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BEASTIALITY STORIES



VESSEL OF THE VOID



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The twin suns hung low over Yhtill, their golden light bleeding into the Lake of Hali, casting the crumbling city in a perpetual haze of amber and shadow. Lyssandra Vey stood at the edge of her chamber's balcony in the palace, her beauty a stark contrast to the decay around her. At twenty-two, she was a vision—raven hair tumbling in waves to her waist, framing a face of porcelain perfection: high cheekbones, full lips painted crimson, and eyes of deep violet that shimmered like the stars above Carcosa. Her body was a marvel of excess, sculpted by some divine or infernal hand. Her breasts, K-cups at least, swelled defiantly against the black lace gown she wore, the custom brassiere beneath a fortress of satin and wire, lifting them into a breathtaking swell that strained the fabric, her nipples faintly outlined. Her ass was a perfect, full curve, hugged by the gown's tight skirt, flaring out to conceal nothing of its shape. Her legs, long and statuesque, gleamed beneath sheer stockings, their length accentuated by stiletto heels that clicked like a metronome of desire.

She'd come to Yhtill a month ago, fleeing a suitor in Hastur who'd grown too possessive, only to find the city whispering of the Yellow Sign. The court buzzed with it—Queen Cassilda's dread, Camilla's strange songs, Ulrich's warnings—but Lyssandra dismissed it as superstition. She'd laughed at the masked balls, her K-cups bouncing as she danced, her ass swaying, drawing every eye. Yet tonight, alone, the air felt heavier, the mirrors in her chamber reflecting not just her beauty but something ... else.

She turned from the balcony, her gown rustling, and froze. A figure stood in the doorway—The Stranger, his pallid mask gleaming, his robes tattered and yellowed. "Have you seen the Yellow Sign, Lyssandra Vey?" he rasped, his voice a dry wind across the Lake of Hali.

Her heart thudded, her K-cups rising with each breath. "I don't know your damned sign," she snapped, tossing her hair, her ass shifting as she stepped back. "Leave me."

He laughed, a sound like cracking glass, and lifted a hand. The mirror behind her pulsed, its surface rippling, and there it was—the Yellow Sign, a spiral of gold and black, burning into the glass. Her violet eyes locked onto it, and a heat surged through her, pooling in her breasts, her cunt, her perfect ass. She gasped, her nipples hardening against the lace, her legs trembling as an unseen force tugged her closer.

"You feel him," The Stranger said, stepping nearer, his mask inches from her face. "The King in Yellow. He desires you—a vessel of flesh and fire."

Lyssandra's hands moved unbidden, cupping her K-cups, squeezing them until she moaned, the brassiere creaking. "No," she whispered, but her body betrayed her, her ass grinding against the air, her long legs parting as she sank to her knees before the mirror. The Stranger's robes parted, revealing a cock—thick, veined, 9 inches—jutting from his pallid frame. She stared, her full lips parting, and he gripped her hair, shoving his shaft into her mouth.

She gagged, then surrendered, her tongue swirling around him, her K-cups bouncing as he thrust, his balls slapping her chin. Her perfect ass rocked back, her gown riding up to bare her thighs, her cunt dripping through the lace panties stretched tight over her folds. The mirror pulsed, the Yellow Sign flaring, and she felt it—eyes beyond the veil, watching, wanting. Her hands tore at her gown, freeing her massive breasts, the brassiere snapping as her K-cups spilled out, heavy and glorious, her nipples dark and erect.

The Stranger groaned, his cum flooding her throat, hot and bitter, and she swallowed, her violet eyes glazing as the Sign burned brighter. He pulled free, his cock dripping, and vanished into the

shadows, leaving her panting, her perfect ass in the air, her long legs splayed. "Sing for him," his voice echoed, and the mirror cracked, a hum rising from its depths.

Lyssandra stood, her K-cups swaying, her gown in tatters, and stumbled to the bed, her ass bouncing with each step. She fell onto the silk, her fingers plunging into her cunt, stroking herself as the song came unbidden: "Along the shore the cloud waves break..." Her voice was a moan, her breasts jiggling as she fucked herself, her legs spread wide, her perfect ass grinding into the sheets. The air thickened, and a shadow loomed—the Phantom of Truth, skeletal and mist-clad, its bony hands reaching.

"You've called him," it whispered, and she screamed, her orgasm ripping through her, her K-cups heaving, her cunt gushing onto the bed. The Phantom's touch was cold, tracing her nipples, then lower, fingering her clit until she writhed, her ass clenching, her long legs kicking. "He comes," it said, and faded, leaving her soaked, trembling, the song still on her lips.

The room darkened, the twin suns dimming beyond the balcony, and a presence filled the space—vast, tattered, crowned in jagged gold. The King in Yellow. His face was unseen, his robes a shroud of tatters, but his voice was a velvet blade: "Lyssandra, my vessel. Show me your truth."

Her body obeyed, her K-cups rising as she knelt, her perfect ass thrust back, her legs trembling. She tore the last of her gown away, her massive breasts spilling fully, her cunt exposed, dripping. "Take me," she begged, her beautiful face flushed, her violet eyes wild. He approached, his robes parting to reveal a cock—monstrous, 14 inches, thick as her wrist—pulsing with a sickly yellow glow. He seized her hips, his grip bruising her perfect ass, and thrust into her, stretching her cunt beyond reason, her K-cups slapping her ribs as he fucked her.

She screamed, pleasure and terror entwined, her long legs buckling, her ass bouncing against his thrusts, his balls—huge, heavy—thudding against her thighs. Her breasts swung, her nipples scraping the bed, and she clawed at the sheets, her beautiful face contorted in ecstasy and dread. "The Yellow Sign!" she cried, and it burned into her mind, her cunt clenching around him as he drove deeper, his cum erupting inside her—hot, endless, flooding her womb.

He pulled free, her ass quivering, her K-cups heaving, and lifted a pallid mask from his robes. "Wear it," he commanded, and she took it, her hands shaking, pressing it to her face. It fused to her skin, cold and alive, and she saw—Carcosa, its black-starred sky, its towers of bone, the Lake of Hali boiling with faces. Madness clawed at her, her K-cups aching, her cunt pulsing, her perfect ass trembling as the King laughed, a sound that shattered her soul.

The mirror reflected her now—a queen in yellow tatters, her massive breasts bare, her long legs splayed, her beautiful face masked, her ass marked with the spiral Sign. She fucked the air, her fingers plunging into herself, her voice a wail: "Songs that the Hyades shall sing..." The King vanished, but his presence lingered, her body his, her mind lost to Carcosa.

Morning found her chamber empty, the mirror cracked, the gown in shreds. A maid whispered of a figure seen by the lake—raven-haired, K-cups swaying, ass perfect, legs endless—singing beneath the twin suns, her mask pallid, her fate sealed by the Yellow Sign.

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### **An Inhabitant of Carcosa: The Passion of Lyssandra Vey**

In a shadowed year of some unchronicled age, when the twin suns of Carcosa burned low and leprous above the Lake of Hali, Lyssandra Vey awoke to a silence that gnawed at her soul. Her body,

once a temple of desire in the courts of Hastur, lay sprawled upon a bed of cold earth, her black gown—a shroud of lace and silk—clinging to her flesh like a lover’s desperate grasp. Her breasts, mountainous and heavy, pressed against the fabric, their weight a burden of beauty, their peaks stiffening in the chill as if kissed by unseen lips. Her backside, full and rounded, sank into the soil, while her long legs stretched out, pale and gleaming, their muscles taut as if poised to flee. Her face—porcelain, framed by raven hair that spilled like ink across the ground—reflected a beauty untouched by time, yet her violet eyes stared into a void that whispered back.

She rose, the gown tearing at the seams, baring her thighs and the shadowed cleft between them, her skin prickling as a wind, thick with the stench of rot and musk, caressed her. The land about her was a graveyard of a city—Carcosa, its towers crumbled into jagged teeth, its streets paved with bones that gleamed wetly under the suns’ diseased light. No sound stirred save the faint lap of the Lake of Hali, its waters a mirror of gold and blood, rippling as if something vast writhed beneath.

Lyssandra remembered death—or thought she did. A fever had taken her in Hastur, her suitor’s hands clawing at her flesh as she burned, his cock plunging into her as she gasped her last, her mountainous breasts heaving, her full backside grinding against his thrusts in a final, futile dance. Yet here she stood, alive, or so it seemed, her cunt still pulsing with the echo of that lust, her legs trembling as she staggered forward, drawn by a hum that was both song and scream.

The air grew heavy, pregnant with a presence she could not name. She passed a stone, half-sunk in the earth, its surface carved with a spiral—the Yellow Sign, a mark she’d mocked in Yhtill’s halls. Now it pulsed, wet and alive, like a vein split open, oozing a black ichor that smelled of sex and decay. Her fingers brushed it, and a jolt seared through her, her nipples hardening, her rounded backside clenching, a moan escaping her full lips as her violet eyes clouded with visions—towers of flesh, rivers of cum, a sky of black stars weeping ash.

Ahead loomed a figure, gaunt and robed in tatters, his face a skull wrapped in parchment skin, his eyes hollow pits that wept green tears. He leaned on a staff of twisted bone, its head a phallus carved with eyes that blinked. “Lyssandra Vey,” he croaked, his voice a blade across her nerves, “you are late to Carcosa.”

“Who are you?” she demanded, her breasts rising with each breath, her gown slipping to bare one shoulder, the curve of her full backside outlined as she stepped closer. “What is this place?”

“I am Hoshtor, once a seer, now a shade,” he replied, his skeletal hand gesturing to the ruins. “This is Carcosa, city of the dead, where the King in Yellow reigns. You are no stranger here—your flesh calls to him.”

She laughed, a sound too sharp for this tomb-world, her long legs striding past him, her rounded backside swaying defiantly. “I’m no man’s puppet,” she declared, but the hum grew louder, a chant that coiled around her spine: “Along the shore the cloud waves break...” Her cunt throbbed, wet and insistent, and she stumbled, falling to her knees beside a slab—a grave, its stone cracked, a name etched in jagged script: Lyssandra Vey, Beloved of the Yellow King.

Horror clawed at her, her violet eyes widening, her mountainous breasts shuddering as she tore at the gown, baring her torso to the suns’ glare, her nipples dark and swollen against pale flesh. “No!” she screamed, but Hoshtor knelt beside her, his bony fingers tracing her thigh, then higher, plunging into her dripping cunt. She gasped, her backside bucking, her legs splaying as he fucked her with his hand, his touch cold yet searing, his staff’s phallus-eye weeping a milky fluid that splattered her breasts, stinging like acid.

"You died," he hissed, his other hand gripping her full backside, squeezing its flesh until she cried out, "but Carcosa claimed you. The King fucked your soul into this husk—see the truth." He forced her head to the grave, and the earth split, a skeletal arm bursting forth, its fingers clutching a mirror of black glass. Her reflection stared back—not her face, but a mask, pallid and eyeless, fused to a skull dripping with flesh, her raven hair tangled with worms.

She screamed, shoving Hoshtor away, his hand slipping from her, slick with her juices. Her long legs carried her stumbling through the ruins, her gown a shredded banner, her full backside bouncing, her breasts swaying grotesquely as the hum became a roar. The Lake of Hali loomed, its surface parting to birth a figure—vast, tattered, crowned in thorns of gold, his robes a shroud of yellowed flesh. The King in Yellow. His cock jutted forth, a monstrous thing, 14 inches of pulsating meat, veined with rot, dripping a yellow ooze that hissed on the ground.

"Lyssandra," he whispered, his voice a velvet noose, "my bride, my vessel." His hands—clawed, festering—seized her hips, tearing the last of her gown away, her mountainous breasts spilling free, her backside thrust back as he impaled her. His cock stretched her cunt beyond breaking, a wet, ripping agony laced with ecstasy, her legs buckling, her full lips parted in a scream that turned to a moan. He fucked her there, on the shore, her breasts slapping her ribs, her rounded backside quivering against his thrusts, his balls—huge, sagging—thudding against her thighs, oozing pus that burned her skin.

The Yellow Sign flared in her mind, a spiral of fire and filth, and she saw—Carcosa alive, its streets writhing with bodies, cocks plunging into cunts and mouths, breasts bursting with milk and blood, backsides split by monstrous shafts, all singing beneath black stars. Her cunt clenched, gushing around him, her orgasm a surrender, her violet eyes rolling back as he roared, his cum flooding her—hot, thick, rancid, filling her womb until it spilled down her legs, pooling with the lake's gore.

He withdrew, her backside trembling, her breasts heaving, and pressed a mask to her face—cold, alive, fusing to her flesh. "See," he commanded, and she did—Hoshtor's skull grinning, her grave open, her body a rotting husk beneath her, fucked to ruin by worms and wind. Yet she stood, a shade in yellow tatters, her full backside marked with the Sign, her long legs endless, her mountainous breasts swaying as she turned to the King, her beautiful face masked, her soul his.

The twin suns sank, the lake swallowed the light, and Lyssandra wandered Carcosa, a ghost of lust and horror, singing: "Songs that the Hyades shall sing..." Her cunt dripped his seed, her backside bore his claws, her breasts ached with his touch, and the city moaned with her, a requiem of flesh and shadow, eternal beneath the black-starred sky.

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The Masque of the Yellow Veil

In the shadowed heart of a plague-ravaged land, where the Red Death gnawed at flesh and soul, Prince Prospero sealed his abbey against the world, a fortress of revelry amid decay. The twin suns of some distant Carcosa flickered faintly beyond the stained glass, their leprous light barely piercing the seven colored chambers of his sanctuary. Into this grotesque carnival came Lyssandra Vey, a guest unbidden yet welcomed, her beauty a flame in the dark. Her raven hair cascaded in waves to her waist, framing a face of porcelain—high cheekbones, full crimson lips, and violet eyes that gleamed with secrets. Her breasts, mountainous and heavy, strained the black lace gown she wore, their peaks sharp against the fabric, a living altar of desire. Her long legs, sheathed in sheer stockings, stretched beneath the gown's hem, their elegance a taunt to the grotesque masks around her.

The masquerade pulsed with fevered excess—courtiers in motley writhed, their costumes dripping with wax and blood, their laughter a wet gurgle. The air stank of sweat, wine, and rotting roses, the seven rooms ablaze with color: blue, purple, green, orange, white, violet, and the final chamber, black as pitch, its scarlet panes bleeding like an open wound. Lyssandra drifted through them, her gown whispering, her mountainous breasts swaying with each step, drawing eyes that bulged behind gilded masks. She'd fled Hastur's courts, whispers of the Yellow Sign on her heels, only to find this abbey's decadence a mirror to Carcosa's ruin.

In the violet room, a figure approached—tall, robed in tattered yellow, his face a pallid mask that shimmered with damp rot. "Have you seen the Yellow Sign, Lyssandra Vey?" he rasped, his voice a dry wind from the Lake of Hali. She froze, her violet eyes narrowing, her breasts heaving as the memory of a spiral—wet, pulsing, oozing black—flared in her mind.

"I mock your signs," she said, tossing her hair, her long legs carrying her past him toward the black chamber. But the air thickened, and the ebony clock tolled midnight, its chime a groan that shook her bones. The revelers stilled, their masks slipping to reveal faces pocked with sores, eyes weeping pus. The Stranger followed, his robes parting to bare a cock—9 inches, veined with decay, dripping a yellow slime that hissed on the floor.

She stumbled into the black room, its scarlet light bathing her, her gown clinging to her sweat-slick skin, her mountainous breasts shuddering as she turned. The Stranger seized her, his clawed hand tearing her bodice, baring her breasts to the air, their heavy flesh spilling forth, nipples dark and swollen. He shoved her against the wall, her long legs buckling as he thrust his cock into her mouth, the taste of rot and musk choking her. She gagged, then moaned, her crimson lips stretching around him, her violet eyes glazing as he fucked her throat, his balls—sagging, festering—slapping her chin, oozing a stench that burned her lungs.

The courtiers gathered, their grotesque forms pressing in—a woman with a mask of feathers, her cunt a gaping wound dripping blood, bent over a table as a man with a goat's head rammed his 10-inch prick into her, his thrusts splitting her flesh, her screams a song: "*Along the shore the cloud waves break...*" Another, a skeletal figure in green, his cock a twisted knot of bone, fucked a youth whose mask melted into his face, their grunts mingling with wet tearing. Lyssandra's cunt throbbed, wet and aching, her long legs splaying as the Stranger pulled free, his cum erupting across her breasts, hot and rancid, pooling in the valley between them.

The clock struck again, and a new figure emerged from the shadows—vast, shrouded in red, its face a skull beneath a hood, yet its presence echoed the King in Yellow. The Red Death, or something older, its robes parting to reveal a monstrous shaft, 14 inches of pulsating meat, veined with crimson and gold, dripping a bile that ate the floor. "Lyssandra," it whispered, a velvet blade, "my vessel in this masque." The Stranger stepped aside, and the figure seized her, lifting her long legs to wrap around its waist, her gown shredding as it impaled her cunt, stretching her beyond reason, her mountainous breasts bouncing against its chest, her nipples scraping bone.

She screamed, ecstasy and terror entwined, her violet eyes rolling back as it fucked her, its thrusts a wet, ripping violation, its balls—huge, festering—thudding against her thighs, oozing pus that blistered her skin. The courtiers joined, their hands clawing at her breasts, squeezing until milk and blood spurted, their cocks—some rotting, some spiked—plunging into mouths and wounds around her. A woman with eyes sewn shut straddled Lyssandra's face, grinding a cunt of writhing worms against her lips, forcing her to lick as the Red Death drove deeper, its cum flooding her womb—thick, scalding, a tide of red and yellow that spilled down her legs.

The Yellow Sign burned in her mind, a spiral of fire and filth, and she saw—Carcosa bleeding into

the abbey, towers of flesh piercing the black room, the Lake of Hali swallowing the revelers, their bodies bursting in orgies of gore and lust. Her cunt clenched, gushing around the Red Death, her orgasm a surrender, her beautiful face contorted as it roared, withdrawing to paint her breasts with its seed, a grotesque baptism.

It dropped her, trembling, her long legs splayed, her mountainous breasts slick with cum and blood, and pressed a mask to her face—pallid, cold, fusing to her flesh. “See,” it commanded, and she did—the abbey’s walls crumbling, Prospero’s corpse fucked to ruin by shadows, the Red Death and the King in Yellow one, their laughter a requiem. The courtiers fell, sores erupting, cocks bursting, cunts weeping plague, yet she stood, a shade in red and yellow tatters, her breasts heaving, her violet eyes masked, her soul theirs.

The twin suns sank, the clock tolled its last, and Lyssandra wandered the ruins, a ghost of lust and horror, singing: *“Songs that the Hyades shall sing...”* Her cunt dripped their mingled seed, her breasts bore their claws, and the abbey moaned with her.

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## **The Rider of Zothique**

Across the ashen plains of Zothique, where the Earth lay dying beneath a sun swollen and red as a burst vein, Lyssandra Vey rode naked atop a colossal steed, a beast of midnight hide and sinew, its hooves grinding the dust of eons into silence. The wasteland stretched infinite, a surreal tapestry of ruin—blackened dunes rippled like the ribs of some titanic corpse, studded with obelisks of porphyry veined with green rot, their tips phallic and weeping a viscous amber that pooled in craters. Stunted trees, their bark peeling like flayed skin, bore fruit that pulsed with a sickly glow, splitting to spill worms that writhed in orgiastic knots. The sky hung low, a shroud of crimson and violet, torn by streaks of black stars that bled light into the void.

Lyssandra appeared a mote against the enormity of her mount, her long legs dangling, pale and slender, barely brushing its flanks, her raven hair streaming like a banner of shadow. Yet her humongous, firm, naked breasts defied her smallness, swaying gently with the horse’s slow, deliberate gait, their weight a soft pendulum against the stillness, nipples dark and erect in the chill of this terminal world. Her face—porcelain, beautiful, with violet eyes wide and haunted—gazed into the desolation, her full lips parted as if to speak a name she could not recall. She had fled Carcosa, or perhaps been cast out, the Yellow Sign a spiral burned into her mind, her cunt still aching from the King’s monstrous touch, her soul a shard of his will.

The horse plodded on, its eyes twin pits of glowing coal, its breath a hiss that stirred the ash into phantasms—shapes of lovers locked in coitus, their flesh melting into one another, mouths gaping with silent screams. Lyssandra clutched its mane, her long legs trembling, her breasts jostling as the beast crested a dune. Below sprawled a necropolis—Malneant, or some echo of it—its domes cracked like eggshells, spilling bones and dust. From the ruins rose a wind, thick with the musk of decay and sex, carrying moans that coiled around her, teasing her nipples, brushing her thighs, until her cunt wept a thin thread of desire onto the horse’s back.

She halted, dismounting with a grace belied by her nakedness, her humongous breasts swaying as she landed, her feet sinking into ash that clung like lover’s hands. The horse towered over her, a monolith of muscle, its cock—half-unsheathed, 18 inches of veined obsidian—dripping a milky ichor that smoked where it struck the ground. She stared, her violet eyes glazing, and knelt before it, her long legs folding, her breasts brushing the earth as she took its shaft in her hands, its heat searing her palms. She stroked it, her full lips parting to lick the tip, tasting salt and ruin, her tongue

swirling as it swelled, her breasts shuddering with each motion. The beast snorted, thrusting, and she opened her mouth wider, gagging as it fucked her throat, its cum erupting—hot, bitter, flooding her until it spilled down her chin, coating her humongous tits in a glistening shroud.

A shadow loomed—a figure, skeletal and robed in tatters of yellowed silk, its skull crowned with thorns of onyx. “Lyssandra Vey,” it rasped, a voice from Carcosa’s shores, “you ride to Zothique’s heart, where the King waits.” She pulled free, gasping, her breasts slick and heaving, her long legs scrambling back as the figure’s robes parted, revealing a prick of bone and rot, 10 inches, oozing a black sap that writhed like worms. “Hoshtor?” she whispered, recalling the seer’s touch, but it laughed, a sound like breaking stone, and lunged.

She rolled aside, her breasts bouncing, ash clinging to her sweat, and ran, her long legs pumping, the necropolis a blur of grotesque splendor—statues of gods with cocks for heads, their marble cunts dripping jade, fountains of blood where skeletal hands clawed at the air, stroking themselves to dust. The figure pursued, its shaft slapping its thighs, until she tripped, sprawling naked beneath a tree of gnarled bone, its fruit—phallic, pulsing—bursting above her, raining a milky seed that burned her skin, her humongous breasts quivering as it pooled between them.

Hoshtor seized her, pinning her long legs apart, his bony hands clawing her thighs as he thrust his rotting cock into her cunt, stretching her with a wet, tearing agony. She screamed, her violet eyes rolling, her breasts swaying wildly as he fucked her, his sap filling her—cold, thick, alive, wriggling inside her womb. The tree’s branches bent, their fruit splitting to spill worms that slithered over her, sucking her nipples, burrowing into her flesh, her moans twisting into a song: *“Songs that the Hyades shall sing...”* Her cunt clenched, gushing around him, her orgasm a shuddering blasphemy, her beautiful face contorted in ecstasy and dread.

He withdrew, her breasts heaving, her legs trembling, and pressed a mask to her face—pallid, cold, fusing to her skin. “See,” he hissed, and she did—Zothique’s core, a chasm where the sun bled into a lake of fire, the King in Yellow rising, his cock a tower of flesh and gold, 20 inches, fucking the sky itself, his cum raining as ash. Her horse approached, mounting her now, its massive shaft splitting her anew, her humongous breasts crushed beneath its weight, her violet eyes masked, her soul lost to this dying Earth.

The red sun sank, the wasteland moaned, and Lyssandra rode on, a shade of lust and horror, her breasts swaying, her song echoing through Zothique’s ruins.

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The Veils of Zothique

The colossal steed bore Lyssandra Vey deeper into Zothique’s heart, its hooves crushing the brittle husks of petrified scorpions, their tails still twitching in death’s mimicry. The wasteland unfurled like a flayed hide beneath the bloated sun, its red light seeping into fissures where molten glass bubbled, reflecting her naked form—a speck atop the beast, her long legs dangling, her raven hair a whip of shadow against the wind. Her humongous, firm breasts swayed gently with each plodding step, their weight a soft rhythm against the stillness, nipples stiff and dark, kissed by the dry, acrid air. Her face—porcelain, beautiful, with violet eyes now veiled by the pallid mask fused to her skin—stared unblinking into the abyss, her full lips parted, exhaling a faint hum: “Along the shore the cloud waves break...”

The terrain shifted, dunes giving way to a plateau of obsidian, its surface cracked into polygons that wept a tarry ichor, pooling in basins where eyeless fish thrashed, their mouths gaping with needle

teeth. Skeletal palms loomed, their fronds replaced by tendrils of translucent flesh, each tipped with a bulbous sac that pulsed and split, spilling a rain of tiny, winged phalluses that buzzed toward her. They swarmed her breasts, latching onto her nipples, sucking with wet, insistent mouths, their wings beating a drone that vibrated through her chest. She gasped, her long legs kicking, her cunt throbbing as the sensation spiraled into her core, her juices dripping onto the horse's back, sizzling where they met its hide.

The steed snorted, its coal-pit eyes flaring, and quickened its pace, trampling a field of fungi—bloated caps of violet and grey, veined with luminescent threads, bursting beneath its hooves to release spores that clung to her skin, burrowing like lovers' fingers. The spores burned, then bloomed, sprouting tendrils that coiled around her thighs, probing her cunt with slick, insistent tips. She moaned, her breasts jostling as she writhed, the tendrils plunging deeper, fucking her in rhythmic pulses, their sap a cold flood that mingled with her own wetness. Her violet eyes, masked and wild, rolled back, her humongous breasts shuddering as an orgasm tore through her, her scream swallowed by the wasteland's silence.

Ahead rose a city—Zothique's last necropolis, Tasuun, its spires of basalt and jade twisted into shapes of coiling serpents, their heads crowned with horns that wept blood. The streets lay empty save for shadows that danced in the corners of her vision—figures locked in eternal rut, their flesh fused, cocks and cunts a single, writhing mass. The horse halted before a temple, its dome a skull of green bronze, its gates flanked by statues of androgynous gods, their hands stroking pricks of stone, their mouths dripping a milky resin that pooled at their feet.

From the temple emerged a priestess, her body a grotesque splendor—skin of polished ebony, her breasts tripled, six pendulous orbs swaying as she moved, her cunt a maw of teeth that gnashed wetly between her thighs. Her eyes glowed yellow, her hair a nest of eels that hissed and snapped. "Lyssandra Vey," she intoned, her voice a chorus of moans, "the King in Yellow sent you to us, a bride for Zothique's rites." She gestured, and the air parted, revealing a throne of bones and sinew, its seat pierced by a phallus of polished jet, 12 inches, glistening with oil.

Lyssandra dismounted, her long legs trembling, her humongous breasts swaying as she approached, drawn by a will not her own. The priestess seized her, her eel-hair lashing her nipples, drawing beads of blood that the priestess licked with a forked tongue. She forced Lyssandra onto the throne, impaling her cunt on the jet shaft, its cold length stretching her, her breasts bouncing as she sank, her violet eyes glazing beneath the mask. The priestess knelt, her toothed cunt snapping as she sucked Lyssandra's clit, her six breasts pressing against Lyssandra's thighs, their nipples leaking a green venom that burned her skin.

A chorus of shades emerged—skeletal men with cocks of rusting iron, women with wombs that birthed spiders, their legs skittering over Lyssandra's breasts, weaving webs that bound her to the throne. One shade, a giant with a prick of molten gold, 14 inches, thrust into her mouth, its heat scalding her throat, its cum erupting—liquid fire that seared her lungs, spilling down her chin to coat her humongous tits in a glowing shroud. Another, a woman with eyes of opal, straddled her face, her cunt a pit of wriggling tongues that fucked Lyssandra's mouth, her juices a syrup of rot and honey.

The priestess rose, her eel-hair coiling around Lyssandra's neck, and mounted her lap, grinding her toothed cunt against the jet phallus, their mingled wetness a flood that stained the throne. The shades chanted, their voices a dirge: "Songs that the Hyades shall sing..." Lyssandra's cunt clenched, her breasts heaving, her long legs kicking as orgasms ripped through her, each a surrender to Zothique's lust and decay. The priestess screamed, her six breasts bursting, spraying a

tide of venom and milk that bathed Lyssandra, her beautiful face masked and serene amid the chaos.

The temple trembled, the dome splitting to reveal the King in Yellow—vast, tattered, his crown of thorns piercing the sky, his cock a monolith of flesh and shadow, 20 inches, fucking the air itself. “My vessel,” he roared, his cum raining as ash, igniting the necropolis in flames of gold and black. Lyssandra rode the jet phallus, her humongous breasts swaying, her long legs bound by spider silk, her soul fused to Zothique’s dying heart.

The red sun bled its last, the wasteland burned, and Lyssandra remained, her song echoing through Tasuun’s ashes.

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## **The Altar of Zothique**

The crimson sun of Zothique hung like a ruptured eye above the fractured plains, its light bleeding into the crevices of a world long past salvation. Lyssandra Vey rode her colossal steed through a valley of ash and bone, the beast’s massive frame a moving mountain beneath her naked form. She was a speck astride its bulk, her long legs dangling helplessly over its flanks, her raven hair streaming in the dry, acrid wind. Her humongous, firm breasts swayed gently with each lumbering step, their heavy curves a soft counterpoint to the horse’s grinding hooves, nipples dark and taut against the chill. Her face—porcelain, beautiful, violet eyes shadowed by the pallid mask fused to her skin—gazed into the wasteland, her full lips parted, whispering a fragment of a song: *“The twin suns sink beneath the lake...”*

The steed slowed, its coal-pit eyes flaring, as they approached a weathered black stone altar, its surface pitted and veined with silver, rising from the ash like the spine of some forgotten god. Runes spiraled across it, pulsing faintly with a greenish glow, their shapes phallic and serpentine, weeping a thin ichor that pooled at its base. The air thrummed with a low, guttural hum, stirring the spores that clung to her skin, their tendrils twitching against her thighs. Lyssandra’s cunt ached, still slick from the necropolis’s rites, her body a vessel of lust and ruin, drawn to this slab as if summoned.

She dismounted, her long legs unfolding with a tremble, her humongous breasts jostling as her bare feet met the ash, sinking into its warmth. The horse loomed above her, a monolith of midnight flesh, its breath hissing, its cock—half-unsheathed, 18 inches of veined obsidian—swaying beneath its belly, dripping a milky ichor that smoked where it struck the ground. She turned to the altar, her violet eyes glazing beneath the mask, and climbed atop it, her movements slow, deliberate, her breasts swaying heavily as she knelt, then lay back, her long legs spreading wide, her cunt exposed and glistening in the sun’s dying light.

The stone was cold against her back, its runes burning into her skin, a brand that pulsed with the Yellow Sign’s echo. She arched, her humongous breasts rising, their firm weight quivering as she reached down, fingers spreading her folds, offering herself to the beast. “Come,” she whispered, her voice a moan, her full lips trembling, “fuck me again.” The horse snorted, its massive head lowering, its tongue—a slab of black meat—lapping at her cunt, rough and searing, tasting her juices as she gasped, her breasts shuddering, her long legs kicking against the altar’s edge.

It reared, its hooves crashing beside her, the altar trembling as it positioned itself, its cock fully unsheathed now, a glistening tower of flesh, thick as her forearm, its head flared and weeping. Lyssandra’s violet eyes widened, her masked face tilting back, her breasts swaying as she braced herself, hands clutching the stone. The horse thrust, its shaft plunging into her cunt, stretching her with a wet, ripping agony that bloomed into ecstasy, her walls clenching around its girth. She

screamed, her humongous breasts bouncing wildly, their firm curves slapping her ribs as the beast fucked her, its rhythm slow and brutal, each thrust driving deeper, its balls—huge, pendulous—thudding against her thighs, oozing ichor that burned her skin.

The altar pulsed, its runes flaring, drinking her cries as the horse's cock filled her, its heat a furnace within her womb. Her long legs wrapped around its flanks, trembling, her toes curling as she rocked against it, her breasts swaying in a hypnotic dance, their weight pulling at her chest, nipples scraping the air. The beast's breath washed over her, hot and fetid, its eyes glowing as it snorted, its shaft swelling, stretching her further until she felt it press against her core, a violation so complete her mind fractured, the Yellow Sign spiraling in her vision—gold, black, alive.

She clawed at the stone, her full lips parted in a wail, her violet eyes rolling beneath the mask as the horse's cum erupted—hot, thick, a torrent of milky fire that flooded her cunt, spilling out around its shaft, pooling beneath her on the altar, steaming in the ash. Her orgasm followed, a shuddering wave that arched her back, her humongous breasts heaving, her long legs locking around the beast, her juices mingling with its seed in a slick, obscene flood. The horse thrust once more, then stilled, its cock pulsing inside her, its breath a low growl as it withdrew, leaving her trembling, her cunt gaping, dripping, her breasts quivering with each ragged breath.

She lay there, sprawled on the altar, her long legs splayed, her humongous breasts rising and falling, slick with sweat and ichor, when the sky split—a jagged tear of violet and black, birthing a swarm of winged horrors. They were bat-like, their wings veined with crimson, their bodies humanoid but twisted, cocks and cunts dangling between their legs, dripping a luminescent slime. They descended, their screeches a chorus of lust and hunger, circling her as she rose, her violet eyes defiant beneath the mask, her breasts swaying as she stood, her long legs steadying against the stone.

The leader landed, its prick a barbed spiral, 10 inches, glistening with venom, its mouth a maw of fangs that drooled over her breasts. "Lyssandra Vey," it hissed, a voice from Zothique's depths, "the King's bride feeds us now." She laughed, a sound sharp and mad, and spread her legs, her cunt still dripping the horse's cum, welcoming the swarm as they dove, their cocks plunging into her, their mouths sucking her nipples, their slime coating her in a grotesque embrace, her humongous breasts shuddering under their assault.

The red sun watched, the wasteland moaned, and Lyssandra surrendered, her song rising through Zothique's ruin: *"Where flap the tatters of the King..."*

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The Chasm of Zothique

The winged horrors retreated into the torn sky, their screeches fading as their luminescent slime dripped from Lyssandra Vey's naked form, pooling on the weathered black stone altar. She stood, her long legs unsteady, her raven hair matted with ash and venom, her violet eyes—masked and wild—scanning the wasteland. Her colossal breasts, firm and heavy, glistened with the swarm's leavings, their dark nipples erect in the crimson sun's dying glare. Her cunt throbbed, still leaking the horse's thick seed, a slick trail marking her descent from the altar as she stumbled forward, drawn by a pulse beneath the earth, a heartbeat of Zothique's decaying core.

Her steed followed, its massive bulk a shadow at her heels, its obsidian cock swaying, spent but restless. The plateau fell away, revealing a chasm—vast, jagged, its walls of red basalt shimmering with veins of liquid silver, its depths lost to a haze of violet mist. From below rose a stench of sulfur

and musk, mingled with the wet rot of forgotten flesh. Lyssandra paused at the edge, her huge breasts rising with each breath, their weight pulling at her chest as she peered down, her full lips parting in a silent gasp. The mist coiled upward, tendrils of vapor that caressed her long legs, teasing her thighs, brushing her cunt with a lover's insistence until she moaned, her immense breasts quivering.

A bridge spanned the chasm—not stone, but a lattice of bones, femurs and skulls woven with sinew, their eye sockets weeping a milky sap that dripped into the abyss. She stepped onto it, her long legs trembling, her enormous breasts swaying gently as the bones creaked beneath her weight, the sap clinging to her feet, burning like a slow acid. Halfway across, the mist thickened, birthing shapes—phantoms of Zothique's dead, their forms grotesque and sexual. A warrior, his chest flayed open, his prick a spike of rusted iron, 11 inches, jutting from a pelvis of exposed muscle, lunged at her. She dodged, her epic breasts bouncing, and he fell, impaling himself on the bridge, his cum spurting—a black tar that splattered her thighs.

Another phantom rose—a woman, her skin a tapestry of scales, her cunt a nest of wriggling eels, her hands clawing at Lyssandra's massive breasts, squeezing until a thin milk leaked, mixing with the sap. Lyssandra shoved her back, her long legs kicking, her violet eyes flashing beneath the mask as the woman's eels snapped at her nipples, drawing blood. The bridge swayed, and she ran, her immense breasts jostling, her hair streaming, until she reached the far side, collapsing onto a ledge of polished jet, its surface warm and pulsing, etched with the Yellow Sign—a spiral that glowed like a wound.

The ledge shuddered, splitting to reveal a figure—tall, robed in fungal growths, its face a mask of living moss, its eyes glowing amber. Its cock emerged from the robes, 13 inches of gnarled wood, veined with saprophytic threads, dripping a resin that smelled of decay and honey. "Lyssandra Vey," it growled, a voice of roots and rot, "Zothique's hunger claims you." She rose, her long legs steadying, her colossal breasts heaving as she faced it, her cunt dripping, her full lips curling into a defiant smile.

It seized her, its fungal hands gripping her thighs, lifting her long legs to wrap around its waist, her huge breasts pressed against its mossy chest as it thrust its wooden shaft into her cunt, stretching her with a dry, splintering pain that bloomed into pleasure. She gasped, her epic breasts bouncing, her violet eyes rolling beneath the mask as it fucked her, its resin flooding her womb—sticky, warm, alive, threading through her like roots. The ledge pulsed, vines of black thorn erupting from the jet, coiling around her arms, piercing her skin, their tips sucking at her massive breasts, drawing a mix of blood and milk that stained the stone.

Her steed charged, its hooves sparking on the jet, and mounted the figure from behind, its obsidian cock plunging into the fungal robes, splitting them with a wet crack. The creature roared, its thrusts quickening, fucking Lyssandra harder as the horse fucked it, a grotesque trinity of flesh, wood, and beast. Her enormous breasts swayed wildly, her long legs locked around the figure, her cunt clenching as orgasms ripped through her, her screams blending with the horse's snorts and the creature's groans. The vines tightened, their thorns drinking deeper, until the figure's resin erupted, filling her—hot, thick, a tide of decay that spilled down her thighs, pooling with the horse's milky ichor as it came, its seed spraying across the ledge.

The figure collapsed, its fungal form dissolving into spores that drifted skyward, and the horse retreated, panting, its cock dripping. Lyssandra fell to her knees, her immense breasts slick with blood and resin, her long legs trembling, her violet eyes staring into the chasm as a new sound rose—a chant, deep and resonant, from the mist below: "*Where flap the tatters of the King...*" The Yellow Sign flared on the jet, and the mist parted, revealing a city of glass and shadow, its spires

piercing the haze, beckoning her deeper into Zothique's dying heart.

The red sun dimmed, the wasteland sighed, and Lyssandra stood, a shade of lust and ruin, her massive breasts swaying, her song a thread in the abyss.

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### **The White Bone of Zothique**

The crimson sun of Zothique glared down like a festering wound, its light fracturing across the ashen plains where Lyssandra Vey rode her colossal steed, a beast of midnight hide and sinew. She was a fragile figure atop its towering bulk, her long legs dangling, her raven hair whipping in the dry wind. Her massive bosom swayed gently with each plodding step, the firm swells glistening with sweat, their dark peaks stiff against the arid chill. Her face—porcelain, beautiful, violet eyes shadowed by the pallid mask fused to her skin—gazed into the wasteland, her full lips parted, whispering a faint echo: *"The twin suns sink beneath the lake..."*

The steed halted near a mound of calcified ruin, its coal-pit eyes flaring, its breath hissing as it pawed the ash. Lyssandra dismounted, her long legs trembling as her bare feet sank into the warm dust, her huge mounds bouncing with the motion. She wandered from the horse, her violet eyes scanning the debris, until she spotted it—a huge white bone, pristine amid the decay, a rib perhaps, from some leviathan of Zothique's lost epochs. It was 2 feet long, thick as her wrist, its surface smooth and polished, its tip blunt and rounded, faintly warm to the touch as if kissed by a dying sun.

She lifted it, her arms straining under its weight, her enormous chest quivering as she held it aloft, her violet eyes glinting beneath the mask with a fevered lust. The bone's heft stirred her, her cunt pulsing, still slick from past violations, and she knelt in the ash, her long legs spreading wide, her full lips curling into a moan as she positioned it. She teased her folds with the tip, tracing its smoothness against her clit, her massive swells trembling as she rocked, her breath hitching. Then, with a slow, deliberate thrust, she plunged it into her cunt, stretching herself with its unyielding girth, a sharp gasp escaping her lips as it filled her, pressing deep into her womb.

Her long legs braced against the earth, her immense orbs swaying as she fucked herself, sliding the bone in and out, its surface slick with her juices, glistening in the crimson light. She angled it, grinding it against her core, her violet eyes rolling back beneath the mask, her beautiful face contorting in ecstasy, her full lips parted in a silent scream. The ash clung to her thighs, spores from the wasteland sprouting on her skin, their tendrils tickling her massive tits, coiling around her nipples, sucking gently as she thrust harder, her huge bosom bouncing with each motion, their firm weight pulling at her chest.

She drew it out slow, savoring the drag, then slammed it back in, her long legs quivering, her epic mounds shuddering as she built a rhythm, fucking herself with abandon, her cunt clenching around the bone, its tip grinding against her deepest nerves. The wasteland watched, its silence broken by her moans, a chant rising unbidden: *"Where flap the tatters of the King..."* Her orgasm crashed over her, her colossal chest heaving, her juices gushing around the bone, pooling in the ash as she trembled, her violet eyes glazed, her masked face serene amid the frenzy.

Panting, she slid the bone free, its white surface dripping, and tossed it aside, her long legs steadying as she turned to her steed, its massive frame looming, its obsidian cock—18 inches, veined and rigid—swaying beneath its belly, dripping a milky ichor. "Now you," she beckoned, her voice a husky growl, her immense swells swaying as she bent forward, hands braced on her knees, her ass thrust high, cheeks parted to bare the tight, puckered hole between them.

The horse snorted, its hooves grinding the ash, and stepped closer, its towering bulk dwarfing her, its breath hot and fetid against her skin. She spread her long legs wider, her violet eyes flashing beneath the mask, her full lips smirking as it reared, its flared head nudging her ass. It thrust, forcing past her rim, stretching her with a raw, searing pain that ripped a scream from her throat, her huge mounds bouncing as it plunged deeper, filling her bowels with its relentless girth. Her long legs buckled, her massive bosom swaying wildly as the horse fucked her ass, its rhythm savage, its balls—huge, pendulous—slapping her thighs, oozing ichor that blistered her flesh.

She clawed at the ash, her violet eyes wild, her epic tits quivering with each thrust, the tendrils on her nipples tightening, drawing thin beads of milk that stained the ground. The beast's cock swelled, its heat a furnace within her, and she rocked back, meeting its thrusts, her moans twisting into a song: *"Songs that the Hyades shall sing..."* It roared, its cum erupting—hot, thick, a flood of milky fire that filled her ass, spilling out around its shaft, steaming in the ash as her own climax hit, her long legs trembling, her colossal chest shuddering, her beautiful face masked and rapturous.

The horse withdrew, its cock dripping, and stepped back, leaving her sprawled in the ash, her long legs splayed, her massive swells slick with sweat and ichor, her ass leaking its seed. A shadow rose from the mound—a figure of twisted crystal, its limbs segmented, its head a faceted orb pulsing with black light, its cock a rod of quartz, 15 inches, weeping starlit fluid. "Lyssandra Vey," it intoned, a voice of shattering glass, "Zothique's end hungers."

She rose, her immense bosom heaving, her long legs steadying, her violet eyes defiant beneath the mask as the crystal entity advanced, its quartz shaft gleaming, promising a new abyss of lust and ruin.

The red sun dimmed, the wasteland sighed, and Lyssandra stood, her enormous orbs swaying, her song a thread in the void, beneath a black-starred sky.

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The Crystal Embrace of Zothique

The crimson sun of Zothique sank lower, its bloated glare staining the ashen plains with a sheen of blood as Lyssandra Vey stood, naked and trembling, before the shadow of the mound. Her long legs steadied beneath her, slick with the horse's milky ichor, her raven hair clinging to her sweat-drenched skin. Her massive bosom heaved, the firm swells glistening with ash and spore-sap, their dark peaks taut in the cooling air. Her violet eyes, shadowed by the pallid mask fused to her face, burned with defiance, her full lips parted in a ragged breath as the crystal figure advanced, its segmented limbs clicking like the ticking of a cosmic clock.

The entity towered over her, a colossus of twisted crystal—its body a lattice of translucent prisms, refracting the sun's dying light into jagged rainbows that danced across the ash. Its head was a faceted orb, pulsing with black light, its surface etched with spirals that echoed the Yellow Sign, alive and writhing. Its cock dangled between crystalline thighs, a rod of quartz, 15 inches long, thick as her forearm, its surface veined with threads of liquid starlight that wept a shimmering fluid, pooling at its base in a hissing, iridescent puddle. "Lyssandra Vey," it intoned, its voice a chorus of shattering glass, "Zothique's end hungers for your flesh."

She stepped closer, her long legs trembling, her enormous chest swaying as the entity's light bathed her, casting her shadow in fractured hues—violet, indigo, crimson—across the mound. Her violet eyes locked onto its quartz shaft, her cunt pulsing with a heat that defied the wasteland's chill, her full lips curling into a mad, welcoming smile. "Then feed," she whispered, her voice a thread of lust

and ruin, and reached out, her fingers brushing the cock's surface, its cold smoothness sending a jolt through her, hardening her nipples, stirring the spores still clinging to her massive tits.

The crystal figure seized her, its segmented arms coiling around her waist, lifting her effortlessly, her long legs dangling as it pressed her against its prismatic chest, her colossal swells crushed against its faceted planes, their firm weight quivering as the edges bit into her flesh, drawing thin rivulets of blood that refracted in its light. It thrust its quartz cock into her cunt, stretching her with a sharp, crystalline precision, the starlit fluid lubricating its entry, cold and tingling, filling her womb with a sensation both alien and alive. She gasped, her huge mounds bouncing, her violet eyes rolling beneath the mask as it fucked her, its rhythm mechanical yet savage, each plunge grinding against her core, her juices mingling with its shimmering ooze.

Her long legs kicked, wrapping around its crystalline hips, her toes curling as the entity's arms tightened, their prisms slicing shallow cuts into her skin, her blood dripping to stain the ash below. Her immense orbs shuddered with each thrust, their dark tips scraping its glassy surface, leaving smears of milk and sweat that glittered like stars. The faceted orb of its head pulsed faster, the black light within spiraling, and a sound rose—a keening hum that vibrated through her bones, her cunt, her epic bosom, driving her toward a shattering edge. She clawed at its shoulders, her full lips parted in a scream, her beautiful face contorted beneath the mask as an orgasm ripped through her, her cunt clenching around the quartz shaft, gushing a flood that sparkled in the refracted light.

The entity's cock swelled, its starlit veins pulsing, and it erupted—its cum a torrent of liquid crystal, cold and radiant, flooding her womb, spilling out around its shaft, cascading down her long legs in shimmering streams that hardened into brittle shards on the ground. She writhed, her massive chest heaving, her violet eyes wild as the fluid tingled within her, threading through her veins, lighting her skin with faint, glowing lines that traced the Yellow Sign's spiral across her colossal swells.

It withdrew, lowering her to the ash, her long legs buckling, her enormous bosom swaying as she sank to her knees, her cunt dripping its crystalline seed, her breath a ragged hymn: *"Songs that the Hyades shall sing..."* The entity stepped back, its quartz cock glistening, and raised a segmented arm, pointing to the chasm beyond the mound. The earth trembled, and from the violet mist rose a new form—a serpentine horror, its body a coil of translucent flesh, its head a cluster of eyeless sockets weeping a golden sap, its cock a barbed tendril, 16 inches, pulsing with a sickly glow.

"Lyssandra Vey," the crystal figure intoned, its voice fading into static, "Zothique's abyss awaits." The serpentine horror slithered forward, its tendril-cock lashing the air, its sap splattering her massive tits, burning where it struck, as she rose, her long legs steadying, her violet eyes defiant beneath the mask, her full lips smirking at the promise of new violation.

Her steed snorted behind her, its obsidian shaft twitching, but she ignored it, stepping toward the chasm, her colossal bosom swaying.

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## **The Farewell of Zothique**

The crimson sun of Zothique bled its last light across the fractured plains, casting jagged shadows over the chasm's edge where Lyssandra Vey stood, naked and glistening, her skin threaded with the crystal entity's shimmering veins. Her long legs trembled, slick with ash and starlit cum, her raven hair clinging to her sweat-drenched form. Her colossal bosom rose and fell with each breath, the firm swells glistening with the serpentine horror's golden sap, their dark peaks stiff in the wasteland's chill. Her violet eyes, shadowed by the pallid mask fused to her face, stared into the

abyss—a violet mist swirling in its depths, pierced by the glass spires of a city that whispered her name in a chant of lust and ruin: *“Lyssandra Vey...”*

She lingered there, her full lips parted, her beautiful face serene beneath the mask as the abyss beckoned, its hum coiling around her spine, stirring her cunt with a heat that echoed the Yellow Sign’s spiral. But she turned, her long legs stepping back from the edge, her massive chest swaying as she approached her steed, its colossal bulk a monolith of midnight flesh against the ash. The horse snorted, its coal-pit eyes glowing, its cock—18 inches of veined obsidian, thick as her forearm—hanging heavy beneath its belly, semi-erect, dripping a milky ichor that smoked where it struck the ground.

She knelt before it, her long legs folding into the ash, her enormous swells brushing her thighs as she reached out, her hands trembling with a mix of reverence and hunger. Her fingers wrapped around its shaft, its heat searing her palms, its girth too vast for her grip to fully encircle. She stroked it, slow and deliberate, her violet eyes locked onto its flared head, watching as a bead of ichor swelled at the tip, glistening in the crimson light. Her massive tits quivered with each motion, their firm weight pulling at her chest as she worked, her hands sliding along its length, tracing the pulsing veins, coaxing it to full hardness.

The horse’s breath quickened, its hooves shifting, grinding the ash as she tightened her grip, her strokes growing firmer, her long legs tensing beneath her. She leaned closer, her full lips inches from its cock, her raven hair falling forward to brush its shaft, tickling the sensitive flesh. Her hands moved in tandem, one sliding down to cup its balls—huge, pendulous, hot to the touch—massaging them gently, feeling their weight shift in her palm, while the other stroked faster, her fingers slick with its oozing ichor, the scent of musk and ruin filling her lungs. Her epic mounds swayed, their dark tips grazing her arms, leaving smears of sweat and sap as she teased the beast, drawing out its pleasure, her violet eyes glinting beneath the mask with a mad, tender focus.

She slowed, her strokes languid now, savoring the horse’s low growls, the way its cock twitched in her hands, swelling thicker, its veins throbbing against her skin. She ran her thumbs along the underside, pressing into the sensitive ridge, her massive bosom shuddering as the beast’s hips bucked faintly, its ichor dripping faster, pooling beneath her knees. Her full lips curled into a smile, her beautiful face radiant beneath the mask as she whispered, “Give it to me,” her voice a thread of lust and farewell. She quickened her pace again, her hands a blur, stroking its full length, her long legs bracing as the horse snorted, its head tossing, its climax building under her touch.

It came with a roar, its cum erupting—a hot, thick torrent of milky fire that sprayed across her hands, splashing her colossal chest, coating her swells in a glistening shroud that steamed in the ash. She laughed, a sharp, wild sound, and leaned in, her violet eyes gleaming as she pressed her full lips to its cock, kissing the flared head, tasting its bitter heat, her tongue darting out to lick the dripping tip. She slathered it with her mouth, her lips sliding along its length, sucking gently, her tongue swirling over the veins, lapping up the last of its seed, her massive tits pressing into its underbelly, their firm curves slick with its cum as she lavished it with love, her long legs trembling beneath her.

She lingered there, her violet eyes soft beneath the mask, her beautiful face serene as she kissed it one last time, a tender farewell pressed against its softening shaft. Then she rose, her enormous bosom swaying, her long legs steadying as she stepped back, ash clinging to her cum-slick skin, her raven hair a tangled veil. The horse watched, its coal-pit eyes dimming, as she turned, her massive chest heaving, and walked back to the chasm’s edge, her steps slow, deliberate, her violet eyes fixed on the abyss.



She paused, her long legs poised at the brink, her colossal swells rising with a final breath, her full lips whispering: *"Songs that the Hyades shall sing..."* Then she jumped, her naked form plummeting into the violet mist, her raven hair streaming, her massive bosom bouncing as she fell, swallowed by the chasm's depths, leaving her steed behind—a solitary giant in the ash, its cock dripping, its low whinny a requiem in the silence.

The red sun vanished, the wasteland stilled, and Lyssandra was gone, a shade of ecstasy and horror, beneath a sky of black stars, her song echoing faintly from the abyss, eternal.

*The End*