

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



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People reading this someday, may wonder why I'm documenting my life as a Centaur concubine. It's nothing really deep and meaningful, it fills in my downtime when I'm not mounted on the cocks and I hope to dispel some of the misconceptions of our lives. Some of the stuff that is whispered and spread through the Kingdoms is factually incorrect.

The idea that we're all involuntary slaves that live short lives until we're fucked to death. When in fact, our average life expectancy isn't too much different to any woman in the harsh Kingdom lands. We always eat well, we always have a dry place to sleep where we don't freeze. Some cock sleeves end up purchased by clan Chiefs and live comfortable lives of luxury. We are classified as livestock by the Centaurs. They keep goats for their milk, pigs and calves for their meat and human women for sexual pleasure and the social status that owning us brings. However, we are the most valuable livestock by far, and any intelligent creature looks after their things that are valuable to them.

People may also be surprised that we have social lives within the Brothel walls. Most of the women tend to gravitate to other like minded women where we then form friendship circles. The worn out and retired women that become menial workers that keep the day to day Brothel tasks running, tend to hang together during their downtime, for example. As for the women that are on active cock duty, they tend to divide into three distinct groups that hang together.

The smallest of the social groups are the women that come to the Brothel and never come to grips with the lifestyle. They group together in their misery and console each other and try to keep their time on the actual cocks to a minimum. These tend to be women that come here solely through desperation and had no other option. Someone reading this may ask the obvious question what if a woman comes to the Brothel to escape something and then flat out refuses to be trained and work on the cocks? The answer to that is simple and brutal. They are placed into the small locked cell we have for just such cases. The next time a Centaur group arrives they are escorted away and done with as the Centaurs wish. It's actually rarely comes to that, as most women soon decide that being trained and protected within the Brothel is a better deal and a better chance of survival. As active cock sleeves, many Centaurs pass over these women when they visit the Brothel, though you get the occasional brute that enjoys taking a cock sleeve that is clearly not into it.

The bulk of women fall into the middle group. Women that come to terms with their lifestyle and even recognise the benefits, such as always being fed, always having safe shelter and not having to worry about getting caught up in whatever little skirmish is going on between the local lords at any given time. They take the Centaur's cocks like any other woman takes her miserable lot in life within the kingdoms, it's a way of earning a living.

Then there is the little social group that has welcomed me. The sexual fiends, the women that are driven by perversion and an uncontrollable extreme sexual drive. Some women come here by choice, like me, seeking fulfilment of their obscene desires. Many come here as normal women and then develop a sexual drive they maybe didn't even know they had. Women in this group are always eager for more of the giant cocks to be pounded into them, always looking for the next orgasm to blow their mind. Centaur cocks becomes an addiction. The other groups refer to us with derogatory slurs and tend to avoid us. The Centaurs love us because of our enthusiasm and energy, we fuck them back as hard as they do us. Those that can afford us, buy us as personal concubines, which suits them and us just fine.

Sometimes, it is said, that some women become so driven by their lust for Centaur cocks and their next orgasm that they lose their minds. They descend into an uncontrolled, lustful frenzy where they desperately seek more and ever larger cocks to keep them in their orgasmic high, even at the risk of

their own safety.

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It's been six months now, since I was broken in. It's a quiet day today, with no Centaur activity and none are expected for a few days at least. A handful of our little social circle are lazing around together and chatting out in the mounting arena. We've even strung a few of the slings between some mounting beams and are lazily lying around in the sun. It's a beautiful day. A number of our group are off doing their own thing and one is in the infirmary injured, but a lot of us are here.

Ingrid. Myself, of course. I naturally fell in with this group after my spectacular showing during my breaking in. I've had another 30 Centaur cocks pounded into me since I was broken in. Like the saying here goes, it gets easier with each cock that you survive, as you get worn in. I've already developed a reputation for taking the larger Centaurs and enjoying them, some even joking that I'm something of a freak. I also took my first cock with pleasure studs, the piercings that some Centaurs have on their cocks to pleasure their own females. Many women fear them and try to avoid them, but a lot of our more hardcore group develop a perverse taste for them, especially as they get older and more worn out- the studded piercings return some of the intensity of the fuck for them. The first time I took the pierced cock it tore me up. I needed quite a few stitches in the rectum and another two weeks off cock duty to repair. But I've since developed a fetish for them, I've come to love the feel of them sliding in and out through my loose anus.

Octavia. The woman that I helped out after her semen inflation episode that I wrote about previously. An older, very perverted and very heavily worn out woman. Her fuck tunnel has become so worn out that earlier today we were discussing her future desires. On the one hand she could soon retire to menial duties, but that's not really her style. On the other hand, she is becoming increasingly overlooked by the Centaurs, which is also not to her liking. We helped her decide her future, she has formally requested to be sold off as a concubine. Her age and wear should make her affordable enough to be desirable by a Centaur that may otherwise not be able to afford a personal cock sleeve.

Incidentally, everyone at the brothel refers to her own ass hole as her fuck tunnel, it's not just me being vulgar for the sake of it.

Angela. My filthy little best friend. One of the smallest of the brothels cock sleeves, at only 5'4. Survival in the harsh realms tend to favour taller, strongly built women. Angela, however, is a true survivor and has also developed a certain reputation for liking some of the dirtier fetish sessions with the Centaurs. In particular, the inflation sessions, like the one that I described involving Octavia. It has been a recent trend amongst the Centaurs to pay extra for such sessions and Angela is a specialist for them. Seeing a big group of Centaurs pumping her small body full of semen, one after the other, not letting any escape and finally plugging her with a specially made plug to seal her anus tight...it's a sight to behold, believe me. For the most recent session she took two full Squads, ten Centaurs in all. Each of them pumped her full of semen, one after the other, then they began lining up for seconds. By the time she was plugged she looked like an 7 month pregnant woman. Her swollen belly making groaning and sloshing sounds as she staggered around. the arena.

The head physician in the infirmary has been studying for years the effects of Centaur semen on us. She has decided that our colon absorbs lots of beneficial nutrients from their semen, even going as far to suggest it may be why our women tend to live illness free lives here. Yes, we may be worn out and risk injury from the cocks themselves, but women in the Brothel also have far lower illnesses and other health issues when compared to the rest of the human kingdoms. In other words, being pumped full of Centaur semen is good for you!

Birgit. A plain looking woman with a huge ass that many of the Centaurs love to pound hard because of how much it wobbles and jiggles when they fuck her. Oh yes, and huge tits that also bounce and jiggle as they pound her! All of that and the fact that she grunts and squeals like a wild animal in heat when she is pounded, makes her popular.

Annalea. Another very plain looking woman. Also another with a particular fetish session expertise, which makes her popular. Most women don't like the taste of Centaur semen in their mouth. Whilst it may well be healthy, it also has a foul acrid taste that makes most women gag and even vomit. Annalea, however, has developed a taste for their semen. When combined with her abnormally large mouth, so large that it can fit around smaller Centaur cocks, she has attracted some specialised popularity. She has also had her jaw dislocated many times when she didn't release the cock fast enough, only to have it flare in her mouth as they pump semen directly into her stomach.

Nina. The brothels filthy gangbang specialist, and current record holder for taking the most Centaurs in a session. Her overused fuck tunnel is almost as worn out as Octavia's, despite Nina being half her age. She has an insatiable sex drive.

Ursula. The brothel Madame. Ursula hangs with us socially when her duties allow. More experienced than all of us, and her fuck tunnel shows the results of all that experience. She still occasionally goes back onto cocks, especially during busy periods. Ursula clearly tries her best to look after all her women- giving the perverted cock whores, like us, what we need, whilst trying to protect those that are just trying to get by.

After addressing Octavia's concerns for her future, the topic of conversation shifts around a bit. Some topics are mundane, some are sexual and some are perverted in the extreme.

The others are curious to know how my new plug is going. I'm currently wearing the latest trial version of our special design departments inflatable plug. Unlike earlier efforts, this one combines a solid base followed by a thick neck and a short bulbous part for insertion. The craftswomen are getting better and can hollow out the bulb and the neck so they both inflate. They have also improved the design of the valve and the removable hand bellows, so that the plug does not leak and deflate as much as earlier versions. The walls of the plug are quite thick still, this makes the plug very solid once inflated and the bulb expands and locks against the solid external base- sealing the woman's fuck tunnel nicely to help with her anal incontinence. The other women like it, many are now beginning to wear such aids when their hole is not being used.

Nina soon turns the conversation to even more perverse territory, complaining about how long it has been since she was last pounded into an orgasmic stupor. It's been a week and if she doesn't get something soon she will lose her mind. The other women murmur their agreement. I speak up and explain how, over the 6 months since I was broken in, the more Centaurs I take the more it drives my desire for more...it's almost like a lust frenzy. I just want more and more.

The other women all agree, we're all on the same parchment page here, that's why we all hang together after all. Birds of a feather and all that. Octavia soon adds something new, this time.

Just be careful you don't lose your mind in the lust and go cock crazy like that cock sleeve from way back...what was her name?

She looks towards Ursula

You were here then right? From before you were Madame?

Ursula answers quietly.

Yes, I was just an ordinary cock sleeve then...well I was a very lust driven cock sleeve that could barely get enough action, if that's normal. Anyway, her name was Catriona. That's who you're thinking of.

The others all see that myself and Angela don't know what the others are talking about. We haven't heard this story before, since we're newer. So Ursula begins to tell us the story in graphic detail.

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Catriona was a young woman that arrived at the Brothel one day, totally voluntarily. Back then, women coming here out of perversion and lust were not as common as it has become today. As a young adult woman she worked in her family's tavern and would overhear the whispered stories told by the older women after they'd had a few too many drinks. Stories of women being ravished senseless by the Centaurs, used as sexual slaves to take their giant cocks until their bodies were worn out and broken. The reality is that these village women didn't really know much, but you know how old women are when they get together and gossip.

The stories drove the young Catriona crazy with lust, she would masturbate herself into a frenzy after listening to them. She soon tried sex with men, but they had no chance of satisfying her extreme sexual drive. She scraped and stole enough coins from tavern patrons to buy a series of increasingly larger sexual aids from a visiting trader. It was never enough for her though.

Then, one morning, she simply walked out of her home village, heading in the direction of the Borderlands. Several weeks later she stood before the Brothel Madame of the time, just like I did years later. The Madame was doubtful at first. Catriona was a very small woman, one of the smallest she had personally welcomed to the Brothel, standing only 5'2 tall. However, Catriona took to her training with unbridled enthusiasm from the first day. By the end of her training, and at her own insistence she had been trained and rated to 3 inches deeper than normal for her height and 25 percent larger in circumference.

Despite her freakish and perverted sexual drive, Catriona was still only a 5'2 woman and the Madame tried her hardest to look out for her and only make her available to smaller Centaurs. Unfortunately, Catriona would have none of it. Soon enough she was out of control, making herself available for every Centaur she could. She was legendary for seemingly being driven into an ongoing orgasmic state that just wouldn't end as long as she was mounted on the cocks.

It soon became apparent that her mind was gone...all she lived for was to orgasm endlessly and she waited miserably during days where there were no Centaurs visiting.

Her tastes became ever more extreme, seeking larger, thicker cocks. Cocks with the most savage of pleasure studs. Cocks that were simply too large for her small body to take without injury and still she would work the Centaur into a frenzy of lust and have them drive into her fuck tunnel until it was broken.

She would spend time in the infirmary many times over, then come out and go straight back to whatever Centaurs were available until she was torn and injured again. The Madame tried to temper her activities, to no avail.

Finally the fateful day came. A particularly large Centaur with an enormous cock arrived. The other cock sleeves all saw this monster's cock and balked at the prospect of taking it. Catriona, who by this time, was in almost constant lust stood there drooling, eyes bulged. The Madame refused, saying it would kill her. But Catriona was out of control, stroking the Centaur's cock with her hands and already working him into a frenzy. Plus, none of the other women wanted to take him. What

else could she really do?

Twenty minutes later, Catriona had been prepared and was draped over the mounting beam. No sooner had the Centaur forced the head of his cock into her rectum, than Catriona began a feverish humping and thrusting. Urging and begging the Centaur to get in deeper. She was already gone in orgasm, her eyes were vacant of all human reason. As everyone had come to expect with Catriona, her orgasm just wouldn't let up, as anyone could witness from her bodies continuous spasms and convulsions on the huge cock.

The Centaur, for his part was losing control himself. Catriona's enthusiasm and the way she was humping back and grinding was like nothing he had ever experienced. Her small body was almost painfully tight around his shaft. Still the small woman was screaming at him to go deeper! Force it in! Break her! The Centaur still only had half of its cock inside.

Using more force the Centaur drives in a few inches deeper and Catriona jerks uncontrollably in pain and her still ongoing orgasm. DEEPER! The Centaur is beginning to sway and stagger from his own lust, his eyes going wild almost like Catriona's. DEEPER! The Centaur finally loses all control of his own. He rears up and forces all his immense weight down through his cock, wanting to give this whore what's she's screaming for. Everyone present goes deathly silent as they perceive what's about to happen. With a sickening tearing sound, that everyone hears, the huge cock drives all the way home into Catriona's body all at once. Catriona goes silent as her eyes wildly stare at the bulge that has appeared in her chest. She passes out soon after. Everyone watching knows that she has been fatally ruptured.

It takes two women to pull her off the cock, so tightly and deeply is she impaled. It takes the head physician only a minute to look at the Madame and shake her head, nothing can be done except give her the poppy milk to ease her pain, as Catriona regains consciousness. As the painkiller begins working, Catriona tugs on the hand of the Brothel Madame and indicates that she wants to whisper something to her. She asks to be put back on the cock, she wants to go out on the cock.

The Madame gives her approval and the physician administers another dose of the poppy milk, she is now dosed to a level that would be lethal even if her injuries were not. With Catriona now in a drug induced nirvana, they carry her back out and put her back on the cock. No longer feeling great pain Catriona is soon driven back into a mindless humping and a drug enhanced orgasmic state. The Centaur is out of control and driving the woman without mercy. Some swear they could see the cock all the way up in her throat when her eyes finally rolled back and went blank for the final time. They also say she was still in orgasm right up to the end helped, no doubt, by the poppy milk.

The next day the Brothel Madame simply walked out the front gate and headed towards the Centaur lands, never to be seen again as far as anyone knows. The Brothel voted the young and popular Ursula as the new Madame who still serves to this day.

Everyone in the group sits in silence for 10 minutes after the telling of the story. I know it was meant as a cautionary tale to not allow ourselves to be driven to the same lustful extreme, to maintain some control. Just the same I can see a few of us shifting position embarrassingly to cover their bodies telltale signs of arousal, as we all wonder when the next Centaurs will be arriving. Hopefully soon.