

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Larana had finished breakfast and was anxious to get to her favorite tree stump and dream about horses. She stood up from the table and turned toward the door. Larana's father, Leander, grabbed her as she ran by him, her momentum spinning them both around a few times. He held her close to him, squeezed her affectionately then planted a wet kiss on her chin.

Although Leander was nearly the tallest male in the village standing at exactly six feet, Larana was by far the tallest female standing at six feet six inches. She was remarkably well developed for a girl her age. Her duties at the village stable had given her thick, hard muscles, yet her femininity remained intact.

Leander slowly ushered his daughter back to her chair and sat her down.

"What's wrong father?" she asked with a look of concern on her face. "You look worried."

Leander opened a large canvas bag and started putting things into it—things Larana recognized as being needed for outdoor survival. "I have something very important to tell you," he said gravely. "It concerns you."

"There's an ancient village Decree that states that the village Elders must choose a girl every seven years to become the Chosen One. The Chosen One is sent to the forbidden land beyond the forest, near the base of the mountains. There she mates with the god of fertility and his seed is implanted into her womb. During gestation she learns the ways of her mate. She bears his child. If the god of fertility is pleased, she is allowed to return to the village to share what she had learned. If he is displeased, the Chosen One is killed.

"She must be a virgin girl, for a girl whose maidenhead had been taken by another would surely displease the god of fertility. Her pelvic region must be larger than average, for it's been said that he is thrice the size of man. She must have no fear, for it's written that he is not human. She must display willingness, especially towards all things sexual, for bearing his child is critical as to her survival. And she must display intelligence, for it is written that the knowledge she would bring back with her would lead to harvests beyond belief for the village.

"As you know, girls are required to work in the village stables as stable hands, doing chores like shoveling manure and handling the horses. You also know those girls who do the chores without complaint and who handle the rankest horses without fear are rewarded by being given advanced classes in horse training and horse husbandry. But what you don't know is that those advanced girls who show the greatest intelligence in training horses and the greatest sexual excitement in helping horses mate are candidates to become the Chosen One.

"The candidates are given complete physicals. The one who is still a virgin and who possesses the largest pelvic cavity is judged the Chosen One."

Leander paused.

"This time, Larana, you are the Chosen One!" he blurted out, choking on his words. His eyes grew red and tears formed at their inside corners.

Larana was shocked. All at once the strange and often exciting events in her childhood life made perfect sense to her now.

She remembered the man who gave her the recent physical. He told her she was the best young lady he'd ever seen. At the time she thought it odd that he used the word best. Best for what? Now it was clear to her as to what. The Decree's criteria also explained why the man used strange looking gadgets to measure her pelvic region.

She remembered her first days in the village stables. She overheard the other girls complaining about the chores that had to be done. Larana never complained. She loved horses too much to complain. She wanted to take care of them and she felt doing chores was one way of doing so.

During her first month at the stables, an unruly Tarpan mare was brought in by a village farmer who didn't take proper care of his horses. She'd become dangerous through the farmer's ill-handling. Larana was the only one who could control her. Larana's love and understanding of the mare caused the mare's fear of her former owner to vanish and once again the mare returned to till the soil, but this time, of course, under a different owner. The Elders were so pleased by Larana's performance that they gave her permission to take the advanced courses—six years ahead of anyone else her age.

She remembered her horse training instructor coming to her for advise on training horses instead of the other way around, only two months after enrolling in the advanced training classes. That was because Larana used common sense in her approach to train horses. Apparently, common sense was unheard of in the village, for what she did to make horses do what she wanted them to do seemed quite magical to the others looking on. In reality, she'd learned what the horses were thinking. And what instincts governed their actions. She always kept a step or two ahead of the horses' thoughts, guiding their thoughts at every moment. In effect, she made the horses do things her way while allowing them to think they did it their way. How the Elders must have gloated over finding someone so intelligent.

Larana's thoughts switched to the vivid images that now appeared before her mind's eye—images of the stallion's she helped mate to mare's during the breeding season in horse husbandry class.

She remembered how she teased the mare with the stallion. The mare spread her hind legs, squatted her haunches and urinated on the stable floor. She squeezed her vaginal muscles turning the lips inside out, exposing her pinkish-white clitoris while wringing out the last drops of urine. The stallion sniffed the urine on the floor, then butted his nose up against the mare's vagina and sniffed again. He raised his head high in the air and curled his upper lip up and out while deeply breathing in through his narrowed nostrils. The stallion's penis lengthened and became extremely rigid. He approached the mare from the left side, nipping at her mane. He whinnied then moved his head over her back and slid his neck towards her haunch. Using his neck as a lever, he reared up and hooked his forelegs over the mare's back at the waist. The mare groaned and her back curved slightly, supporting the stallion's bulky weight. The stallion swung his rear end around and brought his left foreleg over her haunch. He flexed his pubic muscles. His boom-like penile shaft rotated in concentric circles. Firmly anchored on the mare's back, the stallion started a thrusting motion. Larana grabbed the huge hunk of bouncing horsemeat and guided it towards the mare's slippery vagina.

Larana's excitement raised to a fever pitch whenever she felt the stallion's penis jerk around to the rhythm of his pounding heartbeat, it's strength throbbing in her hands through it's leathery casing. She swooned with ecstasy, fantasizing that the meaty shaft was about to impale her own vagina. Copious amounts of nubile juices drained from her vagina and ran down her thighs. She squeezed her thighs together so that the massive flow of lubrication would not be readily seen.

Larana remembered there wasn't always that much vaginal fluid. Actually, it started out as an urge to urinate with no flow. Then, each day that passed, the urge transformed into action when little

droplets of virgin womanhood would moisten her vaginal lips. Her first trickle came not too long after that. And within the next few days the pubescent dam burst open giving way to torrential floods of womanly lubrication.

The stallion stepped forward, his hind legs moving stiffly. Larana lodged the tip of the bulky shaft into the squishy opening of the mare's vaginal lips. Feeling the spongy, warm flesh caressing the curved surface of his penis tip, the stallion thrust hard, piercing the muscular entrance and squirting vaginal fluids out around his shaft like a fist plunging into a bucket of hot steamy water. The stallion danced on his hind legs while positioning his haunches in anticipation of total penetration. His testicles lifted up and disappeared into his body. He lowered his head and grunted. He stabbed sharply and sunk two-thirds of his steely shaft into the moaning mare. On the average, sixteen inches of corrugated flesh buried itself into the scalding depths of the mare's vagina. The first fold ring of the stallion's penis titillated the sensitive entrance of the mare's vaginal barrel. And still another eight thick inches of throbbing horseflesh trembled outside the mare's vagina, its entry anticipated by the mare. Yet the stallion could not get close enough to her to bury it to the hilt. Still, the mare squeezed both her inner and outer vaginal muscles, massaging the invading shaft and urging him on. Her clitoris stroked the underside of his penis, like a thick finger poking out from between her tightly stretched lips and his enormous pole. Moist, spitting sounds came from the point of union. The stallion again adjusted his stance so as to get the greatest distance possible in his thrusts. His haunches pulled back, exposing twelve inches of thickly oiled muscle. Lubrication collected into droplets on the underside of his penis. Large drops broke away and plummeted to the earth, causing miniature dust clouds to form as they chiseled the stable floor. The stallion squeezed his abdomen, immersing his penis once more into the mare's well. The stallion plunged into the mare about a dozen more times, each time the stallion's penis tip grew larger and larger, flaring it, until it was so engorged with hot blood that it ballooned to three times its normal diameter. The stallion shrieked a blood-curdling whinny, forced another grunt and held perfectly still. The flaring tip forced open the mare's cervix, preparing it for a straight-in unimpeded blast of stallion sperm which immediately followed hosing the insides of the mare's cervix and filling it to overflowing. Her spasming vaginal muscles helped to backwash some of the life giving overflow into her cervix while forcing the excess sperm out of her vaginal opening like someone coughing with their mouth full of milk. Her pistoning clitoris enticed the stallion to produce more of the sticky substance than her reproductive system could possibly hold, yet she did not want that moment to end. And neither did the stallion. He was eternally grateful for her considerate attention. Sticky juices ran slowly down the mare's crack and the inner parts of her thighs like molten lava. Nearing the end of his climax, the stallion plugged the mare's cervix with the gelatinous third fraction of the ejaculate process so that the deposited sperm could not escape from it. The stallion dismounted, satisfied that his reservoir of sperm was depleted. His penis slid out of the mare's vagina with a loud suction sound, like pulling one's foot out of squishy knee-high mud. The stallion's penis then began to droop, the shaft shrinking in length while the tip remained engorged with blood. Mixed sperm and vaginal lubrication gathered at the penis' flared tip and drained in a steady flow for several moments. Meanwhile, the overflow of milky white sperm, mixed with gelatinous material and copious amounts of vaginal fluids gushed out of the mare's vagina. The mixture hit the stable floor and splashed all over anyone standing nearby.

Larana made sure she was close enough to the succulent mixture so as to get a thorough drenching from it. She fantasized drinking that life-giving nectar by the cupful because, to her, it had magical powers of giving and prolonging life.

Larana remembered how her vagina convulsed in intense orgasms each time she mated a stallion to a mare and how she tried to disguise her quivering body. And each time she wondered if anyone saw her convulsions. Now, from what her father had just told her, Larana realized that someone did

see-and probably smiled!

Leander interrupted Larana's thoughts.

"Each man who becomes father to a daughter is told of the Decree's contents. He is sworn to secrecy under penalty of death. Not even his wife is allowed to know unless his daughter becomes the Chosen One," he said solemnly. "It's every fathers' duty to see to it that their daughters strive to become the Chosen One. Or severe sanctions would be imposed upon an already impoverished family."

The bag was now full. He closed the drawstring at the top and leaned the bag against the wall next to the doorway. Leander placed his chair next to hers and sat down. He picked up her hand and gave it a loving squeeze.

"I tried to get the Elders to change their minds about choosing you but I was powerless to do so."

"Why would you want to change their minds, father?"

"No one has ever returned from the forbidden land; the god of fertility must have been displeased!" He put the flat of his palms to his eyes and wept. "I'm afraid I'll never see you again, my precious daughter."

"Don't worry, father," Larana exclaimed cheerfully. "I'm very proud to be the Chosen One. You brought me up to accept challenges without fear. And I accept the Decree's challenge."

Leander looked up to see a smile on his daughter's face. Her enthusiasm made him feel better. "I've never told you the real reason behind your mother's death, Larana," he confessed. "But now I think you should know the truth before you go. Your mother died giving birth to you. You were a very large baby and couldn't fit through her birth canal. She was in labor for nearly a week and near death from exhaustion. Because of the limited knowledge of medicine practiced in the village, a choice had to be made whether to save your mother's life or your own. Your mother unselfishly gave up hers to save yours. I've lost my wife, my lover. You're all I've got left." Leander forced a smile and gave his daughter a big hug while tears streamed down his face. "But if you're certain you can overcome the challenge," he said whispering into her ear, "then I'll let you try." He paused once more. "Oh my brave, precious baby," he said, his voice cracking. And they continued to hug each other affectionately for several moments.

Leander felt much better now. The guilt he'd felt for not helping his daughter out of the situation she was in had left him. He was proud he had brought up his daughter to be the best there was.

They stood up and walked towards the door. Arriving at the canvas bag, Leander picked it up and threw it over his shoulder. He walked his daughter to her favorite tree stump that was centered in a clearing just inside the forest near the edge of the village.

Leander kissed her once more.

"Take care of yourself, precious," Leander said.

"Don't I always?" Larana said with a grin.

"I believe you do!"

Leander leaned the bag against the tree stump, smiled and turned away.

Chapter Two

Her father disappeared out of sight. He was gone only a few moments when the gravity of the situation hit Larana point blank. She began to sob out loud. For the first time in her life she was alone. And afraid. She'd never known fear. Until now. Larana guessed it was the fear of fear that made her feel that awful way.

"Who or what is this god of fertility I am to mate with?" she thought out loud. "What terrible things await me at the forbidden land?" All of these thoughts, and more, kept Larana from noticing someone approaching her.

"Why are you crying?" a husky voice asked. Larana was startled but quickly recovered to look up and see a beautiful stallion-like creature emerge from the wall of trees surrounding the clearing.

He was a magnificent centaur! Larana had heard of half human, half horse beings in school before but they were just myths. Larana shook her head—she thought her mind was playing tricks with her and she wanted to get back to her old brand of reality—but the image of the centaur did not go away.

The centaur was powerfully built, well-muscled...and handsome! His image caused butterflies to flutter in Larana's stomach. The foundation of his body was that of a majestic horse: complete with forelegs, chest barrel, loins, sex organs, haunches, hind legs and tail. Basically, the centaur was mostly like a horse, except that the horse's head and neck were replaced by a human's head and neck, foreshoulders, arms, foretorso and waist.

Larana was about to wipe away the tears from her cheeks when the centaur offered, "Let me help you." He gracefully moved in close and collected the tears in the petals of a delicately scented flower he held in his powerful left hand.

The centaur stepped back. Larana saw he had a rare orange rose. The village Elders often told of its existence in legendary folklore. And like the centaur, the orange rose was before her in all its splendor. She thought she must be dreaming.

"Here. This is for the most beautiful creature I've ever seen." The centaur held out the single rose at arm's length and formed a wide grin on his face. His lips opened wide enough to expose large sparkling-white teeth, the most prominent of which were the extra-long upper and lower canine teeth that meshed beautifully together.

"Wh...who are you?" Larana asked managing a weak smile so as not to give her increasing fear away. She shifted her weight for a quick getaway.

"I'm called Kyrillos. My family and I live in the clearing by the base of the mountains." Kyrillos turned his foretorso around and pointed towards the mountains with his outstretched right forefinger. "Over there."

The rose in Kyrillos' left hand did not budge from its offered position while he turned his foretorso and raised his right arm straight out. Larana sensed it took great skill and strength to keep a featherweight object, like the rose, fixed in position while large body masses were put into motion and then stopped. And was Kyrillos' body masses ever large! Deep furrows accentuated ridges of sinewy muscles and tendons. On each arm a large vein originated from the front portion of the delta-shaped shoulder muscle. It ran down along the top outside length of the upper arm muscle then joined another large vein at the inside curve of the forearm just opposite of the elbow where the

upper arm muscle and the forearm bone met. Smaller, less prominent veins, crisscrossed the rest of Kyrillos' hairless human features which glistened in the sun from sweat. Kyrillos had obviously been exerting energy recently and that accounted for so many veins popping the surface of his massive body. Like horses after a hard day's work.

Larana no longer felt threatened. The creature had the strength and skill to attack her if he really wanted to. But instead he offered her a rare rose!

Larana stood up and gently grasped the rose directly above the centaur's hand with her right thumb and forefinger. Her palm brushed the backside of his strong, steel-like hand. The touch electrified Larana. Kyrillos, too.

Elated, Kyrillos let go of the rose and returned to a standard posture. He saw Larana perch her nose over the rose's center and inhale the spicy orange bouquet. Larana looked up and her hazel colored eyes met Kyrillos' light brown eyes. She searched deeply into his eyes, searching as if to discover the secrets of his very soul. Kyrillos' face drew blank and his breathing shallowed as if he was letting her do just that. A short moment later, but what seemed like an eternity to them both, Kyrillos took a deep, ragged breath and Larana smiled.

"And you are called?" Kyrillos asked.

"My name is Larana."

Without saying another word, Kyrillos steadied Larana's shoulders with his big brawny hands, bent down, tilted his head and kissed her on her left cheek. Her face flushed the moment his lips touched her naked skin.

The eight foot tall centaur shied away, his face red from embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, Larana," he said apologetically. "I should have asked you first."

"Oh, no," she said hurriedly. "That's quite alright. I enjoyed it." Larana's face tilted down and to the right displaying to the excited centaur the remnants of his wet kiss. She intertwined her arms, held them close down the front of her dress and pressed the heels of her hands into her crotch while displaying a sheepish grin. The rose that laid against her dress drew Kyrillos' attention to her pubic region. Larana's juices were now flowing and she tried to stop it from running down her legs by pressing her dress against her vaginal opening. But the dress acted like a sponge and soaked up the lubrication. So much so that a large wet stain seemed to grow before Kyrillos' eyes. Kyrillos amused himself by thinking that the moistness was giving the rose needed nourishment.

"I enjoyed it, too. Are you the Chosen One?" he asked excitedly, both sentences in the same tattered breath. He took a great chance in revealing himself to Larana today, but he was so sure that she was the Chosen One.

The question pinched Larana back to reality. Her face grew tense and her eyes widened. "Yes...yes, I am. How do you know about that?"

"I know all about your village Decree," he said. "My father told me about it three months ago. I've been combing these woods ever since I heard it in hopes of getting a look at her...ah, you. I saw you playing here about two days after I set out to find the Chosen One. But I wasn't sure you were it. You had such a happy demeanor and I was told that all of the Chosen Ones to date had sad and fearful expressions when they were discovered wandering through the woods near our village. Then, today, you had the classic sad and fearful face and I took a chance in asking if you were the Chosen One."

"What would happen if I wasn't the Chosen One?" she asked with concern for her life.

"First, I'd apologize to you, then be on my way. Second, I'd tell my father and he would have to punish me. Finally, my village would have to hope you would not be believed if you decided to tell anyone about our encounter. You see, we're not, that is, the centaurs are not supposed to reveal themselves to any of your people..."

"...to keep alive the myth or legend of the centaur," she blurted out wanting to show she knew a thing or two.

There was much more to it than that and Kyrillos was relieved that she supplied her own satisfying answer. He could postpone disclosing the true reasons until later. He knew she would have to be told and it would ache him to do so. But he wanted to savor this moment, not spoil it.

Unfortunately, the moment had spoiled. Larana's mood changed. Her quick mind rescued a fragment of what Kyrillos had said earlier. She became agitated.

"You said 'all of the Chosen Ones' when talking about my demeanor. Are you saying you know of other Chosen Ones?" she demanded.

"I know eleven of them. Actually I knew one more but she died last year."

In her already fragile state of mind, Larana began to sob again. Jumping to conclusions and fearing the worst, Larana blurted out, "Oh, NO! You killed her!"

Kyrillos attempted to put a hand on her shoulder to comfort her but Larana brushed it aside. "No I didn't," he said soothingly. "Sarah was the very first Chosen One sent to us, eighty-four years ago. She died of old age, at one hundred five years old."

"One hundred and five?" Larana wondered wiping the tears away.

"Yes. One hundred five. Look, Sarah would have lived longer except she came to us when she was twenty-two years old. If she was born in our village, she would have lived another twenty-two years...at least ."

"But our people only live to be about fifty years old. Tops," she said in disbelief.

"That's right. That's what we figured. We've concluded that, depending upon the degree of our lifestyle they choose to live and assuming they practice our lifestyle from the day they were born, humans should live to be between one hundred and three hundred years old. Or more! "

"That's incredible!" Larana exclaimed astonished.

"Sarah sampled the various degrees of our lifestyle when she first arrived at our village. Not sure of us, she chose the weakest of the degrees to live, the fifth degree. But the fifth degree still doubled her lifespan. And even though she had a chance to lengthen it three to six times as much, her choice was her own and we knew Sarah was very happy in making that choice.

"The oldest Chosen One now is eighty-nine years old. Actually, there are two Chosen Ones living with us who are eighty-nine. They are identical twin sisters, Cinder and Pebble. They were sent to us seven years apart. The first one, Cinder, was sent to us when she was twelve years old. Pebble, when she was nineteen.

“So far, among all the Chosen Ones, Cinder has the best chance of living the longest because she chose the third degree of our lifestyle, while all the others chose the fifth degree like Sarah did. We figure Cinder should live to be about two hundred years old.”

Larana was amazed, but her thoughts abruptly changed direction. “Are you centaurs, in effect, the god of fertility told about in our Decree?” she asked.

“I’ll have to preface my answer to that question with a little history. Each year we, the centaurs, have bountiful harvests. It’s been that way for the past two thousand years. But eighty-five years ago you, the humans, had no harvest at all. We offered to share our harvest that year with you but you shunned the offer. You feared us. You hated us. You called us freaks. But we did have the one thing you wanted: food. And lots of it. So you decided to take it all for yourselves.

“There was a terrible war between you and us. It was a short war, lasting only seven days, but still it was a bloody war. Ten of us died of nonreversible wounds. About two hundred of you died, most of you dying needlessly. We didn’t want to kill any of you but you insisted on trying to kill us. So we defended ourselves the best way we could. You were desperate then, just as you endure desperation now.

“When the war was declared over, you took all the food you could carry back to your village. From what Sarah told us, the committee stole from the rest of you most of the food you brought back, leaving you very little. The committee was made up of your village’s original Elders and the generals of the army who fought the war against us.

“Our medicine restored to health all of our wounded, all except the ten I mentioned earlier. Even Iason, the healer, couldn’t help them. We offered you the same medical help we’d given our own wounded but you once again shunned our offer. As a result, most of your wounded died from needless complications.

“Even though you lost the war and took from us what we had offered you in the first place, we were still willing to share our knowledge with you; we are not a vindictive people. But we had to be assured you would not use the knowledge to wipe us out in the future. And even though we knew the committee finally saw the equality that our knowledge would give them in terms of military strength, we agreed to negotiate. We were cautious in our negotiations with the committee. We told them that the only way you could live in harmony with us was through a union of our peoples. A union which was strong, like a caring family. Because of our lifestyle, it was suggested to the committee that one of you could mate with one of us and share the resulting baby as a kind of savior. Only then could we be somewhat assured you would not kill us, for you may be killing one of your own! The committee reluctantly agreed and returned to your village to create the infamous Decree. And, of course, they did so without our knowledge.

“We had learned of the existence of the Decree from Sarah. Sarah had fought in the war. She knew the war was stupid and worthless in its objective. She was one of the few who wanted to take us up on our offer of food, instead of fighting us for it. She liked us a lot. So much so that she saved the life of one of our own during a particularly decisive battle.”

Kyrillos bowed his head in reverence. His eyebrows raised while his eyes looked down at his forehooves, one was lightly pawing the ground. “The centaur she saved was my father.” The mighty centaur choked on his words and trembled. “I’ll always remember Sarah.”

Kyrillos took a moment or two to compose himself. Larana looked on in sympathy. Abruptly, Kyrillos raised his head, shifted his weight to assume a defensive posture, and swished his tail to and fro

several times. Larana compared his actions to those of horses and realized he was annoyed and bordered on aggression. Kyrillos continued.

“Of course, this infuriated the committee. ‘If you like the centaurs so much,’ the committee taunted, ‘then go mate with them! But don’t you come back here unless you find a way to kill them! Or we will kill you instead!’

“Sarah and her parents all knew that the Decree was a farce but the committee had threatened them with extinction if they did not obey the Decree’s ‘criteria’. And so Sarah became the first Chosen One.

“The committee nearly carried out their threat against Sarah, even before she had a chance to mate with us. She had resisted the committee. So she was brutally beaten. And raped several times by each of the committee members, all the while neighing like wild savage stallion’s.

“‘This is what those centaurs are going to do to your daughter!’ they shrieked, laughing at Sarah’s petrified parents who were forced to watch the spectacle.

“When each of the committee members had finished venting their anger out on Sarah, they threw her bloodied, inert body into the back of a cart, drove to the edge of our village and dumped her there as a kind of sacrifice to the newly created god of fertility.

“She had broken bones and internal injuries and was found near death by my mother, Demeter. Demeter rushed her to Iason, The Healer. In turn, Iason performed his wonderment on Sarah, and within a few months, she was completely healed.

“Even though Sarah liked us a lot, she found it difficult to bring herself to try the various degrees of our lifestyle because of the trauma she had experienced. As I mentioned earlier, she did settle on the fifth degree, which she loved.

“We were appalled by the actions of the committee. We told them we were calling off the agreement and for them to stop sending us any more victims. Not wanting to lose the only chance they had of getting our military knowledge, the committee promised they would send us only volunteers, if we would continue on with the agreement. We reluctantly accepted.

“The committee quickly realized they could jeopardize the agreement if they upset us again. So they created the standard and advanced classes at your village stable to find candidates for the Chosen One, supposedly virgin girls who’d be willing to mate with anything.

“However, they still felt it necessary to intimidate the fathers into seeing to it that their daughters strive to be the Chosen One. And through the Chosen One’s father, intimidate her into believing it was her duty to follow the Decree and volunteer for service before the god of fertility!

“The god of fertility! Now there’s something that would force any father to give up his daughter!

“Larana, ask yourself this: if it were a centaur demanding all that’s in the decree would your father have sent you to him?”

“No. I guess not,” she admitted.

“Would he have, instead, defied the Elders and the Decree?”

“Yes. I think he would.”

Kyrillos continued.

“The committee thought so too. So they made up the god of fertility. A god to be feared. A god to blame for all your troubles, for your ever present food shortage, and especially for all the mistakes made by the committee.

“So you see, there is no god of fertility! But the goal of the Decree is there, however obscured it had become. That is, to mate with us and produce offspring. But the lies and intimidation used to get volunteers was all the handiwork of the committee.

“Even our mating preferences were wrongly assumed. Instead of asking us what we’d prefer they assumed we would like what they liked.

“We didn’t care if the so-called Chosen One was a man or woman, or what you call a boy or girl. We just wanted an offspring by the mating. But the committee chose to limit their choices to girls because they liked screwing around...ah, mating with them.”

Larana’s eyes lit up when Kyrillos used the words screwing around. She’d never heard those words before and was about to interrupt him when he corrected himself and said mating . She quickly associated the two together and mentally noted that she wanted to ask Kyrillos later as to what he’d meant by it. Kyrillos continued.

“We didn’t care if the Chosen One was a virgin. But the committee thought we did because they liked virgins.

“Your present Elders blindly obey the Decree, because forty- two years ago the last member of the committee had died and the true facts and intent of the Decree had died with him.

“He was also the last person to know of our existence. So, when he died, our village leaders decided peace would be better served if we did not renew our acquaintance with you, stirring up old fears and hatred.

“Since then, we’ve been careless a few times and were spotted, but the reports were dismissed as unbelievable. Hence, the legend of the centaur was born in your village.”

Kyrillos’ mood changed. His tensed muscles relaxed. His expression shifted to one of concern and his eyes softened.

“I risked revealing myself to you today on the chance you were the Chosen One. If you weren’t the Chosen One, then I’d have to hope I was just another sighting and that you wouldn’t be believed if you told anyone. But because you are the Chosen One, you are at risk of being killed by your Elders, and I cannot let that happen to someone as beautiful as you.

“Larana, you’re invited to stay with us for as long as you like. We offer you a longer life through our exhilarating lifestyle. You may choose to mate with us or not. That’s your choice. As a matter of fact, only one of the Chosen Ones has mated with us on a regular basis. And that’s Cinder. She started the day after she arrived in our village and she’s still going strong, even after seventy-seven years of fucking and sucking and cornholing!”

Again more words Larana didn’t know. But Kyrillos was too caught up in his offer to realize that he had blurted out the vernacular of the centaur’s lifestyle.

“Fucking? Sucking? Cornholing? What do you mean by those words?” Larana asked.

"Oh. Sorry," he said apologetically. He fought with himself whether to explain them haphazardly here, or wait and let Iason explain them later, that is, assuming she would go with him. He decided on the latter and said, "I guess you could say they're all different ways of mating. Like the phrase screwing around I used earlier."

Larana was correct in her assumption, then, of the association between the words screwing around and mating. And now she had more euphemisms in which to use. Kyrillos' definition seemed to satisfy Larana for the moment, but she would want a full accounting of their actual meanings later, especially in the use of the word sucking. I know what it means to suck water through a reed, she thought, but what does that have to do with mating?

"Come with me, Larana. Please? I'd fallen in love with you the first time I saw you nearly three months ago and, now more than ever, I want to make you very happy."

Kyrillos' dissertation about the Decree and its evil made sense to her and explained a lot. She felt she owed it to her father to learn more about the Decree; and about the war that was never taught in her school; and about the centaur people and why her people shunned them; and about the centaur lifestyle Kyrillos kept mentioning; and about that strange language he used, and its meaning. But, most importantly, she too felt she'd fallen in love with Kyrillos and wanted to be with him-forever.

"Would you like to meet the other Chosen Ones?" Kyrillos asked excitedly, enticing her with one more reason to say yes.

"Would I?" she said, matching Kyrillos' excitement. "You know I would!"

Larana's heart pounded with anticipation of meeting the other Chosen Ones, to ask them what it was like to live with the centaurs. And especially to ask Cinder what it was like to mate with them, particularly at her advanced age. Larana's stomach churned at the thought.

"Good. Do you want a ride?" Kyrillos asked, pivoting on his forelegs so that his hindtorso was positioned next to her body.

"It sure beats walking," she said, laughing.

Larana placed the rare orange rose on top of the tree stump, grabbed the centaur's thick left arm with both of her hands, and swung her right leg over his broad hindback. She positioned her weight over his center of gravity and grabbed his waist.

"How far is it to your village?" Larana asked, wanting to know how much walking she'd be saving.

"About fifty miles," he said.

Fifty miles! Larana thought to herself. No wonder the other Chosen Ones were found wandering around the forest with sad and fearful faces. They must have gotten themselves lost. She knew from her own experience how impossible it was to find her way around the dense forest. She remembered the day she'd ventured into the forest and had gotten herself lost. There was no sun, no stars, no mountains to guide her as the trees were too thick to see through. Fortunately, she hadn't gone so far into the forest that the village trumpets couldn't be heard, and when the sentinels blew the noontime trumpets, she found her way out. Since then, she's never gone beyond the clearing surrounding her favorite tree stump. That is, until now. Now she'll be going fifty miles into the uncharted forest. But this time there'll be a difference: she'll have a handsome centaur as her guide-and mount!

“We should be there in about two hours,” Kyrillos continued.

In two hours?!? How could he move so far in such short time? Larana asked herself in awe. None of the horses in her village could cover that much distance in two days, let alone two hours!

Kyrillos sashayed the short distance to the tree stump and picked up the canvas bag that leaned against it. He tossed it back to his eager passenger. Larana let go of Kyrillos’ waist and caught the heavy bag. Its weight passed through her body causing her vagina to crush against his angled withers, igniting her sexual desires. She wedged the bag between his foreback and her waist, resting it on top of her stained dress.

“Hold on!” Kyrillos said turning on his hind legs with the grace of an Olympic stallion. Larana barely had time enough to grab the centaur about his waist again when he leaned his foretorso forward and started to gallop towards his village.

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### **Chapter Three**

The pair moved swiftly through the dense forest. Loose hair fluttered wildly in the eddy currents that followed them. Larana squinted as Kyrillos’ shoulder length hair tickled her face and ears. She blinked to keep out the bugs and debris that rushed past her face. Air pressure forced Larana’s dress against her breasts and made it hard for her to breath; the same air pressure that caused her dress to rise up behind her and expose her bare back and buttocks to the cool wind while the rim of her dress tapped Kyrillos sporadically on his hindquarters.

Kyrillos galloped for two straight hours. His body temperature soared and his skin drenched with sweat.

As for Larana, two hours of continuous tactile stimulation of hot steamy centaur flesh porpoising against her exposed vagina and anus was too much for her. Her sexuality swelled.

His resilient hindshoulder muscles rippled between Larana’s clinging thighs, undulating her inflamed vagina. His bony withers knifed open her puffy outer vaginal lips while the soft, moist bristles of his hindbackhair carried her hypersensitive inner vaginal lips. Her engorged clitoris rasped across the ridges of his withers causing her head to bob up and down involuntarily.

Larana fought to keep her balance as her sexuality peaked. In raising her legs against the bottom of the bag to help stabilize herself, all Larana managed to do was to accelerate the explosion that seized her entire body.

Her spasming vagina instinctively sucked at Kyrillos’ withers, trying to draw it all up inside of her. Her anus opened and closed around the prickly hair bristles that matted in- between her parted thighs.

“Uhh! Uhh! Nnnn...Uhh!” came from Larana’s pursed lips. Over and over again.

Kyrillos thought Larana was in pain from the long run. He slowed down and turned his foretorso and head to see why she was making those weird noises. As he did so, he saw Larana was about to fall off to her left, her body twitching as gravity sought to yank her from her mount.

Kyrillos quickly countered her descent by sticking out his left arm and propping her up as he steadily slowed to a stop.

Larana's limp body draped over his arm. Her breath came in ragged gasps. Kyrillos twisted his foretorso even more towards the left to get a better hold of Larana as he eased her down towards the ground.

Her breathing slowed and deepened as if in a deep sleep.

"Are you alright?" Kyrillos asked with grave concern.

"Mmmmmmm," Larana responded with a half smile on her face; her eyes fluttered open with a glazed look about them. "I'm just fine. I've never felt this good before. I feel as though I'm having a nice, warm bath. And I feel as though I could sleep forever."

Kyrillos recognized the symptoms of her condition and knew what she had just gone through.

"You've just had a good cum," he said laughingly as he helped her stand on her still wobbly legs.

"A what?" Larana asked confused.

"A good cum. You know-an orgasm."

"Oh. Yes. I remember. But it was never like this before. Not this intense."

"I know," Kyrillos said. "You're turning into a stunning woman now. And you'll have many more of them-if I can help it."

Larana was beside herself. Does that mean Kyrillos will help her mate with a centaur? Maybe even with him? Her stomach once again churned at the thought of possibly mating with the most handsome creature in the land.

Kyrillos eased her close to him and kissed her full on the lips. Larana opened her mouth and traced the tip of her tongue along the furrow of his soft lips. Kyrillos was pleasantly startled. He was taught to interpret this as an invitation to exchange pleasure givings. And so, he parted his lips and teeth and smoothly telescoped his tongue until it touched hers. Fire struck the both of them like a flint spark on dried kindling.

Realizing they must wait until the proper time and place, Kyrillos broke away from their kiss and whispered to Larana, "Later, Precious. We must be going."

Larana melted in Kyrillos' strong arms. Never had she felt so totally safe with anyone. Anyone except, maybe, her father. And when Kyrillos used the word precious in the same way her father did, Larana knew she wanted to be with him forever.

"Here, let me help you up," Kyrillos said grabbing Larana by her waist and hoisting her up. Larana's legs were regaining their strength back, but she had some trouble splitting them apart for the mount.

"We're just outside my village now. Hang on the best you can. I'll take it slow," he said assuredly.

Kyrillos started off walking slow, then increased his speed to a lope once he knew Larana was able to hold on securely. Having recovered enough of her strength, Larana urged the mighty centaur to go faster. And he did. Because he was concerned for her well being, Kyrillos only sped up to a trot. But a trot so smooth, Larana hardly noticed they were moving at all. And yet they moved through the remaining forest so swiftly, Larana hardly had time to notice they were breaking through the wall of

trees into a great expanse.

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Chapter Four

Lush green grass carpeted the way towards the centaur's village. Several log cabins dotted the base of the mountain. Each cabin was about a mile or two apart and constructed nearly the same as Larana's own cabin.

Between the cabins were patches of various kinds of flora and vegetation, all of which Larana had never seen before. All except, that is, for a large patch of flowers off in the distance waving colorfully in the mountain air breeze. She recognized the blooms of the orange rose, like the one Kyrillos had given her.

Larana was startled.

Oh my gosh! she thought to herself. The orange rose that Kyrillos gave me! I left it on my favorite tree stump. What am I going to do?

Her thoughts searched for a solution. If the orange rose was never there to be found, the villagers would not attempt to find her. And the centaur's village would be safe. But the orange rose was there, on the tree stump, in all of its magnificent glory. If a villager was to find it, it would be proof that myths do exist. And the villagers might be motivated to look for other myths and discover the centaur's village. That might lead to another bloody war. And Larana would never forgive herself if that were to happen.

"The cabin closest to us is occupied by my family," Kyrillos panted, pointing straight ahead.

"Kyrillos, please stop," Larana said urgently.

"What's wrong?" Kyrillos asked, alarmed.

"I have something to tell you. Something you should know."

Kyrillos slowed to a stop. "Alright, Precious. Tell me what I should know."

"I...I left the orange rose on the tree stump back there," she said, hesitantly.

"Oh no! I forgot all about it. Damn! My ass is in a sling now," he said with a child-like quality.

Larana's head was spinning with so many words she didn't understand. All she could do was grin sheepishly, and hope he'll explain in time what he's really saying. Meanwhile, Kyrillos got his emotions under control and added, "I'm sorry, Larana. I didn't mean to talk like this in front of you. It's just that- well, I'm in big trouble with my parents. I wasn't supposed to take anything with me when I went out to find you. But you were so beautiful the first time I saw you, I just had to give you one of our most beautiful flowers."

"What will you do, Kyrillos?"

"I don't know, yet. But right now, could we just keep it to ourselves?"

Larana smiled and nodded an emphatic yes. Believing in that Larana would not allow this mistake be known, Kyrillos was relieved and smiled too.

“Good. I’ll go back later tonight and get it. That way no one will know,” he said as he continued with their journey. “Hang on, again! It won’t be long now!”

Like a sprinter getting his last kick in before the finish line, Kyrillos put forth a final burst of speed and shifted into a gallop.

Excitedly, Larana saw three centaurs working around the perimeter of the cabin Kyrillos had pointed to earlier. One centaur looked almost twice the height of the smaller one. The three figures grew larger with each passing second.

When Kyrillos galloped to within 500 feet of the cabin, Larana saw the three figures abruptly stop what they were doing. Foretorsos erected and heads turned—almost in unison. The three figures waved at the pair coming toward them and Kyrillos waved back.

“I’m having a hard time hanging on,” Larana said, aching from the long ride and exhausted from her exquisite orgasm a while ago. “Would you slow down so I can wave too?”

“Sure.”

Kyrillos slowed back to his smooth trot. Larana let go of his upper waist and placed a hand on one of her aching thighs while raising the other hand to wave back.

As they approached to within 100 feet of the centaur trio, Larana saw that the smallest centaur was actually a beautiful centaress.

“Hello!” came a greeting from the largest centaur.

“Hello, Father!” Kyrillos yelled back.

Kyrillos turned his head slightly to the left towards Larana. “That’s my father, Demos,” he said with pride. “He’s our people’s spokestaur. Has been for the past 20 years. And the little one is my sister, Hebe. Her name means youth.. and daughter of Zeus. She’ll turn one year old tomorrow.”

Kyrillos chuckled.

“What’s so funny?” Larana questioned.

“I’ve always thought it funny that if her name means youth, then will she have to change it when she gets older?”

Larana laughed. “I guess it was your parents’ intention to have a daughter whose name means eternal youth.”

Kyrillos liked her observation.

“Your thoughts are always so beautiful,” he said admiringly. “I find I love you more and more with each passing moment.”

“I do, too, Kyrillos,” Larana returned in kind. “Who’s the other centaur?”

“That’s my brother, Erastus. His name means beloved, a giver of love and beloved in return. My mother, Demeter, should be in the cabin. Her name means fertility goddess.”

Larana quickly added, “And what does your name mean?”

"Lordly one," he said with a sigh. "But after leaving the orange rose back there, I should be called Adiosus, the dunce."

"I thought we agreed we weren't going to mention any of that," Larana admonished.

"You're right, Larana," he said apologetically. "Here, Larana," Kyrillos said in glee. "Meet my family."

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## Chapter Five

"Father! Erastus! Hebe! Come! Meet my friend!" Kyrillos said in excitement mixed with shortness of breath. "Her name is Larana!"

Kyrillos stopped just short of the three centaurs standing before him. He swung his foretorso around in time to help Larana dismount. The canvas bag, having been ignored, fell to the ground with a dull thud sound.

Larana brushed and straightened her dress. Then looked up. Towering over her was Kyrillos' father.

"Hello, little one," Demos said in a deep self-assured voice.

Little one? Larana thought to herself. She looked around. Everyone, except the centaress, was taller than her by at least a foot. That was a switch from the normal. In her village, most people had to look up to her. Now it was most evident that most of the centaur people will have to look down at her.

"Hello, mister Demos," Larana said bowing her head and curtsying.

"Just Demos, please, Larana," he said with a broad smile. "We're all informal here in the village. Feel free to be as uninhibited as you like."

"Thank you," she said, her body relaxing. She turned to the smallest male centaur and said, "You must be Erastus." Erastus blushed at the sound of his name coming from the pretty human woman. "And you must be Hebe," she said turning towards the only member of the family that was shorter than Larana.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," the centaress said, welcoming Larana with outstretched arms. "Are you the Chosen One?"

Larana took hold of each of Hebe's offered hands while Erastus put his right hand on Larana's shoulder. "Yes, I am," she said, her head bowing in remorse.

"Oh, goody!" Hebe exclaimed cheerfully. "I can get screwed in time for my birthday! I can't wait! I'll finally know what it's like to cum!"

Larana's thoughts switched to her own terrific orgasm a little while ago, and she hoped Hebe could experience something even half as wonderful.

"Remember, Hebe," Demos cautioned, "our guest is here for another purpose. Larana must first be tested by Iason to see if she can screw around with us. Only if she's fit to fuck, will the sex lessons begin. Not before."

Demos turned to Larana.

“You see, we told Hebe she’ll have to wait until the Chosen One was found and tested before we would educate her in the joys of sex...Oh, I forgot. You don’t know that word.”

“Yes, I do!” Larana blurted out excitedly. “It’s the word for mating. Kyrillos told me.”

Demos turned his head towards Kyrillos. Kyrillos thought he was going to get a scolding for prematurely telling Larana about some of the centaur’s vernacular. He lowered his head while maintaining eye contact with his father. But instead of harsh words, Demos winked at his first-born son. Kyrillos raised his head and grinned.

“I see Kyrillos has saved us some time in getting you started understanding our language. I hope you’re just as adept at learning our lifestyle,” Demos said to Larana.

“Hey! What about me?” interrupted Erastus, his hooves shuffling around. “I had to wait even longer than Hebe. I’m still a virgin, too, you know!” Erastus took his hand away from Larana’s shoulder and intertwined it with his other arm, resting the resulting mass upon his still developing chest, a frown adorning his face.

“Yes,” Hebe said, giggling. “And he just can’t keep his hands off me, either.”

“Father...” Erastus said meekly turning to Demos. “I’ve only used foreplay. You know that.”

“Yes, I know,” Demos said reassuringly. “That’s all I’ve allowed. But now that Larana is here, you’ll all have a chance of getting fucked to within an inch of your lives.”

“Yea!” Erastus and Hebe said in unison. Hebe broke her hands away from Larana’s grip and started running around the front of the cabin with her rear hooves kicking this way and that. Erastus unfolded his arms and started lightly rubbing his body all over with the palms of his hands. His head raised up towards the sky. His eyes closed, nostrils flared and lips grew into a smile. His back arched and his penis poked out invitingly from its protective sheath.

Larana was ambivalent. She was excited about the coming sex lessons that Demos eluded to, but that she was also worried about the tests that Iason would perform on her. What if I failed, Larana thought to herself.

“Don’t worry,” came an unfamiliar voice. A pair of hands cupped the underside of Larana’s chin, its owner’s wrists brushing lightly against Larana’s earlobes, tickling them. Larana slowly looked up to see the upside-down face of a woman. A tall woman.

Larana turned around and saw that it was no woman. Instead, it was another centauress, a much taller centauress, that had comforted her.

Kyrillos interjected. “Larana, this is my mother, Demeter.”

“Pleased to meet you, ma’am,” Larana said, admiringly. This was the most stunning female creature Larana had ever seen.

At first, Larana couldn’t identify what was making her uncomfortable since her arrival at Kyrillos’ cabin. But now she knew: the centaurs wore no clothes.

Larana noticed Hebe was a female and that Hebe’s breasts and vagina were not covered—the latter

discovered when Hebe ran around the front of the cabin, her tail swishing around and around, exposing her vagina to all who dared to look.

No female in Larana's village was allowed to be seen naked by anyone outside of their family. Covering the female form acted as a sexual inhibitor. And that meant a greater chance of the female remaining a virgin.

This inhibition effect on Larana didn't surface with Hebe because Hebe's breasts were just beginning to develop and there was no outward signs of female growth yet taking place.

But now, here stands before her a stunning centauress with full, well-rounded, well-tanned breasts.

Demeter noticed Larana staring at her breasts. "Do you like these?" Demeter said while cupping them underneath like she did Larana's chin a moment ago. She lifted them up and squeezed them together.

"They're beautiful," Larana said in awe. "I've never seen bare breasts before. Except mine. But mine haven't developed yet."

"Before we end up in an all-out orgy here," Demos wisely broke in, "we better have some dinner, then go see Iason. Don't you think?"

"Yes. You're right my lover," Demeter agreed.

"Are you hungry, Larana?" Demos asked.

"Hungry?" Larana echoed. "I'm starved."

They all laughed. All except Hebe who was still running and jumping around singing, "I'm going to get fucked tomorrow...I'm going to get fucked tomorrow..." And except Erastus who was licking his lips and softly grunting while his fully erect penis was rhythmically beating against his chest barrel and emitting spurts of clear fluid from its urethral process.

"Come on everyone let's have something to eat," Demeter shouted so Hebe could hear.

Its loudness, however, did not break Erastus' concentration. So Demeter reached under Erastus' chest barrel and grabbed that part of his penis between the sheath and the first fold ring with her right hand, and placed the palm of her left hand against the penis' flaring tip. The pressure on the penis' tip coupled with the squeezing action Demeter was putting on the penis base caused Erastus to hump her hand, involuntarily.

"Cum, baby," she said soothingly.

"Go for it!" yelled Demos.

"You can do it!" cried Hebe, who had returned in time to get a treat watching Erastus ejaculate for the very first time.

Erastus was supposed to wait for the lessons to begin tomorrow, but Demeter noticed Erastus was fast reaching the point of sexual no return and hurried to help him climb to a stronger orgasm than would have normally been possible through singular masturbation.

Larana heard the sound of strong hooves beating against crisp grass as Kyrillos returned to the scene with a long cup-like device in hand. He skirted around to the other side of Erastus' jerking

body, knelt down on his forelegs and held the opening of the cup-like device just under the union of palm against flaring tip.

“O.K.” said Kyrillos in a calculating tone to his mother.

Demeter removed her left hand from Erastus’ penis tip while directing the shaft towards the cup-like opening with her right hand.

The cup-like device had a leather casing, about 18 inches long, surrounding a pliable inner lining. The inner lining was attached to the edge of the leather casing on one end. It was this end that Kyrillos directed towards Erastus’ flaring tip. The other end of the inner lining protruded out the other end of the leather casing. Attached to the free end of the inner lining was a large clear bottle.

The palm of Erastus’ right hand brushed lightly over the face of his chest muscles while his left hand kneaded the left muscle situated in-between his forelegs.

Erastus’ humping increased in speed when Kyrillos plugged the flared tip into the orifice of the cup-like device. Erastus buried half of his 12 inch penis into the cup-like device and Larana saw the bottle begin to fill with bubbly liquid. The liquid was clear at first, like the unclouded fluid she saw coming from Erastus’ member a few moments before. But two humps- -and about two ounces-later, the liquid turned into translucent, then opaque, white fluid, shimmering in the midday sunlight.

“At a boy, Erastus,” exclaimed Kyrillos.

“That’s my boy!” cried Demos, foreback erect, chest out and looking around proudly.

The large bottle filled to about one-eighth full when Erastus’ humping pace began to slow down.

Kyrillos eased the cup-like device off of Erastus’ deflating penis, the bottle end held lower than the opening.

Just as quickly as he came with the cup-like device, Kyrillos left with it; all the while holding up the opening with his right hand above his head and cradling the bottle with his left hand about chest high.

As Kyrillos disappeared into the cabin, Demeter slapped her hand on Erastus’ flank saying, “Come on, Neander. Let’s have some dinner before we all lose control.”

“Who or what is Neander,” Larana whispered to Hebe.

Hebe raised her right hand to her mouth to shield her lips from the others. “Neander is the current record holder for producing the most cum,” she whispered back. “They say he squirted 138.22 ounces-over a gallon! He’s just a little above average in height, but, golly, does he ever have huge nuts!” Hebe cradled her right hand into her left hand and placed them against her chest. “Oh, what a stud! “

Demeter led the way towards the cabin door, followed closely by a weary Erastus, then by Hebe who kept trying to get a closer look at Erastus’ dangling penis as it wiggled about.

Demos went to Larana, who was numbed by the scene, and placed the flat of his right hand onto the back of her head. “Quite a sight, huh?” he said stating the obvious.

“Why yes, it was. I’ve never seen anything like that thing Kyrillos was holding. What was that?”

"It's called an artificial cunt. Or AC, for short," Demos said.

"An artificial cunt?" Larana asked, bewildered. "What's a cunt?"

"Vagina," replied Demos. "You have a real cunt, just like Demeter and Hebe. The AC is an artificial centaur cunt. It's used to collect centaur cum for later use. Kyrillos is readying the cum Erastus produced to take to Iason for testing."

"What will Iason test it for?"

"He'll test it for mobility, morbidity, motility, deformity and count."

"For what?"

"Mobility, morbidity, motility, deformity and count. Mobility is how much energy the sperm travels with. Morbidity is how many sperm are dead in ratio to live sperm. Motility is whether or not the sperm travels in a straight line. Deformity is how good it looks. And count is the estimated number of sperm that has high energy, obviously not dead, travels in a straight line and is not deformed."

"This being Erastus' first cum," Larana added, "I suppose his count will be low 'cause his testicles are just starting to produce sperm."

"Very good, Larana," Demos said. "But, although his count is low, the total energy contained in his solution is far greater than that of the average collection. And it's a place of high honor in our society to produce the greatest total cum energy. We call it TCE."

"Then Neander produced the greatest TCE ever, since he holds the record for the greatest volume," Larana surmised.

"Where did you learn of Neander?"

"Demeter mentioned his name and Hebe told me who he was."

"That Hebe. She's in love with him. Or more to the point: she's in love with his sexual equipment. I admit, he does have impressive balls. But his record cum did not yield the greatest TCE. He always had a lot of dead and deformed sperm which contributes nothing towards the TCE."

Demos continued, "No, the record holder for the greatest TCE is Oreias, the mountaineer. Everything about him seems to shout virility. You'll meet him at the watering hole tonight."

"The watering hole?"

"Yes. The watering hole. It's a place for our people to have food and drink and fun together."

"Oh. A tavern," Larana offered.

"Yes. Yes, a tavern. I've been to one of your taverns. It's so dreary there. People never seemed to have fun there. They only drank your peculiar kind of spirits and either passed out or got sick. I guess they did that to make themselves forget their state of affairs."

What Demos said was true. Oh, how true he was, Larana thought. She was glad she was gone from there, renewing her hunger for the centaur way of life. Hunger—

"Are you coming for dinner or not?" shouted Demeter, her head poking out from the cabin.

"Coming, my lover," Demos shouted back as he ushered Larana toward the cabin.

"Oh. I almost forgot my bag," Larana said as she abruptly changed direction toward the bag. The casing was scuffed, the drawstring was broken and some of the contents had spilled out onto the grass.

Larana quickly gathered the loose objects and picked up the bag by its orifice. She looked at the bag momentarily and frowned. She felt something was not quite right about the bag, but she couldn't identify why she felt that way. She shrugged the feeling off and went back to Demos, his right hand still outstretched towards Larana.

Demos once again rested the palm of his hand on the back of Larana's head as she walked next to him, her left hand reaching out and pressing against his powerful hindshoulder muscles for added support.

Demos looked down towards Larana and knowingly smiled. The Chosen One was here at last!

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Chapter Six

Demos directed Larana to go into the cabin first. She stepped tentatively over the water barrier that protruded up from the earthen foundation. Even though the doorway was nearly twice as tall as she was, Larana automatically ducked her head as she went in. She was used to a seven foot doorway at her cabin, and if she bounced across the threshold, she would always hit her head.

Once safely inside, Larana looked around the one-room cabin. There were many strange-looking things along each wall.

"Come on, everyone. Dinner's on," said Demeter.

Larana noticed Demeter standing near a table that stood about two feet off of the flooring. On it were various kinds of plates, cups and saucers, and goblets filled with water. There were several vases with colorful arrangements of flowers decorating most of the unused spaces on the table.

As Larana and Demos moved towards the dinner table, Kyrillos rushed past them.

"You have it?" Demos asked Kyrillos.

"Yes, sir!" replied Kyrillos holding up a small smoked- colored vial.

"Hurry back," Demeter said as she closed in on the trio.

As Kyrillos hurried out the door, Larana turned to Demos and Demeter and asked, "Where's he going?"

"He's going to Iason's cabin to have Erastus' cum analyzed," Demeter said.

"Don't worry, little one," Demos added, noticing Larana's uneasiness about being left alone with people she'd only met a few moments ago. "He'll be back before you know it."

"Come. Let's all have something to eat," Demeter said ushering Larana to the nearest place setting. "This is your resting place."

Demeter pointed to what looked like a canvas bag that was filled with something. Larana bent down and pushed the tips of her fingers into the material. It gave way. She pushed harder and harder until she felt some resistance to her advances. She grabbed a handful of material which made it possible to grab some of the bag's contents as well. She could feel the material inside the bag roll among themselves, as if little balls of something was what was inside it.

"We call that a beanbag," Hebe said as she went to her usual place for eating and plopped down into her own beanbag. Larana could hear the beans inside crunch, yet it didn't seem to break them. Larana came to this conclusion because she observed obvious long wear on the bag's covering yet the contents still crunched as Hebe let her full weight sink into the bag.

Larana noticed her beanbag was the only one that looked like it was unused. "Your bags are all so worn and mine looks new," Larana said knowingly.

"We made yours especially for you, Larana," Erastus said as he, too, plopped his full weight into his own beanbag. His bag crunched louder than Hebe's. "Or should I say Kyrillos made it for you. He insisted on making it extra special for you, on account of..."

"Shhhhh..." Demeter interrupted. "Let Kyrillos tell her."

Larana was too busy thinking about the beanbags to register that something was being hushed.

"Our bags are worn, Larana, because we've broken them into the way we like them," Demeter said to keep Larana's attention on the beanbag subject. "We love them this way. They're very comfortable."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Larana said, ashamed. "I thought you were poor like me and my father."

"No, child," Demos said comfortingly. "None of us here in the centaur's village are poor. In fact, we generally have no need for money. We all share alike. Just as we're about to do with this evening's dinner-with you."

Just as Larana was about to kneel into her new beanbag, Demos looked at Demeter and said, "Aren't we forgetting something important, Demeter?"

"Yes, Demos you're right," Demeter said. "Larana, we need to weigh you before I can serve you your meal. You see, all our meals are measured so that we get exactly the right amount of food. Not too much and not too little. That way we make the most of our food. As you can see by our bodies, we do not have an ounce of fat on them. Nor are we skinny.

"This measurement is based on a person's weight," Demeter continued. "As a matter of fact, we should all weigh ourselves. It's been a couple of weeks since our last group measurements."

Hebe jumped up, nearly falling over her own hooves as she got tangled up in the beanbag's fabric. "Oops!" she said with a reddened face, knowing full well she had been warned before not to get so excited when she was at the dinner table. "Sorry. I just wanted to be the first to get weighed. I think I've grown some more."

Hebe looked down at her breasts. "Mother, don't you think I've filled out just a little?"

"I think you've grown a lot, Hebe," Demeter said, "but you have a ways to go. And once you've started the lessons, you'll grow even more. And quicker, too."

"Oh, goody," Hebe said with a wide smile.

"Alright, then, group. Let's all get weighed as your mother suggests," Demos said.

Erastus and Larana got up together and joined the rest of the family near the weighing machine. Larana had never seen such a thing before. They had no reason in her village to weigh anything. They knew nothing about efficient feeding.

"Alright, Hebe. You go first to show Larana how it's done," Demeter said, taking charge.

Hebe approached the weighing device. It was made of material Larana did not recognize. There was a very large platform that rested over a slightly smaller base. When Hebe got on the platform, Larana noticed it moved slightly, sinking down over the smaller base that remained stationary. The smaller base was attached to a large vertical column with a large dial at the top. The top being five feet off of the floor.

"600 pounds!" exclaimed Demos. "That's my little one."

Demos hugged Hebe. "You're growing into quite a wonderful woman. Pretty soon, you'll no longer be father's little one."

"I'll always be your little one for you, father," Hebe said lovingly squeezing Demos in return.

"Alright, Larana. It's your turn," Demeter said moving traffic along.

Larana got up carefully, not knowing how much it would give way under her weight. She didn't want to fall and look clumsy. But when she got on, it felt solid, unlike what she saw happen to Hebe.

"You barely register, Larana. 150 pounds," Demeter said.

"Tee Hee," Hebe giggled. "I'm four times as grown up as you are."

"Now Hebe, remember human's don't weigh as much when they're full-grown as we do. She's quite a woman in human standards."

"I'm sorry, Larana," Hebe said apologetically.

"That's alright, Hebe. No harm done," Larana said accepting Hebe's implied apology.

"We better take heights as well as weights," Demos said redirecting everyone's attention back to the task at hand.

"Good idea," Demeter said.

Demeter slid a measuring device alongside the scale. It had two arms that rotated around a very tall shaft. The lower arm usually measured the centaur's height at his withers. This time, Demeter was using it to measure Larana's height. The upper arm usually measured his height at the top of his head.

Demeter slid the lower arm over Larana's head, then lowered it until it rested firmly on top of Larana's head.

"19, 2 hands even," Demeter said. Meanwhile Demos had gotten a writing device and parchment to record the family statistics.

"19, 2 hands in height and 150 pounds in weight," Demos repeated.

"Right," Demeter confirmed.

"And Hebe was 600 pounds."

"Right."

"Alright, Hebe. Would you please get back on and we'll measure your height," Demos suggested.

"Sure, father," Hebe said, anxious for another chance to show everyone how much she's grown.

Demeter swung the lower arm over Hebe's withers and the upper arm over Hebe's head, lowering the two arms so they both rested snugly on Hebe's flesh.

"Nine hands, one point two-withers; 15 hands, zero point two- -head."

"9:1.2, withers, 15:0.2, head. Got it," Demos said.

"Hi, everyone," Kyrillos said returning to the cabin. "I see everyone is getting weighed."

"We thought we better do it now so everything's just right," Demos said winking at Kyrillos. "How'd the tests go on Erastus' cum."

"Great!!!" Kyrillos shouted excitedly. "The best Iason has seen in a long, long while."

Kyrillos turned toward Erastus and said, "Iason says you should be proud of yourself and would be honored if you'd like to try for a week's collection starting next week."

"Ohhhhh!" Erastus said, blushing. "I don't know what to say."

"What? What?" Larana asked not knowing what Erastus is so embarrassed about.

Kyrillos turned toward Larana and said, "Iason thinks Erastus' cum is so energetic that he's offered Erastus the cummer of the week honor."

"What does that mean?" Larana asked.

"It means Erastus is embarrassed 'cause he beat out 23 other contenders for the honor. And he didn't even try for it!" Turning towards Erastus, Kyrillos said, "Would you tell him your answer tonight when Larana goes to be tested?"

"You know my answer, Kyrillos," Erastus said smirking. "I'd love to accept that honor. I'll get to cum and cum like I always wanted to." Erastus looked at his father and winked.

"Aren't you glad you waited?" Demos asked. "If you had shot your wad before this, you'd probably just produce ordinary stuff and Iason wouldn't have looked twice at it."

"You're right, father. And I'm glad," Erastus said pleased he had waited.

"Good! Let's get back to measuring so's we can have some dinner. I'm starved."

The rest of the family got on the scales, one by one.

Erastus measured 14:3.4 hands withers, 24:0.1 hands head and 1350 pounds.

Kyrillos at 15:2.7 hands withers, 25:1.5 hands head and 1425 pounds.

The scale seemed to groan when Demos got on to be measured. Not so much because of his height—he measured 16:2 hands withers and 26:2.8 hands head—but rather because of his weight. He weighed 1500 pounds which was breaching the limits of the scale.

Larana thought the scale seemed to give a sigh of relief when Demeter got on it after Demos. She only weighed 1000 pounds and she measured 15:2 hands withers and 25:0.3 hands head.

“Let’s have some dinner now, please ,” Demos pleaded.

“Alright, Demos. Please be patient,” Demeter said.

Everyone, except Demeter, went to their beanbag and laid down on them. Demeter went to the food preparation area to adjust some food proportions. Most notable Hebe’s and Erastus’. They had grown since the last weigh-in, so they were allowed more food. And, of course, Larana’s food was measured out and put before her.

Larana saw several things in front of her to eat. Demeter moved in-between Hebe and Larana so that she could easily point to each of the items and explain what they were.

“This is your main meal, Larana,” Demeter said pointing to the plate immediately in front of Larana.

What Demeter had pointed to was a small pile of green colored cylindrical objects about one-third inch in diameter and about one inch long.

“It’s called enerjax,” Demeter continued, “a high energy food concentrate. It was first made by Thinx, the father of all the centaurs, about 5000 years ago. It’s still the most powerful concentrated food today.”

“And best of all, it tastes so good, too,” Hebe interrupted. “Try it, Larana.”

Larana looked around the table and saw everyone picking up pieces of enerjax with their fingers. Larana did likewise.

She felt the cylinder-like object. It was hard. And Larana could hear the enerjax crunch as each centaur bit down on them.

Except for the ends, the enerjax was smooth in texture. Larana concluded that each piece of enerjax was broken from a longer piece—probably from a continuous rod of enerjax. The smaller pieces made it easier to put in the mouth and chew.

Larana raised the piece of enerjax to her nose. It smelled delicious, like mint leaves.

“We’re vegetarian by nature,” Demos said. “Enerjax is made from a blend of fruits, vegetables, grasses, spices and the panacea discovered by Thinx. It’s the jax part of enerjax.

“No doubt you smell the mint.”

Larana nodded yes.

“That’s from jax. We use jax for practically everything.

“If you have a cut on your finger, put it in jax. By the time you remove your finger, the cut has

healed.”

Kyrillos added, “That’s what we used to heal our wounded after the war was over. And what we gave to Sarah to help her get well.”

Demos changed the subject for a moment.

“How much did you tell Larana, Kyrillos?” Demos asked.

“Only about the war and Sarah and the other Chosen ones, father.”

“Good. I wouldn’t have wanted you to spoil the surprise.”

“No, father. I wouldn’t do that.”

“What surprise?” Larana asked excitedly.

“We can’t tell you yet, Larana,” Demos said. Larana looked disappointed, but the rest of the centaur family smirked and giggled. “If we told you now, it wouldn’t be a surprise. You’ll have to wait until tonight.”

“What’s tonight?” Larana asked.

“We’re all going to celebrate your arrival at the watering hole,” Erastus said. “And maybe we can even celebrate my first cum.”

“You better believe it, Erastus,” Demos said proudly. “I want everyone to hear of your accomplishment and your invitation by Iason.”

Larana put the piece of enerjax in her mouth and bit down on it. Even though it crunched, it quickly seemed to melt in her mouth. The mint flavor burst through.

“Oh this is very good,” Larana exclaimed.

“We’re glad you like it,” Demeter said.

Everyone was smiling.

“If this is the main meal,” Larana observed, “how come there’s not much of it—especially for you Demos.”

Demos looked down at his plate. There was a small mound of enerjax covering it, enough to fill a quart bottle.

“Enerjax is very concentrated,” he said. “It has to be, or we would perish. We have very small mouths in relation to our physical size. Regular grass, for instance, would not sustain us. Even if we ate it every waking moment, it would not meet our energy requirements.

“Enerjax solved that problem. There’s two and one-half pounds of enerjax here. I have it twice a day. One pound of enerjax for every 300 pounds of body weight. That’s all that’s needed.”

“But,” Larana said, not totally convinced, “don’t you get hungry after a while. There’s so little of it.”

“Not at all. Part of what makes enerjax work is that it takes it’s time going through the digestive

tract so that every bit of energy is absorbed. To be exact: 98 percent of the total energy available is absorbed.

"I'm not hungry until it's time for my next meal. That is, except for today's dinner," Demos said with a grin. He looked at Erastus who was taking a drink of water from his goblet. "I was starved because there was a long delay while my son was getting his rocks off."

Erastus looked up and then at his father.

"Don't worry, son," Demos said. "It was worth the wait."

"You should have a quarter pound of enerjax in front of you," Demos continued. "Is that right, Demeter?"

"Yes," Demeter replied. "I measured exactly one-quarter pound. You'll find, Larana, that that would be enough for you. You won't be hungry again until tomorrow morning."

Larana was amazed. If what they were saying was true, then a typical person in her village would only need 180 pounds of enerjax per year to live on and not go hungry ever again. Why didn't the village elders take up the centaur's offer for this truly remarkable foodstuff? Larana thought to herself. What idiots they were.

"...And because you need such a small amount," Demos continued, "there's no danger of getting tired of it's flavor. But just in case, we have a variety of liquids to drink—each with its own unique taste. Try your orange drink, Larana."

Demos pointed towards Larana's goblet.

"It's made from the orange rose."

Larana blushed. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Kyrillos looking knowingly at her. Because of their secret, Larana couldn't keep from blushing when the orange rose was mentioned.

Larana picked up the goblet and placed it to her lips. The piquant aroma tingled her sinuses. Larana recognized it to be a wine. A very special wine. She took a sip. It was marvelous.

"Ohhh, this is good, too," Larana said savoring the flavor. "I'm going to like it here, very much."

"I'm so happy," Demeter said.

And the rest of the centaur family nodded in agreement.

Larana changed the direction of the conversation.

"If I am the Chosen One you expected," Larana said, "who am I to mate with?"

Larana popped another piece of enerjax into her mouth.

"Me!" Kyrillos said excitedly.

Everyone picked up Kyrillos' excitement and laughed. It was decided a long time ago Kyrillos would be the Chosen One's mate. But Kyrillos instinctively spoke up quickly, just in case anyone had forgotten. That's why they were all laughing: Kyrillos reminded them each and every day for months that it was his turn to mate with a human. And when they finally couldn't stand it any more, Demos

decided to let Kyrillos look for the Chosen One instead of doing the daily chores. That's the reason Erastus was hushed earlier. So Kyrillos, himself, could tell Larana that he was to mate with her.

"How'll it be possible for me to mate with you, Kyrillos?" Larana asked. "And for me to conceive and give birth to your child?"

"You'll learn how from Iason," Kyrillos said. "Tonight."

Larana was left wondering as everyone finished their meals.

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## **Chapter Seven**

"It's time to go," Kyrillos said as he took Larana's hand.

Larana had dozed off after the filling meal she just had, coupled with the effects the orange wine had on her.

"You can sleep later," he said. "It's time for you to see Iason, the Healer."

Larana got up groggily. Her legs were like rubber.

Hebe helped Larana steady herself as her senses came back to normal.

"Wow!" Larana said. "That was some meal."

"If you're not used to all that high energy," Kyrillos said, "it has that effect on you."

"Alright everybody," Demeter said from across the room. "Let's get a move on. Larana needs to see Iason before we can catch the show at the watering hole."

Larana climbed upon Kyrillos' hindback and hung onto his forewaist. It was a warm night, so no one needed to cover up the hairless parts of their bodies-the human-looking parts. And the moon was full and bright, lighting the way towards Iason's cabin.

The Demos family was greeted by an elderly centaur with a gray-white hair all over.

"Hello," the older centaur said.

"Hello, Iason," Demos said in return.

"Do you have the Chosen One with you?" Iason asked.

"Yes, we do. Her name is Larana."

The centaur family huddled around Iason. Larana scooted down off of Kyrillos' hindback.

Iason moved to Larana.

"How are you, my child?" Iason asked, bowing his foretorso, taking Larana's hand and kissing the back of it.

"A little scared, right now," Larana replied, curtsying.

"Don't be," Iason said, soothingly. "I won't harm you. I promise."

"Larana you are here to fulfill your village's Decree. Do you know what it is?"

Larana nodded her head affirmatively. Iason looked at each family member as if to find out who told her.

"I told her," Kyrillos confessed.

"How much did you tell her?" Iason inquired.

"I told her about the decree; the war for food; and Sarah, Cindy and Pebble."

"Good! That saves us some time," Iason said with a smile. Kyrillos was relieved. He thought he was going to get a scolding for revealing what was properly Iason's duty.

"I want to see the show tonight at the Watering Hole," Iason continued, enthusiastically. "I understand there's someone who's graduated to the second degree. And I don't want to miss seeing that!"

"You see, my child," Iason said turning toward Larana, "I'm the only one who's ever graduated to the second degree. How old do you think I am, my child?"

Larana guessed 100 years old.

"Wrong. Demos?"

"Larana," Demos said. "Iason, the Healer, is 637 years old!"

Larana was dumbfounded. How can anyone be that old and still be as young looking as he does—except, maybe, for his gray-white hair which Larana knows comes from aging.

"How old does a centaur normally live?" Larana asked in order to compare Iason's age with the average lifespan of a centaur.

"Normally 100 years old, Larana," Iason said. "But that was before the discovery of enerjax by Thinx, 5103 years ago. Now, the average lifespan is about 700 years."

Larana was amazed by the centaur's lifespan. It was difficult to understand 70 years, let alone 700 years! Larana was even more amazed by Iason's apparent youthful appearance compared to the average centaur lifespan.

"How..." Larana started but was interrupted by Iason.

"How am I so young looking?" Iason asked anticipating Larana's question. Larana nodded yes. "Because of the second degree of lifestyle I enjoy. That's why I'm so anxious to see if it's true there's someone else who's mastered the second degree."

"For me, my second degree lifestyle will help me reach nearly 900 years in age."

Demos chimed in, "A veritable young whipper-snapper, wouldn't you say, Larana?"

"Oh, hush up, you," Iason said, sticking out his tongue as a child would do.

Larana laughed. The uneasiness had left her.

Iason took Larana's hand and pointed towards the cabin door.

"Let's go inside," Iason requested.

Everyone moved toward the cabin.

Larana was first to enter as Iason let her hand go as if she were 'following through' a waltz dance release. This time through a centaur doorway, Larana knew she didn't have to duck her head.

Larana recognized the lumps set along the left side of the room as beanbags. But there were many other things Larana saw upon entering Iason's cabin that startled her. Along the backside of the room was exquisite cabinetwork. Its beauty took Larana's breath away. And on top of the cabinetry was very odd looking glassware with tubes going every which way, connecting the glassware together. Larana had never seen the likes of them before.

In the middle of the right wall was a doorway leading to another room. Since all the cabins in her village only had one room, and Kyrillos' cabin only had one room, this appendage to a cabin caused Larana's mind to wander. Pre-occupied with her thoughts, Larana suddenly stopped just inside the cabin entrance. Iason, followed close behind her. He nearly ran into her as he had to stop suddenly. To help maintain his balance, Iason whipped his tail high into the air. Demos collided into Iason's backside and Iason's coarse tail hairs slapped Demos in the face.

"Hey!" Demos shouted. Kyrillos and the rest of the family still outside burst into laughter.

The commotion behind her caused Larana's mind to snap back, just in time to see Iason's hands whizzing about on either side of her face. He was trying to regain the balance he had lost when Demos walked into him. Iason was in danger of falling onto Larana and knocking her over.

Seeing what Iason was trying to do, Larana got out of his way and turned around. Iason quickly stepped forward, collected himself and regained his balance, unveiling Demos with his right hand cupping his face.

Demos spread his right-hand fingers apart. Larana could see both eyes closed and a broad smile through the lattice of fingers.

One eye opened slowly. "Is it safe?" Demos asked, amused.

Iason twisted his foretorso around, smiled and said invitingly, "If you wanted to fuck me, Demos, all you had to do was ask." Larana gasped at the thought of a male mating with another male.

"That prospect surprises you, Larana?" Iason asked.

Larana nodded yes.

"Don't be," Iason continued. "Soon you'll be learning many things we centaurs do that you've probably never even dreamed of."

Larana wondered if males mating with males were somehow related to the degrees of lifestyle everyone has been talking about.

Iason moved close to Larana and put his left hand on her right shoulder. "Please step this way," Iason said moving towards the other room.

Larana moved in step with this gentle centaur. But when she neared the open doorway, Larana hesitated again.

“Don’t be frightened, Larana,” Jason said, soothingly. “What you see before you are things that help us in our quest for elevated degrees of lifestyle.”

Larana took a deep breath and stepped across the threshold into the adjoining room. The room was rectangular in shape. The wall with the doorway and the opposite wall being the narrow parts of the rectangle.

“This is Jason’s playroom, Larana,” Demos said excitedly. Along the base of each wall was several beanbags.

Along the entire surface of each wall was a silvery substance that allowed Larana to see herself from all sides. She’d seen her reflection upon the surface of still water before, but nothing as vivid as she’s now witnessing. Most of the ceiling was covered too.

“We know you have nothing like this in your village,” Jason said, knowingly. He raised his arm out straight, pointed his finger and swept his arm in a broad arc. “These are called mirrors. They are made of glass and have a silver-like coating on the back of them to reflect all the images back to you. Putting mirrors on all the walls and ceiling help us to see from different points of view without physically having to move to those points of view. In your lessons you’ll see why we did this.”

That was what startled Larana when she was looking into this room from the outside; she could see her reflection coming back from the far wall.

But what really frightened Larana was a piece of black canvas about 3 feet wide and about 9 feet long, held in an inclined position by 4 heavy chains. The orientation of the canvas rectangle matched the rectangle of the room. The lower end of the canvas was the narrow edge closest to the far wall. One end of each chain was anchored, through a heavy spring, to the only parts of the ceiling that wasn’t covered by a mirror finish. About 2 feet from the other end of the chain was attached one end of a heavy rod of metal with a clip. And a clip on the other end of the rod was attached to the canvas through an eyelet. The rest of the chain dangled loosely toward the floor.

Jason put his hand on the canvas and pushed down hard. The canvas took on an inverted cone-like appearance around his hand, the chains went taught and the springs creaked a little but never really stretched.

“This is my sling,” Jason began.

Larana moved close to Kyrillos and whispered, “Is that the type of ‘sling’ you referred to when you said, ‘my ass is in a sling now?’”

Kyrillos nodded yes.

Jason went into the other room as he continued talking. “It’s used to help us get to the many degrees of lifestyle we centaurs want.”

Larana whispered to Kyrillos some more. “Then you meant that expression to be some form of mating?”

Kyrillos nodded yes, then whispered, “I meant it as a play on our lifestyle. In other words I meant it to mean, ‘I’m really going to get fucked now.’” Larana intuitively understood.



Larana and Kyrillos straightened their posture when Jason returned, bringing back with him a smaller rectangle of black colored canvas than what was on the sling. Its size was about 2 feet by 3 feet. He went around the sling detaching the clips from the corner of the larger canvas, one at a time, and attaching them to the corresponding corner of the smaller canvas. Larana saw how the clips on the metal rods made removing the canvas easy. He folded the larger canvas and handed it to Demos who then went into the other room. Larana surmised Demos was going to store it where it belonged. Jason lowered the angle of inclination of the canvas by detaching the 2 high end clips from their corresponding chains and reattaching them lower on the chains. Larana saw how the clips also made adjustments simple too.

Jason continued. "The canvas I just replaced is for centaurs. This smaller one was designed for human's, Larana." Jason paused looking quizzically at the replacement. "Although, I think it's a bit small for you. You seem to be taller than any of the Chosen Ones we've had here."

"Go ahead and get in," Demos said, returning from the other room with a large canvas bag, a chalkboard, and a soft piece of chalk.

"Yes, Larana," Jason said, ushering her around the sling's far wall edge. "Please take off your clothes and sit in the sling."

Larana took off her clothes. Everyone looked at Larana and gasped. She was beautiful, they thought. But the elder centaurs present also saw her breasts had no fleshiness to them. The last time they saw this was when Cinder arrived at the centaur village. The centaurs found out Cinder was too young to have babies. She was not fully developed. Could the same be true with Larana?

Realizing this, Jason asked, "Larana, have you had an orgasm at least once in your life?"

Larana was excited by Jason's direct question. "Yes," she said. As a matter of fact, I had one big one on my way here. Ask Kyrillos."

Kyrillos stepped up and said, "A damned good one, too, by Zeus. She drenched my hindback hairs!"

Everyone laughed.

"OK, Larana. I was just checking. If you hadn't, we would have to postpone your examination for conception because you wouldn't have been able to conceive."

Larana backed into the edge of the sling.

"Use the straps to help lower yourself onto the sling," Jason said, helpfully. On each chain a long narrow loop of black canvas was attached, about 2 1/2 feet up the chain from the corners of the canvas.

Kyrillos added, "You'll want to position yourself in the sling so that your vagina is in-line with the edge of it".

Larana grabbed the straps on each side of her and eased herself onto the sling. The touch of the cold canvas on her bare buttocks sent shivers up her spine and goosebumps appeared all over her body. The sling moved around, but Larana controlled the movement by the straps. When her back rested fully on the canvas, her feet left the floor and the sling began to swing and rotate freely. Kyrillos and Jason each grabbed a chain to stop the sling's movement. The loose ends of the chains tinkled.

"Comfortable?" Jason inquired.

"Not really," Larana replied. "My back is bent the wrong way. To be comfortable, I would need to hold my legs up. And then, I could only do that for a while 'till my legs got tired."

Jason quickly detached one of the straps Larana used to help herself onto the sling. "That's what these straps are also for," he said. "Kyrillos and I will lower the straps to where you can put your feet through and rest the backs of you ankles on them." Jason helped Larana put her right foot through the strap then attached the strap on the chain so that her lower leg was horizontal to the floor. Kyrillos helped do the same thing with her left leg on the other chain.

"Comfortable, now?" Jason inquired.

Larana squirmed around the surface of the canvas until the forces on her back had equalized. She took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. She was now totally relaxed. "Yes. Very," Larana said.

Larana's knees were nearly pressing against her armpits. With her legs doubled up and to the sides like that, her pelvic region was totally exposed. And the total relaxation of all her muscles made her vagina open slightly with a soft slurping sound. This position also afforded easy access to her anal region just below the vagina.

"Normally, when we exercise our lifestyles," Jason said, "the sling is horizontal. But we use the incline when we want to directly see what's happening to our sex organs. Look in that mirror." Jason pointed to the mirror on the far wall, the one she was facing.

Larana could clearly see the opening to her vagina and anus. She squeezed her pelvic muscles and saw the slight opening to her vagina close, and the puckered ring around her anal opening clench.

"Ooooooh, that's wonderful," Larana said admiring her pelvic region for the first time. She relaxed the pelvic muscles again and squeezed her abdomen muscles causing her anal ring to puff out, and her vagina to open up again. This time, residual vaginal fluids created by her orgasm a while back began to ooze out of her vaginal channel and drip down toward her anal opening. Larana saw the flow vividly in the mirror. She relaxed her abdomen muscles and moved both her hands to her crotch. Extending her fingers to her outer vaginal lips, Larana opened the entrance to her vagina. More of the love liquid made its way to her anus. Larana slid all her fingers toward her anal opening, massaging some of the liquid into her skin along the way. When she reached her anal opening, Larana watched intently in the mirror as she puffed out her anus again and pushed a finger into it. She'd never thought about doing such a thing before because she couldn't comfortably reach her anus before. Now, the sling made it very easy and comfortable to do so. Her pelvic muscles involuntarily jerked and her anus closed hard around her invading finger. Consciously relaxing her pelvic muscles while holding her abdomen squeeze, Larana pushed a finger from her other hand into her anus. Again her anus involuntarily clamped shut and again she consciously relaxed her pelvic muscles. She gently pulled her fingers apart and her anus reluctantly opened enough to allow the liquid from her vagina to flow into it.

Jason saw Demos was looking at him. Jason winked and Demos winked back. Jason cleared his throat, loud enough to imply he wanted everyone's attention. Reluctantly, Larana pulled the fingers from her anus and the opening snapped shut.

"Alright, everyone," Jason said authoritatively. "Let's get on with the lessons, shall we?"

The family settled onto the beanbags along the far wall so they could get a direct view of Larana's pelvic region.

Jason wasted no time.

"The best place to start your lessons, Larana," Iason began, "is to teach you some of our extended language.

"You may have already heard some of it before you came here, because it's so natural for us to use. But I think I'll start at the beginning.

"Our language is just like yours. But because our lifestyle revolves considerably around what you would call mating, we extended our language to describe this mating, simply and energetically. Mating is sex to us. And so are a lot of other related activities you probably haven't even considered. That's what this sling is for; to help us with those activities.

"Let's take the sexual activities one at a time, and tie it into our degrees of lifestyle, using our extended language.

"Our fifth degree lifestyle is, simply, to eat enerjax at least twice a day. Are you familiar with enerjax, my child?"

"Yes," Larana replied. "We had it for dinner. I loved the minty taste and I don't feel any hunger, like I usually did after a meal at my home in my village."

"Eating enerjax will double your life expectancy to about 100 years," Iason said. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Heck. I'd eat it even if it didn't double my life," Larana said, testimonially. "I love the taste!"

"Do you know what's in it?" Iason asked. Larana shook her head no. This reaction caused Kyrillos' family to smirk and giggle. The same smirk and giggle that happened during dinner when they said they had a surprise for her.

Larana asked Demos, "Is something about the contents of enerjax the surprise you had for me at dinner, Demos?"

Demos replied, "Yes." Then laughed knowing what was going to happen next. "Go ahead, Iason. Tell her."

Iason looked Larana straight in the eye and said, "Do you know what cum is, Larana?"

"Yes," Larana replied, innocently. "It's the process of having an orgasm. I've had several cums recently."

Larana paused, then continued.

"It's also the term used to describe the fluid ejaculated by the female vagina during her arousal and orgasm," Iason said. "And ejaculated by the male penis during his orgasm."

Iason took a deep breath then said, "Larana, the main ingredient in enerjax is male cum."

Larana looked over the expectant faces of Kyrillos' family, then laughed. The family members looked astonished. "So that's it!" she exclaimed. "You thought I was going to gasp or choke or look horrified that I ate cum."

The family spied each other with dumbfounded looks on their faces.

"What you don't know," Larana continued, "is that I had secretly dreamt of gulping down horsecum

overtime I bred the horses at our village stable. I'll bet each of the Chosen Ones before me was sick at the thought of eating cum. Maybe even vomited when you told them. Not me! I'm relieved it tasted so good in enerjax."

Everyone laughed and clapped their hands together. Yes, they thought. That's exactly what always happened. Every one of the Chosen Ones, except Cindy, had vomited when Iason told them they had eaten centaur cum. But they soon got over it. They realized enerjax tasted good and no harm would come from eating it. In fact, they all thought it was great that enerjax would double their lifespan. So, they all shared in the centaur's fifth degree lifestyle.

Iason continued.

"There's a second ingredient in enerjax that's just as important as cum. It's a gel-like substance we call lube. Lube is found in the spring pool at the base of the mountains. No one knows where it comes from or how it's formed. But it's always there.

"Thinx accidentally discovered it's properties when he found it was a great lubricant for fucking. One day he was screwing his mate next to the spring pool. Something happened to cause him to lose his balance and he plopped into it.

"He rose from the pool covered with the stuff.

"'Yuck,' he said.

"His mate laughed and laughed. In playful retaliation, he swiped a handful of the gooey stuff off his chest and smeared it on her pussy. It seemed the instant it touched her inflamed cunt, it melted and dripped down her crack. Thinx felt the super slick liquid and was amazed.

"He had his mate grease his cock with the gel and found that it melted into the same slippery stuff on his heated prick.

"He mounted his mate again and found that he could hump her for what seemed like hours and the stuff kept on lubricating. Somehow, his cock became even more sensitive to the folds of his mate's cunt-even though the pathway was slicker than ever. His climax was the best he'd ever had. And his mate came the same time. Her cum started as a pleasant shocking effect on her nervous system when Thinx came. This, in turn, electrified her sexual nervous system, causing it to respond in like kind. She had the greatest orgasm in her life then, too.

"From then on they used the stuff regularly. It was soon after that, he discovered the relationship between cum and lube: the prolonging of life itself."

Larana blurted in. "I've always thought cum was somehow connected with prolonging life. I've always fantasized that drinking horsecum would prolong my life."

Iason continued. "Let's see if you've understood what I've said so far. What's the general term for mating practices?"

Larana replied enthusiastically, "Sex!"

"Very good. And for mating in particular?"

"Fuck. Screw. And hump."

“Vagina?”

“Cunt, pussy and...and...” Larana thought back. “Oh, yeah. Crack !”

“And penis?”

“Cock and prick.”

“What is cum?”

“Cum is the female and male orgasm juices.”

“Close enough,” Iason said. “And what is lube?”

“Gel-like stuff that melts on contact with hot flesh.”

“Very, very good,” Iason said. “You pick up our extended language very quickly.”

Larana was all smiles. She liked the sound of the words. It made her feel sexy somehow. She surmised it was the way the vowels and consonants resonated, combined with the shortness of the words themselves. She began to think words like mating, vagina and penis were too pompous. She was eager to learn more of the centaur’s extended language.

Larana was very excited and wanted to show she knew even more. “And there’s ass and asshole,” she blurted out. “Right now...” Larana said, then paused, “...my ass is really in a sling!”

Larana looked at Kyrillos, knowingly.

Everyone burst out laughing. Iason laughed the loudest. His body had been in the centaur sling more times than all the centaurs put together. The laughing died down and Iason continued.

“Thinx found there was a direct relationship between the total energy in cum, the quantity of lube that mixed with the cum, and the increase in life expectancy.”

Larana added, “Total cum energy is called TCE. It’s measured by all those M-words I can’t remember.”

“Very good, Larana,” Iason complemented. “It’s not important to know how it’s measured as much as knowing the TCE number. The higher this number is, the longer the life expectancy when used with lube.

“High TCE cum mixed with the right amount of lube lengthens one’s lifespan. Cum and lube together make up a solution called jax — the jax portion of enerjax for instance.

“As I said before, the fifth degree is easiest to do. Enerjax has the right proportion of lube and cum. When we make enerjax, the lube, when in the gel-like form tends to suspend the cum and the TCE level is preserved. When you eat enerjax, the lube melts in the mouth releasing the cum’s potential.”

Larana got excited again. “I remember enerjax melted in my mouth the moment I put a piece in there, releasing a burst of mint flavor.”

Iason continued.

“That’s just what happens. The lube becomes liquid on contact with something hot like your mouth.

The mint flavor happens to be what centaur's cum naturally tastes like."

Hebe giggled. Jason looked at Hebe, wondering if she did more than just foreplay as her father had told her. Turning back to Larana, Jason continued.

"Through exhaustive research, Thinx found the life expectancy depended also on the type of sex performed. Some types of sex caused longer lifespans than others did. It was this discovery that led Thinx to create the degrees of lifestyle we now enjoy. The lower the degree number, the higher the life expectancy; the 1st degree being the greatest lifespan possible.

Jason took the slate and chalk from Demos and began to write. He started a table of numbers looking like this:

Degree Multiplier Style

5 2 Eat enerjax twice a day

"As you can see, the fifth degree will multiply your life expectancy to twice its normal duration. In other words, when you eat enerjax twice a day, you'll live two days for every one you were expected to live.

"It's important for you to know, Larana, that even though you may attempt a higher degree and you fail the attempt, eating enerjax twice a day will always ensure your lifespan will be at least double.

"When you eat enerjax, its contents slide into your stomach quickly. There, the jax helps your stomach pass the nutrients into your small intestines in record time. The jax again acts as helper in getting your body to absorb about 98 percent of the nutrients and energy elements. This means you won't need much to sustain your life.

"Whatever jax is left over goes towards extending your life. The problem is that the jax has to do so much work, and takes time getting to your small intestines, that the effectiveness has diminished to the point where it'll help extend your life to only twice its normal length. You'd think that if enough jax was good that even more jax would be better. But it was found out that eating more jax only made us fat and didn't prolong life any more than just the right amount. Through experimentation Thinx found the right amount. That's why we weigh ourselves periodically; so that we would get the right amount and not waste anything.

"But you'll see later, Larana, how you can increase the jax effect in your small intestines by as much as a factor of 5 in the 2nd degree, to a multiplier value of 10! by a certain form of mating.

"Oh," Jason said, thinking out loud. "I'm getting ahead of myself."

Jason wrote the next line:

Degree Multiplier Style

5 2 Eat enerjax 2 times a day

4 3 Regular fuck

"A regular fuck is when a cock goes into your cunt, Larana," Jason said. "To get the most from this 4th degree — and any higher degree for that matter — you must be in orgasm. There's something about being in orgasm that maximizes the life prolonging effect for anyone receiving the jax.

"In this degree and all higher degrees, the male sending the jax mixture will get the benefit of a 4th degree for just participating. Somehow, the male's cock acts as a lightning rod to absorb some of the

benefits the person receiving the jax mixture gets in fulfilling his or her degree. This is why the centaur male will be very thoughtful in making sure you have your cum when he does. For the male to get a higher degree, he must be the receiver of the jax.”

All of a sudden Larana knew why males would want to be mated by other males. They must receive the jax, not just give it in order to get to the higher degrees. But males don't have cunts, Larana thought. How can they get to higher degrees?

Iason continued.

“Jax mixture is created by first stuffing lube into the urethral process of the male's cock before he enters you. Then, just before he cums, his tip flares, opening up his urethral process and allowing the gel-turned-liquid to escape. If his cock has bottomed out in your cunt and is properly placed at your cervix, the cum has nowhere to go except into your womb. And the squirting cum then literally sucks the lube into your womb with it, the mixture creating the jax needed for this degree to be fulfilled.

“In summary, for you and Kyrillos to get the most of the 4th degree, you'll have to take his cock until his tip pushes against your cervix. You'll have to be cumming when his tip flares to open your cervix and the jax jets directly into your womb. I estimate you'll only need to take a little over half of Kyrillos' 16 inch cock to bottom out at your cervix.”

Larana licked her lips thinking about the prospect of having Kyrillos' cock distending her vagina and being stuffed full of centaur-meat.

Iason wrote the next line:

Degree Multiplier Style

5 2 Eat enerjax 2 times a day

4 3 Regular fuck

3 6 Ass fuck

“An ass fuck is when a cock goes into your ass,” Iason said, pointing to Larana's anus. “Not just into your rectum, but also deep into your large intestine.”

Iason drew an imaginary line along the front of Larana's abdomen with his index finger. He started at her anus, prodding his index finger at her anal opening. Larana gasped at the touch of Iason's finger. Her anal ring clenched. She saw every move he made with his finger in the far wall mirror.

No wonder they have the mirrors here to aid in fucking! Larana thought. Dear Zeus, it's tremendously exiting to see other people touching my sex organs as well as feel it.

Iason moved his finger along her perineum, then over her outer vaginal lips. Larana's vaginal muscles gave an involuntary squeeze, the tensing of the inner lips causing her outer lips to open again slightly, this time with a wet spff! sound.

The sudden opening gave Iason's finger freer access to her inner vaginal lips, which he traced over teasingly. Larana threw her head back, her long hair flying every which way.

Larana focused her eyes on the mirror on the ceiling. She could see her large clitoris jutting out of its sheath about a half inch by the time Iason's finger had reached it. This was the largest clitoris Iason had ever seen on a human female before.

Jason's thumb came into play to cradle her clitoris as he continued the tracing of the line. Larana groaned and forced herself to relax. Her inner vaginal lips now opened, like the petals of a blooming flower. Having taken the beanbag directly in front of Larana's open crotch, Demos could peer inside Larana's gaping vagina. Precum added to the leftover cum trickling out of her vagina and running back down the line Jason had traced.

Watching this, Demos had become so aroused, he shifted his body to give his penis freer movement. Hebe saw his penis flop off the beanbag onto the cold floor and went over to him.

"May I suck on it, father?" Hebe whispered to him.

"Of course, my little one," Demos whispered back. "You are now of age," he said with mounting lust in his voice. "What's one day. Forget about waiting until tomorrow."

Hebe positioned herself then laid down. Since she didn't have a beanbag to lay down on where she was at, her knees and body hit the hard floor with such a loud thud. Jason turned his head briefly to see what was going on. He smiled when he saw Hebe take her father's distending member into her small hands and guide the oozing tip to her open mouth.

Larana shifted her eyes. She saw Hebe take the monstrous penis tip into her mouth. Hebe had to wedge the tip in, but she did it admirably. Then Larana looked in the mirror on her right. She saw Demos' testicles dance in its hairless pouch each time a portion of his penis tip popped out of Hebe's sucking mouth. And each time Hebe pushed her head down on her father's giant penis, far enough to reach the back of her throat, Larana saw Hebe push her tongue out along the underside of it.

With the slurping sounds still echoing in his head, Jason turned back to Larana and continued his journey.

Reluctantly, Jason stopped caressing Larana's clitoris. But he continued to scrape his nail along a path towards her belly button. This brought Larana's attention back to the overhead mirror as she sucked in her breath. The closer he got to her belly button, the more she sucked in her breath. She didn't know if it was because she was ticklish or aroused. It didn't matter, because, like Demos in response to Hebe's pliable lips and hot soft tongue, she was fast approaching an orgasm from Jason's touch and the fantastic view of someone sucking on a stallion-like penis.

"Your rectum comes to about here, I imagine," Jason said in a controlled voice, stopping just shy of her belly button. "Then it turns to your left and becomes your S-colon." Jason changed direction and lightly scraped his fingernail towards Larana's left side.

When he nearly reached her full left side, Jason stopped his finger movement and poked it gently into her abdomen. "This," he said, "is where your large intestine bends, going up from there.

Jason released the pressure and continued tracing his finger straight up towards her left breast, which was now flushed with desire and its nipple was fully erect.

"This is the descending colon," Jason continued. "It's still not as efficient at prolonging life as the transverse colon which starts here." Jason was at the base of Larana's left breast. And when he said the word here, he gave her breast a sharp tap with the back of his fingernail. The shock-effect of that tap sent spasms throughout her whole body.

"This is as far as Kyrillos' dick has to go for you to maximize the benefit of the 3rd degree. The curves can be straightened out during ass-fucking," Jason continued. "For Kyrillos to get his dick up to your transverse colon, it'll be like putting your bunched fist and all of your forearm up your



asshole. To the elbow! ” Jason said emphatically.

With the thought of this seemingly impossible thing happening to her, Larana’s sexuality peaked. Her body stiffened. The mouth of her vagina closed.

Jason saw this and quickly pulled a small vial from the large canvas bag that Demos brought in.

“Quickly, Kyrillos!” Jason exclaimed. “Get between her legs and lick at her clitoris while I collect her cum.”

Kyrillos had been briefed about this procedure beforehand. But he still nearly fell over himself getting to Larana’s vagina.

Kyrillos plopped between Hebe and the edge of the sling. Larana’s legs were jerking around, the straps attached to the chains prevented her legs from hitting him. The sling gyrated and the loose ends of the chains rattled.

Kyrillos pressed his left cheek against Larana’s right inner thigh. Her flesh seared his flesh.

“Dear Zeus,” Kyrillos exclaimed. “Your cunt smells so good! I hope it tastes half as good.” Larana moaned when Kyrillos touched the tip of his tongue to the sweaty slit between Larana’s outer vaginal lips. Kyrillos teased the lips by lightly running the tip up and down the slit. Larana’s vaginal lips seemed to engorge with blood before Kyrillos’ eyes as he continued to set Larana’s nerve endings on fire.

Kyrillos wedged his thick centaur tongue into Larana’s streaming vagina and tasted its essence for the first time. It tastes better! Kyrillos thought to himself. Her vagina clamped shut over his invading tongue, nearly gelding it. But her body, being in the midst of an orgasm, caused her vaginal muscles to momentarily relax, releasing his tongue, before the next vise- like spasm took hold. And with a loud slurping sound, much like Hebe was producing sucking on her father’s turgid member, Kyrillos eased his tongue out and over the narrow flesh leading to Larana’s now throbbing clitoris.

The touch of his hot, steamy tongue against her pulsating clitoris caused her orgasm to grow so intense, she began to sob.

“Oh, fuck! ” she screamed, her torso squirmed around in the sling. Larana now knew what Jason had said earlier about using the words energetically! It came naturally to her, just as he’d said it did to them.

Meanwhile, Jason moved the small vial under Kyrillos’ working chin and positioned it at the base of Larana’s vaginal trough. Clear cum was pouring out like a miniature waterfall into the vial’s large opening. Jason was startled at how much was being produced. All the other human females only trickled when they came.

Demeter and Erastus had gotten up and helped Larana through her exquisite cum by kneading her small but well muscled breasts and sucking on her erect nipples.

Hebe was too busy sucking and mouthing Demos’ penis to help Larana. And Demos was in another world to even notice, his cock now flexing each time his cock tip banged into the back of Hebe’s crammed mouth.

Larana’s orgasm lasted much longer than it’d ever did — even in the forest where she had what seemed like the best orgasm of her life on Kyrillos’ hindback. And it all started with a centaur’s

touch.

What greater orgasms are in store for me, Larana thought as her senses returned to her.

Iason took the vial away and disappeared into the other room.

Kyrillos slurped and sucked Larana's still flowing vagina. Her ejaculate tasted terrific.

It has body to it, Kyrillos thought.

When her spasms had finally subsided, and the flow had nearly stopped, Kyrillos gave a final swipe of his tongue along the entire length of Larana's pelvic region, starting with her puckered anal ring and ending with a light flick of her still engorged clitoris. Kyrillos' tongue retracted and his ejaculate smeared mouth closed. "Yum," he said, smacking his lips.

Kyrillos got up and moved around to the other side of the sling.

He pressed his pursed lips over hers and darted his tongue in-between them. Larana responded, her tongue intertwining with his, tasting her own ejaculate juices mixed with his spit.

"How was your cum, my darling?" Kyrillos asked Larana after breaking their tongue kissing.

"The best," she said breathlessly. "It seemed even better when your family helped out."

"That's why we usually wait to fuck until we're at the watering hole. Fucks are the best when everyone pitches in. When hands, mouths and tongues are all over your body and sex organs, you're body overloads into a tremendous cum."

Iason returned with a grin.

"Well?" asked Demeter. "Can she?"

Iason paused.

"Can she?" echoed Kyrillos.

Iason bowed his head. His eyes looking down at the floor. His smile had left. Everyone sighed in disappointment. Iason raised his eyes, keeping his head bowed. He looked at everyone's sad looking faces. Then quickly raised his eyes, a wide grin forming on his face.

"Yes!" he exclaimed. "It's perfect! The best of all of them!!"

"What? What? " Larana wanted to know.

"Your cum!" Kyrillos exclaimed, helping Larana to sit up. "It told Iason you're able to conceive. You can have my baby!"

Everyone joyfully laughed and clapped their hands.

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Chapter Eight

"Now that that's settled," Iason said, reassuringly, "let's get back to the lesson."

Larana opened her eyes warily. Hebe was still munching on Demos' spit-soaked penis.

"To get the most from this 3rd degree," Jason continued, "you must be cumming — like you did just now — the moment the male squirts jax directly into your transverse colon. Or what we call your TC.

"The one whose colon is being fucked will receive the 3rd degree benefit."

"Is this why males fuck males?" Larana asked.

"Yes," Jason said, grinning.

Demos interrupted by saying in a lust-filled voice, "That's enough foreplay, little one. I don't want to shoot before getting to the watering hole."

Hebe quickly released her father's penis just in time. Demos' penis began to flair and jerk about spasmodically for a few moments, dripping precum all over the beanbag and floor. Then the spasms quickly subsided.

"That was great, Hebe," Demos said, half-whispering enthusiastically. "You're a great little cock-sucker. If you keep that technique up, I'll bet you'll learn the 2nd degree soon. You'll be just like Iason."

Hebe beamed. This was the greatest compliment in the centaur village: to be compared to Iason.

Iason looked at Hebe and smiled. "Are you finished, Demos?" Iason said, feigning irritation.

"Uh, sorry, Iason," Demos said, apologetically. "Go ahead."

Demos patted Hebe on her head. Hebe got up and went over to her beanbag and plopped down. She had pre-ejaculate and spit smeared all around her grin of satisfaction.

Iason smiled and said, "Alright, Larana. Let's continue.

"Your TC absorbs jax mixture much better than anywhere between your asshole and your TC," Iason continued. "So just having the cock tip past your ass-muscle won't help prolong life as much as when the cock tip squeezes into your large intestine on its way towards the transverse colon.

"Larana, if you want to enjoy the 3rd degree, like Cindy does, you'll have to learn to take all of Kyrillos' cock!"

Having seen Kyrillos' 16 inch penis up close earlier that day, Larana swooned with the thought of all of it up her anus — to the hilt.

So Cindy takes a virtual fist and forearm up her ass, Larana thought. And at her advanced age, she must be in great pain when she does it. Larana made a mental note to ask Cindy if it's worth it.

Iason wrote the next line:

Degree Multiplier Style

5 2 Eat enerjax 2 times a day

4 3 Regular fuck

3 6 Ass fuck

2 10 Suck fuck

"A suck fuck is where you can effectively multiply the jax effect through mouth intake by an additional factor of 5. A suck fuck is when a cock bottoms out in your stomach via the mouth and throat and forcibly squirts the jax mixture directly into your small intestine," Jason said. "Like all of the other degrees, to get the most from this 2nd degree, you must be in orgasm at the time the male does this.

"Your small intestine absorbs the jax mixture the best of all. Better than your TC. Better than your womb. So just having the cock tip into your mouth or throat or stomach won't help prolong life as much as when the flared cock tip opens the grinder at the base of your stomach, and makes way for the direct deposit of the male's jax.

"Larana, the distance from your teeth to the bottom of your stomach is nearly the same as from your asshole to your TC. That means, if you want to enjoy the 2nd degree like me, you'll have to learn to take all of Kyrillos' cock down your throat!"

How could she ever learn to open her mouth wide enough to take a cock the diameter of her fist and forearm, let alone into her throat! Larana thought. There are others that are smaller in diameter — like Erastus — but he isn't long enough to reach the pit of my stomach. I can see why no one has ever done this before Jason. And no one since. It's impossible to do. And, yet, Jason has done it. How?

"I can see by your expression, Larana, you're probably wondering how I could have done it," Jason said proudly. Larana nodded her head yes. "It's because I practiced at it until I was able to do it," Jason said with a wide grin. "That's all it takes: practice. And this is how I practiced..."

Jason picked up the large canvas bag Demos had set beside himself before he had laid down on the beanbag. It was filled with things that made large pockets appear everywhere in the bag's surface, like very large snakes would make. And because the patterns moved around the surface like very large live snakes, Larana thought that's what had to be in the bag.

Jason opened the bag and took out a large replica of a centaur's penis. It wiggled like it was alive. Jason moved it toward Larana who hid her hands behind her back. She was, at first, tentative about touching it, so Jason laid it on her abdomen. It was cold and Larana sucked in her breath at the shock.

"Larana, that's a dildo," Jason instructed. "It's molded from the likeness of one of our centaurs. As you can see and — I hope — feel, it is very soft and flexible."

Larana wiggled it around on her abdomen. Seeing that it wasn't going to hurt her, she brought her hands around and grabbed a hold of the dildo with both hands. She rubbed the surface of it with her thumbs. It was soft and gave way to her thumb pressure. And it sprung back to its normal shape as soon as she released the pressure.

"Larana, it's soft like that so you won't injure yourself when you work it into your pussy, ass or throat."

Jason began taking out the rest of the dildos from the canvas bag, lining them up in an array upon Larana, first according to their lengths and then he made a few rows arranged according to their thicknesses. By the time Jason arranged all the dildos, Larana's body was covered with them.

Hebe and Erastus got out of their beanbags again and walked over to the sling to get a better look at the dildos.

"As you can all see," Jason said to the three of them, "there are dildos available to help Larana take longer and longer cocks."

Jason pointed to each of the narrowest dildos that got longer and longer. The first one was about 6 inches long. The next one was 9 inches. Then 12, 15, 18, 24, 30 and, finally, 36 inches long! When Jason pointed to the 36-incher, he gave a great sigh.

"I've tried my best to get one just like this baby up my ass, but, alas, I've not been able to do so." Jason turned to face Kyrillos, his mother, and his father and asked, "Anyone recognize whose length this cock was molded after?"

Demos answered immediately. "Can be only one dick as long as that one. And that's Titos, the giant."

"You're right, as usual, Demos," Jason said. "Larana, you'll see Titos at the watering hole later this evening. He'll be performing with his mate. They're a regular attraction there."

Larana was dumbfounded. The 36 inch dildo was nearly as long as she was from the flat of her pelvic region to the top of her head. It was, in fact, as long as the black canvas.

"As you can also see, there are several thicknesses for each of the lengths I've showed you."

Jason began to point to the 36-inchers in each row. The first one was 1 inch in diameter at the base, narrowing to 1/2 inch at the tip — a 1 to 2 ratio. And so it went:

1 1/2 inch at the base; 1 inch at the tip — 2 to 3 ratio.

2 inches at the base; 1 1/2 at the tip — 3 to 4 ratio.

Then the tapering repeated.

4 inches at the base; 2 at the tip — 1 to 2 ratio.

6 inches at the base; 4 at the tip — 2 to 3 ratio.

And finally...

8 inches at the base and 6 inches at the tip! A 3 to 4 ratio.

When Jason pointed to that last one, he said to Larana, "And this is Titos' cock in actual size." Larana gasped. "He's the envy of all the male centaurs." Jason's voice cracked with his own envy. "You've just got to see him pork his mate with a log like this.

"And not only that," Jason continued as if that was only the half of it. "This is the size of his flare." Jason lifted the monster dildo against his hairless forechest. He pulled a large rubber-like bulb out of the base of the dildo. Attached between the bulb and dildo was a flexible tube. Jason squeezed the bulb several times. Each time he did, Larana could see the tip of the dildo getting bigger and bigger!

When Jason stopped squeezing the bulb, the tip had grown beyond imagination. It measured 12 inches wide by 9 inches high! Jason rotated the dildo 90 degrees and hefted the tip towards Larana's face. Hebe and Erastus both gasped. They saw the flared tip completely cover Larana's facial features. All they could see was her hair.

Jason was always given to theatrics. And this occasion was no exception. He let out the air of the tip rapidly. It took no longer than a second before it shrank to its normal 6 inch diameter size. The

expression on Larana's now exposed face caused everyone to laugh out loud. Her eyes bulged out as if it was ready to pop out of their sockets. Her lower jaw pressed against her chest, mouth wide open. Her face was pale from disbelief.

Iason dropped the monster dildo onto the pile of dildos covering her. The springs squeaked, momentarily. The sling began to bounce around and the chains rattled.

The base of this giant piece of flesh-like material landed near the base of Larana's crotch. And, indeed, the tip with the urethral process ended just above Larana's bulging eyes. The weight knocked her breath out. It must have weighed 20 pounds.

Demos piped up, "It matches Titos' cock weight when his dick is engorged with blood."

How can his mate take such a thing as humungous as this? Larana thought.

"As you can see, Larana," Iason continued, "we have all the dildos you'll need to practice with for your degree training. Just ask for them by size. The size is measured first by length and then by the base diameter. The one I just showed you, for example, is the 36 by 8. It's the largest we make. As you've probably guessed, we really don't need anything bigger."

"But why are there so many?" Larana asked. "There's 40 of them. Why not just have the thickest ones with different lengths?"

"Good question, Larana," Iason said, commending her attention to detail. "It's because you need to work these dildos on two fronts. The first being that you'll want to learn to take longer and longer dildos up your sex holes. But because you can take longer dildos doesn't mean you can automatically take thicker ones at the same time. So the second front being that you'll want to learn to take the shorter, thicker ones to open you up more while you learn to take the longer, thinner ones for depth.

"This variety of dildos gives you the greatest ranges possible, so you'll be able to stuff more and more of a centaur's cock into you. Thicker, as well as longer. It's important to work up slowly. Like a muscle, if you don't use it, it shrinks - - tightens up. You have to learn to stretch it, a little at a time, to avoid pain. You don't want pain, do you, Larana?" Larana shook her head with an emphatic NO!

"Good! None of us centaurs like pain, either."

Looking for a dildo more manageable than the one Iason hefted, Larana picked up the smallest dildo out of the pile — the 6 by 1. She pulled out the small bulb at the base and started squeezing it while Iason went back to the slate and wrote the last line:

Degree Multiplier Style

5 2 Eat enerjax 2 times a day

4 3 Regular fuck

3 6 Ass fuck

2 10 Suck fuck

1 29? Gang fuck

"No one has ever done a successful gang fuck. There have been half-gang fucks, but no one has ever done a complete gang fuck — the 1st degree. So, what I'm about to tell you, Larana, is a theory. But part of the theory that's been proven accurate for the other degrees. And it's this theory of the 1st degree that we based the promise to your village elders concerning the offspring of our two peoples.

"A gang fuck is where a regular fuck, an ass fuck, and a suck fuck take place at the same time. It'll

only work when all three sending males and the receiving female cum at the same time.

“Not only is it nearly impossible for all four people to cum at the same time, it is nearly impossible for two centaur cocks to enter the pelvic region at the same time. Especially you, Larana.”

The emphasis of you followed by her name startled Larana. This caused her to let the air out of the now 1 inch flared tip of the dildo she was holding.

Larana quickly put the dildo down with the others, folded her hands on top of the pile, and grinned sheepishly. Everyone laughed.

Iason looked at Larana, then looked at the slate. And quickly looked back at Larana, then smiled.

“Pay attention, Larana,” Iason said half-happy and half- envious. “This concerns you.”

Larana looked worried. It was those very words — “this concerns you” — her father had used just that morning.

“In order for you to fulfill your village’s Decree,” Iason continued, “you’ll have to be the first one in our history to reach the 1st degree!”

“Me?” Larana asked, astonished. “1st degree? Why?”

“Larana,” Iason began. “It’s that special overload that only the 1st degree can give you that’ll shock your body into accepting — and somehow magically altering — the sperm of the fucker who squirts his cum into your womb, so you can conceive.

“Because you are human, your body can’t make use of centaur sperm, as it is, for conception purposes. The 1st degree will somehow alter the make-up of the sperm so that you’re body accepts it as if another human had deposited the sperm into your womb. That’s why even Cindy still can’t conceive. She’s still trying to reach the 2nd degree with one of our smaller centaurs. But she’s a long way from doing a 1st.

“There’s one other strange thing that we think will happen when the 1st degree is reached. Normally, lube completely inhibits conception. So when a centauress wants to conceive, she and her male mate refrains from using lube. The centaur’s cum is therefore unaltered and will do its job of impregnating the centauress. That is, of course, if the estrus cycle of the centauress is just right. But in your case, Larana, conception can only be done with jax present! And your cum must be just right chemically, so the transformation can be complete. I tested your cum earlier, Larana, and your cum is the best I’ve seen for that alteration to take place.

“The key to a successful gang fuck, is for you to find 3 males whose cocks are long enough to reach your C-spots, and thin enough to allow entry into your throat and both your cunt and ass all at the same time.

“Centauresses try for the 1st degree for the theoretical life multiplier value of 29. And it’s hysterically funny to watch them trying. Centaurs were just not built right to get all those cocks into a large-bodied centauress. But the use of the sling after its invention has helped considerably.

“I’m the only one who’s gotten even to the 2nd degree. And because I’m a male and don’t have a cunt,” Iason said with a sigh, “I’ll never be able to reach the 1st degree.” Iason finally revealed the reason behind his envy by that statement. He continued.

"I've done the best thing possible for my gender, however, and that's accomplishing a half-gang fuck," he said with pride.

"In my case, the half-gang fuck I did was to get ass fucked and suck fucked at the same time. A male mate screwed my ass and came at the same time another male mate fucked my stomach and came. But in order for me to cum at the same time, I had to enlist the help of my female mate. She sucked on my raging hard- on while I got porked. Fortunately, I came the same time my male mates came, and I received the full benefit of that half-gang fuck.

"The multiplier value for a half-gang fuck is the sum of the multipliers for the individual degrees. In my case, an ass fuck has a multiplier of 6 and a suck fuck has a multiplier of 10. The total is 16.

"If I didn't cum at the same time as any of the other male mates, then the fucking would have considerably less extended life value. Even though this happens most of the time, I still enjoy sex for its fun value. Let's face it. Sex is really fun!

"If I came only when the ass fucker came at the C-spot, then I'd get the 6 multiplier of the 3rd degree. If I came only when the suck fucker came at the C-spot, then I'd get the 10 multiplier of the 2nd degree.

"If any of them missed their C-spot, I'd have to wait for the jax to get to the C-spot before I came. Then I still wouldn't get the full multiplier value for the delayed degree, because the jax would have lost much energy getting there.

"You see, Larana, the TCE of cum reduces drastically in value within a very short time-about a minute. The longer the jax takes to get to the C-spot the less effective the jax is in prolonging life.

"That's why you'll see the male mates stick their cocks in as far as they possibly can, to be as sure as possible they're at the C-spot the moment they cum.

"Also, you'll hear a kind of code passed among the fuckers. They're telling each other how close to orgasm they are. They count down from 5. When they reach zero, they're cumming. Again, reaching a degree means they all have to cum at once. So, you should hear all of them yelling zero! at the same time.

"It's a riot at the watering hole when you hear someone out of sequence from the rest of the fuckers in a gang fuck. You'll have to see what happens to him or her, Larana. It's great fun.

"Sometimes someone'll even count backwards to 5 when they lose their concentration. That's also a riot.

"In case you're interested, here's the countdown."

Jason turned back to the slate and wrote:

5 Nothing happening.

Jason said, "This number is said by all as a kind of ready to start signal."

He continued to write:

4 arousal (erection — male); (clitoris winking — female)

Jason said, "Larana, in your case, your clitoris will erect."

3 sensitivity

Iason said, "Sensitivity is the stage where every touch or movement is strongly felt by the caller of the number."

2 build (precum — male); (cuntjuice — female)

Iason said, "It's hard to define number two. Most people just use it as a half-way there signal. Because when you get to number 1, others have a very short time to get to number 1 also."

1 pre-orgasm (flare — male); (peak — female)

Iason said, "You only have a second or two before zero. So, you better hurry if you're still back at 2. Or if you're at 1 and someone else is at 2 or lower, you'll have to find a way to keep from going past the point of no return. That is, to zero."

0 orgasm

Iason said, "The point of no return. Enjoy it! And, for the benefits of longer life, let's hope every one else has reached zero, too.

"A technique has been mastered by some centaurs and centaresses that have given them an extended orgasm. Some can extend their orgasms to over an hour. It's practical for degree coordination. And it's truly incredible to watch.

"Also, Larana, if you decide to participate in the 2nd or 1st degrees, you won't be able to speak with a dick down your throat. So you'll have to hold up your counts with your fingers. The watering hole is a room with mirrors like this one, only much much bigger. You can see the hand signals in the mirror if your view is blocked by bodies."

Turning back to the slate, Iason said, "Getting back to halfgang fucks, here's the combinations that can be made and their resultant multipliers..."

Iason wrote this table of combinations:

Degrees Multiplier Equivalent

3 and 4 9

2 and 4 13

2 and 3 16

"There's no real advantage of trying to get two cocks into one hole. So, we don't have, say, a 2 and a 2 half- gang fuck. After a certain amount of TCE is reached in a certain C-spot, any more cum and the effect will be wasted. There's a theoretical maximum TCE value required for each degree. It's complicated to calculate, so I won't go into that here. Let's just say, each cum by the average centaur produces enough TCE to maximize the benefits of the degree accomplished and gives you the possibility of the full multiplier value — assuming, of course, all the other requirements are met.

"There's one exception to this. When we make enerjax, the greater the cum's TCE, the more enerjax can be made. Cum can be thinned out to the proper proportion. Like Erastus' cum this afternoon." Erastus stood up straight at the mention of his name. "Erastus, my son," Iason said proudly, "your cum today will be used to make at least 20 pounds of enerjax; it was that potent."

Everyone Oooooo'ed. Even Larana, who was caught up in the excitement.

Erastus' face glowed, well- pleased. His hooves shifted wide apart. And he hooked his hands on

either side of his forewaist. "Enough to feed your father, for example, for 4 days!"

Now Erastus had a grin that wouldn't quit. "We'll announce the TCE value at the watering hole tonight." Iason then pointed to the degree 1 multiplier he wrote down earlier.

"Finally, Larana, you can see that the 1st degree is theoretically much more than the total of the 4th, 3rd and 2nd degrees combined. That's because there's something special that happens when a female cums while all three degrees are being performed at once. No one knows how it's possible, but Thinx theorizes its a chemical change occurring when the female system is overloaded by the combination of her own cum with those of the absorption of jax taking place in the small and large intestines as well as in the womb. The womb seems to be the focal point of this overload. And, of course, only the female can get this 1st degree.

"The multiplier value of 29 for the first degree is calculated from the combination of the 2nd and 4th half- gang fuck and the 2nd and 3rd half-gang fuck. It's as if you get the benefit of another 2nd degree multiplier when you accomplish the 1st degree.

"Several factors affect any of the multipliers.

"They are:

TCE level for the cum;

TCE in the presence of lube;

timing of orgasms;

hitting the C-spots;

and age.

"If, for any reason, you don't get to your degree goal, you can keep trying within that day, because your body will use the fuck that benefits it the most. And fucking is great! So, you'll see many centaurs fucking all day long!

"Most of us wait until we get to the watering hole to fuck. There, everyone tries to outdo everyone else. Many times we get into cluster fucks."

"A cluster fuck?" Larana interrupted.

"A cluster fuck is where 3 or more people fuck each other. Half-gang and gang fucks are miniature cluster fucks. But the real treat is to see a cluster fuck of a dozen or more! The record was 23 centaurs and centaresses fucking, sucking and cornholing each other, all connected together in some way, at the same time! "So that you're not confused, Larana, I use the word sucking here in the context of someone sucking the tip of a cock into the mouth, or sucking the juice out of a pussy. These people got involved without trying to get a 2nd or 1st degree."

"Sucking is fun, too," Kyrillos chimed in. "Like I did it with you. You're cunt juice tastes great! And less filling than enerjax, too, making me want more! "

"In a cluster fuck, timing becomes fun," Iason continued. "Prizes are awarded based on how many people participate in a cluster fuck and how many get to zero at the same time."

Iason changed the subject. "Alright, Larana, what other words have you learned now?" Iason asked.

"Let's see," Larana began. "There's a dildo which is an artificial cock.

There's jax which is a mixture of cum and lube. Dick is another word for cock. Hard-on is an erect cock. And porked is another word for fucked. Right?"

"Yes," Iason said, taking the dildos off her body, one by one, and putting them back into the canvas

bag. "What's a 12 by 4?"

Larana answered. "A 12 by 4 is a dildo whose length is 12 inches and whose thickness is 4 inches at the base and 2 inches at the tip." "Great!" Iason exclaimed. "How'd you remember the tip size?" "It's easy," Larana said. "The base width of a dildo is the tip width of the next wider dildo. So, all I have to remember is 1/2, 1, 1 1/2, 2, 4, 6, and 8."

"Incredible," Iason said, amazed. He never thought of it that way.

"You're doing terrific! Keep going." "The ratios are 1 to 2, 2 to 3, and 3 to 4. Then they repeat 1 to 2, 2 to 3, and 3 to 4."

"There's a regular fuck that goes in here," Larana said, sticking a couple of fingers up her well lubricated, still sensitive vagina.

Then Larana pulled out her cum soaked fingers and traced them along the same path as Iason did earlier. By that time Iason had removed the dildos from the top of her body. There were some still on the canvas part of the sling. "There's the rectum...Scolon...descending colon...and..." Larana paused at her left breast to give effect. "T...C!" At saying the letter C emphatically, Larana duplicated what Iason did by flicking her breast with the back of her fingernail. Everyone laughed. "...used in an ass fuck, right?" she said, provocatively — not liking the tap, but liking the outcome of what he did earlier. Iason said, "Right!"

"I assume the TC continues across this way..." Larana traced her finger over to the bottom of her right breast, then gave it a flick with the back of her fingernail, too. "Right?" Everyone laughed louder. "Right," Iason said, succumbing to Larana's apparent dislike to be tapped that way. He got the point.

"Has anyone ever taken a cock this far?" Larana questioned. She knew it was nearly impossible to take anything to the start of the TC, let alone to the end of it!. And she knew a penis wouldn't bend around like that. So, she thought she'd be smug and better anything Iason could come up with.

"Not a cock, Larana," Iason said, matter-of-factly. Larana smiled thinking she'd found something even Iason didn't know of. "But Cindy has been fisted to there. And a little into the ascending colon down along the right side." Larana was aghast. Someone did know of it, Larana thought. And Cindy did it! "What's fisting?" Larana asked, half-guessing at the answer. "Remember when I described the ass fuck degree," Iason answered, "and I used the fist and forearm as an example of size?" "Yes," Larana said, shuddering; the description of a fist and forearm going up her rectum caused her to peak and have a wonderful orgasm earlier.

"Well, fist fucking is just that: taking the fist — and as much of the arm as possible — into the body. Not only was Cindy able to take Oreias, the mountaineer's fist and forearm up to her TC, but he continued to move his arm around the bend and slide his hand into the ascending colon, jamming his arm into her ass up to the shoulder!

"Dear Zeus!" Iason continued. "You could actually see dimples sticking out the left side of her body from his elbow, and the right side of her body from his wrist."

"Dear Zeus," Larana whispered to herself. She just learned not to better Iason. On the other hand, Larana also learned she probably could do more than she'd thought. If Cindy can do that, Larana thought, I could do a 2nd. And even a 1st! "Anything else?" Iason said, pulling Larana away from her thoughts.

"Ah...yes," she said sheepishly. "What an ass fuck needs..." Larana placed her right hand at her

hairless pubic region, palm up. And her left hand at the base of her left breast, palm down, indicating the length of cock she would need to take there. "...so does a suck fuck." Keeping the distance between the hands the same, Larana moved them both so that her left hand was at her mouth with head tilted back, and her right hand was at the base of her left breast.

"That's good, Larana. Only the base of your stomach is more towards the center of your body." Larana moved her right hand horizontally until it spanned between her breasts. "That's right!" Iason commended. "You've got it!"

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## Chapter Nine

"Alright, Larana. Now's the time we get really serious," Iason said in a jovial mood. Larana relaxed. She was relieved her attempt and failure of one-ups-manship wasn't taken as a threat of any kind. "Do you want to have Kyrillos' baby?" Iason asked with a questioning look of wrinkled brow on his forehead.

"Yes...Yes, I do! " Larana said, enthusiastically.

"Then you'll have to learn the 1st degree, like Cindy has been trying,"

Iason said. His mention of Cindy helped to spur Larana's confidence. He knew that if someone else is trying, she'd probably want to better them in friendly competition. "Good," Iason said. "You're a virgin, right?"

Larana nodded yes. "So, you don't know what size cock you can take right now, do you?"

Larana shook her head no. "Would you like to try taking Kyrillos' cock right now?" Iason asked.

Larana shook her head with an emphatic yes! "Alright," he said with a smile, hoping she'll also say yes to his next question. "Would you like to try for the 1st degree, too?"

Larana looked shocked. Her mouth dropped open. A forearm up my ass, one down my throat, and Kyrillos' cock up my cunt — all at the same time?!? she thought to herself. He's got to be crazy! Iason noted her reaction. Rescuing the situation he said, "I don't mean with 3 centaurs. I mean with Kyrillos porking your cunt and Demos and I using the dildos on your ass and throat." Iason paused. "What do you say. Would you let us try to see if you can do a 1st with the dildos?" "Well...I don't know..." Larana hesitated. "I did swallow a whole plum once," she said proudly. "It was an accident — but I did it!" Demos and Iason exchanged glances. A natural, Iason thought. "Let's test your throat and ass with the dildos, first — trying to find the largest comfortable one. We won't take your virginity away with a dildo. We'll let Kyrillos do that with his iron dick." Larana swooned with excitement at the thought of Kyrillos' penis buried in her vagina.

"Let's save some time," Larana countered. "Let Kyrillos fuck me while you try the dildos. After all, you'll need Kyrillos' big dick in my cunt to see what room is left over for my asshole won't you?"

"You know, Iason," Demos said knowingly, "Larana's right. You'll need to have her cunt filled in order to see which dildo will fit her ass."

"Are you sure you want to try, Larana?" Iason asked. "You know the breaking of your maidenhead will cause you discomfort enough, let alone a couple of dildos stretching your other sex holes, don't you?"

"Yes, Iason. I want to love Kyrillos so much. I just know having his cock in me will stimulate me to take your dildos up my ass and down my throat."

"Good," Iason said. "Let's get started."

Iason went to the side of the sling where Larana's head was resting. He used his strength to lift up on both metal rods and unclipped them from the chains. The 2 loose chains dangled and several chain links hit the floor with tinkling sounds. Iason lowered her torso so that she was horizontal with the floor. He raised his left foreleg and balanced Larana on his foreknee for support. Kyrillos hurried and collected the loose chains and handed them to Iason, one at a time. Iason then clipped the metal rods back on the chains in this new position.

After that was done, Larana shifted her body around a few times to equalize her weight distribution in the sling.

"Are you comfortable?" Iason asked. "This is very comfortable," Larana said, soothingly. "How do you feel, being in this position?" Iason asked. "I feel vulnerable," Larana admitted. "But I love the feeling of complete relaxation. I feel as if my cunt is wide open in this position."

Kyrillos moved to the center front part of the sling, directly in front of Larana. His eyes glared in astonishment at Larana's fully open vagina. The juice-soaked opening was extremely puffed and formed a cavernous "O" shape. "Is the opening as big as I see it in the mirror, Kyrillos?" Larana asked, looking in the mirror straight ahead.

"It is!" Kyrillos exclaimed, excitedly. His now rigid penis gave an involuntary jerk, causing its tip to slap against his hindchest. "I guess I could almost get my hand in there," Kyrillos replied.

"Do it," she said, breathlessly.

Kyrillos looked at Iason for approval. Iason nodded his approval, but cautioned, "OK. Just don't break her maidenhead with your fingers. Your cock going in will do her more good, psychologically, than your fingers coming out would do. And don't get her off, Kyrillos. It's that sexual peak of hers that, I believe, will allow you to fuck her, and allow us to stuff her ass and throat with these dildos."

Iason picked up the 2 dildos he left laying next to Larana on the canvas part. He'd estimated they were the ones that would fit into her anus and throat.

"Understand?" Iason cautioned.

Kyrillos nodded yes and moved in close to Larana's wide open crotch with cat-like assuredness, then bent over at his forewaist in front of Larana. Demos, having returned to his beanbag directly in front of Larana, could see between Kyrillos' forelegs. He could periodically see what Kyrillos was doing to Larana, in-between his vision being blocked by Kyrillos' bouncing penis. Kyrillos cupped his fingers and thumb into a cone shape and wedged the tip of it into Larana's steaming vagina.

The slightest touch of Kyrillos' bony flesh caused Larana's vaginal muscles to clamp explosively around his invading digits. Vaginal secretions mixed with centaur spit flung in all directions, sprinkling Kyrillos.

Iason, noting her reaction, said, "Relax, Larana. You must learn to relax if you want to take anything into your body. If you take deep breaths and exhale slowly, you'll find you can concentrate on relaxing your muscles the best. Now, take a deep breath..." Larana took a deep breath, expanding her rib cage to its breaking point.

“...Exhale slowly through your nose and concentrate on relaxing your cunt muscles. Push your pussy open like you would your asshole when taking a dump. Treat Kyrillos’ fingers as if they’re a giant turd and you’re taking a dump through your cunt.” Larana did as Iason instructed and successfully pushed her vagina wide open again, creating a small spfft sound in the process. Kyrillos could feel the spitting air around his finger shafts. His hand eased into her heated pit unimpeded, up to the 2nd knuckle. Then she was at the end of her exhaling and her vaginal muscles clamped tight once more, forcing his fingers out. Larana looked in the mirror on the ceiling. She saw Kyrillos’ fingers making their way into her quivering body. She saw her clitoris jut out of its protective sheath. She looked into the mirror on her right and saw Kyrillos’ penis jerking to and fro. For that matter, she saw every all the males’ penises out and beating about.

“You’ve got the hang of it, Larana,” Iason said encouragingly, breathless.

“All you have to do is practice keeping that pushing out feeling while you take another deep breath. That way, you’ll find you can accept more of Kyrillos’ hand on each breath.”

Turning to Kyrillos, Iason continued.

“And, Kyrillos, you must be aware of Larana’s breathing. When she’s exhaling, you can apply pressure, easing in your hand, until she’s nearing at the end of the exhaling phase. Then, keep only enough pressure to prevent your hand from coming back out. This will help prevent Larana’s body from trying to reject the invasion. You see, it’ll sense any positive or negative pressure during the inhale or in- between phases of her breathing and try to deal with it by clamping down. So, add extra pressure only during her exhales and, as long as she concentrates on taking a dump, your hand will virtually be swallowed by her cunt.”

Kyrillos nodded his head yes and licked his lips. “By the way, Demos, this will apply to your punching a dildo up her ass, later. OK?”

Demos nodded his head yes. “OK, Larana. Continue taking in deep breaths and exhaling slowly while Kyrillos does what I told him.”

Larana took deep breaths, exhaling slowly and pushing out her vaginal muscles, concentrating on relaxing her entire body. Each time she did so, it seemed her body tingled.

Kyrillos pushed his fingers in slowly during each of her exhales and stopped during the other phases of her breathing. Everyone’s eyes grew wider in disbelief each time Kyrillos eased his fingers into Larana’s vagina — a knuckle at a time! By her 4th exhale, he had stuffed his hand into her vagina up to the knuckles at the palm. Only a fraction of an inch to go before the widest part of his hand broke through the outrageously stretched opening and into the warmth of her quivering vagina. The vaginal opening was stretched to almost 3 and 1/2 inches in diameter!

The opening looked as if the vaginal lips were pushed in along with Kyrillos’ fingers. And her 1/2 inch clitoris was jutting out in glorious splendor, with the sheath skinned back. “I feel her maidenhead!” Kyrillos exclaimed, ambivalently. He was excited to feel the portal to her physical sexuality, but he was sad that he could go no further — to place the entire mass of his hand into her being. “Should I stop?” he asked. “No,” Iason answered. “You’re almost there. Curl in your fingers and thumb. Make a fist. You should have enough clearance to stuff the biggest part of your hand into her. Just be careful and continue to ease that fist into her.” Kyrillos did as Iason suggested. Larana saw Kyrillos pull his fingers out just far enough to allow him to curl his thumb and wedge the shaft in. “Oh,” Larana gasped. “I can feel him moving inside me. Oh! Oh! Ohhhh!!!”

Iason’s experience told him Larana wasn’t in any pain. Only mild discomfort. As long as Kyrillos was

going slow, she should weather the expanding fist. Larana's vaginal opening expanded yet another 1/2 inch in diameter — to 4 inches in all!

"OK, Iason. It's bunched into a fist."

Larana started to pant rapidly, then squirm. Her buttock muscles were trying to squeeze together to grab and hold Kyrillos' wrist, as if to halt its forward progress and the fist that was attached to it.

"Concentrate, Larana," Iason reiterated. "Take deep breaths." Larana squirmed more. Her legs were now fluttering. "Oh, dear fucking Zeus," she panted.

"Deep breaths, Larana! Remember. You got this far by learning to breath deeply." Iason bent his foretorso so that he was face-to-face with Larana. "Were you in control of your body when you were breathing like I told you?" Larana nodded yes, sucking in her lower lip and nibbling at it.. "Well get back in control with your body, Larana. Breath deep! "

Larana forced herself to take deep breaths again. After only a few breaths, Larana found her body was responding and she could control the intense feeling of being stuffed full of Kyrillos' hand.

"Mmmmmmm," she murmured, her body going totally limp.

"Now that's the way to relax, Larana," Iason complimented. She was totally relaxed yet totally cognizant of her intense feelings — a state of awareness she'd never experienced before. "Do it, my love," she said, exhaling slowly. "Stuff it in me now."

Kyrillos knew she was ready. Her vagina quivered and lubricated profusely. Its mouth loosened up more and more. He pushed gently. Taught folds of skin surrounding his hand hugged the ridges and valleys of its knuckles. His hand was going in! Each knuckle plucked the pulsating elastic muscle as it squished and gurgled its way inside, like a guitar pick sending sexual vibrations to Larana's already overtaxed mind. "Ngggggh," escaped from Larana's pursed lips as the last knuckle disappeared. The thickest part of Kyrillos' hand had wedged itself in.

Larana was beside herself. Her head swayed from side to side. Her hair fluttering like a banner in a violent breeze. She was stuffed full of unyielding centaur flesh in the form of a fist and it busted open her sexual dam for the 3rd time that day. "I'm cumming," Larana bellowed, tensing all her muscles. "Aaaaah," Kyrillos cried out, flabbergasted. Her vaginal muscles squeezed so hard on the back of his hand that, instead of forcing out the invading fist, it virtually sucked it in, engulfing it to the wrist. The striking surface of his fist smashed against her stretched maidenhead, rocketing intense sensations to her brain and escalating her orgasm.

If being stuffed by a fist was this pleasurable, Larana thought to herself, barely conscious, imagine what it'll be like when he punches that fist-sized dickhead all the way down my cunt.

For several minutes, Larana's body jerked and bounced in the sling. Kyrillos' fist jerked and bounced in counterpoint to her movements. Sounds of pleasure emitted from the very depths of her bosom. Kyrillos felt her vaginal cavity engorge with liquid ecstasy, filling in the grooves between his fingers and surrounding his fist with liquid warmth. Trickle of the womanly essence seeped out between Kyrillos' thick wrist, and Larana's vaginal lips which strangled it.

Erastus, Hebe and Demeter had moved around to Larana's head and was showering her face with kisses, easing her out of her orgasm. Erastus took advantage of Larana's open-mouth breathing to insert his tongue into her mouth and tongue-kiss her face. Larana's orgasm falteringly wound down to only a few involuntary jerks. Kyrillos felt the mouth of her vagina twitch with less intensity now,

its muscles relaxing allowing him to ease his fist out. But as he popped his knuckles free with a loud Sssssshhplshh! sound, her vagina once again clamped tight around his naked skin, as if to say: Don't leave me! This caused his fingers to shoot out with even greater force. Vaginal fluid belched and spewed everywhere.

Kyrillos' hand and wrist glistened from the light of the lamps surrounding the scene. He put his hand to his nose and smelled the fragrance.

"Mmmmmm," he purred licking the dew-like essence from his hand and wrist.

"Let me taste it!" Hebe said, excitedly.

"Me, too!" exclaimed Erastus. "One at a time," Kyrillos admonished, as his brother and sister crowded him.

"OK, Hebe," Kyrillos said, "you can go first." Hebe opened her mouth wide and Kyrillos offered her his hand. "No," Hebe said, wanting to do something more. "Stick it in my mouth the same way you stuffed it in Larana." "This way?" he asked, bunching his hand into a fist. "Well..." Hebe hesitated. "No. In the cone shape." Kyrillos formed a cone and stuffed the bulk of his hand into her mouth before it stopped from resistance. "You sure you want this?" Kyrillos asked. Hebe faintly nodded yes.

Kyrillos started to screw his hand into her mouth. Her teeth scraped along the outer edges of his hand. With a little extra pressure, he wedged the rest of his hand into Hebe's salivating mouth.

At first, Kyrillos thought he had broken her jaw the way it punched into her mouth, his knuckles scraping along the ridges at the top of her mouth and flattening her tongue around the base of his hand. But Hebe's moaning and even breathing convinced him she was just fine.

"Shit," Erastus muttered under his breath. Then he spoke up, disappointment in his words. "Hebe's gonna get all the flavor." Demeter, sitting the farthest from the center of attention and wanting only to massage her breasts, suggested to Erastus that he should get the flavor from the source — like Kyrillos did. The split second that suggestion registered in Erastus' head, he was racing around the sling until he was in front of Larana. Kyrillos had stepped aside, giving his younger brother ample room.

Larana's vaginal corridor kept its hollowed out appearance, her maidenhead now completely visible. A gurgling sound seemed to come from the very core of her womb.

Erastus bent over at his forewaist and positioned his face at Larana's vaginal entrance. He took a deep breath and sunk his face into her still quivering vagina, both nose and mouth. He exhaled. Larana's vagina first billowed inside her. Organs moved. Finally, the excess pressure caused the air to escape from around the union of centaur flesh and human flesh in a kind of flatuation sound. Erastus stuck out his tongue, slurped up some of Larana's liquid love with the flat of his tongue, the tip flicking into Larana's hymen. He then closed his mouth and sucked in the saturated air, through his nose and deep into his lungs. A vacuum now existed inside Larana's vagina and the sleeve collapsed. Her organs shifted some more. Erastus found it excitingly difficult to separate his face from Larana's vagina. He rotated his face up until his nose pulled free and a sudden rush of air filled the vacuum. His face popped free with another kind of flatuation sound.

Erastus erected his foretorso, smiled broadly, smacked his lips several times, then said in a strained voice trying to talk without exhaling any air, "Dear Zeus, she's so exciting." Everyone looked at Erastus. Including Hebe who had to look along the length of Kyrillos' arm, his hand buried in her mouth up to the wrist and his fingers and thumb wedged down her throat. Including Larana, whose



eyes fluttered open to see Erastus' steellike penis smacking wildly against his hindchest. "OK, Kyrillos," Iason interrupted. "Time to fuck Larana. Are you ready?"

"Don't I look it?" Kyrillos asked. Everyone laughed as he slapped his hardened penis several times against his belly. Erastus exhaled, coughing and laughing. Hebe's eyes grew wide. She wanted to cough and laugh at the same time, but her windpipe had been momentarily blocked by Kyrillos' wedged fingers. All she could do was emit a muffled, "Mmmmmmp ... Mmmmmmp!" "Someone stuff his dick with lube," Iason said, urgently. "Quickly before Larana has time to recover."

Kyrillos eased his hand out of Hebe's sucking mouth. He had to push her face with his left hand as he pulled with his right. When the knuckles at the rim around the back of his hand pulled free, the rest came out with a shhhhhllllp! sound. Hebe's mouth stayed fully open for several moments.

Erastus was closet to the jar containing the lube. Still smacking his lips and licking the tip of his nose, he grabbed a fistful of lube and plopped it on the tip of Kyrillos' wildly pulsating penis. He pushed the lube into Kyrillos' urethral process, a glob at a time, until he could stuff no more into the process. He then packed Larana's vagina with lube, sticking his smaller fingers in where Kyrillos' hand had been.

With that done, Iason instructed, "Straddle Larana and put your forehooves on the metal plates on the floor. The plates will measure the effects of your 4th degree, if you should happen to get close to it."

Kyrillos' penis jerked to and fro as he moved in close to the edge of the sling. Small drops of liquefied lube escaped from the tip. He tucked the hindhooves under his massive body. With a seemingly effortless heave, Kyrillos pivoted his body on his hind legs and raised it high enough so he could straddle Larana's prostrate body. His forehooves landed on either side of Larana with a heavy thud, past the chains nearest him.

As he did this, Kyrillos' penis banged into Larana's anal pucker, slid up through her vaginal lips, banged mercilessly into her engorged clitoris, then skipped along her belly until it stopped between her navel and the pit of her stomach.

This wakened her from a semiconscious stupor. Larana let out a loud, "Ouch!" Not really thinking about what she was doing, she raised both hands and stretched out all of her fingers and whispered, "Five."

Everyone laughed and Larana managed a smile.

"You've got the spirit of fucking already, Larana," Demos said, admiringly.

Kyrillos leaned both torsos forward and inched his forehooves towards the metal plates, the flat of his penis gouging out a trough in Larana's abdomen.

When reaching the plates, Kyrillos' penis tip poked heavily into the pit of Larana's stomach, at her solar plexus.

Iason moved to the head of the sling. He pulled it towards him. Kyrillos' penis began to backtrack along the path it just took along Larana's abdomen until the tip of his penis did the same thing to her sex parts as it just did, but in reverse.

Kyrillos' penis swung free and bounced around. Hebe on one side of Kyrillos and Erastus on the other grabbed Kyrillos penis and guided the tip to Larana's vaginal entrance as Iason slowly eased

back the sling.

Kyrillos' penis poked provocatively against Larana's vaginal opening. Her vaginal lips, still distended, did not clamp shut like it first did when Kyrillos touched it with his fingers. Instead, her vagina seemed to open up even more, inviting his penis to enter her.

"Mmmmm," Larana said, panting.

Shkirk! Kyrillos felt the tip of his penis penetrate her as if her body was virtually sucking it into her, lube from her vagina gushing out around the shaft. "Uhhh," he groaned closing his eyes. The feeling was exquisite, unlike anything he'd ever felt. Hot and squishy.

Iason let Larana's own weight take over the job of pushing her onto Kyrillos' steel-hardened penis by gently letting go of the sling. And Hebe and Erastus let Kyrillos' penis go so that he could start humping her in a mating rut.

"Oh, Kyrillos," Larana gasped. His penis was so much more exciting than his fist had been. The tip felt spongy and velvet-like but the shaft extension into the tip, like the shaft itself, was stone hard. And it was this hard point of the tip that was about to pierce the shield of her virginity.

Kyrillos pushed forward. The sling followed in an arc. Pressure was bearing down on Larana's maidenhead. Larana gasped. She was beginning to have doubts about this. Then Kyrillos pulled back quickly. The sling followed. Kyrillos sharply changed directions again. But the sling was still on its way back. Kyrillos' speed forward, adding to the speed the sling was going in the opposite direction, was enough force to punch through Larana's hymen.

"Oh, fuck! " Larana cried, reflexively. A momentary prickly feeling invaded her brain. Larana expected to feel pain but the lube somehow turned the pain into the prickly sensation only.

The sling abruptly changed direction at the instant of puncture. For a moment. Then, just as abruptly, eased back toward Kyrillos. His shaft slipped easily into her pulsating sleeve.

The only other resistance to the drive of Kyrillos' penis going into Larana's vagina would have been the surrounding pubic muscles to the vaginal entrance. But with Kyrillos' hand going in there previously and stretching those muscles, it was easy for the lust hardened shaft to slip in. And Larana's internal organs were no match for the lengthy wedge, so they easily pushed aside as it went in.

When Kyrillos stopped his forward movement and the sling stopped its backward movement, the sling was still at a slight arc. Larana felt pressure deep inside, a sort of nibbling at the very core of her abdomen. She looked into the mirror on her right. She gasped. She did it! Kyrillos' penis was buried all the way to the entrance of her womb, half his shaft penetrating her gut. She could see herself impaled on his throbbing spear. She began to smile and sob at the same time. Demeter directed Hebe and Erastus in what to do to help Larana relax.

"OK, my boy," Iason said to Kyrillos. "She's all yours."

Kyrillos pulled back gently a little. Suction sounds came from the union. The sling moved with him, just like it did a moment before. And just as it did before, Kyrillos changed direction. Although not as abruptly. Spitting sounds erupted. Kyrillos' penis tip banged into the entrance of Larana's womb. A loud sigh came through Larana's flared nostrils. Her mouth had shut tightly when she began her deep breathing exercises, and now the only sounds coming from her was through her nose.

Kyrillos pulled back a little more and, again, changed directions, pounding his penis tip into her cervix. Shlk! Spt! Shlk! Spt! went the sounds. He repeated the movement faster and faster with longer and longer strokes. Larana's sighs turned into loud, sharp Oh! Oh! Oh's through her now opened mouth.

"Breathe deeply, Larana," Iason reminded, soothingly. Larana obeyed. But not until she swallowed hard first, her tongue pressed against the roof of her mouth which caused the Oh's to change to acute Nnn! sounds each time Kyrillos punched Larana's cervix. Larana closed her mouth and the Nnn's became Mmm's. Larana concentrated in her breathing again. "That's it," Iason praised, "You're doing just fine."

Just fine... Larana thought as she drifted into numbness.

Knowing the size of an average plum in Larana's village, Iason handed Demos a dildo. "Demos, you take this dildo for her mouth," Iason said handing him the 15 by 1 1/2. "And I'll take her ass with this 18 by 2." He estimated she could take most of an 18 by 2 for the 3rd degree with Kyrillos at Larana's 4th degree C-spot, about 8 inches into her vaginal barrel.

Demos tilted Larana's head back.

"Wha ... aaa?!? ..." Larana blurted erratically as Kyrillos continued to pound against her cervix.

Demos quickly replied, "We need to straighten out your throat, so you can take this dildo down your gullet."

Larana looked upside-down at the 15 inch long dildo.

"I ... don't ... know..." Larana gasped.

Iason interrupted, "You can take that little thing, Larana. It's smaller than that plum you swallowed whole."

"I ... guess ... you're ... right ... but ... that ... thing ... is ... sooo ... ooo ... long! ..."

"All you have to do is concentrate on relaxing completely. We'll do the rest. OK?"

"O ... K ..."

Hebe thoughtfully took a beanbag to Demos so he can lay in a comfortable position while he stuffs the dildo down Larana's throat.

"Thank you, Hebe," Demos said smiling. "You're always so thoughtful."

Demos laid down on the beanbag. His right shoulder was inline to Larana's open mouth. Larana's face was completely vertical but upside-down. This position caused her throat to straighten out. And the muscles in her neck caused her mouth to open wide. She had difficulty breathing through her nose now as her facial muscles tightened her nostrils. Whistling and wheezing sounds came from her labored breathing.

"She's ready here," Demos said, resting the tip of his 15 by 1 1/2 dildo on her upside-down upper-facial incisors, Iason pushed the tip of his 18 by 2 dildo at the puckered anal opening, both Iason and Demos followed the foot long sling arc until they were ready.

"OK, Larana. We're ready to stuff you." Iason encouraged.

Larana didn't say a thing.

"Oh, look!" Hebe said, excitedly. "She's showing one finger on each hand."

Everyone looked. Sure enough, she had just one finger of each hand up. That meant she was already at the pre-orgasmic peak. But the one finger in each hand quickly disappeared into bunched fists.

"Dear Zeus," Kyrillos screamed, "She's cumming. Oh, fuck! I'm cumming, too." Kyrillos stopped his humping at the farthest upswing. Larana's cervix bore the angled weight of her body. His penis tip flared to a 4 inch by 3 inch bell shape inside Larana's vaginal cavity. That huge plunger pried open her cervix and forced open an unimpeded path into her womb. Larana's cervix muscles were forced to clench at nothing but air. Kyrillos' first spurt sucked the hot liquid lube with it and jetted directly into Larana's open womb. Larana sobbed as the forceful jet hoses her insides, deep within her gut. He was definitely at her C-spot.

"Quick, Demos," Iason said, hurriedly. "Now's our chance."

During the relaxation phase of Larana's orgasmic spasms, Iason squeezed the tip of his dildo into her never-before-stuffed anus and rectum.

"Ggggggh!" Larana exclaimed again. "Tha....tha....that's sooooo good. Mmmmmmmmm," Larana moaned.

Iason quickly slid half the length of the dildo — about 9 inches — into Larana's rectum. The rest of the passage was bent into the S-colon and descending colon, so he had to straighten out this passage for the rest of the dildo to go in. In addition to the bend, Iason had to pass through the muscled ring at the rectum and S-colon junction — the purpose of that muscle was to hold back the feces until enough gathered to cause a bowel movement.

Iason corkscrewed the dildo as he gently pushed. The dildo tip wedged its way past the S-colon sphincter muscle. As the tip popped free into the sigmoid colon the S-colon sphincter collapsed around the dildo shaft. Since the S-colon sphincter and the anal sphincters generally work together, Larana's anal muscles clenched too, causing a sucking sound to escape from around her giant anal intruder. Iason eased more and more of the fake centaur penis into Larana's gulping anus.

Iason was totally flabbergasted. Her rectum was readily accepting the dildo he had selected. Already he had enough stuffed into her that its thickness matched the thickness of Kyrillos' penis at Larana's vaginal opening — about 1 3/4 inches in diameter.

The gap between Larana's vagina and anus was now so thin the two openings seemed to join into a single massive one. Kyrillos could feel the movement Iason's dildo made against the bottom of his penis.

Iason pried the dildo tip between Larana's backbone and Kyrillos' 4 inch by 3 inch flared penis tip, the flare occupying much of Larana's abdominal cavity. This caused a wide ridge to form on the surface of Larana's abdomen. Everyone saw the ridge move whenever Kyrillos moved.

Iason pushed the rest of the dildo in to within an inch of its base. The ridge grew higher. Larana's anus spasmed around the 2 inch thick massive piece of pliable prick. It was thicker than the midpoint of Kyrillos' penis quaking at the mouth of her vagina! And the dildo in her was an inch deeper than Kyrillos could ever give her!!

"Umph!" gulped Larana. She felt the dildo tip punch into her liver and left lung. Iason pulled out the

bulb at the base of the dildo and squeezed it several times. The fake centaur tip quickly inflated to 4 inches by 3 inches inside of her. Larana felt totally filled by the twin flares.

Meanwhile, Larana's muscles surrounding her vaginal entrance easily stretched to accommodate Kyrillos' monstrous penis. Everyone applauded the sight. Having once had Kyrillos' 4 inch wide hand in her vagina, his penile shaft seemed like a finger to it now. Her vaginal muscles squeezed and kneaded the steely shaft. Iason saw Kyrillos' penis skin quiver in sympathy with the fluttering motions of Larana's vibrating pubic muscles. Thick veins, pulsating with blood, crisscrossed beneath the taught leathery surface of his straining penis.

"Demos," Iason directed. "When Larana takes another deep breath, ease your dildo down her throat.

Larana took a deep, ragged breath again and exhaled slowly.

Demos pushed the dildo tip into her mouth. Her mouth closed around the large head.

"Mmph..." gulped Larana. The dildo Demos was squeezing into her throat had cut off her exhalation.

"Keep trying to exhale, Larana," Iason said from knowledge. "It will help to enlarge your throat and make the dildo go down it easier."

Meanwhile, Demeter, Hebe and Erastus helped Larana's agitated state by lightly tickling and massaging her goosebumped skin. Hebe and Erastus bent down and sucked on her erect nipples, tonguing and slobbering spit onto the stiff buds. Everyone had the advantage of seeing for the first time a human taking a length of flesh-like substance that resembles a centaur's penis into her throat. Cindy could not do it. And no one else dared try it. Not the other Chosen Ones. And not even most of the centaurs.

Demos pushed the dildo further into Larana's gullet. Everyone could see the Adam's apple in her throat distend, like a piece of cork rising on a huge wave. She belched out the trapped spit in her mouth. She was profusely salivating on the spongy material.

Everyone's eyes bugged out as the dildo made its way further and further down her gullet. It reached the base of her neck. Veins and muscles in her neck were straining from the unnatural intrusion.

"It's stuck!" Demos exclaimed.

"No. It's not," Iason countered. "Pull back slightly, then corkscrew it into the base of her neck. It'll fit!"

Demos pulled the dildo back an inch or 2. That made Larana want to swallow. Everyone could see her Adam's apple bob up and down her neck against the piercing sword in futile attempts to swallow it.

Demos pushed the dildo back in and concurrently twisted it in a right-hand screwing motion. Its tip angled into her chest area through the tight opening at the pit of her neck. Larana felt a slight stinging sensation at the base of her neck as the tip punched past her esophagus sphincter muscle. Once inside, the dildo slid all the way to the base of her stomach, grotesquely distending her throat. Demos pushed hard to make sure the tip of it was at her C-spot, then inflated its tip. Iason was surprised that his calculations were off. The dildo only went in about 11 inches. For a woman her height, she had a relatively short esophagus and stomach path. That meant a centaur with a penis of about 12 inches would surely hit Larana's 2nd degree C-spot.

Larana's eyes bugged out. She could not scream with a dildo occupying every available space in her mouth and throat. Her face got very red and all she could do was wave her fists about.

Iason stuffed the last inch of his dildo into Larana's rectum and colon. Iason was beside himself. Never did he suspect that she could take all of that dildo up her anus. It was 2 inches longer than Kyrillos' penis. Longer, for that matter, than many of the centaurs' penises in the village.

18 massive inches is what Larana needs to reach her 3rd degree C-spot, Iason thought.

Larana was stuffed. She wished she had real penises in her instead of the 2 fake ones. Because she dimly knew she had actually performed a first.

Ding! Ding! Ding! went a machine in the other room. Startled, Iason let go of the dildo he was holding. Larana's colon and rectal muscles forcefully tried to expelled the dildo in her butt. But it caught when the giant flare of the dildo was again blocked by Kyrillos' own giant flare. However, the outgoing motion in her colon and rectum triggered a reaction in Larana's brain telling it she was doing a bowel movement of sorts. Her abdomen squeezed hard. The internal pressure forced the dildo tip to compress and squeeze past Kyrillos' tip which was too hard to yield.

No more resistance to its travel, and the tremendous pressure within Larana's cavity, caused the dildo to shoot from her anus like an arrow shot from a crossbow nearly ripping Larana's anal ring muscles from its roots in the process.

Larana was too much in her orgasm to really notice.

The dildo's trajectory caused it to carom off Kyrillos' half-hidden testicles, flip around 180 degrees, and stick deep into the beanbag Demos had once laid in. The still widely flared tip acting as a barb in the beanbag material allowed the dildo to wobble in great circles without letting it fall down. The bulb flew around in circles several times, tethered to the dildo by the tube connecting them.

"Uh!" Kyrillos blurted. His body reacted positively, first to the sliding of the dildo along the underside of his overly sensitive tip glans and then to the sting his testicles received when it got hit by the dildo. More ejaculate gushed forth into Larana's already overflowing vagina.

Larana's anal opening closed slowly into a crescent moon shape, even though she was still stuffed with half of Kyrillos' 1 3/4 inch diameter penile shaft.

Iason gasped. Her pelvic region could, indeed, hold 2 massive centaur penises, he thought.

Iason got up and trotted into the other room. On his way out he told Demos, "Pull it out or she'll suffocate." Demos let the air out of the tip and eased the dildo out. When the tip cleared the back of her throat, Larana started to cough. Demos quickly pulled it out the rest of the way and raised her head to a normal resting position. Copious amounts of spittle and phlegm spewed out of her open mouth like a belching water fountain.

Kyrillos was still in the throes of a lubricious orgasm. Larana, too. And that made Iason's machine make the clatter everyone was hearing.

"What's wrong?" Demeter asked, loud enough so Iason could hear him.

"Nothing's wrong!" he shouted back, staring at the machine. "In fact, nothing could ever be better!" he emphasized. "Dear Zeus! She just experienced the best 4th degree I've ever seen; human or centaur!"

Larana came out of her intense orgasm and entered into a semi-conscious deep rest. Her brain was told her to attend to the feelings still present at certain areas of her well used body, but she was slow to respond. She sluggishly brought her hands to her mouth and neck and massaged the muscles that had been stretched by the unimaginable act.

A kind of burning raged within the entire length of her throat.

"Here, Larana," Jason said, soothingly, returning from the other room with a cup of liquid. "This will take the burn out of your throat. It's warmed jax. Jax will not only prolong life, but it'll soothe anything that stings, burns or hurts."

Larana took the cup filled with the liquid and raised her head to drink it. Demeter, seeing Larana struggle for strength to perform such a simple task, supported her head with the palms of both of his hands and helped Larana raise her head high enough so she could take a sip.

Jason got another cup of the liquid and trotted over to where Kyrillos was still nailed to Larana's vagina. Jason was about to take a cupped handful of jax when he noticed the fountain of freshly mixed jax pouring between Kyrillos' rapidly deflating penis and Larana's vaginal trough.

Jason quickly put the cup down on the floor. He didn't need it. Instead, he smeared the fronts and backs of the 4 fingers of his left hand liberally with the jax mixture flowing around the union. For good measure, he inserted those 4 fingers, up to the union of his thumb and palm, into the gap created by Kyrillos' deflating penis. Wiggling his fingers inside her quivering vaginal barrel, Jason coated his fingers with the liquid then pulled his fingers out creating a slurping sound. Jason immediately inserted those fingers into her anal crescent.

"Mmmmm," Larana murmured, soothingly. She wiggled her pelvis around to invite Jason to stuff her anus and rectum with more of his coated fingers that soothed her there.

Jason saw the reaction to his ministrations. "I'm sorry, Larana," he said apologetically. "I should have thought to use lube on the dildos before we stuffed you with them. We'll remember next time."

Kyrillos' deflating penis allowed the sling to finally rest in its upward position. The pressure disappeared from Larana's cervix and its opening slowly closed, trapping the copious amount of life prolonging essence in her womb.

Kyrillos pulled his softened penis out of Larana. The bell-shaped tip was still 2/3 inflated. And everyone saw the jax dripping from every fold and hollow of his penis tip and Larana's vaginal opening.

Kyrillos opened his eyes, dreamily and began to retreat from the metal plates. When his forelegs reached the chains, Jason pulled his fingers from Larana's anus. Kyrillos now had freedom to back off Larana. He hefted his upper body high enough to clear his forehooves from the sling and chains. Jason pushed the sling away from Kyrillos as he pivoted on his hind legs, like he did before, only in reverse. When his body was free from the sling, Kyrillos dropped his forehooves to the floor with a dull thud, then stepped back.

Hebe took the opportunity to suck her older brother's penis. She bent at her forewaist, ducked her head under his hindtorso, took his drooling member and pushed and poked bits of the spongy tip into her wide open mouth until she managed to get it all inside. It wasn't 2 seconds before everyone heard sucking and slurping sounds erupt from Hebe's mouth. Her tongue was seen sporadically poking out between her lower lip and Kyrillos penis.

“Mmmmmvvvvvhhhhhh!” Hebe purred. Her eyes glazed over before the lids fluttered shut.

It’s better than before! Hebe thought.

Not only did she taste Larana’s ejaculate again, but also Kyrillos ejaculate for the first time.

When she had swallowed every last drop of Kyrillos’ jax and Larana’s womanly essence, Hebe tugged at Kyrillos’ flaccid penis stalk until it pulled free with a loud Plop! sound.

Meanwhile, Erastus had moved in front of Kyrillos and knelt down in front of Larana’s spread legs. His relatively large centaur tongue had slurped up the jax and cum mixture from around Larana’s openings. His tongue flew in and out of the loose folds of skin of her vagina, licking and sucking out the fluids that washed in waves from inside Larana’s vagina.

Erastus planted his pursed lips around the still wide opening of her vagina, like a giant leech. Then began to vacuum everything inside: Larana’s cum and drops of blood, Kyrillos’ cum and lube mixture. This went on for several moments until his voracious suction produced no more.

Larana’s body jerked involuntarily at Erastus’ talented mouth and tongue. When Erastus had finished, Larana gave a giant sigh of relief.

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Chapter Ten

“Alright, everyone,” Iason said excitedly. “Let’s get to the watering hole. I can’t wait to tell everyone there what’s happened today. This is going to be the greatest day in our centaur’s history!”

Hebe let go of Kyrillos’ retracting penis and stood up. Erastus had taken a final swipe with his tongue of the entire length of Larana’s pelvic region — from tailbone through clitoris.

Demeter helped Larana to a sitting position. This caused the small amounts of jax and Larana’s ejaculate mixture Erastus couldn’t vacuum out to drain onto the edge of the sling and cascade onto the floor, chiseling the hard dirt floor — just like Larana had seen happen to the stable floor when she mated stallion’s to mare’s!

Demos and Iason helped Larana out of the straps. Her legs seemed rigid in that frog-like squatting position. But that was only temporary. Demos and Iason rubbed her legs, starting at Larana’s overheated crotch, along the inner thigh, and finally the knee joint, calf muscle, and ankle. They helped Larana straighten her weary legs and lifted her up by her upper arms near her shoulders so they could help steady her when she placed her feet on the floor.

It took several attempts of standing up before Larana could balance herself without the help of the centaurs. But the centaurs holding her weren’t about to let go. Instead, they put her dress back on, picked her up high into the air and set her down firmly on Kyrillos’ hindback. Then helped her to grab hold of his forewaist.

Kyrillos opened his eyes in time to adjust his stance before feeling the weight of Larana’s body settle on his hindback.

“Be careful, Kyrillos,” Demos said, warningly. “She’s not all together here yet.”

Everyone filed out of the 2 rooms and into the cool night air.

Off in the distance, Larana could hear music and laughter.

They walked quite a distance before coming to a very large cabin, Larana's insides sloshed and gurgled the whole time.

This cabin was about 8 times as big as Iason's cabin.

Iason was the first to enter.

Larana heard cheering and the calling out of Iason's name. Everyone inside acknowledged him as the most accomplished centaur of all time.

Demos and Demeter were the next to enter. Louder cheers were heard acknowledging Demos as their revered leader.

Then Erastus and Hebe entered. The cheering started to die down.

But when Kyrillos entered with Larana on his back, the people hushed into a deafening silence.

"Gentle centaurs and centaresses," Iason said, stepping aside to let Kyrillos move to the front of the family. "This friendly and talented human female is this period's Chosen One. Her name is Larana."

Larana heard the crowd Oooooooh! at the announcement. She was proud to be at the focus of such apparent admiration.

"We've tested her just before coming here tonight, and I must say," Iason said, proudly, "I truly believe Larana is the Chosen One."

"Not if I can help it," came a voice from across the room.

Larana, still on Kyrillos' hindback, could easily see who made the challenging statement. It was a human female, like herself. As the female approached Larana, Larana could see a broad smile on the woman's face. The woman was about 5 foot 10 inches, slender build, short black hair, and, from her village's age standards, looked to be in her mid-twenties. The most startling thing about her to Larana was that she wasn't wearing any clothes. She was as naked as the centaurs around her.

"Hi Cinder," Demos said, cheerfully. "I see you never give up being the Chosen One. I've always loved your determination."

"Is that Cinder, Kyrillos?" Larana asked whispering into Kyrillos' ear.

"Yes, it is," Kyrillos whispered back.

"I can't believe it," Larana continued. "She looks like she's about 25 years old. Not 89!"

"Believe me. She's 89 all right."

Larana expected seeing someone like death warmed over. But this was a stunning woman approaching her.

Cinder's advanced lifestyle really does work to slow down aging, Larana thought.

"I'm not through just yet, Demos," Cinder said, excitedly. "I think you'll like what's going to happen with Oreias and me, shortly."

"What's going to happen?" Demos said, excitedly. Cinder always provided excitement for everyone, everytime she had sex with Oreias, the mountaineer.

"Never, you mind," Cinder said, teasingly. "You'll have to wait to find out, like the others."

"I can't wait," Demos said smacking his lips.

"Neither can I," another voice said. It came from a male centaur who was quite small in height as centaurs go. But what he lacked in height, he made up in muscle. His muscles bulged and rippled as he walked up behind Cinder, who was now standing in front of Kyrillos and smiling up at Larana. The well-muscled centaur put his arms around Cinder and planted a wet kiss on her right ear lobe.

"Hi, Larana," Cinder said, welcomingly, reaching out her right hand and shaking Larana's hand. "I'm Cinder. No doubt you've heard of me."

Larana nodded her head yes, then released the handshake.

"And this is Oreias," Cinder said moving her right hand to the cheek of the centaur who was kissing her and patting him there.

Oreias paused only long enough to acknowledge his name by saying "Hi", then returned to kissing Cinder all over her face and neck. He began to fondle Cinder's large plump breasts. Her nipples erected at the hands of the powerful looking centaur.

Larana's stomach churned with excitement. She knew this was the centaur Iason had described earlier as the one who put his whole arm inside Cinder's body. His upper arms had to be 20, maybe 21 inches around!

"Am I missing anything?" asked another female sounding voice. Another human female approached the gathering around Larana. She, too, was naked.

"Larana," Cinder said. "This is my twin sister, Pebble."

"Glad to meet you," Pebble said.

Larana was in awe at the difference in appearance between Cinder and her twin. Cinder was so youthful looking and Pebble looked older than most of the people in her own village. Since the people there only lived to around 50 years old, they never really had a chance to develop age lines like Pebble had. In spite of looking old, Pebble's skin took on a healthy glow. A glow that Larana surmised was from very good health. Larana concluded there were many more years Pebble had in which to live.

This dazzling difference in apparent age seemingly was another testimonial to the benefits of the centaur's advanced lifestyle.

"Are the other Chosen Ones coming?" Cinder asked Pebble.

"No," Pebble replied. "They didn't know the new Chosen One was going to arrive today. And since they don't like sex with the centaurs, they weren't, as usual, planning on joining in the fucking that goes on around here."

"You're here," Cinder argued.

"I'm not as prudish as they are," Pebble countered. "I like to see you get it. After all you are my twin."

What you feel going on within you, I feel. Only I don't have to physically do it."

End of Part VII Part VIII

"Do you really feel what Cinder feels?" Larana asked.

"Yes, but thank goodness not as intense. If I did, I would try to dissuade her from doing some of the things she does. Dear Zeus she must be in great pain when she gets fisted like she does. Do you know about fisting, Larana?"

"Yes I do. I got fisted by Kyrillos before we came here. It was only to his wrist. They didn't want to bust my hymen with his fist. Instead I lost it when I got really fucked by him."

Cinder butted in, "Fisted then fucked by this handsome centaur on the very day you arrived. I'm truly impressed."

And she was.

"I was told," Larana continued, "that long ago there were twins that could feel everything each other felt. It was awful for them. They had to be so careful in what they did so they wouldn't hurt each other by accident."

"We know of them," Cinder said. "It was a long time ago. But we aren't quite like them. As Pebble said, our feelings are minimally shared. She can feel a little of what I feel when I get fucked and fisted. And I don't feel pain," Cinder directed toward Pebble, "and you know it. That liquid jax is really terrific stuff!"

"Yeah!" Larana blurted out. "It soothed my burning ass and throat."

"What do you mean, Larana," Cinder asked, surprised.

"That's enough talk for now," Iason said, wedging himself into the middle of the crowd. "Let's get the show going. Who's first?"

Cinder wrestled free from Oreias, her long time lover. But Oreias wouldn't let himself be free of her radiant touch. So, he took his right hand and clasped her left hand with it. Larana had seen this gesture of love in her own village, lovers walking down the street, hand-in-hand. Oreias followed close behind as Cinder approached Larana.

"I'll see you later, Larana," Cinder whispered, then winked at her. "I truly am impressed!" she exclaimed. Larana knew she meant it. There was a touch of envy in Cinder's voice.

The music started up again and everyone spread out across the floor toward their assigned tables.

Kyrillos helped Larana off his hindback.

Larana now felt self-conscious about being clothed. She was the only one there with any clothes on. So, she took off her dress and put it on a hook near the door. Apparently, the centaurs wear some form of clothing on their hairless parts when the weather turns chilly, and the hooks are to hang such apparel.

"She's beautiful," Larana said to Kyrillos about Cinder as they moved across the floor to the beanbags at center stage and closest to it.

"Here," Kyrillos said as he directed Larana to the best seats in the cabin. "These are our beanbags. Father, being the village's statestaur, has the best seats in here for he and his family. And guests."

Guests? Larana asked herself. Since everyone knows each other in this village and, therefore, no one can be a guest to him within the centaur village, then that could only mean there are other people that do know of the centaurs outside the centaur village. Larana thought she should ask him about that. But later. Right then, the excitement of a show had crowded into her mind.

The stage was huge. It was along the entire far wall of the cabin. Its top was elevated 3 feet off the cabin floor and was made of material much like Kyrillos' scale, for strength. The surface was rough in appearance. Larana surmised that centaurs would get on top of the stage and the roughness would help keep them from slipping off it.

She knew centaurs would be getting on top of the stage because 2 1/2 feet above the stage was a sling. A sling almost identical to the one she had used earlier in Iason's play room.

And the 3 walls, everywhere the stage touched, were covered with mirrors. And the ceiling, too. Just like Iason's play room.

That made Larana's heart race.

The watering hole is a place for centaurs to have sex! Larana thought. And everyone here can see it happen!!

Round tables were strategically placed along the open side of the stage, and further away from it. Eight beanbags clustered around each table. Goblets filled with orange wine and plates of edible treats adorned the table in front of each beanbag. The table Larana was sitting at was directly in front of the sling.

Iason jumped up on the stage. Everyone else settled in their beanbags. Larana heard crunching sounds as each one did so.

Larana's beanbag was closest to the stage. Next to her, in a clockwise manner, was her newfound lover, Kyrillos. Then Erastus, Hebe, Demeter, and Demos. The beanbag between Demos and Larana was empty.

"Whose beanbag is that," Larana asked, pointing to it.

"That's Iason's seat," Demos replied. "His place is the only permanent one in here, out of respect. Your seat is reserved for guests. My seat normally is where Kyrillos is sitting. But you are our guest of honor and Kyrillos is your designated mate. So, he gets to be with you tonight."

Iason began to speak.

"Before we formally introduce the acts for tonight's show, I'd like to make an announcement. Erastus, my boy, please stand up."

Erastus did so with excitement, falling over himself.

Everyone laughed.

Erastus looked around sheepishly.

Iason continued.

"Demo's son, Erastus, today squirted for the first time."

Everyone applauded and Erastus shuffled his feet from embarrassment.

"He had the best first-cum I've ever seen."

Everyone looked at one another in anticipation of the number.

"His TCE measured 2 thousand and 22."

Everyone Aaaaaaaah! 'ed. The crowd murmured for a few moments, then stopped.

"Needless to say, Erastus is this month's cummer of the month."

Everyone cheered. Erastus bowed his head and curtsied.

"On with the show!" Jason shouted. Erastus sat down with confidence, now the embarrassment of fame had left him.

Everyone was looking toward the stage. That is, everyone except Larana. She still had not seen everything yet and she wanted to know more.

A centaur walk by. Larana's eyes followed him as he past the table. This centaur caught her eye because he was practically dragging his testicles behind him. He had to walk bow-legged to allow for their size. Even then, they were not clear of his hind legs, and they bounced back and forth in their huge leathery pouch as he walked.

"Who's that," she asked, whispering to Kyrillos and poking him in the hindshoulder to get his attention.

"Huh?" he asked.

"Who is that centaur walking past us?"

"Oh. He's Neander."

"That's right. The one who gushes a gallon of cum."

"Right."

Larana and Kyrillos look at each other, briefly, then smirked. The same idea came between them at the same time. They both looked over at Hebe. Hebe was salivating like a nubile wench with a hopeless crush.

"Looks like we won't be seeing much of Hebe tonight, now that father has given her his consent to do what she wants," Kyrillos whispered to Larana.

Larana smiled and thought, Go for it, Hebe. I know I am.

Sure enough, Hebe got up and quickly followed Neander, trying to catch up with him.

The rest of Kyrillos' family saw what was happening and smiled.

"That's my little one..." Demos said proudly, then paused and sighed. "I guess she's not so little

anymore," his voice cracking under the wonderful emotion of pride.

Demeter comforted him.

The lights dimmed over the audience and Larana's attention was directed towards the stage when the stage lights went bright.

"Our first act is well known to all of you," Iason announced. "But for Larana's sake, I'll introduce them to you anyway.

"Gentle centaurs and centaresses. I proudly introduce the fucking team of Titos and Tarma!"

Applause and whistles filled the room.

The room thundered as 2 centaurs, one male the other female, ran between the tables and past Larana.

Larana felt the pounding of huge hooves, even through her thick beanbag.

Jumping on stage were the 2 largest centaurs Larana had ever seen. They must have just arrived at the watering hole, as Larana surely would have noticed them, standing nearly a foot and a half taller than any centaur in the place.

Titos was a male centaur 10 feet 8 inches tall overall and 6 feet 8 inches at the withers. And Tarma was a centaress 10 feet tall overall and 6 feet 3 inches at the withers.

"Titos weighs nearly 3000 pounds," Kyrillos offered. "And Tarma over 2500 pounds."

"Dear Zeus!" Larana exclaimed. She'd never seen any horse or horse-like creature with that much mass before.

"Larana? Where are you dear?" Titos said, searching for her through the darkness.

"Go ahead and show yourself," Kyrillos urged. "He does this act with all the Chosen Ones. He won't hurt you. He just wants to impress you. He and his mate are well endowed — as you might have guessed."

"Larana," Titos repeated. "We know you're out there. We heard you had arrived today. We want to show you our stuff up close. Are you there?"

"Here," Larana breathed, faintly.

Titos walked over to her, his hooves banging the metal loudly as he did.

"Hello, Larana," Titos said, soothingly, stretching out his hand for a handshake. Even for her big hands, Larana could barely span his palm. His handshake was gentle for such a big centaur.

"Would you like to come up here and help us with the show?"

Larana understandably hesitated but whispered a weak yes.

"Good," Titos said. "Let me help you up."

Titos was very powerful. He easily lifted her up by the hand he had clasped. He raised her high

enough to plant a wet kiss on her awe stricken open mouth, then lowered her gently to the stage surface.

"Would you help me get a hard-on?" Titos asked out loud so everyone could hear him.

Larana looked around. She could not clearly see the faces staring at her. She screwed up her confidence and shouted, "Yes!"

Cheers and applause filled the room.

Larana heard the support she was being given by the audience and she instinctively knew she could do anything and not offend anyone.

Titos took Larana by the hand to the center of the stage where the sling was dangling from the ceiling.

He bent over and whispered in her ear, "We centaurs, as a race, feel it appropriate to ask people's permission before we do anything with or to them. And so I ask you, may I suck your snatch? It would really get me hard, fast."

Puzzled by the terminology, Larana asked back, "Do you mean suck my cunt?"

Titos nodded yes.

"Sure. But I warn you it's still full of lube and Kyrillos' cum."

"That's even better! Dear," Titos said to Tarma, "She's full of jax!"

Larana heard envious sighs coming from the audience.

"Would you like to do a 69?" Titos asked. "It's even better than a suck job."

"What is it?" Larana ask.

"You'll see. Just get into the sling. You know how it works?"

"Yes. That's how Kyrillos fucked me before coming here."

"Wow!" Titos exclaimed, excited. He now knew she was well on her way to understanding the ways of the centaur.

Larana sat in the sling expertly.

"Do you want me to lay down, Titos"

"Yes. Then I'll mount you like Kyrillos did, but in reverse."

"Oh. Then you want me to do a 2nd?"

"Not quite. I'd never fit down your throat. This dick of mine has never been in anyone except Tarma. Her cunt is the only thing this pecker of mine will fit. Instead, I just want you to lick it as it comes out, while I lick and suck your snatch."

"That would be great. Oh, by the way," Larana added with a certain smugness to her voice. "I know

what your cock looks like.”

“You do?”

“Yes. Jason has a dildo that he says was made from your cock.”

“That’s right! I forgot all about it. Then you know my prick will never fit in you anywhere.”

“Maybe not tonight. But I’ll sure try in the future!”

What a remarkable human! Titos thought.

Larana laid flat on the sling. It was already adjusted to the horizontal position.

Tarma helped Larana put her feet through the straps while Titos went around the back. Tarma steadied the sling as Titos grabbed the chains and pulled himself over Larana’s body.

Larana gasped thinking about what Kyrillos had said about Titos’ weight. She imagined the chains somehow breaking and his full 3000 pounds coming down on her and crushing her. But it was just needless fear on her part.

The one thing that did frighten her for a moment, was that the springs on that end of the sling definitely yielded some of its coiled strength under Titos’ enormous weight. The springs bounded back to their original shape when Titos released them.

Larana was well below Titos’ underbelly. She had room to move her head in every direction to scope out the situation. She realized she was on the centaur size canvas.

“Titos?” Larana said, questioningly. “This is the canvas made for centaurs. My head is a good foot shy of the edge.”

“Don’t worry about it, Larana. My prick will more than reach your luscious mouth when I get going.”

Speaking of reaching, Larana thought to herself, how is he going to reach my cunt? In bending over, his mouth will be under the sling.

Titos lifted his tail straight up and slightly to the side, so that the tail hairs were out of the way. Everyone could see his exposed anus in the far wall mirror. Whistles came from the audience.

Tarma went around to Titos’ hind end, bent over and placed her mouth on her lover’s anus. She tongued the surface, teasingly. Then she placed the tip at its entrance and began to push her tongue inside.

Meanwhile, Larana raised her hands and tried to reach around Titos hindtorso. Her arms barely went a third around. Her hands stroked his fine centaur hair. She loved the feel of the short bristles on her bare skin. And Titos loved her stroking his fur. It sent chills up his spine. His skin rippled.

Larana’s stroking and Tarma’s licking caused Tito’s penis to emerge from its hairless sheath. Larana looked overhead and gasped. The monster penis was a good 4 inches in diameter. And it barely had come out of its protective covering!

Larana reached overhead and began to massage the flaccid shaft as it grew and grew. Larana heard Tarma’s slurping sounds speed up. Titos grunted.

His lengthening penis nudged Larana's face. The shaft bent as it grew, for the tip was now flat against her face. The pressure against her face increased. Her nose funneled into his urethral process.

Larana hefted the shaft high enough to dislodge the tip, so she could breathe. Once free, the tip sprung forward and the shaft straightened out and equalized. The audience gasped. No matter how many times they viewed this spectacle, they never got over the comparison of size between Titos' penis length and girth versus the length and girth of the Chosen Ones he performed with.

If Larana was back far enough on the sling to lick Titos' balls, they thought, the spongy tip would surely extend past her clit.

Larana stuck out her tongue and licked the underside of the shaft, along the urethral tube.

Titos groaned. His mind received pleasure signals from both his penis and his anus now.

His penis tip grew past Larana's chin. The shaft was now rigid enough to where he could flex his growing member off of Larana's face.

Titos gauged where Larana's mouth was in relation to her licking his shaft and felt the time was right. He unhooked the straps from the chains and pulled Larana's legs up.

"Whaaaa!?" Larana blurted as her upper body was dragged across the canvas.

"I'm picking you up to where I can lick your snatch and you can lick my prickhead."

By now his penis tip had nearly reached the backs of his forelegs. It was, indeed, a monster penis. Larana figured it had to be 3 feet long!

Titos stopped his pulling when only Larana's head remained on the canvas. Except for her head, Larana's body was completely upside down.

Her mouth was placed just right to lick the sensitive glans of Titos' penis tip. His tip had grown to 6 inches in diameter while the base was at its full 8 inch diameter. The urethral tube running the length of the shaft was as thick as Larana's thumb.

The urethral tube protruded from the process by an inch. Larana wedged her lower lip between the underside of the tip's point and the top of the urethral tube and closed her mouth over the tube. She sucked enthusiastically on it like a reed.

A reed! Larana thought, amused. Sucking a cock is like sucking liquid through a reed — at least in this case.

Titos' penis began to seep pre-ejaculate through the tube Larana was sucking on.

Is this cum? Larana asked herself. Whatever it is, it tastes real good.

More and more of it came out of Titos penis. Larana now had a hard time keeping up with the pulsating flow.

Titos spread Larana's legs wide. That action raised Larana's body some more. But her lips were so solidly clamped on Titos urethral tube, her mouth held on. She sucked on the tube's end like a ravenous baby sucking on its mother's engorged nipple.

Larana's sticky-wet vaginal lips puffed open with a Spff! sound. Her clitoris again erected from the sexually exciting scene taking place.

Titos bent his head down. He peered into the dark openness, her clitoris pointing the way. He felt the heat of her passion hit his face. He took a deep breath and smelled the gaminess wafting up around his flared nostrils. Her vaginal swamp literally steamed with essence from 4 personal ejaculations, Kyrillos' ejaculation and, of course, the lube.

Titos' penis bounced in time with his accelerated heartbeat, his anal muscle clamped sharply around Tarma's drilling tongue. All from the sight, sound and smell of Larana's vagina. Now, he wanted to taste it, too.

Titos bent his head some more. His mouth perched over her inviting vagina. He stuck out his rough tongue and sandpapered it over Larana's overly sensitive clitoris. Her clitoris vibrated. By the time the signal of pleasure reached Larana's brain, it had amplified to nearly unbearable proportions.

Larana's mind virtually seized. Her mouth gaped open as if to scream out her passion but nothing came out.

No longer clamped to Titos' penis, her head slid along the canvas an inch away from Titos' urethral opening. His penis still spurted pre-ejaculate in tremendous amounts. It hosed her face. Pre-ejaculate pooled in her eye pockets, seeped into her nose and flowed into her wide open mouth. It ran down the sides of her face and collected between the ridges of her ears.

But this seemingly endless supply of fluid was only Titos' pre-ejaculate. The same type that would generally appear as a drop or 2 on the tip of a human penis when aroused.

Titos glued his parting lips to Larana's vaginal lips and began to suck the tasteful liquids from within her. His vacuum was so great, it literally sucked Kyrillos' jax mixture from within her womb. Larana felt her body involuntarily trying to shut all orifices to her body cavities. Her mind had been conditioned to hold things in — like bowel movements and urination until the time was right. She had to unlearn those things here — to learn to open herself up again.

Larana took a short breath than coughed. She swallowed the pre-ejaculate in her mouth. The taste was exquisite. She took a long slow breath through her cleared mouth, filling her lungs with air. Larana snorted through her nose, spewing forth great amounts and clearing her sinus cavities. She could breath through her nose normally again.

Larana took a deep breath and exhaled through her nose like she was taught. She let her muscles relax completely. When she did that, Titos got a surprise. Now it was his turn to try and gulp down copious amounts of liquid coming from within her. Larana's cervix muscles relaxed. The opening to her womb dilated and the vacuum Titos' mouth produced caused the reservoir of fluid stored in her to flow rapidly into his mouth. Caught, unprepared, Titos coughed from too much of a good thing. The audience laughed. No one has made Titos cough from too much of anything before.

"Mmmph!" Titos mumbled, surprised at the sudden onslaught of delicious liquid filling his mouth. Very few centaureesses had given him that much sex extract to sample before.

The flow slowly ebbed to a slow trickle.

Mistakenly thinking that this was Larana's orgasm subsiding, Titos quit sucking and gave Larana's pelvic region a few swipes with the flat of his tongue, then pulled her all the way off the sling.

Larana's face and hair was drenched in Titos' pre-ejaculate. A large pool of the stuff jiggled on the sling. So much had pooled, in fact, the sling looked cone-shaped, like Larana had seen happen to Iason's sling when Iason had pushed his hand down on the fabric.

Drops of liquid fell from Larana's hair like heavy rain. It pooled onto the stage, then ran to the edge of the stage. Centaurs close to the edge swiped their fingers across the stream and licked the sex liqueur. Kyrillos and Iason were the first to sample it.

"Mmmmm, good," they both said in unison, nodding their heads affirmatively in appreciation.

Larana lowered her hands toward the stage and Titos let her down, gently. Her hands flattened against the rough surface of the stage, her fingers and palms disappearing in the pool. Larana tucked her chin against her chest and directed Titos to let go. He did, and like a nimble gymnast, Larana rolled along the stage several times, in a human ball shape. Her body squeezed the pool of pre-ejaculate along her path and just in front of her body like a tidal wave being propelled by gale force winds.

Larana stopped perfectly at the edge of the stage. Her body uncoiled. Her legs and pelvis flipped over the edge directly in front of Kyrillos' astonished looking face. Larana spread her legs as they came down. Kyrillos was so close to Larana that his nose sliced her vaginal lips apart. The backs of her thighs banged onto his muscular shoulders. Larana squeezed her thighs together, trapping her wet open vagina over Kyrillos' bewildered mouth.

Meanwhile, the pre-ejaculate wave washed over the edge and splashed onto Kyrillos hairless forechest. The runny mass swept over the edges of his pectoral muscles like a waterfall and cascaded over his washboard abdominal muscles like a river. It slowed to a trickle forming icicle-like designs on his hairy hindpectoral muscles and forelegs.

Damp spots grew on Kyrillos' beanbag. And not just from the excess wash, either. Kyrillos had a weeping hard-on himself. And so did every male in the place. Larana was a definite turn-on to these sexually oriented people.

Everyone cheered the loudest they had ever done. What a show! Larana was theatrically equivalent to Iason. Maybe even more so.

Titos and Tarma clapped and whistled. Larana had upstaged them and they loved it.

Titos went over to Larana. Larana grabbed the cannon bone of each foreleg with her hands. Titos raised his right foreleg and grabbed her wrist with his right hand. And repeated the process with the left foreleg and hand. Larana was sitting up now. Kyrillos munched on her spit-soaked vagina. And when Titos pulled her away, Kyrillos' tongue licked the rushing air.

Larana lowered her feet to the wet flooring and followed Titos back to the sling.

"What now?" Larana asked, whispering to the giant centaur.

"Let's get Tarma ready. I need no further stimulation."

Larana looked underneath the towering giant. His penis was bouncing erratically. It looked to Larana that it was so stiff and hard, it could very well break logs in half.

"I can see that," Larana acknowledged. "How do we get her ready?"

"We centaurs fist our lovers, first. This opens them up and makes prick entry that much more comfortable and enjoyable. The fister gets the added excitement that his or her hand is in someone's body. And the fistee gets the added comfort knowing that he or she will be able to take a turgid prick the size of the arm inside.

"When you were fisted by Kyrillos, did you exite in knowing his hand was larger than his prick and that you could take his hand?"

"Why, yes, I did!"

"You knew his prickshaft was thinner, so you relaxed more knowing you could take his prickshaft with out stretching or tearing. And, I'm sure Kyrillos took his time in fisting you, didn't he?"

Larana nodded yes.

"But I'll bet his prick took only a split second before it bottomed out in your snatch, didn't it?"

Larana nodded yes again.

"If he hadn't fisted you first, you might have torn open or something. So, always fist your mate first, and you'll have many enjoyable cums together."

"Then you want me to fist Tarma?"

"Yes, Larana," Tarma said, interrupting excitedly. "Fist me now, darling!"

Larana moved in close to Tarma's vagina. Tarma spread her hind legs apart and raised her tail. She looked over her foreshoulder with glassy eyes. Larana eased her coned fingers into Tarma's leathery vagina. The touch of Larana's fingers caused Tarma to clench her vaginal muscles and poke out her moveable clitoris.

This was just what happened to me, Larana thought, when Kyrillos touched my cunt.

A sense of power came over Larana. Tarma's feelings were at her command, just as Kyrillos had seemingly manipulated her feelings a while ago.

Larana pushed her hand into Tarma's spitting vagina up to the wrist. Tarma moaned loudly. Her vagina was super hot compared to Larana's temperature. A centaur's internal body temperature was 3 to 4 degrees higher than a human's temperature.

Larana pushed her hand in deeper and her forearm disappeared up to her elbow. And Larana had not felt the end of the vaginal barrel. Tarma's vagina lubricated and pulsed with pleasure. Larana pushed in farther and farther. Her upper arm slowly disappeared until there was no more to push. Tarma had taken all of Larana's muscled arm and the end of the tube could not be felt. Larana struggled to stretch her arm as long as possible, pushed to insert her shoulder as much as possible, and stretched her fingers to the maximum, and, yet, she still could not find the entrance to Tarma's womb.

Larana relaxed and allowed her arm to baste in Tarma's vaginal oven.

"Couldn't reach it, could you?" Titos said out loud, smiling and gloating.

Larana shook her head no.

“But I can with my prick!”

Everyone laughed. That was the kind of laughter Titos and Tarma craved. It was the laughter of envy. Their sexual equipment was unmatched by anyone else’s and they knew it. And when a relatively small human is used to demonstrate the depth of Tarma’s vagina that way, they knew that human could not bottom out.

“Here ...,” Titos said, continuing the demonstration. He pulled Larana back. Her arm vacated Tarma’s clenching vagina with one long loud suction sound. Larana’s hand popped free. A large hole into Tarma’s vagina was seen by the audience. Larana’s upper arm opened up Tarma’s channel wide.

“... Let’s use your leg,” Titos continued. “Up you go!”

Before Larana knew what was happening, Titos lifted her high in the air with his right arm. His left arm grasped Larana around her waist and gently squeezed her close to his massive body. Secured, like a father holding his infant child, Titos let his right hand go of her and used it to grasp her right leg.

Titos eased the tip of Larana’s foot into his lover’s opened vagina. He angled her foot so that it went in horizontally, in- line with the rest of her leg. He pushed harder. The foot disappeared into Tarma’s quivering body, her clitoris rapidly poking in and out. Larana’s lower leg squished inside next. Titos pushed harder. Larana’s upper leg gave much resistance. Her well-muscled thigh was much larger than the frail human’s that preceded her.

“Dear Zeus,” Tarma cried. “I’ve never been so stuffed! Not even by you my love.” Titos did not feel jealousy. Instead he felt he was fulfilling a need Tarma had. This made him even more determined to stuff Tarma full of human flesh. And Larana was helping, too. She had grabbed hold of the pelvic bone edges along the top corners of Tarma’s pelvic girdle and pulled. Larana eased her leg in further, treating Tarma’s vagina like a tight boot.

“Breathe deeply, Tarma,” Larana instructed from experience. “Exhale slowly and let your muscles relax.”

Tarma never had to control her breathing or relax her muscles before. She was always so big, she hardly ever felt anything go inside her, until her lover, Titos, came along and filled her for many years. Even the other Chosen Ones never had thighs thicker than her lover’s penis. But, now, this thigh was something extraordinarily big, and it was stuffing her insides to the brim.

Titos pushed in Larana’s leg midway up her thigh, and it would not go any farther. Iason jumped up on the stage with a jar of lube.

“Use this,” Iason said, opening the jar. “Use it to lube Larana’s leg.”

Titos pulled some of Larana’s leg out of his lover. Iason swabbed a thick coating of lube onto Larana’s leg all the way up to her pelvic girdle. Titos pushed in her leg again. This time, it went in easier as there was no friction, only muscular resistance around Tarma’s vaginal opening.

Larana relaxed her leg as much as possible so that the muscles underneath her skin would form in the oval shape of Tarma’s opening.

Tarma groaned. Her clitoris jutted out in total bliss. Never before had she been filled so full this way.

Titos pushed the last inch of Larana’s right leg into his lover’s cavernous vagina. Larana’s clitoris

banged into Tarma's clitoris. Both females jerked at the contact. Larana's vagina seeped more pre-ejaculate. It seemed her vagina would never run out. Tarma's vagina vibrated on the verge of orgasm.

Larana moved her foot around Tarma's insides. Larana's big toe zeroed in on Tarma's cervix opening. She tickled the opening to Tarma's womb and felt it give way.

Larana was able to insert her big toe. She stretched her leg out as much as possible trying to get her toe all the way in. Titos pressed Larana tightly between his muscular body and Tarma's fleshy backsides. Tarma's tailbone was rigid against the hard surface of Larana's muscular body, Larana's head nestled in Tarma's coarse tailhairs.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!" Tarma cried out in a wavering voice. She reached a climax so intense, her body stiffened for several moments before fluttering in wave after wave of ecstasy.

Larana felt as if her leg was squeezed tightly in a tourniquet. Tarma's clitoris continued to joust with Larana's clitoris sending intense signals to their respective pleasure centers in their brains.

Lube and centaress ejaculate oozed through the tight seal, Larana's skin soaking it up like valued skin cream.

Tarma's orgasm subsided. Titos pulled Larana's leg out slowly with a loud suction sound and stood her on the stage. Independent trickles of lube ran down from Larana's upper thigh, over the rest of her leg that was covered with Centaress ejaculate.

Larana ran her palm over her right leg scooping up the mixture. She put her palm to her nose and sniffed the unique aroma. Then swiped her tongue over it. It tasted smooth and sweet.

The trickles of lube tickled Larana's leg. She shook her leg to free herself of the tickle. Drops of lube and ejaculate flew everywhere.

Larana looked up and gasped at the size of Tarma's vaginal opening. It had not closed yet from the 'fisting' Larana had given her.

An amusing thought occurred to Larana. She nudged Titos on his hindshoulder. Titos bent over placing his ear close to Larana's mouth. Larana whispered to him.

The audience murmured guessing what it was she'd said to Titos. The answer soon followed.

Larana moved over to Tarma and placed her face near the gaping opening. The audience murmured again.

Licking Tarma's vagina is useless, the audience murmured amongst themselves. Why is she doing that?

But the audience was surprised. Larana did not have that thought in mind. Instead, she tipped the top of her head toward the opening. Larana's head, still drenched with Titos' pre-ejaculate, glistening and dripping, forced its way into Tarma's quivering vagina. How easily Larana's head disappeared into it.

The audience clapped and whistled. They were truly entertained and excited. No one before had ever thought of stuffing a human head inside a vagina before. A head going through a vaginal opening had always been the other way around at birthing time.

Larana added to the excitement by rotating her head clockwise and counter-clockwise several times, like a bristle brush in a bottle, before removing her head from the steamy environment and gasping for air.

Larana's face was coated with lube and centauress ejaculate. In fact her whole body had sex juices all over it from the Titos and Tarma act!

Thunderous applause filled the building. Larana curtsied then jumped off the stage and sat down on her beanbag, exhausted.

Everyone at her table swiped up handfuls of sex mixture off of Larana's body to sniff and taste.

Larana felt proud. And well she should have been. She performed on stage better than even Iason. And that was an accomplishment for anyone, centaur or human.

Titos was grinning, his penis was slapping noisily against his chest. It hadn't been that stiff in what seemed like eternity. His mind reeled with the performance Larana had given.

And Tarma was still twitching, her body not yet recovered from her orgasm. Her mind numbed by Larana's performance.

Titos reared up and mounted his mate, like they usually did in their act.. But it just wasn't the same. For the first time since Titos could remember, his penis was loose in Tarma's vagina. It didn't have the usual friction it was used to. But the sloppiness of Tarma's vagina was something new, and to him just as exciting as the first time he could mate with someone, that someone being Tarma.

It took only 6 strokes before Titos fired off his ejaculate in a torrential flood. His testicles disappeared into his body, a sure sign to the audience he was orgasming.

Because Tarma's vagina was so loose, Titos ejaculate gushed everywhere. It got on everything. The stage. The participants. Even the audience near the stage's edge. And that meant Larana, too. Now her body truly was a smorgasbord of sex juices. Larana laughed and enjoyed herself at the thought.

Titos dismounted. Ejaculate gushed some more than subsided. Tarma left the stage wobbly. Titos left the stage stiff leggedly, his stiff member ready for more.

"Let's go back home and do a 4th," Titos said to his lover. She nodded yes with a weak smile. Titos winked at Larana. Tarma had never been that turned-on before!

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## **Chapter Eleven**

Iason had remained on the stage so he was ready to announce the next act.

"Gentle centaurs and centaresses. I proudly present the next act: Cinder and Oreias!"

Iason left the stage as Cinder and Oreias jumped on it, hand- in-hand. Applause filled the room.

Cinder spoke.

"As you all know, I arrived in your village 77 years ago.

"It took 2 years before I was ready to fuck one of you — I had not yet reached puberty before I

arrived.

“Then it took me another 6 years before I could do a 4th.” Cinder looked toward Larana and sighed. “Larana, over there, was able to fuck Kyrillos the first day she’d arrived — today, as a matter of fact. How I envy you, Larana.

“But for the past 60 years, I’ve been doing a 3rd. And of those 60 years, the last 12 years I’ve been fisted by my lover here, up to the shoulder! “

Cinder took hold of Oreias’ upper right arm for emphasis and tried to span the fingers of both hands around it. They would only go 2/3 around it.

“Tonight,” Cinder said, then paused while she moved her eyes across the audience in dramatic fashion. “We are going to do something even more spectacular! We are going to do a 2nd!!!”

The audience hushed. They knew only Iason had done 2nd’s. And he was a centaur with a much bigger throat passage than this human standing before them.

Cinder stuffed Oreias’ urethral process with lube, then went over to the sling and stood there facing it.

Oreias helped Cinder into the sling, feet first and toward the back of the stage. Her head was off the sling so she could bend it down and her mouth with her throat. Her eyes opened and, again, looked over the audience.

He needed no manual stimulation. Just the thought of doing a 2nd with Cinder in front of an audience was enough to arouse him. He was only 7 feet 4 inches overall and 4 feet 7 inches at the withers. His penis was thin but was an impressive 18 inch long. In spite of its thinness, it seemed to Larana that it looked as muscular as his body.

Oreias mounted the sling and hooked Cinder’s feet in the straps.

“Ready, my love?” Oreias asked.

Cinder swallowed. She took a deep breath, raised her hands, spread her fingers out wide and shook them.

The audience responded and shouted out, “Five!”

Oreias easily inserted his entire left hand in Cinder’s well used vagina, up to the wrist. Not in a cone shape like Kyrillos had done to Larana, but totally flat! Oreias had done this to Cinder so often over the years, she did not have to be gently opened up — or lubed for that matter — like Larana had needed earlier.

Oreias pulled his hand out slowly. As he did, he pushed in his right hand, palm against palm. When the fingers of his left hand were just inside Cinder’s vagina, Oreias had his right hand in up to the wrist. He pulled out his right hand and pushed in his left hand again, leaving the right-hand fingers buried and sinking the left hand to the wrist. He continued this scissoring action until Cinder held up 4 fingers on each of her hands. “Four!” shouted the audience.

Oreias’ penis tip brushed against Cinder’s tender lips. She opened her mouth as if a button had been pushed. He leaned forward, wedging his penis tip inside her stretching lips. When it eased past the constriction, the rigid cylinder plunged to the back of Cinder’s gaping mouth. Cinder bit down on his



tough penis with her teeth. She pushed out her lips, grabbed ahold of his shaft with them and let go with her teeth. She then pulled his penis into her mouth some more and once again bit down with her teeth to keep it from sliding back out. She effectively created a human ratchet, before a mechanical one was even invented. And Oreias helped supply the pressure a ratchet needs to operate by gently bearing down with the hind end of his 1200 pound weight.

The audience began to stir as they saw Cinder's throat distend, inch by torturous inch, starting with the base of her chin and working its way down to the pit of her neck.

Cinder's Adam's apple got in the process of penis swallowing when Oreias' penile tip pried past it. Now, after Cinder pulled her lips back, and before she bit down with her teeth on the next cycle, she would swallow, aiding in pulling yet another inch of hardened centaur flesh down her gullet each time she did.

Cinder held 3 fingers out. "Three!" shouted the audience. It wasn't long before they saw the pointed tip lodge at the pit of Cinder's neck. Larana instinctively felt the pit of her own neck, still feeling the stretch it had earlier, and remembering what Demos had to do with the dildo to get it past that sticking point.

How is Oreias going to twist his cock in Cinder's throat like that? Larana asked herself. The answer was immediate.

Oreias reluctantly pulled both of his hands from Cinder's palpitating vagina. He bent his foretorso backward, then reached overhead and grabbed the chains holding the canvas corners near Cinder's head. His muscles rippled and bulged as he first raised one chain while pulling down the other, then do the opposite in a see-saw fashion. The sling rocked back and forth like a small boat on an ocean in a hurricane.

So that's how it can be done, Larana thought. It never occurred to me that instead of twisting the penis, the same action could be performed when the throat is twisted instead.

Oreias' penis tip screwed past the esophagus sphincter muscle and his penis sunk rapidly into Cinder's chest cavity, her facial lips were practically sucked inside from the rapid introduction of hard leathery flesh.

Cinder held out 2 fingers. "Two!" shouted the audience. They were caught up in the action. Larana heard slurping and sucking sounds in the darkened area where they sat.

Cinder's eyes bugged out as his penis vanished nearly all the way into the depths of her jerking body. The hardest part was over and she rapidly approached her part of the 2nd; she felt a fantastic orgasm on the way. She held out 1 finger on each hand. "One!" shouted the audience. They intuitively knew that Cinder and Oreias had don it — a 2nd was inevitable!

Oreias humped his penis in and out of Cinder's gulping throat. Her face grew red from lack of breathing. The sling rocked back and forth in counterpoint to Oreias' humping.

Cinder clenched her fists. She was in orgasm. "Zero!" shouted the audience. They clapped, whistled and cheered. Oreias doubled the speed of his humping for a brief moment, then slammed his spurting rod at Cinder's 2nd degree C-spot. His urethral process opened up. Cinder felt her stomach expand tremendously. Her grinder opened up. The lube mixed with Oreias' ejaculate and hosed her small intestines.

For the first time with a human, a 2nd was happening before the stunned audience. Unlike what

happened when Iason performed a 2nd, this time a static electricity sound came from the couple.

Larana was shocked. The spectacle was overwhelming. She swooned into Kyrillos' arms a pleasant smile adorned her face. She was perspiring. Her stomach churned. She had to try it, too!

Oreias jerked as if something was happening to him. He pulled his bunched haunches back. His penis slithered quickly past Cinder's spitting orifice.

Oreias' inflated penis tip lodged just inside Cinder's chest, at the esophagus sphincter. It was stuck and Oreias hadn't noticed until he pulled the sling back with him 1/2 a foot. He pushed the chains forward and managed to squeeze the tip past the muscle and into the rigid throat area.

The audience saw the tip travel up Cinder's neck like a huge wave on a small pond. It scraped along the roof of her mouth and popped out with such force it sounded like Cinder's jaw had broken.

The sling flew back. Oreias steadied it.

Cinder coughed, hiccuped, belched, and coughed again. Spit, phlegm, lube and ejaculate sprayed profusely everywhere.

Oreias penis dangled in a broad arc, its bulbous head sprinkling the floor with the same mixture.

Oreias helped Cinder out of the sling amongst thunderous applause, whistling and cheers. He whispered to her, "Did you feel that shock like I did?" It was a shock not felt by either of them before. Cinder weakly nodded yes, trying desperately to catch her breath.

Before that night's show, they'd practiced their 2nd's with a dildo fashioned from Oreias' penis. They didn't want to use his real penis and therefore experience the real 2nd until they were before an audience. They chose that night to try the real thing. And so, they had no advance warning that a 2nd would produce some form of an electrical shock.

Iason jumped on stage clapping his hands. But before Oreias could tell Iason the 'shocking' news, Iason made an announcement.

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Chapter Twelve

"Gentle centaurs and centaresses. Let's hear it for Cinder and Oreias. What an accomplishment! Dear Zeus, I'm proud of them."

Oreias helped Cinder to her beanbag next to Pebble. Larana noticed Pebble was panting and holding her throat. She looked like she, too, had an orgasm. Her eyes were half-opened and glazed over. Her lips were parted and her tongue ran over them as if to moisten them.

She must feel what Cinder feels, Larana thought to herself.

Iason continued.

"Now that you've seen that a 2nd can be performed with a human, I feel it is my honor and duty to tell you that I know of a human that can do a 1st!"

The audience quickly hushed. In spite of her exhaustion, Cinder perked up at the announcement.

“That human is Larana!” Iason pointed toward her in the darkness. No one made a sound. How? they all thought.

“This evening we simulated a 1st with her by having Kyrillos pork the gods out of her while Demos and I crammed her butt and mouth with dildos — with real centaur proportions!

“The centaur belonging to the dildo up her ass was that of Demos.” Cinder sighed in disbelief. A simulated 3rd. And with a penis the size of Demos.

Must be an 18 by 2, Cinder thought. At least!

“The centaur belonging to the dildo we shoved down her gullet was that of Erastus.” Erastus was caught unaware and blushed. What a day for him. First honored as the cummer of the month, and, now proud owner of the penis that would simulate a 2nd.

Cinder regained some of the spotlight with the news. It meant that she had to take more penis down her throat than Larana to accomplish her 2nd. And she did it!

Cinder sat up with a start. That means, she thought to herself, I can do a 1st for sure! i’ve done the real-life 4th, 3rd, and 2nd it takes to do a 1st. “I can do it!” Cinder blurted out. “My throat is still sore. But I can do it tomorrow.” Cinder was more concerned about the electrical shock she received during the conclusion of the 2nd, and she had to have time to think about it.

“Larana?” Iason asked. “Cinder can do a 1st tomorrow. Can you do one right now?”

Larana had to think. She took a mental inventory of her sex parts. Her throat had returned nearly to normal, but still stung a little. Her anus and vagina was just fine. In fact her body was totally relaxed now and telling her it needed more. Larana was becoming insatiable.

“Lube ‘em up!” Larana said, excitedly, jumping up on the stage.

The audience went hysterical. And so did Cinder. She held no grudge. She was envious of Larana’s ability, but she also knew the village Decree was about to be fulfilled — and she was overwhelmingly happy for that. “Go for it!” Cinder shouted.

Pebble was relieved.

The male population of the Demos family jumped up on stage, one by one.

“Demos, you first,” Iason directed. Iason stuffed Demos’ urethral process with lube. “Get under the sling.”

Iason placed a small beanbag under the far end of the sling, then moved the sling aside. Demos was quick and sure in getting on his back in the proper position. His head was toward the back wall mirror. His arms spread out perpendicular to his foretorso. for balance. His hindback teetered on his withers and hindback spine, cushioned by the beanbag. His forelegs were folded over in a tight curl. His hind legs bunched in a tight zig-zag and were spread apart.

The audience saw his penis erecting.

Iason detached the centaur size canvas from the chains and attached the human size canvas. This canvas was about 6 inches shorter than the one he used in his playroom. This would assure Larana’s head the freedom of movement needed to do a 2nd while keeping her pelvis supported to do the 3rd

and 4th.

Iason placed the sling on top of Demos' belly and adjusted the canvas so that it would be horizontal and very lightly touching Demos' hindbelly. Iason swung the near canvas edge toward the back, crumpling the canvas and exposing Demos' rapidly inflating penis. Iason hefted the meaty tube off of Demos' belly. Iason swiped his tongue across the oozing tip a few times then released the canvas and placed the squirming member on the sling. Demos' penis tip snaked along the canvas surface as it grew.

"Kyrillos, you're next," Iason directed. Iason stuffed Kyrillos' penis tip with lube. "OK, Erastus." Erastus moved in close to Kyrillos and Iason stuffed his penis tip with lube.

"Kyrillos, you know what to do," Iason said. "Erastus you follow your brother's lead."

Kyrillos went over to the far side and grabbed the chain on Demos' right. Erastus grabbed the chain on Demos' left. Demos squeezed his pubic muscles and his penis lifted off of his belly like a giant crane boom.

Kyrillos and Erastus pulled the sling toward themselves along the arc of the chains until it was over Demo's head — about a 10 degree angle.

"OK, Larana I'll help you on," Iason said picking Larana up and cradling him in her arms. He positioned Larana on the sling so that her anus was facing Demos' bouncing penis tip.

"Boys, don't let her down yet. She needs some fisting to open her up." Kyrillos and Erastus nodded they understood.

Iason went around Demos, scooped up a large quantity of lube and put the jar on the stage. He positioned himself so that his body was in-line with Demos', Iason's forelegs lightly touching Demos' backlegs.

Iason smeared the lube all over both hands and up both forearms. He coned his right hand and wedged the tips of his finger in Larana's anus. Larana breathed deeply as she was taught. She exhaled and pushed her pubic muscles out. Her anus readily accepted Iason's fingers. His hand eased inside of her.

The audience shuffled to get a better look. Larana looked in the mirror above her. She could see Iason's big hand disappear inside.

"OK, boys," Iason said, "gently let the sling go back to its normal position." They eased up on the pulling. The sling went back a little. The pressure on Larana's anal muscles increased. Larana increased her concentration and relaxed even more. The first knuckles disappeared. Then the second and the third. The tension around Iason's hand was great. He twisted his hand in a clockwise direction and screwed his hand in past the ridge of knuckles attached to his palm. The anal ring whizzed past Iason's wrist. and once again met resistance halfway up his thick forearm.

"You're open in the ass," Iason said, soothingly. "Now for your cunt."

Iason coned his left hand and inserted the fingertips into Larana's vagina. It went in with a minimal amount of coaxing. The opening was still considerably stretched from Kyrillos' fisting earlier.

Both hands were in her now, and Larana already felt quite full inside. Iason filled her even more by pushing his left hand in her vagina far enough to reach the other one inside her rectum. Iason

pushed his right hand gently through the S-colon sphincter. It resisted as much as her anal sphincter so he again screwed his hand in clockwise. His hand eased into Larana's S- colon until the muscled ring inside her relaxed around the back of his knuckle ridge.

Larana gave a deep sigh. By now several centaurs got out of their seats to get a better look. Some gasped. Others cheered.

"OK, boys," Iason said. "She's ready here. Pull the sling back again." They did as instructed. Iason kept his forearms steady. Kyrillos and Erastus effectively pulled Larana off of Iason's hands.

Iason adjusted his right had so that the bulk of each hand was in the same vertical line. The 2 centaurs pulling the sling really had to pull when Larana's pubic muscles stretched grotesquely around Iason's knuckle ridges.

"Pull harder, boys," Iason said, excitedly. "Larana, relax."

Larana tried the best she could. But the combined mass of 2 hands pulling out of her was a lot indeed. It was equivalent of a 4 by 8 inch block of bony mass pulling out of her.

Larana 's eyes went wide as her vaginal muscles stretched beyond belief and Iason's hands popped out all slick and glistening. Everyone could see the holes were as wide as Demos' hoofprints in freshly fallen snow.

A rush of air sought to fill the grottos that had formed inside her body. Larana suddenly felt much cooler inside.

"Ease her down on Demos."

The 2 centaurs eased the sling down. Demos squeezed his pubic muscles and lifted his penis once again. When Larana's open anal cavity reached Demos' penis tip, Iason grabbed Demos' penis and guided the bulbous tip toward the center of the opening.

The sling traveled further towards vertical. Demos' penis filled Larana's rectum. It met no resistance from her anal sphincter muscle. Larana's rectum sheath hugged Demos' penis. It afforded a dashpot affect and the sling slowed down considerably. Kyrillos and Erastus let go of the chains. The audience saw the sling move ever so slowly toward vertical as more and more of Demos' penis stuffed her.

"Help her, boys."

Kyrillos and Erastus now pushed on the chains to impale her on their father's steely member. Demos had a 20 by 2 penis. Iason felt that he wanted to be sure the penis used would bottom out. Iason felt that the 18 by 2 dildo had bottomed out at Larana's 3rd C-spot but he had no more length to make sure. So he chose Demos' 20 by 2 to be sure.

At 9 inches, Demos' boys felt a slight extra bit of resistance. They thought that must be her S-colon sphincter. Then the resistance subsided until 2 inches of Demos' pulsating penis remained outside.

Demos felt his penis tip bump into something solid. "I must be resting at her TC, Iason," Demos said. The sling was a couple of inches shy of vertical. So, there was pressure brought to bear on Larana's stomach. Stomach? Yes. Demos' penis was so rigid it would not bend around the curves of Larana's descending colon. So her colon was forced to straighten out in the center of her body. Organs pushed around inside her from the thick unyielding staff.

Larana was uncomfortable. But she wanted to continue.

“OK, Larana?” Jason asked, knowing what she’s experiencing. Larana shook her head yes.

“Kyrillos. It’s your turn.”

Kyrillos took Jason’s place stance for stance. Erastus held the sling in place in case Kyrillos bumped the chains while mounting it, they didn’t want to injure Larana while Demos had his lance in her paper thin colon.

Kyrillos reared up and straddled Larana, the sling and his father’s hindwaist. His legs had to splay out when he came down past the chains in order to avoid striking his father with his hooves.

Kyrillos walked forward, awkwardly. Jason grabbed Kyrillos’ penis and guided it into Larana’s crescent shaped vagina. Demos felt the bottom of the Kyrillos’ penis slide along the bottom of his penis as Kyrillos eased forward.

Erastus pushed harder on the chains to keep Larana’s body from moving along with Kyrillos’ penile shaft. This added pressure against Larana’s stomach.

The extra pushing Erastus was doing really wasn’t needed. In fact, Kyrillos slid into Larana quite easily. The fisting Jason gave her forced her orifices open, and it’s the orifices that cause the resistance.

Kyrillos quickly. bottomed out in Larana’s vaginal barrel.

“I’m there,” Kyrillos said, excitedly.

Larana held out 4 fingers of each hand. The audience picked up on it and yelled, “Four!”

That startled the centaurs on the stage. Each one looked in a mirror and saw Larana with her 4 finger of each hand spread out and shaking. They smiled.

Erastus was next. But there was a logistics problem: How do 2 centaurs mount a human from the top at the same time?

“OK, Kyrillos,” Jason directed. “Move your right forehoof over Larana’s face and put it down next to your left forehoof, turning your body to the left as you go.”

Kyrillos lifted his right forehoof as high as possible, bending the foreleg up on itself tightly. Then moved the mass across his body. Larana gasped as she saw the razor sharp edge of his hoof approach her face. She saw that it would not clear her head.

Instinctively, Larana tilted her head back, giving Kyrillos’ hoof the clearance it needed as the edge sliced the air just above her distended throat.

Kyrillos continued across his body, then straightened out his foreleg. He placed his hoof between the other hoof and his father’s right side. He adjusted his stance by moving his left hoof more to his left. This twisted his body counter-clockwise, pivoting Larana on his and his father’s his buried penises.

Larana groaned when her insides jostled around again to accommodate the shifting. The view in the ceiling mirror showed the 3 of them in a fan shape, Kyrillos and Demos spread apart at a 30 degree angle, and Larana bisecting that angle. Demos’ fixed penis pointed towards Larana’s left nipple where it naturally should be while in her descending colon.

Now, it was Erastus' turn. The path to Larana's head was clear. Erastus shifted to be in-line with Larana's new body position. He reared up, and through the 2 chains supporting the canvas near her head, dropped his forelegs over Kyrillos' hindback. Kyrillos' body sagged slightly from his brother's angled weight.

Larana somehow knew that when Erastus reared up and stepped forward, she had to take hold of his penis and guide it into her mouth quickly. His body was too short to allow him to mount his brother's hindback and still have any distance between his penis tip and her mouth. The tip would have past her head. So, when Erastus stepped forward, Larana took a deep breath, grabbed his moving projectile and stuffed the narrow tip into her mouth.

Erastus' momentum forced the tip into her gullet. Fortunately, Larana's throat had not shrunk from the stuffing of her mouth and throat before, so the tip easily crammed down her gullet to her Adam's apple.

Erastus' mind went blank. He never had his penis buried in any hot and tight channel such as this. He only humped the AC just that afternoon. It was too much for him. His body instinctively began to hump. Iason tried to get through to him, but it was too late.

The audience hushed with concern. It was dangerous for a 1350 pound centaur to bear his full weight through his penis, especially when it was buried half way down her fragile throat.

But the workout with the dildo earlier reduced the danger to very little. The only concern she had was what would happen if Erastus slipped off his brother's back. Would he break her neck in twisting his penis around?.

Erastus humped and humped as he moved his haunches forward, instinctively missing his father's outstretched right arm with his hooves. Larana's mouth billowed out then collapsed on each stroke. Spittle and phlegm pumped out of Larana's flared nostrils.

Larana expected the sling to move on each of Erastus' strokes, and her with it. But she was firmly anchored in place by the 2 massive penises at different angles in her body.

Erastus punched his penis tip through Larana's esophagus sphincter. Larana's eyes seemingly popped out at the assault.

Larana held out 3 fingers on each hand. The audience came alive again. "Three!" they yelled.

Erastus pushed his spit soaked penis in all the way. His penis tip banged at her stomach's grinder.

Hearing the audience yell 3, Kyrillos started his rapid fire assault on Larana's cervix. He pulled back his haunches and shoved it back in. Then again and again, harder and harder each time.

Demos also started his humping at the sound of the word 3. But his movement was hampered greatly from his back being flat on the floor. His haunches had a limited amount of movement.

Demos didn't need much movement, however. All he needed was the tactile feel of his penis tip banging into the diaphragm separating her guts from her lungs. The organs surrounding his penis shaft acted as vibrators against his skin through Larana's thin colon sleeve as Kyrillos agitated them with his tremendous penis thrusts.

"Hurry up, guys," Erastus said, groaning. "I'm ready to shoot!"

At hearing that, Larana's mind spun. Her arousal increased dramatically. Her vagina practically ejaculated lubrication around Kyrillos' determined penis.

Larana held out 2 fingers on each hand. "Two!" they screamed.

Erastus couldn't hold back. His tip flared. Larana could feel the pulsations in his penis shaft. She didn't want to loose this 1st. She rhythmically squeezed her pelvic muscles, encouraging the 2 centaurs in her guts to ejaculate.

Kyrillos felt the gripping of his penis up and down his rod as he humped her. A split second later, Kyrillos flared and pumped his seed mixed with lube into her womb.

Larana held up 1 finger then immediately clenched her fists. The audience went wild. "One! ... Orgasm! they shouted in unison.

A 4th took place.

Demos was concerned he wasn't going to make it in time to generate the 3rd required for the 1st. He had flared when she started her orgasm but had lost some sensitivity.

Meanwhile, Erastus' penis shaft went rock solid and increased in size, stretching her already ballooned throat for several moments during Larana's first couple of orgasmic spasms. Then he ejaculated gobs of sperm mixed with lube directly into her awaiting small intestine.

A 2nd took place.

Faint crackling noises began. Tingling sensations were felt by the foursome. That was the stimulation Demos needed. His body felt really alive. And his mind focused that energy into his penis. Demos grunted loudly and jerked his haunches and hind legs forward as much as he could. His flared tip pulsed then spewed forth powerful jets of centaur love-juice.

A 3rd took place. And the beginning of an event never before seen by anyone, a 1st.

"Uh! Shit! Oh! Fuck!" could be heard from the 3 centaurs, repeatedly, their spasming penises jerking wildly near the center of Larana's torso.

The crackling noises got louder and louder. It reached a level where the screaming and cheering crowd, now on their hooves, could hear it over the din. Static-like discharges began crisscrossing Larana and the 3 centaurs, like lightning across the sky. The audience hushed in awe.

Erastus reared up in fear. Pulling back with all his weight and muscle, he yanked out his still inflated and flared penis from deep within Larana's chest. The audience gasped. His flared tip did not stick in her chest cavity as was expected. Instead they could see the tremendous stretch her throat made as the 3 inch by 2 inch lump that was Erastus' flare, ripple through the tube of her throat and up into her mouth.

Her jaw bent open wider than it would be humanly possible. Larana's head was still bent backwards as much as it could in a vertical position when her jaw bone flew up from the sudden powerful evacuation of his huge tip. Her jaw bone was nearly vertical when the solid 3 by 2 lump pulled out with a loud Ssshllpop! sound. Her jaw had opened up so large that a centaur could stuff his hand in her mouth past the widest part at the knuckle ridge.

Erastus stepped back just missing Demos' hand and arm with his hind hooves. Now disconnected

from Larana, the static discharges fizzled on Erastus' body and the tingling that went with it subsided. "Whew!" he said, relieved.

Meanwhile, Kyrillos dismounted and went over to Larana's head to see if Erastus had damaged her. Kyrillos had not realized that he still had a raging hard-on and he pulled his huge 3 1/2 inch by 2 1/2 inch flare out of her sucking vagina and he hadn't even noticed any resistance.

Larana had caught her breath very quickly. She had found vigor and stamina she never knew she had.

"Are you OK my love?" Kyrillos asked, concerned.

"Dear Zeus, I'm still cumming, but I feel that I can control it. Make it as intense as I want it or stop it when I feel like it. See?"

Larana concentrated. Her spasms intensified. Her body jerked around more and more. The crackling sound intensified and so did the sparks across her and Demos' body.

"Help meeeeeee..." Demos whimpered, sobbing. "I can't stand it. I'm cumming more too." His penis, still buried all the way to her TC, was pumping semen out madly.

"I'm sorry, Demos," Larana said, apologetically, relaxing the intensity of her orgasm. She did not know until then that she could indirectly control Demos' orgasm as well. It was as if she acquired the ability of mutual feelings that Cinder and Pebble shared — but of the intensity of the twins of the past — and she wasn't related to Demos.

"Let me out," Demos said, pleadingly.

Kyrillos pulled on the chains, plucking Larana off of Demos' still squirting penis. The tip was flared to a 4 inch by 3 inch bell as it popped free of her rectum. Again there was no resistance to the separation. But unlike Kyrillos, this time Demos had noticed. And so did the audience. A hush fell over the audience. Then murmurs rumbled.

"I'll be god damned," Demos whispered. He rolled off the beanbag and out from under the sling. The floor was smeared with Demos' perspiration, silhouetting his centaur's back.

"Kyrillos, I think I can cum forever," Larana said. "Please fuck my mouth."

"But I'm too big for your throat. We had trouble..."

"But I can do it now," Larana interrupted. "See?"

Larana stuck her hand in her mouth. It went in easily. She pushed it half way down her throat until her forearm stopped flat against her upper arm.

Everyone gasped. Larana's throat was no longer rigid. It flexed and formed to her hand as it went down.

"My god!" Kyrillos exclaimed. He had no objections. In fact, he wanted to experience her control over his orgasm. And he found the tingling feeling that was produced very exciting, until he cut it short by pulling out earlier.

Larana pulled her hand out of her throat and mouth. It was coated with spittle, phlegm and Erastus' jax mixture. She smacked her lips several times. Then she put a hand on Erastus' flank and kneeled

in front of his throbbing cock. She brought the tip to her mouth, then easily slid the entire member down her throat. She licked his balls, then slowly backed away again.

Erastus slowly started humping into her throat. Larana stopped him by gripping his cock at the base. Then she pulled herself off.

"I feel as if I can take Titos' cock up my ass," Larana said, confidently. "Hell, I feel I can take a whole centaur up my ass!!! " Larana lifted her head and looked out toward the audience. "Titos! Are you here?!?"

"Tarma and I are here, darling." We decided we didn't want to miss the rest of the show. And are we ever glad we didn't."

"Titos, will you come up here and fuck my ass?"

The audience hushed. No one but Tarma had ever taken Titos' monster penis inside their body!

Cinder gulped at the thought. Her stomach churned like it did 77 years ago at the thought then of taking a huge centaur's penis inside her childish body. "Go for it," Cinder whispered to no one in particular.

Titos hopped onto the stage with a loud bang. He was nervous for the first time. He saw the lightning-like arcs and was concerned.

Titos moved up to Larana and tentatively placed the palm of his huge hand across her chest. He got pleasant tingling sensations which seemingly went directly to his penis. His penis erected in short order.

Iason put a larger beanbag on the floor, replacing the relatively small one Demos had used. Titos had a wider back and larger withers. Titos had never assumed the position for anal entry before. So, he was awkward at it. He plopped down and rolled over on his back, knocking Larana and the sling aside as he did. The sling was too low for Titos' body thickness. He tried squirming around so that he was in the proper position, but he was too bulky. Erastus and Demos grabbed Titos' forelegs and Kyrillos and Iason grabbed his hind legs. On a count of 3 they heaved Titos' body off the stage. They awkwardly scooted over a foot and set him down at the correct spot, his withers sinking heavily into the beanbag.

Demos grabbed the chains on his end and Kyrillos grabbed the chains on the other end and they lifted Larana over Titos and set her down on him. Larana could feel the massive penile log along her entire spine to the base of her neck.

Demos and Kyrillos adjusted the sling so that the canvas would skim along the broad abdomen of Titos' hindtorso.

Demos pulled the sling toward him until Titos' 3 foot long penis was clear of the sling. Iason briefly moved in close long enough to lube Titos' urethral process.

The audience had another chance to compare the seemingly equal size between the thickness of Titos' penis and the thickness from front to back of Larana's torso.

"It won't fit," one audience member said. "She'll rupture," another said, with genuine concern for Larana's well being.

Larana heard the remarks. But she somehow knew everything would be all right.

“Ready, Larana?” Kyrillos asked.

“Ready!” she shouted. “And I won’t need to count. I think I can make them all cum at once.” The audience wanted to see that.

Demos eased the sling back toward vertical. The huge head of Titos penis punched at the entrance to her open anus. Titos started to get the tingling sensation he had felt through his hand, only it was now conducting through his penile lightning rod and around his testicles, which seemed to bloat larger in size before the drooling audience. Titos felt something in his genital region but didn’t know what was happening.

The audience took bets as to how much she could accept inside her. Some said just the tip, maybe. Others said a 1/4 of the shaft. And a few said the same 18 inches that Demos had stuck in her. Cinder was the only one who gasped, “All of it!”

The hard tip compressed some then eased into her sucking anus. “Go for it! Go for it! Go for it!” the audience chanted.

The tip slithered inside. The audience cheered, “Yeah!”

Once the tip was inside, half of the veiny shaft slid easily into her depths. The audience hushed. Except those who said 18 inches — they smirked. At this time, Larana had the equivalent of both her fists and forearms up her rectum and colon to her TC. Like Demos before him, Titos’ penis tip prodded at her stomach down the center of her body.

“Titos,” Larana said screaming. “Punch that monster dick up my ass!” Titos complied. He put the backs of his forelegs against the tops of Larana’s shoulders and pushed her down on his member Larana’s diaphragm was being stretched like a balloon.. And like a balloon, there was a starting resistance. But all of a sudden the stretch was fast and Titos’ penis sliced between Larana’s lungs and between her heart and stomach, and lodged at the top of her chest.

Larana squirmed around a bit, obviously enjoying herself. She sat up and slid the enormous cock a third of the way out, then back in again. Then she relaxed in the sling.

“Yes!!!” Cinder shouted at the top of her lungs.

The audience went numb.

Larana concentrated and her body started crackling and arcing. Titos, too. his penis jerked and spasmed and the tip flared. He was ready to ejaculate.

“Fuck!” Titos whispered, emphatically. “This is unreal!”

“OK, Kyrillos,” Larana said, straining to get the words out around the centaur plug at the entrance to her chest.

“Larana, my love,” Kyrillos said, soothingly. “I’d like to fuck your cunt again. That way, when you have a baby, I’ll know that it’s totally mine.”

Larana nodded yes. “Stay in as long as you can,” she said.

Kyrillos moved into position. Iason lubed his urethral process again. Kyrillos reared up and straddled

Larana. Titos' chest barrel was so huge, Larana was crushed between him and Kyrillos. Realizing this, Kyrillos quickly grabbed the chains in front of him and pulled himself up off of Larana, the springs' recoils bouncing him up and down slightly.

"I need help!" Kyrillos shouted. Iason grabbed Kyrillos' forelegs and helped him rotate counter-clockwise and Demos helped put Kyrillos' hooves on the floor.

Larana was no longer in danger. She was in the now familiar fan formation.

Kyrillos felt his penis bump into the nearly flat underside of Titos' penis. Kyrillos needed no help in finding Larana's compressed vaginal opening. Titos' urethral tube was so large, Kyrillos followed it like a beacon. Kyrillos guided the tip of his penis along the ridge. Arcs jumped to his penis from Titos' ridge, like an electric cable car arcing along its overhead power wires.

Larana's vagina had been squished closed by Titos' penis in her anus.

"It's closed," Kyrillos told Larana.

"It'll fit, my love," Larana countered. "Trust me."

Kyrillos pushed the tip against the slit for an opening. It gave way to the pressure. His tip wedged between Titos rigid rod and Larana's engorged clitoris.

Her clitoris had jutted out farther than ever before. It could easily be seen by the audience. It looked as if it were a penis erecting from her body. It had to be 2 inches long and 3/4 inches in diameter.

"Deeper," Larana encouraged.

Kyrillos grabbed hold of Titos' cannon bones that was draped over Larana's shoulders and pulled gently. Half of Kyrillos' penis slid inside and poked, teasingly at her quivering cervix.

"Deeper, Kyrillos!" Larana said, excitedly. "Punch that huge cock of yours into my womb! Don't be afraid!"

Kyrillos took a deep breath and really tugged on Titos' forelegs. Larana concentrated intently and her womb opened up, accepting the stone hard member into its depths. Kyrillos' body jerked forward, nearly losing its balance. His penis invaded her womb and the last 7 inches of his 16 inch penis speared her body.

Kyrillos' penis tip punched at the back of Larana's womb and at the bottom of her heart. He felt the rapid beating of her heart against his flaring tip.

Larana concentrated some more. And more crackling sounds could be heard. And more arcing could be seen.

The audience was too drained to say anything. They saw a huge ridge appear the length of Larana's abdomen, from the pelvic bone to the solar plexus. The ridge moved and flexed like a living being was inside of her. Centaurs mounted centaurs to get a better look at it. Nothing like this had ever been recalled in any of the centaurs' memories. Not even with Oreias and Cinder when they did a 4th.

"Neander," Larana breathed, her eyes half closed. "Would you do me the honor of fucking my face?"

Neander and Hebe approached the stage. Hebe seemed reluctant to let her prize stud go. Neander

had the largest balls in the village and Larana wanted that gallon of cum filling up her insides. He also had the second longest penis in the village, 2nd to Titos. It was not nearly as thick as Titos'. But it was a healthy 3 inches in diameter at the base.

"I would be the one so honored," Neander said, admiringly.

Neander reared and placed his forelegs over Kyrillos' back. Larana saw his massive cylinder coming at her face. She followed the mobile tip's path with her mouth, zeroing in on it. The instant the tip pushed against her lips, Larana opened her mouth wide and the glans wedged inside, seemingly dislocating her jaw.

Neander kept moving forward, his tip entered her throat and expanded it grotesquely. His steel-like shaft bored down her flexible throat. There was little resistance, even at her esophagus sphincter. The only real resistance was when he tried getting his tip past Titos' now 12 inch by 9 inch flared tip.

Neander grabbed Kyrillos' tail and pulled hard while bearing his weight against Larana's chest opening. Her chest expanded, more than from mere breathing. Neander's tip squeezed past Titos' tip and Neander's shaft lunged in all the way. The force of entry caused Neander's tip to punch open the grinder at the base of Larana's stomach and allow the last 18 inches of Neander's 30 inch penis to glide into her small intestine all the way down to her belly button! Another ridge formed on Larana's abdomen as Neander's thick shaft sliced its way along side of Kyrillos' penis between Titos' shaft and Larana's muscled abdominal wall.

Some of the more prominent centaurs got on stage to get a closer first-hand look at the 3 centaurs working Larana over. Or should it be said that Larana was working the 3 centaurs over.

Larana closed her eyes as Neander's enormous testicles compressed against her face. Then the heavy floating weights lifted off her face. Larana opened her eyes in time to see Hebe hoisting up his massive balls by his scrotum before the sweaty leathery casing slipped from Hebe's grasp and the twin pendulums went crashing into Larana's face.

The force of impact caused Larana to wedge her pubic region upon the twin shafts that stuffed her body, forcing them in as far as they would go.

The kinetic energy build-up transferred from Larana's moving body through Titos' balls into Kyrillos' balls. Kyrillos' balls bounced backwards hitting his hind legs hard, then rebounded back like billiard balls off a cushion. And, like billiard balls, they collided with Titos' testicles causing the kinetic energy to transfer back once again to Larana's body. Larana's face smashed against Neander's balls causing her face to bury itself in his scrotal covering. The pressure was high enough and the scrotal casing was rubbery enough to spring the scrotal contents back into the air where Hebe caught them in mid-flight.

"Oops," Hebe said, sheepishly. She could feel the seminal fluid in Neander's balls practically slosh around the huge twin globes.

Larana concentrated again. Crackling sounds became deafening. Arcs crisscrossed over Larana and everyone connected to her. Even Hebe through Neander. And to the chains supporting the masses of quivering flesh. Bright sparks hurled from the metal into the air.

Titos, Neander and Kyrillos squirted their ejaculates mixed with lube. Larana had willed it to happen. Their testicles bloated to twice their normal size in less than 2 seconds. Their testicles were so large, they could not be pulled inside of their bodies during ejaculation like they would normally

do.

The copious amounts of pre-ejaculate the audience had seen produced earlier by Titos was nothing compared to the tremendous amounts of ejaculate he was now filling Larana with.

And the same went for the other 2 centaurs. They were producing more ejaculate than they had ever produced before.

It seemed as though the enlargement of the trio's testicles increased the volume of ejaculate they could deliver. And Larana's control over their orgasms allowed her to control the size of their testicles.

Deliver they did. Her abdomen and chest expanded to what seemed like a bursting point. This could only be done from the many gallons of liquid filling her. The furrows on either side of the penises and in-between them vanished as Larana's abdomen swelled to proportions equivalent to a mother-to-be at term.

Everyone in the cluster fuck orgasmed to such great intensity that Titos passed out and the other 2 were on the verge of doing the same.

Even though Titos had fainted, his testicles kept emptying its contents into Laran's colon. Larana had willed it.

Larana eased up her concentration. The arcing subsided and was replaced by an eerie, slowly pulsating glow. The 3 centaurs ejaculations slowed to continuous trickles, as would happen to the experienced centaurs engaged in extended sexual orgasms for an hour or more. Larana wanted the 1st to last as she had other plans.

The change in aura status from arcing to an eerie glow caused Hebe to stagger backwards releasing Neander's balls which floated in the air like it was suspended in a thick fluid.

"I know I can do a first!" Hebe exclaimed, intuitively.

Larana pushed Neander backwards. His squirting penis slid out of her throat and popped out of her mouth. Ejaculate hosed Larana on her face, Kyrillos and Titos on their foretorsoes. Neander stepped back farther and came down on his forelegs with a thud. His ejaculate sprayed from his engorged tip over Titos' face, reviving him from his faint.

"Whaaaa?!?" Titos bellowed.

"Hebe said she can do a 1st!" Neander said, excitedly.

Titos licked the mixture of Neander's jax from around his mouth smacking his lips several times. He wiped the rest off of his face and chest and ate that mixture as well.

Coughing momentarily, Larana assuringly gurgled to Hebe, "I know you can do it, too. Trust me. You can do it!"

Neander had stopped ejaculating as soon as the connection with Larana had broken. Anxious to continue the tremendous feeling his mating with her body had given, Neander mounted Kyrillos' hindback again. Having said all she wanted to say, Neander plugged his pulsating penile tip back into Larana's open and waiting mouth. A quick Zzzzzzt! sound coming from the point of union electrified everyone's audio senses.

And most amazing of all, Neander felt his ejaculate to trickle again on plugging his shaft into Larana's mouth.

With a great heave, Neander buried his entire shaft into Larana's yielding throat. It glided with ease past her esophagus sphincter and her grinder on its way through her small intestine toward her belly button.

Meanwhile, Jason moved in close to Hebe and Oreias jumped onto the stage, followed closely by Demos. All were concerned for Hebe since she was so little and sexually inexperienced.

Both Oreias and Demos were reluctant to get near the arcing before, but having seen Neander jump right back into the cluster fuck, they were no longer afraid.

Seeing the look of concern on each of the centaurs standing around her, Hebe begged, "Please can I do a 1st?"

Jason looked toward Demos and nodded his approval. Jason sensed Larana knew things no one else had ever known about the sexual universe.

Demos showed his approval by hooking up a second sling next to the still cumming cluster fucksters.

"Alright, Demos," Jason directed. "You fuck her ass. I'll fuck her cunt. And Oreias' experience with Cinder makes him the prime candidate to fuck her throat."

When Demos finished putting the centaur size canvas on the sling and adjusted everything for Hebe, Jason took one of the chains on the sling and pulled the sling aside.

Oreias put the beanbag Demos used earlier in place. Demos laid down on the metal stage with a thud sound, his hindquarters faced the audience. He rolled on his back in such a way as to end up squarely on the beanbag.

Jason swung the sling over Demos' hindchest to make sure there was enough clearance. Then he moved it toward Demos' forechest. Being so small in size, Hebe had to splay her legs wide and shimmy over his huge hindtorso.

Hebe faced the audience. Jason lowered the sling to her buttocks. She leaned forward causing her buttocks to raise off of his chest an inch. She raised her hind legs as high as she could and Jason slid the sling under her hindquarters.

Hebe then bent her foretorso backward as far as she could and grabbed the rear chains with her hands. She lifted herself as best she could. Jason and Oreias was on each side of her and quickly helped her to roll backward onto the sling

The sling moved forward as the weight of Hebe's body settled in the center. Oreias grabbed the fore and back legs on one side of Hebe; Jason the other side. And with Hebe helping, they both lifted her up and Demos adjusted the sling for comfort.

"Are you OK now Hebe," Demos asked after Hebe settled on the canvas, the supporting springs near the ceiling creaking a little.

"Yes, father," Hebe said confidently.

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## Chapter Thirteen (Retry of Larana, Second Ending)

“OK, Iason,” Demos said. “Move her back.”

Iason moved the sling back over Demos’ foretorso.

With her whole body glowing, Larana reached over with her left hand and placed its palm on Demos’ hindchest.

Demos’ balls began to bloat — just like the others had done a little while ago.

Demos’ already nearly erect penis snapped to its full hardness when Larana touched him. Demos thought his penis had never felt more alive. It throbbed to his heartbeat. The skin was stretched beyond imagination. The veins seemingly popped out from under its covering.

Oreias took the long way around Demos so as not to break the human/centaur link between Larana and Demos.

Oreias went to touch Demos’ penis and a few sparks jumped the small gap. Oreias drew back quickly, instinctively. The sensation was like he had experienced with Cinder a little while ago when they did a 2nd. This time he was ready for it and he determined it was not at all unpleasant. In fact, it made his body come alive, too, for that brief moment.

Oreias grabbed the penis shaft with both hands and the sensation was fantastic. He knew what Demos was going through.

Oreias packed Demos’ tip with lube. But when he went to lift up Demos’ turgid penis, however, he nearly fell forward, off- balance. He did not expect the shaft to be so rigid as to be like granite. Getting a better grip on the solid mass with both hands and placing a forehoof on Demos’ hindwaist, Oreias’ muscles bulged and rippled trying hard to lever the tip up enough so that the sling could be released and the tip lodged into Hebe’s virgin anus.

“Dear Zeus,” Demos said. “I feel so virile and alive.”

“Shit!” Oreias said, straining and grunting. “I... never... knew... anyone... could... get... so... damn... hard... before!” He pulled with all his might. It was truly the hardest penis in the village, ever. It was Demos’ secret wish to have the hardest penis in the village and Larana made it so.

Oreias managed to raise the tip enough to let Hebe have it. Iason eased the sling down and Demos’ tip shot arcs at Hebe’s pubic region more and more as it got nearer and nearer to the target. Upon contact with Hebe’s anal opening, Demos plugged his tip into it.

“Remember what I told Larana to do, earlier?” Iason asked Hebe. Hebe returned a quizzical look. “Breathe deeply and relax!”

Hebe did as instructed. She pushed out as if she were going to take a dump. The tip skewered Hebe’s puffy anal ring with a Fffllllssshhhpppp! sound, then a moan emerged from Hebe’s pursed lips. Lubrication along Demos’ penis shaft was not needed. It seemed that Hebe’s anal tract made copious amounts of lubrication by itself. Iason was puzzled.

Hebe licked her lips and began fondling her breasts. Her face showed surprise, too, but for different reasons. It seemed to her that her breasts were much fuller than it had ever been before. She looked down and saw that her dreams had become reality. Hebe sported huge, full breasts with inch-long



erect nipples — unheard of for a nearly 1 year old centauress.

“I’m a woman!” Hebe exclaimed so that all could hear.

Everyone saw what had happened and gasped.

What is happening? they murmured. Larana knew. She made it happen.

The audience members were falling over each other to see what would happen next.

Iason had to push hard on Hebe to get her to wedge her backbone between Demo’s heaving hindwaist and his pulsating member. Demos sucked in his hindwaist to make it a little easier. Hebe’s tail fluttered to and fro as if to help inch her way down Demo’s shaft.

Iason packed lube into Oreias’ urethral process and Oreias did the same to Iason’s urethral process. Having seen how much lubrication was produced in Hebe’s anal cavity — where lubrication would be the least of all 3 openings — they decided to dispense with applying lube to their shafts.

Since Oreias was much stronger than Iason, they decided between themselves that Oreias would be next and plunge his penis down Hebe’s throat first, then Iason would mount Oreias and plug his penis into Hebe’s vagina. And so they did.

Oreias easily lept over Hebe’s foretorso and through the chains holding Hebe’s foretorso up, then plopped down to Hebe’s right with a thud.

Oreias knew Hebe was reaching for his penis because he could feel the tingling the arcs produced leaping from Hebe’s spread fingers to his shaft. The arcs crawled all over his steely shaft like a thousand tiny lightning bolts attracted to a single lightning rod.

Hebe grabbed the bouncing member and guided the already flaring tip to her mouth. The tip was growing fast, but Hebe knew she had no concern for its now staggering size. Earlier, she had trouble taking Kyrillos’ fist into her mouth. But now, with the help of Larana, she knew she was able to take the flaring tip of Oreias’ penis, not only into her mouth, but also down her throat and into her stomach. It didn’t matter to Hebe that Oreias’ tip had ballooned to 12 inches wide by 9 inches tall, the same as Titos’ flair!?!

Oreias was thinking at the time he would like to have the same size flair that Titos has when he flares. He wanted to be able to control it at will so that his lover, Cinder, could take his small tip as it enters into her relatively small pelvic opening then she could feel something much larger than even his bunched fist in her guts when he flares. And knowing his thoughts, Larana made it happen.

But while he was thinking about Cinder’s guts, he willed his penis tip to flair before he was even in Hebe’s mouth. It didn’t matter. Before he knew it, his oversized flair was speeding down Hebe’s gullet on its way toward the pit of her neck.

The audience was dead silent, mouths opened wide, as they watched the huge bulge in Hebe’s neck descend toward her forechest.

It was a strange sensation Hebe felt then. It was as if her skin was doing the breathing for her lungs by absorbing oxygen from the air that surrounded her.

That’s how Larana can manage to keep my lover’s cock down her throat so long! Hebe thought to herself. Of course, to Hebe, Neander was her perceived lover and Neander didn’t return his

affection in like kind. He thought of her as a child. But after today, Neander will think of Hebe in a new light. Or should it be said: In a new glow!

So, Hebe had no need to breathe through her mouth. She couldn't even if she wanted to. Her throat molded itself to the contours of every vein, bump and sinew on Oreias' steamy penile shaft.

Oreias' penis plunged the entire way. It was more than enough length to reach Hebe's C-spot. In fact, it too punched through the stomach sphincter at the base of her stomach and into her small intestine to the level of the navel on her foretorso.

Oreias' momentum carried his body further forward than there was exposed penile shaft, forcing Hebe's chin into the pocket that was formed between Oreias' underhimbelly and the top of his penile shaft. Then Hebe's forehead slammed into Oreias' testicles, snapping his attention to the fact that his balls, too, had swollen enormously.

Now it's my turn! Iason thought. He knew this mating was to be very special indeed.

Iason mounted Hebe from the front while placing his forelegs over Oreias' hindback. But his penis was at the wrong angle. It was so stiff it would not angle down towards Hebe's vagina. No matter how hard he tried — angling his hindtorso down, bouncing his body up and down, whatever — his penis would not angle down long enough to insert in-between Hebe's slick and bloated vaginal lips.

"Someone help me!" Iason whimpered, desperately. He didn't want to miss this opportunity!

As a youngster of great energy, Erastus virtually flew onto the stage and across it. He spanned both of his hands around Iason's bouncing member and guided it down into his sister's oozing opening.

Both Erastus and Iason shuddered violently at the electrifying contact.

"Thank you, Erastus," Iason whispered, relieved.

Erastus stepped behind Iason to witness close-hand the awe inspiring spectacle unfolding before him.

"Down in front," someone shouted.

Erastus plopped down where he stood.

Larana dragged her hand upwards along Demos' hindchest, then momentarily broke the link to move her hand onto Hebe's body.

A loud Pop! sound and a great flash of light emitted from the resulting foot long arc that formed when Larana removed her hand from Demos' body that far.

One would have thought that the points of contact the arc had made with Larana's hand and Demos' hindchest would have burned with intense heat, but instead it enhanced everyone's sexual abilities at the instant of discharge.

Erastus was the first to notice a metamorphosis occurring to Iason's rear end. Then the crowd gasped in unison noticing it too.

Iason's balls didn't bloat like the others. Instead, he was seemingly growing a vagina directly under his anus. At first, it was a thin and short indent just below his anus opening and running vertically along the muscled root of his penis. The insertion point of the eurethra tube, which normally

inserted at the base of the penile root, traveled downward as the slit got deeper and longer. Moments later, the newly formed lips opened up like a springtime flower opening its petals for the first time. Steam rushed out of the opening followed by a large amount of vaginal fluid.

Erastus lept to his hooves and rushed over to Iason. He moved his face over Iason's newly formed opening. It smelled of virgin tissue, like his kid sister Hebe's vagina once had, and has now been transformed by Iason.

Iason was aware of what had just happened to himself. He sensed the sexual wishes of the participants were coming true — one by one. And his wish was always to do a 1st — and he needed a vagina to do so. But in his case, he kept his penis in the transformation. This meant he was the only centaur in the village with 2 sex organs!

"Listen, participants," Iason said to the people involved in Larana's dual cluster fuck. "Larana is making everyone's sexual fantasies come true. Choose your fantasy now and concentrate on it, if you haven't already. But choose wisely, It's probably permanent."

Larana smiled. Iason guessed her newly formed powers.

Hebe was now a centauress woman; she got her wish.

Oreias could flair his penis tip at will to the size of Titos' flair; he got his wish.

Demos' penis was the hardest penis in the village; he got his wish.

Iason paused a moment then said to Erastus, "Hop on son. You can fuck my cunt and get anything you wish for!" Iason was delighted by his words. And Erastus was falling over himself at the chance not only to get his sexual wish but to mate with the village's revered elder as well.

The audience no longer thought Erastus as an obstruction to the action. Instead, their eyes riveted on the scene unfolding before them. They, too, wanted to see Iason get it from someone so young as Erastus.

Erastus mounted Iason's hindquarters, his whole body seemingly igniting with sparks. The experience was exhilarating to Erastus. So, with youthful vigor, Erastus punched his rock hard penis into Iason's quivering vagina.

Iason's muscled vaginal opening stretched around Erastus' penis acting like a gasket holding in the trapped gasses until the pressure was so great the gasses just had to escape. A loud farting sound erupted around the opening until Erastus' swelling member traveled the entire length of Iason's vaginal tube and bottomed out at Iason's newly formed cervix. Erastus was at Iason's vaginal C-spot.

In his excitement, Erastus forgot to get someone to lubricate his penis and stuff lube into the urethra process. But it didn't matter.

"I'm there," Erastus said, pantingly. He felt like he had to urinate from the excitement. "I feel like I need to take a piss!"

Iason looked over his shoulder at Erastus. "Go ahead, son. I don't think it'll hurt anything."

Everyone watched as Erastus let go. Hot liquid gushed out like water through a high pressure fire hose. The cylinder of fluid hosed down Erastus' hind legs and deflected onto the backs of Iason's hind legs as well.

The hot liquid pooled onto the stage then washed toward the edge of the stage.

"I love the stuff," Larana heard Demeter say from the audience as she placed the lip of an empty cup to the edge of the stage and collected some of the liquid. She held it up to her nose expecting to smell urine, but, instead, it had a minty smell to it. "Hey," she said, "this isn't piss. It smells like lube!"

Members of the audience crowded around Demeter as she gulped the liquid down. "It tastes like lube, too!"

Those centaurs and centaresses closest to the stage ran their fingers through the stuff, sniffed and tasted it. Sure enough, they all concluded it smelled and tasted like lube. They were puzzled. Larana smiled around Neander's penis. She knew it was lube.

Hebe, Oreias, Demos, and Iason got their wishes.

But what of the others?

Titos wanted to stimulate his mate, Tarma, further than he's ever been able to do before. To Titos, size was not enough to please her. He wished to be able to control, at will, the size, shape and density of his penis. And Larana made it happen.

Titos could feel the control of his penis coming to him and he decided to try it out on Larana.

He caused his penis to lengthen like a snake. As he did his penis grew thinner — there was only so much mass, and the sexual laws of the universe say matter cannot be created nor destroyed.

Titos snaked his penis ever deeper into Larana's bowels. First, it swam through his jax around her entire large intestine. Then it bounced into her appendix then burrowed into the base of her small intestines.

As Titos' penis began to stretch out thinly, he willed it to enlarge in diameter, making the density of his penis less and the consistency of soft and extremely flexible rubber.

Titos continued to snake his penis around the 30 feet of small intestines, adjusting the density as he went along, until the soft spongy tip bumped into Neander's flared tip.

The feeling to Neander was strange, like someone was tickling his penis tip.

When Titos pulled his penis back, all of Larana's guts seemed to pull back and collect at her pelvis well. Then Titos would push in and his tip would bounce into Neander's tip.

Titos tried to flair his penis tip but found out he no longer had the ability to do so. His tip remained blunt—the same diameter as the rest of his penile shaft—whatever the dimensions he willed it to be. No matter. He had what he really wanted: control of the size of his penis.

Neander's sexual wish had always been to have perfect TCE in his gallon or more of cum, so the envy of his friends would mean something. And he would feel extremely proud to be the source of cum in making the village's enerjax supply.

Larana sensed Neander's thoughts and made it so.

Neander's testicles momentarily shrank to nothingness, then ballooned to a little larger than its original size. Neander could feel the density of his ball increase. His scrotum stretched more and

more trying to balance the forces between the weight of his balls and the elastic force of his leathery scrotum.

When it was all over, Neander's testicles hung nearly to the floor! It brushed back and forth across Titos' face like a pendulum and Titos licked the sweaty casing each time it swung by.

Larana sampled the seminal fluid internally by concentrating and allowing Neander to hose her insides profusely. The thick rich creme jetted out and oozed around and compressing Titos' penis. Larana could feel Neander's seminal fluid was denser than Titos' shaft. And the cells of her small intestine absorbing the sperms signaled her that every one of the trillion sperms were alive and well and swimming straight with great energy. The perfect TCE. Now he can be the sole supplier of jax for the making of enerjax to feed the entire village for centuries to come.

Erastus always admired his father and wanted to be like him in every way. And having seen the remarkable transformation Hebe just went through in her growing up, Erastus concentrated on making his wish come true. Larana willed it so.

Almost immediately, Erastus' body filled out to the proportions of his father. His frame and muscles grew. And his penis grew to 24 inches in length, startling Iason. Erastus' added weight forced his swelling penis deeper and deeper into Iason's vagina. Iason's virginal cervix opened up and swallowed Erastus' added dimensions. Iason moaned and Erastus' heart pounded faster with excitement.

Then there was Kyrillos. He thought longer than anyone else. He wanted for his mate something special — for Larana was a special mate. He decided to leave it up to Larana.

"Go ahead, Larana, my love," Kyrillos said, stroking the back of his huge right hand against Larana's right facial cheek. "You choose what you want for me." And Larana did.

To everyone's surprise, Kyrillos' whole body grew and grew. First he got taller and his body thickened.

When Kyrillos' transformation finished the stage began to creak and sag. The audience was alarmed. This was the first time it had done that with only 7 centaurs and centaresses — and a human — on it. They could get nearly 20 centaurs and centaresses on the stage before it would do those things.

Kyrillos was now bigger than any centaur in the village — even Titos!

He stood 7 feet 6 inches at the withers and 12 feet total height. And he was solidly built. He weighed 4,275 pounds, exactly 3 times his normal weight.

The base of his penis had raised up so high that Kyrillos' penis lifted Larana's pelvis off the sling's canvas surface!

This transformation of Kyrillos physical make-up was only the beginning. Larana had increased his body size because she also wanted to increase his sexual equipment, which was most important to her now.

The audience further became alarmed when they saw what Larana had in mind.

Kyrillos' penis and testicles grew and grew, just like his body had done a moment before. When the transformation had finished, Kyrillos penis was longer and thicker than any centaurs', even Titos' had been; and his testicles were larger than any centaur's, even Neander's new size.

Kyrillos' penis had grown to 4 feet 6 inches in length. And it was now a foot in diameter at the base (which was now prominently seen by everyone as the entire length could not possibly fit into Larana's womb just now). The thinness of Titos' 36 foot penis made it possible for Larana's pelvis to comfortably accommodate a foot wide penis into her vagina.

The tip of Kyrillos' penis was 9 inches in diameter. Kyrillos concentrated and flared the tip. Larana's chest nearly exploded with the expansion, even for Larana's new ability to stretch. His tip flared to 18 inches wide by 13 1/2 inches high which was twice the dimensions of the cross section of her chest cavity!

This expansion crowded Neander's and Titos' penises so much, their minds went numb with desire and their balls emptied their contents into Larana's guts.

Larana placed the palm of her right hand on the back of Kyrillos' caressing hand and looked diagonally up toward Kyrillos' eyes. Kyrillos smiled knowingly and said to those centaurs not already in the throes of orgasm, "Alright everyone... It cluster fucking time!!!"

And the 3 male centaurs began to furiously hump Hebe, Erastus began to hump Iason, and Kyrillos poured his seed into Larana.

Larana closed her eyes and concentrated on the collective sexual feelings from everyone involved. She was content she did well by all.

A few moments later, their bodies were dripping with sweat, the arcing between Larana and Demos and Hebe switched to a single huge arc between Larana and Hebe. Soon the centaurs and Hebe in the cluster fuck surrounding Hebe began to spark furiously all around their bodies and suddenly the arcing turned into the same eerie pulsating glow surrounding Larana's cluster fuck.

Hebe smiled.

She reached a 1st.

She was then able to control the ejaculations of the centaurs inside her body. She willed their testicles to expand with semen and the stage floor creaked and sagged even more. Then the torrential flood of jax from Iason at her 4th, Demos at her 3rd, and Oreias at her 2nd caused both her fore and hindbellies to bloat to amazing proportions. Iason's hindbelly, too, bloated when Erastus emptied the contents of his testicles into Iason's womb.

The room filled with a flash of bright light, like a star colliding into a planet, then all went dark.

The show was over for this night.

But many more will appear here, now that the seed of sexual transformation has been planted.

And what of Larana?

What did she want?

She got her wish.

She conceived Kyrillos' baby!

**The End?**

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The Next Day

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Chapter One

The clock on the wall struck midnight. It was the next day. But the night of sexual activities had just begun.

“Whew,” Iason said, sighing. “That was some cluster fuck!”

Erastus dismounted from Iason, pulling his still engorged cock out of Iason’s cunt. A long loud slurping sound could be heard all the way in the back of the watering hole.

Demos looked around at Erastus and reminded him of the centaur etiquette to clean up after fucking, sucking, or cornholing. “Do a good job,” Demos added.

Erastus looked forward to this pleasurable part of sex. He was taught the centaur etiquette a year ago but was not allowed to practice it until now.

Erastus stepped back and ran the index finger of his right hand over the length of Iason’s crack which was coated with cum and huge quantities of excess lube. Erastus then stuck the coated finger into his mouth and sucked it clean. He went back for more.

Eventually, Erastus stuck his mouth over Iason’s cunt lips and began drinking the cum out. Each time he stuck his tongue into the groove a load squirted into his mouth like a drinking fountain.

Iason moaned from the tingling sensation throughout his body that was produced when Erastus’ mouth rubbed all over Iason’s bloated and sensitive tissues.

“Erastus,” Iason said, panting. “I need to get off of Hebe next. Please back up a moment.”

Erastus removed his mouth from Iason’s cunt and did as he was instructed. Erastus’ face was covered with shiny, dripping stuff.

Iason pulled his cock free of Hebe’s still quivering cunt, the lips still engorged with blood. Iason followed Erastus’ example and slid the index finger of his right hand over Hebe’s puffy flesh, her flesh sensitive to his touch. Hebe moaned like Iason had done. But her moans were muffled by Oreias’ cock still full-length down her distended throat.

Iason adjusted his stance so he could suck his jax mixture out of Hebe’s cunt and womb.

By this time, Erastus had resumed gulping down his load from Iason’s cunt and womb. Energetically, he finished sucking what he could, grabbed Iason’s flanks, and wedged his tongue as deep as he could into the dark confines of Iason’s cunt sleeve. The saturated tissues surrounding Erastus’ tongue squeezed his tongue rhythmically as he fought to swipe it up and down, around and around, and in and out to get all the whitish cum mixture he could.

Erastus pulled his tongue out and smacked his lips several times, saying, “Mmmmmmm! That’s so good!”

He then began to lick the cum from around Iason’s cunt, asshole and underneath Iason’s upraised

tail.

Iason followed Erastus, move for move, and did the same things to Hebe's body.

Neander reached up and grabbed the chains by Larana's hips. He pulled himself off of Kyrillos' massive body and stepped back. He jerkily transferred his hands, one by one, to the chains by Larana's head. This disengaged his cock from Larana's slurping mouth. It pulled free and bounced up and down, slapping Larana about her face.

"Sorry, Larana," Neander said, apologetically.

"That's quite alright, Neander," Larana returned, reassuringly. "That's to be expected from now on. You'll find that whenever you fuck Hebe or me you'll always have a hardon when you finish. It'll last for several more hours."

Neander stepped back some more and dropped his forehooves onto the stage. The stage vibrated like a planetquake had hit, then subsided. "What's with this stage?" Neander mumbled. He shrugged off the feeling something was wrong and went to clean up Larana's face and neck.

Oreias dismounted Hebe and stepped back his engorged cock bursting free with a loud Pop! sound. His cock slapped Hebe about the face and neck. Hebe expected it.

Oreias stepped back further, bent his foretorso down, took Hebe's head and cradled it in his hands. She coughed up small amounts of his cum mixture onto her facial features and into her hair.

Oreias darted his tongue in between Hebe's lips and tasted his cum. Hebe stopped coughing and entwined her tongue with his, pressing her lips hard to his.

Hebe raised her right hand to cradle Oreias' head and push his mouth harder onto hers, while her left hand kneaded her newly enlarged breasts and nipples.

Hebe and Oreias opened their mouths wide and swapped Oreias' cum back and forth a few times coating their mouths, then Hebe swallowed what was left.

Hebe let Oreias' head go and he pulled his tongue out of her mouth. He sucked the pools of cum from around her eyes. He traced his tongue around the ridges and valleys in her ears, licking up his cum. He licked all around her facial features cleaning it up as he went. Finally, he lapped his tongue along the top part of Hebe's neck, stopping briefly to suck on her Adam's apple. Hebe swallowed several time moving her Adam's apple around in Oreias' mouth.

Kyrillos was next to dismount Larana. He pulled on the chains to his right. The springs attached to the ceiling stretched longer than it had ever done before due to his great new bulk. But the springs held.

Kyrillos stepped back ever so gingerly, not wanting to fall on Larana and crush her. Also, Titos' great bulk was still under Larana's prostrate body and Kyrillos didn't want to step on his tail.

Kyrillos did as Neander did and transferred his hands, one by one, to the chains near Larana's hips as he backed up. Only this time, Kyrillos' great weight on the near chains forced the sling forward about 6 inches. But Titos' 30 foot cock was still snaked through Larana's entire guts anchoring her guts to Titos' frame.

When Larana jerked back by Kyrillos' actions, her guts were pulled out some and Titos' cock was

stretched even more.

Kyrillos saw the danger of tearing Larana's guts out of her and was about to jump off when Larana said, reassuringly, "You won't hurt me, Kyrillos. I won't break. In fact, I have plans for you in a little while that'll demonstrate this fact."

Titos heard her words and thought what would happen if he retracted his cock. Would the extra thickness combined with Kyrillos' dimensions break her pelvis apart?

"I know what you're thinking Titos. Try and break me apart."

The challenge was set.

Titos recoiled his cock back toward his sheath. Larana felt her lower guts fill up when his cock thickened and straightened out due to the increase in density. When he had finished reeling it in, he found he still had a hardon and his cock was what was normal for him in length, width, and density. His cock was 8 inches in diameter at Larana's asshole and 3 feet long. Combine this with Kyrillos' 12 inch diameter cock at her pussy opening and 4 1/2 feet long, and it would have broken a normal centauresse's flanks wide open. But Larana took it easily and laughed out loud. Her hips expanded to accommodate them both.

Kyrillos didn't want to play this game. So, with a great amount of strength, Kyrillos reared up and stepped backwards until his frame cleared Larana and Titos, his cock eased out until it wrenched free. The sling settled back to its vertical state.

Larana's cunt remained wide open, even with Titos' great girth still embedded in her asshole. Erastus moved in real close to get a good view, never having seen a cunthole so huge before.

Larana sat up, a wicked grin on her face. "Take a deep breath Erastus. You're going to eat pussy from the inside out!" And as quickly as Larana finished saying those words, Erastus took a deep breath and Larana grabbed his head and stuffed it into her cunt-up to his neck!

Erastus didn't panic. Instead he enjoyed the novelty of the act. He moved his head around in circles inside her like a ball in socket joint. He exhaled a little at a time, blowing bubbles inside the dark wet confines of her vagina. Loud farting sounds blew out around his neck as he did.

Neander pulled the sling back and Larana came off of Titos' cock and Erastus' head. Copious amounts of cum spilled out onto Titos' hindbelly and Titos moaned "Aaaaaahhhh!" Erastus coughed, his hair matted down with goo.

When Larana was almost vertical in the sling's arc, Titos sat his foretorso up and moved his mouth to Larana's open asshole. He was drinking his come from her spasming opening like wine from a wine bag. When the flow slowed to a few drops a second, he planted his mouth to her asshole and sucked out the rest. When he felt there was no more to be had, he licked out her asshole and the remains around her cunt and tail base.

Titos rolled away from the sling. Kyrillos moved up to Larana and she slid off into his waiting arms. She felt like jelly in his arms.

Larana saw she was still flexible and willed herself stiff. Her bones regained their former rigidity and shape.

"Let me out, too," Demos said wanting to join the others.

Oreias did as Neander did and Demos was free, Demos' extremely rigid cock slapped against his hindbelly and sent the cum that pooled on his hindbelly into the audience.

Hebe grabbed the chains near her head and Oreias' strength allowed him to heft Hebe toward near vertical. Not to be outdone by Titos, Demos took advantage of this moment and sucked out his own cum from Hebe's quivering asshole just like Titos did with Larana's asshole. Only this time, he stuffed his hand into her ass and pulled out the thick clumps that were clinging to her insides and ate them.

Having gotten all the cum he could out of Hebe's ass, Demos rolled away. Oreias lowered her down. Iason and Erastus helped Hebe off the canvas sling. She, too, was like jelly.

"Concentrate on getting stiff again," Larana said to Hebe. Hebe concentrated and her frame returned to a rigid state, although her size was considerably larger than when this wonderful event started.

Hebe stood up and Larana went up to her and planted a wet kiss on her mouth. They exchanged tongues and the residual cums of Neander and Oreias.

Hebe thought, At last...I got to taste Neander's cum!

Larana broke the kiss and said, "Let's get you guys cleaned up and out of that awkward state.

"Hebe, you take my guys and I'll take yours," Larana said. "OK?"

Hebe shook her head, yes.

"And will their cocks to go down so they can get some sleep."

Hebe continued nodding, yes.

Larana went over to Iason and inspected his cunt. She was pleased with herself. She stuffed her hand into the opening and Iason shuddered. Iason turned around and smiled at her, nodding, yes. Larana accepted Iason's invitation and rammed her fist to the bottom of Iason's cunt. Her arm was buried to her elbow. Larana felt Iason's cervix winking open by his own will and Larana buried the rest of her arm into his body. Her fist punched the back of his womb just as her shoulder muscle lodged into his cunt opening. Iason's clitoris winked and poked Larana's armpit.

"Tee hee," Larana giggled. "That tickles."

Larana slowly pulled her arm out. When her hand popped free, what was left of Erastus' cum cascaded over Iason's clitoris. Larana immediately licked up the spillage then ran her tongue all over Iason's hind legs licking up the excess lube Erastus ejected.

Larana finished and quickly moved around to Iason's bouncing cock and stuffed the tip into her open mouth. In one smooth motion, Larana buried the entire staff down her throat and into her stomach. Larana clamped her lips tight around the shaft and slowly eased her mouth off of it, squeegeeing the leathery casing as she went along.

When Larana reached the end, she willed Iason's cock to deflate. And it did, rapidly deflating until there was just the tip poking out of his sheath. Then Larana licked all the cum off of Iason's hindbelly.

Hebe stuffed Neanders cocktip back into her mouth and willed his cock to deflate. As it deflated, Neanders balls filled up. It appeared the contents of his balls were renewing itself as his cock deflated. By the time Neander's cock had withdrawn into its leathery sheath, his balls were the size and density they were before Hebe sucked him off.

Hebe continued with the cleaning amidst applause from the audience. She licked Neander's hindbelly until all the cum was gone.

Larana continued with Demo's inflexible cock. Her throat had to follow the normal arc his cock made as she did not have the strength to bend it. She could have willed it to deflate, but that would have taken all the fun out of sucking cock. She tilted her head sideways so that her open mouth was inline with Demos' cocktip and stuffed it down her throat. Her neck and throat had to bend sideways, then straighten out, as the cocktip punched into her chest cavity. Larana lifted her hips high and bounced into Demos' hindbelly to get better leverage. She hunched forward and stuffed the rest of Demos' 2 foot cock into her body. Her lips and teeth teasingly nibbled at Demos' sheath before she clamped her lips around the steel-like cock. She slowly pulled her head off of Demos' cock, squeegeeing it clean as she went.

When she reached the tip, Larana willed Demos' cock to deflate and it did like the others. She then licked every square inch of Demos' hindbelly and hindquarters until they were clean- his hindquarters got soaked with lube from the backwash of Erastus' ejection.

Hebe's forestomach emptied Neander's cum into her hindstomach. Her forebelly returned to its normal appearance. She was ready to take on Titos' massive 3 foot cock next. With her new ability to stretch any part of her body, Hebe had very little trouble gulping his monster cock down her throat and into her stomach. She gagged briefly as his cocktip punched into her forechest cavity-not because of any appreciable resistance, but rather at the sheer thought of having that much centaur cock in her throat. She quickly regained control, however, and screwed his cock in all the way.

Hebe wondered what it would feel like to have Titos' massive cock sliding back and forth inside her throat. So, she moved her body back enough to move his cocktip into the base of her throat. When the tip popped into Hebe's throat, Titos jerked involuntarily from the sudden expansion of his cocktip. This, in turn, caused him to hump forward. As he did, Hebe pushed forward with her body, punching his cocktip back into her forechest.

Hebe continued this back and forth rhythm. Titos was beside himself. He found he couldn't control his movements anymore and relaxed, letting Hebe control the action.

A few humps later, and Titos echoed Neander's words.

"H. fuckin' Zeus," Titos bellowed. Hebe's forebelly distended again as jet after forceful jet of cum filled her forestomach.

The audience murmured, She's insatiable!

When Titos had emptied his balls' liquid contents into her, Hebe slowly pulled off of his cock, squeegeeing it clean as she went. The flared 12 inch by 9 inch tip acted as an indicator as it crept up her throat into her mouth.

The audience wondered if Titos' cock would deflate normally now that he had the ability to change length, width, and density. Hebe willed Titos' cock to deflate. To everyone's surprise, his cock went flaccid and retracted back into his sheath as it always had done before.

Larana took on Oreias' cock next. She stuffed his cock down her throat. His cum had a strong taste to it. Somehow she knew it would. When she first met Oreias, she thought to herself that everything about him seemed to radiate strength. Now she knew his cum did too. No wonder Oreias, the mountaineer, once had the record for the greatest TCE.

Larana quickly squeegeed Oreias' cock off then willed him to deflate. She licked the cum off of his hindbelly.

Iason joined in the cleaning duties. As one of the participants in the simultaneous firsts, Iason had the ability to will his throat and upper torso flexible like Larana and Hebe. So, he had not trouble stuffing Erastus' cock down his throat. It went down easily. And because Iason was the only one who did a 2nd before that night, he knew just what to do to get the best pleasure in deep-throating Erastus' cock. Erastus shifted his posture so Iason could have better access to his cock.

Erastus whimpered as Iason reluctantly let Erastus' cock slide from his mouth, squeegeeing it clean as he went. Iason mouthed the tip when it entered into his mouth. Erastus moaned again.

Iason concentrated and Erastus' cock deflated.

"Awwww," Erastus said, pouting. He was still a child in centaur's age. And at this moment, he still acted it. "I wanted to cum some more. I waited 2 years to do this."

"You've got many more years ahead of you, my son," Demos said, admonishingly, still panting from the cleanup Larana gave him.

"OK," Erastus said, still wanting it to never end.

Iason clean up all of Erastus' cum and excess lube off of Erastus' hindbelly and hind legs.

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## **Chapter Two**

Everyone on stage was cleaned up except Kyrillos. Suddenly, Kyrillos felt everyone's gaze upon him. In spite of his great size, Kyrillos grinned bashfully.

"What'll we do about Kyrillos," Hebe asked Larana. "His cock is too fucking big, even for us."

"Have faith," Larana replied. "It'll be fun."

"Hebe stay with me," Larana directed. "Iason and Titos, you follow us. The rest of you, thank you for your assistance in helping me be The Chosen One."

"Our pleasure," Neander and Oreias said in unison then left the stage to sit next to Cinder. Cinder couldn't keep her hands off of those 2 magnificent centaurs. She felt Neander's huge balls and Oreias' cock sheath. Neander and Oreias didn't mind it at all.

"Come on, my son," Demos said to Erastus. "This is Kyrillos' fun time."

"Aw, do I have to?" Erastus asked. "I was just having fun. Besides, Hebe gets to stay and have more fun."

"Yes, but it's Larana's decision that Hebe should stay. And this night was for Larana sake."

"Aw, gee," Erastus mumbled and left the stage with his father to sit next to Demeter. They found their beanbags next to the stage soaked with Erastus' ejaculate.

"Sure smells minty," Demos said as he plopped down onto his beanbag.

Larana escorted Hebe over to Kyrillos. Iason and Titos followed.

"Hebe, you get to suck off Kyrillos first," Larana instructed. "Titos, can you support Iason so he can fuck Kyrillos in the ass?" Having heard this, Kyrillos groaned. He never had a cock up his ass before, so his stomach churned in anticipation.

"No sweat," Titos said, flexing his muscles, happy to still be on stage, even in a non sexual capacity. He was sure he'd get his rewards.

Kyrillos positioned himself so that his forelegs were facing to the audience's left and his hind legs were facing the audience's right. He rotated around a little so that his ass was nearer to the audience. This gave everyone a good view of Hebe trying to be the first person to take the largest cock into their throat and Iason trying to stuff Kyrillos' ass for the first time.

Iason fetched the 2 beanbags and positioned one of them under Kyrillos for Hebe to lay down on. He put the other one just behind Kyrillos' hind legs for Titos to lay down on.

"Titos," Larana directed. "You lay down here and support Iason." Titos did as directed. He plopped his great weight down on the beanbag. It crunched loudly. His foretorso faced the audience's left He positioned his hindtorso so that it was flat against the beanbag, using his back for the support brace.

Someone from the audience was ahead of Larana and tossed another beanbag onto the stage.

"Thank you," Larana said. "Here's another beanbag to protect you from Iason's hooves. Larana placed the beanbag onto Titos' back.

Iason positioned himself squarely inline with Kyrillos' hindback. He used his hands and foretorso as a lever to rear his hindtorso up against Kyrillos' flanks. Iason raised his left hindfoot and placed it on the beanbag covering Titos' back.

"Ready, Titos?" Iason asked.

"You bet!" Titos exclaimed in return.

"On 3 then," Iason said.

"One," Iason said then dipped his haunches.

"Two." Iason raised his haunches then dipped them again lower creating a bouncing motion.

"Three!" Iason explosively raised his haunches and jumped several feet into the air. He placed his other hind foot onto the beanbag as he came back down. Titos turned his foretorso around and grabbed Iason's hindtorso, steadying him.

Titos let go of Iason, freeing his hands. Titos then moved his left hand in-between Iason's hind legs, caressing Iason's inner thighs. Titos moved his hand to cup Iason's balls. The very light touch of a centaur's big strong hands made Iason's cock tip poke out of its sheath.

Larana moved behind Iason. While Titos continued to stroke Iason's balls, Larana lifted Iason's tail

with her right hand and licked his asshole. Larana moved her left arm in-between Jason's hind legs underneath Titos' caressing hands and found Jason's cock. Larana took it in her hand and slowly stroked it back and forth. On the downward stroke, Jason's cock lengthened some more. On the upward stroke it got harder.

Larana released his cock when it nearly fully erect and moved to Jason's right. She sat on Titos' flank and grabbed Jason's cock. She stuffed it in her mouth moving her tongue around the sensitive glans.

When Jason's cock was fully erect and jumping up and down in time with his heartbeat, Larana pulled her mouth off and grabbed the hardened staff with both hands and guided the tip to Kyrillos' asshole.

Jason reflexively humped when he felt his tip touch Kyrillos' spit soaked asshole, sinking 2/3 of his cock into him.

Kyrillos groaned. It was a new and exhilarating feeling having Jason's cock deep into his bowels. Kyrillos leaned back trying to capture even more of Jason's cock. Jason obliged by jerking as far forward as he could sinking all of his cock inside Kyrillos. Jason was near vertical now and all of his weight was upon Titos.

Larana moved around Jason surveying the situation and was satisfied all was going well.

"Alright Hebe," Larana said. "You can get ready for Kyrillos."

Hebe plopped down on the beanbag underneath Kyrillos so that her foreback was leaning against the backs of his forelegs. This gave her head clearance to stuff his cocktip into her mouth.

And what a cocktip! It currently measured 9 inches in diameter, and it wasn't even flared yet! Because there was a spongy point to the tip before it flattened out, Hebe was able to wedge the point into her mouth. She tried to stuff the rest of the huge tip into her mouth but was unable to get the leverage she needed, even with her flexibility.

Hebe pulled her mouth off and said, "This isn't going to work."

"I've an idea," Larana said. "Crawl in-between Kyrillos' forelegs and stuff his cocktip into your mouth. Then brace your forearms along the backs of his forelegs and push. You'll be able to use your strength to shove that monster cock down your gullet."

Hebe got up and moved in front of Kyrillos. She knelt down on her forelegs and stuck her head between his forelegs. She looked up, grabbed the tip with both of her hands and guided it to her mouth once again.

When the cocktip wedged into her mouth, Hebe shuffled on her forelegs using her backlegs for power to force herself onto his cock.

Inch after inch disappeared into Hebe's distended mouth and throat. The audience could clearly see the tip expanding Hebe's throat as it went. It more than doubled the size of her throat as it passed through.

Every once in a while the audience could hear a Mumph! sound followed by a farting sound followed by a gurgling sound coming from Hebe's mouth as high pressure air forced its way out.

Larana was pleased. Hebe was every bit of a fully grown female centaur now.

Larana moved over to Hebe's breasts and rolled the inch long nipples between the thumbs and forefingers of each hand. Hebe tried to nod her approval but was stuffed with rock hard cock, she just couldn't. Only the rolling of the eyes under her closed tight eyelids conveyed to Larana that she was adding to Hebe's pleasure.

4 inches and Kyrillos' cock wedged into Hebe's throat. 8 inches and it eased into her forechest cavity. 16 inches and it passed through her forestomach. 2 feet and it entered into her hindchest cavity. Her mouth had opened to take another inch of cock in diameter. Drool oozed out between her stretched lips and his veiny cock. Her facial features distorted.

Hebe kept pushing forward with all the energy she could drive through her hind legs.

Larana got in close to Hebe's face. For dramatic effect, Larana spanned both of her hands around the leathery shaft just in front of Hebe's mouth. They could span only 3/5 of the way around the thickness. The audience Oooooohhhhhed!

Larana moved her hands over Hebe's cheeks to massage the muscles of Hebe's jaw. Even though Hebe could stretch, there was a limit for one so young.

More and more of Kyrillos' cock inched its way into Hebe's body widening her mouth and throat more and more.

Even though Hebe matured and grew large tits, she was still only about 15 hands in length from the tip of her head to the base of her tail-and Kyrillos' cock was 13 1/2 hands long!

But it all fit in her. Hebe's mouth crushed the edges of Kyrillos's sheath. There was no room for Hebe to dart her tongue out at Kyrillos's balls. She was content to be the first person to take the largest cock in history into her small body.

There was no way Hebe or Kyrillos could move right now, so all the action had to come from Iason fucking Kyrillos's ass.

"OK, Iason," Larana directed. "Hebe has got it all. You've got to do the humping now."

Iason needed no encouragement. He was humping Kyrillos' ass hard, nearly losing his balance of Titos' back a few times.

Larana went behind Hebe's upturned ass, raised Hebe's tail, and stuck her fist deep into Hebe's cunt, cunt juice squishing around her forearm as she sought the end of Kyrillos' cock. Halfway up her forearm, about 6 inches, Larana opened her hand and felt around Kyrillos' cocktip through Hebe's cunt wall. Kyrillos' cocktip flared larger and larger as Iason sent pleasure through Kyrillos' ass.

Having set the cluster fuck in motion, Larana went over to Kyrillos's face and watched his reaction to the sucking and assfucking. Kyrillos' face was wrinkled with pleasure. His mouth opened, periodically. His tongue wetted his lips as he breathed erratically.

"Remember to breath deeply," Larana whispered. Kyrillos opened his eyes and a smile crossed his face.

"You've proved to be so wise, Larana," Kyrillos whispered back. "I love you so much." And then he



bent down and pulled her up to his lips, in turn pulling her arm out of Hebe's cunt. Cradling her in his massive arms, Kyrillos tongue kissed her for several minutes.

Jason began huffing and puffing as he neared his climax. His cock pistoned Kyrillos' asshole a foot each stroke. And Hebe could tell Kyrillos was nearing climax also because her flanks expanded from the pressure of Kyrillos' 18 inch by 13 1/2 inch flair.

"Nnnnnnnguhguhguh," Jason bellowed as his cum hosed the insides of Kyrillos' guts. Jason didn't bother to hold his cocktip at Kyrillos' C-spot as they all had a 1st and anything else would be wasted. So Jason concentrated on getting the best feeling he could by repeatedly banging away at Kyrillos' spasming asshole.

"Mmmmmph!" Kyrillos mumbled into Larana's lips as he, too, felt the force of climax gripping his every fiber.

All Hebe could do was whimper as jet after hot jet of centaur cum hosed her insides. Since she already had gallons of centaur cum in both of her stomachs, Hebe decided not to will Kyrillos to empty all of the contents in his balls. He would cum normally at his new size—a half quart of cum.

Jason finally slowed his humping. His balls finished emptying their contents into Kyrillos' clutching ass.

Jason stepped down off of Titos' hindback pulling the beanbag off with him. Jason's cock popped free with a loud slurping sound followed by a large amount of cum flying everywhere. Rivers of cum fell onto Titos' sweaty hindback.

Kyrillos' asshole remained gapingly open. Jason immediately set to cleaning out his cum from inside Kyrillos' guts.

Meanwhile, Kyrillos set Larana down and helped Hebe ease off of his cock by grabbing her hindquarters and pulling her forward. Hebe knew there was no way she could cough up his flared tip, so she willed it to subside while keeping the cockshaft rigid. For Hebe knew this was not the only orgasm Larana had in store for Kyrillos at this time.

Jason finished sucking out his cum and licked the cum from around Kyrillos' asshole. He stuck his head in-between Kyrillos' hind legs licking up the cum that had flowed down the base of Kyrillos' cock and onto the underside of the shaft to the point Hebe had squeegeed it clean. When that was done and Kyrillos' cockshaft gleamed from spittle, Jason licked up his cum from Titos' sweaty body.

Hebe popped free from Kyrillos' cocktip, gasping as she coughed up some of his cum.

"I did it," Hebe said, beaming, then collapsed onto the stage with a loud thud. Larana helped her up as Hebe willed herself to become rigid again.

"Yes, you did," Larana said, clapping her hands. The audience joined in Larana's applause. "What a cocksucker," Larana heard someone say. Hebe truly was.

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Chapter Three

Titos got up, his hair shiny from Jason's spit and shook his huge body all over in a shudder.

"Hhhhhmmmm," Iason grunted. "Haven't had that much fun since my first fuck."

"Now it's my turn," Larana said, laughing. She new Kyrillos cock wouldn't all fit inside her body. Larana only had a 3 1/2 foot throw from her outstretched facial lips to the end of her asshole and Kyrillos' cock was 4 feet 6 inches long!

"Get on your back, lover," Larana directed Kyrillos as she placed two beanbags in a row in the same general direction as Kyrillos had been standing. She placed a third one on top of the beanbag that was nearer to the back of the stage and to the audience's left.

"Put your hindback on this beanbag," Larana said pointing to the single thickness beanbag. "And your foreback on this one angling your head upward," she said pointing to the double thickness beanbags.

Kyrillos did as he was instructed to do. First he plopped down next to the beanbags, the stage shuddering as he did. A loud boom echoed off the far wall of the watering hole. Kyrillos rolled over so that his hindback landed squarely on the single thickness beanbag, crushing it nearly flat. Titos moved to Kyrillos's head, grabbed hold of each of Kyrillos' arms, and pulled up allowing Larana to adjust the double thickness beanbags before Titos let Kyrillos' foretorso down.

"Comfy?" Larana asked Kyrillos.

"Sure," Kyrillos replied. "But why am I in this position?"

"First, I'm going to swallow your cock all the way. The tip is going to punch out my asshole. Because there's no direct route from my mouth to my asshole, you'll need to push my rectum inside out with your small intestine covered cock. By the way, Titos," Larana said turning toward Titos, "I'll need you to pull me onto his cock.

Turning back toward Kyrillos, she said, "Second, you're going to get your throat fucked by Iason."

Kyrillos shuddered at the thought of doing a 2nd with Iason. In this position, Iason will have the ability to bear his full weight down through his cock and Kyrillos will be helpless.

Iason stepped over Kyrillos' foretorso. Kyrillos looked back and saw Iason's balls.

"Let me lick your balls for you," Kyrillos said to Iason.

"I'd love that," Iason returned.

Iason stepped further up until his forelegs touched Kyrillos' forelegs. Then Iason leaned forward, his balls brushing Kyrillos face.

Iason's balls were sweaty from the exertion he put forth in the last cluster fuck. This made his balls shiny and attractive to Kyrillos. Iason's whole crotch was like a sauna, hot and steamy.

"Try and raise your balls, Iason, so I can get a better look at your crotch," Kyrillos requested.

Iason concentrated and his balls lifted up half-way. That's the best I can do without direct stimulation."

Kyrillos reached up with his right hand and stroked Iason's sheath. While stroking Iason's sheath, Kyrillos raised his head and licked the sweat off of Iason's balls, tasting the salty liquid. Kyrillos traced the tip of his tongue along the ridges of Iason's thick scrotal veins, feeling hot blood coursing

through them, as they drew heat away from Iason's sperm-filled balls.

Iason's cock responded to Kyrillos' manipulations. It poked its head through the sheath opening still covered with the first fold skin. Kyrillos placed his left hand on the protruding instrument and pulled down and squeezed it gently. Kyrillos continued stroking Iason's sheath with his right hand. Blood filled the spongy cock cylinder, expanding it further. Kyrillos pushed back the first fold skin and the cocktip popped out, accelerating its growth, momentarily. This, in turn, caused Iason's balls to retract inside his body, involuntarily. Iason's balls jumped away from Kyrillos' tongue. Kyrillos was free to look Iason's crotch over.

Iason had heavy veins running the length of his inner thighs. Smaller well-defined veins projected from the large main ones. Kyrillos licked at the veins testing their resiliency.

"Mmmmmm, that's so good, Kyrillos," Iason said, moaning. "I love the way your face brushes ever so lightly against my inner thighs. Keep doing it."

Kyrillos needed no encouragement. He enjoyed this very much. He never knew the exciting feelings he could derive by making a cock lengthen and vibrate through his own touch, until now.

Kyrillos grabbed the hardening cock with his other hand. Now both hands pulled and tugged at the inflating piece of centaur flesh.

Kyrillos let go. Iason's cock danced and throbbed above Kyrillos' forehead.

"It looks like you're ready, Iason," Kyrillos said excitedly. "I'm ready, too."

Iason backed up, slowly. As he did, Kyrillos placed the flat of his tongue against the underside of Iason's cock, wetting the urethral tube along its entire length to the tip of Iason's cock.

As the tip reached Kyrillos' mouth, Iason stopped a moment so Kyrillos could mouth it. And he did. He opened his mouth to let the tip rest on his upper palate and teeth, darting his tongue on either side of the tip, then sliding the flat of his tongue out and all around the surface of the tip. The tip oozed precum into Kyrillos' waiting mouth.

Kyrillos closed his mouth around the tip to swallow the tangy liquid. The pressure made Iason's body jerk like it did when Kyrillos' ass muscles clamped around his cocktip earlier, and Iason humped forward.

"Mmmmmmmpppppphhhhhh!" Kyrillos exhaled. The velocity with which Iason speared his cock into Kyrillos' mouth and throat really startled him.

Kyrillos' throat ached with such a huge expansion in such a short time. His throat did not have the same time to adjust as the females' throats had done.

"Sorry about that, Kyrillos," Iason said apologetically. "It was a reflex action."

"Mmmm mm MMMMM mmm mmmmm," Kyrillos mumbled around Iason's totally buried cock. He tapped Iason on his hindbelly. Iason took the gesture to mean to remove his cock a moment. And he pulled back slowly until the tip rested in Kyrillos' aching mouth.

"I said, 'That is QUITE all right,'" Kyrillos repeated, Iason's cocktip bouncing on Kyrillos' tongue and lips as he formed the words, and more precum painted his lips like a glossy shade of off-white lipstick. "Fuck me as hard as you like. I'm going to enjoy this."

Jason wasted no time. He took Kyrillos' suggestion and began humping rapidly and deeply. Kyrillos' cheeks puffed out on each instroke then hollowed out on each pullout. Spitting sounds and moans came from Kyrillos' mouth.

Kyrillos clamped his jaw down to give Jason added pressure and enjoyment, his lips covered his teeth to prevent scraping Jason's cockskin. But Jason's cockskin was so durable, it was doubtful it could have been injured anyway. "Mmmmmm. That's good, Kyrillos," Jason said, encouragingly, licking his lips. "Keep it up, my man."

Larana inched her way back between Kyrillos' forelegs so she could be inline with Kyrillos' massive cock. Her mouth and head was bigger than Hebe's so she had no trouble getting started.

Larana laid flat against Kyrillos' foretorso, face down. She mouthed Kyrillos' cocktip before she proceeded to take on the task of gulping the whole thing down. She stuck her tongue inside the gaping eurethral process licking all around the insides. She pursed her lips over the eurethral tube and sucked on it like a miniature cock. Kyrillos moaned again around Jason's wildly pumping cock.

Larana decided now was the time. She forced her mouth wide and pushed. A little bit of Kyrillos' cocktip entered her mouth. Like an inch worm she moved her lips father over the surface of his cock and pushed some more. She did this repeatedly until the entire tip was wedged inside of her mouth. Her lips stretched, the pinkish color seemingly leaving her cheeks, turning them white. There was no way she could use her lips as a covering for her teeth now. Drool escaped past her lips and acted as lubrication.

She had a 28 square inch cross section of hardened cock inside of her mouth. And that was at the first inch of it. By the time she's through, she'll have over a cubic foot of centaur- cock throbbing inside her body!

Titos moved behind Kyrillos and Larana raised her outstretched arms toward him. Titos bent his foretorso down and grabbed her arms by the wrists. Larana, in turn, grabbed his wrists in a double wristhold.

Titos pulled, leaning back his 3000 pounds.

Larana's body had no choice but to be impaled by Kyrillos' tremendous cock-or bust.

"Mmmmmph!" Kyrillos groaned around Jason's thrusting cock when Kyrillos' spongy tip straightened Larana's throat and compressed as it entered her expanding gullet. "Mmmmmph!" Larana groaned as Kyrillos' cock entered her throat.

Jason's cock pistoned faster and faster in Kyrillos' throat. "Mmmmmph!" left Kyrillos' dilated nostrils on each instroke of Jason's cock. "Sssslurp!" came from Kyrillos' pinched nostrils on each pullout by Jason's cock.

The audience gasped as they saw Titos step back, Larana's throat easily accepting Kyrillos' huge cylinder. The muscles in Larana's neck bulged out. And there were so many veins sticking out of her neck that the audience could not tell which were those imbedded in her neck and those massive ones imbedded under Kyrillos's leathery cock-casing.

There was a slight catch before the tip entered Larana's chest cavity. The first through seventh ribs of her chest had to expand as well as the displacement of her collar bones had to be made before the tip could enter her stomach.

Titos pulled some more and another foot of hardened centaur- cock rushed into her body-half of Kyrillos' cock was in her now. The tip wedged itself into her small intestines.

"This is it!" Titos said, knowingly. "The last section is coming up before it punches out her ass!"

The audience stirred. They were overloaded as it was, with all that had happened that night. But the scenes just kept getting better and better. No one left the watering hole.

Spittle ran down Kyrillos' face as Iason kept pounding away at it. Iason was in a frenzy now. Kyrillos wanted it to last so that they could all come together. Feeling the exquisite pressure inching its way down toward his sheath, and knowing he could hold out until Larana was ready, Kyrillos held out 2 fingers of each hand.

The audience came alive. "Two!" they shouted.

Iason opened his eyes as the shouting startled him back to reality. "Sorry, Kyrillos," Iason said, slowing his humping down. "I got carried away."

Iason was perspiring tremendously. His coat of hair glistened in the lamplight. Beads of salty sweat collided with other beads of salty sweat, gaining speed as they formed droplets running down Iason's forehead. Those droplets, in turn, collided with each other forming rivulets running over his hairless forehead. Eventually, streams of sweat cascaded over his hairy forehead muscles, and fell to the recesses of Larana's small-of-the-back, where it pooled and sloshed around with every movement in the cluster fuck.

Titos pulled some more, stepping back as he did. Another foot of centaur-cock lodged into Larana's body. Kyrillos' cocktip smashed against Larana's pelvic basin. If Larana was face up, the tip would have poked through her pussy opening. But, instead, it poked through her asshole.

Kyrillos' cock was covered with Larana's small intestine membrane. As Titos pulled harder Kyrillos' cock slid father into her small intestine tube. The small intestine covered tip pushed against Larana's rectum membrane and pushed it through Larana's asshole, turning it inside-out.

The cross section of Kyrillos' cock shot out of Larana's asshole and the last foot and a half of Kyrillos' gargantuan cock jammed through Larana's torso.

The ease at which the last of Kyrillos' cock slid through, caused Titos to lose his balance and stumble back onto the stage with a loud crash. But before he could release his grip on Larana, Larana's forehead smacked into Kyrillos' balls.

"Gggaaaaahhhh!" Kyrillos gurgled around Iason's cock. Even though he was a tower of strength now, his balls were still very sensitive to outside influences.

And Larana's lower jaw had jammed into the cavern of Kyrillos' sheath. The edges of the sheath that were attached between Kyrillos' hindbelly and the bottom of the cock shaft were stretch to the breaking point. And the sides of Larana's mouth they were pressured against were also at the breaking point-even for Larana. Larana looked like she was wearing a cock-sheath bridle.

Hebe went over to help Larana. Hebe pushed on the top of Larana's head trying to move her back. But Larana was stuck fast. Hebe yelled to Kyrillos, "Pull her back! She's on you too far!"

Kyrillos sat up as best he could with Iason's cock stuffed fully down his throat. With his outstretched arms, he managed to grab hold of Larana's knees and sat back down. Larana was pulled back the

few inches she needed to relieve the pressure off the sides of her mouth. Kyrillos let her knees go.

Larana's guts were there for all to see. Her rectum was the top layer of membranes covering the mass that stuck out between her legs. Her rectum was like a toroid consuming itself. Underneath the rectum layer was the layer of her small intestines. And underneath that was Kyrillos' cockhead.

Larana's membranes were stretched terribly. Like the artificial cunt sheath over a flaring centaur cockhead. But Larana loved the feeling.

And so did Kyrillos. He couldn't help himself. He started humping his hindquarters up at Larana. But it only made Larana jostle around Kyrillos' hindtorso. Larana raised her hands and stuffed her fingers between the fleshy muscles behind Kyrillos' hindknees. Kyrillos clamped down on her fingers. As he squeezed his hindbelly muscles and raised his hips off of the stage, Larana was shoved back toward his cocktip. As he relaxed his hindbelly muscles and lowered his hindquarters to the stage, Larana was pulled onto his cock.

Kyrillos raised his hands again and stuck one finger of each hand shakily into the air.

"One!" the audience screamed.

Kyrillos' cockhead puffed bigger and bigger until he reached the full 18 inch by 13 1/2 inch flair. The membranes of Larana's guts stretched so much that they became transparent, almost perfectly clear.

The audience could see every detail of Kyrillos' cockhead in all of its magnificence.

Iason sped his humping to a blur, then stopped abruptly. He put all of his weight behind stuffing his cock all the way into Kyrillos' foretorso. Iason's inner thigh muscles pinched Kyrillos' forehead. His empty, wrinkled scrotal sack filled Kyrillos' eye wells and enveloped his nose.

"Aaaaaaaaaaah!" Iason bellowed as an intense orgasm hit him hard. Iason's cockhead flared as he jetted his cum into Kyrillos's forestomach. Kyrillos felt his stomach filling with hot centaur cum. He felt the pulsations of each jet travel through the urethral tube that was pressed against the back of his throat. All this and the pressure on his cock by Larana's surrounding body, caused Kyrillos' brain to overload. Kyrillos clenched his fists and began to empty the cum in his balls into Larana's guts.

"Zero!" the audience yelled. They could see the powerful jets of Kyrillos' cum drill Larana's thinned membranes covering his cockhead. The thick, white goo splashed back against the taut leather covering his cockhead and oozing down to pool at the bottom.

Soon, every pocket of air was filled with cum. Then the membranes began to stretch with each added jet of cum. It ballooned to great proportions, all white inside.

"Gggggggggggg!" Kyrillos gurgled, Iason's cum backwashing down his face, up his nose, and pooling in his eye wells and earholes.

All Larana could do was jerk spasmodically as the most intense orgasm she ever had took over her body. She completely lost control of herself. Her ass muscles opened and closed, rhythmically. Intensely. Within 2 or 3 relaxations the pressure inside her body equalized with the pressure in the cum pocket outside of her body. Some of the whitish cum sucked back into her small intestine with such great force it needed another place to go to equalize the pressure.

There was another opening in her body that supplied the needed release. It was her pussy opening.

The wall of her small intestine nearest to her cunt opening billowed out and pushed through her cunt sphincter during that same relaxed phase.

Now there was 2 balloons. The ass balloon filled each time Kyrillos jetted cum into her. The pussy balloon filled each time Larana relaxed her pubic muscles.

The audience could see the rhythms between Larana and Kyrillos.

The 3 of them came for several minutes.

Finally the taut muscles of the participants relaxed and they all seemed to melt apart.

Iason fell backwards, stumbling. He wrenched his cock from Kyrillos' throat and mouth, his cum washing over Kyrillos' face and hair.

Kyrillos, now free to move, sat his foretorso up. He braced it with his hands on the double beanbags. He surveyed the exciting sight of Larana fully skewered on his cock.

"How're you doing, my love?" Kyrillos asked. Larana raised her right hand and made an OK gesture then put her hand back down on Kyrillos' hindbelly.

Kyrillos adjusted himself and supported his foretorso on his left hand. He placed his right hand on Larana's ass balloon and squeezed it delicately.

"Dear Zeus," the husky centaur said, giggling childishly. "I sure can cum."

Before Kyrillos' eyes, the balloons at both pelvic holes shrank as if the cum was being let out somewhere. Kyrillos was taken by surprise and yanked his hand away.

Larana's body was absorbing the cum as nourishment. Within a minute the entire volume of liquid was gone. Once again the audience could see the details of Kyrillos' cockhead. The balloon at Larana's cunt shrunk back into her body. The audience was astounded and gasped.

Then movement beneath Larana's rectum membrane could be seen. It wasn't Kyrillos' cock that was moving, it was Larana's intestinal membrane.

"Oooooohhhhhh," Kyrillos cooed. "I don't know what you're doing, but keep it up!"

Larana was shrinking the length of her guts, starting at the base of her stomach to the end of her asshole. The membrane rubbed Kyrillos' cockhead as it slid by. And the membrane shrinking in length on Kyrillos's cock-shaft made it seem to him as if he was plunging his cock down an endless cunt tunnel.

The audience could see the texture of the moving membrane change as Larana's large intestines were now being drawn onto Kyrillos's cock. As quickly as they saw the texture change from small intestine to large intestine, they saw the texture change from large intestine to rectum.

And then a tremendous sucking sound came from Larana's ass area as she drew the last of her rectum into her body, exposing Kyrillos' cockhead. A strong odor of cum wafted by Kyrillos' nose. His nostrils flared then narrowed as he took a deep breath- -as if some primitive instinct caused him to reflexively perform a flehman response.

Kyrillos once again put his right hand on his cocktip, feeling the slick surface. "Wow," Kyrillos said, excitedly. "My cock sure is sensitive."

He saw a small pool of cum at the lower part of his expanded eurethral process-cum that had not been absorbed by Larana because her membranes had never touched his eurethral process. He took his index finger and scooped it up. He put the finger into his mouth and tasted it. It tasted gamey, more than just cum. It was a wonderful taste to Kyrillos. Like all the other centaur's cum he's tasted since the 1st was done, his cum, too, had traces of mint flavor.

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## Chapter Four

Kyrillos squeezed his foreabdominal muscles and held his fore-torso up. He grabbed Larana's legs with both of his hands and started to pull her off of his cock when Larana raised both hands waving them frantically. "Mmmph!" came through her nostrils.

"Wait!" Iason shouted. "I think Larana wants to stay on your cock." Larana gave the OK sign.

"Then what do you want us to do?" Kyrillos asked.

Larana gestured with her hands.

She pointed to Kyrillos and gestured that he should stand up. Kyrillos grabbed her legs and placed them in-between his forelegs for protection. He groaned when Larana squeezed his cockhead between her strong thighs.

Kyrillos rolled onto his side. With his hands placed firmly on the stage, he stiffened his arms and pushed his foretorso up far enough so he could get his forelegs under him. Larana was so firmly anchored on his cock that she swayed back and forth as one with him cockbeam within the confines of his forelegs.

For added support during the explosive phase of Kyrillos getting his hindquarters off the stage, Larana grabbed the loose skin that spanned the area between his hindbelly and the knees.

Kyrillos pushed with his hindhooves and jumped up, explosively. First, Larana and Kyrillos' cockhead stayed near the stage due to angular momentum, then bounced up quickly. To prevent Larana from being injured, Kyrillos squeezed his pelvic muscles causing his cock shaft to become extremely rigid, especially at the base. This stopped the upward movement of Larana and his cock, just as her chest bumped into his soft hindbelly.

Kyrillos released his pubic muscles and his cock angled slightly downward, bouncing up and down rapidly with his palpitating heartbeat.

Larana crossed her legs over each other and wedged them between her hips and Kyrillos' hindchest, in a kind of yoga position. She released her grip on Kyrillos' skinfolds and let her arms dangle by her side. Then she relaxed her whole body, letting the feeling of being part of Kyrillos wash over her. Larana seemed to purr.

"Now what?" Iason asked, excitedly, wanting to know how he fits into Larana's plans.

Larana pointed to Kyrillos, gave the fucking gesture and pointed to Hebe.

"You want me to fuck Hebe, too?!?" Kyrillos asked, incredulously. Larana gave the OK sign.

"I get it!" Hebe blurted out. "You got a foot and half of cock still out there. She wants me to cover



it." Larana gave the OK sign then waved it off. "There's more?" Hebe asked. Larana gave the OK sign. She pointed to her own 2 feet then stuck 2 fingers of her left hand in and out of the circle made by the thumb and forefinger of her right hand several times.

"You want to stick your feet and legs in me like you did with Tarma a while back and then screw yourself in as far as you can go, including Kyrillos' cock?"

Larana held the OK symbol on each hand.

"Oooooohhhhhhh, how exciting," Hebe said, both her stomachs churned in anticipation of taking even something bigger than Kyrillos' cock inside of her.

Hebe quickly moved in front of Kyrillos, almost stumbling over the beanbags still on the stage-like when she got her hooves tangled in the beanbag fabric back at her cabin. Hebe looked around Kyrillos' huge frame into the audience and saw her mother frown at her. I told you not to get so excited, Hebe could almost hear her mother say. Then Hebe saw her mother give a big smile and nodded her approval at what she was about to do.

Hebe's tail swished to and fro, happily. She turned around, raised her tail, and pressed her hindquarters against her big brother's forelegs.

Because Kyrillos was so large now, all he had to do was bend his forelegs a little to allow Hebe to get her hindend between them. Her 9 hands, 1.2 at the withers height went easily under him. In fact, other than the sides of her flanks brushing against the inner part of his forelegs, she cleared his body by a couple of inches.

Larana raised her legs and bent them like a frog about to push off of a rock. Her feet pressed against Hebe's butt muscles.

"I almost forgot," Hebe said, feeling Larana's feet push against her. Hebe stepped forward. Larana's feet stayed on Hebe's butt until Larana's legs were as straight as could be, considering Kyrillos' 18 inch by 13 1/2 inch flair kept Larana's knees over a foot apart.

Larana stuck the toes of one foot into Hebe's puffy pussylips. Then the toes of the other foot. Larana pointed her toes and half of the arch of each foot slid in easily.

Larana put her hands against Kyrillos's hind legs and locked her elbows, bracing herself.

Hebe took a step back. Larana's feet and ankles sunk in. Hebe took another step back. Then another. Larana's calves wedged into Hebe's wide open cuntmouth and Larana's toes wedged into Hebe's cervix opening. Larana's arms began to feel the strain.

Titos moved in front of Hebe and pushed. That did it! Hebe's pelvis stretched and Larana's legs slid in, her knees pushing past Hebe's muscled opening. Another shove by Titos and Kyrillos' flared cockhead entered Hebe, too! Larana slid in up to her crotch. Her feet and calves speared Hebe's womb, the balls of Larana's feet bouncing into the back wall of her womb. Hebe's hindbelly bloated like she was about to give birth.

"Dear Zeus!" Hebe exclaimed, wiggling her hindquarters, feeling both Larana and Kyrillos inside her. Larana's knees scraped the sides of Hebe's pussy, while Kyrillos' 18 inch wide cockhead pushed at its top and bottom.

"Kyrillos, feel me up. Please?" Hebe requested, breathlessly. Kyrillos reached down and fondled

Hebe's sensitive breasts. They were swollen as if she had a full load of milk to give to a baby. Then he bent down and tongue kissed her as well.

"Mmmmmmm!" Hebe moaned, tasting some of Iason's leftover cum in Kyrillos' mouth.

"Now what?" Iason asked, still anticipating he'll get to cum again. Larana gestured and Iason interpreted.

"You want me to lay down under Hebe, facing the same direction?" Larana gestured, OK. "You want me to put my cock in her ass?!?" Larana gestured, OK. "How? Oh. I see. You want me to turn her over and lay her on top of me, then stick it in."

The audience raised up on its hooves again. Cinder moved to the edge of the stage, arm in arm with her twin sister. This feat had never been done before.

"You'll have to help Kyrillos," Iason said taking the role of director.

"What do you want me to do?" Kyrillos replied.

"First, Hebe grab hold of Kyrillos' neck." Hebe did as she was told. "Now Kyrillos, lean over putting your hands on the stage for support. Good. Now Hebe, lift all 4 legs off the stage."

Hebe did and her body sank in a deep arch.

"Titos, get on the other side and help support her."

Titos moved over, bent his foretorso over and cradled Hebe with his arms. Titos shuffled his forehooves forward to get a better angle, Hebe's hindbelly being so low to the stage.

"Great! Now rotate her around."

Larana waved her hands around then pointing to herself.

"You want to be rotated, too?" Larana held up the OK sign.

Titos did well. About half way through the turnover, Hebe let go of Kyrillos' neck with one hand, rotated her foretorso the rest of the way through the turn, and grabbed his neck again. Then she adjusted her other hand. Hebe's and Kyrillos' foretorsoes were now facing each other.

Hebe bunched her legs as much as possible to squeeze the fore- and hind leg nearest to Kyrillos' body underneath him. Titos saw the tight fit, so he lowered Hebe just enough to let her bring her legs around.

As she rotated the rest of the way around the turn, Hebe could feel Larana's knees and Kyrillos' cockhead rotating inside of her pussy channel. It was such a strange and wonderful feeling. Then she realized it was like having a centaur baby inside of her, turning for the birth. She felt the pleasure her mother must have felt giving birth, and sighed. It'll be wonderful having a baby of my own, Hebe thought.

Titos lifted Hebe up so that her and Kyrillos' hindtorsoes touched again.

Iason hurried to the back of the stage and got 2 sturdy metal stools made for standing on by the centaurs and placed them in front of Kyrillos' forelegs.

Kyrillos put one foreleg on a stool, then the other foreleg on the other stool. The stools sagged a little but held quite nicely. With ease, Kyrillos straightened out his forelegs lifting both Hebe and Larana. Titos let go of Hebe and both Hebe and Larana sagged.

Titos grabbed Larana and turned her over, gently, the sagging Larana having plenty of room now to clear her shoulder as she turned. Once again Larana's knees rotated inside Hebe's cunt sleeve giving Hebe more thrills. And Kyrillos groaned with Larana's insides rotating around his overly sensitive cock. Larana felt every bump and ridge on the surface of Kyrillos' cock, making her groan with pleasure.

Iason plopped down on the stage without the benefit of a beanbag for support. He rotated onto his back then inched his way, like a snake, between the stools and under Hebe's back. There was just enough room underneath.

Titos moved Hebe's tail out of the way and gave her asshole several licks with his tongue.

With his right hand, Titos took hold of Iason's cock and sucked on it, then stuffed his huge left hand into Iason's cunt, fisting him deeply. The giant centaur, Titos, had to pull his hand out of Iason's cunt, inch by inch, as Iason's cock grew, inch by inch, until he couldn't span the distance between Iason's cocktip and Iason's cunt opening. Titos pulled his sticky hand out of Iason's cunt and concentrated on deep throating him.

Between Titos' fisting and deep throating, and the excitement of that most unusual cluster fuck, Iason's cock hardened tremendously, virtually squirting precum deep down Titos' throat. Titos removed Iason's cock from his throat and mouth, coughing, marveling at the amount of precum Iason still had, considering all his other cums that night.

Iason inched his way further forward and Titos took hold of Iason's cock, guiding the tip to Hebe's asshole.

Iason felt the tip easing into Hebe's asshole. Hebe involuntarily clenched her ass muscles at the intrusion, then consciously relaxed them. That was enough stimulation to make Iason hump his cock into Hebe a few inches, involuntarily.

Titos let go of Iason's ramming cock and went around to the front. He was really enjoying helping people stuff themselves and get stuffed in a sexual way. Just like he showed his enthusiasm when he helped Larana stuff herself into his mate, Tarma, earlier that evening.

Iason stretched out his arms. Titos grabbed Iason's wrists and pulled. Sssshhhhhwwhhhoopp! "Uuuuhhh!" Iason moaned raggedly, jerking his body each time the tip of his cock hit and bounced over one of Hebe's backbone vertebrae. "Uuuuhhh! Uuuuhhh! Uuuuhhh! Uuuuhhh!"

"Mmmmmmm!" Hebe purred when all of Iason's stiff cock slid into her asshole. "I'm really wonderfully stuffed."

"OK, Larana. What's next?" Titos asked. Larana gestured. "I don't get it, Iason. Larana balled one hand into a fist and rubbed the palm of her other hand over the surface. Then she pointed to her cunt. Does she want one of us to fist her?"

"No, I don't think so," Iason replied. "Oh. I get it! She covered her hand with the other one to distinguish between a fist and a ball. She wants a ball in her cunt."

Larana immediately held up the OK sign. Then held out 2 fingers.

"Two balls?" Titos asked. Larana held up the OK sign.

"Whose balls? Iason's balls?" Larana held up the OK sign on both hands.

"Wow!" Iason exclaimed, excitedly. But you're going to have to stuff them in, Titos. Dear Zeus! This is going to be wild!"

Titos knelt down on his foreknees. He reached under Larana, formed a cone with his left hand and eased the huge mass into Larana's cunt. He was surprised at how easily it went in, even with Larana being stuffed so full of Kyrillos' cock. Titos wedged his other huge hand in then pushed both his forearms into Larana's vagina. Halfway up, Titos encountered Larana cervix. No matter how hard he tried to wedge his fingers into her womb, the cervical opening would not open. But he did find that if he pushed the palm of his hands at her cervix, it would stretch backward.

Titos determined her vaginal sleeve would stretch more than enough to accommodate Iason's large balls, and probably then some.

Titos pulled his right hand out of Larana's cunt, grabbed Iason's ball sack between his balls and his hindbelly, and squeezed gently. The space between his balls and his hindbelly crushed, pushing his balls further into the end part of its leathery casing, stretching the casing until it was very shiny in the lamplight.

Titos licked all over the exposed casing. From the stretching, the audience could see each of the balls, separately, along with their individual components.

"I didn't know your balls could hang so low. Er, I mean, high, Iason," Titos said, admiringly. If Iason's balls would hang that distance, normally, Titos thought, it would rival my own.

"You still don't know a lot about me, Titos" Iason said, happily. "But I'll bet we'll get to know one another pretty well from now on. You, with your cock, able to stretch for seemingly miles, and my new cunt and stretch ability."

"I'm looking forward to it," Titos replied.

Titos let go of Iason's balls. He reached behind himself and grabbed a beanbag. He raised Iason's hindquarters as high as he could and wedged the beanbag as far as it would go under Iason. This pressed Iason's big balls into the crack of Larana's ass.

Titos massaged Iason's balls into Larana's cunt, like a string of Ben-Wah balls—first one then the other. Larana looked like she had twin babies in separate pods low in her belly.

Iason was now firmly anchored to the cluster fuck; his cock embedded fully into Hebe's ass and his balls fully anchored in Larana's pussy.

"Everyone's hooked up except me, Larana," Titos said. "What about me?" Larana gestured. "You want me to fuck Kyrillos' throat?" Larana signed OK.

"Hot shit!" Titos said.

Kyrillos choked at the thought, then smiled. He remembered Titos could thin out his cock if Titos willed it. It'll be OK, Kyrillos thought to himself.

Titos moved over to Kyrillos' front. Kyrillos bent down low enough so Titos could straddle his

foreback. Titos went at Kyrillos' face with his fully erect cock. All that was going on had made Titos' cock so full of hot blood, Titos thought he would bust it.

Kyrillos opened his mouth to object but got it stuffed with Titos' cock tip. Kyrillos' mouth was so full he couldn't breath.

Larana reached back with both hands and patted Kyrillos on his ribs reminding him he could breath through his skin. Kyrillos did so and relaxed.

Titos started to elongate his cock down Kyrillos' throat. It snaked down his esophagus and into his forestomach. It snaked through the secondary esophagus and into his hind stomach. It snaked further, into his intestines, into his rectum and finally punched through his puckered asshole. Titos' blunt tip wiggled in the air for the audience to see. And like a snake with eyes, it spiraled down to the stage and wiggled back along the stage until it ran up the beanbag and tapped Iason at his cunt.

"Whaaa?!?" Iason blurted. "What's that at my cunt?"

"It's me," Titos said, softly. "It's my cock. Does it tickle you?"

Titos wiggled it teasingly up and down Iason's cunt slit.

"Yes it does. I don't know how you managed that, but Dear Zeus, keep it up and fuck me."

Titos elongated his cock further and pushed the tip into Iason's cunt.

Because a centaur's guts is relatively straight through his body, from his mouth to his asshole, Titos had elongated his cock to the same length he had pushed into Larana's guts when he assfucked her earlier, only this length had gone all the way through Kyrillos, into the air, onto the stage, up the beanbag, and into Iason's cunt.

By the time Titos was through elongating his cock, He had thinned out the top 2 feet of his 3 foot cock to 1/2 inch in diameter and 30 feet long. 11 inches of 8 inch diameter cock was still outside of Kyrillos' mouth with another inch wedged inside his mouth-as thick and as dense as it ever was.

Titos showed his plan to the audience. He hunched forward, ramming that 12 inch long by 8 inch diameter cylinder down Kyrillos' gurgling throat. Then pulled back a couple of inches. The audience saw the exposed part was nothing thicker than what was exposed to the air between Kyrillos' asshole and Iason's cunt. Being so thin there, Kyrillos' mouth closed around it.

It took a 1/5 of a second to ram that footlong, thick piece of cock into Kyrillos' throat. And 4 seconds later, the audience saw that footlong chunk of Titos' cock punch through Kyrillos' asshole, like a huge footlong bubble of dense liquid metal. Kyrillos' ass muscles stretched obscenely to accommodate the dense mass.

"Mmmmmpphh!" Kyrillos groaned at the beautiful sensations he received from the many pleasure receptors in his pubic area, especially located around his asshole. Kyrillos' cock flexed, giving Larana and Hebe direct pleasure. "Gggggssshhh!" Larana gurgled around Kyrillos' cock. "Aaaaaaahhhh!" Hebe cooed. Larana and Hebe clamped their pubic muscles in response to their pleasure receptors, giving Iason's balls and cock their respective stimulation, causing him to clamp his pubic muscles. "Fuck!" Iason blurted. And between Kyrillos' mouth closing around and asshole pressure on his shaft, coupled with Iason's cunt clamping on his cocktip, Titos thrilled at the sensations he was receiving. "Shit!" Titos bellowed.

The dense cock bubble traveled out of Kyrillos' ass, his asshole clamping tightly around the now thin part of Titos' cock.

"Mmmmmpphh!" Kyrillos groaned again. And again the sensations were transmitted to everyone involved in the cluster fuck. Another "Gggggssshhh!" from Larana. Another "Aaaaaaahhhh!" from Hebe. Another "Fuck!" from Iason. And another "Shit!" from Titos.

Two seconds later, the cock bubble had continued down the length of Titos' exposed cock, along the stage floor, up the beanbag, and punched it into Iason's cunt.

"Fuck!" Iason blurted. His cunt muscles opened wide to accommodate the huge intruding cylinder. His cock flexed in Hebe's asshole and his balls tried to pull out of Larana's cunt. Just like the cascading sensations that had traveled from Kyrillos to Larana and Hebe, then to Iason, then to Titos, the sensations traveled in reverse to Larana and Hebe, then to Kyrillos, and finally to Titos.

After "Fuck!", the audience could hear "Aaaaaaahhhh!" followed by "Gggggssshhh!", "Mmmmmpphh!", and "Shit!"

Then the unyielding cylinder rammed the back wall of Iason's cunt like a pile driver. And another series of blurts, coos, gurgles, groans, and bellows came from the cluster fuck participants. This time, however, Titos got direct stimulation through the tip of his cock as it slammed into the back wall of Iason's cunt, and he was the first to bellow, "Shit!" Then Iason's "Fuck!" And so on. "Aaaaaaahhhh!" "Gggggssshhh!" "Mmmmmpphh!"

Titos adjusted the density bubble to reverse its course and the footlong cylinder traveled back the other way.

Iason's cunt vacated. More blurts, coos, gurgles, groans, and bellows. Then Kyrillos' ass was opened violently. More groans, gurgles, coos, blurts, and bellows. Then it was suddenly closed. More groans, gurgles, coos, blurts, and bellows.

And, finally the cylinder reappeared through Kyrillos' mouth and Titos pulled it back 11 inches with his hindquarters, leaving that inch of 8 inch thick cock stuffed inside Kyrillos' widely stretched mouth. More groans, gurgles, coos, blurts, and bellows followed as Kyrillos' throat stretched and his mouth opened wide. The thick cylinder pulled out of Kyrillos' throat with a Ssssslllllppp! sound, all wet and glistening from Kyrillos' spittle and Iason's leftover cum.

The audience broke out into spontaneous cheers. A few centaurs and centaurettes fainted from the sheer energy of raw sex irradiating from the cluster fuckers.

Titos sent his cylinder on its round trip again and again, faster and faster. The first stroke took 12 seconds to complete the round trip. Now he was going so fast, it was taking less than a second per round trip. The groans, gurgles, coos, blurts, and bellows all blended together.

Sweat poured from the drenched bodies in the cluster fuck and pooled on the stage.

Larana was the first to succumb to the throes of orgasm. She had been impaled on Kyrillos' cock for over an hour. Her senses were short-circuited and her body convulsed with passion. Her abdominal muscles contracted trying to bend her body in 2. But Kyrillos' rigid cock only compressed. Larana instinctively reached out and fondled Kyrillos' balls.

That was it for Kyrillos. Having been worked over once by Hebe and twice by Larana, and now his super sensitive balls were being lightly touched by Larana's fingers-like thousands of tiny spider

legs-Kyrillos' balls retracted and huge gushes of cum rushed through his urethral tube and hosed directly into Hebe's open womb.

The gushes of hot centaur cum rushing into Hebe's cunt sent her off into orgasm. This one even more intense than the one she had during the 1st.

Both Larana's cunt and Hebe's asshole clenched in rhythmic tones, causing Iason's cock to harden even more for a second before his balls contracted and sent his scalding cum into Hebe's asshole.

The second wash of thick centaur cum into Hebe's body elevated her even higher on the orgasmic plateau. Her pubic muscles contracted even stronger, her abdominal muscles contracting strongly forcing her to rhythmically squeeze Kyrillos' cockhead, elevating him, too, higher on the orgasmic plateau.

Kyrillos' mouth sucked on the base of Titos cock like a baby sucking on a mother's tit. Kyrillos' asshole clenched even tighter, causing Titos to lose concentration, his footlong cylinder buried deep inside Iason's cunt at the time. His loss of concentration forced the footlong cylinder to stay buried all the way in Iason's cunt, Iason's cuntlips stretched as wide as they appeared they could go.

Titos couldn't take it anymore. With Kyrillos' sucking at his cockbase and his asshole clenching 2/3 up his cock, and Iason's cunt squeezing rhythmically in the throws of orgasm at his cocktip, Titos' brain overloaded with sexual ecstasy. His balls pulled up deep inside his body and crushed their contents out, sending the almost continuous flow of cum through the 30 foot tunnel and deep into Iason's cunt.

Iason's cervix opened up like a dam and Titos' cum injected directly into his womb.

The sexual synergism of the cluster fuck caused the participants to spark and glow again, like they did on the 1st a few hours ago. There wasn't a 1st there, technically, but the sexual energies flowing from Iason through Hebe and Larana, through Kyrillos, through Titos, and back to Iason; and the smaller sexual energy loops: from Iason through Hebe, through Kyrillos, and through Larana; and from Iason through Larana, through Kyrillos, and through Titos; set up an inductive circuit though which the lube in everyone's bodies forced a 1st to happen again.

Larana sensed there was something missing in the wishes that had been fulfilled for Titos and Hebe in the first 1st since they were not warned to choose wisely as the others had been by Iason. She sought to right those mistakes.

She gave Hebe her true wish, to be like her mother in every way, just as Erastus had wanted to be like his father in every way. Hebe grew in size and weight. Her tits and cunt were already like her mother's. The added dimensions caused Iason to get squashed beneath her. Iason had trouble breathing. But Larana knew the added pressure wouldn't last long. "Thank you, Larana," Hebe whispered, smiling, looking down at her new form.

As for Titos, he wanted to control all aspects of his cock in a positive sense. That meant he could increase the diameter, the length, and the density of his cock at the same time, including the flair's shape, size and density. He wanted to change his cock's shape, too. He already control over individual parts of his cock. His body became denser, heavier. He now weighed the same as Kyrillos-4250 pounds-but his size did not increase. It was that extra weight reserve in which Titos could draw the extra mass he needed to perform his wish.

Titos sensed Larana had willed his true wish to happen. He tried it out. He already had the length he wanted in this cluster fuck, so he willed his cock to increase in diameter. Soon his cock was 12

inches thick like Kyrillos'. And still 30 feet long!

"Mmmmmmmph!" went Kyrillos through his flared nostrils. The extra size throughout his body knocked some of the wind in his fore- and hindlungs out of him.

And Jason moaned as well, for he had an even larger cock in his cunt than he had ever had before. He could really feel his cuntlips expand to near breaking point.

Then Titos increased the density, slowly. For what he suspected would happen, really did. As he increased the density, the shaft started to straighten out. He continued to increase the density. Soon Titos was lifted off of the stage by his cock. Giddy by this reaction, he increased the density even more and Kyrillos then started to lift off the stage.

"Hey!" the audience shouted, "You'll tip over the whole bunch!"

Jason on the bottom didn't mind, though, The pressure was lifting off of his chest.

Coming to his senses, Titos, released his will in reverse order and both Kyrillos and himself settled back on the stage. He retracted his cock to its usual 3 foot titan size. Titos, then willed his own cock to deflate and it did, pulling noisily out of Kyrillos' throat and mouth. Titos dismounted from Kyrillos' foretorso.

Kyrillos erected his foretorso, massaging his neck as he went.

Jason willed his cock to deflate and it did, oozing out of Hebe's asshole. Hebe's asshole remained open for quite a few seconds before slowly closing.

Larana squeezed her abdominal muscles and Jason's noticeably smaller balls squished out of her cunt, one by one, plopping onto his hindbelly.

Titos pulled Hebe forward. Kyrillos' cockhead, still flared, pulled out of Hebe's cunt followed by the rest of Larana's legs and feet. A Ssssshhhhhllllpppp! sound came from the point of extraction. Larana's legs were thickly coated with Kyrillos' cum. Hebe's cunthole did not close for several minutes.

Hebe stepped forward and moved to the front of the stage. Always wanting to be a sex performer at the watering hole, Hebe displayed her newly formed body, then turned around and raised her tail so that the centaurs and centaresses in the audience could get a good look at her wide open cunt and closing asshole.

"Oooooohhhhhhh!" the audience cheered in awe. Several centaurs and centaresses reached up touching the cunt that took so much flesh inside.

Titos moved in close to Larana. Knowing she would now be safe, Kyrillos willed his cock to deflate. Kyrillos' cock angled down, more and more. His cockhead deflated. Larana slid down the shaft ever so slowly. Titos supported her falling body until Kyrillos' cock retracted far enough to be pulled free from her mouth.

Titos rotated Larana forward pulling her free from Kyrillos' cockhead. Titos raised Larana up, moving his mouth to hers and licking all around the edges of her mouth, soothing her burning lips. Larana wiggled her lower jar to get the circulation going again and put feeling back into her face. Larana's asshole took an hour to close.



Kyrillos helped Iason up. Iason's cock and balls dangled low toward the stage, they were well used.

Titos handed Larana to Kyrillos. Kyrillos planted a wet kiss on Larana's mouth.

Titos and Iason headed toward the edge of the stage amongst cheers and applause, joining Hebe at the stage's edge.

Titos and Iason split apart. And with their hands outstretched, welcoming Kyrillos carrying Larana in his arms, the cheers and applause approached deafening proportions.

Kyrillos stepped to the edge of the stage and whispered quietly to Larana—so only she could hear him amidst the cheers and applause—“You are truly The Chosen One!”

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Chapter Five

The show was over. Everyone was numb by the night's events. The audience shook hands from the stage's edge but dared not climb onto the stage as was customary after a great show. The audience remembered the stage creaking and sagging like never before. They were afraid.

What made it lose its rigidity? Iason thought to himself. He knew the stage was built over the pool of lube that Thinx had discovered. Since most of the sex was done around the pool, Thinx decided to build the watering hole around it and a stage for sexual demonstrations over it. A pump was mounted through the stage and immersed into the pool. For convenience, jars were pumped full of lube for the centaur people to have in their home.

Iason went to the pump to see if it was working. He pushed and pulled on the handle several times. Nothing came out.

He bent over and opened the hatch next to the pipe entering the stage.

“Someone get me some light,” Iason said.

Erastus ran to the edge of the stage and someone handed him a lamp. Erastus walked back to Iason holding the lamp steady. He handed the lamp to Iason. Iason held the lamp over the hole.

“There's no lube here!” Iason said, shocked. “It's all gone!”

Everyone gasped. Everyone except Larana. She knew where it all went to.

“That's why the stage is sagging,” Iason continued. “There's no pool of lube to support it. In all of the years since Thinx, the pool has never gone down, even a fraction of an inch. It has always renewed itself.”

The End