

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Branches caught and snagged on her cloak as she fled. The baying of hounds grew closer, the duchess's men couldn't be too far behind. Damn them all. She pulled her cloak tighter and tried to go faster, but she simply didn't have the wood craft needed to get through the forest at speed. Every time she tried to pick up the pace she'd stumble over a root or get whipped in the face by an inconveniently positioned branch.

The duchess's men didn't seem to have that problem, even less so their dogs. The barking and yelling grew closer. The trees thinned and she emerged into a clearing. She crouched and rested for a moment, trying to catch her ragged breath. The cloak's hood slid back as she looked up at the sky revealing long, curly dark brown hair. She had bright blue eyes, high cheekbones and Cupid's bow lips. Beneath the cloak was a slender body, though curved well enough in the right places. She stood a hair over five and a half feet.

A necklace had bounced out from under her shirt at some point during the run. She placed a hand over it. This little trinket had started the whole chase. She hadn't stolen it, not really. By rights it belonged to her family! Her family that no longer had an estate or a fortune... Her family had been minor nobility, a thing that previously she'd never have believed could change. But apparently all it took was falling on the wrong side of someone bigger than you. Some rumors had been spread, some unpaid taxes had materialized and suddenly her families estates were liquidated, their assets seized.

In the end her father had been imprisoned, unable to scrape together the coppers he needed to buy his freedom. Her mother had passed away years earlier. And so she was the last free member of house Ferren, Lady Lillian. Well... she was a Lady no longer, just Lillian. She'd been forced to seek employment as a servant to survive. And who was waiting to take her in? Of course it was the duchess, the one who'd instigated the whole charade. In a move that surely secured her reputation as a generous and forgiving soul the duchess had offered employment.

With no skills and no prospects Lillian's only choice was to accept. She realized quickly that her employment had nothing to do with generosity on the duchess's behalf. At every turn she was broken down. Her lack of nobility rubbed in her face. The duchess specifically requested that Lillian wait on her hand and foot. Lillian was spared no task in the duchess's employ. Scouring chamber pots, mending garments, any task that had previously been beneath her, and any skill that her upbringing ensured she lacked.

After months of servitude she'd noticed that the duchess had acquired a new piece of jewelry. It'd been prominently displayed in the center of the little cabinet that held her collection so that Lillian couldn't miss it when she was tasked with polishing. It was a necklace that had belonged to Lillian's mother, one that had been in the family for generations. Seeing a family heirloom on display, knowing that the duchess only regarded it as a trinket, it'd been too much. She'd taken the necklace, grabbed a cloak, and fled the estate. And here she was, in the woods, about to be overtaken by the duchess's men.

Only now did she realize that she'd played right into the old bitch's hands. The duchess must have grown tired of her. You could only gloat in front of a former noble so long before it became passé and the former noble just another commoner. How convenient would it be if that sub-par servant was found stealing? Then the servant could be thrown in jail with her father.

Lillian stood and began jogging through the clearing. Ahead was an overgrown cobble stone path,

which led to a well. She looked back at the woods. The hounds weren't close enough to see yet but she could hear them crashing through the brush. There was no chance she could outrun them. Maybe she could hide in the well?

She leaned over the lip of the well and stared into its dark depths. A rope hung down the center. She pulled on the rope and it seemed to hold, maybe it would bear her weight. It wasn't as though she had many options. Lillian pushed off the side of the well and began sliding down the rope. After four or five feet the rope groaned ominously. A second later there was a snap and it came loose. She plummeted the rest of the way down the well and crashed beneath the surface of the water.

She sank until she hit the rocky bottom of the well and the breath was blasted from her lungs. A dizzying few moments passed until she recovered from the blow. She kicked off the well bottom, furiously struggling for the surface. The compulsion to breathe was too strong though, she felt water fill her lungs and all thoughts of swimming fled. She choked and sank back toward the bottom, desperately trying to find breath that would not come.

Her vision was narrowing, time was short. It's better this than the duchess's dungeon, she thought. A phantasm appeared before her, the barest outline of a woman.

You don't have much time said a voice in Lillian's head, a voice that was not her own. I can send you far away from here. From the water, from the men. You could live. The phantasm reached out and brushed her cheek, she felt the barest tingling. It would cost you, though. You'd be the bridge between worlds. Lillian desperately reached a hand towards the figure before her, but it was no good. Her eyes closed and all was black.

When her eyes open again the scene had changed. She was lying on her back now. There was no water, no phantasm... no hounds. She sat up. A field of tall grass surrounded her. A few trees were scattered throughout the area, but the forest, the well, they were gone. Where was she?

Hoof beats sounded somewhere behind her, she turned and saw what she thought was a man galloping towards her on a horse. Looking closer she realized the two were attached, instead of a horse's head was a man's torso. The man part of creature was well muscled with long blond hair and dark eyes. He had war paint on his face and chest. A ragged strip of cloth was tied around his left bicep. He had a wide, stubbed jaw. The horse part was a dappled chestnut color.

Lillian screamed at the sight of the foreign creature and ran away, but it was an exercise in futility. The creature ran her down and knocked her from her feet.

"Hold it, two legs!" it yelled.

"Leave me alone! Get away!" Lillian yelled back, scooting away.

"Cease your noise, mutant," the beast growled.

"Mutant? I'm the mutant? Look at you!"

"Yes, look at me, with four strong legs, as nature intended. And you, with the legs of a monkey."

"You're not even human," Lillian said angrily.

"I don't know what a 'human' is, I am a mighty centaur! If 'human' is what you are, then it is a pitiable thing to be."

Lillian picked up a rock and threw it at the centaur who dodged aside.

"Knock it off. You're coming with me, I don't believe my herd has seen a 'human' before," the centaur said.

"I'm not going anywhere with you," Lillian replied.

"Oh yes you are." The centaur advanced on her, pulling a small coil of rope from a pack strapped around his waist. Lillian struggled but the beast overpowered her and bound her wrists. He left a long length of rope hanging off the knot that he could use as a leash to pull her along. Lillian walked in sullen silence. Perhaps she'd have been better off in the duchess's dungeon after all. Or maybe even drowned at the bottom of a well.

The centaur grumbled as they trudged along. "Your monkey legs are too slow, come here," he commanded. When Lillian didn't obey he grabbed her and slung her across his dappled back. He took off running across the plain, much faster than before. Lillian held on as best she could, each bounce shoved the centaur's lower shoulders into her stomach.

They ran this way for hours. Eventually the sky darkened and the centaur's pace slowed. "You're too heavy, two legs. We're going to have to make camp for the night." The centaur slung Lillian down to the ground. Her stomach ached from the ride. "I need to rest if I'm going to carry us to my herd. Look, I don't know where you came from, two legs, but you're not going to survive out here on your own. I'll untie you, but remember you've got nowhere to run. You're too slow. And there are lots of things out there that would eat you. If the fight you put up against me was all that you can muster, then you're sorely outmatched by the wildlife here." And then he untied her wrists.

He started a fire and laid down, his horse legs folded beneath him and his torso still standing straight up. Lillian watched as his human half slumped forward, eyes closed.

"Are you actually going to sleep like that?" she asked.

The centaur opened one eye and looked up at her. "How do you sleep, two legs?"

"My name is not two legs, you beast," Lillian said.

"And I am not a beast, not two legs."

Lillian glared. The centaur glared back.

"My name is Lillian," she said eventually.

"I am Anchius," the centaur replied.

Lillian laid down in the grass on the opposite side of the fire from Anchius.

The centaur snorted, "That's how you sleep?" Lillian rolled over and ignored this remark. Her stomach shared none of her quiet dignity and proceeded to growl.

"Well, you may have strange legs, but you've got a proper stomach, I recognize that sound." Lillian continued ignoring the centaur so he threw a small sack at her. It landed against her back. After enough time had passed to satisfy her dignity, she reached back and picked it up. It was filled with small trail cakes. They were hard, but filling. Her stomach sated, she gave into exhaustion and fell asleep.

Sometime after, she wasn't sure when, she was woken up by the sound of howling. The howling was followed by threatening growls. She sat up with a start and looked around, but she could see nothing in the firelight.

"Get behind me!" Anchius commanded.

"Why, because of the wolves?" Lillian asked, still trying to gather her sleep-fogged thoughts.

"Yes because of the wolves, are you mad? Get behind me now!"

Lillian got to her feet and stood near the fire behind Anchius. A growl came from somewhere closer. A pair of eyes and a gleaming set of teeth appeared at the edge of the firelight, only they were bigger than those of any wolf or hound that Lillian had ever seen. When the wolf appeared it was nearly the size of Anchius's horse half, and far more wickedly armed with fangs and claws.

The centaur pulled a sling from his leather pouch and whipped a stone at the beast. It growled and backed off a few paces but did not run away. Anchius placed another stone in the sling but the beast attacked before he could release it. He dropped the sling and reared up, striking out at the beast with powerful hooved legs. Lillian couldn't see what happened next but she heard a loud whimper and the enormous wolf was thrown backward.

Still the wolf did not leave. It bounded back at Anchius and sank its teeth into his foreleg as he tried to rear up once again. He fell sideways in a tangle of fangs and fur. Lillian grabbed a flaming branch from the fire and slammed it against the wolf's back as it wrestled with the centaur. It yelped and rolled away. Lillian stepped forward to try and menace the wolf off but lost her footing and dropped the flaming branch as she fell. The wolf bounded forward at her, it all seemed to be happening in slow motion. She could count each individual fang in the monster's mouth as it sailed towards her. It certainly wasn't the way she'd thought she'd die, she just hoped it would be quick.

And then a figure swept in front of her, one second she was watching her death come at her, the next it was trampled and twitching beneath the Anchius's hooves. His attack had broken the creature's spine and he finished it off with a stop to the neck. The centaur kicked at the wolf a couple more times to ensure it was dead before trotting back to Lillian.

"Are you okay... Lillian?" he asked. He looked frightful, he had a dozen cuts and gashes across both his human and horse halves. He was also covered in mud from the tussle.

"I-I'm fine, are you okay?"

"A single wolf? I could have killed twenty! I'm fine, little one," Anchius said, though Lillian didn't miss the way he winced as he moved.

"Oh I'm sure you could have, but we should probably get those cuts cleaned up anyway, you can't fight infections by stomping on them," Lillian replied. Anchius merely snorted, as if such concerns were beneath him. Despite this, he didn't seem to resist when Lillian found a rag and poured water over it to clean his wounds. They didn't talk as she worked. All cleaned up the cuts weren't as bad as they'd looked at first. The last wound she cleaned was across his chest. She finished and looked up at him to find his intense eyes staring back down at her.

"Thank you... for saving me," Lillian said quietly.

"I may have had to be the one thanking you if you hadn't tripped, you were brave," Anchius replied. "Look, I am sorry for tying you up, but I wasn't lying about the wild life, as you saw. I still want to

take you to my herd, but as a guest, you'll be safe there."

Lillian leaned forward and wrapped her arms around the centaur's waist on an impulse. Maybe it was staring death in the face, maybe it was gratitude, but at that moment she simply wanted comfort. Anchius seemed at a loss for what to do with the strange creature hugging him at first, but eventually he put his arms around her as well and they stood that way for a long while. Finally she let go and looked up.

"Sorry... I... I'll go back to sle—" Anchius interrupted her with a kiss. Before she knew it her arms were back around him, this time with a greater and different kind of urgency than before. The kiss deepened and he pulled her up to her tip toes.

When they separated at last they stared at one another in a mixture of lust and confusion. Lillian's eyes drifted down and went wide. The embrace had evidently had the same effect on Anchius as it'd had on her... though it was much more evident on the centaur. She hadn't really thought much about it, but his man-parts were on the horse half... Her eyes followed a cock the length of her arm as it flexed involuntarily, almost bringing it up to the centaur's chest.

"I'm sorry," Lillian said, not taking her eyes off his member, "I want to... but I don't think we can physically..."

"I think you're right," Anchius said with a chuckle.

Another thought struck her. "Well... we can't do that, but I can do something," she got up on tip toe and kissed him once more. Before he could say another word she knelt and slipped down beneath him. The massive cock was even more intimidating up this close, but she wrapped her hands around it. Two hands were just enough to encircle the entire thing.

Not entirely sure of how to proceed she began stroking his cock, each move stretching the skin up and down about a foot or so. She got a close up view of it as she rubbed. It was far different than anything she'd seen before. She'd known a few men in her day. True, public displays and talk stuck to a strict adherence to virgin brides but she'd had a few dalliances, all the young men and women in the noble houses had. This one was nothing like the cocks she'd seen. But then it wouldn't be, right? It was basically a horse's cock... but she couldn't make herself think of it that way. She saw the man, Anchius. The vision of him protecting her from the wolf played before her eyes, and she knew that she could never see him as a beast again.

The centaur's cock was a dark, shiny brown along most of its length and then the last half foot or so changed to a bright pink with a jagged and uneven line of demarcation between the two. The head of the cock was a strangely shaped, almost like an upside down mushroom. As she rubbed she saw the head flare and grow to almost twice its normal size before shrinking down once again.

She put her lips to an edge of the flared head and gave it a tentative lick. Anchius groaned somewhere above her and the head grew once more. She sucked on the engorged head, trying to pull more of it into her mouth, but she couldn't fit more than half of it. Instead she ran her tongue along the inside of the flared head, brushing against the very prominent opening in the center. Anchius's cock flexed at this and the head was pulled from her lips with a popping noise.

Lillian pulled his cock back down and set at it more confidently this time, giving the head a teasing nibble and jerking harder. She could feel the massive veins in the cock pulsing as she licked and nibbled it. And then her eyes drifted further along the cock and fell upon the largest testicles she'd ever seen up close in her life. They hung there, veined and shifting slightly as Anchius stood above her. She switched positions and jerked him in the other direction. This put her close enough to bring

her lips to them. She heard Anchius make entirely new noises at this. At first she was gentle, putting her lips to them as if they were fragile, but she could feel the insistence in Anchius's cock, not to mention the way his hips bucked slightly.

She grew more confident and licked and kissed with more enthusiasm, sending Anchius's cries louder. Next she sucked one of the massive testicles into her mouth, it barely fit and she was careful not to let her teeth press against it. She wiggled her tongue against it crazily and pulled back slightly, stretching his scrotum. His cock jerked hard in her grasp and she hastily switched around again. It was so hard and flexed now that she could barely pull it back down to her mouth, she had to sit up higher and compromise. Her hands gripped and stroked with all the strength she had, and she wrapped her mouth over the bottom half of the head, struggling to stimulate as much of the engorged, flared head as she could.

"Yes, yes!" cried Anchius.

She felt his cock start spasming and she held on for all she was worth to keep it from getting away. More cum than she'd ever seen in her life sprayed into her mouth. There was so much and it was shot with such great force that it jetted back out around her lips and all over her clothes, but she didn't care about that now. She kept at it until the cum finally stopped flowing, teasing and licking out every last drop the centaur had to give. Finally his cock began to soften and she watched in amazement as it vanished, reeling back close to his body.

She emerged, smelling musky and covered in the fruits of their passion.

"That," Anchius breathed, "was... well I can tell you that no centaur has had that done to him before."

"No?" Lillian asked in mild surprise. The men she'd known before had certainly expected it.

"As you said before, it is something we are... physically incapable of doing," Anchius said.

"Oh! Yes, I could see how that'd be a problem. Well then perhaps I did better than I thought, a proper thank you," she smiled at him.

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## **Part Two**

Lillian rode the rest of the way to Anchius's herd on his back. After their encounter with the wolf, and perhaps certain other activities, he was more protective of her. If the wolf hadn't been enough, the unfamiliar landscape they passed through was all the proof needed to convince Lillian that the phantasm had been real and that this was another world entirely.

There were no towns, vast fields of crops, no roads, and no people. She'd never roamed the country side this long without running into a person. It couldn't have been her world. They'd been talking about it as Anchius swiftly carried them across the miles.

"What do you mean 'another world'?" Anchius asked.

"I mean what I say, you said it yourself, you've never seen humans before, yes?"

"Well... no," the centaur conceded.

"Exactly! And where I come from, there are no centaurs. But there are a lot more humans like me,"

Lillian explained.

"A whole world of Lillians? Well now you've intrigued me," Anchius mused.

"Last I checked it only took one of me to do the job," Lillian said with feigned dignity.

"True, true. I suppose I mustn't be greedy. But if you're not from here... then how did you come to end up in that field?"

"That's... complicated," Lillian said. Though the Anchius wasn't looking at her, galloping as he was, she cast her gaze down at the swiftly passing ground. How could she tell the story of her family? It was a fresh wound. She laid a hand over her mother's necklace. It would be hard to explain the theft and chase. That was a discussion for another time. This world felt like a fresh start for her, even if it was filled with horse people.

"Everything about you seems to be complicated. Two legs, slow as a sloth, and yet you attack a wolf twice your size with a flaming branch. Hopping worlds and showing up inexplicitly in fields. What will you decide to take up next, flying?"

"Oh be quiet," Lillian said, gently slapping Anchius's side. They rode in silence for a while. The strangely flat countryside sped by. Anchius was as swift as any steed Lillian had ridden on her family's old estate, though he made for much better company. All this flat open space made her feel vulnerable. She missed the gently rolling hills and forests of her home. Would she ever see it again? The phantasm had said that she'd be the bridge between worlds, that had to mean she'd get back, didn't it? What did it mean to be a bridge anyway?

"You've grown mighty quiet back there, haven't fallen off, have you?" Anchius inquired.

"No, just thinking," Lillian replied.

"Oh? Dare I inquire what about?"

"Your herd, are they all like you?" Lillian lied. She just didn't have it in her to dive into that discussion yet.

"Certainly not. I wish I weren't so handsome, strong, and charming, I fear my herd will all pale in comparison," Anchius said sadly.

"Really, I'm a surprised they don't cast you out," Lillian said with a grin. Anchius suddenly came to a stop, his hooves tear up grass. Lillian had to wrap her arms around his waist just to keep from flying off.

"What's going on?" she yelled.

"Don't joke about that," Anchius said coldly, half turning his head back towards her.

"About what?" Lillian asked confusedly.

"Exile. Being cast out is the ultimate punishment amongst my people. Worse than death."

"I... I didn't know," Lillian said.

"Nor should you have, but you must watch yourself, the others, they will not be so forgiving as I. They will not understand."



"I promise, I'll watch what I say," Lillian said, placing a hand on the centaur's shoulder.

They rode in awkward silence the rest of the way. It was midday by the time they came within sight of Anchius's herd. It looked different from any town Lillian had seen before. There were tents, fires, and centaurs milling about everywhere. It was hard to tell from this distance, but she could see groups of tiny centaurs running around in groups, children? Somehow she hadn't been mentally prepared for kids. It seemed so strange.

Anchius came to a halt, though gently this time. "You'll have to walk the rest of the way," he said.

"What's wrong with riding?" Lillian asked, already sliding down from his back.

"It would be... unseemly. It's best to show my people your strongest front. Strength is what centaurs respect," Anchius said seriously.

"I understand... but I'm afraid I'm not going to be up to centaur standards of strength," Lillian said.

"Yes, but we'll worry about that when we get there. You're physically smaller, to some degree it'll have to be expected, come now, prepare to meet my people." Anchius kicked up into a trot and Lillian had to jog to keep up with him, her cloak fluttering behind her. It and the rest of her clothes were fairly clean now, they'd come across a stream early in the morning and she'd been able to make them halfway presentable..

They approached the makeshift village. A crowd of centaurs gathered around as they got closer. Lillian could feel all their eyes on her, gawping as if she were some kind of freak. She thought back to her first view of Anchius... she'd run hadn't she? And screamed. She couldn't judge these centaurs too harshly for their reactions.

"Anchius! What is this thing you've brought with you? The top half looks like a centauride, but the bottom half looks like a monkey," a large centaur called out. He was even larger than Anchius. His complexion was swarthy and he had a large bushy beard. There was a scar running down his face from brown eye to sneering lip.

"Pholus, I present a guest of the herd, Lillian," Anchius replied coldly.

At his beckoning Lillian walked forward to stand in front of him. For lack of anything better to do she bowed before the assembled group of centaurs. Pholus trotted forward and grabbed at her cloak.

"Why does this strange creature wear so many clothes?" he asked.

"I am not a creature," Lillian said defensively. "And I wear clothes because I do not have so much fur as you centaurs."

"Bah, strange taste in guests you have, Anchius," Pholus said, dropping the cloak and walking away.

A centaur colt approached Lillian and held out a stuffed toy to her. She took the toy and held it up. It lacked any fine details but it had two arms, two legs, and a head.

"It's like you! Are you a monkey?" the centaur child asked. Lillian smiled and handed the rag doll back.

"No, but you're right it does look a little like me. I'm a 'human'," Lillian said, enunciating the term clearly. The child giggled and galloped back to his friends.

A centauride approached and Lillian tried to keep from staring. The female wore no clothes at all, and her upper half was every bit as true to human as Anchius's was. She had medium breasts which sat high on her chest, with small, perky nipples. Looking, Lillian saw that the centauride was quite beautiful. She had full lips, a heart shaped face, and flowing blonde hair, which shimmered in the noon sun. Her eyes were a shade of amber Lillian had never seen before. The centauride's build was much more obviously feminine, not to mention smaller, when compared to the centaurs walking around. Her human half was slender, toned, Lillian could see hints of abdominal muscles beneath her skin as she moved towards Anchius.

"It is good to see you safely returned, Anchius," the female said.

"It is good to see you as well, Nessa," Anchius replied, dipping his head.

"I trust you had a safe journey?" Nesa asked.

"Nothing that I couldn't handle."

Nesa moved forward and gave Anchius a formal, somewhat awkward hug.

"Open fields before you," she said.

"May the sun guide your path," Anchius responded.

These exchanges had the feel of ritual to Lillian, she guessed that the phrases were a greeting. The majority of the centaurs had gone back to their own business, their curiosity in the strange 'half-monkey' sated for the time being.

"Who is this 'Nessa'?" Lillian asked when they were more or less alone, arching an eyebrow.

"She is my betrothed," he responded simply.

"Betrothed? But..." Lillian began, feeling a little hurt despite herself.

"You don't understand. Amongst my people, it's a formal process. She is not my lover, not yet. When the time comes, after the ceremony, only then will we joined, our union blessed."

"And what we did?" she asked. She was not exactly sure why this was bothering her so much. It wasn't as if she could really have some meaningful relationship with Anchius, could she? It was doubtful that his people would accept it. And she wanted to go home eventually, didn't she?

"Has nothing to do with my betrothal. Centaurs are free to consort with whomever they want until they are joined in union."

"I see," Lillian said coldly.

"What's wrong?" Anchius asked in genuine confusion.

"Nothing," Lillian said.

"Good... you should meet the chieftain now. No guest may remain with the herd without his blessing."

Lillian followed Anchius deeper into the scattered tents, between centaurs, and skirting latrines and fires. There was a larger tent further on. It was still not a proper structure as Lillian was used to.

Unlike the simpler structures the other centaurs took refuge in, the chieftain had large circular tent that had at least eight supporting poles around its perimeter. Two bored looking centaur stood guard on either side of the entrance flap, spears held lazily.

"Anchius, here to see Chief Orieus?" the rightmost guard asked, doing his utmost not to stare in wonder at Lillian.

"Yes, I've brought a herd guest."

The guard lifted the flap and they entered. The inside was dim, there was a fire in center. The top of the tent was open to the sky so the smoke could escape. Off to the side stood an older centaur. If he'd been a human, Lillian would have put him as somewhere in his fifties, but she wasn't quite sure how to read centaur age. He had a neat beard that was shot through with gray. His hair was cropped short, and had gray to match his beard. Muscles still covered his frame, but the years had taken their toll. A modest gut had formed around his midsection and his skin had a slight sag to it.

"Anchius," Chief Orieus greeted.

"My Chief," Anchius replied, bowing. Lillian looked between the two for a moment before doing the same.

"Who... or what... is your guest?"

"I present Lillian, I propose we offer her the protection of herd guest," Anchius said.

"Herd guest applies to centaurs, not animals," the chieftain said, eyeing Lillian coldly.

"My Chief, please. She is intelligent, and brave. The characteristics we appreciate in spirit, if not in form."

"Well spoken, but I'll not break tradition. What's next? Will a clever dog be declared a herd guest?"

"But—" Anchius started to protest but was cut off.

"Enough. The decision is made."

Anchius turned to Lillian, though he would not meet her eyes. "I'm sorry. You have to leave. I was wrong, you will find no haven here."

"No!" Chief Orieus bellowed. "She will remain with me. It is my right as chieftain of our herd. I find her amusing."

"But I told her she would be a guest!" Anchius yelled.

"That is not my problem! You should not assume things on behalf of your chief."

"I'm not property!" Lillian yelled. "You can't make me stay here."

"Quiet monkey!" the chieftain yelled. "Anchius, you are dismissed."

Anchius said nothing, though he was visibly shaking with anger. He turned and strode out of the tent, leaving Lillian alone with the chieftain. She dashed for the tent flap after Anchius but the guards had materialized as if by some unspoken command. They gripped their spears in a way that brokered no argument. She was trapped.

"Don't worry, if you behave you'll find that I can be a kind host. You may not be a herd guest, but that doesn't mean you must suffer. Though if you try and run again have no doubt that you will be punished. I don't care if you can talk. You're not a centaur and that makes you a beast. Beasts are property. As a chieftain of this herd it's only fitting that I be in possession of a beast so... exotic," the chieftain eyed Lillian in a way that made her skin crawl.

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Her first day in the chieftain's custody was an uneasy adjustment. She was not allowed outside of the tent. Her only excursion had been a trip to the latrines and even that had been under the watchful eyes of the spear wielding guards. She'd stalled as long as possible but she hadn't seen Anchius anywhere. Food was brought for her every so often and there was a bucket of water with a serving ladle.

It was night when Chief Orius returned. She could tell by the lack of light spilling in from the hole in the ceiling of the great tent. He entered through the flap, dragging a strange construction behind him. It was a wooden structure. A wide square made of joined boards sat flat on the ground, two boards came up vertically from this square and supported a horizontal board.

He muscled this construct near the center of the room and then walked over to Lillian.

"You're a most intriguing creature. Half of you so feminine, beautiful even," he ran a hand against her cheek. She turned her head away. "And you possess a mind capable of speech. But I'm afraid it's the former that intrigues me. But how could I express a natural appreciation for such beauty? Your bizarre body makes it difficult. You've just no proper haunches to grab."

He turned toward the construct. "I had one of the herd's craftsmen build this for me. I think you'll find that it'll enable me to express all that I wish."

Lillian looked at the wooden thing in a new light. The horizontal board, just below the height of a rearing centaur... Realization struck her. He meant to use this thing to mount her! The image of Anchius's enormous cock flashed before her eyes. Just the thought of such a thing inside her was painful. There was simply no way it could fit, it would break her! She looked up to see a similar sized cock hanging between the chieftain's legs. It wasn't quite the size of Anchius's, but on that scale it didn't really matter.

"You can't!" she said at last.

"Oh yes I can, just look at the support frame. All you need to do is bend over..."

"I mean you can't... It won't fit. I'm not... My people aren't that big."

"That just sounds like you'll make a nice tight fit," the chieftain said with a leer.

"Wait! I can do something else. Please! Something no centaur has had done before. You'll be just as satisfied - more satisfied!" she pleaded.

"Go on..." he prompted.

"I can... kneel. Get down below, use my mouth..." she said quietly.

"That is intriguing. Very well, tonight we will do this thing you speak of. Tomorrow, I will have you, my way."

Lillian resigned herself to her fate and made to slip beneath Chief Orieus, but he backed away.

“No, we will use the support,” he said, pointing to the wooden contraption. “But first I would see you take off all those damned ridiculous clothes.”

Lillian reluctantly took off her cloak and folded it on the floor. Next she took off her shoes and stockings, stalling the inevitable.

“Hurry it up,” the chief snapped, his long cock twitching in either anticipation or annoyance. Lillian stripped off the rest of her clothes and they were left in a heap on top of her cloak. Orieus trotted forward and fondled her breasts, though he was not so fixated on them as Lillian had come to expect from males in her world, perhaps it was the fact that centaurides generally went bare chested. His hands went lower down her smooth stomach. She bit her lip to keep from shivering in revulsion.

“Now, to the support,” he instructed. He mounted it, his heavy forelegs hanging over the board, his back legs still on the ground. His large cock was left to hang obscenely from his horse half. Lillian knelt beneath him, between the two supporting boards. She wrapped a hand around his cock and he bucked his hips. The head of the cock was pressed forward against her face. In its flared and engorged state it covered most of her right cheek and temple.

She wanted this over with quickly so she tried to apply what she’d learned from her experience with Anchius. The chieftan’s cock quivered as she licked and nibbled as much of the flared head as she could fit in her mouth. Without missing a beat she used her hands to rub up and down the last foot of his massive member. Every ounce of her concentration was bent to making the centaur chieftain cum. She could only pray that he didn’t have any unforeseen stamina and demand seconds. Or worse still, step up his demands to take her in a more direct way.

Unlike Anchius, Chief Orieus seemed to have little regard for what his enthusiasm might unintentionally result in. He began bucking his hips wildly after one particularly stimulating flick of her tongue. The head of his cock pushed back into her mouth, stretching it painfully wide. She felt her teeth pressing against his engorged flesh, but rather than hurt it only seemed to drive him on to new heights. The flared head grew and stretched her jaw harder. When he tucked his hips to buck again the head came free and she fell back, putting a hand to her tearfully sore jaw. His cock came back up, flexed and rock hard, it struck her in the chest and she was pushed off balance and landed on her back.

That contact seemed to be enough, he cried out and she looked up just in time to see a thick shower of cum jet from his cock. It splattered across her chest and stomach. His cock went limp whapped against her cum-slick stomach before flexing and shooting cum again, and then a third time. It finally lay still against her in a puddle of its own making.

The chieftain dismounted the support and Lillian had to roll away to avoid getting trampled. She felt the puddle of cum splash down her side and between her legs as she rolled. When she sat up and looked toward him she saw that his cock had, mercifully, receded back to his body.

“Well, I will say that was interesting, yet not altogether satisfying. I think you may have oversold this activity, but it doesn’t matter. Tomorrow we will do things my way, I’ll get some proper satisfaction out of you yet,” he said. His cock had grown half hard as he said this, and she shuddered, trying not to imagine being torn in half by that monstrous thing. It would have been bad enough with Anchius, gentle as he was, but with this brutal tyrant? There’d be nothing left of her by the time he was through! She wiped a few errant droplets of centaur cum from her cheek and brooded. She had to escape before the next night, before the chieftain could make good on his intentions.

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Part Three

Thankfully the chieftain did not seem to spend his nights sleeping in the great tent, which meant that Lillian had some privacy with which to clean herself up. It also helped her sleep a little easier knowing the lecherous centaur wasn't undressing her with his eyes from across the room. Her jaw still hurt from the punishment he'd given it.

It wasn't clear how she was going to escape, the main entrance was guarded by spears and even if she slit the wall or managed to slip under it, she would still be running from the center of a camp which was crawling with creatures that could outrun her ten times over. What's more those creatures would be obligated to do so, even the one who had befriended her.

But then which was worse? Being spit through the back with a spear or being spit from behind by something softer yet perhaps just as deadly? The only way she could keep herself from panicking was by promising herself that if the time came, she would make a run for it, no matter what the consequences. She didn't make much of her odds, even if she managed to elude centaur pursuit, which she doubted, there was always the looming threat of giant wolves. Granted the wolves would probably bring her to a kinder end.

But there was nothing to be gained by staying up and worrying about it. The fact was she was exhausted, if she wanted to try and somehow escape tomorrow she would need all her strength. And so she bunched her cloak beneath her head and laid down to a fitful night of sleep. Her dreams were haunted by visions of demonic creatures chasing her, tormenting her, and ultimately taking her.

She awoke at some point after dawn. The sun had not reached its apex, at least if the light spilling in from the tent's ceiling was any indication, so it had to be before noon. Orius was nowhere to be seen, which was a small comfort. The sleep had done her some good, she felt as though her wits had come back to her.

Lillian paced along the nearest wall of the tent. At roughly three foot intervals pegs had been driven through to hold it to the ground. Whoever had put the structure in place had taken great care to make sure that the material was stretched taught at every point. Try as she might she could not manage to lift the material more than an inch or two above the caked dirt that made up the floor. That just meant she needed to find something sharp to cut it.

The place was mostly empty, though she saw that the chieftain had left the support structure sitting where he'd used it the night before. It now had another piece of wood dangling off of it, held by a leather strap. She dismissed it from her mind. It wasn't going to help her cut through the rough canvas of the tent. What she needed was a knife or a dagger. Something with a keen cutting edge would do nicely.

Unfortunately the tent was scrupulously empty of such implements. After scouring the place a few times she eventually came up with a metal implement - a spare tent peg. It wasn't much, the point was so dull she almost doubted that it could hammer through the canvas, let alone cut it, but it was all she had and having it made her feel a little bit better.

She took the peg and drove it into the ground next to the chief's wooden structure, so she'd know where to find it. Even with the entirety of its metal length buried in the ground it's nub of a head still stood out conspicuously. Lillian knelt over it and worked her fingers into the packed dirt, carefully shaping the soil into a covering for the peg. After that she used her boots to tamp it down so that it looked roughly even with the surrounding area. It still looked a little obvious to her that something

was buried, but she hoped that it was only due to the fact that she already knew it was there.

She heard a rustle and jumped back from her buried treasure. A guard stood in the doorway, a spear at his side.

"You're to come to the noon feast, the chief wishes you to entertain his circle of headmen," he said.

"Headmen?" she asked.

"Don't ask questions, just come," the guard instructed, picking up his spear in a menacing fashion.

Lillian sighed and tied her cloak back around her shoulders before getting up and letting the guard lead the way. They walked through the encampment. Lillian still attracted a fair number of stares. Eventually the guard spoke to her.

"I will say this, creature, the headmen are the most respected members of our herd, aside from the chieftain, so you had better behave. You don't want to upset the chief."

"But why am I going?" Lillian asked.

"Because the chieftain wants you there," the guard replied unhelpfully.

Eventually they came to a small area free of tents, latrines, and common centaurs. There was no natural formation or centaur-built structure that designated it a special area, it was simply the presence of the centaurs standing there and the air of importance they projected.

Lillian looked at them all as she approached. Not one of the forms standing in the circle was female. Perhaps this world was not so unlike hers after all. The faces of these 'headmen' were as varied as any group of men she'd come across in her world. In the center of them all was a face she'd come to dread, though. Orieus. He laughed easily and seemed very satisfied with himself. After a moment he seemed to notice her approach and directed the attention of his small audience to her.

"Behold, my newest acquisition. Marvel at this oddity, it is exquisitely strange, is it not?" He beckoned for her to come to him. When she did not immediately comply the guard shoved her forward with a swift jab from the butt of his spear.

She stumbled to her knees in front of Orieus.

"Ah, you see? She just loves to get down to cock-height, didn't I tell you? It was the damndest thing, mounting a mouth," he winked at a centaur standing to his right.

Lillian said nothing, she simply got back to her feet and tried not to let herself wince despite what was surely a rapidly forming bruise on her back.

"I thought you said it talked?" said one of the headmen.

"Oh it does! It's just being shy. Come now, my pet, say something, prove you can cobble a few sentences together," the chief cooed to Lillian. She only glowered in reply.

"I said talk!" Orieus delivered a stinging backhand blow that sent Lillian right back to her knees.

"What do you want me to say?" she choked out.

"There, you see? I'm still breaking her in, but she'll learn to take commands," Orieus assured his

audience. He trotted forward and pulled Lillian up so that she was on her feet once more.

“And you’ll be delighted to see that her top half is every bit centaur as it looks.” He yanked off her cloak and then stripped off her bodice and blouse, tearing them in the process.

Lillian stood half naked in front of this crowd of creatures. The breeze and the adrenaline pumping in her system had set her nipples erect, two small pink towers atop hills of milky white breast. A headman trotted up and fondled those breasts. She was so stunned by this brazen forwardness that she wasn’t sure how to react until he tweaked her nipples and she pulled away.

“See? Breasts as fine as any centauride,” the chief said proudly.

“Yeah, but what’s the bottom half look like?” said the headman who’d fondled her. There was a raucous chorus of cheers that went up from the rest at this.

“This is where it gets exotic,” Orius replied. He tugged at her pants and belt, but the tough leather didn’t give so easily. Lillian quickly undid them to keep the chief from ruining those as well. Aside from her boots she was now entirely naked. She held one arm down her center, the other gripping it below the elbow. This managed to cover her left breast and the small amount of dark hair that sat atop her mound, but not much else.

Orius grabbed her by the arm and spun her around, giving the crowd a look at her naked bottom. Rather than be impressed or howl cat calls as human males may have done, the centaurs merely look confused. That is until the chief pushed her forward by her neck so that she stood bent over. Now they could see the soft lips of her slit trailing back towards the hint of an opening. This was a sight the centaurs could recognize, even if it was still strange. They hooted and jeered once more.

“How much?” asked one of the headmen.

“She’s not for sale, lads,” Orius replied smugly. “At least not until after tonight. If there’s anything left I’ll hand her over to the highest bidder.”

Lillian almost retched. If he had his way, and if she survived, all she had to look forward to was being sold off so that another centaur could take her, and so on. The sky seemed to spinning, it was all too much. In her bent over posture the blood had started rushing to her head, the smell of centaur was overwhelming, and their raucous laughter seemed to be pushing her mind far away. She fell to the grass and knew no more.

When she awoke it was in the tent, she could see the canvas material of the walls directly in front of her. To her right was fire light, she must have been out for a while if they’d lit the fire in the great tent. Then her heart jumped, if they’d lit the fire then that must have meant that it was night! Where was the chief? Was it too late for her to run?

Then she realized that she was slumped forward, her hands and head held rigidly still in... something. She moved her head left and right as far as she could and saw her hands sticking out of a wooden frame to either side. She thought back to dangling piece of wood on the support beam and suddenly realized what it was. Orius had made his craftsman fashion a crude stockade! She couldn’t see her body, but the dirt beneath her feet and the warmth of the fire clearly informed her that she was even more naked now than when she’d been in the field.

While she’d been out they must have removed her shoes and stockings. She heard a movement and

saw a shadow stretch across the tent wall across from her. It was in the shape of a distorted centaur.

"Ah, you're awake," the chieftain said.

"Let me go!" she yelled.

"No, that's the last thing I'm going to do. Don't you remember? We've got some business tonight. Tomorrow maybe I'll let you go, that is at least you'll no longer be staying with me," he said.

"You can't do this!"

"Oh but I can," he laughed.

The wooden frame shook and she could feel the heat of a body close to her. If she strained her eyes up she could barely make out the looming torso of the chieftain. His front half was resting on top of the board holding her head and hands in place, his forelegs hanging to either side of her.

Wasting no time, the chieftain bucked his hips and Lillian felt his monstrous cock press forward against her ass. It smeared her skin with slippery liquid. Orius tucked his hips and thrust again, this time his cock pressed against her pussy, but the head was fully flared and all it did was push her forward, painfully, into the stockade and slip up and down against her. He thrust again and his cock slid right up and over her ass, resting along the lower half of her spine.

"Damn, this isn't working," Orius grumbled. "Guard! Send in my seneschal!"

There was a rustle of tent fabric and the soft clapping of hooves.

"My chief?" inquired a voice.

"Did you bring what I asked?" the chief asked impatiently.

"Y-Yes, my chief," the voice answered.

"Then get to it."

Lillian wasn't sure what was going on behind her. She could hear the new centaur moving around and then she heard an odd squishing noise. She suddenly felt the chieftain's cock pressed against her as it thrust forward again, only this time it was held in place so that it could not slip.

The chief bucked his hips and she felt half of his flared head push between her pussy lips. It wasn't just being held in place, it was somehow slicker, as if it had been coated in something.

"Yes! It's almost in," the chief cried.

Another thrust pushed the head of his cock inside her in its entirety. It was larger than anything she'd ever taken before and she cried out. She could feel the centaur above her, repositioning on the support to get better leverage. Another thrust pushed about a foot of absurdly thick cock inside, filling her to the brim. She wasn't being torn in two, but it wasn't pleasant, it was too big. It felt like an immense pressure inside of her, like she'd burst apart at any moment.

"Good, good, it's in. Oh and it's so tight. You can go now," the chief said, dismissing his seneschal.

He began thrusting, hard. With each thrust his enormous cock barely slid out of her stretched pussy before it was slammed forward again. She could feel his cock bend each time it failed to find more

room inside of her. Every thrust actually pushed her up off the ground an in or two, his cock alone supporting her.

The pain grew worse the longer it went on. And the longer it went on, the harder the centaur went at it. He was in a frenzy, bucking his hips with abandon. Tears flowed freely down her face. The chieftain cried out and she could feel his cock grow rigid, its head expanding painfully inside of her. She was held up off the ground for a long moment by his rigid member. And then what felt like gallons of hot cum was sprayed into her, filling every spare bit of space the centaur's cock didn't already occupy. A few more spurts and thrusts and then the softening, but still large, cock slid out of her. A torrent of centaur cum streamed from her aching pussy, running down her legs and to the dirt beneath her.

The chief dismounted and carelessly flipped open the crude stockade. Lillian slumped to the ground and put her hands to her abused slit in a futile effort at stopping the pain. She lay on the ground and moaned. She wasn't dead, she hadn't been mortally wounded, but she was going to be in pain for days at least. Her hand came to rest on an irregular lump of dirt. The peg. She scratched at the dirt with as much strength as she could muster. The iron peg quickly appeared. With groping fingers she managed to pull it from the ground.

Orieus still stood nearby, ignoring her. His half-hard cock was slick with whatever it'd been coated it and it glistened in the firelight.

"Well, I was right, you were a nice tight fit. I'm sure you'll fetch a pretty price," he said. "But then, maybe I'll keep you a bit longer. I could do with fucking that little hole of yours a few more times."

She whirled and stabbed up with the peg as best she could. The iron pierced the chest of the centaur's horse half. Blood poured from the wound and Lillian pressed it home with all her strength.

Orieus screamed and reared, pulling the peg from her grasp. For a second it looked like he was going to land on her and trample her beneath his powerful hooves, but instead he gagged and fell sideways into the fire. Engulfed in flames he didn't move, apparently already dead. She didn't know if centaurs had two hearts or one, but she guessed she'd stabbed at least one of them and that seemed to be enough.

She got to her feet and hobbled over to the side of the tent where her clothes had been carelessly thrown to the ground. She put them on as best she could, making due with the torn bodice and blouse. But how would she escape now? The peg was still lodged in the chieftain's body which was now starting to roast in the fire. The fire!

Lillian stooped and grabbed a flaming brand. The canvas of the tent quickly caught flame as she touched the brand to it. Soon the whole wall was on fire, but at its center where the fire had first started a hole opened where the charred material crashed to the ground. She hurried through the gap just as the guards entered through the front flap.

What followed was a painful and nightmarish run through a confusion of centaur bodies. She could hear horns sounding from somewhere back in the direction she'd come from. She ran straight into a heavy centaur.

"Oh, running away now, half-monkey?" said a centaur with a scarred face. It was Pholus.

And then Pholus was reeling backward under the blows of another centaur. Anchius! He grabbed Lillian and swung her onto his back. They stole into the darkness far faster than she ever could have on foot, especially with the pain each step brought to her abused insides.

"Hang on tight," he whispered. She had never known a horse to go so fast. Anchius was sprinting as hard as he could. The confusion and pursuit were quickly left far behind. They had no idea where to look for her and, at the moment, probably didn't know that she was being run to safety on the back of one of their own.

"You saved me," she sobbed.

"Not soon enough... I was by his tent, I heard what happened. I'd meant to rescue you before, but he never let you out of his sight and I feared the worst. When I saw the fire start I knew it had to be you. Only you would be brave enough to try something like that."

"I just want to go home," she said softly, tears now flowing down her face.

"Do you know how to get there?" Anchius asked.

"No," Lillian said forlornly.

"Then let's go back to where I first found you. At the very least we'll keep you far away from my herd. I owe you that much."

It took them a day to reach the field. In that time they talked little. Lillian wanted nothing more to do with centaurs. What happened may not have been Anchius's fault, but she'd been marked by it. The sight of him made her jump and it took a conscious effort on her part to bear his presence without screaming or running away. To his credit, Anchius seemed to understand this. He did not push conversation on her, and he kept his distance when they made camp.

When they reached the field Lillian slipped down from his back. It was just a field, nothing more. There was no well, no phantasm. She got to her knees and rested her hands in the grass. All she wanted was to go home. It didn't matter what she'd do if she got there. She couldn't go back to her town, she'd be jailed by the duchess, but she could go somewhere else. It could be anywhere, so long as it had no centaurs.

"Is there anything I can do?" Anchius asked quietly. Lillian jumped at the sound of his voice.

"No... I don't think there's anything anyone can do. I think I'm stuck here. I just don't know why. I came here through a well... but there's nothing here."

"There's a river a few miles to the west, let's go there, at least you can get cleaned up," Anchius suggested.

Lillian agreed to go. Some few miles later they stood at the river's bank. It was a larger body of water than Lillian had ever seen. Her home was spotted with small ponds and marshes, but nothing truly large. She'd heard of large bodies of water, of course. There were lakes and even oceans, she'd just never seen them.

She walked to the river's edge and looked into the water. At first she saw her own reflection staring back at her. It was a haggard face that she didn't recognize all at once. There were dark bags beneath haunted eyes. Then the reflection distorted and what she saw was not herself but the outline of a figure, the phantasm. It seemed to reach out of the water and envelop her. And suddenly she was sinking below the surface, wrapped in this ghostly embrace.

In another shift without seeming transition she was standing in a familiar clearing beside a well. Was it...Could it be? She turned around in a circle and came to a dead stop when her eyes fell on the phantasm. It was fuller now, with more detail. While still largely insubstantial its image now suggested a woman of great beauty and strong features.

"What are you?" Lillian asked.

"I'm the river spirit," it replied.

"But there's no river in this world."

"There was," the spirit replied. "This well leads down to the last remnants of it. I am weak here. I am a shell of what I once was. In that other world, the river flows strong."

"Then why not stay there?" Lillian asked.

"I am in both places, though I would not long remain here without the river, and once gone from this world, I would be gone from the other," it answered.

"So you're dying?"

"That's as accurate a description as any other. But no longer. You have bridged the worlds."

"What does that mean?" Lillian demanded.

"Your worlds are the same, but set apart by a thin veil. Prophecy held that until a centaur was conceived of this world, your two worlds should never meet."

"But there aren't any centaurs here! How could one be born?" Lillian protested.

The spirit reached out and laid a hand over Lillian's stomach.

"You hold within you the answer to that question," it replied.

"You mean?" Lillian held her face in her hands and sobbed. "Will it be a... monster, like them?"

"It will be a centaur. And it will be your son. Do not raise him as a monster and he will not be."

When Lillian looked up the spirit had vanished. Then the ground began to shake violently. She was thrown hard from her feet. When the shaking finally subsided and she looked up, the world had changed. Where there had been a clearing and a well, there was now a scar in the earth, a trench that went down twenty feet or more. On one side stood the world that she knew, with its hills and forest. On the other side stood the world she wished she didn't know, with its wide open plains. The trench filled with water and before long it looked much like the mighty roaring river that she'd gazed into only minutes before.