

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



While handsome in every respect of physique and striking in appearance – they were not very bright, although in contradiction, they were skilled artisans in stone working and also in creating exceptionally detailed glazed story tiles and murals. Not having much intelligence beyond a nine-year old human child gave them signal minded focus upon the immediate task on hand, allowing creation of incredible works of art in stone, tiles and murals.

Centaurs also were very aggressive and early cultures used them extensively in wars not only due to their ferocity and size but also because they had the curious ability to exude chemical pheromones when they were excited, afraid or sexually aroused, one of which incited insensible and uncontrollable rage in humans.

Fastidiously clean and vain in their appearance, their skills in body art tattooing excelled and all centaurs had extensive body art with violent themes of pillage and rapine.

Centaurs also were very lustful creatures with a proclivity for chasing and raping human females. Their extensive body art was almost entirely the theme of this. In pursuit, some biological and chemical mechanism was triggered inside their minds and they became single minded in the pursuit, capture and sexual pleasure.

More than one centaur in pursuit and the woman or women caught would be unmerciful raped repeatedly while she went into a physical and emotional rage as they violently fought against the rapine beast(s) until she/they collapsed in exhaustion from her furious physical actions or fucked to insensible exhaustion.

The mindless rage was not the only effect upon humans but another exuded air borne pheromones and liquid secretions had a simultaneous effect upon females – it was an addictive pheromone and secretions that flooded the blood stream of their victims, saturating the brain with chemicals that overwhelmed the system, causing a woman's sexual hormonal production to go instantly into overdrive, producing uncontrolled desire and pleasure – in effect causing a woman to continuously viciously fight against her rapist during forced coitus while experiencing overwhelming and uncontrollable lustful carnal frenzied desires to fuck that drove every other thought from her mind except mindless rage and the overwhelming unending desire to be fucked like they never have been and may never will again experience...

Indeed this was the way Centaurs procreated, however their sperm motility was low despite the massive amount of seminal fluid that would be ejaculated into their victim – a full quart. Perhaps it was mistaken evolution that made up in quantity what they did not have in sperm motility. Even so, a woman would have to experience centaur fucking several times before a small chance of impregnation would occur.

During centuries of warfare they were turned loose upon captured villages and towns to temporarily satiate their lust for human females so they would leave the women of their allies alone.

Even so, the allies had to take precautions to safeguard their own women from the centaurs as the centaurs had no moral qualms snatching women of their allies for their pleasure when the opportunity arose. Being in proximity to a sexually aroused Centaur was enough to affect women by the air borne pheromones. Skin contact with the secretions almost instantaneously provoked uncontrollable desires. Their allies dared not stop them, fearful of the uncontrollable rage they themselves could succumb to... even despite the permanent psychological changes the recovered women captives exhibited for the remainder of their lives...

In one of the Scandinavian countries in a very remote mountainous and volcanic area of the country, the villagers in the area, despite having one of the mostly modern highly educated rates in the world, ancient held superstitions and beliefs still endured, fueled by long winter nights, isolation and centuries old tales told from generation to generation – the sacrifice of the few for the greater of the good.

As was told, these remote heavily forested forbidding mountains contained a well-hidden cavern where the last remaining centaurs were trapped, but the long lived centaurs and their race lived on due to the superstitious villagers that offered living sacrifices to the demons in cavern. Then, as the modern era took hold, the tales were told and passed around by the younger generations, embellishing the tales with lurid sexual details that did more to arouse than to instill caution and respect.

Several villages ringed this remote mountainous area, with village populations of a thousand to three thousand. Besides the common shared tales, they all had another thing in common – each had an ancient trail leading from each village with a common termination point at the base of a mist shrouded hanging valley, where a small waterfall poured from. Here one single rugged trail disappeared up into misty upper elevations.

Despite the remoteness and ruggedness of the area it drew the hardy tourists attracted by the incredible beauty of the mountains and the volcanic hot springs that abounded in the numerous deep valleys that created very small temperate zones in the immediate vicinity of the larger hot springs, even in the depths of winter.

The village elders kept close hold of the number of tourists that passed through their villages, closing shielding the actually identity and number that went up into the mountains and forests and the lesser numbers that returned, rationalizing that the occasional fate of strangers was better than the fate that for untold centuries awaited a select few of their most comely village women...

The small exploration research group came to this remote Scandinavian mountain region from the Central European University, an international university that was also part of a consortium of eight other universities for the Department of Gender Studies that focused on gender theories and practices. In other terms, it was women's studies also known as feminist studies, an interdisciplinary academic field which explores politics, society, class, sexuality and history from a multicultural, intersectional women's perspective.

The research group consisted of three professors and nine graduate and doctoral students whose ages ranged from mid 20's to early 30's for the professors. They were also all female. headed the group.

The research group was formed after the discovery of an incredibly illustrated ancient manuscript discovered in a castle library where it had been for centuries, incredible not only in its illustrations but what it explicitly detailed in stunningly pornographic detail. Only a very few similar manuscripts have been discovered across Europe. Of particular importance this one manuscript also seemed to link all the variations of one common mythological creature that was prevalent in one form or another in most of the ancient societies around the world – the Centaur, and this was the first one found to actually contain a map.

The map was examined by the Geographic Information Systems department and surprisingly came up with a crude match of an area. The Department of Gender Studies thought it would be worthwhile to mount a research expedition to see if this would lead to the source of the Centaur myth or discover additional information to help researchers divine the myth.

The research group visited several of the villages where they were practically stonewalled by the village elders in each village and had to listen to repeated dire warnings of unescorted adventurous tourists going up into rugged and wild mountains, being injured and some never heard from again. But at night, in the drinking taverns, they were regaled with fantastic and lurid Centaur stories by the younger generation.

The youth of the villages found all the members of the research group exceedingly attractive, as more drinks were poured the more they strove to embellish the tales as all got pleasantly intoxicated, a welcoming contrast mixing with village people of their own ages in comparison with the dour village elders they had talked to during the day. The female researchers used their gender to its fullest advantage as they attempted to gleam every bit of information they could. As the night wore on the more lurid the sexual aspects of the tales grew. Oddly enough, it was the younger women villagers that enhanced the details the most...

Comparing notes they found all the stories and tales were similar to each other and one important common distinction was found – each village had an ancient, unused trail that led deep into the mountains where it terminated at the same common spot as the other trails from the villages. From this point a single trail lead onward.

After the last village, they closely examined their maps and discerned a way to intersect where they thought one of the trails may be. They drove several miles from the nearest village so as not to arise the ire of the village elders who had warned them not to waste their time on a silly myth, nor to let curious villagers learn they were still pursuing leads. The village elders also warned them that even though it was late summer, it often got very cool to cold in the mountains with occasional snow flurries this high up in the latitudes. They drove as far as they could up an old logging trail. From here they had to hike for two days in the rugged beautiful terrain, camping out near hot springs both nights where they could relax in the heated pools.

They found an ancient unused trail and followed it further up in the mountains, they came upon two more trails and after triangulating on the maps, determined these three trails must have originated from different villages, further adding credence to the tales they had been told.

Several more miles they hiked coming upon a few more trails that they were also able to determine by the maps came from other villages. Then they reached a narrow valley, at the head of which lay a hanging valley. The trail appeared to lead to the hanging valley and they followed until they reached it. From here the trail ascended steeply up to the hanging valley.

Once they reached the top of the hanging valley, they saw it gently sloped upwards but the shifting mists from the numerous hot springs prevented them from seeing the extent of the valley. For about two miles they hiked through gently falling snow passing numerous hot springs which accounted for the perpetual mists, the valley gradually narrowing till it was only two hundred yards, then, it drastically narrowed till they found themselves at the beginning of a narrow dark cleft at the end of the valley wall. A towering plume of mist seemed to be emanating from within somewhere deeper in the cleft. For several hundred yards they followed a faint man-made trail thru the cleft as it got even steeper. The trail ended at a solid rock face and to the entrance of a small cave, the cave showed evidence of being previously worked. The entrance was dark and they could not see how far the cave went.

They pulled out flashlights and went inside, more evidence the cave had been worked was present and as they rounded a corner, saw a massive ancient iron door blocking the tunnel passage. The door hung from equally massive hinges and they approximated it must have weighed at least three tons. The iron door was secured with a crude and ancient but sophisticated locking mechanism

which prevented the door from being opened from the other side. They also realized it was not a cave. It was too regular. It was a crudely carved tunnel.

Surprised, they discovered the locking mechanism was in good working order and were further surprised on how easily the massive door swung open and not rusted in place. Upon opening the door they were immediately staggered by a blast of heat and humidity. While it had been around 30 degrees Fahrenheit, it had risen to eighty degrees upon opening the door and entering the tunnel. They had to immediately strip off their coats and layered clothing. They found a small rock, one of the few loose rocks in the entire cave to block the door open. Once their clothing had been stowed they hefted their packs and continued on thru the tunnel.

Just as they got several dozen paces away from the door they heard a loud groaning noise then a high pitched metal shriek coming from the door. They turned around just in time to see the door slam shut, pulverizing the rock, and then heard the locking mechanism engage. Some hidden feature they failed to notice acted as a failsafe to close the door after a certain amount of time. Undaunted, they continued on, confident as all were expert climbers and they had brought plenty of climbing and rappelling equipment.

They noted the tunnel was carved from an existing channel, the floor grooved by once flowing water. The tunnel curved repeatedly but eventually they could see light at the end of the tunnel and hear something as well. As they got closer they could discern it was running water.

They stepped up the pace and as they rounded the final corner, they emerged into a vastly larger space, stopping in sheer amazement at the sight.

The cavern was huge, a massive space that the hanging valley concealed with its mists as an actual mesa, the walls sloping inwards to form almost a dome of rock overhead. But it was not complete; there were holes in the stone ceiling which sunlight poured thru and mist from the geothermal springs escaped. A lush green forested landscape lay before them; thick mosses grew on the ground and trees, an abundance of ferns. As they emerged onto the high ledge, they could see the source of all the water, a large steaming lake was in the corner of the cavern, hot springs lined one edge of the lake, with a stream issuing from a narrow cut of the lakes edge that ran through the center of the cavern, to a waterfall that dropped precipitously where the stream then disappeared into the chasm wall.

One of the students was using binoculars to scan the far edge of the cavern. Suddenly she let out a loud gasp and whispered softly 'It's true, it's really true' and then she shouted "This Is It! There's a Centaur statue on the far slope!" Dr. Bar Refaeli took the proffered binoculars and looked in the direction and then she saw it - a partially obscured but still immensely large statue of a centaur.

Beyond the statue was a plateau, the top of a domed structure just visible on it. Closer examination revealed a switchback grass covered stone ramp from the lake's edge that led several hundred feet in elevation to the summit.

They worked their way down the narrow trail from the tunnel's ledge to where the land began gently sloping toward the water which lay about $\frac{3}{4}$ miles away. Short dense turf grass surprised them with the almost springy cushion texture, none of them could resist taking off their boots and socks to luxuriate in the feel of the thick grass on their feet and between their toes, and wonder more about the temperate climate in this cavern when it was freezing and snowing outside. All around them was a bounty, various edible fruits and berries ripening on the trees while colorful birds flitted and soared around them.

They reached the lake and walked along the fine pebble shoreline to where the stream emerged, they waded thru the warm water to the other side and then with difficulty found the moss and grass covered stone ramp that lead to the plateau's top.

As they neared the immense centaur statue more and more features were revealed, it appeared as if the centaur was slightly rearing. As they rounded a switchback the entire statue was revealed. As one they let out a gasp - not of the fine extraordinary life-like realistic detail of the statute but of the enormous smooth and polished stone erection the statue sported. Now they could see the front legs of the statute was actually up on the edge of a low stone polished platform. They realized it was a stylized representation of a sacrificial alter!

As one they wondered and discussed who the master stone craftsmen were that seemed to have excel any known masterpiece and what happened to them as well as the implied highly erotic depiction.

When they reached the summit, they encountered a field of several hundred acres that was a swath of glorious colors of wildflowers that grew up thru the same thick grass turf cushion. A wide paved walkway through the grass led to a temple several hundred yards away and again they were startled.

Life-size and greater than life-size incredibly detailed statutes of centaurs lined both sides of the walkway - of centaurs raping women. The statutes depicted the centaurs and their respective captives in various sexual positions but each statute contained the same common rapine theme. Each statute was different down to the physiques and facial expressions of the paired centaur and woman, no two were alike in physical features or facial expressions, each was unique and intimately detailed.

They all found the statutes extremely fascinating, highly erotic but frightening as well due to each sculpture had life-like realistic detail down to the finest physical feature even capturing the lustful realistic faces of the centaurs, the curious expression of both rage and lust depicted upon the faces of the captives and the depicted physical struggles of the captives.

Even more astounding was the very detailed and very explicit sexual features of centaurs and women - bared hard nipple breasts, horse size erections, openly flared vaginal labia, huge cocks impaling vaginas and anuses, depictions of exhausted spread-eagled women with semen exploding from sexually assaulted orifices, pooling beneath the captives, dripping polished stone cocks. They were so finely sculpted and smoothly polished as if to seem to be alive but frozen in time.

Slowly they walked toward the temple, their gaze captured at each set of statues they came to. Intense discussions broke out trying to fathom the representations and the curious mixture of rage and lust engraved upon the face of each woman captive, and the intense erotic horror that the physical struggles portrayed. None of the women could resist repeatedly feeling the features as they passed each set of statutes, as if reassuring themselves it was indeed smooth polished stone and not real flesh... Nervous giggles rippled through the small group as they let their hands glide along carved sexual features...

As they approached the temple, the light level fell. This close to the edge of the cavern, the less daylight was coming thru the holes in the cavern, but it still felt disturbingly ominous. A small water channel led out from the temple, clear water was still being funneled through it. A series of small carved rounded mounds of about two and a half feet in height were set in a geometric pattern around the temple.

Several tiers of steps had to be climbed to enter the temple. As they entered the immaculate temple,

it seemed like it had only had been constructed recently, it was in such excellent condition and spotlessly clean. The same statue theme was repeated inside but surrounding the sides of a large shallow tiled bathing pool that was approximately 50 feet across and a hundred feet in length. One end of the pool had a fountain of a huge phallus of twenty feet in height that angled out over the pool, squirting a large stream of volcanically heated water from the tip which arced out of the tip of the phallus. It even had to - scale testicles. Carved images of naked lustful women appeared to be straddling or climbing the massive phallus while other similar carved naked images were in the pool, where the arcing stream of water impacted the statues that had outstretched arms and upthrust hard nipple breasts in welcoming gestures of the stream. Low submerged benches were set around the pool walls.

Large glazed painted tiles covered the floor and ceiling and the bathing pool. Multiple large colored tile murals made up very detailed and very explicit pornographic visual stories of centaurs rampaging thru towns and villages carrying off women, chasing women thru glade and glen, of raping women. The bottom of the bathing pool had a huge mural depicting a beautiful and well endowed bound nude woman spread-eagled on a platform, head raised, looking at a centaur rearing above her with a massive equine erection just inches from thrusting between her swollen and parted labia lips and into her, the massive cock being guided by two other beautiful nude women. It was rendered in such detail it appeared as if a three dimensional representation.

This and the other murals and individual tiles were rendered in such realistic detail as to rival current porn magazines, drawings and anime. Such explicit graphic depictions, such three dimensional realism, such artistry - hereto unknown before in the ancient world.

At times each of them caught themselves and each other blushing at some new discovered intimate pornographic detail in a mural. Still a small shiver echoed within each of them viewing some new scene of intense sexual violence and the ever present curious combined images of rage and lust depicted upon each woman's face and their violently depicted physical resistance against their captors and their rapine actions.

The story murals evolved to tell how the centaurs became uncontrollable even by their allies, how humans hunted them down and how a very small group of them had been driven and then trapped and sealed in a large cavern. With horrific astonishment they realized this was the cavern that was depicted in the mural. They could not help themselves looking over their shoulders as if expecting rampaging centaurs to be bearing down on them.

Succeeding murals depicted women being led by villagers thru the large iron door and then left upon the ledge, clearly as sacrifices. Scarcely they barely noted the murals trended thru the ages showing ancient then medieval villages, then transitioning to more recent historical structures... as each was preoccupied with the graphic sexually violent depictions and became lost in thought trying to clearly understand the very graphic picture murals, trying to separate fiction from fact and the creation of myths.

The three professors themselves were rocked to their very cores with the realization of the magnificence of their discovery. Each member of their research party would be famous. It would take years of on-site research that would occupy most if not all of their careers, including their students. Their students will all get their doctorates and would never want for a university teaching position anywhere.

In various locations around the inside of temple and just outside the temple there were smaller phalluses of near-human approximation carved of smooth and polished marble and granite but of twelve to fourteen inches in height set on low platforms or by the bathing pool. Closer examination

revealed that were not only for decoration but controlled features of the temple; water flows, light access, platform height and a few others that could not be readily discerned, but with the ability to move, suggested some other form of control feature. Inscriptions of an unknown language was found at each of the smaller phalluses.

Occasional giggles were heard as one or more women caressed the almost normal size smooth polished phalluses and made barely veiled sexual jokes and innuendos.

Gradually they each became more relaxed in their surroundings especially when one of the professors commented it was like being in an ancient porn palace causing uproars of laughter. They all became involved in intently studying the statutes and murals and to some extent, each of them were affected emotionally as well as physically by the sexual depictions.

Drs. Refaeli, Krupa and Weber conferred, judging the excellent condition of the bathing pool and how sweaty they had all become during the trek and the climb thru the cavern and how sore their muscles were. The warm enticing pool would be welcomed and decided no harm would be incurred if they used it for the intent it was created for. The small group whooped with joy hearing this announcement and all quickly shed their clothing. Clearly most of them maintained their summer tans in tanning salons as most of the women had highly contrasted bikini tan line bodies, while the very few had faint tan lines remaining on their nude bodies. In keeping with the modern era, all of the women had most of their pubic hair removed either by waxing or by laser.

Upon entering the pool, they discovered the submerged seating had small holes set in the seats and the walls, which warm water jetted through as if it was a modern hot tub.

After awhile of relaxation, the group grew playful, cutting up in the bathing pool, imitating poses of the statues in the pool with the arcing stream cascading onto their nude bodies, each of them trying to outdo the other in erotic poses, trying to entwine their bodies around the huge phallus water fountain or even wrapping their arms and legs around the huge phallus and sliding their naked bodies up and down much to the shrieking laughter of the others.

They watched as one intrepid student managed to climb to the top of the phallus and in a move worthy of a porn movie, stood over the shooting stream of water emerging from the tip of the phallus and lowered herself down until she was straddling the tip with her legs wrapped around the glans, the water shooting up into her and gushing back out as she gave an exaggerated performance of a porn star in the throes of an massive screaming orgasm!

Each of them found themselves stimulated to some extent by sight and sounds of the erotically charged antics of the student atop of the phallus fountain as well as the antics of the others. Those sitting on the submerged benches shifted around to find a strategically placed stream of water jetting up from the benches they were relaxing on...

Several of them jokingly took turns arraying themselves above the bathing pool image of the bound woman as if they themselves were being offered up to the centaur...

Desultory they discussed what some of the low platforms had very obviously been used for, with the almost human sized phalluses at one edge of the platforms with remnants of arms and leg tie downs also on the platforms, what crazy sexual rituals may have been performed. Judging by the very low angles of some of the phalluses, it was clearly suggestive that women were to be laid on their backs while a stone phallus was inserted anally, leaving her vagina open for double penetration. Discovery of some tiles later confirmed this hypothesis, showing women in this situation with a Centaur thrusting into her pussy. How it seemed that it would be impossible for women to be able to insert or

be forced to insert such large object(s) let alone enjoy...

They discussed it would take years to catalog and decipher the extensive murals beyond the graphic and explicit pornographic details that would reveal the culture of the mysterious peoples that would create something like this, and decipher their beliefs that found expression in the mural and statues they had created.

Dr. Joanna Krupa noted quick silent glances between some of the students as the talk grew more ribald, with occasional glances at the platforms being discussed. Dr. Krupa trembled that either they were talking with bravado to buck up their courage or they had forgotten one of the first things taught in her classes - that all myths have some truth to them...

Dr. Bar Refaeli emerged from the pool, impatient to continue examining the murals. While drip drying in the warm humid atmosphere, she continued to listen to her students as she closely examined one set of extremely detailed and graphic murals. She had noticed the transcending of architectural styles of the villages. She let out a gasp as she examined one tile that had a building with a tower attached - she could clearly see it had a town clock upon it! Foreboding swept thru her as her own unspoken thoughts came to her - all myths have some truth to them. She wondered how far into recent history the murals depicted as she worked her way around the wall and came to another mural in shadow. Thinking at first it was a bird depicted; as she got closer her apprehension was stoked even greater as she realized it was a bi-plane!

Suddenly one of the students at the edge of the temple screamed and ran back inside to the group, she was so shocked her words were not making sense as she was grabbing her discarded clothing.

Rapidly and in haste they donned clothing and rushed to see what had terrified her.

The human part of their bodies was stunningly impressive. The glossy hair was long and decorated with braids and beads. The facial features were fierce yet impossibly handsome. The chests were broad and the arm muscles well-defined. Extensive and intricate tattoos covered these areas, at the distance; none of them could make out what the designs were of. Each spotted a six-pack abdomen at the juncture where his torso merged with his lower half of the body. Their eyes dared trail downward, over smooth muscular ripped stomachs, over the impossible junction between man and horse, travelled over taut hindquarters, down flanks, tracing strong hind legs bulging with muscles, eyes widened perceptively as they lingered on the flesh between hind legs - the ball sacks were almost the size of basketballs, the velvety length of the sheaths that dwarfed any man's, several of the women let out tiny gasps in spite of herself. A real live creature with smooth glossy hair over rippling muscles and a long, flowing, swishing tail, so smoothly blended that none could not tell where horse ended and man began.

The Centaurs coarsely and loudly discussed amongst themselves while gesticulating up at the temple, in what Joanna could discern was a odd patois of Greek, Latin and Scandinavian, she could make out some of their conversation but most she could not. If she had, she and the others would not have tried to approach them. Clearly the statues, murals and tiles were not warning enough, they all were caught up in the real-life fantasy of actually seeing Centaurs!

At first, they did not recognize the Centaurs' eyes lustfully gleaming for the pleasures of flesh as they looked at the bounty of beautiful women at the top of the temple looking down at them. Some of their shirts were wet and clung to generous firm swells, outlines of hard nipples; others had been hastily buttoned revealing expanses of exposed cleavage and firm flat abdomens. Their nostrils flared as the smell of young moist cunts beckoned their attention.

They huddled in a group and Bar and Joanna decided to go down and see if they could talk to the Centaurs while Holly kept watch over the students.

Bar and Joanna walked down the steps. The Centaurs looked on at the two beautiful professors walking down to them, admiring their shapely features. Both Bar and Joanna had hastily put on and partially buttoned up their bush shirts, inadvertently leaving off their sports bras in haste as well as showing an expansive amount of firm well endowed cleavage. Lustily gazing at the firm breasts swaying under their shirts with each downward step the two women took, the Centaurs displayed a male physical reaction as several of the women let out gasps as cocks began to emerge from their sheaths.

Bar and Joanna both had noticed as well but it was too late to turn back. As they got closer they could discern the tattoos that spiraled around their chests and arms - violent depictions of women being chased and fucked by Centaurs.

Seeing the tattoos, Joanna whispered to Bar that this was a bad idea. Bar responded they had no choice, the temple was no protection and at least you can understand them a little and hopefully you can reason with them.

As they got close to the Centaurs both Bar and Joanna detected the smell of apples and cinnamon strong in the air. Shortly both women felt a warmth suffusing thru them as well as an irritable mood that suddenly overcome them both, yet feeling a sudden growing heat in their loins, felt their pussies become swollen with arousal.

Joanna attempted to converse with the Centaurs, very uncomfortable with their reactions as she noted the Centaur's unabashedly scanning up and down her and Bar's bodies, lingering on the swells of breasts and exposed cleavage of both women. As she looked over at Bar, she noted her nipples were hard and clearly seen pressing against her shirt, with a start she realized she had left her bra off as well and could feel her own hard nipples pressing against the shirt, her breasts straining the fabric as well.

Both women were constantly shifting on their feet as Joanna attempted to converse, irrationally and irritably bothered at their bewildering emotions during what can closely be akin to a 'First Contact' meeting, of feeling a hotly intense arousal that was to a degree never before experienced, of an insatiable yearning to be filled and fucked hard, long and deep, the conflicting dark mood that had almost completely overtaken both women, wanting to violently and physically lash out at the creatures in front of them. Feeling as if physically attacking the Centaurs would assuage their intense sexual hunger.

Joanna's attempts of conversing were going badly, her unintentionally sharply uttered intonations and her frustrations grew along with the noticeable growing amusement being displayed by the Centaurs, as if mocking her, and the by now almost volcanic heat of her pussy, aching to be filled.

Both women realized their hotly aroused pussies had soaked their pant crotches, they could feel the wetness spreading and it made them madder with the realization it would soon be visible to the Centaurs...

Both women recognized the names of Aphrodite and Venus among the patois the Centaurs spoke, however it seemed the Centaurs were speaking more amongst themselves than to Joanna as they began gesticulating amongst themselves more frequently, up at the women at the temple, and at the statues. Two Centaurs pointedly gestured at Bar and Joanna as they rapidly spoke as they gestured at two of the low platforms. Bar and Joanna could no longer deny that the facial expressions being

displayed by all the Centaurs were ones of lust, not to even mention the partial erections most of the Centaurs by now displayed.

Silence reigned

Joanna and Bar stood there in front of the Centaurs, both shifting on their feet, their thighs pressed tightly together, futilely trying to smother the flames of their heated loins and obscure the wetness of their pants. Then one of the Centaurs slowly reached out and with one long finger extended, slowly traced the generous firm swells of Bar's breasts thru the outline of her shirt. Both women let out small gasps and Bar started heavily breathing as the Centaur's finger moved toward the bare expanse of cleavage displayed by her partially button shirt, then gently followed the bare contours downward until his finger was blocked by a button.

Suddenly, he grasped a fistful of her shirt and in one violent motion yanked upwards. Buttons popped free and flew as Bar's shirt was dragged over the top of her head and off her arms.

Bar's breasts were momentarily raised up by the shirt being ripped off then they bounced a couple of times as her now bare hard nipple breasts settled in position. The Centaur held Bar's shirt in his hand, and he had a puzzled but amused look on his face as he examined her tan line contrasted bare breasts.

Bar and Joanna looked at each other with wide eyes and each realized the Centaur's intentions at the same time. As one, they attempted to flee with the Centaurs slowly cavorting after them, repeatedly drawing near the two running women and plucking at their clothing, ripping off pockets from their pants and Joanna's shirt, popping her shirt buttons loose then letting the two women get ahead of the pursing pack of Centaurs then catching up to them again. Soon Joanna's shirt was in tatters, completely unbuttoned with the shirt tails streaming behind her, their pants likewise had great renders in them showing vast expanses of tanned and very toned skin. Each time a new seam opened, a great cheer and laughter went up from the Centaurs. Another Centaur reached out and ripped Joanna's shirt off her as she ran, enjoying watching their considerable large and firm perky assets heave and bounce, their delightfully curved firm and toned athletic bodies and the way their long hair streamed out behind them as they ran. The Centaurs repeatedly blocked their way and both women realized there was no escaping and they turned to fight.

Like half naked Amazons, Bar and Joanna repeatedly flung themselves at the Centaurs attacking them, a few times even climbing up on their backs, as they hit, scratched and kicked with impunity. The two women were shrugged off or pulled away, then released. Both Bar and Joanna recognized amusement in the Centaurs expressions which infuriated them even more.

A mindless rage overcome both Bar and Joanna as they viciously fought and screamed at the Centaurs, as the Centaurs playfully plucked at their remaining clothing - their tactical pants, ripping off remaining pockets until leaving their pants in complete tatters with great renders and nakedly exposed. Firm thighs and ass cheeks exposed thru the renders of what remained of their pants. The two women seemed not to heed their near total nudity as they fought, bare hard nipple breasts heaving with their exertions.

Then two Centaurs swooped in and the two women were carried back to the steps of the temple directly below the group of women at the top. Two more Centaurs moved in to help the other two. Two Centaurs each held Bar and Joanna and hoisted them up to their eye level leaving their feet dangling in the air as each were critically examined and appraised by all the Centaurs. Two Centaurs repeatedly yanked at what little remained of their pants till they came off and Bar and Joanna were left in only silk string bikini panties that were partially down over their hips as the

result of their pants being pulled off.

The fifteen Centaurs openly admired Bar and Joanna as they dangled from the hands of the Centaurs, the women's firm toned and ripped lithe bodies, every muscle well defined in the upper and lower abdomens, their full firm hard nipple perky breasts, breasts heaving with exertions, their strong toned legs and thighs, their bikini contrasted skin tones, while fingers from multiple Centaurs traced tan lines. Both women yelled and kicked at their captors each time they felt inquisitive fingers pushing against their silk bikini clad pussies as they were sexually toyed with.

The Centaur's approvals were physically manifested before the eyes of the Bar and Joanna as well as the women up at the temple, cocks on all fifteen Centaurs slid noiselessly, inexorably, from their owners, growing into spears of glistening pink flesh, each fully fourteen to fifteen inches long, and thick as a coke can. Audible gasps from the women at the top of the temple were clearly heard by the Centaurs, Bar and Joanna at the base of the temple.

A Centaur took one of Bar's nipples in his mouth and started to suck as hard as he could eliciting screams from Bar, then the other three Centaurs latched onto nipples as Bar and Joanna wildly hit and scratched and screamed at their captors as their feet repeatedly lashed out.

The Centaurs released their nipples, the Centaurs clearly displaying mirth and amusement at the involuntarily bodily responses of Bar and Joanna even as the two women railed and flailed against their captors with impunity. The others up at the temples could clearly see the nipples of both women standing up firmly.

Suddenly, their silk bikini panties were ripped away leaving them totally exposed.

Shocked, the women up at the temple watched Bar and Joanna being inverted by their feet, their heads dangling down past where the horse bodies began, and from the corner of their eyes, Bar and Joanna could see huge erect equine cocks...

The others up at the temple saw the Centaurs raise Bar and Joanna up by their legs, watched their legs being spread wide, and Centaurs bury their faces into upturned visible swollen pussies and began licking. Bar and Joanna felt the Centaurs lasciviously stroking their clits with their hot tongues as each again started wildly flailing her arms doing her best to strike but fists just rebounded off hard chiseled chests and nails failed to render flesh.

Repeated shrieks suddenly ripped from each woman as each felt impossibly long tongues forcibly driving into their pussies to depths never before reached by human tongues and then being tongue fucked into their pussies and then alternately their asses. Their clits were sucked hard, engorging them even more.

The tongues much, much longer than any human...

The women up at the top of the temple tightly grouped together as they watched Bar and Joanna being lasciviously tongue raped by impossibly long and thick tongues, they pressed closely to each other gaining strength in their numbers yet aware of the intense heat emanating from their own bodies and the bodies pressed against them.

Feet danced nervously as hot thighs pressed tightly together. Each of them realized, with incredibility, they had become intently aroused at the forced pleasuring Bar and Joanna were being subjected to. Several of them recognized their impending arousal began when Bar's shirt was ripped off and then intensified during the chase when both women's clothes were slowly ripped asunder, then exponentially grew as near naked Bar and Joanna began physically attacking the Centaurs.

Now Bar and Joanna were being dangled upside down with their legs spread in a wide V, their beautiful fully nude tan contrasted hard ripped bodies on full display, their firm full generous hard nipple breasts being pulled by gravity – and Centaur’s fully plunging what appeared to be almost seven inch long tongues alternately into their pussies and asses!

The looks of all the women lingered at the hard monstrous shafts being displayed beneath each Centaur, their gazes torn away back to Bar and Joanna each time one of them would renew a scream of outrage.

With dread and horrible, unreasonable anticipation, they awaited what would happen next...

Bar and then Joanna felt a huge long thick finger slowly inserted into her vagina and began to massage her walls, massaging her G spot. Their eyes opened wide with rage that was fueled even more by the realization of her body’s betrayal – becoming intensely sexual aroused first by the oral ministrations then this. Then their clits began to be licked, faster and faster. Bar and Joanna felt hot waves crashing through their vaginas. Joanna’s orgasmic cries echoed Bar’s...

Both women were suddenly spun right side up again and each was suddenly grabbed as their torso’s were pinned against broad, smooth chests. Massive arms held each woman below her breasts. They were sinewy, finely chiseled with riveting muscles. There was no way to escape. Bar and Joanna were each carried to the rounded stone platforms and made to stand and lean with their arms straight with their palms against the smoothly rounded stone platforms, their backs to the Centaurs...

Then, each woman felt something massive prodding at her ass, that slipped down between the cheeks of her ass, down to...

The tip of the huge cock touched her sex. It was hot, and each recoiled from the heat. Due to the strange physiology of the Centaurs they had a body temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

A surge of heat blossomed where the secretions from the cocks had touched their sex followed instantaneously by both women begin feeling themselves secreting freely.

Each felt huge cockheads pressing insistently against their tight entrances however both were confident it was too big to enter their tight vaginal openings especially when bearing down hard with her vaginal muscles.

An irrational part of their minds wanted to feel the huge hot cocks fucking them, to assuage the insatiable hunger in their pussies, to be monstrously and completely filled like they have never been before, which made them even madder that forceful rape was being attempted instead of a pleasurable experience...

The Centaurs kept their heads of their cocks pressed up against their pussies, while making small thrusts against her. They felt the incredible heat and the moist rubbing and pressing against their labia lips. The head was as large as their own fists and each quickly reassured themselves that it would never fit.

The heads kept prodding, rubbing and sliding up and down their pussies, in reaction, Bar and Joanna felt their labia lips engorge and openly part and spread around the hot tips of the cocks.

Each of them felt the tight entrance to her inner region rubbed and pushed against as each felt a warm feeling coursing through her that centered at their tight vaginal openings.

The Centaurs were impatient now and pulled back and thrust against the tight openings, trying to force themselves in.

Both women were caught off guard and felt her back arcing unnaturally. The Centaurs pulled back again and this time Bar and Joanna flexed their abs and backs to take the thrusts.

Bar and Joanna felt the stretching begin. Again the cockheads smashed into their now wet and barely opened tight vaginal entrances, expanding it even more. Each groaned as the Centaurs pulled back for another thrust. Again it smashed against her, expanding her tight entrance even more.

The Centaur's changed tactics feeling the slight breach in the hot, super-tight confines of their pussies. The Centaur' pressed up against them, making small thrusts while holding the tip in place pressed up against their entrances.

Suddenly both women felt scalding hot jets of precum explode past her tight entrance and deep inside her. Shocked to their cores by the powerful heated influx, both involuntarily relaxed just enough for the cockheads to wedge partially in each respective tight vaginal openings! Suddenly Bar and then Joanna felt their vaginal openings opened up wider than either had ever experienced, both of them explosively blew out loud UNGGHH! out of their mouths as their eyes got big with the pressure each felt inside of her.

The incremental advance of both cock heads were halted when both of their vaginal muscles involuntarily clamped down trapping the cock heads within their constricted openings.

The Centaurs thrust repeatedly but their trapped cockheads were not going in.

Bar and Joanna each had to flex her back and arc it back to be able to take the thrusts. This position made the tip of the penis push against her at a new angle and for a split second she felt her muscles relaxing! Slowly the cock heads flattened in shape which then allowed two inches of cock to very slowly slip past and into their tight vaginal sheaths as both women loudly screamed as they felt huge cock heads enter tight entrances fully, passing the entrance and burrowing into her tunnel, expanding her walls.

The fist sized head was pulled out slightly and thrust in again, trying to go deeper, expanding the tunnel to its limits. Each woman felt the shafts suddenly stiffen even more than they had been, growing in thickness inside them, spreading them even more, felt a sudden intense warmth suffuse within her in reaction to the secretions of the invading cocks which further drove their sexual hormones into overdrive production and inflamed their arousals.

The large hard shafts pushed deep within each of the women. Both let out loud moans. The penis was pulled back, only to be thrust inside of her again. It's thickness filled her, expanding her as it was moved in and out through her tight, convulsing tunnel, their rippling vaginas keeping the thrusts slow.

The others up at the temple could clearly see Bar's and Joanna's faces...they were a contrast of pain and pleasure...

At almost the same time, both Doctors came to a point when each reached equal levels of rage and carnal desire. With bare realizations, each realized she was on the brink of totally giving herself up to both sensations!

Bar unable to contain herself, bent her head and looked back between her legs.

What she saw blew her mind. Her abdomen bulged out, stretched further than humanly possible but with a realization that that her body was adjusting to it. Her eyes grew wide with incredulity and lust and rage as she saw how much cock was still waiting outside her body. Her entire body was shaking like a leaf in a storm.

Bar and Joanna felt the huge hot throbbing cocks thrust deeper, spreading her pussy further, pushing their hard swollen engorged clits onto the cocks. Their carnal desires raged anew and each let herself be carried over the brink as she rode into the fire. Both women pushed off against the rounded stone platform with their arms as they widely spread their legs and deeply arched their backs - tilting their firm curvaceous asses up into the massive raping cocks.

Bar and Joanna became more enraged feeling the cock spearing ever deeper, now both were looking under them, at the massive cocks thrusting into them, seeing huge balls swinging ever closer to her ass till they were resoundingly thumping against her ass - each woman now wildly thrashing her impaled pussy wildly from side to side, up and down trying to painfully bend his thrusting cock. Every thrust seemed to bring another climax captivating her mind and body like an addictive drug.

The other women sheltering up in the temple watched with incredulous horror mixed with each being increasingly incredibly horny beyond any experience as they witnessed the most lustful wildly erotic fantasy pornographic scene each of them had ever seen or been part of as they watched both doctors exhibit a renewed burst of maddened frenzy and watched Bar and Joanna trying to get more cock to thrust in by their wide stances and arched back postures.

Each woman could feel their breasts swell from the sudden influx of hormones, their nipples diamond hard as their full firm perky breasts swayed back and forth in time with each thrust. The thrusting almost made them lose their balances as they were shifted around as they raged upon the thrusting cocks even though they both had their feet and arms braced, then one then the other were lifted bodily as the Centaurs reared upon their hind legs, their pussies impaled on throbbing organs, bulging against Bar and Joanna's flat ripped abdominal muscles.

The ten women up at the temple could not stop watching as the cocks withdrew fourteen inches and then thrust back in with Bar and Joanna thrusting back meeting each thrust. Even with the realization it was rape there was an unfathomable allure about it as they watched Bar and Joanna continue fighting, but they also could see both of them were furiously fucking back with everything they had - the savageness of it all - the raw lust expressed by both the huge centaurs as well as Bar and Joanna. They were all turned on more than any of them had ever been, each felt her heart pumping faster, breathing heavy, and more than a few low lustful moans escaped from tightly clenched lips at the sight of Bar and Joanna being raped, by cocks beyond imagination...

Bar and Joanna's cervixes have been slowly dilating from the thrusting and pounding against their cervical openings and from the intense hormonal effects, both could feel the tips of the cocks begin pushing past the cervical openings. As each felt the tip of the cock penetrated the entry of her womb, Bar and Joanna threw back their heads and released long moans. Sweat was running off their bodies in torrents as their hard nipple breasts heaved as they felt the cocks begin thrusting deep into their uteruses. Bar and Joanna both audibly sucked in huge breaths of air as the cocks thrust and began swelling in their tight uterine tunnels causing both women to begin Lamaze like rapid breathing in and out. With unbridled and never before exhibited passion, both women again began thrusting forward and backwards on the throbbing monster cocks the width of soda cans, taking thirteen to fourteen inches in and out with each push and pull and fucked the massive shaft like they have never done for any other lover!

Bar and Joanna matched the thrusting's, unreasonable pride bursting within each of them as each

felt the Centaurs' entering her to the root. Their huge balls now resoundingly slapped against the firm tan contrasted cheeks of her ass. Bar and Joanna's entire bodies were in movement, pushing back, grinding herself against the huge cock in her pussy, each in the throes of raging ecstasy. All thoughts were blotted from their minds by sheer, animalistic lust. Soon this proved to be too much for either woman as both reached multiple powerful orgasms as their eyes rolled up while their bodies trembled and jolted in ecstasy!

The Centaurs felt their blissful contractions around their overheated cocks and they climaxed as well.

Bar and Joanna felt the sudden expansion of the cock heads inside their wombs as the heads flared - locking it tightly against the openings as if balloons had suddenly inflated in their wombs. Then they felt the hot cum explosively shoot directly into their uteruses with a powerful force like a fire hose - the massive shafts began jerking up and down so fiercely that it lifted and held their asses up as their legs shot out, shaking uncontrollably!

If not for the flared cockheads within their wombs, the force of the initial eruption would have lifted her off the cock for a few inches! Each felt copious hot cum exploding into their wombs, blasting the walls actually filling their wombs. It was so, so volcanically hot, and the volumes being pumped into each of them, they could feel their wombs fill and then swell with the quantity, the sensation made the women even more wild as both Bar and Joanna screamed out in endless shrieking orgasms as wave upon wave of incomprehensible pleasure swept over them as their vaginas wildly and repeatedly spasmed, repeatedly clenching and massaging the massive shafts, milking it as multiple orgasms exploded on top of the previous ones! Their fingers curled and extended every time the centaur ejected another load of cum into their tight bodies.

The others in the temple could not believe their eyes or ears of the incredible repeated displays of orgasmic bliss. Their eyes popped wide as they saw each woman's flat muscular abdomen begin to bulge as if a few months pregnant with the amount of semen being pumped into them.

Bar and Joanna were loudly moaning, their pelvis's fluttering up and down, and from the look on their faces and twitching bodies, the other women could tell they were in the midst's of another long drawn out continuous wave of orgasms. Large gushes of semen began erupting from around their impaled pussies and sprayed out for a couple of feet.

It was a few minutes before the flared heads reduced in size to allow a very, very slow withdraw from the uteruses thru the constricted cervical openings and back into the vaginal sheaths. It was another couple of minutes before the massive cocks began an equally slow withdrawal due to the still very swollen cock heads and swollen shafts. Slowly they began to slither out with long drawn out sucking sounds. Both Bar and Joanna had long collapsed onto their heaving chests, asses upturned high in the air, suspended on the massive impaling cocks.

The withdrawals momentarily stopped as the giant mushroom shaped flared heads neared the tight openings of their pussies; the Centaurs slowly tugged backwards which had the effect of pulling Bar and Joanna backwards. The still flared cock heads once again changed shape in response to the constricted openings, and then with much, much greater difficulty going out than it was entering, tugging the women backwards, first one edge of the flared cock heads slowly emerged on a slanted angle, hung tight another moment, then other edge of the flared cocks slowly slipped thru and the flared cock heads slowly and finally popped free with a loud noise, dropping Bar and Joanna's hips where they collapsed onto the rounded stone platforms.

Their vaginas, now no longer plugged up, looked like a waterfall with copious amounts of cum

gushing out that formed a large spreading puddle.

Repeated gasps of outraged amazement resounded around the top of the temple at the huge size of the withdrawn cocks and at the amount of cum pouring from Bar and Joanna.

Awed voices stated the same thing over and over again

"Look at the GIRTH and the LENGTH!

"They must have been impaled on 14 inches of three plus inch thick cock and both were FUCKING BACK against it!"

Each of the ten women huddled together felt a renewed heated flush sweep up thru them.

Their pussies were inflamed cores of heated arousal.

Unbearable desires surged within each of them centered at the entrance to their pussies - of feeling a massive cock thrusting into them, completely filling them, reaching depths never before reached by man or dildo. Dr. Holly Weber felt the student on either side of her hotly press tightly against her, she felt the hot powerful fingers of one student high up her inner thigh, scant bare inches from her own highly inflamed aroused pussy, pressing into her muscle tightly. Holly glanced at the student gripping her and it appeared as if she was warring with herself, physically willing herself to keep her hand from encroaching further. She watched the student's face twitch and then felt her fingers slide higher as Holly felt herself involuntarily shift closer to the hot questing fingers...

Motion caught Holly's eye as she saw three students against the raised low platforms that were near the temples edge, backed up against the platforms - pressing and sliding against the huge smooth stone phalluses.

One student had never completely dressed, wearing just panties and a completely unbuttoned shirt, her large firm hard nipple breasts totally exposed. She watched as all three students repeatedly slid up and down against the stone phalluses, their eyes and the eyes of the other students intently watching what was going on below at the base of the temple. The arousal of the three clearly evident by the soaked crotches of their pants and panties, Holly's realization that her own crotch was soaked thru. The student in panties tugged her panties to one side making direct bare physical contact with the stone phallus, a look of utmost concentration upon her face as she intently stared at the actions at the base of the temple as she worked her pussy against the tip of the phallus. A surge of heated arousal suffused Holly's loins as the fingers of the student hotly made direct contact and started firmly stroking Holly's pussy thru her bush pants, felt the fingers reach for the button fly and buttons become loose as a hot hand slipped inside and downwards, hot fingers easily slipping inside an equally hot pussy, begin pumping in and out as Holly sagged her aroused inflamed pussy onto the thrusting fingers...

The women up at the temple intently watched as two more Centaurs take their places behind Bar and Joanna, who had exhaustedly collapsed against the rounded mounds. They saw them rub their cocks against their streaming pussies to coat them then start to gently thrust into their pussies, the cocks entered with ease this time. Renewed moans came from the two women as they again began to gyrate their asses around the thrusting cocks and thrust back. However the Centaurs pulled their cocks out and laid them between the clefts of each of the women's firm curvaceous asses, clearly all could see the monstrous lengths of the cocks as they slide between their cheeks and thrust up over their tailbones. With shock and horror they watched as the cock heads were placed against tight anuses and watch huge cocks thrust against them. Bar and Joanna felt the cocks hit her anus and then slide away toward their ravished but still hotly aroused pussies.

At first each thought the Centaurs where about to fuck her pussy again. Then again each felt cocks hit their anuses and then slide down and across their pussy. The two women widely spread their legs and futilely tried capturing the cocks and guide it back into their pussies. This happened over and over again. After several seconds of this the thought hit them and with it came panic and renewed rage and the two women broke out in renewed frenzies of rage with the realization the Centaur's intentions...

Both women would have been frozen in horror with the thought of the huge cocks fucking their tight asses, but their maddened fury kept them raging. Each woman clenched as tightly as they could as they railed with flailing arms and kicking feet against their rapists. They felt huge cock heads pressing insistently against their tightly clenched anuses, then just as before, a powerful stream of precum jetted past and deep into their rectums.

Stunned by the sensation, before they could stop it, the cock heads slowly slipped their way past their spasming sphincters into the incredibly tight and hot confines of her ass. Their minds awoke with a shock as the pain tore through them, feeling as if her body would split in two as the humongous cocks were forced into them as they both again screamed as the cocks fucked deeper into them. Their pain made them rage even further stimulating the secretions from their cocks and then the pain went away...

The Centaurs massive cocks slipped up into their throbbing asses with a gauged thrust to mitigate the pain and indulge her acquired pleasure. Each woman felt a renewed sexual hormonal rush pulse thru them as the Centaurs powerful hormonal secretions acted upon them which filtered through her intestinal walls, saturating her brain with a natural high and unspeakable erotic euphoria. Each loved the way he filled her ass with massive quantities of his precum. Bar and Joanna' bodies were again overwhelmed by the ravishing and each women let her mind shut down to let out the enraged aroused animal in her and both began madly fucking back...

Witnessing this ultimate violation, the women looking on from the temple were not conscious of their fear being totally replaced by red rage. They were only conscious of the two feelings - their blinding mad red rage and the unbearable sexual arousal that suffused thru their cores, their heated loins and inflamed pussies - a level of arousal never before experienced. All it took was just a trigger to unleash the raging madness and carnal desire to be satiated.

The trigger was pulled - one doctoral student rushed out from the temple screaming in fury and malice to attack the Centaurs. As one, the remaining women rushed to join her and the Centaurs, with anticipation and lust, rushed to meet them and a raging lust fuck rape orgy began.

Some women were carried into the temple and the phallus platforms were put into service as the women found themselves double penetrated by inanimate and animate phalluses.

Long drawn out repeated screams resounded and echoed thru the temple and outside the temple for the next several hours, a chilling mixture of screaming rage and orgasmic cries.

To be repeated for days and nights on end and then weeks...

The researchers finally escaped from their captors along with several female tourists that have been missing for a number of years. Strangely, there were several others who voluntarily stayed behind. In their haste to escape, they also allowed a way for the centaurs to also escape and roam and pillage and rapine.

Several of them were pregnant, too advanced to terminate, let alone the preservationists who came out in force to prevent any termination to protect the newly rediscovered species, and laws were

passed by the United Nations to protect them despite full knowledge of their rage inducing capabilities and their lustful proclivity toward human females.

A number of years passed, and country after country experienced a renewed horde of lustful insatiable centaurs expanding out into reclaimed territory, unleashed upon the world...

Oh, and the permanent psychological changes the recovered women captives exhibited for the remainder of their lives that was mentioned at the beginning of this story?

It left a lifelong residual insatiable desire to have sex with equines...

It also left a faint DNA imprint upon any subsequent female offspring, as well as their female descendants, that caused them to have similar desires...

What ancient man could control, modern man could not...