

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



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As I approached the immense building from the Kingdom side, aiming for the single small door, I realised soon enough that it was actually more like a small walled town. The Kingdom entrance door was there for women, whatever they were escaping from, to enter and begin a new life with no prior history. No one else was allowed to enter, not even the King himself.

The door was plain, but strong looking. A single handle on a cord dangled from a small hole in the centre of the door. I pulled the handle and heard, dimly somewhere within the building inside, a bell ring. I waited a full 5 minutes or so and was about to ring again, when the door opened.

An attractive woman, in the upper middle age range, opened the door and smiled at me pleasantly. She is naked except for a red coloured band around her upper right arm- most likely to indicate some position within the brothel. She speaks to me.

"Hello darling, another young one this week. When you walk through this door, you never walk back out the same way. Your life is here, unless you are purchased and leave as the personal consort of one of the Centaurs, in which case you will leave out the front doors. Do you understand fully, and do you understand the nature of this place?"

"I understand" I answer.

"Then follow me inside please"

She turns and walks inside for me to follow. As she turns I glance down and notice her ass hole...just like Agnes three years ago, she is worn out and gaping open. We only walk a small distance and are standing in a small entry room.

"Okay, honey, I'm Ursula. I'm the Madame here, I always welcome my new girls personally, I pride myself on it, rather than delegating this to other staff. What is your name please?"

"I'm Ingrid..." I'm not sure how to address her and she realises this.

"Just call me Ursula, we don't use formal titles or anything here. Now I'd like you to remove your travel clothing and throw them in the bin over there, they are not needed here. The Centaurs have no need or desire for their human concubines to be clothed, they have no desire for you to stimulate them with sexy clothing or any such thing. When the climate is cool enough, then you simply wrap in a blanket or cloak when they don't desire to use you for their pleasure. You will find the climate here most agreeable for the majority of the year to be naked however."

I do as she asks and stand naked waiting, nervously.

"Okay Ingrid, now put this on your right arm."

She hands me a blue arm band. She then gives a brief run down on the arm bands used here, along with a very broad overview of the small brothel town and how it works. The blue arm band indicates that I'm still being trained onto Centaur cocks and not yet to be used by the Centaurs due to the high likely hood of severe injury. Her red band is unique and indicates that she is the Madame of the brothel. The regular active "cock sleeves" that are available for clients wear no bands at all. Other staff wear an arm band denoting their duties- trainers that train the new arrivals for example, all the way to women that tend to the food growing in the garden or tend the small number of livestock. At any given time, the actual active consorts only make up around one third of the women here. Every woman, even the Madame, began as a pleasure consort. Over time the most desirable are usually

sold as personal consorts. The remainder of the women, after 15 years or so, see decreased interest from the clients as they become excessively worn, loose and broken from the heavy anal use by the oversized cocks. When worn out, they are given the option to take up other duties if they desire- some women still chose to continue pleasuring the Centaurs anyway. New arrivals roughly equal the numbers sold to clients, hence the overall population doesn't change as much as you'd expect.

"You begin your full training tomorrow. Today you will be shown around our little town and settle into your accommodation. Follow me please Ingrid!"

The next main area is where I'll be spending most of the next 6 months. It is the training area. This is where new girls are trained to take the Centaurs without serious injury or death, like historically occurs during the Centaur rape orgies of wartime. I must admit, that even though I'd heard that the brothels train and ready the girls to take the Centaurs relatively safely, I'd never really given any thought as to how they might actually do it. Well the answers are all within the walls of the training rooms here.

The walls are lined with training implements. All different sizes and shapes of plugs and artificial phallus's, some with handles, some with chains or cords, some for use in a harness, some are hollow to allow attachment to a bellows for inflation. They are mostly carved from a soft rubberised material that is sourced from the large stems of the mushrooms that often grow in caves up in the mountains. When dried and treated correctly these fungi form a material that can be carved into shapes and retains it's soft rubbery suppleness for around two years. It has many uses in the realm, not just limited to women's sexual aids. I remember back in our village, some of the women would discreetly visit one particular travelling merchant known to sell such sexual helpers. One day when the trader had no customers, I went and asked to see his special wares and tried to purchase a large pear shaped one on a cord, but I had nowhere near enough coin. So I sucked his cock in the back of the barn and swallowed his semen down my throat to complete the transaction. What he never realised, is that I also lifted his coin purse when he was distracted by my oral talents. I often used the pear up my ass when I masturbated to that picture in my mind, of myself in the sling under a Centaur- just like Agnes 3 years ago.

The fungus material is one of the things that the Brothel is not self-sufficient in, being unable to grow it in this climate, so it is delivered by the Kingdom instead. What is grown and produced here is the other training essential. Made from grinding one locally grown plant into a paste and then mixing it with the dried powder of another plant, plus a bit of water. The result is a thick, slippery oil that eases insertion of giant Centaur cocks into a woman's ass hole. In fact, the oil even produces a pleasant warming sensation as well. Of course, the Centaurs call this wonder oil "sleeve oil".

Ursula steers me over to two women, wearing trainer arm bands, who are grouped around a young looking woman who is bent over a padded wooden beam. One of the trainers is furiously driving home a thick artificial cock, mounted on a study handle, into the woman's stretched out ass hole. Each thrust in bringing a grunt of pain from the receiver and a grunt of effort from the driver. Ursula speaks to the woman overseeing the training.

"This here is Ingrid, our newest girl. She will be starting full training tomorrow, so please get her program ready. For now though, could you please just fit her with a holder until tomorrow? We may as well get her started, since we're here"

The trainer nods and walks around me a few times, sizing me up.

"She's taller than average, and looks to be healthy and strongly built, should be able to take quite a bit of cock ultimately"

She then dips her fingers into a nearby wooden tub and scoops up some of the mentioned sexual oil and begins inspecting and probing my anus.

"She shows a little previous wear, most likely from enjoying regular anal sex or anal masturbation. I'd say start her on a number 3 holder...medium length..." The woman pushes her fingers up inside me as deep as she can "on second thoughts make it number three long. She seems quite eager, and I think she has the depth covered...I think she is enjoying it."

The trainer then goes over to the wall and selects a bulbous plug with a short shaft and base. She comes back with it and lubricates me with the sleeve oil, that feels wonderfully warm I might add, and pushes the plug home into my ass. I jump a little, it's quite a bit larger than my "pear" from back home. If I'm to be honest, the detached way in which the trainer is treating me like a piece of sexual livestock is getting me aroused.

"Okay Ingrid, keep that in you until your full training starts tomorrow."

At that, Ursula takes my arm and steers me onto the next area. Along the way she strikes up some more conversation.

"It's still amazes me, Ingrid, how we take a human woman- someone who's own males average cocks of only around 6-7 inches in size and a few inches thick at most. We take them and condition them to not only survive anal penetration by cocks 18-26 inches long and 5 inches thick near the balls, but many of them even come to enjoy it and crave it! What an amazing sexual creature we women are!"

I agree with her and tell her about my friend, Agnes, who inspired me those three years ago. This makes her stop briefly, whilst she considers what I just said.

"Ingrid...are you suggesting that you may have come here of your own accord? It's no one's business really, and makes no difference since your history is erased anyway. But I'm intrigued."

I admit to her that, yes, I've never stopped thinking about Agnes and the obvious pleasure she got from Gresham. Yes, I came here mainly because I want the same.

"It's not unheard of, of course, for women to come here motivated entirely by sexual driven perversity and desire. What intrigues me most of all, is that each year the number of women coming here for such basic personal reasons are increasing. Every year more women like you come here driven by purely sexual motivation. Such women generally make the best and most sought after cock sleeves, due to their enthusiasm and willingness. Is that what you want Ingrid? To be purchased as a personal cock sleeve?"

I answer truthfully that, yes, I hope to be purchased by a Centaur like Gresham and live like Agnes.

"Good luck Ingrid, I'm sure you will do very well and go far. As for me, I came here by a far more common route. My family were very poor, they had too many daughters and sold me here"

I ask if she regrets what her family did, or resents them.

"At first I did of course. You know, I'm sure, how hard life is for poor peasants in the Kingdom. I was growing up always hungry, our roof barely kept the rain out, I slept on the dirt floor and was always sick it seemed. Then there are the little skirmishes between the local Lords and the risk of being murdered and raped in the crossfire, or even just because some soldiers felt like some sport with you. Here, on the other hand, I've never lacked for food, always been dry, warm and no soldiers ever dare to come and cause trouble here. In return I had to learn to pleasure the Centaurs, but soon

enough even that wasn't so bad- better than being raped and beaten by our own soldiers anyway. At least the Centaurs rarely beat their cock sleeves, we're too valuable in the clans. You just need to adapt to taking their massive cocks without serious injury, once you do that...don't be surprised to find that it's can become as good for you as it is for them. Remember, the more sexual pleasure you learn to provide them with, the more valuable you are to them.

The remainder of the tour covers everything from the gardens and livestock pens, crafting areas, living dormitories and food preparation areas – all areas that don't need to be described right now, and I'll do so when and if needed. The large central area is where the actual sexual couplings happen and will be explained later as well.

Finally in the evening I'm lead to my dormitory, which is dedicated to women under training. The beds are comfortable, the most comfort I've experienced in my life so far, that's for sure. The young woman on the next bed introduces herself to me, a smaller woman called Angela. Angela has only been here for a month longer than myself and is looking for friends. I soon decide that I like her. As "lights out" hour approaches I notice many women pair off and share beds for companionship and sex. There is no rules at all against this, and Angela soon slides into my bed after lights out. Five minutes later she is sucking expertly on my clitoris. Later still I return the favour for her.

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Today my real training begins, so I present to the training rooms. The trainer I met yesterday, the one who measured me up and fitted me with my holding plug, is to be my training overseer. I still have the "Number Three Long" holding plug inside my ass, just like I was instructed. It feels...nice inside me, it was a strain for the first few hours, but now it is just a feeling of pleasant fullness.

I'm not sure how I expected training to begin, but how it started was a surprise just the same. My training overseer began by retrieving a small brush and some bottles of temporary dyes and painted all the relevant anatomy onto my belly, from way down at my anus all the way up to my breasts. She then marked a spot where my rectum is and said that is where an average human cock comes to when they put it up your ass. A much larger than average human male cock will penetrate up your lower colon to here. A centaur comes up to here- she marks a spot up between the bottom of my breasts. She then uses the brush to expand out my rectum and colon to graphically display just how these parts of me have to expand and stretch for safe penetration and hopefully, enjoyable penetration with enough time.

The overseer then brings my attention to each area and graphically describes what happens to women that are are raped by the Centaurs during wartime raiding, without having had training and preparation.

Just like peeling an onion from the outer layer to inside, here the women are trained from the anus and in deeper, step by step. First the anus stretched and enlarged to allow initial penetration by the huge cock without it tearing. Then the rectum. When that training is well progressed, the lower colon is trained to expand and straighten it for deeper intercourse. Finally, the upper bend in the colon is trained to straighten as much as possible to allow a few inches of extra depth. Each step of the process has its own set of expansion tools shaped for the part of anatomy being worked on. All of this takes the 97.5 percent fatality rate of rape victims in war and reverses it to 97.5 percent survival rate for the first time coupling with a Centaur.

It's very important to note that the brothel training reduces fatalities from the first Centaur coupling, it does not remove the threat of injury entirely. All the training in the world to accommodate the giant cocks, still cannot simulate a raging beast weighing over 1000lb being

attached to the cock on the other end. In actual fact, most women take minor to moderate tearing during their first intercourse with a Centaur, even with training. Just like many women take vaginal tearing during first childbirth. Unfortunately, 2.5 percent of women still take internal damage enough to be fatal, even after being trained onto Centaur cocks. As the saying goes in the brothel "each Centaur cock that you take and survive makes the next one easier." So, despite all the training, the final phase of training happens mounted upon the cocks themselves.

All of the overseer theory explanations are designed to drive home the importance of our training. Our survival quite literally depends upon it. Only then did my first full training session start.

For today the training focused entirely upon enlargement of my anus. The training overseer handed over to a pair of underlings, who then set up a contraption with a handle driving a flywheel. The flywheel drives a shaft with a short ridged attachment made from the rubberised fungus already mentioned. The mechanism is set for a very short but rapid stroke, experience has shown that the use of this apparatus rapidly wears down and loosens the muscles in the anus. It also made me orgasm before long.

After an extensive two hour long session, where the two trainers took turns operating the handle when they tire, I was deemed loose enough for the next step. The trainers readied what they called a Number 4 Long Inflatable. Basically it looked like the holder plug they inserted yesterday, but one size larger. Plus the artisans that carve the plug, manage to hollow out the middle somewhat and attach a hand held bellows into the base. This was inserted into my pre-loosened ass hole and inflated with the bellows until I'm groaning in discomfort. They then take a break for 15 minutes and return to inflate the plug with two more pumps of the bellows. After an hour they had forced my ass hole open to around 4 inches wide. One trainer measured me up and asked for a Number 6 Long holder plug. When ready, one trainer released the bellows on the inflatable and pulled it out whilst the other quickly drove the holder plug all the way home. I kept trying to push it back out involuntarily, so the trainers fitted a harness and tightened it up to make it impossible for me to force the huge plug back out.

The above is the basic procedure for training all parts of the woman's anal canal. Loosen, expand and then hold and make the new size permanent. In this way my ass hole is quickly and permanently enlarged for extreme sexual purposes. I have to admit that I found the no nonsense and ambivalent attitude of the trainers strangely arousing. They were more like a pair of artists working on a sculpture or something. The overseer comes back at the end of the session to assess my progress and is very happy with my first day. As for me, I'm sore and walking a bit funny, I've never been opened up to 4 inches wide before- let alone being held forcibly at that size.

I have trouble sleeping due to constant stretching of my anus. Angela tries to help the same way she did the night before, but she isn't in a much better situation from her own training. I'm looking forward to tomorrow. A small group of Centaurs have sent a message ahead that they will be arriving to use the brothel. Madame Ursula requires me to be in attendance to see how the sessions work for the first time.

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Another forced anus enlargement session this morning. The training staff don't mess around with niceties! Just loosen me up, rip me open and shove a new plug into me to make their work permanent. However that isn't why I'm writing about today.

Today I get to watch, as a spectator only, my first session here with Centaurs. It's only a single squadron. For those that don't know Centaurs base everything round 5 man squad formations or multiples of that. So 5, 10, 15...you get the picture. They travel in wedge formations, a leader

making the point followed by 4 body guards flowing out behind in a arrow head shape. The groups of 5 then form into larger arrow head formations. This is the way they always cross open plains and rolling hills, and you practically never see them in groups of less than 5 unless they've taken casualties that have yet to be replaced.

Today we are visited by the smallest group, 5 Centaurs that are stopping by whilst on patrol along the borderlands.

I have to describe where the sexual intercourse occurs, because it is almost certainly not what most people would be expecting. Human brothels, of which there are plenty throughout the Kingdom, consist of small dirty little rooms where everything happens in privacy. It's the human way. This is most definitely not the Centaur way. They are used to a nomadic living where they have almost no privacy with their small semi-open tents. Centaurs openly fuck with their females for all to see, they think nothing of this. So naturally, the brothel works the same way. It all happens out in a circular central arena, everyone is free to watch the show, as I'm doing.

The open air arena is spaced with various aids to place the human cock sleeves onto for mounting by the Centaurs. Padded beams for the cock sleeve to bend over for mounting from behind are the most common, but various other constructs exist for other positions, plus slings for Centaurs that want the woman impaled on their cocks under them- just like Agnes all them years ago as she left our village.

Security is enforced by 5 female Centaurs that are cycled through from the Grand Chieftains own Elite Shield Guard- the only military female unit the Centaurs have. They are a traditional and sacred honour guard to the Grand Chieftain. No Centaur visitors would dare to cause trouble with them as they would incur the wrath of the Chieftains themselves. The added benefit of the brothels being guarded by the members of the Elite Shield Guard is that they have no inclination to be tempted into trying out the wares for themselves.

The northern arc of the arena is divided into padded cubicles where the women are placed on display, bent over face down to expose the part that is of most interest to the Centaurs- their ass holes. Depending upon the individual Centaur and what they may feel like, determines who they may choose- they may want a younger tighter cock sleeve or an older looser one to allow hard free penetration or a taller strong woman to take an especially long cock for example.

The five Centaurs are making their way along the display of cock sleeves. They occasionally pause to check a hole that takes their interest, sometimes stepping over the cock sleeve and placing their cock on their back to get a gauge for how much of their cock the woman should be able to take. Soon enough the Centaurs have all selected their cock sleeves and payment is made to Madame Ursula under supervision by the one of the Female Centaur Guards. An amount of gold coin, plus two Goats to replenish the brothel's livestock. The Guards later make sure that the correct taxes are paid to both the King and the Grand Chieftain, the remainder is used by the Brothel to buy supplies from both factions- especially medical supplies that cannot be grown.

I find myself trying to look everywhere at once as the Centaurs split up to mount their cock sleeves each in their own preferred way. My eyes soon settle upon the Centaur with the largest cock, truly a massive specimen, and the woman he chose. Monica is a tall and heavy set woman that is one of the longest serving concubines here. She probably could have retired to menial duties around the place long ago, but her popularity has ensured she stayed available for sessions. Her great talent is a reputation for being able to take even the largest of Centaur cocks all the way, and enjoy it, she's been taking them for over ten years, and she looks like it. Her ass hole is grossly stretched, worn and prolapsed. If a person was to slide their arm up Monica's ass hole, you'd probably need to tell



her to make certain that she has noticed.

She notices when the Centaur shoves his massive phallus into her though. Even Monica's ruined hole stretches tightly around the beast's shaft and she is soon encouraging him to put it all into her. He does, every last inch of cock soon disappears inside the woman and the Centaur actually seems to be surprised at the enthusiasm that Monica is pushing back to meet his thrusts. The cock is pierced with large "pleasure studs" along its top length and they can be heard making a rasping sound as they slide in and out Monica's hole. As explained before, the piercings are to pleasure the Centaur females and can cause a lot of discomfort and even tearing for newly trained women cock sleeves. However, experienced and heavily worn women often develop a taste for them as well. It appears that Monica loves them. It's becoming apparent that the woman is fucking the Centaur more than the other way around. Monica is driving back to accept the cock being thrust into her. It doesn't take long before the Centaur stops with his cock buried all the way in, and Monica uses her hands to grasp and expertly massage the cock bulging in her belly, until the head flares and unloads its hot liquid into her. This quickly brings Monica's orgasm out as well.

I soon realise that my thighs are wet from the juices flowing out of my vagina. The huge plug training my own ass hole that was painful before is starting to bring me close to an orgasm of my own. Angela helps me get all the way there, as I watch the Centaur slowly pull its cock out of Monica...it just seems to go on forever. How is it possible for a woman to take that all the way inside, let alone enjoy it like Monica did? It seems to be the opinion of many of the other women that Monica is something of a freak in her ability to take even the largest Centaurs without injury.

All the other couplings are finishing up as well. The Centaurs have paid for the cock sleeves until they leave tomorrow, but for now they are retiring for their evening meals. Many of the women are massaging their belly to work the pockets of semen out of their colon, fully expecting to be pumped full of much more as the evening and night goes on. This is something that the trainers have instructed me on already, as the Centaurs can pump an ungodly amount of semen into your colon. If you do not try to push some of it out at every opportunity then they just keep pumping more in and forcing it further into you, as they repeatedly fuck you. It can get uncomfortable when you get too full. It does work as a good lubricant though.

One of the women has to be subbed out for a replacement after having to go to the infirmary. She is still relatively new and tight and is bleeding slightly after having her anus torn by the "pleasure studs" of her Centaur. It's not too bad, but she reports to the infirmary to be stitched up and will be on no Centaur duty for a week. She is replaced by another woman for the remainder of the Centaur's stay.

To the surprise of many, when the Centaurs leave the following day, Monica leaves with them - having been sold as a concubine. Faced with an approaching life of menial brothel work did not sit well with her, so she asked to be sold at a price that was agreed upon.

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My training continues. Soon enough the overseer tells me that my anus is stretched beyond recovery and I'm now anally incontinent for life. She gives another theory lesson on how to deal with this, whilst still keeping myself clean and ready for sexual use. Some women at the brothel like to use plugs for general daily life, but most just leave themselves hanging open and learn their daily routines and diet, and just learn to live with it.

With my anus gaping loosely open, training moved to deeper into the rectum. A similar process of loosening, forcing open and then holding it to make it permanent is used as already described.



Different types and shapes of training aids are used to suit the new area of anatomy being worked on. For example, instead of a plug that holds open the anus, they use a fully inserted oval shape that is fitted with a cord to pull it out. It constantly tries to work itself deeper inside as I walk around between training sessions.

Soon enough a similar training begins on safely deepening and conditioning my colon all the way up to my breasts. It turns out that I love this deep penetration, I quickly develop a taste for it. The overseer informs me that I appear to have quite a talent. The experienced trainers have a formula for working out how deep to train a woman, based upon how tall they are and their body shape. The overseer says I'm something special and authorises me to be trained to a depth fully 4 inches deeper than usual for a woman of my height.

The final two months of training are less about enlargement and depth enhancement and more about consolidation. The trainers mount heavy reproductions of Centaur cocks, made from carving large stems of the rubbery fungus, into heavy duty harnesses. These are used to drive the trainees hard, day after day until we take them as easily as a normal every day woman takes their tiny little husbands cocks.

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I'm worried today. Angela's training is over, she began a month before me. We've become close and make love every night, it makes the life here so much more pleasant. Today she is being broken in for her first Centaur coupling. She has passed all training, but I worry because she is smaller than most, and just looks too delicate to be taking these raging beasts.

First time sessions are a little different to normal brothel sessions. A Centaur pays a much higher price to break in a new tight trainee. Madame Ursula tries her best to make sure the first session happens with a cock that won't cause too much damage. However, the reality of the situation is that almost every woman suffers some level of injury for her first time...heavy bruising, minor tearing, and will usually be off duty for at least a week afterwards. Each cock after the first gets easier. Sometimes the injuries may be heavier and, unfortunately 2 percent still succumb to their injuries. This is why I'm worried about Angela.

The other women turn out to watch, everyone loves a "breaking in". Some are taking bets on how long Angela will last before passing out.

Luckily, Ursula managed to entice a Centaur with a relatively small cock to break in Angela, one without pleasure studs. Of course, small is relative when talking about Centaur cocks. The customer requests her in the sling underneath. It takes some effort to get the cock started inside the tight young first timer. Angela cries out and the other women watching give a cheer as she takes her first real Centaur cock, which is soon buried halfway up her ass hole. Angela keeps enough faculties about her to begin working herself on the shaft to pleasure the customer. It is working! The Centaur has bliss written all over his face, the young newly trained Angela is immensely tight around the Centaur's shaft and he soon loses control and begins humping. I can see Angela beginning to swoon and a strong thrust takes the cock almost all the way into her body, it has hurt her but she stays awake and braces as best she can. There is still 4 inches of cock outside and I'm concerned that the Centaur is going to lose control and just drive it all into Angela and really damage her bad.

Before anything else can happen, however, the Centaur suddenly stops pumping, howls in pleasure, and unloads his seed. The other women give another cheer as Angela takes her first ever load of semen into her belly, which is now bulged from the flared cock head. Angela is awake, but she's gone quiet, I'm not sure if she's in real trouble or if she's just become acclimatised or even enjoying

it.

After a short lull, whilst the Centaur catches its breath, Angela begins gently swinging on the sling to stimulate the slightly soft shaft that she is still impaled on. The spectators are surprised.

“look at the little whore going for it on her first try!”

I can tell they are impressed and trying not to show it.

Suddenly the cock goes fully erect again, inside the young woman, I see her convulse and her eyes begin to roll back in her head. That hurt, I’m sure of it! She grits her teeth and stays awake somehow. The Centaur reaches down with his powerful arms and grasps the top of Angela’s shoulders and looks like he’s about to push her onto the remaining 4 inches of his cock. I hear the other women

“Oh no...he’s not going to do it is he...?”

The Centaur does it, applying firm pressure to Angela’s shoulders, she begins to wail. It looks like the cock just will not go in any further, until suddenly, Angela gives way inside and is impaled on the remaining 4 inches. The spectators groan, fearing the worst. I watch the young woman, my best friend and lover for the past 5 months convulsing so hard that the sling is shaking, I suspect she is in mortal pain. I feel my stomach tighten up, I don’t want to look.

Then the women cheer again for some reason. I force myself to look again and realise that Angela isn’t convulsing from fatal internal injuries, she is cumming! Soon after the Centaur follows as well, as he dumps his second load into the woman’s belly. This time Angela does pass out, even the Centaur is a bit unsteady on his hooves. He walks over to the staff who are standing by to release the lifeless, limp body of Angela from the shaft she’s still impaled on.

Angela did it. She survived her breaking in with style. She’s heavily bruised and walking doubled over and will be out of action for over a week. But she survived, and like the saying goes, “each Centaur cock you survive makes the next one easier”

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My own training is over. My ass hole is just a worn pleasure sleeve for a huge Centaur cock now. I’m ready for it, I’m looking forward to it, it’s why I came here. My training band is removed.

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