

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Desa strode quickly but silently through the woods. She was late for home and hoped her mother wouldn't be in a bad mood. Stella often scolded her for passing through the woods rather than following the longer open road that skirted it.

The young mixed-race girl didn't see the danger that much. Her fae blood gave her advantages her mother didn't share. Her father had been a wood elf and Desa favored him to some extent, including the wood elf senses. She could hear a whisper of sound from a long distance away and her sense of smell was sharp. Her grey eyes saw well in the dim light of the full moon, even deep in the forest.

She also had her father's slim stature and somewhat pointed ears though the rest of her was the voluptuous shape of her mother. Her breasts were full and firm. Her hips flared from a narrow waist, belly flat and toned. More than one man of the small village she lived in had sampled her charms and gone away fully satisfied. Desa had no hangups about sex with a human or an elf. She considered herself a grown woman though only 20 seasons old though for elf kind she was still very young.

Desa froze suddenly as a soft sound caught her attention. Something ahead but still distant, her senses caught the movement and smell further on. She crouched and fingered the sharp dagger at her belt, shivering at the strange scent. Its taste excited her in some way.

A shadow appeared in the distance, coming her way and she held still as stone. It looked rather large, perhaps a deer. No, it was bigger. As it moved, not stealthily but casually her eyes widened. It was a centaur!

As it drew closer she could see the eyes, glowing slightly, its strong chest and upright carriage bespeaking of strength. It paused then and spoke in a deep voice.

"I am no threat to you, young girl. And your small dagger is no threat to me." his voice rumbled low and he flashed a smile.

Desa relaxed a bit but her heart still raced a little. She hadn't heard of any centaur herds in this area. She grew curious now that she no longer was poised to run or fight.

"I didn't know there were any herds of your kind in the area." she said and smiled back.

"There are none," he said. "I am traveling. My herd banished me."

"Banished you?" Desa frowned. "Why?"

"That is personal, little elf. I am sorry but I would rather not discuss it."

Desa nodded her head in apology.

"Forgive me. I'm a rather curious person by nature. I didn't mean to pry into anything personal." She said softly. "And I'm only half elf. My mother is human."

"It is all right," he responded with another smile. "My name is Hero. May I ask yours?"

"Desa." she returned readily. "A pleasure to meet one of the centaur race, Hero."

Hero strode closer on his strong legs, hard hooves barely making a sound. As he grew closer the

light from her lantern cast the shadows aside to reveal him more fully.

His human half was rather handsome in a rugged way. His horse body gleamed in health. She watched as he un-slung a powerful looking yew bow and quiver and dropped them on the ground. Desa responded by unfastening her belt and dropped her sheathed dagger beside them.

"You are very comely, little mixed breed."

"Thank you," Desa felt a little flush warm her cheeks. "Y-you are a handsome centaur I believe but the first I've met."

"You should be cautious, Desa half elf. I ran into a were-beast some time back. It would find you a tempting meal, human and elf though you be."

Desa pursed her lips in thought.

"I thought we had killed all the werewolves around here. I will need to warn my father," she nodded her head. "I'm in your debt for this information."

"I regret now that I did not dispatch the creature but I was not hunting and they pose on threat to me or my kind," he bowed his head to her. "I had no knowledge of humans or elves in this area."

"Our Seer will locate it and my father and others will take care of it," Desa responded. "It won't find this woods a safe place to stalk."

"Still, it is unwise to be traveling through these woods at night, alone. That small dagger is no threat to a were-beast of any kind, even if it were silver as I know it is not."

"I have my father's senses," she held her head up, eyes flashing. "I sensed you a long way off. I am in no danger."

"Indeed?" Hero's chuckle was a rumble deep in his muscular chest. "Well, you did sense me. Perhaps because I am in rut. You smelled me."

Desa felt another flush in her cheeks. She knew what rut meant. The centaur was horny. It piqued her curiosity but she held her tongue, not wanting to embarrass the centaur or herself with questions of so personal a nature. Her eyes glanced between his rear legs and they widened. Her flush grew warmer.

"P-perhaps," she managed to stammer.

Hero grinned, "Do not be embarrassed. It is a natural thing. I have known the pleasures of both my kind and humans."

Desa's eyes widened at this. A human with a centaur?

She wasn't shocked but a bit surprised. A centaur was the size of an average horse. She felt a warmth between her legs as the thought bubbled through her mind. There were always tales of such things, of course. But she'd never given those stories any credence. Jondar, her current lover was a big man but nothing to compare to a centaurs ... member. She shivered.

Another low rumble of humor caught her ear and she snapped her eyes back up to the centaur's face and away from the prominent indication of his "rut".

"You are curious," he smiled, his eyes gleamed.

Desa's face was distinctly hot now. She cleared her throat before answering.

"I'm sorry. You just spoke so openly."

"It is a natural thing," Hero said. "My kind and humans have been friendly for many ages now. It was inevitable that we both would become curious about each other."

His face changed and Desa caught the frown.

"Does that bother you?" she said quickly.

"No," he shook his head. "But it bothers some of my kind. It is why I was banished, actually."

"I don't understand."

"I have had human lovers. My herd is - was rather - old fashioned I guess you would call it. I was ostracized for the pleasures I took with human women.

Desa felt a rush of something rather exciting. Her eyes caught the movement between his legs and almost gasped as his member grew. Something dripped from the tip.

"You don't like sex with your own kind?" she asked, feeling a sudden boldness.

"No no," the centaur shook his head firmly. "I had a centaur mate also but I find human women very appealing, too," he chuckled, another of his deep rumbling sounds of amusement and Desa swore she saw a twinkle in his eyes. "I find you very attractive."

"Me?" her voice almost squeaked. A shudder raced through her but she could distinctly feel the dampness between her thighs now.

"I can smell your rut even as you smelled me, little half elf." he smiled. "Elven noses are not the only ones that are keen."

Desa stood there mute, mind spinning. She couldn't form a response to this ... this come on? Was he flirting with her? Did he seriously desire sex with her?

"Have I shocked you?" he said softly. "I beg your pardon if I have offended you but I do smell your desire. Perhaps you find it repulsive even though exciting."

"No!" her voice was a bit shaky but she shook her head firmly. "I'm not prejudiced like that. I'm mixed breed. Who am I to judge."

She could feel his eyes on her. She was bare-breasted as usual and her firm bosom sported unusually perky nipples at the moment, almost achingly perky. It wasn't the effect of the evenings coolness. Her mother chided her on going bare-breasted most of the time but many girls and older women did this time of the hot season. The only other article she wore was a short leather skirt wrapped around her hips and her sandals.

Damn girl, she thought to herself, are you really thinking it? Sex with a centaur? You think that naughty little pussy between your legs could handle that big cock?

Hero stepped closer and Desa breathed a bit deeper of the musky scent of his desire. His member

was a rigid pole beneath his belly.

“You may touch me if you wish.” He was very aware of her gaze and the effect of his visible need on her.

His voice almost crooned and Desa felt her heart beat faster at the deep modular tone of it. It was hypnotic. She found herself crouching down on her knees beside him, staring at the long thick shaft of his penis. The tip dripped and instinctively she knew it was a sign of his need.

“Sex with me has never harmed a human.”

Again there was that deep crooning sound to his voice. She could feel it in her body and her cunt was responding, growling wetter, vaginal lips swelling with blood. Her sex almost pulsed to the sound of his voice. One hand reached out and her fingers wrapped around the shaft. Her fingers barely touched as she squeezed them around it. Her lips parted with a soft gasp at the sensation. He throbbed between her fingers and a shudder of something primal rippled through her body.

“Its so big,” her voice trembled, the sound yielding, surrendering to the blood suddenly coursing hot through her whole body.

“Taste my essence,” he murmured in that deep hypnotic voice.

Desa knew instinctively what he meant and her other hand reached out to touch the tip of his huge cock. The liquid dripping from the tip was warm on her fingers and she brought them to her lips, nostrils flaring wide as an overpowering scent filled her senses. She licked the wet fingers and a wave of pure lust flooded her mind.

Was she hypnotized? Was there a magical effect to the scent and taste of his essence? She knew so little of centaurs.

Desa wasn't thinking as she dropped to her hands and knees and crawled beneath the centaur. She grasped his forelegs, crouching like an animal beneath him and almost cried out as she felt his rigid member press between her legs from behind. Her short skirt was no hindrance and she wore nothing beneath. Her moon was past.

The dripping head of Hero's cock pressed against her plump pussy and the pressure grew. Desa's mouth opened in a gasp as she felt herself stretching, straining to open wide enough to take him into her body. A sharp stab of pain shot through her as the centaur's cockhead slipped into her spasming vagina and she clutched at his forelegs tightly, head thrown back and mouth wide open in a whimpering sob. Slowly she felt herself fill, the hot pulse of his huge cock sliding deeper and deeper into her rippling vaginal sheath.

“Oh goddess! Its too much!” Her voice was almost a prayer for mercy even as she felt a thrill of success. She felt the indescribably power of him inside her.

“Relax, little elf. Savor my power. Let it consume you.”

Again she felt the almost hypnotic effect of his deep voice, like a physical presence in her body and she felt herself relax. There was no pain now, only a deep warming passion that bubbled through her. She felt Hero begin to move, his huge pulsing cock beginning to thrust into her, dragging on the soft blood-swollen flesh of her sex. Her body began to spasm as a powerful orgasm burst deep within her, straining vaginal muscles spasming around the throbbing length of his cock as he possessed her completely. She felt the pulse of his shaft and felt the hot flow of his essence flooding her womb as

she moaned helplessly in pleasure.

The forest seemed to go still as death as they both shuddered to the passion exploding within them. Hero closed his eyes, a satisfied smile on his lips as he spilled his seed into the willing young human mixed breed. This was so much better than spilling it on the earth and he thanked whatever luck had put this warm young girl in his path. Her tight sheath was almost sucking the essence from his aching testicles. They hung, twitching as they pumped his desire into her shuddering body.

Desa didn't faint but she held still for long minutes, savoring the completeness of her pleasure as the centaur's huge member continued to possess her, pulsing softly deep within her body. A whimper of regret bubbled from her lips as she felt him begin to withdraw, then slip from her. It left her pussy aching and somehow abandoned, dripping the thick seed of his essence on the dead leaves of the forest floor beneath her. Weakly she crawled out from beneath the big centaur and flopped onto her back, hands clutching her aching breasts as she continued to shudder with the echoes of her passion.

"Are you well, little girl?"

Desa smiled up at the tall centaur, seeing a note of compassion in his face.

"It -," her voice was husky and she swallowed hard to clear her throat. "It was overwhelming."

"It is often so," he said softly, the deep sound of his voice a balm to the girl. "Our race has a powerful sexual drive. Humans - and elves - feel it and respond to it. Some have called it rape but I have never known a woman that said so after we coupled. I would not take an unwilling lover no matter my need."

Desa was recovering fast and she rose slowly on slightly unsteady legs, her thighs quivering as the centaur's warm seed continued to ooze from her loose vagina and run down them. She wobbled a bit and Hero reached out a strong arm to catch her. She leaned on him, grateful for the support. Both his arms wrapped her in a warm hug, his hands cupping her full breasts. She relaxed in his embrace with a sigh of content.

"Why rape?" Desa asked, puzzled. "It was my decision to do what I did. I wanted you."

He bent his head down to kiss her cheek and rumbled a small chuckle.

"The centaur essence is powerful," he said softly. "When you smelled and tasted my essence you were captured by the need I felt for you. It was inevitable after that you would yield yourself to me."

"But it was of my own free will," Desa said but she knew he was right. She'd felt herself submit to his desire for her. "I gave myself willingly."

Hero heard the doubt in her voice and spoke to soothe her.

"Of course," his voice rumbled through her. "We both felt the desire and need to copulate. Fate led you to me and I to you on this night."

Desa raised her face to look up into his eyes.

"It was the most thrilling experience of my life, Hero. I haven't the words to express it."

She turned in his embrace and crushed herself to his hard chest, lips finding his in a deep kiss. The

centaur shivered with pleasure and hugged her tighter, savoring her musky essence now mixed with his own.

Desa rose on tip-toes for the kiss and for the first time realized he wasn't that much taller than she was. He'd looked so large at first. Their kiss broke and he relaxed his arms a bit. She didn't pull away, feeling the strength and safety in them.

Hero raised one hand to her head, brushing his fingers through her silky pale hair and smiled. He could still feel the pleasure of her hot young body and his desire was already returning as her warm soft breasts rubbed on his chest.

"Perhaps I will rest from my journey in these woods for a time. I have been traveling for two moons. I grow a bit tired if it. I could be of help tracking down that were-beast I sensed some time back, also."

"I'm sure my people would be ever so grateful," Desa said, heart leaping with the thought of being near him longer than this one night. "You would be welcome in our village, I'm sure."

He smiled down at her, seeing her eagerness.

"And what would your people think of what just happened between us?"

Desa frowned, suddenly feeling a little insecure.

"I'm not sure, truthfully."

"Perhaps we should not speak of it to others?"

Desa blushed, "Perhaps not."

"Is there a cave or isolated glade in this forest? Somewhere I could make a home for myself for a time?"

"Yes," Desa nodded. "A cave. A bear lived there for a season till he attacked a woman and the elders sent a hunting party out to dispatch it. I imagine its empty still."

Hero pursed his lips, "That would be excellent. Might you show me this cave?"

"Certainly. Its not far, actually."

"We would travel faster if you rode on me."

"You wouldn't mind?"

"Of course not."

His strong hands grasped her beneath her arms and lifted, torso twisting around. As he did Desa instinctively threw a leg over his back and settled comfortably on him, thighs squeezing around the smooth skin of his back. She felt a shiver race through him and her own thighs quivered to the sensation.

"Wrap your arms around me if you feel unsteady."

"I feel fine," but she wrapped her arms around his waist anyway, delighting at this. She'd rode

horses of course but this was a totally different feel. she snuggled her soft breasts into his back.

“Which way, my little elf?”

Desa indicated the direction, back the way she had been coming when they met. It would get her farther from home but she had no desire to be parted from the centaur. She could sleep in the cave for the night and they would ride to the village tomorrow. Hero gathered his weapons and her dagger from the ground along with her lantern and handed them all to her rather than slinging his bow and quiver. He liked the warm feel of her astride him, body pressed to his back, her wet thighs clinging to his sides.

“Carry these, please.”

The centaur’s pace was twice her normal walking pace and they arrived at the large rock outcrop rather quickly. Hero entered first holding her lantern to check if the dark cave was unoccupied. He soon called to her it was safe and Desa followed him in.

The cave wasn’t large but the floor was dry earth and Desa quickly set the weapons down in a corner, propped up against the wall and ready to hand.

“I think it best you sleep here for the night, Desa. It is very late and I would not like for you to run into that were-beast. They hunt during the full dark.”

“That is a good idea, I think. We can ride to the village in the morning.”

Hero eyed the cave walls and picked a spot near the back where the wall was straight. He brushed away dead leaves, blown in by the wind, to bare the dry earth and his legs folded under him. He rolled onto his side, bracing his torso against the wall and sighed.

“There is room for you to lay near me if you wish.”

Desa hesitated, then smiled and walked toward him, slowly unwrapping her skirt. She was suddenly conscious of her nudity and quickly spread it out between his long legs to sit or lay on rather than the bare earth. She sat and unlaced her sandals, then looked at the centaur.

“You may rest your head on my belly if you would like, Desa.” he smiled. “I am quite comfortable.”

She leaned back, resting her head on his belly as he offered and closed her eyes. But she couldn’t sleep. The events of the evening were too fresh and his scent wasn’t helping her relax. She could feel again that strong tug of desire in her.

“You feel it, too.”

His soft laugh sent a shiver through her body. It was like he could read her mind. She glanced down to her left and caught her breath. His cock was extending again, the tip moist with his essence. She turned her head back around to stare up into his face.

“Its the rut,” he smiled. “Our scents feed on each other, reawakening our desire.”

“You want ...” she didn’t finish the thought out loud. To fuck me again.

“Only if you wished, young girl,” he said softly.

“How ...?”

“Like this.”

Hero urged her onto her side. Desa wrapped her arms around one muscular foreleg, resting her head on its shoulder. Her bare buttocks were snuggled against his belly. As she felt the wet warm touch of his extending cock she shifted her legs, drawing them up, opening herself to him. A soft sob escaped her lips as again she felt herself stretched, vaginal muscles straining open for a second time to take his thick throbbing member into her.

Desa almost giggled as she remembered a night in Jondar’s bed when they had cuddled like spoons. But this wasn’t Jondar’s cock behind her, not by any stretch of the imagination. She tried to relax but the desire bubbling through her wouldn’t let her. She needed ... needed to feel the pleasure of their coupling. She wanted to feel his passion fill her, flood her whole body, force her surrender to his lust again. Her hips bucked a little as Hero’s huge cock throbbed in her tight sheath. Her vaginal muscles rippled around him, feeling the answering pulse of his pleasure inside her.

“Yes, little one,” he crooned, the deep base vibration of his voice a physical pleasure. “Just like that. You feel so warm. So very tight. Our bodies pleasure us as we lay here. No urgency. No goal. Only the pleasure of our united flesh. Relax. Feel the satisfaction of our deep connection. Rest.”

Desa stiffened slightly. It was the strangest orgasm Desa had ever experienced. Her body shuddered deliciously, her young pussy rippling as she felt the pulse of the centaur’s seed pour into her. She suddenly felt sleepy and deliciously content, the soft pulse of Hero’s cock deep inside her almost a lullaby as his essence warmed her womb. Waves of sheer satisfaction washed through her and her eyes drooped. Now she could rest.

Desa slept.

She awoke hours later to thunder and lightening, sitting up to see the centaur standing in the dull light of an overcast morning, his silhouette in the entrance to the cave. She rose and walked naked to his side to peer out at the heavy rain.

“So much for getting an early start,” she giggled, still a bit sleepy.

“It will pass in a few hours,” Hero smile down at her. “You slept well?”

Desa blushed, “I’m sorry I fell asleep while we ...” she couldn’t finish the sentence.

“It was special, little one. For me as I hope it was for you,” Hero gathered her warm body into his arms as they stood staring out at the rain and listening to the rolls of thunder. “Sex isn’t all motion and energy. There is a passion of the spirit. We lay connected both in body and spirit as we slept. Our bodies fed on our dreams.”

He kissed her gently on the lips.

“You dreamed, didn’t you?”

His words brought back the memory, forgotten as many dreams are when awakening. She gasped softly as the memory flooded back. The dream hadn’t been pictures or words she could speak. It had been pure emotion. Feelings. Of spirit as he said, that sense of being fulfilled, body and spirit. She wondered in awe how long they had actually lay there, bodies connected in passion, feeding on each other’s essence. She became aware of a slight soreness between her legs. Considering the centaur’s size she was mildly surprised she wasn’t a lot sorer.

"I did," she smiled. "Like you said, it wasn't a normal dream. Just a sense of complete perfection of feeling. A sheer contentment."

Hero nodded, "Yes. perfection of spirit."

"I've never felt anything like that before." she glanced around behind them and giggled suddenly. "Perhaps this discussion it too stimulating."

Hero laughed, a thunderous sound that shuddered through her, sending a wave of joy into her whole being.

"Your essence cries out to me, little elf. I have no defense." he grinned and hugged her tight.

Desa frowned and spoke hesitantly.

"Umm. I'm a little sore this morning," she confessed unhappily. "My body isn't used to ... your size."

He chuckled softly, "I'm not suggesting anything. It does me no harm to not relieve the rut when I feel it. I have traveled alone for moons without a partner to help me."

"How do you handle it?" Her curiosity was flaring again.

"I kneel on the mother earth and commune with her till I spill my essence into her."

Desa nodded, "Like a human man or woman might masturbate."

"Yes, basically," he smiled. "It isn't as satisfying as being with another living partner, centaur or human but it relieves the pressure."

"During my moon I often do that," Desa said softly. "I also help my lover then if he is ... feeling needful."

"I don't understand," the centaur said.

"I help him ... relieve the pressure," she said, feeling a blush again at her boldness. "With my hands."

"Ah," Hero suddenly chuckled. "I see. Would you be willing to do this for me, little lover? I confess I get very uncomfortable."

"Of course," Desa rose on her toes to give him a warm kiss then stepped around to his side, sinking to her knees.

"Do you wish to lay down?" she asked suddenly.

"No," I am fine upright."

He shifted a bit, his four legs spreading a step wider.

Desa's hands both reached for his thick cock, fingers curling around it. She began to gently stroke. The centaur's member throbbed and firmed up rapidly, extending to its full length and stiffening between her fingers. She shivered, feeling the strong desire to crawl on her hands and knees like she had that first time, to submit to his desire for her. She wanting to feel his power penetrate her, feel the pulse of his desire inside her. But the soreness between her legs was real and she fought her

desire.

The hard throbbing flesh between her fingers felt alive and powerful, the tip dripped Hero's essence and her fingers grew wet and slippery. His musk filled her senses and she couldn't resist tasting. The flavor burst over her tongue like a mini orgasm and as she continued to stroke him as she sucked at her fingers. Then a wild rush of pure lust exploded in her and she crouched down, bringing her lips to the fat dripping tip of the centaur's cock.

Panting, she licked at the dripping flesh. It coated her lips, flowing over her tongue, down her chin. With a soft moan her lips parted wide and she took him into her mouth!

Hero's body shuddered at the sensation. No human or other lover had ever put their mouth on his cock. He gave a deep rumbling groan of delight at this sensation and his haunches flexed, thrusting.

Desa gagged and jerked back. Her hands grasped his throbbing member tighter as she stroked. She'd often had to do this with Jondar when she sucked him. Just the fat head of the centaur's cock filled her mouth. It was far too big to take more.

Soon her mouth did have more though. The hot thick essence of his passion began to pulse through his member, flooding her mouth. Desa swallowed hungrily, feeling a wild passion of her own as his seed flowed down her throat. It came too fast though and her lips drooled much of it and her shuddering breasts and flat stomach were soon soaked with its warmth. Her belly filled with a delicious satisfaction, fueling her own lust. She could feel her sore pussy grow warm and aching. Again the urge to take him into her grew strong but she continued to suck, pleasuring in the delicious flow of his passion into her mouth and into her belly. The flow ebbed slowly and her fingers felt the relaxation in his rigid member. It was softening and gliding back into its sheath.

Desa sat back, panting and licking her lips, eyes closed and savoring the taste of Hero's seed. She touched her belly, half expecting to feel it bloated. Jondar ejaculated big when she did this but nothing close to what the centaur had just ejaculated.

Hero suddenly stepped around, hands grasping her and lifting up into his arms, hugging her to himself as he kissed her wet lips. Desa hugged him back, moaning into his warm mouth. She felt the intense pleasure rumbling through his body as he crushed her to him and felt a surge of satisfaction.

"My god, little elf. That was incredible."

His arms relaxed somewhat, letting her feet touch the floor again and Desa pulled away a bit to smile up at him.

"It was my pleasure, Hero. I'm sorry I couldn't take you into my body like we did before, but ..."

He pressed a finger to her lips, shushing her.

"I WAS in your body, little lover. Just not the same way. It was so much better than feeding my essence to the earth. Thank you."

Both suddenly noticed the storm was over and they both laughed.

"I suppose we should get going." Desa said, regret loud in her voice. The cave was suddenly a very special place to her.

"Yes," There was a touch of the same regret in his own voice. "Get dressed and mount up, my little

filly.”

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## Chapter Two

The forest floor was sodden from the morning rain as Hero strode, his hard hooves making no sound on the damp earth. Desa straddled his front shoulders, hands lightly clasping his human waist as she felt the powerful muscles between her thighs move. Hero's yew bow and quiver were slung across her shoulder, the warm wood handle between her bare breasts where she could grasp it quickly and hand it to the centaur. Neither expected any danger but it was always wise to be alert.

Hero had warned the young mixed-race girl of a werewolf in the vicinity but Desa knew they were night creatures. She rode Hero, mind not as alert as was her wont while traveling these woods. It kept insisting on dwelling on the evening before. The slight soreness between her legs also kept her mind on the previous evening's pleasures.

Yesterday she had been a rather normal young woman, if a mixed-blood of human and wood elf could be considered normal. She was excepted in her own village but it was different at her father's. Her father's people had not been as accepting of her mixed blood. She had been returning from there yesterday with mixed feelings about her elven heritage when she'd met the big centaur.

Human and elven hybrids weren't that uncommon but unlike humans all elves didn't take to their mixed race brethren. Desa had felt the animosity from some of her father's clan. Then her ambiguous feelings had been wiped from her thoughts when she'd met Hero around dusk as she was heading for home.

As she rode now the warmth of the big centaur between her legs kept her mind from dwelling on family problems. Hero had said fate guided her to him. Desa knew nothing of fate but the sudden sexual relationship she found herself in now was something of a shock. She didn't regret it but she wondered how much of it had been her own free will.

Ever since she'd met him her sexual desires had flared. She'd never thought of herself as having a strong sex drive but being with the big centaur seemed to affect her in ways she couldn't understand. Within a short time of their meeting on the path through the woods she'd found herself having sex with him. Even now she could feel the tug of desire as his strong body moved between her legs. His voice had a quality that could both soothe and arouse her in equal parts. Not for the first time that morning she had the wild desire to suggest they return to the cave and couple again.

Hero chuckled in that deep rumbling base voice of his.

“Little filly. Do humans rut every hour of the day?”

“What?” Desa shook herself, clearing her mind of her idle yearnings.

“I feel your desires,” he said. “I can smell it.”

Desa blushed, “Damn your nose. Stop sniffing me.”

she giggled and hugged herself to his back tighter.

“I really don't know why you effect me so. My human lovers didn't,” she said thoughtfully. “Perhaps it is because of our scents like you say.”

"I have experienced this before with other human women, my little elf. Plus as you told me your elven heritage gives you keener senses than ordinary humans," he said, smiling over his shoulder at her. "You did sense me coming last evening."

They rode silently for a time before Hero spoke again.

"Are you tired? Do you wish to rest for a bit?" he asked. "There is a small clearing ahead."

Desa sat up straighter and looked ahead. She felt a warm rush of pleasure.

"This is where we met yesterday."

"Yes."

It had been dusk when they met and now in the bright sun of almost mid-day Desa observed the area more closely. The clearing was bordered by a stream and she suddenly had a strong desire to bathe. There was also an apple tree and she felt a hunger to taste one of the firm fruits.

"Let's stop for a bit," she decided.

Hero strode into the small clearing and Desa quickly slid off his back. The centaur walked to the stream and bent to cup water in his hands for a drink. The young girl walked a bit downstream from him and dropped the items she carried, unwrapping her skirt and wading naked into the stream. The water was chilly but she crouched down in the waist deep stream with a sigh of pleasure as she slowly rubbed herself, cleansing her body.

Bathing done she returned to the bank and checked the pouch attached to her belt. It was the only other personal item she carried beside her dagger. There was one travel cake left and she carried it to the tree, picking an apple to add to her delayed breakfast. More like lunch, she smiled to herself. She had broke fast that morning on Hero.

A shiver raced through her as she sat down to munch on the travel cake. She was still amazed at her boldness of this morning. Sore from the evening and night before due to the centaur's huge member she'd offered to stroke him, to relieve his morning rut. She'd ended up sucking him, using her mouth to ease the pressure of his desire and drinking his essence as he ejaculated his seed. She had done such things for her human lover, Jondar on occasion but the experience with Hero was far beyond that.

She rose and returned to the bank of the stream, crouching down to scoop a handful of water to wash the cake down. Rinsing the apple she took a bite then sensed eyes on her. Turning she saw Hero standing beside the apple tree. He was gazing intently at her as she squatted beside the stream naked and a fresh shiver raced through her. Her eyes widened at the thick extended cock jutting out beneath his belly. She rose and turned toward him.

"Come, little filly."

His voice was as compelling as it had been the day before and Desa walked toward him, almost mesmerized. Her body felt warm and tingling. His eyes seemed to draw her to him. Her pussy again swelled with desire, growing wet as she approached.

"I wish to share you again," he said softly. "This morning was a pleasure but I hunger to feel us fully joined again. Do you wish it, too?"

“Oh yes, Hero. I wish it very much.”

Her voice was a bit breathless. Of course she wanted him. Ever since she'd first met the big centaur she'd felt the sexual pull that seemed to radiate from him, touching deep inside her body. As he folded her into his strong arms and kissed her she felt the overwhelming lust to have him possess her again, to feel him fill her and throb with the union of their bodies. She moaned and he relaxed his arms, taking a step back. Lifting her skirt from where she'd dropped it he spread it on the ground. It was more of a leather wrap she used as a skirt and made an acceptable ground cover. Desa didn't care, she would lay on stones for the pleasure of his taking.

“lay down, little elf.”

Desa began to crouch, on her hands and knees but Hero stopped her, urging her to lay on her back. He planted his forelegs close to her sides and slowly knelt over her. His chest pressed down on her soft breasts and Desa felt his huge erection brush her thighs. She spread her legs wide for him, heart pounding as the wet head of his huge member touched her damp, already swollen petals.

Hero bent his torso over and smiled down at her.

“You are not still too sore, my little filly?”

“I want you, Hero. Please take me again.” Her voice trembled with the desire bubbling deep inside her.

Desa wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged tight. A small gasp escaped her lips as the pressure between her legs grew. Her wet lips parted to welcome his dripping cockhead and she gave a small cry of pain as it stretched her vagina and slipped into her. She clung to him, shuddering as his pulsing member sank slowly into her very depths. She began to orgasm almost instantly.

Hero's hands pressed Desa's face to his belly as he felt the delicious clutch of her tight young body. His own body shuddered and he rocked himself over her gently, feeling the spasms of her hot clutching sheath. The mixed-blood girl was unlike any other human woman he had ever seduced into sharing pleasures. He felt a powerful lust for the young girl, more than the pleasure of spilling his seed in another rather than on the cold earth. His essence yearned to flood her, flood her warm trembling body with every drop of his lust.

Desa writhed beneath the body of her centaur lover, orgasmic spasms rippling in an unending flood of passion through her body as Hero's huge member possessed her. Hero spoke of it as a spiritual union. Desa felt it more like magic. Just being near him inspired her passion. The sound of his voice could make her wet, awaken a need deep within for the feel of his huge member inside her as he was now. The pulse of his cock in her seemed to take control of her whole body, her own heart beating in rhythm to the throb of his huge member.

She stiffened beneath Hero as she felt the delicious hot flood of his seed, his essence as he called it. It warmed her, filled her, sent intense pleasure through her whole body. She felt as if she could drown in his essence as it gushed into her. Her mind was possessed of nothing other than the pulse of his pleasure deep in her body.

The satisfaction he felt each time he took this young girl never ceased to surprise him. Hero had often enjoyed other human women but Desa was something he couldn't seem to get enough of. Three times now he'd possessed her and each time was more intense. Normally his rut hit him only a few times a week but since meeting this young woman his rut seemed to hit him with unusual strength. Even now as he felt his essence ebb he could feel the desire to continue. Last night they

had slept, bodies still connected and he'd awakened to find himself deep inside her sleeping body. His lust seemed unending for her.

As his rigid member softened and began to retract he bent down, drawing her head back for a deep kiss. Desa murmured a small protest as she felt him slipping out.

"Why do I find you so satisfying, little filly?"

Desa smiled lazily, eyes half closed as the pleasure of their coupling slowly faded.

"You like my smell?" she gave a soft giggle.

"Indeed," he chuckled in that deep voice that sent thrills through the young girl. "Perhaps too much? I don't wish to hurt you."

Desa gazed up into his eyes and moaned.

"If this is hurting me please hurt me more."

Neither felt in any hurry to rise and soon Hero felt a return of his desire. Desa moaned deeply as she felt the return of his throbbing member, growing erect and hungry for her tight warm body again. There was no pain as he opened her again and sank deep, only an intense satisfying pleasure at the sensation of him taking possession of her again. Her mind drifted in a haze of pure bliss as he moved over her, gently thrusting into her body. Fresh orgasms flowed through her, their intensity less than before this time but still deeply satisfying. She wished their journey to her village would never end.

Eventually Hero rose from her and walked to the stream to cool himself. Desa lay for minutes before she felt a return of strength. She rose and shivered at the puddle soaked into the wrap beneath her. Hero's essence, so much of it. More of it soaked her thighs as she stood up, her loose vagina drooling. Grabbing her makeshift skirt she headed for the stream to rinse herself and tried to clean the skirt as best she could.

"We should continue our journey," Hero stood near the bank watching her.

"I suppose so."

Desa decided her skirt was as clean as she was going to manage and wrapped it around her hips, still wet. She returned to the apple tree and fetched their weapons and her knife belt, dropping another apple into her pouch for later. Hero assisted her in leaping to his back and they continued down the path towards her village still some hours away.

As noon approached the day warmed and Desa wished they were still back at the clearing beside the cool stream. This reminded her of the pleasures they had enjoyed and Hero suddenly gave a chuckle.

"Are you forever in rut, little elf girl?"

Desa giggled and slapped his belly.

"It's your fault. You smell good." she said primly. "Besides you keep getting erections and needing my help."

Hero laughed and reached back to grasp a warm firm cheek. Desa slapped his hand away.

"There you go, tempting me again," she scolded him.

"I enjoy the feel of your soft butt, little filly."

Desa smiled and hugged him tight, crushing her warm breasts to his back.

"I like that feeling, too." he added with another deep chuckle.

They laughed but both fought the urge to do something about the sudden desire to stop again. It wasn't far now from the young girl's village.

There was quite a stir of excitement as the girl rode into her village on the back of the big centaur. Desa smiled and waved as a crowd gathered around them. She dismounted smoothly and caught her mother up in a warm hug as the woman came running.

After a hug and kiss the woman grasped her daughter's shoulders and pushed her back at arms length, frowning.

"We were so worried about you, Desa. We expected you yesterday."

"I'm so sorry, Mother. The trip was longer than I planned. May I introduce you to a friend I met on the way?"

She turned to Hero and smiled.

"Hero, this is my mouter," she looked to her mother. "I met Hero about half way back and he has news that the elder will wish to know."

Hero's deep voice rumbled from him in greeting.

"A pleasure to meet you. Do not blame Desa for her tardiness. I became aware of a were-beast as I was traveling through your area and when I met your daughter on the path through the woods I felt compelled to warn her and suggest we seek shelter for the night. I could sense a storm approaching, also."

"I led him to that old bear cave for shelter," Desa added.

"Still, you just had to come home through the woods."

Desa frowned, "Mother. I'm not a child."

Before her mother could continue her scolding Elder Dob arrived.

"Desa, you are safe," he hugged her. "Stella was getting very worried."

"I'm fine, Elder Dob," she smiled at him. "And I have brought someone with news you need to be aware of."

The elder was already looking at the centaur and Desa was surprised when Hero bent his forelegs in a rather graceful bow to the elder. She quickly introduced them.

"Elder Dob, this is Hero."

"A centaur," the elder smiled, nodding his head in return of the centaurs bow. "It has been long since there was a herd of your kind in this area."



"It is my honor to meet one of the high race, Elder."

Hero correctly sensed the elf before him was of the high elves. He had great respect for their knowledge and wisdom.

"Desa says you have important news for us?"

Hero quickly related his encounter with the werewolf.

"I am sorry I did not dispatch the beast when I encountered him that day but I did not know there was any towns or villages in this area and I was not hunting. The beast sensed me and ran."

"I understand. Were-beasts will not attack an adult centaur, naturally. It is not any fault of yours and due to our young Desa you have done exactly right. We shall take care of this. Thank you."

Hero again bowed, "It would honor me if you would allow me to help. I will be resting in this area for a time and place my minor skills at your disposal."

Elder Dob nodded his head in a small acknowledgment of the centaur's offer.

"The centaur race is honorable. We will accept any help from you, Hero," he pursed his lips. "Our small village has no accommodation for your kind and I wouldn't wish to slight you with our only alternative."

Hero chuckled at this, "Yes. The town stable? Do not fear, Elder. It is no slight. On my journey I have availed myself of such lodgings a number of times but it is unnecessary. My friend Desa has guided me to a comfortable dry cave only a half day from here. Less for me if I am in a hurry."

The elder cocked an eyebrow at "my friend Desa" and shot the young mixed-blood girl a curious look. "Friend" to a centaur had several meanings. He should speak with the girl.

Desa felt the elder's interest suddenly on her and fidgeted. She stood beside Hero as he talked with the elder and her mother was giving her curious looks. She wasn't the only one either. Several of village were eyeing her speculatively.

"That is fine," Elder Dob went on. He turned to address the crowd of curious villagers that had gathered.

"I give notice to all. The centaur Hero is welcome in our village. Show him respect. His race is honorable and he is friend to Desa."

Desa perked up at this. The way the elder said she was Hero's "friend" had a deeper meaning unless her ears deceived her. She would like to speak to him about centaurs if she got the chance. She got it rather sooner than expected.

The elder approached her and smiled.

"Desa, dear. As elder of this village and related by blood I would wish that you honor me with your company for a time. I would like to discuss your relationship with Hero."

Desa felt a soft blush. Elder Dob was a high elf and as such considered her blood related because of her father though he was only a wood elf. His interest in her "relationship" with Hero made her wonder if he suspected something more than just a traveling companion met on a journey.

"Of course, Elder."

The crowd was thinning now that the novelty of a centaur appearing in their small village was wearing off. Elder Dob motioned for her to follow him. As she followed him she caught sight of Jondar. He was scowling and she averted her eyes. Was it tattooed on her forehead? More than one cynical glance was thrown her way as they approached the elder's home.

As they entered the elder's home his attitude changed.

"Girl, what is your relationship with Hero?"

His words were pointed and brusque.

"Elder?" she dropped her eyes from him.

"He called you friend. Do you have any concept of what that means?"

Desa knew suddenly that it meant something more and Elder Dob knew it. As a high elf and elder of the village he would have knowledge of centaurs most would not know.

"Elder. I only met him yesterday evening. He seems honorable as you told the people just now. Is there something I should know about centaurs?"

She fought her usual deference to his station as head of their village and raised her eyes to his. She felt no shame though both herself and Hero had agreed not to advertise their full relationship. She stared at him directly, almost challengingly.

The old elf frowned for a few seconds at her but when she didn't back down he sighed and his face softened and he chuckled suddenly.

"You were always a willful child," he smiled and motioned her to a chair, sitting down with her and patted her head. "I've watched you grow up and because of your mixed-blood heritage kept a special eye on you. You're much like your father."

Desa smiled, "So my mother tells me. Often."

He smiled back, "Wood elves aren't homebodies. Your mother knew this when she married Rabat, your father but she didn't expect her only child to take after her father. She worries about you."

"I can take care of myself," Desa frowned. "Mother doesn't seem to understand that."

"Yes, you can. You're your father's daughter indeed," he nodded with a wry smile. "But your mother sees you as her daughter only. A young girl she feels protective of."

"I'm nearly a full grown woman."

The elder sat back and eyed her half naked form sitting beside him and shook his head.

"Yes you are," he chuckled, "and I'm aware of your promiscuity among the young men of the village. I do not judge you for it. Sex is natural at your age and since you have yet to bear a child I presume your pleasures with men have been intelligent and consensual. It is not my place to guide anyone's sex life."

He paused but Desa remained silent. He sighed and went on.

"What I'm trying to say is I can sense his essence in you. You've had sex with the centaur and I wonder if you are ready for what that might mean."

Desa felt the heat in her cheeks. She respected Elder Dob greatly and she suddenly feared he may have lost respect for her.

"I don't know much about centaurs," she started, mind working fast. "I do know that what we shared was far more than I've ever felt with any man, human or elf," she paused, then added. "Is there something about centaurs that I should be aware of since you obviously know I've copulated with him?"

"Why is he traveling alone? Where is his herd? Have you asked him?"

"Of course," Desa replied. "He's told me he was banished and is on a journey alone."

"Banished?" the elder sat up straighter. "Do you know why?"

Desa felt another flush warm her face but she answered him firmly if a bit quietly.

"Hero is attracted to human women."

Elder Dob slumped back, nodding.

"As I suspected. It is not the first time I've heard of this. Centaurs are a proud race and the vast majority of them see sexual congress with lesser races, as they see humans, as taboo. It is similar to humans and elves feelings about incest." He shook his head slowly. "It explains why he was banished."

"There's more to this, though. Is there some danger to me from our relationship?"

Elder Dob snorted, "Other than most women don't find taking a horse-sized penis into their body very comfortable, no. Not physically anyway." he paused before adding diffidently. "You haven't been hurt or anything? He didn't rape you?"

"Certainly not!" Desa exclaimed. "Hero has been very gentle and loving."

"Very well, then. We won't discuss this further other than to warn you. You will most likely be ostracized because of your relationship with him. Human and elf congress isn't looked down on by most nowadays but a human with a centaur is something totally different. Many will see you as ... soiled because of what they view as having sexual relations with a beast."

"Hero is NOT a beast!"

Desa's eyes flared. She almost shouted it.

Elder Dob smiled at the vehemence of her denial.

"Temper, child. I did not say so. You heard me speak to the village. Centaurs are an honorable race but they are very different from humans or elves. Not everyone is as unprejudiced as you or I."

"I'm sorry, Elder. I shouldn't have spoke so to you."

"Its ok, dear girl. You have strong feeling for him."

"I do," she nodded. "And I refuse to be ashamed of it."

"Yet others will find it disgusting, unnatural."

"That's their problem."

The elder sighed and rose. Desa took the cue and rose from her chair, also.

"I've given my lecture," he chuckled. "You are grown and able to make your own choices. Personally I'm pleased to see a centaur again. Its been many years since our little village has seen any of Hero's race."

"Thank you, Elder. I've always appreciated your wisdom and I understand what you've tried to tell me."

Elder Dob hugged her again and kissed her cheek. He could feel her strong essence and understood her attraction for the men of the village. He could feel it himself even at his age. He hoped she was ready for the negative feelings she was in for from many if not most of the other villagers.

Elves, by their very nature - and wood elves especially - were very sexual. He was aware of Desa's promiscuity since becoming a woman with a few of the men in the village but it had never caused a problem so he kept his nose out of it. She had always handled her affairs intelligently.

He watched her leave and shook his head. There were some storms to watch for in the near future.

Desa was in a subdued mood as she left the elder's home. As she walked through the village she spied a small group around Hero. She could feel his irritation and headed toward them. As she approached the half dozen people left rather quickly, muttering to each other.

Hero smiled a bit wryly as she approached.

"It seems our relationship is no secret. They do not approve, young filly. I will not abide in the village. I think it best to stay in our cave."

Desa smiled at that. 'Our cave' he'd called it.

"I agree," she nodded, lips pursed. "I did not expect this, Hero. I thought my people were more understanding."

"Your mother is upset," Hero said softly. "I feel you should talk to her."

Desa sighed and nodded, "I'm not looking forward to it."

"Yes," he nodded. "And I wish to discuss with a group of hunters that approached me about dispatching that were-beast. Come find me when you have spoken with your mother."

"I will."

For over two years now Desa had been in her mother's bad graces. She refused to be the dutiful daughter and they often argued. Desa's relationship with Jondar had been a desperate attempt to find a way to distance her life from beneath her mother's overprotective wing. She'd seriously considered marriage at the beginning but she soon found Jondar's feelings for her counter to her own.

Desa enjoyed their sex but Jondar was domineering. Almost possessive. Not like the young girls pleasure at Hero's possession of her. Unlike Hero Jondar's possessiveness was one-sided. It was as if he owned her and she'd found quickly that he was very jealous of her popularity with other males.

She remembered the scowl on his face earlier and frowned as she approached her mother's home. She was getting tired of the automatic disapproval she was experiencing from all sides. It irked her on a level she'd never felt before.

It went as expected. Stella was so sad about her relationship with the centaur. She didn't demand Desa break off her friendship with Hero but it was obvious she didn't approve of her daughter's choice and expected she would obey. Desa controlled her self for a long time till her mother finally voiced her disappointment openly.

"He's not human or elf, dear. You have no future with the beast.

It triggered her temper, much like when Elder Dob had used the word. Unlike the elder Desa heard the disgust in her mother's voice and knew she truly viewed Hero as nothing more than an animal.

"Hero is NOT A BEAST!" she shouted, more forcefully than ever before at her mother. "I'm sorry you don't approve of our relationship and rather than soil your home I will take my leave."

Desa grabbed her haversack and began to collect her possessions, not all of them but what she needed as if for an extended trip. Her mother continued to speak angrily of her daughter's willfulness but Desa tuned her out, her own anger simmering but she was fearful of letting it boil over. She knew she had to leave before she spoke words that could never be taken back.

She didn't quite run out of the house but she felt satisfaction as she closed the door of what had been her home for her entire life. There was a strange mixture of regret and relief. With the heavy haversack slung over a shoulder she went in search of Hero. She found him talking to a group of hunters.

"hello, Desa."

The head of their villages hunting group greeted her cordially. Dalish was her father's brother and she greeted him in return.

"Greetings, Dalish.

She accepted his hug and felt no disapproval. It was refreshing after the trauma of her argument with her mother. She still felt the hurt deep inside at their words but she forced herself to lay it aside.

"We were just discussing Hero's information about the werewolf problem. He's agreed to assist us in tracking the beast."

"That is good." Desa smiled up at the centaur. "I'm glad everyone in this village isn't totally prejudiced against other races."

The other hunters drifted away. Dalish eyed Desa rather closely.

"I hear anger in you, niece. If you would take up with a centaur you need to grow a thicker skin."

"You disapprove?" Desa tried not to speak harshly but Dalish frowned at this.

"I didn't say that, Desa. Not everyone is so open-minded as you. Your father would say the same."

"I'm sorry," Desa bowed her head to him. "I don't mean to direct my anger at you, Uncle. Its just that I never dreamed there was so much prejudice among our people."

If you wish to know prejudice, young friend, consider my race," Hero spoke suddenly and his voice washed through her as it always did. Soothing. "My herd banished me because of it. They still see humans and, to a lesser extent, elves as lesser races and anyone that would associate with them an affront to their honor."

"Not all agree, Hero. My brother, Desa's father doesn't. The village I came from has a herd of centaurs that live and associate with us openly and freely."

"Not so much now, Uncle."

Desa interrupted, "You haven't been home for many years. I just visited my father and the centaur herd has moved on. I'm not sure why but my father suggested there had been trouble with a few villagers and apparently some violence."

"That saddens me," Dalish frowned. "Perhaps after we deal with this werewolf I should take the time to visit my brother. I had friends among the centaur."

"Father expressed his wish to see you, Uncle."

"Then indeed he will," her uncle smiled. "But first we need to take care of this werewolf problem."

Dalish soon left and Hero studied Desa closely.

"You are very upset," he eyed the heavily packed haversack over her shoulder.

"I'm leaving my home," Desa said, controlling her emotions as best she could. "I'm leaving this village. I won't live with people that can't accept you, Hero."

"You are welcome to come with me," his smile had a new fondness in it. "I have little to offer other than my friendship, though. Not even a proper home."

Desa looked up to him and spoke from her heart.

"Home, forest or cave. My wish is to be with you."

Hero chuckled, "Then climb up, little filly. I return in two days but till then I wish to return to our cave. I am more used to prejudice than you but I will not stay where it can feed upon me."

Hero took the heavy sack from her shoulder and Desa quickly gave a graceful leap, landing on his back with smoothness and he turned. They trotted out of the village. The young girl felt a strange sensation as they passed the outskirts of the village she'd grown up in. Mixed emotions battled in her mind.

Hero kept a comfortable pace, staying silent as he felt Desa's struggle with all that had transpired. It wasn't the first time he'd felt that struggle in a female companion. Desa was very young and she was awakening to how the real world worked. It was well she did. He felt her ambiguous emotions and wished to soothe her. As they traveled he began to hum softly, an old melody.

Desa wrapped her arms around the centaur's chest and hugged him.

"That's lovely, Hero. Are there words?"

"No," he said. "Centaur's do not sing but we have music. It is a simple melody I often hum as I travel. It soothes me."

"Me, too. I need it."

"You wish to rest? We are about half way, near where we met first time and where we rested earlier today."

Desa knew what he meant and was tempted. Her body yearned for that closeness right now. Sharing herself with Hero right now would be a great pleasure but it was already dusk and they had some distance to go to get to the cave before full dark.

"We should hurry on," she said with obvious regret.

"Yes, young lover. There will be time for pleasure when we are home. Hold on tight. I will speed us on."

Desa clutched Hero tighter as he increased his pace, breaking into a smooth gallop. She had ridden horses at a gallop before but the smoothness of Hero's pace surprised her. At this rate they would arrive at the cave well before full dark.

Arriving at the cave Desa quickly gathered some wood for a fire, not so much to cook but for comfort. She'd packed up the last of her travel cakes, enough till she had time to hunt and cook. Her heavy haversack sat against the wall as she started a small blaze in the center of the cave, surrounding it with some rocks she'd found near the entrance. It was makeshift for now but gave the small cave a more comfortable feel.

As the fire took and cast its warm glow around the cave she sat back on her heels and looked at Hero. He'd thanked her for the large leather drop cloth she'd packed with her other items and had spread it against the back wall where they had slept the previous night.

"The fire is welcome," He said softly, smiling. "Its time to relax now, little filly. I sense you are still upset. Come to me."

"I feel a bit better now," she said but rose to walk to him. She kissed him before removing her skirt and lying down between his legs. She cuddled up tight, buttocks snuggled to his warm belly as she rested her head on the shoulder of his foreleg. As she lay quietly she sensed his rut and shivered with pleasure. She needed him and was sure he wanted her. It was how she wanted it to be.

"I want you."

Hero's voice was soft and the rumble that Desa loved to feel in his deep bass was the balm to her jangled nerves she desired.

"And I need you, Hero."

Those few quiet words were enough. Desa moaned softly as she felt the touch of his desire and she folded her legs up in a fetal position, opening herself fully to him. Hero's thick member found her ready and he felt the now familiar rush of pure pleasure as her tight young flesh engulfed his hardness. He didn't thrust, only savored the delicious warm clutch of her tight sheath. He could feel the pleasure within her at his possession of her and it was enough for this moment.

"You are still so tight," he commented softly, a small chuckle in his voice.

Desa giggled, a bit breathlessly in return.

"You are so big. I don't think I will ever get used to this."

"You took me easily. There is no pain?"

Desa turn her head up to look at him.

"A little but it doesn't matter," she said softly, her pleasure obvious in her eyes. "I can't express the pleasure of feeling you inside me, Hero. I don't think I ever will tire of it."

"You don't mind if we just lay like this for a time?"

"I am yours, Hero. I would lay like this forever if you wished it."

He chuckled, "Don't tempt me, little filly. You have yet to experience my full lust."

Desa moaned as she felt the growing pulse within her, half from Hero's huge presence inside her hot quivering flesh but more even as her own passion grew. Pre-orgasmic shudders began to ripple through her body.

Hero marveled at the small young woman's ability to accept him. Other women had not been so capable. As much as he enjoyed the pleasure of humans he always held back, unwilling to let his full passion loose as he could with mates of his own kind. This young mixed-blood girl seemed to have a bottomless desire for him and each coupling was more intense and satisfying. His hips began to hump gently after a time and he felt the instant response in her body.

Desa stiffened, her body shuddering as her first orgasm bubbled through her. Her spasms seemed in rhythm to the pulse of Hero's hot thick member inside her. As she quivered with pleasure she felt his essence begin to flow into her, a hot tide of pure passion that seemed to engulf her in its power. She whimpered as her body writhed against his, savoring his possession of her and Hero's own groan of pleasure echoed hers.

The night became timeless moments of unadulterated passion. Hero's erect member seemed unquenchable in its desire to possess her and Desa lay there shuddering through orgasm after orgasm as he poured his passion into her body, over and over. The fire burnt out long before Desa fell into a deep exhausted sleep. Hero held still for a long time, savoring her complete relaxation, his cock still deep within her, deeper than he'd believed possible. As she slept he enjoyed her, savoring the continuing ripples of her tight warm sheath around him even as she whimpered softly in her sleep. A false dawn lit the entrance of the cave before his member finally relinquished its possession of her body and he slept.

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Chapter Three

Time passed for Hero and Desa. Days of quiet bliss for the young mixed-breed girl and her centaur lover. She rarely gave thought to the ill-will and ostracism she'd experienced from her village after the discovery of her relationship with the centaur. Her life had become simpler living in their cave and she found a satisfaction in their daily routines and shared pleasures.

Each morning she awoke between Hero's legs, cuddled tight to his warm belly, often to the sensation of his huge cock pulsing within her. His desire for her seemed never to lessen and she only had to look at him with her pale eyes, the spark of desire in their depths, to trigger his own desire. Her body seemed to crave their pleasures more and more. Each day was filled with the minutia of hunting and gathering for their small cave home interspersed with Hero's possession of her body. Still, as often as they enjoyed each other that part of their life never became routine. Their desire was fresh and fulfilling with each coupling.

One of their special pleasures was running through the woods. Desa loved feeling the big centaurs powerful body between her legs as she rode on him, arms hugging his human torso tight, soft breasts crushed against his back. Hero would run to the stream that flowed a short distance from their cave. Stopping, Desa would throw herself beneath him to quickly crouch between his legs, breathless with excitement. Wrapping her arms around his forelegs as his huge member grew behind her she would thrust herself up eagerly for him. Hero would sink deep into the tight rippling clasp of her swollen flesh as his haunches thrust into her with urgent force. Desa's cries of joy would echo through the forest. Hero was amazed at the young woman's capacity to please him. The usual fear he had of hurting his human lovers slowly evaporated as Desa's passion for every pulsing inch of his big member her body could take seemed to grow with each coupling. Her vagina seemed to be adapting to him, capable now of taking over half of his thick length, her inner muscles growing stronger.

The stream became their favorite spot to visit nearly every day. Hero enjoyed the run. His little filly was light on his back and his sensitive skin pleased to her warmth as he ran. Her strong thighs flexed and squeezed around his chest, the warm wet lips of her delicious sex rubbing on him as they swelled and grew wet with her excitement. She soaked his back with her desire as they sped through the forest. Desa always thrilled to their daily runs. The speed and power of him between her legs never failed to ready her for him when they arrived by the stream.

As the days passed and their life together grew more comfortable Desa developed a deep fascination with her centaur lover's huge member. She no longer felt any pain taking him in her but she knew she was only capable of possessing about half of him. It saddened her in a way that she couldn't take him completely but her small human body just wasn't capable. It amazed Hero that she could accept as much as she did. He'd held back during those early times, afraid of hurting her but as their pleasures grew more intense he found himself rutting more forcefully into the small shuddering body of his "little filly".

More and more she liked to rest her head on his belly at night facing his member. Her small hands wrapped around the shaft as it grew, savoring the swelling throbs as she stroked him. Her lips would soon find the fat flesh of his flare and she delighted in tasting his spicy essence as she filled her warm mouth with it. Her body seemed to crave this and the feel of his warm lust flowing down her throat and filling her belly as he ejaculated his seed was a special thrill she'd never experienced with a human or elf lover. She found herself beginning their nighttime pleasures like this more and more.

With her hunger for his spicy essence satiated she would curl up between his legs to take him in their usual way, feeling Hero's throbbing desire fill her womb as he had filled her belly. Their pleasures lasted far into the nights and Desa often awoke in the morning with the delicious feel of his big member still in possession of her body.

Hero no longer regretted his banishment from his herd. For a long time he'd been morose and lonely. His desire for the pleasures he enjoyed with human and elf women had branded him a deviant with his mate and herd. Meeting Desa that evening in the forest was a turning point for him and he truly felt it had been fate. In this young mixed-breed woman he'd found again the passion

he'd foresworn because of the ostracism of his kind. His desire to possess the young half-elf seemed unquenchable. Just a knowing smile from her sweet lips could fire his rut.

After a couple weeks Hero announced his intent to join the hunt for the werewolf Desa's village hunters were planning. The young girl wanted to go with but Hero was adamant about the danger. He refused time and time again when she asked to accompany him and the other hunters.

"It is far too dangerous, little filly. I could not assure your safety and concentrate on the hunt."

"I can take care of myself," she said with conviction. "That wolf pack we stumbled into didn't stand a chance against us."

Hero shook his head, "And you got bitten, Desa," his hand touched the scar on her shoulder where one wolf had managed to leap on her back and bite before a blow from Hero's hard fist knocked it to the ground, neck broken.

It was the first time they had anything approaching an argument but in the end Hero was firm.

Dalish and a half dozen hunters showed up at their cave the next day and Desa moped in the back of the cave, refusing to speak to anyone. Hero explained her foul mood to Dalish and her elven uncle chuckled.

"She has always been willful, Hero. But you are correct. This is no hunt for her. It is far too dangerous." He clapped Hero's shoulder and smiled. "I appreciate your concern for her safety."

"She will never come to harm with me, Dalish. I would protect her to my death."

After the hunters left Desa shook off enough of her disappointment to take stock of their small cave. If she couldn't hunt with the rest of them she would hunt alone. Deep down she knew Hero was right, but the rejection she'd felt at his refusal to let her go with still stung. With a sigh she forced herself to move. Grabbing her small bow and quiver of arrows she headed into the woods. She soon relaxed and her mood brightened. She began to stalk a spore. It was a deer track.

Her small bow wasn't capable of taking down large game. A full grown deer was a challenge for it but a well placed shot would still bring it down. Desa had always been exceptional with the bow and she rarely missed. The melody of Hero's traveling song played in her mind as she began to trail the spore. she paused, frowning as she found a fresh spore that appeared to be following the deer, also. Something else was tracking the animal. The track of a bobcat!

With the silent tread of her elvish skills she slowed as both spores got fresher. The loud raspy cry of a cat suddenly echoed in the woods and she froze for a moment. She was both excited and disappointed when she crept up to where she'd hear the cat and found her prey. The bobcat was a large one and he crouched over the deer, its throat ripped out. He'd stolen her prey. A bit angry Desa knocked an arrow and took aim. Her first shot only wounded the cat, piercing its left shoulder but with practiced swiftness she knocked a second arrow and it flew true even as the cat turned with a snarl and leaped toward her. The arrow took the predator down its throat and impaled the heart. It fell dead at her feet.

It was dusk by the time she'd dragged her kills back to the cave and finished the butchering. As she tended a haunch of venison on the fire Hero returned with news of a successful hunt. The werewolf had been dispatched.

His eyes scanned the stretched out hides of the bobcat and deer. The smell of the venison on the fire

also spoke of Desa's own hunt. She'd not been idle in his absence and he smiled.

"It seems we weren't the only hunters to have a good day." he chuckled.

Desa ran to him for a tight hug and kiss. His arms crushed her to him and he felt the rush of desire.

"I missed you, little filly."

"I'm sorry for my childish tantrum, Hero. You were right. I had no place on a hunt for so dangerous a creature as a werewolf."

Hero eyed the fine dappled fur of the bobcat skin stretched for curing and looked at her with a wry smile.

"So you went on a hunt all your own. Cats can be dangerous, too. That looks like it was a big one."

"I wasn't hunting the cat. He was stalking the same deer I was. I caught him as he brought down my deer and I wasn't going to let him have it. Besides, I like the fur. I'm going to make a new skirt. This one is getting pretty stained and worn."

Hero laughed, "It will look good on you."

Desa grew aware of Hero's excitement. She always felt exhilarated after a successful hunt and it seemed the centaur was no different. His member drooped from his sheath, dripping. Her own desire flared at the sight.

"I want you, Hero."

Her voice trembled with the wave of desire that burst inside her. Hero's arms tightened around her, crushing her warm soft breasts to his chest.

"And I need you, my little filly."

Desa moaned deeply and wiggled from his arms, throwing herself to her knees beneath his body, clutching his forelegs as she thrust her hips up and back. Hero felt the hunger in her and his member quickly swelled and stiffened, seeking her warmth.

Two loud cries of intense pleasure echoed in the cave as Hero's haunches spasmed forcefully, taking her deeply. The werewolf hunt had excited him greatly and all the way back his thoughts were of the desire for his "little filly". Desa's body swayed to his thrusts, Hero's thick cock ravaging her, possessing her hot spasming sheath more completely than ever before. She shuddered at the power of his sudden lust, feeling the urgency of his rut. Her body rocked beneath him in rhythm to his thrusts, hungry for every deep penetration. Her moist flesh almost devoured his pulsing member as orgasmic ripples raced through her body. As his essence exploded within her body she felt dizzy with the power of his passion for her.

The intense pleasure sapped her strength and Desa collapsed on the dirt floor of the cave, rolling over onto her back and panting as she gazed up with sparkling eyes at her big lover. Hero quickly crouched over her, crushing her firm breasts beneath his heavy body. His still fully erect member again took possession of her dripping sheath and Desa moaned her pleasure as she lay under him, body quivering to the slow deep thrusts, savoring the hot pulse of his lust for her. She'd never given herself wholly to any lover but with Hero her body craved his domination, his possession of her. It felt like she was a slave to her bodies hunger for him. She craved the feel of his huge member filling

her, flooding her with his hot seed.

They lay for many minutes before Hero gave a soft chuckle and rose from her.

"I'm hungry, little filly. That meat smells delicious."

After a meal of savory venison they bedded down for the night. Desa was eager for news of the werewolf hunt and as Hero related the events of it both grew excited again. Soon Hero's excitement manifested in another erection seeking Desa's tight young body. Their passion embraced them both and they copulated well into the dark.

Still, both had enjoyed a busy day and Desa was soon satiated and fast asleep, curled up between her centaur lover's legs. Hero joined her not too much later, his softened but still extended member comfortably clutched in her warm slumbering body.

Desa awoke the next morning to find Hero standing before the entrance to their cave. she rose and moved to stand in front of him and feel his strong arms pull her to him, cuddling her small body to his torso. His hands cupped her full firm breasts gently as they gazed at the new day. Desa tilted her head back for his morning kiss.

"There is foul weather approaching," he said. "We may not enjoy our ride today."

It didn't require an elvish nose to sense the approaching storm and Desa nodded.

"That's a shame," she smiled, "but it will give us more time for pleasure and we've enough supplies for days."

He chuckled and hugged her tighter, fondling her breasts in the way she loved and often inspired her own desire.

"My little filly always has rutting on her mind."

Desa twisted in his arms and threw her own up around his neck, rising on tip-toe for a deep lingering kiss.

"Yesterday you were more forceful," she said softly.

Hero frowned, "I was overly excited from the hunt. I did not cause you harm?"

"No, my Hero," she reassured him quickly, seeing the sudden worry in his deep dark eyes. "On the contrary, I love the intensity and power of you desire for me. I always hunger for you. I am not so fragile as you seem to feel."

"You are incredible, Desa. My perfect lover," his hands stroked her body in the way that she loved and readied her for their pleasures. He felt the answering wetness on the warm swollen petals of her sex.

Desa moaned softly as his strong hands and fingers fondled her. His knowledge of her body grew every day and she was rapidly growing excited. She had missed waking up with his big member softly pulsing within her that morning.

The young mixed-breed had come to love when she lay on her back and he crouched over her. Her arms would wrap around his waist and cling to him as his lustful thrusts shook her body. Making love with her big centaur lover was so different from any male lover she'd ever had. Besides the size

of his sex there was the also obvious difference in their bodies. Desa enjoyed cuddling with Hero, snuggled in his strong arms but when his rut grew she was too small for them to couple like that and she needed to be beneath his large body. Their physical forms were so different.

She didn't regret their differences but sometimes longed to be wrapped in his strong arms as he took her. But, of course, that was the human way of love. On occasion she wished she could see how two centaurs made love.

The thought fired her already growing passion and she soon threw herself on her back and Hero was quick to crouch over her, crushing her firm breasts flat with his hard chest. His grew erect rapidly, seeking the tight, moist warmth of her body. His hands reached down to stroke and play through her silky hair, pressing her face to his human belly as he rocked himself over her, thrusting deep into her hot spasming flesh.

After uncounted moments of passion Hero took his normal sleeping place and Desa rose to cuddle in his arms. they talked softly of the future. Desa's thoughts were only of being with Hero but he surprised her.

"I would make a journey to your father's village, little filly."

"Why?"

"Dalish told me about the centaur herd that once resided near there and I would speak to your father of this. I am curious."

Desa nodded, "But he also said they had left. Something about violence that broke out among some of the elves and centaurs."

"Yes. Still, its been long since I saw any of my race. I would that he might tell me where they have gone."

"You miss your herd," she said softly.

"I miss the company of my own kind at times, yes but I do not miss the herd that banished me." he spoke quietly.

"If you find the herd will you join them?"

Hero heard and felt the sudden insecurity in Desa's voice and he tightened his arms around her.

"No, my sweet little she-elf. It would most likely be the same with any herd I might find. Not all centaurs believe the other races are lesser than us but many cling to this old belief. I would be ostracized from any herd."

"And," he added with a soft chuckle, "I have my little filly."

"Yes, Hero. I am yours." Desa's heart leaped at his words. She adored it when he called her his "little filly."

She snuggled tighter to his strong arms, content for this moment. Pleasures would follow in their own time. For this moment she sensed Hero's own content to just hold her and it was sufficient.

They relaxed as the storm began to grow in intensity, the sound of the rain outside and occasional deep roll of thunder somehow soothing within their snug cave home. A fresh smell filled the cave as

nature bathed herself. Desa felt the sudden change in Hero's body and glanced down. His member was extending, swelling with desire and she quickly kissed him deeply before wiggling from his arms and kneeling between his legs. Hero sprang into full erection at the touch of her lips and Desa moaned with pleasure as she tasted the spicy flavor of his rut. Her own flesh swelled and grew wet as she stroked him, taking him into her mouth. Her own passion grew in intensity and she became impatient to feel him possess her and turned around, cuddling up to his belly. Twin moans of sheer pleasure echoed a dying rumble of thunder as they joined. The centaur's huge member claimed Desa's quivering body, spreading her hot flesh and sinking with one forceful thrust into her depths.

The storm outside continued to grow in intensity, almost as if their desire called it forth. Thunder rolled loud and flashes of lightning lit the cave, illuminating the two in the passions of their coupling. Rain deluged the forest as Hero rolled to crouch over Desa, forcing her over onto her belly. Her breasts were crushed flat to the leather cloth that was their bed as his haunches thrust almost in rhythm to the strength of the storm. His member throbbed with his lust, throbbing within Desa's shuddering body. In unison their passions peaked but their cries of bliss were lost in the crash of thunder as their bodies spasmed together in ecstasy.

As the body of the storm passed so did their passion ebb and they relaxed in sheer satisfaction. Hero again rolled onto his side, careful not to lose the delicious warm clutch of his little filly's sheath. Desa rolled with him, head resting on a shoulder as her heart slowed gradually, her breathing becoming more regular. The hot rays of the sun peaked out, burning off the haze left by the storm.

Desa finally moved a little and spoke, gazing up at Hero with eyes dancing.

"Well, that's one way to wait out a storm."

She giggled and Hero'd deep laugh rang through the cave.

On several occasions during the next couple weeks Hero returned to Desa's village to join their hunts. Desa joined him on these trips but refused to pass the outskirts of the village. She would dismount and wait as Hero entered to find Dalish.

She enjoyed participating in the hunts, they had always been a pleasure for her. The half dozen hunters that participated seemed to have accepted Hero and, as a result their view of Desa was more accepting. She could still feel the curiosity about her relationship with the big centaur and a couple showed obvious signs of finding it rather risqué. They said nothing crass but the looks she and Hero were given spoke of their somewhat lascivious interest in their relationship.

Desa ignored it. As the elder had said, she needed to grow a thicker skin.

"You've matured, Desa."

She turned to see the hunting group approaching, led by Dalish and Hero. She waved and stood up from the tree stump she'd been waiting on.

"Hello, Uncle. Have I?"

Her uncle eyed her. Desa was dressed as always, bare-breasted with only a skirt wrapped around her hips and sandals laced up her calves. The skirt now was a fine dappled bobcat fur, the reward of her hunt. Her small bow crossed between her firm breasts and her quiver poked up from behind her right shoulder. Her pale hair, now grown somewhat longer, was braided loosely over her left shoulder.

"You've filled out, Niece."

Desa felt a slight blush. She was aware of her bodies changes. Elven kind often matured physically later than humans and she seemed to have inherited this aspect from her father, also. Her body had filled out in the past month with lean supple muscle. Her breasts had swollen too though they were still firm and shapely. Her hips had widened somewhat. Her arms and legs had taken on more muscle and she was seriously considering acquiring a stronger bow.

Its about time," she gave her uncle a wicked eye. "I'll be 21 seasons soon. An adult."

Dalish laughed, "Don't be in any hurry. You're still not of age for an elf. Speak of adulthood when you've passed another dozen seasons."

"I'm adult by human standards."

"True," he conceded with a smile. "But you are half elven. Our standards are different."

Was her uncle trying to tell her something?

The party headed out and Desa walked beside her uncle rather than ride Hero. Gossip aside, she didn't want to advertise any more intimate relationship with Hero. Her skirt tended to ride up when she mounted the centaur and while she'd never been shy about nudity she saw no reason to be flashing her nakedness beneath the short skirt snugly wrapped around her hips.

The hunt was successful as most hunts were when led by her uncle. Hero's powerful yew bow took down a large stag from a distance no other hunter would have attempted so there was a surplus of good meat for the village.

They bivouacked for the night and Desa slept alone for the first time since she'd met Hero. An unspoken agreement had passed between them though neither liked it. There was no need to fuel gossip - if it needed any.

Desa bathed the next morning in a nearby stream along with the other hunters and for the first time in her adult life felt ill at ease being fully naked before the men. Growing up she'd skinny-dipped often with both boys and girls from the village. Her slim body had excited the boys often and she'd never felt any censure about experimenting with them. It was a mutual pleasure.

The mixture of human and elven people over the years in her village had also mixed their cultural standards and elves weren't parochial about sex. It was a natural part of life and Desa hadn't passed her 14th season before she learned of the pleasures between men and women.

Now, somehow it was different. She felt the eyes on her as she bathed and the interest wasn't as natural and innocent as when she was younger. Dalish was right when he observed that she'd changed physically. She'd developed strength but it was smoothed beneath the shapely curves of an adult woman - at least by human standards. However, she'd changed in her mind as well. Her controversial relationship with the big centaur, she suspected, was the gossip of the village and she could imagine the thoughts behind those several eyes watching her bathe. She finished quickly and wrapped her skirt around her hips with a sigh of relief.

That morning Hero suggested they construct a makeshift drag, a travois, and the hunters were more than happy with the idea. With Hero dragging the bulk of the hunt behind him it sped their return and they arrived back at the village near noon. Desa again stopped at the outskirts and her uncle gave her a look but shrugged and continued in without any words.

Some time later as she waited for Hero's return Elder Dob appeared, approaching her from the village.

He spoke first, "I understand why you do not wish to enter the village but it saddens me."

"As it does me, Elder." she rose and gave him a polite bow.

"Your mother has forsworn you."

Those words stung more than Desa wished to admit but they weren't unexpected. Her mother and she hadn't parted on the best of terms. She schooled her face not to show her true feelings upon hearing this.

"I expected such." She said, levelly.

"She spoke once of moving to be with your father."

Desa's eyes widened at that and Elder Dob waved a hand.

"I dissuaded her from that."

"That is good," Desa relaxed. "She would receive no more friendly greeting than I got at my recent visit. It upset father that his own daughter wasn't given the respect a full elf daughter should."

The elder nodded, "Yes. She would not be welcome, I'm afraid. She's better off staying with us. Your father's clan tolerates humans and mixed-blood but they don't approve."

Hero and I may be traveling to father's village soon. He wishes to ask my father about the centaur herd that lived near there. They're gone now but he's curious."

"Does he wish to re-join a herd?" Elder Dob asked.

"He says no but I know he misses his own kind."

"Would you go with him?" the elder frowned.

"To father's village? Of course."

"No," Elder Dob shook his head. "I mean if Hero were to re-join a herd. Would you stay with him?"

Desa pursed her lips thoughtfully.

"I wish to be with him, Elder. I asked him the same question and he said its impossible for him to join another herd. He would only be ostracized again for the same reason."

"Because of you," Elder Dob nodded.

"I don't know if centaurs have any mating ritual but I believe Hero sees us as mates," Desa said thoughtfully.

"How do you feel about that?"

"You always ask such pointed questions, Elder. Truly I don't know. We live as mates. I believe he loves me and I certainly love him. I suppose in all respects that matter we are mates."

"You won't have children," Elder Dob pointed out.

Desa's mind froze for a moment. It was something she'd never thought about, even with a human. She would never be a mother mated to Hero. Did she want to be? Could she part with Hero? How did he feel about never being a father?

She sighed and gave the old high elf a wry smile.

"Again the pointed questions, Elder."

He smiled, "It is my function as elder."

"I've always valued your wisdom, Elder though I haven't always attended to it. I must think about this and discuss it with Hero."

"You have always been willful but also intelligent," he nodded. "I think it wise to be fully open with the one you are mated too."

As Elder Dob hugged her goodbye and turned back to the village his thoughts were ambiguous. Not the state of mind he was used to for the person all turned to for answers. Desa's relationship with the centaur had caused a great stir in the village. He hadn't seen his people so fractured in many seasons. The majority seemed to be incensed by the affair between Desa and Hero. A minority accepted the state of affairs and didn't voice an opinion.

Then there was Desa's mother and her almost mate, Jondar. Both were strongly against the relationship and seemed to believe if the willful girl wouldn't end it someone should force an end to it. This worried the old elf. He didn't want to believe that any of his people could contemplate violence but Stella's harsh words about her daughter and the angry stance of Jondar's often voiced belief that the centaur had bewitched Desa unsettled him. Desa had been Jondar's and she'd been stolen from him by nothing but a beast's magic according to him.

Desa and Hero headed back to their home shortly after noon and Hero took the first part of the trip running to stretch his legs. Similar to their early morning runs he raced for the spot where they had first met. It held a special meaning for them both and they arrived exhilarated from the run. They took pleasures with each other then cooled in the stream. Desa gathered more apples from the tree in the clearing before they continued their journey home.

As they rode quietly Desa tried to come up with a way to broach the subjects she and the elder had discussed. How did Hero see their relationship, now and into the future. She was still mulling over a way to approach it that night as they lay coupled, relaxing before sleep.