floor. Off the ring of his key hanged a small plate of wood, on which '9' was written. He found the room with the same number on its door, entered it, and essentially collapsed onto the bed. His eyes fluttered closed, and though he thought about removing his armor and pulling a sheet over himself, his

tiredness eventually overcame everything else.

His sleep was deep, long and unbroken. If someone was to only look at him, they may even think that it was peaceful. But a curse had taken root within him, and not even slumber abated it. Images flashed within his mind, rarely staying for more than a split second, and rarely understandable. They were suggestions of objects, representations with little resemblances to reality. Odd, but enticing, and lewd. Phallic objects becoming larger and throbbing, or spewing out jets of dense fluids.

Asterion's eyes opened slowly, and were met by a barely lit room. He turned his head to the other side, seeing the moon and star light stream through the window. The armor on his body felt like stones on his back, and he slowly unmade the leather knots keeping them in place, while still laying on his front. Discarding them next to him on the bed, Asterion slowly sat up, rubbing the tiredness from his eyes as he did so.

Sweat drenched every inch of his body, making his clothes stick to his skin. The cold night air brushed against him, and he wrapped a blanket around his shoulders for warmth. For a few moments, he simply sat on his bed, trying not to think about his dreams. Not contemplating why he had them or what they meant.

The wood creaked underneath his feet as he stood up, the sound infinitely louder in the night's silence. Slowly, with small steps, Asterion made his way out of his room, down the stairs, and onto the porch. He gazed for moment up at the moon, gibbous but still bright.

He chose then to go to the stables. What led him to that decision, he didn't know, but he was still too tired to resist the pull. There wasn't a structure that could serve as a stable at the front of the tavern, so he stepped off the porch and went around to the back.

There, stretching out in the large field, was a line of many stalls under a roof. The smell left no doubt that it was where the horses were housed, and also that the stable boy did not take his job very seriously. Cringing at the scent, Asterion nonetheless kept walking.

Only three horses were housed there, a small brown one, a dirty white one, and Asmodeus, his black fur darker than the night itself. Asterion stepped inside of his pen, squeezing himself through the small space that his steed left. He placed a hand on his flank, rubbing the coarse fur.

"Hey boy. How're you feeling? Did they treat you good?" Asterion asked. To his ears, his voice was softer, and of a higher pitch. Unlike Asmodeus, who let out a deep neigh which sent vibrations up the knight's arm. The horse's strong muscles pulsed and tensed, the skin burning hot in contrast to the cold night air. He shook his haunches, bringing Asterion's attention to them.

The memory of the previous day flashed in his mind, and with some hesitation, Asterion walked behind Asmodeus.

The smell hit him again, but with renewed, concentrated strength. Unwittingly, Asterion moaned from one breath alone, his cock tenting his pants, throbbing and already leaking precum. The knight dropped to his knees, his face now leveled with Asmodeus' balls.

They were larger, Asterion noted, and were hanging lower. There was a certain lumpiness to them, and something writhed beneath the surface. It was sperm, the most virile and potent sperm imaginable. The veins running beneath the skin were large and throbbing.

Asterion wanted it. He was changing him, corrupting his thoughts. Right then and there, on his knees behind his horse, he wasn't a knight, but a mare that wanted a stallion's cum. Slowly, without

him even noticing, his face drew closer and closer to the fat pair of balls, until they made contact. Asterion sealed his lips and began sucking on the skin, tasting all the filth, grime and salt coating the steed's sack. The taste was awful, but the act itself brought him unimaginable pleasure. The precum stain on his pants grew larger and larger, his cock pulsing and threatening to rip out of his pants.

The morality of his act, or lack there of, wasn't even considered by him. Each breath he took filled his lungs with the thick, intoxicating musk of Asmodeus' balls, and any moral concerns were drowned out by a haze of base, breeding instincts.

Asterion pulled his pants down, exposing his wet, glistening cock to the air. He began pleasuring himself, stroking in time with his breaths. Slick with precum, his hand glided along the length of his shaft, with wet sounds accompanying each stroke.

Sucking on the skin quickly stopped being enough, and Asterion began licking all over the sack, his tongue burying into every crevice it could find, covering every inch of Asmodeus' balls in a thick layer of shiny spit. The tangy, bitter flavor filled his mouth, driving him even wilder with lust and pleasure.

It was too much. Asterion moaned loudly, not caring about who might hear, not even registering the world around him. Cum exploded out of his cock, shooting out in long streaks across the ground and onto his chest. He fell backwards, his back hitting the wall behind him, and enjoyed the afterglow.

Then, the haze lifted. The lust dissipated, instincts were pushed back, and rational thought returned. Asterion's were went wide, and he scrambled to his feet, roughly pulling his pants back up. "No, no, I..." The words trailed off. He looked at Asmodeus, and once again the horse met his gaze. Asterion ran back inside, up the stairs, and huddled in the bed. His mouth was still filled with that bitter taste.

Sleep did not come to the knight after that, his mind too busy trying to explain and justify what he had done. He spent the night curled up in bed, clutching a pillow, only moving when he felt the dawn's rays on his back.

The first thing he did was trying to put his armor back on. But as he heated his chest plate up, he found it heavier than he had ever remembered it. Believing it was just a result of tiredness, he attempted to put it on, only to find it too large. It hanged on his body, making him look like a child wearing an adult's clothes. For his leg armor, he had the opposite problem, his thighs and ass now too large.

He didn't know why that was. He didn't want to know why. He took each piece down to the stables and tied them to Asmodeus' saddle, making sure not to look at his face.

Thankfully, none of the other patrons, nor the Keeper, had yet woken up. So, Asterion climbed back in the saddle and began riding away from the tavern, away from the memory of last night.

For a while, he rode without a destination in mind, simply following the dirt road. Then, he remembered a small city, through which he passed on the way. There, he could sell or trade Asmodeus, and be rid of whatever dark magic the horse has.

It seemed like the perfect plan to Asterion. So, at the next split in the road, he directed Asmodeus to the left, towards where he knew the city was.

He didn't know how far away it was, though he hoped it was only a few hours. But it could be a few hours too much. Asmodeus smelled even more than in the previous days, making the air oppressively difficult to breathe. Each time the scent hit his nostrils, Asterion was assaulted with memories of what he had done the night before, as well as things that he hadn't done.

Him kissing Asmodeus' sheath, urging his cock to pop out. Stroking, licking and forcing that pillar of meat down his throat. Bending over beneath it, grinding against it. Being penetrated and taken-

"No!" He shouted, his eyes shooting open. He hadn't even realized he has closed them. "I don't want that. I'm a knight, a warrior, not some pervert." The words flowed out into the surrounding plain, and rang hollow in the expanse. "I'm not a pervert." Nobody was around to hear the knight; that statement was for his own ears alone.

Asmodeus was standing still, Asterion realized. In the middle of the road, staring right ahead of him. "Hey!" Asterion kicked his flank. "Keep moving. We don't have all day. Faster we get to the city, faster we'll both be rid of each other." It may not have been the smartest argument, all but telling the horse that he'll sell him off, but he couldn't think of a better one at that moment. Thinking in general was becoming difficult.

Then, Asterion became aware of a sound, coming from beneath him. Splashing, long and drawn out. He sat for a minute in the saddle, listening, trying to convince himself that it wasn't what he thought it was. Then he dismounted, with some difficulties. Asmodeus seemed so much larger now, compared to him, despite the fact that he couldn't have grown.

He filed that away in the back of his mind to think about later, and bent down to look underneath Asmodeus, from where the noise was coming. And what he saw erased any thought he might have had. The horse was brazenly letting his fat cock hang down, a thick stream of rancid piss wetting the ground beneath.

Though Asterion's got a good look at Asmodeus' genitals in the night before, he hadn't seen his cock. It was more than he could have ever imagined. Even limp, it was monstrous in length and girth, with black and pink skin stretched over thick, pulsing veins. The urethra stretched as piss hosed out, it was large enough that Asterion could have shoved his thumb in it. It was a cord of bestial flesh, a representation of the most base and primal form of masculinity.

And then there was the smell. It should have been a foul, puke inducing stench, but instead it was a mouth-watering and pants-tightening aroma of pure breeding musk. Asterion's pants were immediately stained with precum, his cock twitching wildly as he all but went into heat at the sight and scent of the equine god-cock before him.

With a deep huff, Asmodeus turned slightly towards Asterion. For only a moment, his cock was in line with the him, but it was enough for a good portion of his shirt and his face to be drenched in horse piss. The waste liquid entered Asterion's mouth, surrounding his tongue in a bitter tang. Without thinking, driven by some lewd and depraved force, he swallowed. A moan escaped past his lips, and a rope of cum shot through his pants, followed by more and more drops.

The stream tapered off and the last few drops his the ground, and Asmodeus' cock began slowly retracting back into its sheath. But Asterion didn't allow it, wrapping his hands around it and pumping them up and down along the length. "Please, more, give me more!" He didn't care that he was in the middle of a road, in the middle of the day, that caravans and people could walk past and see him committing such debauchery. He wanted, no *needed* horse dick.

His tongue made contact with the shaft, running along the now throbbing veins until he hit the

sheath. Licking around to the underside, Asterion once again traced the blood vessels with his tongue until he reached the flared, still wet head. Asterion worshipped it, making lewd slurping noises, kissing the large urethra.

He pulled back, strings of drool and other fluids connecting his lips to the cock. "Gods, what the fuck am I doing?" He asked himself, while still stroking Asmodeus' dick. "It's only been two days and a night, how could I have fallen so far? I've faced succubi and incubi, all manners of temptors and seductors, and I've remained pure. Only to fall because of some gross... fat... hard and massive horse cock!"

Asmodeus neighed and thrust his cock forward, hitting Asterion right on the mouth. He fell to his ass, his teeth rattling from the impact of the meaty shaft. When he looked up, he saw Asmodeus now looming over him, his cock pointed downwards at his face, filling most of his field of view. Asterion shook, another load of cum staining his pants. "What sort of dark magic have you used on me? What's so special about your, *ugh*, your big fucking dick!"

On his knees now, Asterion began kissing along the side of the shaft, taking deep breaths of the musk. "Did you crawl out of hell or something? Are you a demonic prince playing as a horse?" With one hand he was stroking Asmodeus' length, while with the other he cupped and played with his balls. "Does it even matter?"

The question rang out in his mind. It truly didn't matter, did it? Whatever the source of this corruption was, whatever made Asmodeus so irresistible to him, it wasn't important. It had worked, he had been corrupted, he wouldn't be on his knees otherwise. His will had failed, his soul was tainted, and all that was left was for him to accept it.

"I love you Asmodeus." Asterion said, before opening his mouth as far as he could and wrapping it around the flared head. His lips stretched almost painfully, and his teeth felt like they were being pushed into his gums. He pushed forward, shoving more and more of the meat inside of him, drool running down his chin and onto the ground.

With a loud sound of pleasure, Asmodeus pushed his hips forward. Half of his mighty cock was buried deep into Asterion's throat in a single moment, causing his neck to bulge out, the outline of horse dick clearly visible. It throbbed once, then twice, and before Asterion could even widen his eyes in shock, a flood cum began pouring down into his stomach. The first blast was like a punch, splashing down into his gut. The belly-filling stream seemed to go on for hours, as eventually the cum had no more space in his stomach and made its way up his throat, pushing Asmodeus' cock out of it.

By the time it popped out, cum was leaking out of Asterion's mouth and nose. But Asmodeus wasn't done, firing out for more jets that covered his face in a layer of thick, hot jizz. It slowly rolled down his face, dropping down in clumps onto his clothes and the ground, while the load in his throat leaked out followed by gurgling noises.

He couldn't swallow, there wasn't enough room in his stomach for him to swallow. But he didn't want to spit it out, to waste all that pure, virile seed. The only things he could feel was the cum in his mouth and the ground under him, his ears clogged and eyes covered by Asmodeus' load.

But sitting on his knees, without sight or hearing, wouldn't accomplish anything. So, slowly and by using Asmodeus as a support, he stood up. Thick dollops of cum fell off his face as he did that, and more followed as he scooped the mud like load off of his face. But as much as it dripped down, most of it clung to his hands, covering them in a glove of hot jizz.

The first thing that Asterion noticed when his sight returned, was his giant belly. Late term with triplets is the most succinct way of describing its size. It didn't jiggle or slosh, the skin pulled taut by the bloated stomach underneath it.

The second thing he noticed was the crowd around him.

A few dozen men and women, many with their own horses and some with wagons, stood staring at him. He had, after all, been suckin' off his horse in the middle of a busy road, in broad daylight. But they weren't looking at him in disgust, or anger, or horror. They had that same lust in their eyes as he had, and some were already masturbating.

"Well, since we're all here now," Asterion said, as if he knew who they all were "how about we have a bit of fun?"

The fun lasted until the sun went down, and then it only stopped for a moment so that they could light a fire. It was an orgy, and the horses were at the center of it.

Women spread their legs and eagerly took equine cock in their pussies, their wombs speared open and ravaged. They spouted lewd gibberish, begging to be bred and to carry their lovers foals.

Men offered their asses to their steeds, letting their mounts do the mounting for once. For many, it was the first time they had ever put anything up there, and so many screamed from the pain and pressure. But screams of pain easily become moans of pleasure once one goes deep enough.

There were more people than horses, but that was no problem. One stallion had more than enough cock for two or more people to share, polishing the thick shafts with their tongues.

And in the middle of it all, was Asmodeus, with Asterion underneath him. The former knight, for he knew he could never hold that title again, was bent over a wagon as his steed-turned-lover rammed his cock deep inside of his ass. Wanton moans streamed out of Asterion's mouth as his belly was punched by each thrust.

"Yes, yes! HARDER!" His tongue was hanging out and his eyes were rolled back. He moved his hips in tandem with Asmodeus' thrusts, his ass slapping against his back legs.

Asmodeus hilted himself deep into his ass, bulging out his entire abdomen. With a deep, loud noise, he came, painting Asterion's guts white with gallons of jizz. Asterion came as well, spurting out a comparatively small load onto the ground, where it mixed with the dozens of other ejaculations.

Both panted, their hot breaths rising like steam in the cold night air. Asmodeus pulled out, the sudden emptiness and lack of warmth causing Asterion to whimper. Cum flowed out from his gaping asshole, covering the grass below like a layer of thick snow.

The horse stepped off the wagon, and trotted to a spot a little ways away from the orgy itself and sat down. On wobbling knees, covered in cum, the slut Asterion hobbled over to him, resting against Asmodeus' bulk. The coarse fur felt good against his skin, and the warm body gave him comfort. "Thank you, for this. I don't know why I resisted. Goodnight, my love." He closed his eyes, and slept. The first night of their bond, the consummation, was over, and in the morning the two would ride out together again, forever changed.