

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Moonlight slithered across the backs of wheat stalks shifting in the cool summer breeze. Three cloaked figures walked noiselessly along the edge of the field. In the distance they saw the flickering lights of a town, the proprietors of the rustling field.

"We are almost there," said Mary, "Remember, we are guests here."

"Yes, mother," said the others.

Mary's children did not know why they had walked for so long in the dead of night, but obeyed without question as always. They did, however, have many questions.

The remainder of their journey was in silence, as had been the rest of it. In the town they heard the laughter of men in a bar that sat slumped on its foundations like the patrons inside. An inn was across the street.

Mary rapped on the door. It soon swung open and the warm aroma of food drifted out. She lifted her face, blue eyes looking at what she hoped could be their savior, a stout, bearded man with an apron.

"Hello," she said, "Do you have any room available for us?"

The man looked her up and down, she looked tired.

"I have one bed right now, awful busy tonight," he said with a smile, "The name's Jeffrey, please come in."

He held the door as they walked in. Mary and her children removed their hoods. Her sandy hair was in a tight bun that revealed her round face. Both the boy and girl with her had the same locks.

"I am Mary, these are my children, Jonathan and Grace."

"Hello," they said.

"How'd you do?" asked Jeffrey, shaking Jonathan's hand.

"We are well, thank you. How much is the room?"

Jeffrey led them up the stairs. The wooden walls were bare, but it felt cozy and safe.

"That'll be eight pennies a night," he said and brought them to the door.

Mary shifted in her cloak, searching for her coin purse. Only now did Jeffrey notice she was very pregnant.

"When're you due, ma'am?"

The coins clinked in his outstretched hand.

"Soon, I believe."

"That's wonderful," he beamed, "I've got three of my own."

"Children are a blessing," said Mary.

He turned to Jonathan and Grace, "Would you all be wanting some food?"

They nodded and looked to their mother.

"Well come on back down and I can fix you some supper."

He closed the door on the dark room and they retreated to the first floor. They hung their dark cloaks on pegs about the entrance and followed Jeffrey to the kitchen which had a small table. He motioned for them to sit. Mary sat heavily into her chair and held her stomach. It had been a long night.

"What brings you to Donnell?" he asked amid the clatter of cooking implements and firewood.

"We are traveling from Gurney to Jonestown," said Mary.

"Oh, are you some of those horse breeders? Fine folk, they've got quite the breeding stock over there."

"Yes. They are strong horses."

Jeffrey looked at the tired group.

"Why so late?"

"It can be difficult to travel in the heat."

Jeffrey nodded at his eggs in the pan. She was not one for conversation.

"Well here you all are," he said after a while.

They ate their late meal quickly and washed their own dishes.

"If you don't mind, how come you're going to Jonestown?" asked Jeffrey.

Mary looked at Grace with a far away stare.

"I do not want my daughter to be a breeder."

They bid Jeffrey goodnight and retired to the room. It was a small space with a lantern on a bedside table and a small wardrobe to put your clothes. They changed into nightwear facing away from one another. The bed would have to be shared. Grace was small enough, but Jonathan opted to sleep on the floor. In the quiet of the night Mary listened to the soft breathing of her children. Tonight was their 18th birthday, her twins had grown up. She couldn't help but to think back a few weeks to the moment that had steeled her nerve to try and save her daughter. Eleanor's ceremony had been arduous. Her mind wandered to the horse filling the girl's belly and knew she couldn't bear the same for her daughter. Her own ceremony had been painful, the memory caused her to shudder. She slowly drifted off, arms wrapped around her pregnant belly.

A scuffle in the night jolted Mary awake. Someone's hand was over her mouth and her daughter thrashed beside her. She could only make out the silhouettes of men in the dark. Rough hands grabbed Mary's wrists and ankles, deftly binding them with thin cords. Then a gag replaced the hand. It smelled like hay. Heavy footsteps clunked on the wooden floors as they lifted her and carried her out. She assumed that Grace and Jonathan were taken similarly. In the entryway light she saw familiar faces. Men from Gurney, come to steal her and her family away. Jeffrey stood stony

faced against the wall. Mary knew he had sold them out as coins clinked in his hand.

“For the trouble,” grunted one of her captors.

They hauled her out to a dark carriage and sat her upright across from her Grace and Jonathan. Tears dripped from Grace’s panicked eyes as she was shoved into the corner by some of the men.

Mary shook her head at her as if to say, “There’s no use in crying, Grace.”

The ride wasn’t very long. They had covered the distance on foot in a few hours. Men whispered to each other and she couldn’t make out what they said. Small snippets and words found their way to her, but not enough to understand. Though she did understand. Her plan had failed and they were being taken back where they came from.

“Whoa,” said the driver as the carriage came to a halt.

Light burst into the carriage like a wave upon the beach, washing the tired from their eyes. They had arrived in front of the barn, its doors flung wide. Firelight danced in celebration for the returning conquerors. Once more the three were picked up and carried across a threshold, into the last place Mary wanted to be tonight. The ceremony would commence.

They sat her in a chair in the middle of the room, her children were put off to the side, their bonds cut.

“You have sinned,” said the old priest. “Gravely so. Such betrayal to your community cannot go unpunished.”

He looked around the room.

“She has denied her own daughter passage. Passage into salvation. Passage into true faith. Passage into womanhood.”

The crackling fire applauded him. He turned to Mary.

“If you will not go willingly through the gates of Heaven,” he looked up, hands clasped, “we will take you. One cannot deny an innocent who knows nothing of the world.”

He waved his hand toward her. Mary was hoisted by the chair and her bonds were cut. She knew there was no use in fighting back. Beyond the obvious impossibility of successfully freeing herself and her children, it could hurt her unborn child. They began to cut her from her nightclothes. Mary stood in the center of a crowd as the cloth fell away, revealing her motherly figure to the warmth of the fire.

Pockets of shadow nestled in her collarbones, unable to spill down her chest. Her engorged, veiny breasts sat heavily on her ribs, thick nipples ready to pour milk protruded from dark areolas. Her pregnant belly shone in the firelight below them, gently turning down towards her dark bush. She covered herself as best she could with her limbs. Her blue eyes shifted around the room, searching for answers.

“Put her in the pillory.” said the old priest.

A group of voyeurs moved aside, revealing a contraption of wood and iron. Mary stepped backward into someone. They grabbed her before she could turn, grasping her flailing arms. Another man

came and grabbed hold of her. Together they dragged her to the object and contorted her into position. She screamed and struggled. Only the rattling wind replied. With each limb that landed in its place, a shackle was clamped around it, locking her into position. With four shackles and an almost throat tight stock around her neck, she could only writhe. Her head and hands poked through a split piece of wood with an iron hinge. Behind them her thighs touched her sides and heels pointed roofward. Mary's lips and ass were spread open. Finally, she and her restraint were dragged to the center of the room.

"Please!" she said in tears, "Why are you doing this?"

"We do what we must before God," said the priest.

"Mother!" shouted Grace.

She struggled in the grasp of a large man.

"Grace, don't fight back! Don't hurt her!"

"Silence," said the priest, "Your insolence has almost deprived your daughter of her place. In your pride you thought to remove Grace from the eyes of the Lord. You will be made to swallow your pride. Jonathan, step forward."

He walked to the priest. The old man raised his arms, framing Jonathan.

"Her pride!" he roared. He turned to the young man, "It is past the hour of your 18th birthday and your mother will be your passage."

Jonathan nodded crossed the space to his mother. Mary looked up at him and saw her own blue eyes looking away. Drops fell from her face, splashing the dirt. She would do anything to protect them.

"It's okay, my son, we must do as he says."

"Use her, boy," said the priest.

Jonathan looked back at him and removed his belt. His flaccid penis hung a foot from his mother's gentle face. She opened her mouth. He closed the distance and held his soft cock aloft, placing it in her mouth. Mary closed her eyes and began to suck. He was erect in seconds. She felt the pulse of his meat on her tongue, blood of her blood. Suddenly, he grabbed her head on either side. Her eyes popped open and she looked up at him, he smiled and slammed into her. A muffled scream escaped her stuffed lips as he hit her throat.

"It was me," he whispered to her.

Jonathan fucked his mother's face as she realized what he meant. He had sold them out. Her own son had betrayed her. Now he stood with his dick between her teeth, mocking her, but she had no heart to hurt him. He thrust forward, trying to get past the barrier of her throat. Her nose pressed against his pelvis and his balls bounced off her chin. Before he could breach her, he came, shooting ropes of cum into the back of her mouth. She gagged and blew semen past his cock. It dribbled down her chin. Jonathan pulled out of his mother's mouth. Mary's hair covered her face as she bowed her head, spitting out her son's cum.

"The boy has redeemed himself," said the priest, "Now it is time for the mother and daughter. For Grace the ceremony begins, for Mary the dogs."

"No, don't hurt my baby!" screamed Mary.

Grace was being forcefully stripped as she tried desperately to get away. Mary had never told her what the ceremony was, only that she would never allow her to go through it. Her small breasts bounced and her blonde pubic hair shone. She was dragged to the hay-bale and forced to sit in the dirt, two women held her in place. The damp clop of hooves on dirt came from the back of the barn. A speckled brown horse was led around the bale. He maneuvered into position with ease, his meaty cock swinging in Grace's face.

From behind Mary came a whining and scrambling. She could not turn to see what it was, but felt the fear of what was to come. Something wet slopped from her clit to her asshole, sending a shock down her body. Her bulging belly shivered beneath her. Something scratched at her back as though it were trying to climb her.

In front of her, a woman grabbed Grace's chin and forced her mouth open. The other stroked the beast's shaft and guided it toward the only orifice nearby. She screamed and tried to get turn her head as she watched the flared head come toward her face. It smelled of hay and dirt. The taste was similar. Grace's mouth filled with horse cock and the horse knew it had found its hole. He thrust forward into her face, slamming down her throat. Her small neck bulged as she felt him slide down between her tiny tits.

Mary realized that a dog had mounted her. His pointed penis was stabbing at her lips, trying to get inside. She screamed as he entered her. The dog was almost feral, fucking her faster than she thought possible. Her pussy was soaking in no time, ready to take him. His knot bashed against her drooling lips as he pounded her.

Gagging, the young girl took the horse. Her eyes rolled back as he fucked her face. She thrashed, but the women held her in place. With no warning he emptied himself into her stomach. She felt herself filling up with hot horse cum. It rocketed out in spurts that splashed in her guts. Yellow-white semen came out of her nose. The horse pulled out and the good flowed over her lips and onto her slightly swollen stomach. She had never been so full in her life.

The knot pressed against her until it finally popped in. Mary could do nothing but screech. She keened for the pain in her vagina and at the sight of her daughter being abused by a horse. The powerlessness of it all overwhelmed her and she sobbed as a dog nudded in her pregnant womb. The dog turned and tried to pull out. It felt like he would pull her out of the stocks. A man grabbed the dog and yanked him out of her with a soggy squelch. Frothy sperm poured from her gaped cunt. Another dog quickly took its place. This one was larger.

They bent Grace over the hay-bale. She had a tight virgin slit that stayed shut even with her legs spread.

"The twelve men will enter her. First, the father."

Her dad positioned himself behind her and gave her no warning. Her little hole gripped him as he slid in and out of his daughter. He lasted no time at all and filled her. She sobbed into the hay. Man after man forced his way between her legs and dumped his tithe into her small body. By the fifth one she was sore and every stroke was incredibly painful. Grace's puffy red lips pouted at each cock to follow. She took them all. Twelve dicks to remove her virginity. It couldn't be known to her, but she had been impregnated on her first night, as are most ceremony participants.

The larger dog missed the mark and embedded the tip of his cock into Mary's unsuspecting anus. The pain ripped through her and she clenched her body. The dog, finding this hole acceptable,

pressed onward into her colon. Mary knew she couldn't stop him. Nor could she stop any of the men from raping her daughter. They stole her virginity, her purity, in the name of their god. Mary renounced him as a dog fucked her in the ass and allowed her baby to be ravaged so. Her teeth gritted as the animal pressed his fat knot into her asshole. The pressure forced more cum out of her vagina and she could clench no longer. It plopped in and she squirted all over the dirt. The dog had broken her water. She didn't feel herself go into labor over the din of pain in her wrecked ass.

A horse aligned the tip of its massive member with Grace's butt hole. The tiny hole looked like it could barely handle a pinky. Little hairs quivered in the heat of the monstrous dick that loomed over them. A woman came behind her and began fingering her butt. It was painful. Quickly, more fingers entered her, each more agonizing than the last. Her swollen, red eyes looked at her captors and they looked back.

"Help," was all she could manage.

They smiled kindly at her. They knew it was all to help her get to heaven. The liquid in her belly sloshed queasily as she bucked forward. The horse had grown impatient.

"Oh well," said the woman fingering her.

She pulled her digits out and Grace's little hole snapped shut. The woman grabbed the horse's meat and placed it between the girl's cheeks. No sound escaped her lips as she silently shrieked. The horse entered her anus. It drove deep into her. She could split in half. The horse didn't care and rammed home. Grace blacked out and went limp. Her ass couldn't unclench even with her body letting go. The ring was stretched to its absolute limit around the gigantic cock embedded between her wobbling cheeks. It slid in and out, her ass gripping it both ways. Queefs blew forgotten semen from the depths of her destroyed young pussy. Each thrust bulged in her stomach, sloshing her around.

Mary wept. Her daughter lay limply as she was impaled ass first by a foot and a half long penis. Like mother like daughter, she blacked out, too.

When she came to her first sight was her daughter's open asshole flowing with cum. Her belly was swollen with the load of a giant horse. She lay in the dirt with cum pooled around her. The dog had pulled out of Mary's ass, leaving it gaping and full of cum. She flexed and it slopped out of her. It was then that she realized she was in labor. If she had believed in a god anymore, she would have prayed. But it would be a girl and in 18 years she, too, would go through the ceremony.