

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Empress Khannvaiva's quarters had a sober, yet lavish quality to them which made them both regal and impressive. Unlike many palace of the Ancient World, the decorating was not overdone, and the walls and tall colonnades of white marble and light jade gave a feeling of peace to the place.

Dressed in a translucent veil sari accented with gold finery and bracelets, the Head Nymph tingled softly as she guided Mehlok through the sleek hallways. It had been a dark, grey afternoon and despite the early hour, already another nymph was lighting the multitude of candles meant to enlighten them through the night. Mehlok's eyes could not help but to wander on to the magnificent creature, her tanned body clearly outlined by the candlelight, dancing under the mist of her veiled clothing, generous in its curves.

His journey, however, came to an end. Before him was a large marble archway where an enormous burgundy veil, intricately embroidered with threads of gold and deep green, marked the entrance of the Empress' private quarters. Guarding them were two rather fierce-looking centaureses; their mere glare confirmed that they were not to be messed with. A bow from the Head Nymph was all it took for them to lower their weapons and step aside. Mehlok had a hard time tearing his eyes away from the delicate womanly creature's round cheeks as she lowered her back, and he licked his lips discretely. He could always dream.

"Please, Merchant Mehlok, follow me."

The burly man felt like saying that she needed not ask, that he would gladly act as her own shadow if it meant his eyes could feast on her dreamy body continuously. Such a comment, however, would've not been welcome.

He tightened his grip on the leather leash wrapped around his left fist, urging forward the creature he bore as a gift, and carried on walking. The area beyond the guarded curtain was certainly more lavish, although within good taste. Epic engravings covered the upper part of the walls, encrusted here and there with fine gems and stones. He was not prepared, however, for the beauty that his eyes would soon behold.

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Empress Khannaiva swam to the other side of her large stone bath. Her muscles were tied in knots from what had been another long day. Her tanned skin glimmering under the newly lit candles, she laid back on the large stone bed in the middle of the pool and stretched, waiting for Kheressa and Prissea.

The two mermaids wasted no time in appearing, at their mistress' service. Kheressa brushed her long burgundy hair back from her forehead, all smiles, her coal black eyes full of mischief. As for Prissea, she minced towards the young woman, a bottle of warm nympha oil in her hands.

"How is her most gracious majesty on this gloomy evening?" She asked, her pale yellow eyes glowing devilishly. Foolish creatures mermaids were, really, but Khannaiva found their straightforward natures most refreshing.

"Exhausted, as always. These days never seem to end..."

-Oooh, her majesty should not be so upset... I am certain that you are the envy of many women in the land, with this curse...

-If it can even be called a curse!" Kheressa chuckled slightly as Prissea poured some warm oil in her cupped hands. The dark redhead then swam over to the Empress' shoulders and started massaging

them slowly, but with an iron grip. Empress sighed with relief as she felt her knotty muscles give way under the skilled creature's hands. Meanwhile Prissea started in her legs, her thumbs working on the sole of her feet.

"You think this is all fun and games, but not all creatures are what I would call 'enjoyable'..."

Khannaiva of the Jissini House was the rightful heiress to the Goddom of Fearn. The only child of her father, Hesseam the Great, and his first rightful wife Veneana the Bright, she was the new leader of the realm of the Gods since both had tragically been destroyed by the Lerearn Titans. While Khannaiva, favorite of the mortals of Fearn, had been spared, the Titans had laid a curse on the Jissini House. Khannaiva was to have an heir from mating with one race of creature and one only, magical or mortal; it was for her to find out. All that she knew was that this creature could physically mate with a human-being, however it left her with a spectacular array of options.

"Oooh, are some a bit too, hmm, 'enthusiastic' for your Majesty?" Khannaiva simply grunted at Prissea's pleasantry.

Her last mate that afternoon had been a small beast, yet rather large in comparison to her. She had mated with a few types of dragons before, and simply had a hard time coping. This one was particularly beautiful with its opal-colored scales, yet it did not change the fact that he had an enormous organ, which the Goddess could barely behold. Nonetheless she had risen on her hands and knees, before the watchful eyes of Khyrian, Goddess of Fertility, who had made it her task to oversee the Curse's reversal. The Opal-scaled dragon was, like most of these giant reptiles, especially lustful and without any prior stimulating, had risen on top of Khannaiva's sinuous body and probed the entrance of her vagina with the sleek tip of its humongous cock. Slowly it invaded her slit as Khannaiva winced; a dragon's skin, especially its genital, was always warm to a point where it nearly burned. On and on it went nevertheless, until the reptile could go no deeper. From then it picked up its speed and humped in long, deep strokes, its fiery prong twitching in the Empress' tight pussy. Clearly enjoying its mating, the beast threw its head back and howled, causing Khannaiva to gasp in both surprise and fear. But on and on it rammed into her, now with less and less concern, getting rougher and deeper. Khannaiva gritted her teeth in pain as she silently took the assault. It went on and on; dragons were no precocious creatures, and after a full 40 minutes of frolics she finally felt the familiar warm liquid filling her quim. She moaned in relief as the creature pulled out, a pool of luminescent sperm dripping from the freshly fucked Goddess, as she collapsed on her side. Immediately Khyrian was by her side, placing her hands on Khannaiva's taunt stomach. She mumbled the usual incantation, and a soft blue, glowing light appeared from within the Empress' womb. This was not it.

Kheressa soon dragged the Empress from her painful memories. Her expert hands had now massaged her neck and shoulders thoroughly, and her smooth fingers were now relishing on her large, firm breasts. Gently she cupped them before she squeezed them in a circular motion, twitching her perk brown nipples between her fingers as she did so. Khannaiva gave in to the luscious caress; mermaids were horny creatures, but they were delicious ones at that, and this was part of the ritual. Prissea was not to be left out, and soon her own skilled fingers left the taunt muscles of the Goddess' thighs and moved to her groin. Khannaiva gave in instantly, parting her legs to the sides. Kheressa moved over swiftly to one side and slipped her tongue across one of her mistress' nipple, before she gently sucked on it, nibbling on the delicious flesh with her soft lips. Prissea's fingers welcomed the invitation of the opened legs and started massaging Khannaiva's outer pussy lips in slow, circular motions. The Goddess moaned softly as she arched her back, exposing her delicate vulva to a very excited mermaid. Her thumbs slid to the newly exposed flesh, getting more moist than ever, and slowly slid along the length of the beautiful slit, rubbing her bulging clitoris softly, teasing, slipping a delicate finger into the tight pussy, feeling the woman's

walls clench around it. Meanwhile Kheressa started nursing the other nipple while fondling the ree breast.

When the Head Nymph made her way into the private chamber with Mehlok the merchant, he could hardly believe his eyes. Kheressa had returned to the depth of the water, however Prissea was nowhere near finished. In the middle of the royal pool laid Empress Khannaiva, the legendary Goddess, her wet body laying in all its glory, naked but for a large necklace of plaited gold, elaborate gem-encrusted bangles on both wrists and ankles, and a diadem of gold, pearls and opals tangled in the woman's long black curls. Between her legs was what could only be a mermaid, with her long amber hair and pointed ears. she held the Empress' thighs in her hands as her long tongue slid along Khannaiva's velvety vulva, getting slightly deeper with every lick, until her face was burried deep in what seemed to be the most delicious pussy Mehlok had ever beheld. Gently she sucked on the Goddess' clitoris, causing the celestial majesty to moan and arch her back under the delicious feminine caress, clearly enjoying her royal treatment.

The Head Nymph cleared her throat, and quickly Prissea ducked underwater. Khannaiva opened her eyes reluctantly, looking slightly annoyed, before she turned to her side and raised. Absolutely perfect; Mehlok's eyes traced the flawless silhouette with amazement. The long flock of black hair cascaded down her shoulders and laid scathered on the stone bed and in the water; standing up, it must have reached her waist easily. Her face was a perfect oval shape, her sultry eyes of a glowing amber, boarded by long, generous eyelashes. Her small lat nose and plump, heart-shaped mouth gave her a slight oriental look. She had a long neck planted on narrow shoulders, contrasting with her ull breasts, her dark nipples perk and erect. Her waist was sinuous and slim, her stomach flat, her hips round and generous and her legs long and powerful. He could feel his knees going weak,

"How can I be of help, He'ea'heka, and what owes me this late visit?" Her voice was clear and comanding; there was nothing meek about it. The Head Nymph bowed, and Mehlok was thankful, despite their beauty, that he would never have to try and remember one's name.

"This is Merchant Mehlok, Majesty, he comes from the distant east and brings the first of what will hopefully be a serie of rare creatures which will help us find The One..."

Empress Khannaiva was tempted to roll her eyes and dismiss them all angrily, but her duty called otherwise. She laid her head on the creature with the tall, ugly man held on a thigh leash; it was, indeed, unlike anything she had seen before. She slipped rom her stone bed and swam to the edge, before climbing out of the pool. Immediately her personal nymph tiptoed over with warm clothes to dry her. Mehlok watched in fascination as the ethereal creature wrapped the Empress' naked body and rubbed not only her back and shoulders, but also cupped the heavy breasts under the cloth, then rubbed both legs and rubbed between the Goddess' leg, as it this was only natural. He wish the women of his village had so little scrupules.

"What is it?" The Goddess' deep voice echoed again, as her amber eyes layed on the animal once more.

"I believe that the Eastern Countries call them 'Tsilin', your majesty. They are very peculiar magical creatures". He'ea'heka moved aside to offer a better view, and Mehlok nodded in agreement to the Head Nymph's explanation.

The beast was rather tall, and at first right looked like a large lion. Looking closer, however, you could see that it had the legs and hooves of a boar, and large horns on each side of its head, peaking from under its mane, curled on themselves not unlike a ram's. It glared right back at the Empress with a fearless look. She tried not to smile, but nonetheless she was pleased; it was among the few

creatures which caused a slight stir in her loin. Certainly better than another lizard-like creature.

"I will not have it tonight. You can tie the beast down in here, but it will wait for the morning. I have had my bath. " The statement was categoric, and the Head Nymph knew better than to question it. She motioned towards an area near the Empress' bed, where a heavy chain laid, tied solidly to the marble wall. Instructions were clear enough, and Mehlok tied the beast to it, removing the leather leash.

"You... Watch him, your Majesty. They were known to be sly beasts, hard to keep." His voice altered as he muttered, not entirely sure if he was allowed to address the Goddess directly, him, a mere mortal merchant. Yet, she needed to be told.

"Bring this man to the guest's quarter. He can fetch back his animal tomorrow once we are done." The Head Nymph nodded, and Mehlok tried to chase away the highly erotic image of the Tsilin mounting the magnificent woman. Clearly, the creature was not aware of how lucky it was.

Neither was Mehlok, however. He was led to a lavish guest room where three Service Nymphs were awaiting him, although he did not yet know that this is what they were. He was soon to find out when the first one, giggling to the other two, removed the dirty, travel-worn clothes of the tall burly man, while the other two laid on his large bed, reaching out for each other's breasts. Mehlok was having none of it, in any case, and he grabbed the first one, a delicate strawberry blond-haired little thing, by her slim ankles. Spreading her legs, he pulled her towards him and lapped at her small pussy with his heavy tongue. Feeling her sufficiently lubricated, he then rammed his fat cock into her unceremoniously, looking lustfully at the young nymph's bouncing breasts as he fucked her mercilessly. The other two nymphs knelt by their side on the bed and giggled, waiting for their turn.

In the meantime, Khannaiva had dismissed her aids and laid on her bed, starrng at the starless sky above her. Being a nature deity she had insisted for her quarters to be in open air, and her room was but a very large terrasse on the east side of the palace. Below it laid the Godly Forest of Lahayrn, with a lovely view stretching all the way to the Shehann Waterfalls, where her cousin Khyrian dwelled. The whole area of Khannaiva's quarters had been so charmed that it was never disturbed by the elements (strong winds, rain, snow), and could only be entered by those who wished her no harm.

The evening was still young, despite the premature darkness, and the Goddess found herself without any entertainment. Mehedin, her lover of the moment, was held back in Lahayrn where the Council of Centaurs took place, thus she knew that she would not see him tonight.

Curiosity getting the best of her, she stepped off her bed and walked to the nearby area where the Tsilin was tied. The large creature opened an eye as she got nearer, then raised to its paws. It reached the Empress' waist when standing, thus was probably as tall as she was if raised on its hind legs.

"Shhh, shh... I wish you no arm, foreign beast. As you will see tomorrow, assuredly." This seem to soothe the creature. Although it did not seem to speak, you could see the intelligent spark in its eye, and Khannaiva would've been unsurprised to learn that it could understand human words. This was not uncommon for magical creatures.

As to appear less threatening maybe, she sat down next to the tsilin and examined it more closely. It has a beautiful feline head, with a full golden mane. Its heavy horns gave it even more of a masculine look. The Empress had been with a real mortal lion before. While she had been very excited to try the feline male, she had not been so keen on their long, pointy organ; she preferred them large, with

a ull mushroom head, much like Mehedim's for instance. She imagined that the tsilin would be no different.

The creature was not bothered at all by her presence, thus the Empress laid her back against the Palace's wall, the marble cold and smooth against her back. Her mind wandered off as she watched the sky again. The clouds were clearing now, revealing the evening's first stars. Softly she closed her eyes, leaving her guards down, relaxed. And then she felt it.

She did not gasp when she saw the large horned head between her legs; the warm breath had alerted her, and she knew better than to pull the strong creature away. Instead she let her knees fall to the sides, opening her legs, and waited to see what would happen next.

The tsilin's tongue happened next. Much to her surprise, it was nothing like a cat's; rough and slim. It was a large tongue, warm and soft, and it covered her entire pussy as it slid against her yoni. Its tip was slightly pointed and rigid, and with its second stroke it parted her lips, already glistening wet. Khannaiva was rather impressed. Again it srieked, this time burning against her vulva, deliciously warm. The Goddess layed her head against the marble wall and closed her eyes, giving in to the caress. She moaned, the erotic sound not lost in the tsilin's ears.

This time it pushed its muzzle against the woman's quim, and started licking more vigorously. It thoroughly enjoyed the musky taste of this strange pussy, one he had never been allowed access to before. It was soft and hairless, and its folds opened to him as he lapped and lapped. He quickly caught on that the solid little bud at the top of it caused his future mate to moan a little bit louder, thus he paid particular attention to it. Only for a short moment, though, as he was here most of all to please himself; what he wanted now was the source of this delicious liquid.

Deeper it seeked, and soon his tongue found its target. Slowly it slipped its tongue into the Empress' tight hole, licking its hot walls in slow ripples. Khannaiva was breathless under the slow tongue-fucking, and could not help but to push her groin into the beast's face. Its tongue undulated deep within her, so warm, caressing her g-spot as the tsilin kept licking. Soon, though, the animal tired of this and raised its head, licking its lips. The Empress needed more.

"You will have to mount me, now. I cannot wait until the morning. When morning comes, you will have to do it again." Quickly she got to her hands and knees, plowing her hips, offering herself to the beast. And the beast was glad to take what it felt was his due. It climbed up on the Goddess' back, its hooves scratching her sides slightly as it tightened its grip. His long prick was already erect, for it was his intention to breed with the slim, hairless female regardless of what she thought; he was just glad she complied.

Khannaiva was in for a pleasant surprise. The tsilin's penis was large and sleek, it was fat at its tip and fatter at its base. Its head brushed at the entrance of her pussy for a second or two, soon to be coated in the Goddess' abundant juices, before the animal pushed its prong inside Khannaiva's slit. On and on it went, filling her completely, until the beast's fat balls slapped lazily against her yoni. The Goddess gasped; it was all so delicious. The large cock stretched her walls so good, and filled her so deep; the heavy animal's rough fur rubbed against the naked flesh of her back, and its low growl was so erotic. Slowly the fat prick slipped out of her only to be rammed in again in a strong push, and then again.

The tsilin picked up its speed. This new vagina was as tight as it was tasty, and never had its prick been engulfed in a pussy so small and inviting. The human seemed to enjoy their mating very much, and the beast figured it would give her the ride of her life. Slowly it backed out of the warm vagina, its twitching walls milking its fat cock, then rammed back in, mashing its balls against her round

arse. This caused the female to yelp, and made him hornier than ever. Picking up speed, he started pushing himself more forcefully in the sleek slut, faster and deeper. On and on it penetrated the small pussy, loving how it clenched against its penis' fat head, and faster and faster he fucked and fucked the Empress. She arched her back and pushed back against him; in response he tightened its grip and penetrated her with even more fury. Slap, slap, slap went the Goddess' heavy breasts as they hit her forearms.

"Ooooh, ooooooh aaaaanh! Yeessssss! Yeah, yeah Oooooooooaaannh! More, moooore!" Khannaiva could not resist the incriminating screams as the creature battered her pussy. Nothing had made her this wet in a long time, and she could feel a shattering orgasm building deep inside her womb as the tsilin kept fucking her with an urge she was delighted with.

Slap, slap, slap went the beast's balls as he picked up even more speed, hammering inside the young slut at lightening speed, panting. It had never felt such a longing for pussy, never enjoyed burrying its fat prick deep inside a female so much as it wrapped around his cock and twitched and milked it. On and on it fucked her until he physically couldn't hold back anymore. A strong jet of semen splurged from the head of his fat prong and he gave a final, strong push inside the Goddess and held it as he filled her with his warm seed.

In Mehlok's room, the merchant heard a sharp female scream followed by a heavy roar and smiled to himself. The horny beast! He looked down at the svelt nymph, her body arched as she bounced up and down his ugly fat prong, screaming and moaning, her little nymph friend behind her fondling her heavy bouncing breasts. The large man then laid his head back again and smiled as the third nymph straddled his face for the second time. He would certainly not complain; he buried his tongue into the nymph's snatch and proceeded to lick and suck on the paradisiac pussy, his tongue matching the rythm of the other crazy little creature burrying his hard cock into her tight little vagina.

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The morning came too soon, and the Empress was soon awakened by a sharp slap on her left cheek. She opened her eyes wincing at the light as it filtered through the red and amber veils surrounding her sleeping bed. Khyrian, Goddess of Fertility, was sat beside her, like every morning. Only, sometimes, she was slightly softer in her awakening techniques.

"I have heard you got ahead of yourself, but yet your duty is still required." So the Palace had heard, after all. A few months ago her cheeks would've taken a pink shade, but after days on end of being bred by one and all, Khannaiva could not imagine that anyone would spite her a bit of self-indulgence. It was only fair.

"Get to your breeding bed, I have arranged for breakfast to be brought to you there.

-Later, my dear cousin, please.

-Well, if you are really so eager." Khannaiva shot the woman a murderous glance; she preferred not to mate immediately after eating and she knew that very well. She walked over to her breeding bed and laid on her back. While the top part of the bed was soft and allowed one to stand on her hands and knees without bruising either, the bottom part was equisitely carved out of dark soap stone and molded the shape of the Empress perfectly. On the edge was a curve for her round bum to it in, then another one for the arch of her back. Khannaiva laid there snuggly, her legs opened and welcoming. Her personal nymph tiptoed softly towards the tsilin and untied it before backing off nervously. Fierce-looking animals had always frightened the young thing.

Khyrian lathered the Empress' pussy with a lubricating oil with a strong scent of musk; this often



enticed reluctant animals, although in this case it clearly wasn't needed. As soon as she moved away to resume her observation spot, the animal, now familiar with the procedure, hovered over to Khannaiva, sniffing the air. The Goddess was hoping for another round of astonishing oral sex, but it seemed like the robust beast had no intention of offering any preliminaries this time around. It clearly wanted to get down to business.

Now this position puzzled him for an instant. It was unusual, however the now familiar hole was still there, oiled and glimmery in the sunshine, ever so inviting. The animal got closer and deciding that this pleased him well enough, mounted the female, its hooved legs gripping the slim waist tightly. His erection was aching fiercely, now, and without further ado he pushed the large tip of its prong inside the deliciously tight slit again. On and on the firm walls hugged its fat cock again as he pushed to the very bottom, the entire penis now buried into the sleek love-hole. There he remained for a few seconds, observing the facial expression of the female. Her eyes were shut tightly and her mouth wide open, yet no sound emerged. The delicious, hairless pussy clenched and clenched around him as he teased. And then he went for it.

Khannaiva did not care that Khyrian was watching; she thought her cousin to be a bit of a pervert in any case, or else she would not insist on being there at every occasion. The Goddess raised her legs and spread them wide as the tsilin filled her quim once again, stuffing it wide and deep. The beast's rough fur was rubbing all over her as it lustily frigged her; over her clit, over her heavy breasts who bounced with each thrust. In this position, the humongous penis rubbed roughly against her clitoris as well, sending her over the edge even quicker. With no further shame she wrapped her thighs against the beast's flanks, eager to feel the beast even more as it penetrated her aching vagina.

"Uuuuh, oh dear UGH! Ooooooh, aaanh, ANH, annnnnnnh aaah!" Her face distorted with pleasure, she pushed herself against the fat cock with assaulted her so good. The tsilin stared at her with a ruthless, horny glance as it pumped faster and faster, in and out, mashing its balls against her arse, penetrating her with a renewed strength. If he was to return to his land after this, he might as well give his unusual female mate a fucking she would remember. Faster and faster he frigged her, his erection getting harder and bigger now with every stroke.

"AAAAAAAH! ANH! AAAAANH!" Khannaiva's head trashed from side to side as she orgasmed, and with that the tsilin shot another plentiful load of sperm into her womb. With his massive penis filling every last inch of her the precious liquid splurged to the side, dripping down her thighs. Slowly, the animal pulled out, panting, and retreated in the corner where it was previously tied. The Empress, out of breath, motioned for her personal nymph to come and clean her up.

Mehlok was only too sad to leave the comfort of his room; the three serviced nymphs he had been graciously provided with he would miss dearly. With very little sleep, he entered the Empress' quarters behind the head nymph in order to retrieve his beast. He was unprepared for the erotic spectacle he was to behold; the Empress layed on her breeding bed, again naked in all her glory, panting for all she was worth, her opened pussy lips dripping with the semen of the beast he had himself captured. Clearly, he would have to work hard in finding other specimen, and come back to this mythical place.

Khyrian soon obstructed his view. She placed her hands on the woman's womb, but again the disappointing blue light was all that could be seen.

"Not it, your majesty. To your greatest disappointment I'm sure." Khannaiva ignored the disapproving tone, still trying to recover from her emotions. It was always quite disappointing, to know that the pressure remained on her shoulders. If only she could be pregnant, have an heir and secure her family's dynasty amongst the Godly realm...



Mehlok was thanked and walked out of the Palace with the tsilin now docilely following him. He felt much less animosity towards the man, for evident reasons.

Khannaiva sat up, and again her nymph, Ne'e'jah, rushed to her side with a cloth and held it to her mistress' crotch, collecting the useless semen as it dripped from deep within her. The Empress looked over to Khyrian, a question mark etched all over her features.

"We have another creature this afternoon, a non-magical one this time. One from the north; they call it 'elk'

-Elk?

-A deer-like creature, I am told."

This appeased Khannaiva quite a lot. She had had deers before, and antilopes; she enjoyed them quite a lot. Not quite as much as equine creatures, but with the lot of them already tried, she rarely had the pleasure of a new, similar creature.

A lavish breakfast of berries, ginger, quail eggs and fine bread was finally brought to her, with copious amounts of wine. While Khannaiva rested, a few of the serviced nymphs, who Khannaiva befriended for they could discuss their crude existence together, hovered over to gossip.

"We have heard your screams throughout the entire palace, your majesty! What was this most special creature?" Khannaiva smiled, the wine untying her tongue.

"A magical beast from the east... I would say, half lion half ram. Nothing like I'd ever seen before.

-This must be the creature the merchant was telling us about! I did not quite believe him, to tell you the truth!

-The merchant? A tall, wide-shouldered, bearded man?

-Oh yes! We were sent to him last night, Le'ea'veh, Sha'ie'ana and I!" Khannaiva crinkled her nose in disapproval.

"Oh, do not be so quick to judge, your majesty, he was as close to a satyr as a mortal man ever will be!" The four of them laughed whole-heartedly, as slowly the morning turned into the afternoon.

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The second session had to begin. Again Khyrian oiled the Empress' quim and thighs, much more forcefully than she usually did. You could tell something disturbed her, some sort of tension which Khannaiva could not explain. She was not one to pry on other's sentiments, nevertheless, so she did not seek to find out what had happened.

The Head Nymph and one of her acolyte brought the afternoon's male. The elk was indeed a most magnificent beast; a large animal with a proud, heavy panache. Khannaiva felt the familiar wetness in her thighs, and she walked over to it.

As with most non-magical animals, stimulation was required for any mating to take place. The Empress was quite keen with this one, and as the Head Nymph held it still, she started petting the male's inner thighs. This calmed the beast down slightly, and slowly Khannaiva's hands moved over to the animal's shaft, which she stroked gently. The animal's prong started to peak out, black and sleek, and on and on the Goddess carried massaging until the member was long and hard, very much like a stallion's. She brought its flexible tip to her lips and sucked softly on the large tip, tasting its salty pre-cum. The animal grunted and pranced on its front hooves a little. It was ready.

The Empress moved to the soft part of her bed and knelt, her rear offered to the large animal. The

elk was brought over to her and, excited both from the erotic caress of the woman and the musky smell rubbed into her thighs and pussy, it quickly raised so its back legs and mounted the Empress. Its long hooved legs thightened around her waist. The tip of its prick searched for the entrance of the velvety cage he was to penetrate; the Head Nymph offered some help, and brought the large cock to its destination.

Like most beasts of its kind, it knew no moderation. As soon as it found home the animal pushed its mushroom head into the woman's thigh pussy, grunting as Khannaiva moaned in unison. Forward it pushed in a long, deep stroke, until it knew he could push no further. And then it rammed and rammed deep into the tight vagina, penetrating faster and faster. The Empress again lost her inhibitions and grunted under the erotic assault, pushing her yoni against the monster penis.

The elk went on fucking her, burrying half of its gigantic cock into her, rubbing against the warm, wet skin. Then in a strong push it exploded inside her, throwing its head back as a long howl came from its throat. Khannaiva moaned loudly as she felt the fat cock pump and pump and pump its loads of semen inside her, her knees feeling weak now under the pleasure of the intense mating. The now limp member slipped out of her well-filled hole, and she collapsed to her side. Her personal nymph again rushed over to her and cleaned her ravaged pussy. Khyrian brought her hands over to her womb, but the elk was not the answer to their search, either.

Deception was becoming quite common now, and it did not affect Khannaiva so much anymore. The rest of the afternoon went on as usual... She dined, enjoyed a game of kesmah with her friends, had her usual swim and massage from the mermaids, then went on to bed where she practised her luth.

A few minutes passed midnight, she heard the familiar hoofsteps of Mehedim. She raised from her sleeping bed, pushing the heavy veils away so that she could see him.

"Mehedim..." She whispered, feeling the familiar burn in her yoni as the outline of the centaur drew themselves in the soft candlelight.

"I hear you have been busy." His tone was slightly spiteful. It was in centaur's nature to be slightly possessive, and the Empress knew this.

"I was lonely, the beast took me by surprise. They had brought me a dragon, I needed something to make me forget the pain. Do not hold it against me..."

-But I will. " Mehedim had a dark look on his handsome face as he trotted to her, then grabbed her hips and lifted the Goddess over his shoulder. She gapped in surprise before he threw her on her breeding bed.

"I am not best pleased.

-And I, am not your possession.

-You know what this makes you, then.

-What would that be?" Mehedim did not answer, but instead laid by the bed, folding his legs beneath him, and parted the Goddess' legs. His face dived for her tender pussy, and his tongue slithered to her vulva, on which he nibbled with his lips and sucked. He knew exactly what the Empress liked, and jabbed quickly at her most sensitive little spot with his tongue.

"Ooooh, Mehedim..."

As soon as she moaned, he stopped and got back on its legs.

"Tell me what you are, then, or I will leave you like this." Khannaiva stared at him, a mix of defiance and lust in her eyes.

"I will say nothing." Her amber pupils shone with anger. Mehedim turned to his side and raised his left hind leg, placing it on the side of the bed. This exposed his magnificent prong, a long sleek black cock, fully erect, which he flapped against his belly. He knew that the mere sight of it would cause the woman to reconsider.

Swiftly he turned around, raised his front legs and laid them on each side of the Goddess. She could feel the rough fur of the centaur's belly against her, and soon she felt the mushroom head pushing against her clit. How madly she wanted the centaur to push it deep into her aching pussy, to ram it to the very bottom of her and fucked her like no animal would ever even dream of.

"If you don't tell me now, it will go no further..." This was absolute torture.

"I am a traitor..."

"This is not what I want to hear." He pushed the tip of his prick a bit harder now, then stopped. It had the desired effect.

"I am a terrible slut..." This time, the tip of the massive horse cock made its way between her pussy lips, but no further than this.

"A terrible, horny slut who needs animal cocks..." Slowly, Mehedim penetrated her slightly deeper.

"And what does this beast slut want?" He whispered angrily.

"She wants some centaur meat... She wants a large, black stallion prick!" This time it slipped all the way in, hitting on her cervix, unable to go any further. Khannaiva screamed as the familiar prong stuffed her. She could never grow tired of it.

"Well, this is what she will get..." Unable to control himself much longer either, Mehedim removed himself from the Goddess' yoni and pushed himself in again, ramming into her with strength. He was not soft nor gentle. His thrusts were brutal, and he fringed his human lover with passion. Underneath him Khannaiva panted and arched her back, crying with pleasure as the fat horse cock bottomed into her. Her arms grabbed the heavy equine shoulders of Mehedim as she pushed her yoni against the stallion prick, losing all track of time and place.

"Aaah, AAH Mehediim! Uh, uuuuh aaah! I am, yes I AM your slut please! Ooooh don't stop please..." The centaur picked up some speed, his powerful rear thrusting harder and harder into the unbelievably tight pussy of the Goddess. He could not bury his monster cock all the way into her like if he was fucking a centaress, or having a mare, but the walls of this human pussy were so small and milked him so good that he preferred it to anything else. For what seemed like forever he carried on pumping his meat into the frail pussy the Empress offered him, his own moans now joining hers as they both reached climax. Khannaiva orgasmed first, her pussy clenching around the centaur's prick as she opened her mouth, unable even to scream as her body shook uncontrollably. Mehedim played his back legs and gave a strong push before he ejaculated into her, what seemed like gallons of sperm squirting from the ravaged pussy. Panting, he pulled out, admiring the naked body of his Majesty the Empress of the Gods so serviced by his manly tool.

"I shall see you at a later time." Nodding towards her he galloped away. He was not really angry, truth be told, but he could not let her see that. So much better for the two of them is some sort of passion mingled with their couplings.