

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

“You are fired.”

The business woman had announced the end of that man’s career as a matter of fact, in the driest of tones, and with the same schadenfreude as for the preceding hundreds. Only a few words were exchanged before the former employee left her office, spiritless and distraught. Moments later, she stood and made sure the door was closed and properly locked.

Livia could barely hold for a few seconds before furiously starting to masturbate. The aroused blonde hastily undressed in the middle of her personal office, her only audience the birds and clouds at such a sky-scraping height. It would be the understatement of the year to say she liked her job as Director of Human Resources; proof were the hot stains of pleasure fluids the perverted woman released on the carpet. How would these poor people react if they knew she rewarded herself with an orgasm for each soul she sent over?

It was all about dominance, and Livia knew she had it all: perfect hourglass figure with large breasts that made looking at her eyes an ordeal for the opposite sex, and even if they did manage, her adorable countenance, pulpy lips and platinum-blond flowy hair always left them spellbound. Her witchy looks and sharp mind were the main drivers of her successful career.

Becoming Director of HR before her thirties was a major achievement which filled her with pride, but it came at the cost of her personal relationships. The higher her position and beauty, the higher the requirements for her potential mate. The few ties she had woven with the opposite sex did not resist the pressure: she was too beautiful, too smart, and too successful.

And it was laid down on the stained carpet of her office, panting and sweating profusely while soon approaching a new height in carnal pleasure, that Livia made a peculiar wish.

“God, may I find a mate, whatever the cost...”

And her wish was answered, but, as she would discover, far from the way she intended.

Livia climaxed in the lewdest of moans, arching her back with trembling legs as the action of her fingers on her nether regions made her squirt plenty. Still delirious under the intense surge of pleasure, she passively observed the passing clouds in the grey sky, her tongue drooling on her sexy face as she progressively slowed her breathing. It further took precious seconds to realize something was really, really wrong; the first thing she immediately felt was the sudden change in flooring, and so for a good reason.

“Co-cold! What the heck is this?!”

Stone slabs wet by a recent rain made for a terrible ground to lie down on. She immediately got to use her hands to alleviate her shoulders and feet, already feeling dirty under the chilly weather. Her brain took way too long to appreciate the sudden change in environment: one moment she was in her comfy office, and moments later, she was naked in the middle of a plaza, right in front of an empty fountain, who knows where. More than a dozens of shady passersby were ogling her beautiful curves, a few with already pent-up desires; they had the chance of witnessing her lewd arrival, but even her current predicament and display were enough of a spectacle to spark lust. A sheep among

wolves, the astray gorgeous blonde acted in the best manner her instincts told her too.

“Kyaaaaaaaaa!”

Livia shouted in a high-pitched voice while running in a random direction as she tried to cover her large bosom and her womanhood to protect what remained of her dignity, with little success. The damp pavement made it difficult to traverse barefoot while she avoided crossing pedestrian, red with shame and a measure and a half of disbelief. But her tender nakedness did little to distract her from the worrying signs all around that told of a much, much bigger issue at hand. The houses on the sides seemed to be mainly made of stone strengthened with wooden beams. The irregular cut of the cobbles on the ground, the lack of apparent hygiene, and the townspeople’s medieval attire.

“For the love of God, where am I? Did I go back in time?”

She eventually lost her way, ending up in a dark alley, panting and sweating like having run a marathon, which she did, nude. Her feet starting to hurt, the wetness of the ground and the dampness of the air made her feel miserable. Her adrenaline was still high, her heart pumping like mad: she knew she was in great danger, but not what to do.

“Are you lost, my lady? Do you need a guide?”

Terrified by the mocking tone of that voice, Livia promptly turned around, and cursed when she spotted three ruffians blocking her way out of the alley. Left on her bare own against these dubious individuals, she tried to scream to help, but with no avail, the passersby simply ignoring her, as if she were invisible. Worse, she noticed a sort of spherical barrier surrounding them which refracted the light as it came through like on hot days. Her confused and desperate face did not miss to amuse the thugs, who couldn’t refrain from explaining.

“You must really be new to the city, m’lady.”

The ruffians laughed while surrounding her, slowly, taking all the time in the world as if they were absolutely sure nothing could stop them.

“This is a staple of the [Thug] class, the [Subtle Theft] skill.”

Livia tried to keep her back straight to assert dominance, but the only effect it did was make the men more aroused as she offered an even better view of her breasts. She barely listened to what they were saying, trying instead to draw attention from the passing crowd behind them, in vain.

“They can’t hear you, and they won’t see you unless they really focus. You’re really green for such a gorgeous babe. Is it your kink to be naked in the streets? Are you a pervert?”

She was eventually out of space to retreat, her back and rear on the damp and cold stony wall, an uncomfortable feel, refreshing as it may. The thugs had stopped talking, their rough breathing a clear sign of their pent-up lust as they could not stop staring at her bosom, her rear, her pulpy lips. Livia realized that only a few seconds remained before she would be assaulted. She put aside her despair and immediately started thinking, as deep as she could. Was there no way of saving the situation? Could she buy them, offer money in exchange maybe? She had so many connections, but probably no one in this town. And she was naked for God’s sake! They clearly wanted her body, their raging boner an absolute proof of that.

Mere moments passed for the thieves, during which Livia’s brilliant mind formulated a coherent plan, albeit, risky. She started putting her plan in action, and to do so, she kneeled down in front of

the men, taking them by surprise, before opening her mouth in a lewd manner, sticking her tongue out.

“You got me! I’m a slut who loves to suck dicks, naked in the streets. Please, feed me, my Lords!”

This was her strategy, lame as it was. Better be active and control the situation than passively endure it. The hands of the bandit in the middle reacted before his brain as he unleashed and inserted his shaft in her open mouth. Livia nearly threw up at the revolting taste, a mix of dried semen, urine and dirt, as if the guy didn’t take a shower in weeks.

“Oh, what a good slut, such as damn good slut!”

Hands on her head, the thief ploughed back and forth in her throat, having the time of his life, while Livia did her utmost to fake being comfortable to such a horrendous treatment. She had never, ever given head to a man even once, and that this barbarian was the first recipient of her oral grace was an absolute disgrace. She smiled with her eyes at the man penetrating her mouth, and brought fingers to her lady parts to try to get some pleasure out of that, to avoid suspicion. The man suddenly stopped, removed his staff and laid his package on her head, smearing her own phlegm on her face and hair.

“Lick my balls clean, slut.”

Having no choice in the matter, Livia reluctantly imposed revolting flavours to her taste buds as she expertly licked the man’s testicles from bottom to top, as if she had done that her entire life. Her obscene display made the man’s accomplices masturbate furthermore, eagerly waiting their turn. Being the kind of person that never does half-hearted jobs, Livia took the entirety of the gentleman’s balls in, offering them the most comfortable bath known in testicles-kind.

“You’re the best, what a good bitch!”

His commentary did not help alleviate the self-inflicted shame Livia felt, naked in the streets while serving as a cock-toilet for ruffians she just met a few minutes ago. But what she didn’t know, and would learn later, was that fellatio were almost taboo in this age. The main religion imposed that oral activities were degrading and formally forbidden, such that even thieves like them would generally avoid employing them, even against unwilling participants. But if the slut asked for it herself, and even promoted that she did so regularly and that it was her kink? Only idiots would refuse!

“I’m nearly there. Open your mouth, slut, and swallow whole!”

Livia stuck out her tongue and cupped her hands, waiting for her load like the best of pornstars. The ruffian could not wait anymore and ejaculated ropes and ropes of sticky semen on her eyes, her forehead, her cheeks, her nose, and a non-negligible quantity on her tongue and mouth. In following bellows, the thug on the left couldn’t bear with his lust and impaled her mouth seconds before releasing his juice deep against her throat. Livia climaxed at the same time, but her moment was ruined as she could not refrain from retching, her gag reflex not trained enough to swallow in such a manner. Lastly, the remaining man unfurled his seed on her hair and breasts, resulting in a crying blonde, disgusted with what she had accomplished.

“You’re a natural slut. You would sell quite high on the market. What’s your class? [Sex Worker]?”

Livia thought for a moment, and eventually elected to continue her acting.

"You guessed right. Can I go now? I have other customers waiting; you're lucky I didn't charge you this time!"

"Alright."

The thief gobbled her lie, and immediately presented a helping hand for her to stand up. Taking hold of it was less bad than blowing his manhood so she didn't mind in the moment. She immediately regretted her action when she looked at the man's face again. Numbers in a white font were floating right above the man's head.

~ Robbert Filly, [Thug, 26]

She saw the man in question reciprocally glance at a spot above her head. She couldn't tell what he saw but his wide-eyed expression conveyed all she needed to know. She could see the man thinking deeply about what to do, his hand still holding hers awkwardly, when he eventually closed his eyes and sighed.

"What's the matter-"

She tried to ask before her mind went black.

Robbert grabbed her before the lady went limp, sparing her body any additional bruises. They had already messed enough as it is. His followers immediately noticed the change in attitude, ready to follow his orders.

"Klink, come! Hold her. Absolutely make sure she does NOT get any further damage, do you understand?"

The thug in question promptly nodded before approaching and taking hold of her delicate body. Though he could not resist a small lick to her right breast which granted him an angry look from Robbert before he refrained from disrespectful acts.

"Blame, you stay there and maintain the skill. I will go ask Boss for orders, probably specifics plans for her. Again, make sure to not get detected. If we mess up we're dead, but if we succeed... spending a month free at the brothel will only be the beginning of our rewards. Understood?"

"Yes, chief!"

The two ruffians fortified their focus on their respective task while Robbert promptly left the dark alley.

Minutes and minutes passed as they eagerly waited for his return, dreaming of virgins and riches. Klink was already feeling his arms heavy, gravity doing its due on an adult mass. The fact that the woman was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen brought a tremendous boost to his motivation though; having to hold her somehow, he didn't refrain from exploring her curves under the pretext of losing hold. On the other end, Blame was initially serious, on the lookout for potential intruders; but the dark alley was well positioned, not a lot of traffic passing by, and the panting breath of his aroused colleague won over his control as he intermittently turned his head to ogle the woman's curves.

Klink was too busy playing with his toy to notice his colleague falling down, and it was with her nipple in his mouth that he went on to kiss the ground, revealing a colourful individual dressed in a majestic clown outfit. His mask showed a static creepy smile, while his eyes constantly moved left

and right, analysing the entirety of the alley before stumbling upon Livia, still unconscious. His pupils dilated upon admiring her, and he was getting down to touch her when -

“Woof!”

A huge mastiff, leashed linked to the clown’s hand, seemed quite aroused as well, and notified so to his master, his tail swinging left and right and a red protuberance already pulsing under his belly. The clown stood straight, put hands on hips while he raised an inquiring eyebrow to his best friend.

“Woof woof!”

The great dog double-confirmed his ambition; a staring contest ensued before the clown shrugged it away. He moved back and made subtle hand gestures that seemed enough to protect the place from unwanted gazes, before closing his eyes and blocking his ears. What was going to happen was certainly not advertiser friendly.

Klink and Blame eventually regained consciousness, roughly at the same time, but immediately regretted waking upon glancing at the horrendous scene befalling upon their eyes. Livia was on the wet stony ground, laid down on her expanded belly, her rear pointing upwards, in a clear mating position. Because, yes, she had been violently bred: her bottom lips had been forcefully widened, a constant flow of liquid seed coming out from it with touches of redness evidence of the roughness of the act. Her back was full of vertical scratches, and her hair dishevelled in a way that was only possible if her head had been used as support. It was really a miracle that the woman remained unconscious all along. Both men observed the underlying disaster, before eyeing each other.

“This is your fault.”

Klink immediately blamed Blame.

“I was not the one groping our target. You distracted me!”

Blame deflected the blame.

They switched between looking at each other to her desecrated body, back and forth, before the alertness of the situation waned down. The smell of sex soaking the alley coupled with the alluring position of the unconscious woman made them reconsider their next actions.

“She’s really hot though.”

“She is.”

They shrugged the situation away before eventually taking position, banging her in turn, adding up to the seed in her womanhood, her ass-cheeks now presenting vivid human hand red marks. Their business done, they put their skills to use to hide the incriminating evidence. Klink took hold of Livia’s body, making sure not to put any disgusting seed on his equipment; he didn’t know what species it was, but the smell was atrocious. He pressed on her belly, forcing the liquid out until it appeared relatively normal.

“Alright, do your thing, Blame. I’m not level 20 yet.”

“You owe me one Klink. You know I can’t do this more than once a month. Anyway... [Flawless

Theft]!”

These two words, as simple they seemed, packed quite an amount of power: an invisible force slowly started clearing the impish liquid away from the stone slabs; Livia’s body also got magically cleaned, dirt removed that left her skin smooth and clean. The only issue that remained were the back scratches and internal wounds that the skill couldn’t handle. Klink hesitated for a few seconds before deciding it was worth the sacrifice of a few coins, and brought a red potion out of his pocket. Sprinkling drops of it on her back and fingering her bottom lips with it seemed to do the trick: from the outside she seemed as pure as a maiden.

Relieved, the ruffians only had a few moments of respite before they heard loud wooden wheels approaching. Robbert was back with a cart and sheets. He brought the vehicle near them and made a sign to Klink to bring her over. The two thieves were panicking internally as their chief inspected the goods, but eventually relaxed when he nodded. Robbert ogled her bosom one last time before covering her.

“Alright, let’s go. Boss is waiting for us.”

No questions asked.

They were safe.

For now.

Livia stood on a literal mountain of men, piled up high enough to offer her eyes a splendid vista of skyscrapers. Each one of them tried to court her with words and riches; they were barely a nudge away from falling down, and she took pleasure to topple a few for her personal pleasure. Livia had a great time, really, but it would have been greater without this pressure and itching on her back, and now something was pulling her hair.

“Good Lord, can’t you even leave me in peace for a few minutes -”

She turned her head around and saw a large mastiff abusing her back, menacing of toppling her if she resisted or didn’t stand in the right position.

“Bugger off, you beast!”

She tried chasing him off but the dog, who couldn’t seem to resist his lust any further, ripped her clothes off and became more insistent; it started browsing her nether regions with his tongue.

“No, stop that! God, this is disgusting! This is... oh -”

It had been such a long time since she’d had any sort of human contact that she couldn’t avoid enjoying this brief surge of pleasure, but the wrongness of the act quickly caught up, and she threw her hand widely in an attempt to stop it. The beast was stronger, and it did not like her violent reaction, toppling her off the edge.

Livia fell, faster and faster, before water caught her fall.

“Cold! This is so co-”

Livia woke up, drenched in water that Blame had thrown in her direction.

“Bastard, is that a way to awaken a lady?”

She seemed to be in a cart, still bloody naked she cursed, in a depot that contained a few other vehicles of the kind. There was enough space to contain a dozen wagons, and it was half filled. Where the bloody heck did they bring her? The main thief of the band, Robbert, appeared from the side and approached to give further orders. Livia noticed the man could still not refrain from staring at her breasts. Was she that attractive or was the guy a virgin?

“You smell terrible, we can’t let you see the Boss like that. There is some soap and water near the wall; rinse yourself. Hurry up!”

Not being the one to refuse a shower, she complied and started cleaning herself, wetting the soap and applying it on her skin. Somehow she had gained in importance, so knowing that they wouldn’t touch her anymore – at least until she saw their employer – she made a show of her soapy curves in front of their eyes. The effect was immediate, their pent-up shafts barely holding back.

“Here are some clothes. Dress up – exhibitionist.”

He whispered the last word but she caught it nonetheless, red with shame as she recalled that it was somehow her fault for being naked in the first place. Livia picked up the garment offered by the thugs; a priori it seemed like a rustic dress for a villager girl, something she would only see in medieval movies.

“Did I really...”

She shook her head. It was too early to conclude, she needed more information. Hopefully that Boss in question would provide ample answers.

Once ready, the trio led her throughout a few aisles and stairways; Livia was quite used to large buildings, but this was something else altogether. The walls were made of stone and the visible roofing of wooden beams; achieving such a height with limited technology was not an easy task. Their leader had to have deep pockets; but that also made him more dangerous. She started feeling afraid: would the chief of thugs be more ruthless than his underlings?

Their stroll through the mansion finally led them to a corridor with sizable doors. Robbert knocked on the door.

“Boss, it’s me. Our guest is here.”

“Enter.”

Livia’s suspicion after that strange pitch of voice was confirmed when they entered the large office. Bookshelves were lined up on the side walls, while the centre of the room was covered by a large round carpet, with a mahogany desk situated at a good two thirds of it. Sitting on the desk was a red-haired woman with a pretty face; the dark circles under her eyes and the mountain of red tape surrounding her told of heavy responsibilities. She finished signing one last paper before freeing her abused pen, allowing herself to look at her guests.

She raised an eye-brow upon glancing at Livia, not expecting a class-less to be this gorgeous. Her facial features were so strange though; why would a foreigner, class-less none the less, come to this clueless city? Robbert had already given her a run-down of her stark appearance in the plaza; such as pity she couldn’t see her delicious curves...

"Thank you for bringing her here, you may go. Ask Natalia for a reward."

"Yes, Ma'am."

The trio bowed respectfully, glancing at Livia one last time before leaving them alone. The rustic dress was itchy and well below the standard of clothing she was used to; the upper part was especially not adapted to her bust size, ending up with a deep and sexy cleavage for any to see. The boss lady had to focus harder than usual to not look down, as she tried to remain neutral to keep a position of power. She stood and offered a handshake.

"Rhea Pistache, Guildmistress of the city of Bolar. Pleased to make your acquaintance."

She stood there, offering her guest a few seconds to decide whether or not to accept the hand. Livia had noticed that this seemingly gesture was in fact the door to revealing your class and levels to others; but Livia appreciated her announcing her name in advance and even more info on her status. She accepted the gesture, knowing well that it was the reason she was here in the first place. The two pretty women shook hand, unravelling their secrets to each other.

~ Rhea Pistache, [Sex Worker, 48]

Livia gasped. She stared at Rhea with disbelief.

"How? Why?"

"That's how it is here. The class system is a cruel one; you cannot change your own, it is fixed in stone. Mishap during youth can lead to disastrous consequences, as you can guess."

Rhea left her desk and walked around her room, playing with books to hide her shame.

"I have become Guildmistress to lead people in the right direction, and prevent them from doing stupid mistakes. But also to show them the right way in case it did happen. People with the wrong class can still benefit society if led well."

"What about people with no class?"

Livia could not refrain from asking what this lady wanted from her, not that she had anything against her philosophy. It was in good faith, but her underlings had essentially raped her, so she did not agree at all with her. Livia intrinsically guessed that the class affected something deep, deep inside individuals. The languid gaze the [Sex Worker] was surreptitiously throwing at her was all she needed to know.

"People in your case, with barely a few hours in this world -"

Livia coughed, shocked that her secret had been seen through so rapidly.

"- have a great opportunity. Tests have shown that the class is determined by the majority of the actions you have done in this world. Plough the field long enough and you will become a [Farmer]; fight long enough, [Soldier]; and so on. Do you see where I'm going?"

"You want to give me a specific class? Why?"

"Spot on! For the why, I've already explained my rhetoric. But know that I won't do it for free."

Livia took some time to dwell on her proposal. If they could trick the system into giving her a

splendid class, she would become a great ally to the Guildmistress, probably increasing her network. These win-win scenarios were not a foreign concept to Livia.

“Could you give me more details on the type of class you have in mind for me?”

“Absolutely. Research has shown that faking a role is good enough for the system to take that into account when deciding the class. Usually people who fake an activity for years become good at them so it does make sense in the long term. But what would happen for an individual like you who appeared only one or two hours ago, if we were to fake being royalty for an entire hour?”

Livia’s eyes widened when she got her point. What an ingenious trick! Both women stared at each other, a grin on their faces. This was bound to be the start of a great relationship. Rhea seemed to have prepared the necessary items in advance as she unveiled a box containing a gorgeous pink princess dress, a diadem and a set of silver cutlery.

“Time is of essence. Shall we start?”

A few bags of tea and fake royalty discussion later, Rhea elected that they’ve had achieved the requirements for a regal class.

“With this, I promise you will get a royal class, either [Princess], [Queen] or a derivative. Before the attribution ceremony, we shall discuss of our arrangement and draft a contract.”

Rhea opened a drawer and extracted a roll of empty parchment that looked expensive. She began inscribing the common introduction for this kind of contract. Meanwhile Livia, eager to get her class, poked the stacks of documents populating the desk, trying to think of the best way to get more on her side of the deal. Just getting a class like that was not enough for the former Director of HR.

“Rhea, what do you want in exchange of your help?”

“I would like you to become my employee for a month. Nothing illegal of course. I will have you meet a few people who should yield us better deals when confronted with a [Princess] rather than a [Thug] or a [Sex Worker], if you know what I mean. Would that be fine with you?”

Rhea continued writing the details she just mentioned, able to argue with her guest at the same time. She seemed very used with this double-play; was this how she had obtained such an important position?

“While I appreciate your help with the class trick, I do not believe one hour of tea is enough to buy me services for a month. Henceforth on my side I would also require your help to increase my class proficiency, at level 10 minimum by the end of the month.”

Rhea suddenly paused mid-writing, raising an eye-brow at her guest.

“Level 10? This is not a trivial task to achieve you know, people take years to arrive at this level. We will have you employ your class skills the entire day, are you comfortable doing so for a month?”

“I am determined to not waste my time.”

“Perfect, then considering that you share responsibility with this level requirement, I agree.”

Rhea wrote all this down on the special scroll, making Livia became increasingly interested.

"By the way, is there any legal entity in the city to enforce contracts? What if one of us triggers a breach of agreement?"

"Legal entity? No, nothing like that. This is magical my dear. We will both agree on the collaterals, and the contract will know if it needs to apply them or not."

Livia was afraid to ask, but the subject was bound to be reached at some point.

"And what kind of collateral do you usually use, Rhea? Monetary?"

"Monetary incentives do not work here, people wouldn't mind losing money to breach a contract if they could get away with a greater deal elsewhere. No Livia, it's much simpler. I use death as collateral. Simple but effective."

Rhea delivered on the question with a deadpan expression that didn't reflect the severity of her words. Livia was horrified; in her life as a human resource manager, she had drafted probably around a thousand of contracts, and equally fired thousands. But cold-blooded murder by words on a piece of paper?

"I will die if I do not manage to give you a royalty-related class, or if you do not reach level 10 by the end of the month. You will die if you stop being my employee or act in a disruptive manner that prevents your level from increasing by the end of the month. Does that sound fair?"

"Isn't this a bit excessive? That's a lot of death for a contract... Why not replace it with pain for instance? Like a big headache."

"There are remedies against headache and pain in general; some skills completely disregard them altogether."

Livia thought deeply about the pros and cons of the contract. At least for that whole month she would be under the protection of this powerful individual, despite being her employee. And that regal class would last for her entire life in this world! Enough to give her time to retrieve the info she needed to go back to her world, if possible.

"Alright, I agree."

"Perfect."

Rhea wrote the final words and signed herself, before turning the parchment around.

"Sign here with your full name."

The scroll started shining brightly the moment both signatures were in, the mystical experience a short one as the scroll disintegrated into particles, leaving the businesswomen to a solemn silence.

"You didn't mention how one obtains a class. Is there a specific ceremony?"

Livia took the initiative, her life depending on the acquisition of new skills. She had witnessed how the thieves had cornered her with ease with a simple spell, despite their low levels. What powers would she obtain with a royal class? Her business drive got her excited at the prospect of new ventures.

"It's a surprisingly simple one, a small speech and a few gestures. It is usually done in a church at mature age for common people, but richer families obviously have diverse strategies, some similar to

ours, to make sure their progeny get the best results.”

Rhea went back to her desk to retrieve a document that seemed to contain the special words in question and the gestures to follow. Livia took a few minutes to learn them by heart; meanwhile, Rhea prepared her office by closing the windows and sprinkling the room with candles to give it a solemn atmosphere. She didn't know if it really helped in the class decision-making process, but there were reasons for traditions. Furthermore, this was an important event for an individual, especially for future royalty.

Livia eventually put down the sheet on the desk, nodding to Rhea. The latter pushed her desk further to free the round carpet where Livia positioned herself, at the centre. She felt tense but excited, full of hopes and dreams. This was the start of her new life as a powerful individual in this fantastic new world which she knew nothing about. The class she was about to obtain would determine whether her path would be an arduous or an effortless one.

The second she put her knee on the ground and interlocked her hand in a prayer, concentric circles of white light appeared on the carpet, which seemed to be a good conductor for magical activities. Livia kept calm and focused on her speech.

“Heavenly Lords, I pray you.

I am confused by my own ignorance.

I have done great deeds,

But I am still lost.

Judge me for what I am,

And inflict upon myself the [Class] that I deserve!”

The majestic ceremony reached a peak with the last sentence. Rhea had forgotten about the ceremony, hers having been done in such a rush years ago. It was only because she was now a spectator that she could notice the transcendent heavenly choir, and the sparkling rays of light falling through the ceiling. She swore she could somehow hear whispers in the background, something resembling old men arguing over unknown matters.

Meanwhile Livia was still kneeled down, eyes closed and sweat flowing down her forehead. This was too much to comprehend in a day. She could not wait to get a good night of sleep. Couldn't they just hurry up?

They seemed to react to her thoughts as the lightshow abruptly ended. Rhea hurried to the windows to get some daylight in, before staring at Livia, trying to guess her new class from afar. The platinum-blond woman looked as gorgeous as she did before, maybe slightly more imposing. Rhea guessed her charisma would improve with additional levels. But amid all the good news, her instincts told her that something was amiss. Didn't Livia seem more, foxy, than usual?

“Rhea, hurry up!”

Livia rushed to grab Rhea's hand, not leaving the latter the time to prepare herself. After all, their contract dictated that she would die if the class wasn't royalty related. This was heavy matter, not that she couldn't understand her excitement.

She eventually shook her hand, and slowly raised her head to read her new friend's fresh class.

~ Livia Clark, [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess]

Rhea threw up.

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## Part Two

Livia backed away as her employer emptied her stomach on the precious red carpet. Drops of cold sweat sprang from her forehead; the gaze of pity the other was sending her was everything but reassuring. She didn't feel that different overall though, grander, more bubbly maybe. They were both still alive, so she was at least certain it derived from a regal class, but for Rhea to receive such a mental shock when seeing it despite having lived as a [Sex Worker] her whole life... What is that bad?

The Guildmistress eventually calmed down, a few deep breaths away from lucidity. She eyed the cursed woman, making absolutely sure no apparent disgust appeared on her face, otherwise the poor thing would lose it. She knew Livia would break the second she hear it, just like she herself had so long ago; it had taken her nearly two decades to fully accept it. But this was different - it was too much to bear for a poor soul. Her life, their lives were in danger; she had a job to do.

"Livia, congratulations, you are a [Princess], or at least something close enough."

Rhea barely poker-faced her way.

"What do you mean by close enough? Rhea, tell me. How bad is it?"

Livia obviously didn't buy it. Rhea sighed, taking a moment to think, weighing the pros and cons of revealing it to her. Her class was her own responsibility to bear, and she would eventually learn about it, if not later; how would she know what to practice otherwise?

Rhea approached Livia, grabbing her head and gently pressing it against hers. The moment was a lot more intimate than it should have been, but it couldn't be helped when it was between a [Sex Worker] and... whatever she was. Livia was deeply confused as her body's reaction seemed equally split with two distinct but mixed emotions: on the one hand Rhea was a very attractive woman and she had to refrain from straight kissing her; on the other hand, this closeness was an offense to her personal sphere, and this Guildmistress, whatever her status was, ought to give her royal person the respect, control and answers she deserved.

"Livia, honey, my dear. You know I am bound to help you reach level 10, but more than that, I have made the personal promise to help people in your situation survive. I am there to reach out to you and provide any assistance, alright?"

"Drop it."

Rhea took a heavy breath, closing her eyes to focus on delivering the words with as close a dead-pan attitude as she could manage. The slightest trace of disgust or mockery would irremediably betray the feeble trust Livia had in her. And this class was just too filthy for God's sake, never in her life had she aligned all these cursed words in a single sentence!

"Livia, you are a [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess]".

And it was Livia's turn to barf her lunch on the poor carpet.

Despite the heavy silence punctuated by regurgitation melodies, Rhea, mentally prepared for that reaction, immediately took the initiative to retrieve what appeared to be a paper-sized artefact from her desk. It presented itself as a leather glove attached to a glass display via the fingers. She couldn't resist explaining to divert Livia's attention from the unfortunate reveal.

"This device, called a glove-slate, delivers advanced explanation on one's class. I've had an [Artefact Engineer] explain how it works to me, apparently it relies on the same phenomenon that happens when you shake hands with someone to see their class. The glove reproduces the handshake while using precise sensors to read more than just your name and class."

Livia barely listened with one ear, still shell-shocked by the news that her life in this world would essentially be a sexual hell until she died. Who cared about nerdy stuff? Rhea noticed her lack of interest and changed the subject.

"Did you know that classes have tiers? Common classes are ones with no adjectives or optional de\*\*\*\*\*ors, like mine. They describe a particular job with no peculiarities, and are henceforth called tier 1. Tier 2 classes have one addition, for instance from [Engineer] to [Magical Engineer]. What makes these tiers so important is that there are bonuses added for each addition to the passive skill linked to your main class, and that's not all! Each addition have their own passive skill too, with a bonus added from the main class! Do you see where I'm getting at?"

Rhea's eyes shined for a few seconds, passionate about these details, before she remembered who she was addressing these words to. Livia seemed lost by both her lengthy explanation, as well as her point in that. What she supposed to be happy about being having (Cross-Breeding) and (Slut) attached to [Princess]? The Guildmistress sighed but did not back down.

"You will understand when you see it. Try putting this glove-slate on, let's have a deeper look at your class' details. It might not be as bad as the name suggests."

Livia took hold of the artefact, suspiciously looking too modern considering what she had seen from the rest of the city. Glove on, the device started humming gently, a blue hue scanning her hand before letters started appearing on the display. She was thankful that she could at least read by her own eyes; it would have been utterly obscene to ask Rhea to voice what followed.

~ Livia Clark, [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess, 1]

(0/10 points to next level)

[Cross-Breeding]

Allows to procreate with beasts and monsters. Has a 1% chance of learning one of the breeder's skills during pregnancy. A skill cannot be learned twice.

(Slut bonus): Ingesting beast or monster seed has a 1% chance of increasing a statistic by one point every litre depending on the beast's strengths.

(Princess bonus): Both chances are increased to 100%.

[Slut]

Radiates arousal and sexual pheromones. Great in bed, fantastic on the streets. Experience scales

with the humiliation inflicted.

(Cross-Breeding bonus): Experience scales with the lowness of the beast.

(Princess bonus): Experience scales with the number of people watching.

[Princess]

Radiates respect, authority and charisma. Increases the chance of making people bend to one's own wishes.

(Slut bonus): No one can refuse your sexual advances.

(Cross-Breeding bonus): No beast or monster can refuse your sexual advances.

"I think I need a drink."

"I think I need a drink."

Both women declared so at the same time, a headache within reach.

\*\*\*\*

"What do you mean by 'experiment' Rhea? This is obscene!"

"Come on, I know by experience that it's not your first time. Open wide, Princess."

"Shut up!"

Livia was in pure anger, kneeled in front of a pants-less Robbert who sat comfortably in a chair. She herself was still wearing the princess dress and diadem, but it did not diminish her current humiliation.

"Livia, my dear, we already went through this many times, do no procrastinate. We need measurements to plan ahead, we need to know how much experience you will earn for each of your actions."

Rhea explained with patience, feigning not being interested in watching the event while she continually signed documents. They had cleaned her office, the beautiful red carpet unfortunately replaced with another one while it was being restored.

"But then why do I need to blow his cock? Not someone else? He raped me!"

"Well, do you want more people to know about your class at this stage? Do not worry, I am aware of the culpability of these three idiots, and they will now share that responsibility by helping you."

Robbert was visibly annoyed. His hands were cuffed at the chair behind his back, and his desire for the gorgeous female kneeled in front of him was simply overwhelming, significantly more than it was in that damp street. Rhea hadn't revealed her exact class, but to receive experience from her oral graces meant it had to be a really slutty one. And now he had to help her level up? What an amazing deal!

"Strictly speaking, all three will be executed if you do not get level 10 in time. This way we are all in the same boat."

Robbert stared at a winking Rhea with horror.

“Come on Bitch-Princess, will you start already?”

Startled by his tone of voice, Livia initiated her first voluntary sexual act by freeing his shaft delicately from the prison of his underpants.

“I’m not a bitch princess”.

She protested, pouting while stroking him with care, as if she was manipulating an ancient artefact. Robbert, despite his long experience in the field, had the hardest time of his life not surging right away, trying to enjoy the moment as much as possible.

“Then what are you?”

Being handled by a literal princess was a dream and even a kink of his; she was lucky his hands were locked away. Livia considered his question and whispered with a low voice, red in shame.

“A [Slut-Princess].”

Ropes of semen sprang from his shaft, staining her beautiful dress as Robbert bellowed his soul into the best orgasm of his life. He had known from the second upon seeing her, naked in that cold street, that she was a natural at this. Her bashful but agreeably surprised face when his seed reached her cheeks, her tongue and open mouth catching a few ropes, her other hand hidden away under her dress, probably fingering herself. [Slut-Princess] really suited her.

“A [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess] to be precise.”

Robbert stared at Rhea with horror for the second time in a row, before looking back at the ashamed princess. His raw reaction should have been one of disgust, but upon imagining this beautiful woman disgraced by a beast, he realized he wouldn’t have a hard time spanking at it; not at all.

“Interesting.”

“What do you mean ‘interesting’?!”

“Alright, please stop both of you. Livia, time for the measurement, if you would please do so.”

The concerned person put the glove-slate on, and was again presented with the statistics that would dictate her life from now on. She’d had a long night to think about it, or at least she was supposed to, but Rhea convinced her to drink it away; time heals all wounds, and this one was not a simple one she could digest in a day.

She had not accepted it yet: even now, with the display under her eyes, she was unconsciously skipping over the first third of her class de\*\*\*\*\*ion; it was simply too much, too inhuman. Rhea had noticed that and had tried to get her to admit it, earlier the better in her opinion, but Livia had her limits. It was one thing to accept being a [Sex Worker] or even a [Slut-Princess]; but degrading oneself with a beast was something else altogether.

“So, how many experience points did you get?”

Livia was lost in her thoughts and promptly replied.

“No change, it’s still at 0.”



“Noted, thanks. That’s interesting to know. If I have to guess, your class is harder to level-up due to its tier; any other common class would have gotten a few points from that. Now do the same, but with your mouth. You have 5 minutes.”

Livia rolled her eyes, but did not complain as she had to follow the order of her employer. Robbert already seemed ready for round two, decidedly enjoying being a guinea-pig as long as he received the princess’ generous graces. She grabbed his hardened shaft again, frosted with male seed, and put a sexy kiss on his gland, looking at him in the eyes as she stirred with her tongue.

That he could not grab her head and force himself deeper was pure torture, though the experience was nonetheless one of pure pleasure. There was something deeply endearing at seeing this breathtaking [Slut-Princess], fully suited in a pink dress and a silver diadem, her eyes of a crystal blue and her hair of a regal silver, going up and down his raunchy and low-class cock.

If the goal of a man was to succeed in the social hierarchy and obtain the best mate to produce offspring, then having Livia, a princess, blowing him for his seed was by definition the pinnacle of success. This sense of fundamental accomplishment was Robbert’s kryptonite as he vigorously ejaculated his life-force upon her delicate royal tongue.

Livia retched at the revolting taste, grabbing a tissue on the side to evacuate the offending liquid.

“Blech. Done.”

“Great. Measure please.”

Annoyed by the lack of acknowledgment from the Guildmistress, who was making sure to appear neutral despite peeking here and there to enjoy the spectacle, Livia nonchalantly enabled the device and read it out.

“Dammit, still 0.”

“Noted, thanks. On to the next experiment.”

Rhea put her pen down, grabbed a key from her desk and approached the ruffian from behind, surprised when his hands finally got their freedom back. Before returning to her desk she grabbed his shoulders, and put a kiss on the top of his head; she whispered:

“[Vigorous Night]”

A warm light, was then followed by a hearty wave of comfort, propagating from top to bottom, where it slowly turned into a burning sexual desire near his crotch. Robbert now felt like he could spend hours ‘experimenting’.

“Same thing please, but Robbert will now be in control. Have fun.”

“You have got to be -”

Rhea sent a wink as Livia tried to complain, in vain as the aroused thief promptly played his role as he repeated what he had done in that damp alley, this time to a kneeling and well-dressed [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess]. No faking it this time, Livia did not bother trying to accommodate him and gagged all she could, trying to resist the violent act, but Robbert was stronger, ploughing her throat with oomph.

Rhea observed the exchange with interest, the dynamic now changed. She knew in advance what the results of that experiment would yield, yet she had to let Livia live through them for her to realize how the system worked. She hadn't asked Livia about what had happened to her in the first few hours before their first encounter, as it would be counterproductive. They could not change her class anymore, no point in rubbing salt in that wound.

She heard Robbert bellowing and turned in time to admire the wide-eyed princess receiving a tasty serving of what would soon be her daily meal deep in her gullet, her nose forcibly pressed against the thief's pubic hair. She had long tears running down her cheeks, her eyes began rolling back from a lack of oxygen. He withdrew his shaft just in time, Livia half retching half deep-breathing; she looked extremely angry, but her face full of phlegm and stray hair was simply too arousing to take her seriously.

"You bastard, did you have to be so violent? I could have died!"

"Livia. Measurement please."

Rhea commanded, and the princess could only channel her rage for later. Her grumpiness immediately cleared when she saw the results.

"Yes! 1/10!"

But she equally turned sour again when she realized the consequential issue, breathing a sigh of despair. Robbert laughed as he understood as well. Rhea took note of the results and announced her conclusions.

"A priori, the (Slut) attribute seems to constraint you to only get experience when sexual acts are inflicted upon you, outside of your control."

It was probably the worst attribute possibly to have with the [Princess] class, clashing directly with what was supposed to be a domineering class. Rhea thought so, but she would never tell that to Livia directly. The success of their contract depended on her to see the glass as half-filled.

"I should point out that 1 point is not a lot."

Robbert on his side could not hold from rubbing it in, immediately pointing out the underlying issue. Rhea sighed and continued her explanation.

"Indeed, just to get past level one would require you to repeat that act a few more times, but even that wouldn't work unfortunately."

"Note that I intent to protest if you oblige me to relive this dreadful treatment again just to illustrate your point. Could you please get to it?"

Robbert made a sound of disapproval with his tongue as this particular plan got aborted, Livia staring daggers at him from below, still kneeled between his legs surprisingly. Did she like that particular position, or was she hiding something? Rhea pushed this thought away and focused again.

"The experience counter literally counts your new experiences. For instance, when you discover something new about yourself, about your body, about your psyche, and for some classes, about the world and its inner-workings. This last experiment made a mark on you, no matter how small, which the counter interpreted as progress. Livia, to level up, you will have to experience events that go in line with your class. You won't learn anything new by redoing the same actions; there is no way

around it.”

Livia stared blankly at the bookshelves on the side, trying to distract her from thinking too deeply at the Guildmistress’ words. She couldn’t accept it; she wouldn’t accept it. There had to be another way.

The poor woman hadn’t realized she already unconsciously knew the correct route: the stains on the carpet showed her latent masochistic tendencies, and her kneeling position was already akin to a dressed animal. Rhea sighed, observing the princess grasping at the remains of a lost hope, and before crushing her dreams of a normal life.

“Considering your class, and this particular taboo attribute, the only way you will get any significant amount of experience to reach level 10 in time... will be to mate with beasts.”

And Livia cried.

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Part Three - A lavish meal

“There, there”.

Rhea did not often break character, her usual stony expression being the best wall against unruly employees or annoying customers; but upon see this beautiful woman reduced to such a miserable state she could not prevent old memories from resurfacing, dire times when she had no Guild that relied on her, free as the wind but as feeble as a leaf. Her responsibilities gave her weight to stand on: who cared if she was a [Sex Worker] when she led the most successful organization of the city?

“As I’ve said before, Livia, people can accomplish wonderful things, despite their class. Or sometimes, thanks to it, even if it might seem counterintuitive at first.”

Livia listened despite her tears, but her expression clearly showed the opposite of what she was trying to get at, unconvinced at her words. Her accusing wet gaze and frowned eyebrows asked without words how fucking a dog would yield anything remotely useful to society. She was an adult, who was she kidding?

Rhea sighed, taking some distance and plucking random books on the side. She did have a few grand plans destined to the princess, but she couldn’t refrain from worrying that revealing them now would simply make her more afraid than necessary.

Livia was green in this world, she currently knew absolutely nothing about it, hence her lack of perspective. Though laying down elaborate plans now was probably too much, Rhea guessed she could at least provide a few strands of hope to alleviate her worries.

She opened her arms, seemingly triggering something magical as the air suddenly felt heavier in the room, air currents rotating around her, as if the speech she was about to proclaim had been approved by higher authorities. Rhea started heralding with energy:

“The World is plagued with monsters, religions have lost their gods, legacy civilizations are resurfacing to take their revenge, and the [Planet] itself is rebelling against its fate, having had enough of earthy wounds inflicted by large scale wars decades after decades.”

Whatever Livia had been thinking was immediately shattered as her attention was immediately

grabbed by the Guildmistress impressive narration.

“Humanity is on the brink of extinction; we are now a minority in this world, surrounded on all sides by various tribes of beasts and monsters, all lead by Vladislav the Long, the infamous [Cocky Demon Lord]!”

The epic and solemn moment suddenly stopped as Livia fell down on her side, holding her ribs as she cried with laughter.

“What a hilarious name! Who stupid guy would call himself ‘the Long’? And that class! (Cocky) ha!”

Rhea sighed, shaking her head, hands on her hips; although she guessed she could call herself satisfied with the result, seeing the platinum-blond refreshed with energy. But someone else obviously had to ruin her recovery.

“Said the [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess]”

But thankfully Livia either ignored him or let Robbert’s comment pass by, as she took her time to enjoy her first fit of laughter in months of stressful work and events. She eventually stood up and cleaned her face before approaching Rhea in a hug.

“Thanks Rhea, I needed this.”

The Guildmistress did not mention anything about the stains of that damn thief’s seed on Livia’s dress, but she sure hoped none of that disgusting stuff ended up on her clothes or they would end up in a bonfire.

“This is what I’m here for, honey.”

She could feel her breasts from that close; did her (Slut) addition increase her cup size somehow? Rhea couldn’t refrain from feeling borderline jealous; but considering what she was soon going to inflict to her, these assets would only add to her hindrance.

“I got your point though. (Cross-Breeding) can be a great advantage in a world where humans are a minority. About that, is your master plan for me to seduce that [Demon Lord] and bring him down? I probably don’t have the level for that.”

Robbert coughed violently, startled by their casual comfy discussion suddenly turning into somehow saving the world. Rhea was also agreeably surprised, she hadn’t expected her new employee to be that sharp.

“The world is your oyster Livia, I’m glad you’re seeing the big picture now. But this is for far, far later. As you said, we first need to level you up, and level 10 in a month is not an easy task.”

Rhea released Livia from her hug and conjured a wooden box from below her desk, which Livia stared with delight. Previously she doubted whether the princess would dare accept its content; her worries vanished upon seeing Livia standing straight, her eyes enlightened by a long term goal and her shoulders stabilized by the weight of the world.

“Another princess dress?”

Rhea smiled at her, smugly.

“A special sort, yes.”

Livia took a peek at what would soon become her signature costume, then stared at Rhea, so utterly horrified she couldn't find the words to properly retort, her imploring gaze providing all the Guildmistress needed to know.

"I know I know, it is extreme, but so is your class. We have to get you up to speed otherwise you will never make it to level 10."

Rhea stood straight, cleared her throat, and changed back to her stony and commanding expression, disregarding any form of pity.

"In my capacity as Guildmistress and employer, I command you, Livia Clark, for the entirety of the following week, to comply with the following directives. First, you will change your clothes you wear your new 'princess dress' below; second, your diet will entirely consist of a special kind of food, which you will learn more about and discover at noon; and lastly, you will change your attitude: 'Yes, master' will be your only answer to sexual proposals."

"This is preposterous!"

Livia was outraged. The dress she would understand, but the open-to-everyone policy? What if a pervert asked her out? Was she supposed to accept being treated like a meat bag by anyone? Rhea kept calm and coldly reasserted her orders.

"This is the entire point of your class. The less you want it, the more humiliating it is, the more experience you will receive. Our lives are on the line, Livia, this is not a suggestion. Understood?"

Livia was absolutely enraged and would have shouted at her under normal circumstances, but a strange pressure made her revisit these thoughts and more malleable to the idea. Her stupid body was already wet to the idea of offering her lips to the first guy in heat, a gift from her class she guessed, but it was more than this. Being legally contracted to her - under a death collateral - the princess had little freedom in the matter and nodded, albeit reluctantly.

The Guildmistress lead her out of her office, and as Livia passed through the door, Rhea smiled and gave her last words of the day.

"Oh and by the way, the same order applies to animals. Have fun, and bon appétit!"

And with a loud slam she cut all forms of contest, leaving a cursed woman with a box in her hands, walking mechanically towards her room.

The former Director of HR was doubly cursed, like a whole chicken impaled throughout, or more appropriately, a pornstar spit-roasted both ways. On one side was the class in itself; Livia still hadn't wrapped around the obscenity and collection of taboos that was her abject [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess] class. This entire concept would have been illegal even in her former developed world, and now she had to somehow endure this burden to avoid dying?

While thinking so, Livia took the time to open the mysterious box and reveal her new attire, direly scare and slutty at once. God, could this even be called a costume? It was more humiliating than being naked!

Because, yes, the simple solution would have been to be lazy and do something else, something unrelated with her damned condition; but her ambition for a higher status got the upper hand of her

situation, and her bet with fate backfired spectacularly. [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess]. She rolled these words in her mouth a few times - and released a moan as she inserted the tail in her bottom - but they did not make sense, and this contract with Rhea did not help neither.

Livia admired herself in the mirror. God did she look slutty; it was her own body and even she couldn't refrain for playing with her breasts, fingering her mostly visible lady parts, and playing with her tail. Just like she did in her office, she couldn't resist laying on the ground and masturbating furiously, before emerging in a louder moan than usual, spraying female cum on the bed and carpet, panting loudly. The scent in the room was languidly entrancing; Livia instinctively knew any member from the opposite sex, actually, scrap that, of any sex, would be charmed simply entering the place; she was too.

The [Slut-Princess] continued playing with her image until she felt satisfied, and comfortable enough with her alluring figure. She didn't know yet how others would react, but it was important that she at least did not wet herself when passing over a mirror, funny as it was.

Enough time had passed; she was a sweaty and smelly mess, but her rumbling stomach unfortunately overrode her desire for a shower, the diet part of Rhea's command taking effect. It was probably around noon, and the only thing she had swallowed was Robbert's cum; as disgusting as it was, it did not fill her at all.

The well-dressed princess promptly departed from her room, towards the canteen in a quest to satiate her increased hunger; she had used all her energy for sexual expenses, and she was sure more were to come.

Silence.

Heavy silence.

It went unnoticed initially, but its gradual increase soon became evident for all in the Guild's restaurant. The first to notice were the ones equipped with a keen sense of smell, their strange anxiety slowly transmitted to their partners, and the entire place went dead quiet.

An egregious stench of raw sex was staining the air, of such intensity that even the most experienced of the Guild members, a square table with four men adorned of impressive artefacts, couldn't help but being stuck on their seats, shamefully hiding their pent-up desire. They haven't had time to relieve their sexual impulses, having barely finished clearing a mission.

The entrancing mix of pheromones had even more devastating effects on the larger table, hosting a dozen young graduates and apprentices barely out of their studies. These poor and innocent souls had hardly experienced sexual encounters, and hence half of them spontaneously surged on a bare whiff of the lustful fragrance.

The pressure increased bit as bit as the source of the luscious curse approached the doors of the canteen.

A feeble knock, and the doors opened; no soul could resist from glancing a look.

The Guildmistress knew exactly what she was doing: it was as if the embodiment of the Goddess of the lust and obscenity itself had appeared in the lacklustre canteen. Its customers simply lost their minds as they couldn't stop staring, jaw dropped at the unreal costume of the newcomer: The [Cross-

Breeding Slut-Princess] was equipped with a silver tiara with a topaz crystal, high heels and arms and legs stockings for the princess side; heart-shaped pasties to hide her nipples and lower lips for the slutty side; and the cherry on top, rabbit ears and a tail-plug, as well as a black collar.

What made the scene even more surreal, apart from her unreal slutty beauty, was the utter shame and disgrace that the former HR Director seemed to undergo. She was utterly red, and her attempts at trying to hide her breasts and lower nether regions rendered her display even more erotic.

Livia felt utterly naked and defenceless as dozens of hungry men devoured her from afar. These ravenous stares didn't leave her unfazed neither: she was drenched in sweat, and dangerously wet - though she had no clothing to soak. She signed, mustering courage before starting to move towards the bartender. Her prancing was followed along by many eyes digging into her curves, a few even drooling at what a piece of ass they had in front of them.

The man waiting for her had a stern face - if he was attracted to her he hid it remarkably well; the fact that his lower body was hidden behind the bar surely helped. He remained silent and oblivious, cleaning glasses and wiping the wooden bar. Livia coughed to get his attention, the canteen utterly silent to catch her every words.

"Hi there. Could I get something to eat please?"

Such a mundane question asked by such a slutty beauty would have probably paralyzed an ordinary citizen; but the bartender was not lambda at all. At the honourable level 49, the [Perverted Bartender] had practiced his art with boundless determination and passion, and could effectively resist her charms - as long as he was hidden behind his bar that is.

"We do have food, though, do you have cash to pay for it?"

He raised a glance at her, neutral despite looking at the pocket-less costume. No money, no food; it was as simple as that. He hadn't reached this level of competency by being charitable. Livia was confused, not expecting to have to pay, as Rhea hadn't given her anything apart from this curse of an attire. She resigned to remain hungry a little longer and shook her head. The man let a heavy silence weigh in for a few more seconds before finally helping her, scratching his beard.

"Now that I remember, the Guildmistress did mention a new method of payment available."

The rebound of hope in Livia amused him greatly, and even more when he ensued with some terrible words.

"You can pay in-kind. It's simple: swallow the seed of every male in this room."

The crowd erupted in uncouth and profane cheers, especially around the table of graduates who couldn't believe their luck. The team of experienced adventurers was visibly annoyed, sighing and face palming at the situation, though they didn't not leave the place despite their apparent gestures.

Livia's eyes went wide and she had planned to slap the offensive bartender when she realized that she actually couldn't resist his order. The man had asked for a sexual favour, and being Rhea's employee she was - unfortunately for her, luckily for them - compelled to behave and answer in a certain way.

"Yes, master."

The unwilling and disgusted face of the slutty beauty as she approached the graduates table to suck

them off was a triumph of raunchiness. Having no choice, Livia kneeled and went under, towards her first customer open to her services. The man seemed isolated from the others for some reason, which she judged was convenient to test the waters of her new activity.

Closing in, she immediately started regretting her choice and she cringed at the body odour that the guy emitted.

He seemed to half-share the meal with his clothes as stains of various sauces appeared on his shirt. The man seemed eager for her services as his long and dirty staff was already freed and twitching with apprehension. Finally there between his legs, she decided to take the initiative by touching his feet to signal her presence, so as not to scare him, and then slowly went forward to kiss his gland, wrapping it with her delicate lips.

Luckily she was well hidden under the table so that she didn't have to look at her customers - which did demean her even more after thinking about it - she had to finish that quick. Either way, she could already hear the moans of the obese guy; curious, she went ahead and deeper on his staff, deep enough that her nose could touch his belly. Unfortunately for the guy, the service soon ended there as he emptied his sack, the woman retching as her first serving was delivered against the back of her throat.

Still under the effect of the best orgasm he ever had, he kept her head impaled on his staff for a few seconds with his two big hands, before the noises of the angry blower reminded him that she indeed needed to breathe. He slowly pulled her back, admiring the strings of semen and phlegm connecting his gland to her alluring red lips despite the profanities she was spouting towards him when not out of breath.

Before letting her go he took hold of her chin and turned her head to admire her charming face; neither the filth, pubic hair scattered around her mouth, nor the tears due to the rough oral treatment, did affect her beauty in any way. Quite the contrary, her slutty countenance, stinking breath, and not forgetting these obscene breasts rubbing on his thighs made for a spectacular view. She was clearly the most beautiful slut he had even seen. Hence, he could not resist and tarnish that view by ejaculating a second time, spreading his seed on her face, Livia as disgusted as surprised that the guy managed to come a second time in such a short notice.

"I-if you ever need a midnight snack, come to my room."

"Yeah! Nice words!"

"He has balls!" cheered the crowd.

"Y-yes master. Like I would, you disgusting bastard!" said a contradictory small voice, muffled below the table.

Discussions resumed and the room eventually got back to its usual level of noise. If there was one difference, it would be the occasional slurps of suction and manly groans as each delivered their portion of lunch to the hidden semen demon. The cheerful scene above table greatly contrasted with Livia's current underworld. The lighting was barely enough for her to be able to admire the double line of cocks she would have to insert in her delicate mouth, with a good third already spanking their shaft.

But the view couldn't compare to the smell: this place was saturated with an utterly raw stench of urine, sweat and sex. Livia must have had a dozen of servings already, her pretty face smeared with seed and stray pubic hair. She couldn't help but touch herself despite her reluctance. It had to be

her damn class.

Finally finished with the graduates, the ashamed woman - not even hungry at this point - crawled towards the remaining smaller table of four adventurers. While they seem focused and serious from the outside, Livia understood their situation very differently; viewing it from the position of a kneeling slut, she could already diagnose their pent-up lust from afar, their long and experienced but seemingly lonely rods pulsing with blood.

They were in dire need of a woman, and Livia felt very generous today, taking them in pity.

Mark, the youngest of the group, was the last one to receive her graces; he discovered it when he suddenly felt her gentle hand on his feet, notifying him, then her delicate breasts on his thighs, and finally her handling of his shaft like it was the sweetest dessert she had ever tasted. He could ejaculate from her luscious gaze alone; she seemed in a trance, eager to satisfy as she licked his shaft from scrotum to gland, bathed his balls, and took the entirety of his cock to the deepest part of his throat, where he donated his load.

Panting deliriously, it had been the only and best fellatio he had ever received, and so for a good reason. Oral graces were formally forbidden; mostly by the church, but at some point it had simply become a form of respect for woman in general. Their delicate lips were designed for reciting poems, savouring lavish dinners, and intimate kisses; Mark was cursed to learn today that kissing glands, licking balls and swallowing cum were also valid functions for willing slut mouths.

That said, the initial taboo had a real and pragmatic reason, one that he discovered when pressing her head deep in his belly while feeding her with his shaft: who in the world would have guessed that the woman's class would appear in such a cursed way? Did depththroats count as a one-way hand-shake, during which the man could see the slut's name and class but not the other way? What a terrible secret!

Momentarily shaken, Mark looked at his three other group members; they already knew, asking with their eyes if he liked the experience. He then turned to the graduates table: the young men shared a knowing look, both satisfied but afraid of having learned of the truth behind the sex taboo.

The issue cleared, the slut still around his shaft, Mark went back to thinking of that woman's class. [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess] was it? The Guildmistress was very clear about class respect here, but he couldn't wrap his head around this. Did she spend years mating with animals as a princess of some god-forsaken kingdom? How did she end-up sucking dicks in such a measly canteen? Assaulted with so many questions, Mark couldn't help but unconsciously go a step further. He had already broken one sex taboo, so why not a second one? Such a chance wouldn't happen again so soon.

Livia was choking on his shaft, ashamed of being utterly aroused. These four men, in addition of being way above average in terms of length, had given her the largest servings of seed she had even got; the taste, still as salty and sour as ever and the sheer volume had even made her drunk somehow.

The princess was waiting for that last gentleman to release her when she felt some incoming liquid being discharged in her throat. It was way too fluid to be sperm; Livia went eye-wide as she came to understand what she was being subjected to. Tears began to run down her cheeks, but she swallowed surge by surge, trying her best not to choke on urine. And it was during this unholy ceremony that Livia's body, trembling with pleasure, began to glow with a golden light, which the adventurers immediately picked up on.

"Oh, is our slut-princess levelling up?"

“Sure she is. I’m giving her quite a golden serving. I think she was damn thirsty after all that seed.”

“Pervert. Though it looks like you’ve helped her acknowledge something new about her class, so that was probably worth it I guess.”

Refreshed by the sour taste of urine running down her throat, cut off from any form of oxygen, Livia had finally realized what her class really entailed. She shed tears of despair as she slowly accepted her cursed condition, fated to end up as a lavish toilet for male sexual needs, human or beasts. Her skill set had essentially been designed to make her into the perfect carnal outlet, and furthermore, in the most humiliating manner possible.

Her deal with the bartender was done, who was delighted to have discretely levelled-up himself thanks to that new obscene experience. The man in question approached the table under which the slut-princess was crouched. He set up a dog bowl with ‘LIVIA’ inscribed on it, and then promptly poured some white and smelly content from a sealed jar into it, plugging his nose as the horrible stench was already assaulting his nostrils. Once done he promptly pulled away and gave a pitying look to the unfortunate woman.

“Here’s your meal, as commanded by the Guildmistress. Exactly one litter of [Troll] sperm, who are known for their endurance. Apparently you have a skill to profit from that so eat it all up. Don’t leave a single drop, otherwise it won’t be effective; again, order from the Guildmistress.”

Livia was barely conscious at this point, too utterly exhausted after serving all these men to argue. She crawled to the bowl, perversely placed in the middle of the room for all to admire. She had already drank so much cum; a bit more wouldn’t hurt, right?

Her tears had blocked her nose so she couldn’t smell it, but after giving it a lick she rolled to her side, bringing her hands to her mouth in an attempt to stop herself from vomiting. It was the worst thing she had ever tasted in her life.

The issue was not even with the taste, which was atrocious by itself. No, the damn liquid was alive! Whereas in human sperm the spermatozooids were way too small to be detected or seen from the naked eye, the troll ones’ had inherited from the spectacular endurance and size of the beast. The result was a horrific texture of tiny moving tailed cells palpable from her tongue. She eyed the litter-full bowl of troll cum. This is what being a [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess] really entailed: eating a bowl full of exotic beastly cum to get marginally stronger.

Livia mustered some courage, ignoring the disgusted stares from the surrounding men - who had stopped eating because of the revolting show - and scooped another lick with her delicate tongue. Still alien, but to her astonishment, she felt she could get used to it. Eventually.

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## **Part Four**

Rhea walked around the seated princess, examining her after what must have been quite a special week for the unfortunate lady. Even from afar she could smell the raw stench of oral sex from her lusty breath, with a tinge of nature probably due to that peculiar diet. While the former HR director still looked roughly the same, maybe slightly bustier here and there in her slutty attire, the way she now behaved and looked around had taken quite a dramatic turn.

The aftermath of her daily activities had indeed made Livia into an utterly erotic oral Goddess: she was currently making a show of her pulpy lips and luscious tongue on an innocent lollipop the

Guildmistress had provided her, albeit without any sexual ulterior motive, but Rhea couldn't help but face-palm at how it turned out. Livia seemed amused at the situation as she sucked on the candy in an explicit manner while staring at Rhea with a sultry look. This rookie sure didn't know what was going to happen to her later on.

Rhea had quite a hard time but still managed to keep a stony face, making it look like she was only studying her guest for scholarly purposes. She eventually had enough looking from afar, and got closer.

"Can I?"

"Sure."

She brought her index finger to Livia's shoulder, touching her skin which, despite its usual shine and softness, at the same time also appeared to be extremely sturdy, like a soft elastic that would never break. Rhea knew the system didn't lie, but seeing it in action in such a dramatic manner was extremely impressive. Livia has obtained a noticeable boost in durability after just a week of her 'special diet'; her class was without a shadow of a doubt broken. Who knew what other powers she would get by 'training' furthermore?

"Probably has some regen too..."

"Sorry, I couldn't hear. What did you say?"

The Guildmistress cleared her throat and took a few steps back before returning to her desk.

"So, Livia, you've reached level 4 within that first week, which is admirable considering the requirements of your class. You worked well, well done!"

Livia continued licking her lollipop, and even brought a hand to her lower nether regions, which had been utterly neglected since the beginning of her adventure. Rhea remained composed despite her shameful behaviour; she remembered the toll her own class had applied on her psyche in the first few months after getting it, spanning even years. But considering the time limit, that span had to be reduced to a measly month. Level 4 in a week was fine, but the requirements in term of experience were exponential; she would never reach the goal at that rate, they would both die. Hence the need for even harsher measures; Rhea just hoped the woman would forgive her one day for what she was about to inflict upon her.

"Alright, I think you're ready for the next step."

Livia immediacy perked up. Rhea was glad that at least elicited her interest, but she had to be sure to properly control her words, otherwise she should ruin the surprise.

"Listen carefully. Your next task will be a rescue mission; you can think of it as an... intense internship?"

"Rescue mission? Who do you think I am, James Bond?"

"I do not get the reference, but anyway. Your time limit will be of three weeks; more than that and I will have to take matters in my own hands, but I believe the risk is well worth it."

"Wait, wait, you've completely lost me. Three weeks for a rescue mission? Risk? What the heck are you talking about Rhea? I'm a slut, a toilet for men, Rhea, not a bloody hero!"

“Well, then you will have to change if you want to survive. Have fun and good luck, [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess] Livia.”

Livia had been so entranced by her actions and the discussion that she hadn't realized how sleepy she actually felt. She could now barely move, essentially stuck on her chair. Had she been poisoned? How? She glanced a look at Rhea who was surprisingly smirking at her. That's when Livia realized she had been tricked.

“The candy! You bloody whore...”

And the world went dark.

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The first thing that hit her was the intense smell, a fragrance of sweat and cultivated raw sex that permeated the air and stuck to her nose. The second one was a sharp pain in her lower region, a rod of meat violently penetrating her, of reasonable size but still painful without lubrication. But the one that really woke her up was the lack of oxygen that immediately triggered her survival instinct.

Becoming aware of the cock in her throat and throwing up on it was a not particularly comfortable way of waking up after a good night of sleep indeed, but the green creatures impaling her both ways didn't seem to mind as they continued spit-roasting her, as if it were business as usual. The one behind sneered and offered a slap to her butt cheeks in retribution, while the one in front got further excited by her show of weakness and ramped up his ploughing until he came deep in her throat, offering Livia her first serving of breakfast for the day.

While she had become used to handling deep surges during the week, her lack of preparedness combined with the puking mess made her retch violently, bringing tears to her face. Her pretty countenance was caked with green phlegm - the seed tactfully of the same colour as the other liquid; it looked like she had been already been used quite a few times as her throat was sticky and parched.

“Wa-water...”

Her voice was feeble but the creature at the front seemed to have got her point as he grabbed her hair, and with a sneer, started urinating in her mouth; Livia grimaced at the grassy and bestial acrid taste of the liquid, feeling utterly humiliated. The princess was surprisingly still adorned in her slutty costume - it made her practically nude already which probably explained by they didn't bother removing the accessories.

Livia had tried to black out the actions of the creature behind her from her mind; this strategy got derailed as her lack of reaction only further motivated the beast to be rougher and slap her cheeks, reddening them even more. Her pent-up lust driven by the lack of vaginal action the entire week eventually emerged and she climaxed at the same time as ropes of seed entered her sacred sanctuary.

The intense surge of pleasure from being humiliated by these vulgar monsters made her roll her eyes back; her legs shook violently, and her rear even pointed itself upwards to further accept the cursed breeding, her inner flesh walls delighted in finally receiving the love and girth they had been starving for. She even sprayed her womanly fluids everywhere, all the while her mouth was being used as a toilet receptacle to satiate her thirst.

The princess' spectacular awakening eventually settled, both creatures satisfied with their business.

Having retrieved control of her head, Livia could at last observe the mess of a situation she had been thrown into: she, along many other unfortunate ladies, were in a large underground cavern, barely lit up with primitive torches. The lack of aeration would have made the raw stench of sex unbearable were it not for her nose abstracting it out. It wasn't without effect though, Livia did feel lighter and more inclined to profane actions than usual; she wouldn't be surprised if the creatures naturally secreted strong pheromones to control their captives more easily.

Speaking of creatures, while Livia was not particularly into games and fantasy, she was not a full ignorant that couldn't recognize a goblin at a glance. The beasts were relatively average in height, around a meter and a half; they had their distinctive green skin, and hideous countenance on human standards. Though, one thing that they didn't say in books nor show on movies, and that Livia had experienced physically, was their surprisingly massive reproductive organs: twenty-five centimetres of beaded pleasure, adorned with massive testicles that were utterly designed to rape and mentally corrupt unwilling pretty human girls, despite their inability to cross-breed.

The cavern was an organized mess despite its tribal design. The captives, Livia included, were mounted on pillories, aligned near a side of the cavern. Not all girls were treated fairly: some of them had drawn the short straw as they were facing the wall and had therefore nothing to view and distract themselves from boredom, at least when they hadn't the mouth full.

Goblins came when they had recharged or felt like it, enjoyed a human hole for fun or as a reward for a well-done work, and then went back to resume their main activities. None of them seem particularly affected by the screams and howls of despair of their imprisoned captives freshly deflowered by mere beasts. Nor did they bat an eye to the empty stares of the used females who had long resigned to their fate.

Livia observed silently as a goblin approached one of the accustomed captives. She could see her stick her tongue out, wrapping the beast's gland with her delicate lips, absent-mindedly blowing the green and vulgar staff until she gulped the cursed seed like it were a feeding bottle. It was an understatement to say that this kind of life condition was not what Livia had expected when signing that cursed contract with Rhea. Where the hell did she drop her, and why bloody why?

It looked like enough time had passed for a new wave of lusty green creatures came to assuage their desires on innocent flowers. Livia's princess-like countenance, freshness and special tightness seemed to be particularly popular as she again had the pleasure of being greeted by green staves all over again. She coughed and retched again as the one in the front was being unnecessarily brutal with her throat, his massive balls slamming on her chin as he gripped her beautiful hair in handles and ploughed through her oral depth.

That oral adventure gave her the opportunity to admire the difference in taste between humans and goblins: while as equally vigorous, the formers had at least the decency of cleaning themselves every so often, whereas the green savages never did. While the creature was delivering nearly a third of a litre of seed in her mouth and throat, Livia hence had the pleasure of tasting the flavour of goblin sweat, goblin semen, and goblin urine that were as old as the goblin itself: an acrid, earthy taste; 1/10, would not recommend.

She again rolled her eyes in revulsion, with some of the sticky seed even coming back out of her nose as she wasn't used to swallowing such a volume of liquid at once. Having her face in such a mess and not being able to use her hands to clean herself was definitely going to be a pain; the slab of wood with three holes that constituted her primitive pillory did not leave much room. But there was a least one reassuring fact: she wouldn't be starving to death.

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The cavern did not have any source of light apart from the basic torches spread around the camp - as well the occasional lightshow emitted by cursed captives levelling up - which made it consequently difficult for the slut-princess to measure the time that had passed. The poor girls captured at the same time as her had already lost their voice, either by screaming too much or simply because the roughness of their abused throats.

Livia was also in a terrible shape; her distinct beauty and apparent princess-like countenance and costume made her the target of more goblins than average, and at that point it was hard to say whether her belly was pregnant or just pumped with filthy seed. She wondered what kind of bonus she would get for ingesting all that garbage religiously; poison resistance maybe? It really had a disgusting taste.

Her womanly parts were in pain, but thanks to her high endurance and apparent regeneration she thankfully didn't seem as damaged and tired as the other captives, which unfortunately only further participated in her misery as more and more green creatures preferred her infinitely tight holes and unyieldingly defiant attitude.

Time flowed as slowly as it could as Livia served an undeserving sexual sentence. She had initially tried to resist thinking too much about her current situation, hoping that Rhea would pop-up from a corner and sign the end of that farce. That naive hope had utterly extinguished when a particularly dumb goblin choose the wrong hole and roughly inserted his entire length in her delicate butt flower.

Livia's eyes went wide in shock as her muffled screams rippled through the green genital occupying her throat. Seeing the slutty princess finally express a semblance of despair stimulated the rear explorer furthermore as he ploughed through her now formerly virgin hole; the creature couldn't resist long against the tightest and sexiest hole in the planet as he dumped his filthy seed in her bowels with low growls, accompanying the climax of the deflowered lady.

She had absolutely no control, Livia realized. No control at all, they could strictly do anything to her body, without her consent, and with no hope of release in view.

Her mind turned to despair, slowly, hour by hour, green cock by green cock, filthy seed meal after filthy seed meal. The unstoppable line of contenders and ensuing penetrations and orgasms that were inflicted upon her made it impossible to properly focus. That raw stench of sex and filthy seed everywhere was punching her mind; these long green staves, deep in her, completing her being, becoming one with the beasts: they loved her, her lips and her cunt and her tits, and not before long, she reciprocally learned to love their cocks.

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A large commotion disrupted the established order, after what must have been days of intense beastly orgy. The sounds of heavy steps and clinking armour resonated within the tunnel's walls before reaching the ears of the cavern's occupants, waking them up from their daze. Panicked, they uttered growls of stress, making themselves look busy, for they had a very good reason to do so.

A gargantuan muscular creature entered the cave, of at least four meters in height; while it had a few goblin physical traits like green skin, sharp teeth and pointed ears, its build size was really something else altogether. The colossus of a beast seemed to have returned from some kind of expedition as standard-sized followers behind him were hauling chests, boxes of diverse loot, and unfortunately, new women who were all unconscious; Livia didn't know if it was a measure to hide

the location of their lair, or to simply shut them up.

The creatures unbound their new captives and installed them on new pillories prepared in advance. Livia was already starting to hate these bloody devices after a few days mounted on one: it compelled them into a constant doggy-style posture that was utterly humiliating, their front and rear fully accessible like public toilets for each and every present creature. It also made their breasts hang out in the air; some of the younger goblins would even profit from large-breasted prisoners by drinking milk at the source, as if they were vulgar cows.

The members of the goblin expedition appeared to be the strongest of the tribe. They were bulkier and larger than the average creature - and that was without talking about the giant one who was the obvious chieftain. Despite their fatigue after days of walk, their physical superiority also showed in their raging boners, already spitting precum, most longing eagerly for a good night of rough and tumble play.

Livia always wondered what the tents in the cavern were for, as they seemed unused by the standard workers. She got her answer when each of the bulky goblins went into a separate tent, who appeared to be private quarters for deserving goblins. The moans and screams of pleasure emitted from them seemed to indicate the presence of personal captives for each.

“So we’re treated like tradable commodities? What a joke!”

Livia adopted a defiant look which quickly changed to despair when the giant goblin started approaching the pillories. He had initially been too far away to properly see, but Livia was horrified to discover that his armour was not a static one: the poor remnant of what used to be a beautiful woman was literally impaled on the colossus’ cock, her arms and legs stretched apart by iron chains linked to the beast’s own limbs.

Livia, as well as a few other women who discovered so at the same time as her, couldn’t resist throwing up as they realized this sicko of a beast was using one of them as a live cock-sleeve of an armour. The poor woman, still attached, had red scratches and arrows embedded in quite a few places; she unfortunately did not seem alive anymore, which explained why the giant suddenly unbound the links and discarded the used product. He turned towards the fresh pillories and started eyeing their breasts and their butt cheeks, salivating: it was looking for a replacement.

Sobbing of rage and despair could be heard among the captives as they tried not to bring attention to them; the ones facing the wall couldn’t help but wonder what was happening - some would say they were blessed by their ignorance. The giant goblin was now free of armour, and its sexual arousal was on clear display, parading its lengthy and sizable staff: the sex device was gorged with pleasure, veins and pearls as if it had been designed to break pious women into craving sluts by God himself.

Despite her abhorrent position, Livia couldn’t help but get wet and heated up, blaming her class as she imagined getting ripped apart by the giant cock, receiving its sperm deep in her guts like the deserving cock-sleeve she was fated to become. Her imagination made her extremely sensitive, and when a strong and firm hand grabbed her ass as if it owned her, Livia couldn’t help but release a loud and lewd moan as she climaxed noisily for all to see, staining the floor with her womanly fluids, panting like a bitch. The rest of the captives were staring at her with both disgust at her tactless slutty orgasm, but also apprehension and worry for her considering what she was going to endure from now on.

The giant goblin had been searching for his next armour, feeling butt after butt, comparing breast sizes and countenances, when he stumbled upon a very, very firm one, which further reacted with a

slutty moan. His sensible nose caught a whiff of a lewd smell and a blast of pheromones: this immediately signed the end of its rational reasoning, and he went full red eyes as he grabbed the princess by her legs, brutally splitting the pillory in two.

Livia was finally free from her bounds, but the beast was leagues above in terms of raw strength, holding her upside-down like a vulgar toy with his massive arms. Hanging like a piece of meat, her sublime body, sexy breasts and rear were made a public display to all the goblins in the cavern; the giant was clearly proclaiming her as his new toy, which he celebrated by bringing the source of the lewd fluids to his beastly tongue.

Livia had not been a virgin before coming to that world, her beauty had made it trivial to find an attractive member of the opposite sex to alleviate some pent-up stress. But all these relationships had been dramatically short and purposeless, she always felt incomplete in a sense; she constantly wondered why. Coming to this world had been a curse in many ways, obviously, but that said, it didn't mean she hadn't discovered something new about herself.

She maybe had thought too much, introspecting her inner-self with overly complex reasoning and analysis. But maybe, just maybe, the thing she was unconsciously starving for was simply a huge cock in her mouth, a huge cock in her ass, and a huge cock in her fucking cunt?

It was in this context that the colossus of a goblin unceremoniously impaled Livia through her mouth, stretching her jaw and throat above human limitations, all the while eagerly eating her juicy cunt with its lengthy tongue. It was with an unseen brutality that the beast roughly fucked her upper hole like the cock-sleeve she deserved to be.

“Mhhmmhmmhmmh!”

Her clogged air pipes did not stop the slutty princess from getting intense surges of pleasure every lick of tongue, while her own was salivating on the massive unwashed staff. Her oesophagus and throat were perfectly aligned as they welcomed the forty centimetres of beast genitalia, with which the beast was poking her stomach via rough back-and-forth.

The giant had a firm hand on her rear as he dove his tongue deep in her tight and fleshy walls, deep-cleaning her luscious cunt while enjoying her irresistibly lewd flavour; the beast was satisfied to hear her muffled screams of pleasure as he poked her cervix and brushed her G point relentlessly. His other hand was firm on the princess' head, pressing her so far down his staff her pretty face ended-up buried in his massive testicles; with her nose against his scrotum, the slutty girl was blessed with revelling in his beastly balls-musk, which further and further seemed on the verge on a violent release.

“Mmmh! Mhhmhm! Mmmmh! Mmmmhmmh!”

After what must have been two minutes of intense shared oral sex, the giant couldn't resist the urge and loudly growled as he hastily ejaculated large ropes of strong-smelling seed in the poor woman's stomach. Her face was pressed deep in the creature's balls, every pulse she felt through his testicles resulting in a new surge of seed through her abused throat; her inner tightness offered the best of massages for the giant's cock as she involuntarily milked the smelly content out like a vulgar semen pump.

“Ghugghruul!”

Livia went eye-wide as the influx and volume of semen reached the limits of her stomach; the surplus of liquid, having to go somewhere, seeped back up her throat and painted her entire upper inner



walls with sticky and smelly cum on the way back: sprays of seed got roughly ejected from her nostrils and mouth as her taste buds got assaulted with a pungent taste.

The improvised sperm dragon shone golden, the utter humiliation of being treated like a cock-sleeve in such a naughty and public manner going above any threshold of decency she used to maintain. Despite her view full of his balls, impaled in that shameful position, she couldn't avoid glancing at the pillories from high-up; the captives had clear expressions of intense disgust after seeing her squirming like a bitch under his assault: after all, she seemed to be the happiest she'd ever been despite being brutally raped by such a cocky monster.

Livia was barely conscious at that point. She could almost hear the sneers of the smaller goblins, cheering for their boss to reduce that proud slut-princess to a mere fleshlight for green pricks. The giant goblin, not one to ignore such an enjoyable crowd, answered their enthusiasm by slowly extracting the poor woman from his massive staff, a ton of seed seeping through her lips like a vulgar garden hose.

The contact with the perverted staff was so tight Livia could feel her entire throat getting pulled-out via friction alone, which she prevented by making it even tighter, forcing her to suck the last portions of smelly junk. The suction was such that the goblin was surprised to hear a "Pop!" sound when the hungry slut finally released his gland; he had nearly become worried for his precious Johnson at some point, that she would scratch it off, but not anymore, he was again in full control. The colossus took hold of its new cock-sleeve by her waist, making her threw up some thick light green goo.

"Fuck you, you bloody beast!"

Livia took deep breaths in and out; she had nearly died from that cursed monster. Her appearance was a complete mess: eyes full of tears, her hair and face caked with goblin spunk and stray pubic hair. She had a hard time smelling at all; her own breath had been stained by the repugnant stench of that beast's seed, her mouth marked as its personal toilet for the foreseeable future. She cast a defying glance at the beast, despite her current position; little did she know that it wouldn't be satisfied with just her mouth.

The giant goblin admired the treasure of a cock-sleeve that he had in his hands. Her tightness had given him the best sensation he had got in a while, maybe comparable to that time where he anal-fucked a female troll for the fun of it. He could clearly hear her slutty moans as he sucked on her breasts, defiling her furthermore in from the entire audience: for the captives, it gave a taste of the worse that could happen to them; for the goblins, the best. His small nut of a brain eventually got bored and came up with a new idea to impress the gallery.

"No! Put me down, you damned beast! Don't watch me!"

He turned her around, displaying her incredible cum-stained curves for all to see, before grabbing her by her feet and brutally impaling her cunt, or at least trying to: she was too tight, his cock was only a fourth in.

"Aaaaaah! No, no, no, no! It won't fit, you bloody idiot!"

Angry that his show didn't go as planned, the giant goblin immediately started violently fucking her up and down. The experience was brutal and incredibly painful, his girth way above what her womanhood had gotten used to; but, maybe because of her class, or simply because she was a slut beneath all this, she could already glimpse a trace of a massive, massive orgasm building up.

“Oooh! Oooh! Ooooh! Oooh!”

Each harsh waist movement sheathed her further down his enormous cock, bringing lewd moans from the slut in a rhythmic fashion; the cadence was so stable and obscene that the goblins in the cave couldn't prevent themselves from clapping in rhythm too. Even the captives got scared, not used to so much noise; this nasty degradation of one of them was just too painful to watch.

The symphony of fucks and moans increased more and more rapidly until the giant finally fully got through, all the while delivering a new load of green cum deep in her cunt.

“Oooaaaooommmmmhrrrr!”

Livia rolled back her eyes as she screamed and squirmed in the air, impaled and bred by forty great centimetres of ejaculating green beast cock. She shone in a golden light as her lewd mating face was visible for all to see, a vulgar [Cross-Breeding Slut-Princess] delighted at the idea of becoming the cock-sleeve armour of a vulgar giant monster.

The giant eventually awoke from its massive orgasm, and in a post-nut lucid state, grabbed the metal links to setup its new armour, putting them on before it forgot. Satisfied with his alpha show and display of prominence, the chief goblin walked towards his private tent, the largest in the cavern, equipped with his new shiny armour.

The princess and the goblin were going to spend a lot, lot of fun time together.

*The End*