

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Today is finally the day. A small group of Centaurs are coming today and one of them wants to pay for the honour to break in a new cock sleeve, me.

The month since I witnessed Angela's breaking in, up until today, has been a bit of a blur. The six months of my training has seen pretty normal levels of customers through the Brothel and through its women, the usual peaks and troughs, busy periods and quiet periods. Then for a period of two weeks all hell broke loose. It happens from time to time. The fates come together sometimes and a number of large groups of Centaur clans converge on the Brothel in a short time frame, pushing the women to their limits. This time it was a result of exercises along the border areas involving several clans, culminating in a huge meeting of clans near the Brothel, at the conclusion of the exercises.

For two weeks it seemed like all you could hear from the central arena were the cries of women in orgasm, pain or both. Mixed in were the harsh guttural grunts and exclamations of pleasure from the Centaurs as they pounded their cock sleeves. It became like a kind of background music. The Brothel was pushed to the limits. As women were withdrawn from active use due to injury or just being in pain from taking too many cocks, the infirmary filled to capacity. Some of the semi-retired menial workers went back onto the cocks for a few days- even Madame Ursula herself went back to taking a few cocks. Many of my training sessions during that time, my final month of training, were cancelled and I helped out around the Brothel in other duties. I know that some of the more experienced and capable cock sleeves, during these two weeks, took as many as twelve or thirteen cocks in a day. Some of them crawling back to their dormitories on their hands and knees to sleep and recover for the next day.

On one of these days, on my way to help at the infirmary, I came across one of the women crawling on her hands and knees towards the infirmary. Her name is Octavia, she had often given me friendly advice during the past six months to help me out. She is quite nice, I like her. Now she needed my help. Too exhausted to continue, she stopped and rolled onto her back and asked me to help her out. A large group of 15 Centaurs had hired her for group use over a 24 hour period. Just for laugh they decided to see how much semen a human woman could have pumped into her. One after another they took turns fucking her ass and pumping their seed into her colon. As one pulled out the next would immediately enter her and prevent her pushing out their semen. Each new cock would force the semen further up around her colon, since it couldn't escape out the back. Relentlessly they kept filling her all through the night. Finally, they sent her on her way after plugging her ass hole with a huge holding plug from the training rooms and tying it in place. So there was the poor woman in front of me, cramping up and desperately trying push out the plug and relieve the pressure in her belly. Her stomach was swollen and bulged obscenely from the amount of semen they had forced inside of her. I set to helping her. First I tried to untie the knots of the harness holding her plugged. When that failed I ran off to retrieve a knife from the infirmary and cut the harness away. I had to help Octavia remove the plug, even without the harness her anal muscles had no strength left in them. The plug came loose to a stream of semen that projected 3 feet behind her, she cramped up again and sent another stream shooting out. Three more times she cramped and pushed out another stream, each one getting smaller. Octavia lay back and sighed, the worst pressure was relived. However, her belly was still quite swollen- the beasts had pumped so much semen into her that it had gone all the way up and around her entire colon and possibly much of the way back up to her stomach. If she had of started vomiting up semen, it would not have surprised me. I began massaging her belly and working the pockets of semen around her system so that she could push most of it out. In the end the stones of the path were flooded and slippery with Centaur semen- one woman that was passing by even slipped over on the mess.

Eventually I was able to help Octavia to the infirmary, where she was taken off cock duty for 2 days

to recover.

Then, mercifully, it was all over. The clans packed up and travelled back to their home lands and the Brothel went to the opposite extreme- two weeks of not even a single Centaur. This respite gave the women the chance to finally recover. The following few weeks were so quiet, that even though my training was completed and I was rated to go onto Centaur cocks- it was almost another two weeks before my breaking in ceremony could become reality.

During this period I helped out in the training room. I was mainly hands on with two women that came in around the same time. One, a young woman that was sold by a family that had too many daughters that they couldn't marry off. A few days after she was brought in, her mother turned up at the door and offered herself voluntarily. It turns out that it was not her choice to sell off her daughter at all, and she decided to leave her husband and follow her here and try to continue looking after her. The overseer assigned me to the older woman, whom I began training under instruction. It soon becomes very clear to me that the mother did not just come here because of her daughter. She takes to the training with enthusiasm and soon confides in me that she actually tried to come here in place of her daughter being sold. When that failed she came here herself anyway, because that is what she secretly wanted.

I've also begun trying out a new device that has been developed by one of the training staff here. It's basically like the hollowed out plugs that are used to enlarge our holes with a small bellows. The difference is that someone came up with a simple one way valve mechanism and a small one handed bellows that can be detached. I mentioned in my earlier writings how most of the women just let themselves hang open once they are anally incontinent from their training here. Some do wear soft plugs to keep themselves sealed instead. This new development that I'm trying is a short hollowed out bulb shaped plug that is inserted and inflated to seal off the anus. The small bellows is then detached and the valve prevents the plug from deflating. Unfortunately, the valve isn't perfect at the moment and leaks slowly, meaning I have to pump it back up every hour or so. Despite some teething troubles it's already become my preferred way of living with my condition.

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Today is the day. Finally. A 5 Centaur squad is coming in this evening and has sent word that their leader wants to break in a new cock sleeve.

One of the preparation staff begins getting me ready an hour before the session begins. She bends me over and scoops up a handful of sleeve oil and begins to professionally work it up my anal passage. She soon stops for another handful of oil and goes back in deeper. She repeats the process about 5 times, by which point she has her hand up under the bottom level of my breasts. She finishes up by clenching her fist and sliding up and down inside me, back to her wrist and then all the way up to my tits. She pulls out and checks my maximum rated depth on my file and her eyes widen in surprise.

"Oh you are a really deep one".

I told her that the training overseer authorised me to be depth trained 4 inches deeper than normal for my height. She pushes a rubber depth band onto her arm and slides it all the way up, slightly past her elbow and measures it off by placing her arm against a measuring gauge nearby. She then dips her arm into a vat of sleeve oil and plunges into me all the way to the depth band and fucks me hard. As she prepares me for my customer, she gives me advice for the upcoming session. The woman preparing me has had years of experience, first on the cocks themselves and then as the head session preparation overseer.

“Preparation is the most important, there’s no such thing as being packed with too much sleeve oil to ease the passage of the cocks. Try to relax, you know you can take this, all your training says you can take this. If you tense up, the massive cock can bind, increasing the chances of tearing you. Despite all your training your first time is going to hurt. Most women don’t orgasm the first time, no matter how much they are into it. Good luck”.

She finally removes her arm from me and sends me out to the arena.

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Finally, there I am laying face down on the padded display bench, legs slightly apart, my loose ass hole gaping open and ready. In my excitement, the Centaurs name doesn’t even register in my brain. His cock does register though, it’s enormous, but nothing I haven’t taken in training- though it’s still not fully rigid and may challenge me for depth yet. The Centaur slaps his semi rigid cock down onto my back to get a gauge for how much he should be able to bury inside me. Ursula is her best filthy selling mode.

“This cock sleeve is really looking forward to you breaking her in. Look at her cunt leaking!”

It’s true my vaginal juices are streaming down the inside of my thighs. Ursula shows the Centaur my training record.

“This one is special. She has been trained 4 inches deeper than is normal for her size. She can take you all the way to your balls! She is still new and tight, but you can fuck her nice and hard and deep and she will probably survive- though your cock is truly massive and will probably ruin her for every Centaur that comes after you!”

The Centaur is liking what he hears, his cock is extending further from its sheath. Like every male sentient creature, Centaurs have to have their cock complimented!

“This one also came here of her own free will, she wants Centaur cock thrust up her fuck tunnel so badly that she ran away from home to a place where she could get it.”

It’s funny listening to Ursula in her sales mode. Normally she is the most caring mistress you could ever imagine when it comes to her women, she’s very protective of us. But today she is playing the Centaur like a musical instrument, telling him what he wants to hear and getting him into a frenzy of lust- making it easier for the coming price negotiations. They both step away and begin such negotiations.

The deal is done. The Centaur wants to take me the most common way, bent over one of the padded fuck beams that have a raised section in front for the Centaur to step over the top of the cock sleeve. I’m led over to the nearest mounting beam. The spectators are lining the fence of the arena, everyone loves a good breaking in! Just like with Angela, over a month ago, a lot of the women are taking bets on how long I’ll last before passing out and whether I’ll manage to orgasm.

I find a padded beam that’s the right height for me and bend over it, grasping the the bar in front of me for stability and so that I can push back against the coming thrusts with my arms. I look back and shake my ass to entice the Centaur, but he doesn’t need any further enticement. His cock is full out of its sheath, hard and ready. I feel it push against my buttocks and I reach behind to guide the head into my stretched hole. The beast thrusts in eagerly as soon as he feels the heat of my hole start to wrap around him. The first thing I feel is a stab of pain as the first 10 inches of cock rams into me and stops. I cry out at the initial pain, I’m sure he’s already torn me back there. I hear the spectators cheer as I take my first Centaur cock. Then the part that no one ever mentioned to me before...just

how hot a Centaurs cock is! Our training cocks are just room temperature, but now it feels like a thick hot poker has been shoved up my ass hole...and now it's trying to find its way deeper.

I rotate my hips and try to relax the muscles deeper up my colon, ready for the next shove that is coming...and here it comes! The hot slab of meat suddenly pushes another 6 inches up my trained colon and has stopped next to my navel, I look down and see the bulge in my belly! Someone screams "DEEPER!!!" I realise that it's me that yelled it!

The Centaur gives me what I asked for, setting his hind legs for another push. I squeal as the shaft goes all the way home, bulging my belly all the way to the bottom of my tits. I can hear the spectators give another cheer in the background as they celebrate me taking the whole shaft on my first try. It's hurting, so I grind around on the cock to try and get more comfortable. The Centaur takes this as a sign that I'm really enjoying his cock and that I want some more. He pulls back and lets me have 3 long and deep thrusts that knocks the breath out of me.

My head is spinning from the intensity of the sensations going through my body, the hot slab of cock stretching me painfully, the thrusts that are like a punch up my ass hole, the sound of the Centaur grunting in pleasure, the spectators clapping and cheering in time to the trusts, the indescribable pleasure that sits just under the pain as the immense cock churns up and down in my specially trained shit hole.

The sensations are getting the better of the Centaur too and he soon changes his thrusting to a faster cadence and shorter stroke. The filthy spectators are egging him on and he steps up the speed even more. My guts is now making a disgusting sloshing noise as the cock churns me up inside and continues to loosen me. Finally the Centaurs drives a savage full depth thrust into me that make me scream, He rest in me all the way to his balls and I feel the length of his shaft begin to pulsate as it pumps steaming hot semen into my colon. The head of the cock flares to its full size to prevent the semen escaping and I panic as it feels like it's going tear me open. Still it keeps pumping me full of semen and I feel it getting pushed deeper around inside. I take one hand off the bar in front of me and reach underneath to stroke my clitoris. Then it hits me in full force out of nowhere, my body shudders as the orgasm flows through me. I hear the spectators cheering again as I reach another milestone. Well, the ones that bet on me having an orgasm are cheering anyway.

Finally both the Centaur and myself stop and go quiet, both of us needing a rest. I feel the cock inside me soften just slightly and there is no longer any pain- I think because the pounding I've taken has stretched me out so much inside. The spectators have also calmed down, waiting to see where we go from here.

My mind is in a lustful daze now- all the sensations of the session, so far, combining to almost drive me crazy and leaving me wanting even more. I steady my hips on the padded beam and reach under with both hands and begin to massage the thick cock that's resting in my belly. The Centaur cock quickly rams itself fully rigid inside me again and the Centaur growls and drives a nasty thrust into me that almost knocks me over the beam and clear off the cock. I put my hands back onto the bar in front to steady myself against the onslaught that is suddenly unleashed.

The Centaur begins humping me like he's trying to ruin me. He is hammering into me so hard my feet are coming off the ground with the impact. I know that I am screaming obscenities all the time, but could not remember what they were afterwards- some of the other women say that I was begging the beast to tear me open and to fuck me until I'm completely broken. The Centaur tried his best to comply, his final thrusts, before I passed out, were so hard that I could distantly hear spectators cry out in alarm, thinking I was going to be killed. I didn't get to feel him pumping his second load of semen into me, I was already gone.

I came to as they were carrying me to the infirmary with a trail of semen still leaking out of me and onto the stones. Apparently I was out of my mind, deliriously telling them to fuck off and put me back onto the cock, before passing out briefly again. I came back around fully, soon after, and the nurse already had the Speculum inserted up my ass and was inspecting the damage from my first Centaur fuck. I watched as she stitched me up down there- I needed 10 stitches in my rectum to repair the tearing from when the cock first entered me. Other than that, I felt like I could go straight back out and fuck every Centaur on the plains, I was still riding a high.

The next morning I felt like I'd been trampled by every horse in the human realms. I was sore and aching all over. I tried to walk, but could only do so doubled over- straightening up was too painful. The infirmary staff administered some of the herbs used for pain relief, which also put me back to sleep with pleasant dreams of getting mauled by a full squadron of raging Centaur cocks. Some of the women that I was friendly with came to visit and described my performance as being closer to a 10 year old loose veteran than a newcomer being broken in. I felt really proud from their words.

On the third day I was released from the infirmary, but I was still walking painfully. I was on "no cock duty" for a full two weeks until I recover. I learnt that the Centaur tried to negotiate to purchase me as a consort, but he did not have the financial means- he could only possibly afford an old worn out, loose and broken cock sleeve. So he did not purchase anyone in the end. A young, newly broken in cock sleeve like me, especially with my obvious enthusiasm and depth talent, is a very expensive item in the Centaur plain lands- one that only Clan leaders can usually afford. Regular Centaurs have to settle for cock sleeves that have already had 5 or more years of wear on them. There is a basic formula used to calculate cock sleeve's value- age, years of wear and depth rating being the primary factors. I should be terribly offended by the way we are treated as sexual live stock, but it just drives my lust to think of it.

I wonder how long it will take until a Centaur that is affluent enough to purchase me comes along. Will he be a terrible beast or one that is more like Gresham was to Agnes, a beast when fucking but with a more gentle side that enjoyed his cock sleeve for conversation when not fucking her?

In the meantime, I'm soon back to being on full cock duties in the Brothel.

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