

MONSTER GIRL LORD

Shrine of the Sacred Cow



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Castle Morning

“Little more t’ the left. Little more.”

“Like this?”

“Yeah, like that.”

“Okay.”

“No. Not that far! No! Noooooooooo!”

You wake to a thunderous crash. Bolting out of your bedroll, your sword is already drawn as you look frantically about the ruins you find yourself in. Ancient stone walls filled with tattered tapestries. Cracked floors and a throne more like a tombstone than a seat of power. You’re in the throne room of a ruined castle.

Your castle.

The one given to you by king Belland, along with the lands of Rovenia.

Lands currently being corrupted by a dark goddess.

Memories rush in after your moment of confusion. You groan, massaging your forehead. You’d almost forgotten about all that. But somewhat more pressing is the absolute cacophony coming from outside. Shouting, banging, and the sound of hammering fill the air as you wearily get up. Still holding your sword, you trudge over to the doorway and look outside.

What the...

You gape. The courtyard, yesterday in weed-choked ruins, is now the scene of frenetic activity. Runty goblin males hurry this way and that with loads of lumber and tools. Scaffolding crawls up the broken curtain walls and encase leaning towers like skeletal meshes of wood. Several buildings that could only loosely be called such are being repaired under the supervision of goblin maids in cinched gowns, their hair tied back with handkerchiefs as they join the males in their work. Covered wagons fill the inner courtyard, their florid

decorations and riotous colours contrasting sharply with the grey ruin of the castle's courtyard.

You blink, but the vision doesn't disappear. You rub your head and look around, finally picking out someone who looks to be in charge. Dressed in a short skirt and tight leather vest decorated with swirling gold patterns, she's berating some goblins standing beside a makeshift pulley and a pile of fallen bricks.

"I told you to secure the load! Now look at that. We're supposed t' get that stone up there and fix the barracks! Do you wanna be sleepin' outdoors?"

"Excuse me?" you say, coming up to her.

The goblin maid spins and flashes a smile. "Well hey there cutie!"

You stop short. You recognize this goblin, though the last time you saw her, she was guarding the way into the trader town of Lamrick. "Lulla?" you say.

The goblin maid giggles, hands on her hips, flashing a grin as her ears twitch with pleasure. "Ya remember me! Ain't that a peach."

"Uh, yeah." You look around the courtyard blankly. "What is this?"

"Didn't the gobmother tell you?" Lulla says. "We're your partners now! And we can't be leavin' our new patron in such a shabby abode. Especially when we could turn it into a real money makin' machine!"

You... do recall Gabbia mentioning something about moving into Bludwor. It happened after you freed the queen of the goblin traders from the control of Setaria, the dark goddess. But you don't remember agreeing to... this. "Right. Okay," you say slowly. "And ah, where is Gabbia?"

Lulla gestures towards the leaning tower at the end of the walls. "The gobmother's meetin' with your pet wizard."

"Groat?"

“Uh huh. Hey! What’r you doing?” Lulla suddenly shouts, marching towards some goblins carrying several trunks. “Those go in the keep! The keep!”

You watch her remonstrate the two males, then turn your attention to Groat’s tower. Your tower, really, but the wizard made himself quite comfortable in there before you arrived. Rickety, crooked, it looks like it should have collapsed years ago, but through sorcery and luck Groat has managed to keep it upright. Sighing, you make your way towards the tower, dodging around the controlled chaos that is the goblin’s construction efforts. Climbing a crumbling staircase, you pushing open the door and enter.

“Maaaassssteerrrrr!”

You freeze, mouth falling open at what you find.

The slimegirl Gooa stands in the middle of the room, smiling prettily, but what’s more surprising is that she’s dressed. A frilly maid uniform binds her oozing blue curves, the black and white fabric nearly overflowing with her jiggly form. The neckline swells against enormous breasts, the fabric oddly shiny, as if it were made of latex or some rubbery material.

“What do you think? Not bad eh?”

You notice Gabbia beside the slime. The goblin maid is dressed, as ever, in a flattering dress of many frills and many hues. Her pointed ears dip under the weight of earrings, her eyes glittering with mercantile cunning. On every finger gleams a ring of precious stones and gold stitches her hems and collar. Lovely, nearly as curvy as the googirl, the gobmother of the Falstetta clan beams proudly.

“Um... yeah?” you say, eying Gooa. “But... how...”

“Is she wearing clothes? Well! Though a slimegirl’s skin might melt normal fabric, this ain’t normal! No no.” Gabbia spans Gooa’s rump, sending the slime girl jiggling with a moan. “That’s right! Specially treated fabric made a alraune rubber. Hard to get. But I’m not tha gobmother for nothin’! ‘Sides, you can’t have a maid without a uniform, eh?”

“I... I guess,” you say dumbly.

“Yooooou liiiiike?” Gooa asks, shifting shyly, her breasts bouncing and shaking like jelly.

Like is an understatement. She fits that costume like a dream made flesh. Or... whatever it is she's made of. Every wobble threatens to burst her out of the clothes, yet the faux modesty of the outfit is strikingly tantalizing.

Gabbia grins with amusement. “Knew it!” she says, stroking Gooa while she eyes you. “Told you you wouldn't regret bringin' in the Falsetta family. Who said corruption was all bad?”

Corruption. That reminds you. “Ah, where's Groat?” you ask Gabbia.

“Wizard? He's up on the second level,” the goblin maid says, jerking a thumb at a perilous corkscrew staircase that seem to be suspended by thin air. “Reaaaaal piece a work that one. Need to see him?”

“Yeah,” you say. “We've dealt with one root, but there's more out there. I need to talk to him about that.”

“Gotta do it now?”

“Hm?”

Gabbia puts a hand on her hip, cocks it, her lashes long and fluttering at you. Her smile grows, her green ears flicking, making the earrings in them jangle prettily.

“Just thinkin', maybe you should have a bitta fun first, eh my lord? And you got two pretty gals just beggin' to... serve you.”

“Oooo,” Gooa giggles, shimmying, wobbling in her maid uniform.

[Threesome](#)

[Fuck Gabbia](#)

[Gooa Blowjob](#)

[Go See Groat](#)

Go See Groat

“I’d better talk to Groat first,” you say. “I have a few questions about this whole... curse thing.”

Gabbia shrugs. “Your loss! Now,” the goblin maid says, slinging an arm around Gooa’s hips, grinning up at the bubbly maid. “You wanna show me what those tentacles can really do!”

“Ooooooh,” Gooa giggles.

You leave the pair to their amusements, climbing the stairs to the second level. Despite your confidence in your footwork, scaling the perilous steps makes your stomach clench, the walkway seeming to twist upside down at points, leaving you looking up at the floor below. Gods above you hate this place.

Fortunately, you reach the trapdoor without incident, open it, and push your head into the room beyond.

[Groat](#)

Groat

You poke your head warily up into the room. No telling what a wizard might be up to. Fortunately, what Groat appears to be doing is slumping behind a desk, and staring into a swirling crystal ball.

The light of the orb shimmers across the wizard's face, his beard tangled and his eyes lidded with interest as he gazes into the crystal. Squat, fat, the wizard is hardly a picture of power in a robe stained from food and drink, dishevelled like he hasn't washed it in years.

You slip inside the room, glancing about. The upper chambers are as messy as the downstairs, with tables overflowing with books and alchemical devices without seeming rhyme or reason. From the ceiling hangs suspended a dragon's skeleton. On a shelf are misty jars filled with fleshy lumps best not examined too closely.

"Groat?" you say as you pick your way across the room. The wizard makes no answer, too ensconced in the crystal. Soon you stand beside him, and growing curious, you peer over his shoulder. As you watch, the misty clouds within the crystal fade away, and you make out something more. Some vision from beyond the realm of the tower. Wait. Wait, you know that shape. It's... it's...

A pair of enormous tits.

You stare at the bouncing, pale orbs within the crystal ball, then look back to Groat. The old wizard licks his lips, eyes absolutely riveted to the scene.

"Groat!" you snap, banging a hand on the table.

Groat jumps. "Who? What? When? Eh? Oh," he says, finally spotting you and slumping back in his seat. "It's just you. Good day, my lord. How are you?"

"Never mind that. I thought you were researching the next Root of Corruption!"

“I am,” the wizard huffs, then adds to himself, “Young people these days. So impatient. No idea what research really looks like.”

“Looks like a pair of tits,” you observe.

“Aha!” Groat says, wagging a finger at you. “To the untrained eye, perhaps. But my eyes have been trained in the ways of mystic arts from here to the burning lands. Behold!” He wiggles his fingers above the crystal, and as you watch the misty scene pulls back. You suddenly behold an immensely busty woman riding the cock of a muscular man, their carnal joining beneath the shadow of a twisting black tree whose surface shimmers and washes with oily hues and colours. A violet mist seeps from the roots that seem to burst from the hard stone floor, wrapping the scene in dreamy unreality.

You recognize it at once. Such a tree had been hidden beneath Gabbia’s winery, its corruption what had turned the goblin queen into little more than a slave to the will of the goddess, Setaria. Something which, you can’t help but observe, is likely what’s going on here.

Now that you look closer, you see the woman in the crystal isn’t human. Floppy cow ears and stubby horns rise from her long black hair, a single cowlick a milky white. Her breasts are beyond the size of any normal woman, and now that you get the scale of her, you can see she’s much bigger than a human as well. A holstaur! A cow girl, uncommon beyond the Minotaur Isles.

“Who is that?” you ask.

“Tauria Minora,” Groat says. “A priestess to a small shrine in farming country not far from here, near the plains. I visited her once. Very polite young woman. Was considerably less busty than she is now.”

“She was?”

“Oh yes. Paid great attention to that. Have an eye for detail,” Groat says, licking his lips as he watches the lovely woman bounce on the lap of the moaning man beneath her. “She also didn’t have those cow horns and ears. Delightful girl. Anyway, it appears the

goddess's taint has come for her, and I'd say the presence of a Root of Corruption is pretty plain, eh?"

You'd have to agree with that assessment. "Do you know where she is?" you ask.

"Actually, I do!" Groat says, beaming.

"Really?" you say, somewhat surprised.

"Of course! I visited her in her shrine long ago. She worships a god of knowledge, and I was looking for information about Setaria. She had little to go on, though. The shrine's a small thing near the border of the forest. I often asked her how she got on with the centaurs living nearby, but she apparently had an arrangement. I didn't ask her just what that was, but I'm sure it worked out. Centaurs are notoriously aggressive."

You have heard that. Centaurs are also noted misogynists. You'd faced them often in battle, owing to some tribes tending to raid villages and kidnap young women. Prizing physical prowess above all else, they were tough enemies, but honourable to a fault. Aside from the whole kidnapping helpless women thing.

"Well, that's a relief," you say. "Then you can portal me right to it?"

"Of course," Groat says, snapping his fingers. "Nothing simpler."

You relax a bit. Finally, things are starting to go your way.

[The Lost Shrine](#)

The Lost Shrine

The portal swirls behind you as you step out into the tall grass, and feel the bottom of your stomach drop.

Weeds sprout in a riot about an overgrown garden. The shrine rises before you, but no one's been here for a long time.

It sits in a small grove of trees, surrounded by weed-choked pillars that support a cracking dome. The doors hang crazily from their hinges, creaking with a rusty squeal. The paint of the bleached walls peel and the windows are boarded up. An air of conscious neglect and abandonment hangs about it like a gloom.

"Shit," you say, looking about the emptiness around you. The hills roll away, broken with the outcropping of small woods. A path leads to a lonely road running through the plains, but no other sign of habitation is near. You thumb your sword at your side and eye the ruined building before you. Well, you're here. Best see what you can find.

You enter the shrine warily, the steps up to the door creaking under your feet. You peek inside, the sunlight slicing through the slats on the windows like bars into the gloom. Dust motes dance in the light, hanging around forgotten pews and a large altar at the back. The stone is emblazed with a scale overtop the shape of an open book. Looks like Tauria was a worshipper of Lumina, the goddess of knowledge and justice. You've never been a religious man, but you do know of the more popular gods.

You peer about the empty shrine, but nothing intrudes. You enter, crossing the room and to the altar. A book rests atop it, leather binding cracked and weather beaten, and when you open it the pages rustle, stiff and brittle. The entries appear to be a diary of some kind. Lumina priestesses often keep good records. Par the course of worshipping a goddess of knowledge.

Spring of New Dawn, 56,

The new season is in full bloom. I had some visitors today. Strange people in dark robes and bearing a crest with a tree on it. The intensity of their devotion was wonderful to see, but their leader was an odd one. She called herself Naiadra, and said they were pilgrims going to the mountains. I warned them away, for the mountains are a dark place, but they insisted on going. She gave me an apple before departing. It had an odd, almost creamy taste. Quite good.

Spring of new Dawn, 57

Strange dreams in the night. I dreamed of a great black tree and words whispering things that I could not understand, yet made me blush. I prayed to Lumina for guidance, but her reply was hard to understand, as if a mist muffles her voice from me.

Robe is getting a little tight. Better lay off some of the sweets the villagers bring me.

You frown and flip ahead.

Summer of the Rose, 22,

I hear the dreams more often now. They call to me. I pray to the goddess, but Lumina's replies seem even quieter than before. But another voice calls to me. Clearer, and making such promises. I am afraid, but it tells me not to be.

Summer of the Rose, 30,

The villagers of Littlebrook worry for me. They say I have changed. I agree. I have changed. I hear the words of Lumina so rarely these days. And I feel my body becoming... unusual. My

clothes do not fit as well as they used to. Especially around the chest. Yet it feels good. Wonderful even. What is happening to me?

The dreams come stronger now. I... experience things in them I haven't before. Strange pleasures I blush to even suggest.

I... like it.

I want more.

Summer of the Rose, 67

There is nothing left for me here. True knowledge is not to be found in books, but in experiences of flesh. Such delights call to me.

I have been changed. Become a true vessel of a new goddess. My milk is the chalice from which her blessing shall be drunk. The villagers from Littlebrook came again. They have changed as well. It is subtle, but growing. A tree has sprouted in the village's town hall. A wonderful thing. I know what it means, but they need me to show them the way.

I shall.

A new temple shall arise in their village. The goddess has told me of it. I will show the people of Littlebrook the true path to salvation.

You flip a few more pages, but they're all empty. "Fuck," you mutter. Well, isn't this just goddam perfect. Not only is she corrupted, but she's in some village? Wonderful. You sigh and flip through the book some more, stopping at the back. There you find a map of the local area, the shrine clearly labeled, as is the town of Littlebrook. Looks like it's a day's walk.

"Great," you mutter, shutting the book. A walk wasn't exactly what you were hoping for here, but you've not got much of a choice. You probably should have brought a horse. Something to consider in the future, you suppose.

Sheathing your sword, you walk back to the entrance of the shrine and exit into the brightness of day. You look down the overgrown path and towards the road with resignation. But no sense moaning about it. You start off down the path, but haven't made more than ten steps when you hear the sound of pounding hooves. You look about in alarm, at last setting eyes on several figures charging across the downs.

Centaurs!

Sorta.

As you watch, you realize it's not the ultra masculine buff steeds of your memory. Certainly they're well muscled and wear the tight leathers of those barbarians of the plains, but these ones are all women! There's three of them, their hair braided and streaming out behind them, their firm breasts bared in tight jerkins as they roam, hooves thundering over the lush grasslands, their faces painted with savage whorls.

For a moment you're too stunned by the sight of them to register their change in direction. But when you do you jolt in alarm. They're coming right at you!

[Stand and Fight](#)

[Into the Shrine](#)

[Cut Across the Grasslands](#)

Cut Across the Grasslands

No way you're staying in place! You turn and race towards the high grass. Leaping over the rail around the shrine, you hit the ground lightly, pushing forward and away from the charging horse women.

But your error is soon clear. You're practically wading through the waist high greenery, slowing you significantly and leaving a blatantly clear path in your wake. You look back in alarm, just in time to see the centaurs burst into the grass after you, their long legs sending them racing through like ships under full sail, two swinging out to flank you, unfolding a net between them.

"Shit! Shit!" you curse, grabbing your sword. But it's too late! The net sweeps over you, dragging you off your feet and onto the ground. You fall heavily, pain shuddering through your shoulder at the impact as you're dragged several feet through the grass.

The centaurs laugh in delight, hefting you off the ground and between them. "A fine catch, Cenria!"

"A fine catch indeed!" the lead centaur chimes in, her hooves stamping on the ground as she circles you. Her skin is tanned bronze by the sun, the blue whorls of paint curling across her lovely features. Her eyes flash in amusement and she nods to her followers. "Come, my friends! Back to camp! We will show all the prize that we hath taken."

The two centaurs whoop with glee, turning about and carrying you through the grass at a gallop. You bounce in the confines of the net, your discomfort only adding to your fear. You don't know what fate awaits you in the camp of the centaurs, but you have a feeling it's not going to be good...

[Centaur Slave](#)

Into the Shrine

Trying to outrun centaurs in the open is absolute suicide. Fighting them isn't particularly appealing either. You've been in too many battles against cavalry to relish battling them on foot.

But if there's one thing cavalry is shit at, it's urban combat.

You turn and race back into the shrine as the centaursesses charge down the road. Looking about quickly, you spot a window at the back with only two slats covering it. Grabbing the wood, you heave, wrenching it off with a crack, letting in the bright sunlight. As you hear the thudding of hooves on the wooden steps, you pull yourself through the window, dropping down the other side.

"Hark! Within! I saw him flee!"

"Begone from my way!"

"Get thou arse from my path!"

Hooves thud inside the shrine as you press your back against the wall and steal a peek through the window. The three centaurs are fighting to get into the narrow door, one finally managing to squeeze her way past her fellows. Her hooves clip-clop off the floor as she turns about wildly, the others joining her.

You wince as they bang and trample into pews and the walls. One shrieks as the rotting floorboards suddenly give way under her weight, her foreleg punching down into the floor.

"Curses! Where hath the male fled?"

"Search! He cannot have ventured far!"

"Assist me my sisters! The floor hath swallowed me!"

"Ha! T'would seem thou partakes in one too many sweets."

"Insults! Thine hindquarters are wide enough for two to seat abreast!"

You shake your head as the centaurs argue. You slip along the side of the building and duck into the tall grass, careful not to leave a trail.

Soon, you're far enough that you can risk lifting your head to see what's happening back at the shrine. You've made good distance, and when the three centaurs burst out of the doors in a tangle, you smile. The three women look furious, their gestures indicating their confusion. They wheel about and gallop opposite direction you took, either giving up the search or seeking you elsewhere.

You sigh in relief and warily stand once they're gone. You make your way at an angle to the road, climbing onto it and starting off. Fortunately, centaurs aren't exactly known for their stealth. If they're coming down the road, you should hear them, and be able to take cover before they spot you.

Still, it's going to be a long walk to Littlebrook. Better get started...

[The Village](#)

Stand and Fight

You draw your sword, preparing yourself on the steps to meet the charge of the three centaurs. As they draw nearer they slow, hooves stamping on the dusty ground as they wheel about, eying you. Up close they're even more lovely, their tanned skin swirling with whorls of blue paint, their vests open at the front to reveal the firm orbs of their breasts. The barbarian amazons grin as they look you.

"Hark! Manling, so thou seek to fight?" one cries, the leader to judge by the far more elaborate paint she wears, her hair a fiery mane and her eyes flashing with challenge.

"Not unless I have to," you say.

"So like a man!" she laughs again. "But why must I dishonour myself by trading blows with one such as thee? Men are good for naught but serving their betters!"

"Is that right?" you say, gritting your teeth.

She reaches back and draws from behind her a curving blade. She swings it, the sword hissing as she brings it about, aimed at your chest. "But so be it! I, Cenria, chieftain of the Iron Hoof tribe, accept thy challenge, and once I have triumphed, I shall delight in claiming thee as my slave. Training such a proud male in his proper place shall be a delight worth relishing!"

Wow, okay. That's a bit to take in. But you don't have much of an opportunity to. The centaur before you demands an answer to her challenge, and you'd best provide it.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Seduce](#)

Potion of Feminine Beauty

Potion of Bestial Might

Wait

You hold off on attacking her, instead waiting for her to make the first move. She does so.

And the depth of your error is revealed.

She rears back and charges the porch you stand on. Your eyes shoot wide open as she barrels down on you, her sword arching down. The narrowness of the steps prevent you from dodging, and all you can do is try and raise your sword in a desperate block.

Cenria's sword hits yours so hard your teeth rattle in your mouth. Your legs brace, and you manage to hold under the weight of her blow.

Unfortunately, the steps under you don't.

With a crash the wood breaks under your feet, driving you down. You hit the ground with a shock, the impact jarring up your spine. Your hold on your sword loosens and Cenria easily flips the blade from your numbed fingers, sending it spinning to land in the nearby greenery.

"Haha! Thou art bested, human. As was the inevitable result," she says.

"Ah," you gasp, legs trembling, your head tilting back as she puts her blade to your neck. "S-seems so."

"Sura! Ahna!"

Cenria snaps her fingers, and her fellow centaureesses ride up, laughing at your predicament, which only makes you blush harder. One hands Cenria a collar, and with a snap she loops it around your throat. You wince at the feel of the leather, to say nothing of the humiliation of wearing it. Cenria nods to herself, admiring her handiwork.

"Hmm! Good. Now, strip, slave!"

“S-strip?” you say.

“Should a slave wear the garb as his betters do? Nay! For he is lesser, and so it shall be shown. Now strip, human!”

Blushing hotly with humiliation, but unarmed and helpless, you obey. You awkwardly step out of the holes in the steps and strip away your clothes, leaving you naked before the appraising eyes of the centaurs.

“Aha! A prize indeed,” Cenria says, her eyes running shamelessly up and down your naked form. She openly fondles her bared breast, her tongue sliding hungrily about her lips. “Hmm. A bit too muscular, but no matter. To tame a proud, strong male is all the sweeter, and thou shalt be working hard for your mistress soon enough. Now, kneel!”

She yanks on the leash, sending you to your knees with a grunt. The other two centaur laugh at your predicament and Cenria smirks. She turns about, and as you lift your head, you suddenly find yourself faced with her equine hindquarters. Her tail flicks, revealing the dark lips of her spacious pussy.

“Serve your mistress, slave!” she says, and gives your leash a yank.

You find yourself pulled forward, your hands catching yourself on her hindquarters. Her pussy is right above you, your head tilted back to behold it. You don’t even try to fight back. The humiliation of your loss and the collaring defeats any complaint you might have mustered.

Not to mention there’s something oddly... compelling about her scent. It’s so thick and heavy. So pungent it seems to fill your senses in a haze. Like some kind of breeding musk. You find yourself breathing in deep, the naughty spiciness of it making your head throb and your cock ache with need. And... and really, she did... did win. And the victor should be rewarded. And you’ll reward her so well. Prove to her what a powerful queen she is.

You press your face against the slick folds of her expansive pussy, running your tongue along the dripping dark flesh. Oh gods. It tastes so good. So strong. So powerful... You moan without meaning to, your face burning as Cenria laughs.

“So eager! It seems thou art a born slave, human!”

You’d offer a rebuttal, but your mouth is far too busy making out with her pussy. Your tongue delves into her slavishly as you lick and inhale her pungent scent. Every breath makes your head swim more, like you’re drowning in the haze of her arousal. Your tongue drives into her, lathing her dripping folds with unspeakable pleasure, your cock throbbing with need.

Cenria moans, tugging on your leash, pulling you deeper into her as if her pussy were trying to swallow your head whole.

“Yesssss!” the centaur cries. “That’s iiiiiit! Lick me, slave. Adore me as thy goddess! Mmm. Ah. Yesssss! Good human. Ooooooh, thou shall make a fine... ah... prize! Keep going. Don’t thou dare mnnn! Stop!”

You’ll never stop. Never give up. She tastes so good. So powerful. You’re practically bathing in her musk at this point. Her juices roll off your face, your cheeks pressed against her spacious, dark pussy as your tongue writhes within her. Your nose is pressed against the upper folds, rubbing her bulging clit.

Cenria’s hooves stamp in the dust, her breathing hot, heavy as she savagely yanks on your leash. “Yes! Oh yesssss!” the centaress moans. “Yes! Lick me thou pathetic male! Pleasure thy mistress! Almost... almost... Y-yesssss!”

She wails as she cums, her pussy convulsing around you, sucking at you as it ripples in orgasm, her juices flooding your mouth, soaking you, drooling down your chest and into your naked lap to lubricate your absolutely twitching cock.

With a sated sigh Cenria clops forward, removing her pussy from your gasping face. She admires your dazed expression for a moment, then tugs your leash.

“Hmm! A fine pussy licker. I believe I hath found my new favorite beau. Now rise, slave! We ride now to camp, where thou shall learn the skills of a proper centaur slave.”

“Y-yes mistress,” you gasp, staggering to your feet. The tug of the leash pulls you on, and you stumble after her at a trot. You have a feeling it’s gonna be a long walk, but you can’t help but admire the view. Her rump sways ahead of you, and her rich animal scent wafts to you with every step towards your new life as her obedient camp slave.

[Centaur Slave](#)

Parlay

You raise your hands in a calming gesture. "Woah! Woah. No need for all that! We can talk about this."

"Men!" Cenria scoffs, trotting towards you. "Always wanting to talk. It takes a woman to do!"

"Uh," you say.

Her sword suddenly flicks, darting at you in a flash. You gasp as she deftly severs your belt with a single movement, your sword and sheathe dragging down your pants around your ankles.

Cenria's eyes flash as she sees your unmistakable bulge. "Mmm. Not bad," she observes.

You stumble back a step, but Cenria's sword flicks again, slicing your shirt open. Another cuts your underwear to ribbons, your cock springing to attention, tearing through the slashed fabric. You've always been proud of your swordplay, but Cenria is on a whole other level!

At the sight of your cock Cenria grins. You suck in a breath and freeze, trembling with awareness as you feel the cool tip of her blade on the underside of your cock. Her eyes burn with amusement as she reaches into a pouch and produces a leather collar and leash.

"Put this on, slave," she says, tossing it to you.

You catch it reflexively. "Wh-what? But-"

"Thou refused the contest, and thus, refused the right to decide thy own fate. Now put it on, slave!"

You wince, but as you feel the tip of her sword press a little more against your cock, you obey. You lift the collar, slipping it around your throat, wincing as you feel it lock securely in place. The sense of being owned weighs down on you with the act. That you're

naked only makes the feeling stronger. Especially when the two warriors who accompanied Cenria laugh at you.

“Look at him! So obedient.”

“Thou have found a fine slave, my chief!”

“Indeed!” Cenria says, smiling haughtily down at you. “In fact, I do believe it time I thoroughly break him in. Sit, slave.”

“|-“

“Sit!”

Her command hits you like a punch, but it's the subtle press of her sword tip that really seals the deal. You fall back onto the steps of the temple, flushed with the humiliation of obeying the sultry centaur.

Cenria nods in satisfaction, removing the tip of her sword from your cock. “Good boy. Now, to show you your true place.”

Your jaw falls as she swings her flank about, showing you her backside. Her ass is wider than any human's, but when her tail flicks, it's what's revealed that really grabs you. Her dark, equine pussy is gaping and deep, the scent of it fanned to you by her tail. A strong, potent musk that makes your head spin and lungs suck in a startled breath of air. Your head throbs at the hit of pure animal smell, a whimper escaping you as your cock stiffens even further, absolutely twitching with desire for this bestial slut.

“Good boy,” the centaur says, observing your reaction with a smirk. “And now, let us see if thine cock might sate my appetites.”

Her hips descend upon you.

Sheathe you inside her spacious pussy.

And oh fuck, you are in heaven.

The weight of her hindquarters slams down on you, fairly crushing you on the steps of the shrine. You groan, grabbing her flanks in a desperate bid for some sort of control of the situation, but

there's none you can take. Cenria has utter dominance over this fucking.

And she uses it.

"Yesssss!" the lovely centaur groans as her ass begins to bounce in your lap, her hind legs tensing as she fucks herself atop you. "Yessss! Give me your cock. Ooooooh, that's right! So small. So weak. Ah. Just a tiny male cock no good for anything but my pleasure!"

You can barely stand the shame of Cenria's words. Even worse is knowing they're true! Her cavernous pussy swallows your cock like it's nothing, her body hammering you down onto the steps with her every bounce. She can take a cock nearly twice your size. Laughter trills from the two other centaur mares as they watch.

"Is his little cock any good, chief?"

"Take him like the pathetic male he is, my chief! Fuck him hard!"

Cenria whinnies with amusement. You moan in despair and desperate arousal. Surely... surely you can't be getting off on this? On this humiliation? On being collared and owned and used by this sadistic centaress?

But you are.

Dear gods you are.

Your cock aches in the spaciousness of her pussy. Every bounce of her hips brings new pleasures to you. The feel of being under her, collared by her, used by her sends jolts of pleasure rocketing through you with every sway of her hips. You're enjoying this! By the gods, you're loving this sexy centaress fucking you!

"Yessss!" Cenria cries, pulling on your leash as if trying to force your cock even deeper inside her. "Yes! Give it to me! Give your mistress that pathetic human cock! Oh fuck yes. Yesss! Fuck! Fuck! Yesssss!"

She howls her pleasure, hurls you in her a final time, nearly driving the wind out of you as her hindquarters slam back into your chest. Her pussy convulses around your cock, sucking at you, tightening around you too much to resist. You groan in helpless pleasure, head falling back as you cum in the centaur's pussy. Your cock throbs, pulsing, emptying your balls in the impossibly wonderful barbarian queen. Knowing you are her slave. That she broke you by riding you in a final piece of almost painful irony.

Cenria sighs happily, settling atop your lap, making you grunt as she wriggles pleasantly. She glances over her shoulder at you, her hair swishing around her shoulders as she smirks.

"Hmm. Good enough," she says hotly, her cheeks flushed. "It seems thou knows thy place."

You groan in agreement as she rises, unsheathing you from her gaping cunny. A tug at your leash draws you to your feet behind her, and obediently you walk behind the centaress. You don't know where you're going, but as her tail swishes, driving her scent back into you, you obediently follow. She is your mistress, and you are her broken slave.

[Centaur Slave](#)

Attack

You draw your sword and charge the salacious centaur with a shout. Cenria laughs, her hooves dancing back, her sword meeting yours with an expert flourish.

Steel clashes, but if you hoped to overwhelm Cenria with sheer strength, you're extremely disappointed. She meets your attack with ease, breaking the deadlock and slashing down at you.

In haste you block, but her saber is made for swift, slashing attacks, and she puts them to good use. Her equine lower half prances about you, her sword raining down arcing blows and cunning cuts. You can barely keep up with her, not only for her skill, but for the fact that her open vest is showcasing her tits. The way they bounce with her movements is unbelievably distracting.

It's a distraction that proves costly as her sword suddenly swipes, running along your blade, flicks and rips your sword out of your hand. You gasp as your weapon goes flying, landing off in the tall grass. A sudden flourish of her sword slices across you in a flash.

"Aha!" she says, raising her blade triumphantly.

You stand there, frozen in shock as the tattered remains of your clothes slip off you and fall to the ground, leaving you utterly naked.

Well, not utterly. You suddenly feel a presence behind you, but before you can recover from your surprise, a leather collar has been slapped around your throat by one of the other two centaurs. She trills with amusement and tosses your new leash to Cenria. "A lovely show, my chieftain."

"Indeed!" Cenria laughs, catching the leash. "Little surprise as well! Poor, foolish male could hardly avert his eyes from my figure. But thy fate was sealed the moment thou sought to challenge me! Now, thou art mine to do with as I please. And it would please me to have you kneel!"

She tugs the leash and you're forced to the ground before her, hitting your knees painfully. You lift your eyes and freeze as you suddenly find that Cenria has turned about, her hindquarters aimed towards you, and somewhat more importantly, the dark lips of her equine pussy fully revealed.

A flick of her tail sends a cloud of her feminine musk directly into your face, making you gasp as your cock instantly hardens with desperate arousal. The heady spiciness of her scent threatens to overwhelm you, but you're not sure why. There's just something about her. About her scent. Her presence. It makes you tremble and your cock twitch with need. A feeling of uttermost submission aching through your very soul.

"Thou shalt make a fine slave," Cenria says, and pulls on your leash. You find yourself compelled forward, your face pressing against her hot cunt.

And instantly, you start to lick.

You can't explain quite why. There's just something about it. Some need. Some unspoken desperation to please this domineering centaur. You lost. Have been conquered. You have no choice but to obey her now. You exist to please this goddess of the plains.

"Mmm. Yes. Use thine hands as well, slave," Cenria coos as she rocks her hips back against your face. "Adore thy mistress's folds! For this thou exist. And thou shalt prove your worth within it!"

She's right. Your value is decided by how well you please this domineering barbarian. There's nothing else. Only this. Only your utter servility to her. You have to make her cum. You have to please her. You have to show her your worth.

Your tongue delves into her spacious hot box. You moan as the flavour of her desire soaks onto your tongue as you work. You inhale her musk, your head spinning with the intoxicating spiciness of it. Your nose rubs against the upper folds of her pussy as your fingers part her lower lips.

“Ooooooh,” Cenria moans hotly. “Yesssss. Just like thaaaat. Ah. What a goooood slave. Keep... mmm... going. Ah. Go ahead. Touch thyself. You have your mistress’s permission.”

You blush with the shame of needing that acknowledgement, but do not hesitate to obey. Your free hand leaves her pussy, grasps your twitching manhood. You groan as you begin to eagerly stroke yourself, your fingers slick with her arousal, your cock achingly sensitive as you breathe in her musk and lick and adore her dripping pussy.

“Yesssss!” Cenria moans, her hips rocking as you work, her hand tugging viciously on your leash, pulling your face relentlessly into her pussy. “Yesssss! More! Give thy mistress your tongue! Give her thy servitude! Mmmm! Pathetic ah... slave! Give me thy tongue! Give me my orgasm!”

You redouble your efforts. Your tongue plunges into her delicious pussy. Your fingers slide along her spacious lips, find the bead that peaks it. Her clit is massive! Your thumb begins to rub it even as you drive your fingers in and out of her cunt.

“Ah!” Cenria cries out. “Ooooooh! Yes! Yess! There! Right there! Ah! S-slave! Thou please your... your... m-mistresssssss!”

Her voice rises in a wail of uttermost pleasure. Her pussy ripples, almost sucking your face into it with her orgasm. The sudden flood of her juices almost drowns you as she cums, spurting her wonderful, delicious, mind meltingly glorious arousal all over you.

You try and drink as much of it as you can, but there’s just too much! It flows down your face, your chin, soaking your lap and your cock as you furiously masturbate. Only then, when she has tasted the utter peak of her pleasure, and you the depths of submission, do you finally cum. Moaning, shuddering, you furiously stroke your cock until your balls tighten with submissive bliss, your manhood twitching, throbbing as you spurt your pathetic seed all over your hand and lap, an orgasm more intense than anything you knew when you dared take charge of your own pleasure.

The headiness of your orgasm begins to fade, but not the haze of the pleasure. As Cenria steps forward, her pussy slurping slightly as it comes loose from your face, you sag back, panting, gazing in rapt worship at her glorious folds. The centauress looks back over her shoulder, smirking at your dazed expression.

“Hmm. A fine look for my new slave boy. Come,” she says, giving your leash a tug. “It is time we return to camp. And there, we shall find even greater pleasures awaiting thee.”

You almost hesitate, but when her tail flicks, wafting another cloud of her scent into your face, you stagger upright, enraptured with the sight of the centaur’s rear. She laughs musically and begins to trot, and you follow as best you can after your new queen while her companions stride beside her, laughing at you and praising her for a fine catch.

[Centaur Slave](#)

Potion of Feminine Beauty

Cenria and her companions are absolute misandrists, that's no mistake. Fortunately for you, you don't need to face them as a man. You snatch up the swirling pink potion on your belt and pop the cork with your thumb. Without a moment of hesitation, you down a portion of it in one go.

"Ooooooh!" you groan as you feel the heat of it spread throughout your body, filling up your chest and ass. With a gasp your tits balloon into your shirt, your ass swelling into your pants. You moan as you feel your cock shrink, inverting into yourself and becoming a lush, tingly pussy. You can feel your face soften and grow lovely, your muscle mass reduced to feed your new womanly curves.

You gasp, stagger, wiping your mouth with the back of your hand as your center of gravity shifts. It would be the perfect opportunity for someone to take advantage of you.

Except Cenria and her companions are too shocked to do so. The centaurs stare at you, mouths agape in shock.

"What... You... you're a woman?" Cenria gasps.

"That's right! You're gonna fight a woman!" you say, drawing your sword, finally finding your balance.

"No. No, this is not how it's done," Cenria says. "I do not duel a woman as I might a slave!"

"Too bad!" you cry, and plunge your sword into the indecisive centaur.

Cenria gasps, staggered back in shock as your blade enters her. The other two centaurs cry out in shock.

You unsheathe your blade from Cenria's stomach. The centaur stares at her unmarred flesh in confusion. She puts a hand to where your sword struck her.

“What... Hrrrr!”

She shudders, her head tilting back, jaw falling open as plumes of foul, dark smoke pours out of her mouth and into the air in a sudden gush. Again come the startled cries from her companions, the other two centaurs prancing back as the foul smoke peters out. Cenria groans, her legs quivering as she staggers a little where she stands, her head lolling, shaking it as she seems to come back to herself.

“Oh. Ohhhhh...” the centaress groans, putting a hand to her brow.

“How do you feel?” you ask warily.

“I...” She blinks, looks around herself at her two companions. Her face suddenly hardens and she gestures. “Go!”

“Chief?” one asks.

“Return to camp! I shall join thee soon.”

The two other centaur exchange a look, but obedience is deeply ingrained within them. They nod uncertainly, then turn and gallop off into the fields, stealing looks back now and then.

Cenria watches the pair vanish over the horizon, then turns her head back to you. “Explain,” she growls.

Well, this could have gone worse. You hastily tell her about the dark goddess and her corruption, downplaying your role as the lord of the region. You have a feeling the fierce centaur might not take too well to being told you rule over her.

Cenria listens in grim shock. When you finish she looks at her hands in dull amazement. “Then this... corruption has tainted me?” she says.

“Seems so,” you say.

She frowns. “But I did enjoy being more powerful... Not to mention putting those impudent males in their place,” she huffs.

“W-well, no reason you can’t,” you say quickly. “But were you even really free? If your body and soul were being corrupted by the goddess, then you were but the thrall to a different master.”

“This is true,” she says slowly, nodding. “Those instincts to tame you have grown dimmer.”

“Right. Exactly,” you say, relaxing a little with relief. “And ah, on the top of corruption. I don’t suppose you’ve seen any massive black trees bearing tainted fruit around?”

“You mean the apples?”

“Apples?”

She nods down the highway. “The twolegs in the town. I hath noticed that they had changed of late. Their women have become much more buxom, and their males much more... bullish.”

“You mean aggressive?”

“No. They have grown fur and horns.”

“Ah. Yes. That’d be corruption,” you say. “But what’s this about apples?”

Cenria scoffs. “Their males are powerful, but slow. It would be no trouble to raid their village. But we can respect the obedience of the bulls to the cows. And their womenfolk, though soft, have been paying us tribute in the form of apples to prevent our attacking. Our former chief, when males yet ruled the tribe, visited a priestess of the village and returned with them.” She pauses, frowning. “In fact, it was around then that the brute began to grow weaker, and we stronger.”

“That would be the apples,” you say.

She scoffs. “Good,” Cenria says. “He was a varlet and a scoundrel! He makes a far better camp boy than he ever did a leader.”

“Er... Alright then,” you say. “Can you show me where you and he got those apples?”

Cenria nods firmly. "I shall. Thou hast returned my mind to me, and though I and my tribe have benefited from these changes upon our natures, we shall not be slaves to a goddess's whims!" she snaps, stamping a hoof firmly on the ground.

"Oh, well. That's good. Then..."

"Mount me, male! My companion in this war!" she cries, offering you a hand. "And we shall rid the realm of this tainted corruption!"

Well, that's a bit dramatic. But you hadn't been looking forward to walking all the way to Littlebrook anyway, and a ride on a centaur would be an interesting experience. You've ridden bareback before, but never quite like this, that's for sure. You take her hand and she pulls you onto her. You suck in a gasp of breath as your new pussy presses down on the spine of her back. Ooooooh. No wonder young ladies love riding...

"Put thy arms about my waist. Now, we ride!"

You hastily obey, and with a cry she's off! At a gallop she cuts through the tall grass growing around the fields, the greenery brushing your feet and ankles as she goes. You gasp, pulling yourself flush against the centaur, your new breasts rubbing against her as your pussy grinds against her torso. Ooooooh, this feels goooooood!

You're so distracted by the way this feels, you barely realize the potion is beginning to wear off. But you do notice when your pussy tingles, changing once more, your cock swelling back into your pants and pressing down on the centaur with achingly wonderful pleasure. You moan as your breasts recede into your chest, flattening once more even as your ass tightens and muscle mass returns.

The journey passes in a blur, the miles vanishing behind you as the centaur gallops on. Soon enough the lush grasslands fall away, and you see golden fields ahead. You pass by what looks like

a lone inn, but it's gone in a flash. A wooden fence rises ahead, and with a sudden spur of speed, Cenria leaps the barrier with a wild cry.

She hits the ground among the golden stalks of wheat, the thunder of her hooves beating beneath you as she gallops on. You catch glimpses of men working in the fields. Or, at least, male shaped. When they happen to glance up, you notice certain bovine characteristics. Specifically, a pair of huge bull horns.

Well, at least you know you're on the right track.

You soon spot a village not far ahead. A cluster of homes all gathered around a square and what looks to be an old townhall, a belltower rising from its peak, while wooden scaffolding clambers about it like bones of repair. As you look on the townhall, you feel something strange tighten in your stomach and groin. An uneasy ache, like your gut has realized something before your head.

You look at the grim building closer. Now that you're focusing on it, it does look... different. Darker, as if the shadow of some unseen mountain falls over it. The windows are boarded up and as you watch, the bell tower rings out the hour. The sound echoes strangely in the air. Mournful. Grim. A sound that sends a shudder racing through to your very soul. A sound like a tolling moan beating down the soul.

At the sound Cenria slows beneath you, stumbling a few steps. You hastily glance down as the centaress clip clops, putting a hand to her head.

"You okay?" you say.

"I... I am fine. But I feel... feel strange..."

You glance back into town. The Root of Corruption must be there. You pat Cenria's flank and slide off her. "I'd best go ahead alone," you say.

"You? Alone?" Cenria gasps.

"The corruption of the goddess is powerful, and you've already felt it before," you tell her. "If we get nearer, it might

overwhelm you.”

Cenria sets her jaw, tossing her hair impatiently. “I am a warrior!” she says fiercely. “I cannot leave thee to face this evil alone!”

You hesitate. Having such a skilled swordswoman would be handy, especially if things are going to be as bad as you expect. But at the same time, if she turns against you at some inopportune moment, that would be even worse.

[Accept Cenria's Aid](#)

[Go it Alone](#)

Seduce

“Hey now,” you say quickly. “Fisticuffs isn’t really my style.”

“Oh no?” Cenria says.

“Nope! But if you were interested in maybe another kind of physical contest...”

Cenria eyes you, smirks. “Hmm. Thou believe thou art able to sate a centaur’s desires? Then first, shall we see what we have to work with?”

“Uh-“

Before you can blink her sword flashes in the light. You suck in a breath as the tip flicks across you, shredding your clothes with uncanny skill. You feel the tip breeze against your cock for the briefest moment before Cenria brings her sword back up in almost mocking salute.

You stand there, frozen in terror as your brain attempts to process what just happened. Then your clothes fall off you in strips, your cock springing into the open, almost painfully hard with excitement.

Cenria’s eyes flash and her smile widens. She brings about her sword, the flat of her blade lifting your cock an inch, the cold steel making you shiver and throb with the thrill of danger and desire. “Hmm. Not bad. Thou art fortunate, male, for had I judged thee lesser, my blade would surely have taken thy manhood.”

“G-glad to measure up,” you say in a tight voice.

Cenria laughs, the other two centaurs joining in her mirth. She moves her blade away and trots casually towards you. You retreat at her arrogant strut, the back of your heels hitting the shrine’s steps, sending you crashing to your ass. The centaur looms above you, smirking at your state.

“Thou wishes to pleasure me? Well, thou endowments seem of adequate measure. But I shall not take a mere twolegs as some mate. Thou shall indeed pleasure me, but it shall be on my terms!”

She pulls something from her saddlebag, and your eyes widen at the sight of the collar she carries. She moves with the ease and certainty of practice, grabbing your shoulder and clipping the collar around your throat. The smooth leather rubs your skin pleasantly, and your terror is rapidly being offset by naked arousal. Especially when she unspools the leash now attached to your collar.

“Hm. Much better. A male must be collared, lest they believe themselves worthy of freedom. And now,” she says, turning, baring her firm, muscular hindquarters. She glances contemptuously over her shoulder at you, amusement lighting up her lovely face. “I believe thou wished to prove they mettle?”

You flush hotly, but things are so far beyond your control you can't quite manage a protest. Especially when her tail flicks, wafting the scent of her hot, equine pussy right to you.

The musky, spicy scent hits you strangely. You gasp, your nostrils flaring as you inhale. Your cock throbs, jutting upward in sudden desire, a blush painting your face. Her lower lips are dark and spacious, looking like she could nearly take your entire arm in that sucking depth. The idea makes you feel strangely embarrassed, as if there's some shame in knowing you can't fill her as you are. Your cock so insignificant compared to the sizes she's no doubt known.

“Thou may admire my pussy closer still,” Cenria says, giving your leash a yank.

You're jerked forward, your startled face hitting her dark pussy with a wet smack! Her juices instantly soak you, and you pull back, gasping. Her scent is even more intense this close. It stuffs your nose and senses, making your head spin and body shiver with desire.

“That’s right. Show me how much thou wish to serve,” Cenria purrs, giving your leash another tug, pulling you back into her soaking cunt.

The other two centaurs laugh, their girlish glee at your humiliation making you blush even harder, your cock throbbing where it juts from your waist. Well, this was the plan. To some degree. Things seem to have gotten a bit away from you, but as you nuzzle the moist heat of her gaping pussy, breathing in the intoxicating musk of her dripping cunt, you find it rather hard to complain.

But very easy to start licking.

Naturally, you realize your puny cock would never be able to satisfy this glorious mare. But you have other tricks. Yes you do. And it’s so easy to use them, your tongue slipping inside her, gliding up her dewy folds, tasting the sweet nectar of her arousal.

“Mmm. Thy tongue is most eager,” Cenria says. “But do thou think such alone will sate my lusts?”

You flinch, redoubling your efforts. You part her pussy with your fingers, sliding one, then another inside her, thrusting into her clutching folds as your tongue glides up towards her peak. You hear Cenria gasp, her flanks quiver and her hold on the leash tightens, pulling you deeper into her rippling cunt. Ooooh, she likes that, hm? Well, you have plenty more to offer.

Your tongue finds the pearl of her clit, feeling it throb as you stroke it, your fingers rubbing her gaping inner walls, drawing gasps and moans and playful wiggles of the centaur’s hindquarters as you get to work.

“Mmmm. Yesssss,” Cenria moans, her hooves stamping on the ground as you adore her. “Yesss! Deeper, slave. Adore my pussy more!”

“Is he skilled, chief?” one of the other centaurs ask.

“Ooooooh. Verrrrrry.”

“He’d have to be, with that paltry cock,” the other centaur coos.

You blush again. Humiliated. Aroused. Your cock is absolutely twitching as your face marinates in Cenria’s pussy juices, your tongue flicking, stroking, lathing her clit. The leash around your collar is pulled so taut you’re almost buried up to the chin in her sucking pussy.

“Yes!” Cenria whinnies with her nearing orgasm. “Yes! Lick me! Adore me! Serve your queen! Yes! Yes! Oh yessssss!”

Cenria howls with pleasure, her pussy sucking at your face as she cums, spurting her juices all over you. It runs down your chin and chest, drooling down to your groin. You groan in slavish delight as you drink as much of it as you can, submitting happily to her pleasure.

At last, panting hotly, Cenria releases her death grip on your leash, allowing you to pull back and take a desperate gulp of fresh air. She snorts, her tail slapping you with amusement.

“Hm. Not bad! It would seem thy tongue and touch may be up to the task after all. Come, slave. To camp!”

“C-camp?” you gasp. “But hrk!”

Cenria waits for no complaints, trotting forward, hauling on your leash. You stumble after the centaur chieftain, laughter erupting from the two warriors who follow you at a pace. You glance at them nervously, realizing that even should you get free of your leash, you’re not likely to make it far before those beauties or Cenria overpower you.

You’ll have to wait for a chance to escape. Yes, you think, eyes fluttering as Cenria’s tail whips another gust of her scent into your face. Yes. Just have to... have to wait for that chance.

Yeah.

Gotta wait...

Centaur Slave

Accept Cenria's Aid

"Alright," you say to the lovely centauress. "Let's go!"

You dismount the lovely equine woman, making your way through the grass and towards the village. You avoid the main road for obvious reasons, instead making your way around the outskirts. As you come near a side street, you draw your blade from its sheathe, eying the steel. You lift your runed sword, angling it, watching it glow brighter when directed towards the old town hall. Figures.

"Come on," you whisper to Cenria, hurrying through the buildings, but nonetheless taking care. You doubt the villagers would take kindly to trying to stick their priestess with a sword.

As you approach the towering town hall you move around its back, eying the windows. They're all boarded up, which is never a good sign.

"How do we get in?" you muse

"I believe such a building would have a backdoor," Cenria says under her breath.

"Good point," you say, moving along the side of the building. As you near the corner, you shift your blade, using it as a mirror to see what awaits you beyond.

Apparently, it's a pair of inhumanely jacked bullmen.

You blanch as you look at the reflections. Holy shit. No farmers those. Straps of leather garb their form, outlining their powerful builds. Huge horns curve from their brows and veiny muscles flex along their arms. Beastmen like those look big enough to crush boulders let alone your head, and the massive warhammers at their sides are no jokes. You don't want to meet those stone slabs any time soon, that's for sure.

"I can chase them off," Cenria says.

You glance back at her. “Hm?”

The centaur doesn't look so hot. Well, sorta. In fact, she looks positively flushed. Her cheeks are cherry red and her eyes foggy with naked desire. She pants hotly, looking a little woozy.

“I... I can rid us of the guards. I... I fear I cannot remain much... much longer. Human, it takes all I have not to slam thee against this wall and smother thy face beneath my breasts. I cannot hold out... much longer.”

“B-but will you be okay?” you say.

She laughs, looking fierce if feverish. “Such brutes shall not catch me! I am like the wind!”

“Um-“

“Time for action!” Cenria gasps, and leaps past you before you can respond. You peek around the corner, just in time to see the centaur gallop past the startled minotaur guards, her hand drawing back and slapping the brutes right in their muzzles.

For a moment the two bullmen are too shocked to respond. Then, with a thundering roar, they give chase. Laughing a little crazily, Cenria gallops on, the pounding of her hooves lost in the thunder of the two guards who follow her.

You watch the three vanish among the buildings and glance back at the now unguarded door. Well, that worked. Shrugging, you make your way up to it and test the handle. It opens slowly, unlocked, a thick violet mist seeping through. You recoil, grimacing, and try and peer inside. It's too dark within to make out much, but another glance at your glowing sword settles your path. With a last look around to make sure no one's coming, you step inside, and shut the door behind you.

[Into the Temple](#)

Go It Alone

“Though I have no doubts about your courage and skill, we can’t risk it,” you inform the centauress.

Cenria’s jaw tightens, but she bows her head. “As thou wish. I shall depart, then. But I shall pray for thy success.”

“Thank you,” you say, hoping that a particular goddess doesn’t hear that prayer.

With a salute Cenria turns and trots away back towards the fields, allowing you a slow exhale. Though she meant well, you really don’t like the odds of trying to take on Tauria and Cenria both. It was a risk you couldn’t take.

And this mission has risks enough. You make your way through the grass and towards the village. You avoid the main road for obvious reasons, skirting instead the outskirts. Most men are in the fields, but the town itself is hardly unoccupied. You catch a glimpse now and then of the village’s women, and the sight makes you gape. Either the genetics in this town are incredible, or something is very off. No woman you spot is smaller than a DD, and the obvious stretching of their tops informs you this a recent change.

You swallow hard, stopping behind a wall along a side street. You draw your blade from its sheathe, noting the glow of your weapon. You lift your runed sword, angling it, watching it glow brighter when directed towards the townhall. Figures.

“Alright then,” you whisper, hurrying through the town, but nonetheless careful not to be seen. You doubt the villagers would take kindly to someone trying to stick their priestess with a sword.

As you approach the townhall you move around its back, eying the windows. They’re all boarded up, which is never a good sign. And yet no weeds grow and the building itself is in excellent repair, though the scaffolding implies further alterations. There’s not a soul about though.

Well, other than the pair of absolutely jacked minotaur guards at the back door.

You see them as you use your sword like a mirror to peer around the corner. Holy shit. No farmers those. Straps of leather garb their form, outlining their thick, powerful frames. Huge horns curve from their brows and veiny muscles flex along their arms. Beastmen like those look big enough to crush boulders let alone your head, and the massive warhammers at their sides are no jokes. You don't want to meet those stone slabs any time soon, that's for sure.

You eye them, frowning. How to handle this...

[Fight Your Way In](#)

[Talk Your Way In](#)

[Use the Potion of Feminine Beauty](#)

Potion of Bestial Might

You grab the green potion in your belt and pop the cap in a single fluid motion. You throw it back, downing the bitter brew in a single go.

You feel the changes begin immediately. Hot fire races through your veins. You groan, stretching, straining as your limbs swell, expanding. As your arms and legs creak, bone shifting, throwing you down onto your hands and knees as you toss your head, howling.

The centaurs retreat in shock as you change. As you grow! Your hair falls down your back, becoming a bristling mane. Your face lengthens into a porcine muzzle, tusks bursting from your lower lip. Your fingers and toes join, becoming massive trotters, your frame enlarging still further until you're the size of a horse!

Within moments where once you stood as a man, you now snort as a massive boar!

"Beast!" Cenria cries, drawing her blade. "To arms, sister! We eat well tonight!"

You snort as the other two centaurs gallop away from you. You try and turn with them, but Cenria dances forward, slashing your face. You turn away from the blow, focusing on her. With a squeal of fury you put your head down, charging her!

Cenria laughs, bounding away, her hooves easily outdistancing you. Pain suddenly explodes on your flank. You catch sight of one of the other two centaurs wheeling away, already drawing another lance. Hot blood pours from your side, but before you can focus on that, another explosion of agony takes your left.

You slow, wheezing, turning at bay. The three centaurs have turned, and now slowly approach you, death in their eyes and their weapons glinting red in the sun. You back up, anger turning to fear. With a squeal you turn and run, fleeing from the huntresses. But

blood continues to pour from your wounded sides, strength ebbing with every frantic pump of your legs until the world swims around you. You stagger to a halt as your legs wobble and you crash to the ground, sides heaving from your exertion.

When Cenria lazily trots before you, you only have enough strength to look up, and see her sword come down, delivering the killing blow.

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

The Village

The miles vanish behind you as you walk, adopting the campaigner's stride. Conveniently it's a march that keeps an eye out for cavalry. Though you doubt any soldier before you would be looking out for dominant horse women with a passion for enslaving men.

Then again, it's a wide world out there.

In the end, nothing does interrupt your walk, aside from nightfall. As the skies grow dark and the air cold, you start feeling the weight of the distance on you. But you could go further. Fortunately, you won't have to.

As you crest a hill what you first took for stars turns out to be a small village resting at the juncture of a river painted silver by the moon. Windows glow from scattered homes, a main street cutting through them and to the center of town.

And there lies what can only be the temple.

It looks to have formerly been a townhall, but the sprawling scaffolding that encases it like a cage indicates that's no longer the case. The building is dark, bulky, with two wings sweeping out as if to embrace the square before it. But there's something you don't like about that building. It seems darker than it should. A patch of blackness even greater than the night. The building seems to overwhelm everything around it, looming over the scattered homes like some slumbering wolf among frightened sheep. Its bell tower tolls out a lonely song through the night, the tone throbbing through you strangely as you look down on it.

You slow as you approach the town. Most lights are off, but the nearby tavern is very obviously open to judge by the glow of the windows and the faint sound of music trilling from within. You look up to where a lonely lamp illuminates a sign hanging by the door, advertising it as the *Bull in the Barrel*, with the comical picture of a bull sitting in a barrel underneath.

Subtle.

You glance down the main street and to the heavy shadow of the townhall. It might be wise to try and gather some information first, but you'd never get a better chance of sneaking in without being spotted than now while it's dark.

[Check the Inn](#)

[Head for the Temple](#)

Check the Inn

Only an idiot would try and sneak into the converted townhall right now. You'd do much better trying to learn everything you can in town first. Also, you're not exhausted, but your walk from the shrine to Littlebrook has really tired you out. A chance to sit down and maybe get something to eat would be much appreciated.

Decision made, you open the door and slip into the tavern. It's surprisingly quiet, most of the customers for a place like this being locals who would have all gone home by now, and those who remain are only the most hardcore of drinkers, although one other factor binds them together. You can't help but notice the men at the bar and tables have a distinctly... bovine look to them. Their features are heavy, as are their builds. You've seen barbarians with less muscle on them than these farmers, their roughspun clothes hanging open, clearly having been made for smaller men not so long ago. The bull horns all have growing from their brows is also a pretty solid tell.

However, there's two very obvious outliers to this rule. One table is occupied by a cow woman in a revealing black robe, her expression nervous and cheeks flushed. Her hair is a pretty brown that tumbles in curls from under her wimple, and her chest... well, there's no getting around that. She's positively stacked, her robe conforming to her expansive breasts in a way that truly draws the eye, her teeth nibbling nervously her lower lip as she stares into her mug as if trying to read the tea leaves.

The other is a catgirl sitting near the fire. One booted foot is propped up on a stool, while in her arms is a lute she strums with dexterous skill. Her cloak is slightly open, revealing a toned, slender figure wrapped in leathers and a number of showy buckles. Her tricorn hat is stuck with a gaudy feather, and her feline ears twitch from among tumbling curls, while her black tail flicks playfully. You'd have noticed her no matter what, but the moment she sees you her

eyelashes flick and she subtly cocks her head, beckoning you to come nearer.

[Sit with the Holstaur](#)

[Check Out the Catgirl](#)

Check Out the Catgirl

Curiosity draws you towards the feline bard before the flames. You see her slitted eyes spark as you draw near and her fingers coax a soothing song from her lute. You take a seat near the roaring hearth, watching her play for a while. She's very good, and you soon catch your foot tapping in time to the music she brings from her instrument.

With a final flourish the song ends, the catgirl sweeping off her hat with an elaborate bow to the nearly empty room. "Merci! Merci, sirs and madams. Never have I, Felonia, minstrel to kings and queens and everything in-between, had such a wonderful audience. It has been my pleasure. But I fear my music has left me drained. You zere, sir!" she says suddenly, indicating you with a hand. "Might I ask for your assistance to reach my room? I fear ze journey would defeat me utterly."

You chuckle and rise. "Of course! Here, lean on me, my lady."

"A true gentlemen," the catgirl says, leaning on your arm with a sigh as you walk with her to the back of the bar. "Your aid iz most welcome, sirrah."

So she says, but she guides you not to the stairs and the rooms above the tavern, but out the back, where a door creaks open and you find yourself once more in the gloom of Littlebrook night. With a sigh she releases your arm and turns to face you, all signs of exhaustion gone, one hand casually resting on her cocked hip as she looks you up and down.

"Hmm," she purrs. "You'll do."

"For?" you prompt.

She smirks and again tips her hat to you. "Allow me to introduce myself once more. My name iz Felonia, thief extraordinaire! And you, my good man, have been chosen for ze role as my sidekick!"

“Come again?”

She flicks her head towards the dark bulk of the townhall.
“You have come to plunder ze temple, non?”

“No?”

She laughs. “Do not play coy, mon ami. I could see it in your eyes when you first walked into ze bar. You are not some traveller wandering ze roads with naught but a bent copper in ze pocket. You carry yourself like a man of action! And I am looking for just such a man.”

“So... wait, you want to rob the temple?”

“But of course!” she says with a flip of her hand. “Do you not wonder why such a place has been converted? It is to protect something, eh?”

Is she talking about the Root of Corruption?

“Aha!” Felonia cries. “I zee it in your eyes. You know of what I speak! Very good. Now, if you will assist me, we will infiltrate ze temple and steal ze prize right out from under zeir noses. Are you with me?”

You hesitate. You’re not exactly on board with stealing from temples. You’re not super religious mind you, but you’ve heard enough tales of things stolen from the gods to be wary about plundering this one. Especially given Setaria’s reputation.

Then again, unless Felonia is the worst thief ever, you bet she has a way inside that bypasses the guards. Kind of the whole point of being a thief is not getting caught.

“I can zee you are not convinced,” Felonia purrs.

“Hm?” you say, called from your thoughts.

Felonia suddenly slinks closer, her lidded eyes glittering like plundered coins, her smile playful and coy. Her lithe figure sinuously presses against you, her modest breasts rubbing against your chest, her palm gently cupping your bulge causing you to suck in a gasp.

“You zeemed to truly enjoy my playing. Would you like to zee what else my clever hands can do? Hm?”

“Hm!” you say, eyebrows flying up.

[Cat Pawed](#)

[Rob the Temple](#)

[Refuse Her Offer](#)

Refuse Her Offer

Felonia seems skilled, but you're not exactly on board with her plan. Catgirls are notoriously fickle, and there's a whole lot about this scheme that strikes you as off. From recruiting you out of the bar to robbing the temple, you highly suspect you're being played either as a patsy, or as a sacrificial lamb if things go south.

"Uh, thanks but no thanks," you say.

Felonia's lips purse with disappointment. "Hmph," she says. "It would seem I underestimated you."

"Yeah. Sorry. But don't worry. I won't tell anyone about the whole 'robbing the temple' thing."

"On zat we are assured."

Her free hand suddenly comes up and squeezes a pouch she'd secretly palmed. A puff of powder bursts into your face. You stagger back, sucking in a breath, which only makes things worse as the tingly dust rushes into your nose and mouth. You sneeze, the corners of your vision blurring, feeling in your arms and legs fading.

"Wha... I..." you say, swaying.

"So sorry. But not to worry," Felonia purrs, her words seeming to come from far away as darkness rushes in. "Just a short snooze, and when you wake, zis will all be but a dream..."

[New Awakenings](#)

Rob the Temple

Felonia may be sketchy as fuck, but if she has a plan to sneak into the temple, you can't exactly turn that down. "Sounds good," you say. "Shall we?"

The cat-burglar chuckles. "Hm. A man of action! I like zat. Almost a shame not to have some more fun, but perhaps once we have claimed our prize..."

She moves away and beckons you to follow, stealing stealthily among the night shrouded buildings of Littlebrook. It's tough to keep up. She moves with nary a sound despite her ostentatious attire, and her night vision is clearly top notch.

Fortunately, you don't encounter a soul in your journey to the old townhall. Which makes sense, in retrospect. It's in the middle of the night, in a small village which, although being corrupted by an evil goddess, has no real reason to suspect an attack.

But that doesn't mean they're stupid.

As you slip around the wall of a house you peek past and at the town hall's front. The moonlight washes everything in a silvery glow, illuminating the arching entrance, but more importantly, the two guards. Huge, powerful looking minotaurs idle near the doors. Straps of leather garb them, outlining their thick, corded bulk. Huge horns curve from their brows and veiny muscles flex along their arms. Beastmen like those look big enough to crush boulders let alone your head, and the massive warhammers at their sides are no jokes. You don't want to meet those stone slabs any time soon, that's for sure.

Fortunately, you won't have to. You jump as you feel a hand on your shoulder and look back to find Felonia at your side. The catgirl holds up a finger to her lips and tugs you down a narrow sidestreet. You find yourself moving alongside the dark building, the windows boarded up with heavy looking planks. The catgirl stops at last, eying the sloping roof above you.

“Boost me,” Felonia says.

You cup your hands like a stirrup and brace yourself. With a flick of her tail the catgirl bounds into your palm and you heave her upward, her cloak fluttering in the cool night air, her buckles flashing as she somersaults onto the roof and out of sight. She leans back over a moment later, offering a gloved hand, and you grab it.

“Oof,” Felonia hisses as she pulls you up. “Ze ozer girls are much lighter.”

“Others?” you say as you scramble onto the tiled roof.

Her eye winks silver in the light. “Perhaps if we succeed, I shall introduce you to zem. Now with haste! Zis way.”

Her heeled boots stride with unerring ease across the tiled roof, ducking through the scaffolding almost playfully. You follow as best you can, but with considerably less grace. She glances back on occasion, smirking in amusement, much to your embarrassment.

“Here we are,” she says, stopping by an upper window which hasn’t been boarded up, but is secured tightly. “Ze fools did not zink to secure zis one.”

From her belt she produces a dagger she teases into the seam of the shutters. With an expert flick you hear the latch click off its cradle, and Felonia pushes the window open. She peers in, then slips over the sill and inside with nary a sound. You follow her, squeezing into what appears to be an old record room, the dusty shelves loaded with ledgers and crumbling with lack of use.

“Excellent. Not far now,” Felonia says as she pads towards the door.

“No?” you say.

“Non. Ze treasure shall be held securely in ze main chapel. Now hurry! I do not wish to stay longer zen necessary.”

Well, fair enough. You’re not exactly super keen either. Opening the door, Felonia sidles inside, followed closely by you. The stairs await, but as you move down them, you can’t help but notice a

growing darkness. A haze of what you now recognize as corruption. Though encouraged that the Root is here, you're not exactly thrilled at the thickness of the miasma.

But if you were having a problem with it, Felonia is in real trouble. Her steps stumble a little as she walks through the mist, her nose twitching, her breathing coming shorter and faster.

"You okay?" you ask.

"Fine. Fine. Ze air here is... is merely somewhat... Oh my," she says, touching her brow. "Just need a moment..."

You give her a look of concern, but then hear the creak of a door opening, closing, and heavy footsteps coming down the hall.

"Zut!" Felonia gasps, grabbing the nearest doorknob. "Quick! In here!"

You push into the room after her, hastily shutting the door. You breathe a sigh of relief, then glance back.

You're in a room absolutely filled with huge milk cans. They line every wall and corner, some piled atop the others, the metal gleaming faintly silver in the moonlight trickling through the crooked slats of a window. You uncertainly nudge one with your foot, but it fails to move. "I think they're... full," you say.

"Yes," the catgirl says, staring at the cans with a strangely intense look. "Yes. Filled with ze bounty of ze priestesses. No doubt to... to share among ze... ze faithful." She licks her lips. "We should... we should make sure, zough."

"Huh?"

Without seeming to hear you, Felonia has grabbed the cap of one of the tanks and twisted it off. Instantly the scent of fresh cream fills the air, the contents of the tank shining with flawless whiteness. You stare in shock. You can only imagine how much milking it would take to fill all these tanks.

"Ooooh," Felonia purrs, leaning over it, inhaling deeply. Her pupils widen, her ears flicking and tail lashing. "Zat's good."

“Uh,” you say uncertainly. “What are you doing?”

“Just... going to take a quick... taste.”

“I don’t think that’s a good...” you begin to say, but it’s already too late. Felonia has dipped her head forward, and begun lapping at the cream.

You see a shudder work through her as she tastes the first drop. Her eyes grow lidded and a quaking moan escapes her.

“You okay?” you ask her.

She gives a blank look, glances back down into the tank, and suddenly plunges her face into the milk.

“Hey! Hey!” you cry, grabbing the catgirl and pulling her head out. Felonia sways back, her face soaked in cream, her expression dazed and drunken. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fffffffine,” the catgirl slurs. “I am just... Havin’ a gooood time. Hic!”

You stare, flabbergasted at the formerly poised and confident bandit, now utterly sloshed on cowgirl cream. In that moment of distraction Felonia pulls out of your grip and starts chugging the milk from the tank again, her body vibrating with purrs and her tail swishing happily.

You hesitate, uncertain what to do. “Um, shouldn’t we... you know. Get back to committing some larceny?”

“Mmmmm...” the catgirl moans, her arms and legs wrapped around the milk can, tilting it bodily back so she can further guzzle the rich cream, her eyes lidded and pupils so wide her eyes seem black.

Well shit. This isn’t great. You eye the catgirl, then the door. Well, you’re inside the new temple anyway. You suppose this was the plan. And if you manage to sever the Root of Corruption, you’ll probably break whatever spell has Felonia ensorcelled.

“I’ll uh... I’ll just go do that... thing,” you say, edging towards the door.

“Mmm...” Felonia hums, still nursing her milk, her face soaked in holstaur cream and looking pleased as punch about it.

You ease open the door of the room and peer back into the hall. Whoever had been walking down it is long gone, and without a sound you slip out, shutting the door behind you, Felonia’s mewing pleasure soon muffled.

Weird.

[Into the Temple](#)

New Awakenings

You regain consciousness slowly, your eyes blinking heavily open, your head throbbing with pain and a strange but pleasant taste on your tongue. You groan, shifting.

“Shh. Careful now.”

You feel a weight move atop your stomach. You crack open your eyes and find yourself lying in a small room with a low ceiling. A smoky haze hangs heavily in the air, and your body throbs with a strange pain you can't quite comprehend. An aching as if your limbs had been stretched and pulled and thickened.

You feel a soft hand on your brow and look up. A lovely face looks down at you. You vaguely recognize her as the holstaur from the tavern, her hood framing her pretty face, but even as that memory pops into your mind it fades away.

“Wha...” you say.

“I found you in the street. You were unconscious and um... seemed injured. My name is Delilah, a priestess. I-in training. I tried to heal you.”

“Heal... me?”

“Yes. It's um... a difficult process, though,” she admits, blushing. “I'm not super good at it. But I did my best!”

“Feel... funny...”

“That's the healing process. I didn't know what was wrong with you, so I went with um, a more general spell. It's a bit involved though.”

Delilah leans in, and your eyes are immediately arrested to the wobbling breasts that come into view. They're huge, naked, her nipples thick and pink, breaded with cream and shining with saliva. Your saliva, you realize. Something about that seems odd. Even

alarming. But then a sudden dryness invades your mouth. A thirst that aches through you from every limb.

“The healing isn’t quite done, though,” she says, blushing prettily, cradling her tits tantalizingly. “It’s a common spell, but I’m... um... a bit inexperienced. I hope you don’t mind.”

Your mouth waters at the sight of her breasts. A sudden yearning fills you, your mind fogging with lust. “N-no. Don’t mind,” you say.

Her face relaxes in relief. She smiles. “Oh. I’m so glad. Here. Let’s continue, then.”

Your eyes widen as she leans over you, pushing her teat towards your face. You feel a momentary twinge of uncertainty, but then your nostrils flare, inhaling the powerful scent of her skin and milk, and any concern other than getting a mouthful of her milk melts away.

You open your mouth, accepting her nipple and you begin to greedily suck. Cream bursts from her teat onto your tongue, smooth and velvety, more delicious than anything you’ve ever known.

“Ooooooh,” the holstaur moans, cradling her tits, gasping, grinding herself atop you where she straddles her waist. “That’s... ah... that’s goooood.”

You groan happily. Strength fills your arms, and you lift your hands, palming her plump breast, massaging and squeezing it, spurting more of her delicious cream into your hungry mouth. You can feel the warmth of it fill your stomach. Spread through you like tendrils of power. Thumping into your veins and muscles with every gulp as you pump, squeeze, and massage those glorious teats.

“Mnnnn!” Delilah gasps as you work her tits. “Ooooh yesssss! Ah. Oh g-goddess, help this... ah... this m-man be healed. S-strengthen his um... his th-thews and ah! His b-bones! Give him y-your strength and... mnnn... and p-power... Oh g-goddess yes...”

You don’t know how much of this is an official prayer, but it’s undeniably working. You can feel your strength grow steadily.

Swelling your limbs. Your head. Your frame. You hear a faint tearing sound, and belatedly realize it was your clothes, but that doesn't seem to matter. Nothing matters except milking this lovely cow.

Delilah seems to have forgotten she's supposed to be praying. Instead, she just whimpers and moans, gasping as she feels your cock swell into the open, the heat of it throbbing against her pert bum, rubbing the seam teasingly.

"O-ooooh!" she gasps, biting her lower lip. "Ah. The ah... the um... healing seems to... oh... Um... We should..."

She talks too much. Cows tend to. The thought slips as easily into your mind as your hands do onto her hips, lifting her up. She squeaks as you suddenly reverse your positions, laying the lovely holstaur out on the bed, kneeling above her, pushing between her legs.

She's blushing hotly, her soft lips parted in gasping pants, her legs open, revealing the slick cove of her naked pussy. You don't know if the healing process necessarily required her to get naked, but you're not complaining. Makes it easier for you.

You tease your cock against her cunny even as you continue to milk her breasts, the innocent cowgirl moaning and whimpering with need, her hips rocking, rubbing herself against your manhood. You feel bigger down there than before. Thicker. A glance shows you your cockhead has become flared. Heavy. Almost bestial. You know that your cock wasn't always a bull's. You frown, trying to figure this out.

Then Delilah's arms are wrapped around your thick neck, the holstaur keening softly, pulling you deeper into her breast. "P-pleeeeeease!" she whines desperately. "D-don't stooooop!"

Your worries fade. It doesn't matter what your cock was like before. Your cow needs you. Needs to be given her attention.

And you'll oblige.

You push forward with a roll of your hips, impaling her on your swelling manhood. Delilah cries out, her eyes shooting wide

open, a throaty moan escaping her parted lips as she begins to ride you, bucking atop your thrusting cock.

“Ah! Ah! Mnnnn! Y-yessss! Ooooooh! F-fuck me! Fill me uuuuup!” she moans.

You’re not sure how much of this is about healing you anymore. You don’t really care. You feel healthier than you ever have, aside from a throbbing pain in your forehead. It makes it hard to concentrate, so you don’t even try. Thinking is overrated anyway. Your body knows what to do.

And that’s to fuck this cow slut full of your massive cock.

Delilah’s voice has risen, a staccato moan hitching every time your cock hilt in her depths. Her eyes are lidded, fogged, her lovely lips panting, her cries having a distinctly bovine tone to them. The sound only excites you more. A sound that seems so right. So perfect to come from the throat of such a lovely cow. You have to hear more.

You maul her soft breasts, squeezing out warm bursts of her delicious cream. Delilah whines and groans, riding your cock with utterly shameless delight, her tits wobbling wonderfully, her softy body absorbing you every thrust. A body made to be fucked. To be rutted. Her innocent cries exciting you, making your cock throb and balls churn with your feral seed. Your head pounds, brow aching with excitement to unload your seed in her. To fuck her.

To breed her.

“Yessssss! M-miiiiilk me!” she moans. “Milk meeee! Moo! Moooooo!”

The lowing moo seals the deal. With a throaty cry you hilt your massive cock in her needy pussy, lifting your head from her teat and letting loose a thunderous bellow of pure, animal pleasure. You can feel the skin of your brow part, the pressure building there released! Forming a pair of curling bull horns. Your body stiffens, your balls tighten as you unload your cum into the lovely cow with great bursts of your cock, stuffing the moaning slut to the brim,

feeling her own orgasm ripple through her, her pussy squeezing your cock in glorious pleasure.

“Moooooooo!” Delilah moans, arching, panting, helpless beneath your rutting cock.

You slow the beats of your thrusts, grunting. Your arms itch, and you glance at them, finding the beginning of brown fur coating them, a happy trail thickening down your chest. Delilah coos, stroking the burgeoning fur in amazement.

“Ooooh. That um... Wow,” she breathes. Her lashes flutter as she looks into your face. “Um, are you all healed now?”

“Healed?” you say.

“Y-yeah. From your injuries?”

You cock your head. You were injured? Maybe. But it’s hard to imagine anything could hurt such a powerful bull as you. Still, you can’t seem to remember. Much of anything, really. You feel like that should be a bigger issue, but with your cock still buried in Delilah’s warm pussy, worries seem so far away.

You grunt. “Feel fine.”

“O-oh?” the busty cow girl gasps.

“Wanna fuck again?”

“A-again? I um... o-okay.”

That’s all you needed to hear. With an approving grunt you resume sawing in and out of the cowgirl, her gasping moans stirring you anew in your efforts. Hmm. Who you were doesn’t really matter anyway. As long as you can fuck busty cows like this, you feel like things will work themselves out...

[Missionary Style](#)

Missionary Style

Crystal was still thinking about the sermon late at night as she lay awake in her little garret. Put over the fishmonger's shop, it was a lonely room, frequently stinking of fish and more unsavory things. But she was lucky to have it. As she was to be courted by the fishmonger's son, Ludd. She'd never dare dream of something more than eventually marrying Ludd, settling down, and maybe living longer than the two wives Ludd had already put in the ground with his 'love'.

Until now.

She could still remember the sermon being held by the pier in the little chapel newly restored. The soft, lovely cow woman who introduced herself as Delilah, and had so much to share with them. Crystal had heard of this new goddess. Or old goddess, as the case may be. Apparently, her cult had grown large in the kingdoms across the sea, but the hedonistic tales didn't seem to match up with Delilah's soft words.

The bullman who stood with her did, though.

Crystal blushed in the tight confines of her garret, remembering that massive brute. His thick, powerful arms and bestial muzzle. His hairy form, horned head and clothes that were little more than leather straps. His loincloth had left little to the imagination, but Crystal still found her mind picturing what that massive tool might feel like deep inside her.

Yet, it was Delilah's words that truly enticed Crystal. The idea of free love, of pleasures, of obedience to the form and ecstasy found in spiritual and physical release that stuck with her. Such a thing seemed so strange, yet so appealing.

Crystal realized she already knew what she had to do, but the doing of it was hesitant and slow. Nonetheless, soon enough her covers were thrown back, her shoes slipped on, her cloak pulled tight, and she was sneaking down the backsteps and into the night.

The shrine wasn't far from the shop, its lonely lantern glowing before the white façade. Repairs were still ongoing, but Delilah hadn't found any trouble recruiting aid from her flock, Crystal knew. Most of the young men about town attended the busty woman's daily sermons, though how much they heard while Delilah's eager gesticulations sent her tits bouncing Crystal wasn't sure. Likewise, a number of young ladies about town had grown very interested in the bull stud.

Crystal crept up almost shyly to the door, raised her fist and hesitantly knocked. She waited, wondering suddenly if maybe this was a mistake. Perhaps she should go back to her room...

The door suddenly opened, and Crystal gasped, confronted by the busty figure of Delilah, the holstaur dressed in her black robe that nonetheless did nothing to hide the heft of her chest. She smiled down at the young woman. "Hello, sweet thing," she said.

"U-um, hi. I was uh-"

"It's cold out there. Here, come inside."

Before she knew what was happening Crystal was ushered into the shrine. Warm light from tallow candles illuminated the altar and the pews. The wooden walls had been recently recoated in paint, the windows curtained for the night, leaving the interior in a half-light that seemed oddly suggestive to her, making her heart beat faster as she looked around.

As she did so, she happened to spy the bullman, Eric. He was currently carrying a massive pew on his shoulders as easily as he might a sack of grain. He paused when he saw her, and Crystal's cheeks burned as she felt his eyes move up and down her soft figure.

"Come. Let's have a chat," Delilah said, drawing Crystal towards the altar.

"I-I'm not even sure why I came," Crystal admitted, even as Delilah lifted her cloak off her, leaving her in nothing but her frilly nightgown, the cool air pebbling her nipples and kissing her legs.

“I know exactly what you mean,” Delilah said. “When I first joined the goddess, I wasn’t sure it was right for me either. But I gained confidence that it was right when I met my bull.”

Crystal glanced over at Eric as he set down the pew with a heavy thud, the bull straightening, flexing.

“O-oh?” Crystal said.

“Of course,” Delilah cooed. “No one comes to the goddess on her own. She may start the journey, but she needs to be... shown the way...”

Crystal found her back to the altar, Delilah before her. The busty holstaur smiled down at her, her face lit by the candle’s light, her hair seeming to glow like a halo around her horns. A sacred female of motherly curves, made even more obvious when she shrugged her shoulders, and her robe seemed to slip away.

Crystal’s eyes widened at the breasts thus revealed. Huge. Bigger than her head. Capped with plump pink nipples that already scented strongly of cream. Delilah cooed, hefting her breasts, giggling. “Can you imagine?” she gasped. “I used to be nervous about these. I thought they were too big. That they were embarrassing. But there’s no need to be embarrassed, Crystal. No need to be ashamed of beauty. And you’re so very beautiful.”

“H-how do you know my name?” Crystal breathed.

“The goddess tells me many things,” Delilah cooed, moving in closer, pressing Crystal against the hard stone of the altar, cupping the other woman’s cheek. “Let me show you...”

Crystal couldn’t believe what was happening. She froze, staring, awestruck as the cowgirl’s lips grew closer. Closer. Her eyes widened as they pressed against her own, kissing her gently, insistently, coaxing her mouth open, her tongue pushing into her, deepening the kiss until Crystal moaned, her legs trembling, buckling under the hot, heavy passion of the priestess.

She felt Delilah’s breasts press against her own. Rubbing her. Milk dampening her nightie and seeming to seep into her own

skin.

Her head spun. Crystal was confused. Aroused. And thoroughly, wonderfully enjoying what was happening. She moaned, pleasure aching through her as she arched against the lovely holstaur, rubbing herself unconsciously against the cowgirl's thigh, whimpers escaping her as the other woman's long tongue plundered her mouth in that sapphic kiss.

Delilah finally pulled back, her tanned cheeks flushed. "You're going to make a wonderful acolyte," she breathed.

"H-huh?"

"Shhh," the holstaur cooed, shifting, lifting her body against Crystal. "You will understand... Once you taste Her bounty in full..."

Crystal's eyes widened as the great orbs of the cowgirl's breast grew level with her face. Her mouth opened, and was at once filled with a nipple. No thought seemed needed. Her body responded the only way it knew how.

By giving a big, needy suckle.

The moment the warm cream of the priestess hit her tongue Crystal knew she'd made the right decision. As that warm, motherly cream gushed into her she relaxed, her eyes growing lidded, her thoughts heavy and laconic. Thick as fresh churned cream. She moaned, her tongue rubbing the bead of the holstaur's teat even as her lips lovingly drew at it, sucking in that sweet ambrosia.

"Mmmm. There we are," Delilah moaned softly. "Just like ah... that. Oh goooood girl."

Crystal couldn't answer. She was lost in the joy of the cream. The repetitive, whimpering effort of suckling at Delilah's teat seemed to relax her utterly. Submit to what was happening. She felt her nightgown be tugged up and over her head, cast aside, leaving her naked. She mewled softly as Delilah gently cradled her pussy, stroking her delicate folds.

The warmth of the milk seemed to spread through her from head to toe. Seeping through her in a wave of pleasure. She felt... softer. Bigger. Especially her breasts. They throbbed pleasantly, and so did her pussy. Only that had the strange, aching sense of emptiness. Of need. She moaned, rubbing her thighs together, shyly rocking against Delilah's stroking hand.

"Mmmm. Good girl. Just drink up. Keep drinking. It's time for your... initiation..."

Crystal sensed another presence. A heat of another body. Her eyes fluttered open, and found that Delilah had moved around her, leaving her naked figure to be admired by the bullman.

He loomed over her. Heavy, dense muscle and thick, musky fur. A golden ring gleamed in his nose, his horns curling high, his dark eyes fixed on her. His loincloth was gone, cast aside, and she beheld the length of his massive, flaring cock.

The size of it sent a shudder course through her. She whimpered as he grasped it, began to stroke. Delilah cooed.

"Do not fear," the holstaur cooed as she teased Crystal's legs apart. "It will feel soooo goood..."

Crystal realized she wasn't afraid. As she looked upon the minotaur looming above her, only anticipation thumped in her heart. Her core. She realized she wanted this. More than anything she needed it. When he moved between her thighs, her skin tingled where his fur brushed her. When the tip of his cock began to rub against her pussy, she quivered with need.

And when he began to push inside her, she knew pleasure like nothing ever before.

A moan escaped her, muffled by the nipple and breast still pressed against her lips. Her eyes rolled back as inch after inch of bull cock stuffed her insides. Stretched her around him. Her body quivered, arching under the pressure, and yet there was no question of taking him. She knew she could. Knew she had to.

And yet, the minotaur could only fit perhaps half his cock inside her before he couldn't go any more.

A soft whine of shame escaped Crystal, but Delilah gently stroked her hair. "Shhh. It's alright, my dear acolyte. There will be time to practice. Soon, you will take him all, as the goddess wishes. But for now, embrace the change, sweet thing. Embrace the pleasure."

Rough hands grasped Crystal's hips as the minotaur pulled back, thrust home. The shock of being filled with that massive cock thudded through her. Crystal gasped, groaned as the minotaur began to set the pace, plowing her with steady strokes. Conquering her with his massive cock. Every thrust stuffing her again with his impossibly massive tool.

She moaned, her breasts jolting with his every thrust, every bounce seeming to make them grow larger. Heavier. More buxom. The cream still pumping into her mouth filled her. She moaned and whined, hips rolling, fucking herself upon his cock with greater urgency. Her thoughts whirled. Her body ached. It felt so good. So wonderful. So... so...

Right.

Yes. She moaned in understanding. This was right. This was perfect. This was what she was meant to do with her life. To submit and desire and enjoy the brutal ruttings of the minotaur. To embrace and worship such physical bliss. To become a priestess of the goddess. To serve Her.

"You can see it now," Delilah murmured. "Oh, my sweet acolyte. I knew I chose right. Don't worry, my dear one. We will teach you. We will teach you all you need to know, and you will understand the beauty of it. You will spread Her word and Her milk to all those who need it.

"Now cum, dear one. Cum for me. Cum for him. Cum for the goddess!"

“Mmmmmmm!” Crystal moaned, arching, a sudden surge of pleasure seeming to burst from her core. Her whole body shook, the force of her orgasm like a star exploding below her tummy, spreading through her in a wave of white hot fire. Her eyes rolled back. Her voice rose in a cry of perfect pleasure as she came.

The sudden tightness around his cock pushed the minotaur past the brink. He bellowed, a sound so heavy and powerful it seemed to vibrate through her bones as he pushed inside her once more and came, joining his orgasm with hers, his hot, thick cum pumping into her in a sudden deluge.

Crystal’s vision went white. Like a second orgasm rocked her on the heels of the first. Bliss. Heaven. She sagged atop the altar of the little chapel, staring adoringly up at the holstaur and minotaur who had claimed her.

She smiled, easing down from her high on clouds of post orgasmic bliss. Understanding filled her. Beads of cream began to leak from her plump nipples.

Yes.

She was home.

And she would serve the goddess so well...

Bad End

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Into the Temple

The door bangs shut behind you, locking you in the gloom of the old townhall. That's what it was in a previous life, but things have changed, as you can plainly see. Candles glow from new altars built into the walls, raised to strange carved symbols like a tree made entirely of right angles. The floorboards creak under your feet as you slowly make your way inside, glancing about suspiciously. You pass a door from which comes a woman's soft mooing, but when you draw your sword, the glow of the blade doesn't brighten towards it, but instead further down the hall.

The air is thick with the smoky corruption of the goddess. The scent of cream and something like animal musk tickles your nose. The eddying mists part about your blade, the engraved steel glowing like silver as you push onwards.

You soon reach a large door. From around it seeps the cloying mist of corruption, and a soft sound of sighing pleasure come from beyond. You grasp the handle, test it. It opens smoothly, letting out a sudden gush of the mist into your face. You squint, pulling the door open all the way and stepping inside.

The room beyond is large. Huge, in fact. The ceiling rises in a dome like the shrine from before. The seeping mist claws around pews arranged in rows, leaving a straight path through the center. The windows are boarded up entirely, the only light coming from the dribbly candles arranged before dozens of altars set all around the walls, their glow weak in the heavy smog of the goddess's power.

And at the end of the room stands the Root of Corruption.

The very tree you saw in the crystal ball sprouts from the floor, having ripped asunder the boards. Roots bulge grotesquely and twine about the trunk. Branches spreads like clawed fingers, thick and thin, each bearing a bloated fruit. Ill looking colours shimmer across the wood, whorls and symbols etched in the grain, yet shifting like the patterns of an oil slick. Its bulk commands

attention, dominating the room in its heaviness, looming over the stone altar raised before it.

A woman kneels before the altar, her back to you. Dressed in long black robes, she's quite large, yet seems dwarfed by the tree. She suddenly sighs happily, rises with a rustle of silk. "So, you've come."

She turns, and you swallow hard at the sight of the impossibly gorgeous holstaur. She's magnificently curvy, something her black robe does nothing to hide, conforming to her immense breasts, swelling to her hips. A wimple covers her head, framing her rapturously beautiful face, a single lock of white hair peeking from the band. Her cow horns stretch out, dangling with tinkling silver bells, while a larger cow bell hangs around her throat.

"You must be Tauria," you say warily.

"I am," she says, dipping in a bow, her cow ears flopping a little, her breasts wobbling, much to your distraction. "And you are the new lord of this land, come to defeat me and destroy the tree of the goddess."

"You knew I was coming?" you say, instantly on guard.

"Of course," she says with the same dreamy look. "The goddess informed me you would."

"Oh," you say weakly. She's either insane, or Setaria really does speak to her. And you're not sure which is worse. "Goody..."

"She also told me you would come to seek to end her influence over this village and land," Tauria says, still smiling that warm, dopy smile. "And that you would be reluctant to learn of her word. But do not fear!" she says, which is not at all reassuring. "For I will show you Her wonders."

"That's okay. I'd hate to make you go out of your way," you say.

"I do not mind," Tauria says as she reaches down and picks up a staff. You eye that instrument with a sinking feeling. It looks like

it's made from a piece the tree behind her, its surface flowing with the disturbing whorls of colour, the tip ending in grasping branches that has an unnerving similarity to tentacles. You start when you see them wriggle.

“Come,” Tauria breathes, spinning the staff with a rapturous expression. “Let me show you the way to Her grace.”

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Parlay

“Hey now, hey,” you say, raising your hands in a sign of peace. “No need for all that. We can talk this out. Isn’t dialogue the way to express true faith?”

“Of course,” Tauria says.

You relax.

Then double over as she jabs the end of her staff into your midriff.

“But the word of the goddess is best experienced,” the cow woman says.

Pain throbs through you. Your mouth opens in a wordless groan as your legs fold under you, sending you to your knees.

“Ah! You have adopted the proper position of penance so readily. Excellent!”

You raise your head, and if you had any air left in your lungs, you’d gasp. With a simple gesture Tauria’s robe comes unlaced, falling about her feet and leaving her curves on full display. Her breasts hover above your head like pale planets, so rich and heavy and firm they must be holy, because they defy belief. Straps climbs her soft thighs, but leave the shaven mound of her pussy utterly bare, already damp with dewy desire. Only her wimple remains, the strangely chaste piece of headgear only making her nudity all the more striking.

She smiles grasping your head. “Come,” she breathes rapturously. “Let us pray.”

Your eyes widen as she pulls you forward, burying your face against her pussy. You finally manage to take a gasping breath, only for it to come loaded with the scent of her musky tang.

Which is... shockingly good.

Your eyes roll as you inhale the pungent aroma of her pussy. Your head clouds and you blink blearily. Something... something about this is very wrong. But your head is having a little trouble figuring that out at the moment.

“Worship at her temple, oh faithful one,” Tauria breathes, gently rubbing her pussy against your lips, her hand easing your head forward. “Show the goddess your obedience.”

It doesn't seem to take a conscious thought. Your tongue simply slips from between your lips, glides up her pussy, gathering a dollop of her juices. Her taste aches on your tongue, shooting into your mouth and head. Your eyes roll in obedient pleasure, your body shuddering with submissive bliss, the sharp gasp of awe inhaling more of her pungent scent.

You need more.

More.

Your hands rise, grasp her hips. Push your face flush against her pussy with greater urgency. Your tongue glides along her slit, licking her adoringly, trembling with unspeakable pleasure as you obediently service the priestess of the dark goddess. A part of you is screaming that this is wrong. Unholy. Monstrous! But that part is so easy to ignore. Forget as your tongue delves into the molten folds of Tauria.

The holstaur coos in pleasure, her hips lazily working, grinding herself on your face as you do your eager work. “Thaaaat’s iiiit,” she moans. “Mmm. Know the goddess through... ah... through pleasure. Her worship is in the flesh. Experience Her power, suppliant. Experience Her love.”

She pushes forward, easing you back. You’re gently lowered to the floor, Tauria’s pussy pressing you down under her, her weight trapping you beneath the glorious curves of the holstaur. You feel wonderfully helpless. Gloriously obedient. Her ass on your chest. Her pussy in your face as you lick.

Lick.

Lick.

“Mmmmmoooo,” Tauria moans, grinding herself down on you, her immense breasts wobbling over you as she fondles herself, squeezing her breasts in paroxysms of pleasure. “Yessss. Gooooood boy. Ah. Worship at the temple of... mmm... of the goddess. She has such... ah... need of your prayers. Pray to Her. Adore Her! Accept her... ah... Her message of loooooove!”

You accept it. Holy fuck do you accept it. The haze of corruption seeps in around you, tingling against your skin, your mind and body submitting lovingly to Tauria’s curves. You know it’s the work of the Root. That its presence is helping the process. Helping corrupt you. Corrode your resistance. Weaken you to the holstaur’s words and body, but you can’t seem to care. It just feels so good. Too good. You can’t stop licking. Adoring. Plunging your tongue into the gasping, quivering Tauria, moving up higher, higher, higher until you find the bead of her clit. You lash it with your tongue, frantic to feel her orgasm. To have her cum atop you.

“Y-yes! Yessss! M-more! Mooooooooore! Moooooooo!”

Tauria cries out, her head thrown back, her breasts quivering with her orgasmic peak. Her pussy twitches above your face as she cums, her arousal gushing into your mouth. Just the taste of her juices is enough to sink you. Your mind growing clouded, your body shuddering in pleasure as Tauria cums all over your face. The humiliation makes you flush. Groan as your cock throbs in the prison of your pants.

Tauria gently eases your head back. You suck in a breath of air, but it comes so laden with the mists of corruption it only sends your mind spinning further into loving submission. But if Setaria can bring you such pleasure, then plainly she is worthy of worship. If she could corrupt someone as lovely as Tauria, then what hope had you?

“You have been baptized in her name,” Tauria breathes as she reaches down and tugs open your laces, making you gasp as your cock springs up, throbbing, twitching with desire. Her eyes flesh

and her smile deepens. "Now, it is time to truly surrender to the faith."

"Y-yes," you pant as Tauria positions herself above you, her pussy, still dripping with her desire and your saliva, hovering over your cock. "Yes. Gotta... gotta worship the... the goddess."

Tauria smiles beatifically down at you. "So glad you understand," she says.

And hilt you in her with a single stroke.

You buck, groaning as her pussy envelops your shaft, swallows it whole. God she's spacious! Yet she manages to tighten around you, her hips rocking as she fucks you beneath her, her massive breasts bouncing with the urgency of her fucking.

"Oh f-fuuuuck!" you groan, grasping her hips, plunging your cock up into her as best you can, even as her every downward stroke slams you back down on the floor. "Yes! Yes! Oh f-fucking yessss!"

"Yesssss!" Tauria cries, her hands grasping her wobbling tits, squeezing those perfect orbs as she fucks you, milk dribbling from her fat nipples and dripping down the slopes of her bust. "Worship the goddess! She is ready! Give yourself to Her. Give yourself to Setaria! Pledge your soul to Her! Be baptized in Her glory!"

"Please! Please! Oh f-fuck pleeeeeease!" you groan, your pleasure building, cock throbbing, balls aching. You have to cum. No matter what. No matter what, you have to... have to...

"C-cuuuuuum!" you wail, stiffening beneath her, shuddering in unspeakable pleasure as your cock throbs. Your balls tighten. You cry out as you release into her, your cock pulsing with helpless pleasure, unloading into the sweet heat of her pussy.

"Yesssssss!" Tauria cries, her head thrown back, an expression of pure religious ecstasy on her lovely face as you cum in her. As her own orgasm sweeps through her. She bites her lower lip, her hands squeezing her immense breasts, and from her nipples sprays her rich, frothy milk. It splashes on you, warm and thick. More

than a little hits your face, and your tongue needs no permissions before eagerly licking it up.

As wonderful as her pussy juices were, as heady as wine, her milk is even better. You feel your thoughts float away on clouds of creamy pleasure as you bask in the afterglow of your orgasm, soaked in the warmth of her cream. Thoughts of resistance, escape, are all forgotten, drifting away along with your mind.

“The goddess is most pleased,” Tauria breathes, stroking your cheek. “You shall serve her well.”

You shiver in pleasure as she leans forward, pressing a nipple to your lips. Yes, you think vaguely as you happily suckle at her teat. You’ll serve... so well...

[Minotaur](#)

Wait

You don't know what this busty priestess is capable of, but you doubt it's anything good. You heft your blade, levelling it with her, waiting for her to make the first move.

Tauria smiles beatifically at you. "There is no need for that," she says. "I am a priestess of the god of love, not of battles."

"Yes, well, all the same, I think I'll keep it," you say.

"Suit yourself," she says, shrugging, her breasts bouncing with the motion. "I'd never force you to do anything."

You blink, realizing you were watching her tits wobble. "Uh, yeah. Right."

"It's true," she croons with the breathy conviction of the fanatic. "The goddess does not force others to serve her. She merely shows them the truth. The needs we all have," she says, gesturing grandly, which, surely coincidentally, makes her breasts sway and bounce.

You realize your jaw is hanging open. You blink harshly, taking a deep breath, nearly choking in the miasma of corruption filling the room. Although, you have noticed it isn't as unpleasant as before. In fact, it smells kinda... good. Kind of warm and smooth, like perfume.

Like a pair of big, bouncy tits.

You blink again. "Huh?"

Tauria smiles at you, her face seeming almost to glow in the light of the twisting tree. Her figure perfect. Flawless. Her hips lazily swaying back and forth. "Worship," she breathes, the word aching through you with a shock. "Can be done in so many ways. So many... wonderful... ways. To worship at the altar of the goddess can be so rewarding. So wonderful."

“Yeah...” you say, watching her hips sway. Her breasts bounce. Your brow furrows. “W-wait. I uh-“

“Shhh. Do not doubt. An act of faith requires belief,” Tauria breathes, your eyes slowly widening as her hands rise to the top of her gown. “It requires... worship...”

Your jaw goes slack as she opens her gown, lets it fall. She’s wearing nothing underneath. The black robe descends, stirring the miasma that swirls in the air, framing her in a sudden swell of violet mist. Her figure is perfect. Buxom. Her hips swell and her stomach is soft and slightly pudgy. Her breasts form a perfect counterpoint to her hips. A gorgeous hourglass that rocks to some hidden music.

No, wait. You can hear music. A soft, vibrating sound like reeds playing. A sound that thrums in the air and through your feet and chest. You gasp, your cock hardening, pressing against your pants as you stand in awe of her.

“The goddess knows what you need,” Tauria breathes as her body sways, her hands running up her pale thighs and soft stomach. Cupping her soft breasts and giving them a bounce.

Bounce.

Bounce.

“Y-yeah?” you breathe.

“Yes,” Tauria coos. “The goddess knows how hard life has been for you. How strong you have been until now. But there’s no more need to fight. To resist. All you need to do... is come to Her bosom... and relax. And worship. Your journey is at an end, my lord. Find solace in the faith. Find relief in the arms... of Her...”

You... realize that something about all this is wrong. But you are feeling tired. So tired. Life really has been hard. Been a trial. All that fighting. All those wars and strife, all to get your reward, and only find that another battle awaiting you here. It’s so unfair. So cruel.

But she's so soft. So ample. Such big... soft breasts...
Breasts you could bury your face in. Breasts you could relax in.

You hear a distant clang, and realize it was your sword dropping from your nerveless hands. You look down but the mists have already swirled over it. You shakily get down on your hands and knees. You need that sword. You... you need it for... for...

Hands gently cup your chin, lift your head. You find Tauria kneeling before you, smiling down at you. Her eyes so soft. So warm. So filled with loving compassion. Her immense breasts are right in front of your face, riveting your attention.

"No more fighting, my lord," she breathes.

"Buh?" you say.

"No more struggling. The goddess is here for you, my lord," she says, easing your head forward. Your eyes widen, then lid as your face presses against the warm softness of her breasts. A shudder of pure pleasure aches through you as Tauria presses against you, stroking your hair. "No more warring. No more fear. No more thinking. Let the goddess do it for you, my lord. Let Her be your guide. Give yourself to the goddess, my lord. Surrender... to Her... bosom..."

Your lashes flutter. Eyelids heavy. Limbs leaden even as her hands move from your head and begin to strip you. You do little more than squirm a little, but if that's to resist her or help her, you're not sure. Thinking is so hard. As if your mind were filled with wool.

Soon your shirt is gone. Your pants teased open. You gasp as your cock springs into the open air, brushing against the dewy slit of Tauria's pussy. The holstaur priestess smiles down at you.

"Are you ready to pray, my lord?" she says.

"Mmmm," you moan.

"Then let us worship Her, my lord. And discover Her glory."

So saying, Tauria eases herself onto your lap. Sheathes you into her pussy.

And bliss consumes you.

It radiates from your cock as her pussy lovingly slides down around your cock. It fills your balls with aching desire even as she tilts your head and presses a thick nipple to your lips. Without thinking you latch on, groaning as you begin to adoringly suckle at her teat.

Instantly, richest cream floods your mouth. So good. So warm. It flows down your throat and seems to fill your body with heat. With strength!

With... girth.

You groan, your hands grasping her teats, squeezing them, milking them into your mouth. Her milk gushes into you. Every swallow seems to fill you. Make your body hotter. Heavier. Bigger.

You groan, and the sound seems to come as a throaty growl. You feel your chest swell. Your arms thicken. Your cock grows until it fills the lovely holstaur atop you. Tauria keens with pleasure, her pale face flushed, panting as you stuff her with your cock. Your hands continuing to play and milk her into your mouth.

“Yes. Yessss! Feel her blessing. Oh g-goddess!” Tauria moans, her pace increasing, riding your lap and cock with growing urgency. “Goddess yessss! Fill your faithful with... ha... with your powerrrrr!”

You can feel it. Feel the power. Feel it pump into you with every burst of her cream. It seems to stuff your body, your muscles swelling, your head throbbing. You can feel the pulsing pain gather in two points of your brow. Throbbing with heat and pressure. You let out a heavy groan as the pain explodes like a white star. As two bull horns burst from your brow.

“Yesss! My goddess! Give him your form!” Tauria cries. “Make him youuuuurs!”

Her hips pound down on your lap, taking your thickening cock deep inside her. You can feel your manhood throb within her.

So potent. So virile. Her curves feel so perfect. The perfect cow. The perfect slut for you to fuck and rut and breed.

Yes. Yes, you have to fuck her. Have to rut her. The need for it radiates from your heavy balls. Pulsing up into your core. You groan, grasping her hips, tilting her back. Tauria cries out in delight as you lay her out on the floor, her legs wrapped around your waist as fuck her into the wood with sharp, brutal thrusts. Your lips remained fastened on her nipple, still drinking her wobbly, sloshing teat even as you rut her like an animal.

“Oh! Oh! Oh g-goddess yessss!” Tauria moans, her hands grasping your horns, clinging to them as you rut into her. Milk her. Adore her heavenly form. “Yessss! Give it to meee! Bless me oh goddess! Give me his f-fucking seeeeeed! M-moo! Moooooooo!” Tauria cries, her voice rising, deepening in a needy mooing sound.

It’s that which pushes you over the edge. Something so innately animal. So perfectly feminine. So wonderfully, sublimely bovine. You tear your lips from her nipple, throwing back your head as, with a great bellow, you thrust upward, hiltng yourself in her hot pussy.

And cum.

Your balls tighten, cock pulsing like a firehose as you unload your virile seed into Tauria’s tight depths.

You cum.

You feel a haze settle over your mind as you inhale deeply another gasp of the cloying air in the room. Your thoughts sinking under the brutal weight of instinct. Of obedience to your mistress.

You cum.

Pumping the moaning holstaur full of your thick cum.

You cum.

You cum.

You cum like a good bull. An obedient bull. A dumb, horny, stud as your arms grow furry and your face thickens with a bestial

muzzle.

You grunt, settling, a clarity entering your mind as you feel Tauria's pussy flex around your flared manhood. The holstaur beneath you coos, stroking your muzzle in awe and affection, her smile beatific with joy.

"Beautiful," she breathes. "Praise the goddess."

You snort. "Praise," you say as Tauria's pussy flexes around your cock again. And you've got a feeling you'll be praising the goddess a lot this night...

[Minotaur](#)

Minotaur

Something has changed.

You raise your horned head towards the roof of the milking barn, brow furrowing with thought. You don't know how you know this. It's an instinct. As deeply ingrained in you as the need to eat, sleep and fuck. But neither do you question your certainty. Something has happened. You frown at the candles burning before a nearby altar, their glow reflecting off the carved tree, gleaming off the milk cans scattered around the room. What is it?

"Mooooo..."

You look back down, realizing you'd stopped rutting the lovely cow beneath you. Her pale breasts wobble atop her chest, leaking cream. Stretched out on a milking bench, her eyes are foggy, her lips parted, skin bejeweled with sweat. Cum still leaks from her pussy with your earlier orgasm, and her flushed face pouts a little.

"Wh-what's wrong, b-baby?" she gasps.

"Nothing," you grunt, resuming your lazy thrusts.

She moans, her eyes growing lidded, fogging as your massive shaft resumes its relentless pounding of her pussy. Her hips rise, her breasts bouncing, sloshing once more as your massive cock plunges into her. The wet sound of your thrusts soon focuses your full attention on the cow beneath you. A bull's purpose, after all, is to protect and please the cows. Milk and fuck them as much as they need.

And they need a lot of fucking.

You don't recall when you first became a bull, or what there was before the temple. All you know is that the faith has grown considerably. Women seem to come from all over Rovenia and beyond to join the cult. To become the soft, busty cows that need a good fucking. Such an influx puts a lot of pressure on the bulls. It sometimes seems like you can't take ten steps without some

beautiful, curvy goddess catching your eye with a bounce of her tits and swing of her hips.

Naturally, you never refuse. Your virile cock is always ready to bend a cow over and pound her into a moaning mess. You're always ready to pump and milk a pretty cow's teat into your mouth. Many a new convert has been brought to a greater understanding of the goddess while atop your cock.

"Yes!" the cow beneath you moans, panting as she rocks her hips, meeting your thrusts with moaning adoration. "Yessssss! F-fuck meeee! Fuck me haaaaard! Yes! Yessss! G-give me that big b-bull coooooock!"

You snort, grasping her hips, squeezing them as you fuck her even harder. The beat of your thrusts echo through the barn, the cow wailing as you claim her sopping pussy. Your breaths come in short, harsh grunts. Your leathery palms squeeze her hips, moving up to her tits. No sooner have you grasped her ample bust she cries out, milk spurting from her whorish nipples. You handle her expertly, massaging, pumping, adoring her udders as she ruts atop your cock.

"Yes!" she moans. "Yes! Oh! Ohhhh! M-mooooooo!"

She cums with a great moaning lowing, her breasts quivering, spurting her sweet cream in sudden gushes. You groan as her pussy squeezes your cock in the apex of her pleasure. You manage two more strokes before you bury your cock deep within her, shuddering as you cum, balls tightening as you unload your virile cum in her hungry womb and pussy. Your hips bucking as you pump into her so much cum it overflows, drooling onto the wooden beam.

You grunt with satisfaction, unsheathing your cock from her. The cowgirl on the bench merely moans, her pussy twitching as it tries to hold in as much of your thick seed as it can. You nod your horned head, satisfied she's taken care of.

Now, what's happening in town?

You open the door of the barn and shut it behind you, moving through Littlebrook. Dozens of buildings cluster around the main road, the town having swollen to accommodate all those who've come to join the cult. Cozy homes, all with an attached milking barn and shrine to the goddess, they fill the streets and spread across the pastoral plains beyond. You've heard that of late, the centaur clans have left to raid into the kingdom beyond Rovenia. A shame. Those beauties had started to grow bustier as well.

Acolytes of the goddess cluster everywhere in knots of whispered conversation. Their dark robes remind you of ravens as they flutter, speaking quickly. It seems others have sensed the change in the air as well. Many have their hoods thrown back, revealing the curving cow horns. Some catch your eye and more than a few give you a suggestive glance, but you ignore them for now.

Something is happening at the temple.

It's come a long way from some run down townhall. Now, it sprawls across the grounds. An abbey of minarets and cloistered halls. The stone that built it was once red as rust, but it has blackened, becoming a dark edifice whose presence seems to overwhelm the surrounding area. A dozen bells toll the hour, and as you draw near, the air seems to grow darker, as if a warm night shrouds the surroundings.

You pass the guards at the gate, head through the courtyard with its crooked trees, and enter the main chapel. The mists of corruption seep in the air, fogging it as if you were walking through a steam bath. The tree has grown immense, positively filling the room with its twisting glory. The bark shimmers, swirling with strange hues that draw the eye and empty the mind. Many an uncertain supplicant found their faith watching those colours dance. None can resist the goddess now.

All around the walls are alcoves, each filled with a dribbly candle. The ghostly glow seeps the room in unearthly light, awe inspiring silence that makes the soul feel small. In the center of the

tree a new shape has begun to form. The figure of a woman emerging from the bark. Unspeakably lovely. Unnaturally enthralling. This is an avatar of the goddess, you've heard, and soon, she will be strong enough to speak to the supplicants directly.

You worship the goddess, in your own way. But the true faith is best left to the cows. Bulls obey. That is their purpose. Only the cows know the will of Her.

Before the emerging figure kneels Tauria, her head bowed before the tree. The mists swirl lazily around her, caressing her. Whispers seem to seep through the air as tentacles of swirling darkness move against the lovely holstaur. You stop at a distance, waiting for her to complete her prayers.

At last, Tauria exhales. She rises and turns to face you, a rapturous look on her face. She's grown even larger than you remember. She stands nearly as tall as you, but such a figure is necessary to support her immense breasts. Each can fill an entire metal milk tank a day, and her cream has been sent to cultists across Rovenia to aid in the 'baptism' of new converts. It's said not even paladins of Orrin can resist after a sip of her cream.

"My bull," she says. "The goddess has spoken to me."

"Hm?" you grunt.

"She has told me that it is time to bring the faith to Brodwen," she says. "To the greater kingdom. She has given me a prophecy. A new temple to her glory shall grow upon the ashes of the castle. The queen already invites us to her home so she might better know the faith. Soon, every woman in the kingdom shall know the wonder of Her bosom. Every man shall understand his place as an obedient bull."

You grunt. "Sounds good."

"And you shall join me."

You tilt your head. "Hm?"

Tauria moves towards you, the bells of her horns gently chiming like an accompanying orchestra. She loosens her collar, and with a soft rustle her robe falls away in her wake. You straighten at the sight of her naked curves. Leather straps cover her legs and frame her upper body. Bondage leathers the sight of which against her creamy skin stiffens your cock to its full mast.

“There are many dangers beyond Rovenia, my bull. Many who do not understand the true glory of Her word. I will need protection. I will need...” she breathes, touching your heavy chest, “...you...”

You snort, inhaling deeply the cloying mists of corruption, feeling lust thump in your veins at the nearness of Tauria. “Yes,” you grunt, reaching forward, palming her immense breasts, soft yet firm. Heavy and taut with her cream. “I serve the mistress.”

Tauria’s eyes close, a soft moan escaping her as you stroke and fondle her breasts. “Yessss,” she breathes, reaching lower, grasping your meaty cock, making you grunt. “You will guard me, my bull. And together, we shall bring all the kingdom to the goddess. We will make the world know Her will. Her glory. For She comes, and all must know this.”

You grunt, hands moving from her breasts, to her hips and back. “Yes,” you say, easing Tauria down onto the floor.

She yields at once to your hands, her head tilting back with a song of bells as you lay her down on the floor. Her legs part, revealing the gentle furrow of her pussy. You push forward on your knees, aligning your bitch-breaker with her silky cunt. You groan as you push into her, your bull-cock sinking into the warm softness of her pussy.

“Yessssss,” Tauria moans, her head against the floor, her horns scraping the stone. “My bull... oh yessss.”

Lust burns in your veins. The surging desire for this beautiful cow. You grunt, pushing inside her until your furry balls rest against her mound. Then, holding her steady, you begin to thrust.

It starts slow, but her body demands more. Her beauty needs to know the fullest of your ardour. You grunt heavily, sawing into her molten pussy, going faster. Faster. Soon the slap of flesh echoes in the sacred silence of the shrine. Tauria's gasps grow louder, her bells jingling with every hitting of your cock. Her pale body seems to glow as she arches beneath you, welcoming your cock with panting cries.

"Yes. Yesssss!" she gasps. "More! Fuck me! Fuck me, my bull! Fuck your cow! Show her your coooooock!"

Her demand is eagerly complied with. You pound into her with a single-minded purpose. Her breasts bounce before your eager eyes as you plow her, her inner walls rippling, squeezing, massaging your massive cock. Your breath comes in pants. You shorten your thrusts, quickening her pounding, fucking her with brutal efficiency.

"Oh g-goddess!" Tauria gasps. "Goddess yes! Yes! Moo! Moooooooooo!"

Her bovine cry heralds her orgasm. She shudders around your cock, her pussy tightening around you, milking your cock as eagerly as you did her tits. The surge of her peak overwhelms you. You throw back your head with a bellowing roar as you hilt yourself within her, cumming, pumping her full of your thick, virile cum.

Tauria moans, undulating lazily beneath you as she rides out her orgasm. She touches your muzzle, stroking it lovingly, her face warm and content.

"We shall spread Her word and Her love to every shore, my bull," she breathes.

You snort, nod. You do not know what life you had before becoming a bull. You do not care. You live now only for the goddess. Only for the cows.

Only to serve your mistresses.

Bad End

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Seduce

Tauria is clearly insane and corrupted by Setaria, but worshipping a dark goddess that turns men into slaves and women into seductive beauties likely has a very physical aspect. The vision that is the holstaur further reinforces that.

“Worshipping the goddess?” you gasp. “I love doing that!”

For the first time, Tauria looks surprised. “You do?”

“Of course! Oh, I worship the goddess all the time! Whenever I’m with a woman I praise the goddess. Whenever I’m alone with my hands and certain magazines, I worship her. Whenever I come across a piece of suggestively shaped wood, I praise her. Oh!” you cry. “And how fortunate I am to finally find a priestess who knows Her word. Who can teach me all the... proper methods of worshipping Setaria. Thank the heavens!”

Tauria face opens with a beaming smile. “Ah,” she says. “Of course. No one who has witnessed even a sliver of Her power could remain untouched.”

“Absolutely,” you gush. “And I want to learn everything I can about worshipping her. All the prayers. The items of religious purposes. The positions. Please!” you cry. “Teach me!”

“Of course, my child,” Tauria says, beaming. “First, you must remove your clothes. For there are no secrets before the goddess, and so we must be shriven.”

Damn. You’d hoped she’d just invite you into stabbing distance. Still, you’re locked in now. You shuck off your pants, a little uneasy about abandoning your sword, but to show hesitation would be to invite doubt. Besides, you’re reasonably confident you can outfuck this cow woman. You’ve had a lifetime of experience, and sure, she may serve the goddess of dark pleasures now, but how long can that have been?

You pause, glancing around the newly converted temple. Well... you still think you've got a handle on this.

"Excellent," Tauria says as you strip away the last of your clothes and stand naked before her. "She will be most pleased with your eagerness."

"I am absolutely all about that. So should I get the sacred oils or..."

You trail off as Tauria grasps the front of her robes and whips them off. Your jaw goes slack in shock as she reveals the full glory of her body. Pale curves that defy expectation. Huge breasts almost bigger than your head. Swelling hips like those of a fertility idol. A perfect hourglass, soft and lovely. A body of pleasures and padded for taking the most enormous of cocks. Only her wimple remains, the headgear only making the rest of her nudity more evident as she smiles beatifically at you and approaches.

The sway of her hips throws you off, and then she's upon you. Literally. Before you can even think of going for your sword she's pressed her hands to your shoulders, pushing you gently to your knees. You find yourself suddenly level with her glistening, shaven pussy, her scent tingling in your nose as you stare in gobsmacked awe.

"Show your devotion to the goddess," she breathes, her hips cocking forward.

You open your mouth to provide some no doubt clever witticism, and instead find your lips pressed against the slick gash of a cowgirl priestess. Instantly your tongue is drawn out, running along those glistening folds, tasting the unearthly desire of this holy cow.

Something about her taste stirs you in ways you weren't prepared for. The richness. The aroma. The intoxicating muskiness of her desire. Your hands are suddenly clutching her ass, pressing her forward, your tongue delving into her delta, lapping at her pussy. Oh. Ohhhh, it's good. It's so goood.

“Mmmm,” Tauria moans, her hands gently landing on your head, urging you deeper into the sweetness of her cunny. “Ah. Y-yesssss. That’s iiiiiit. D-deeper. Oh g-good boy. Ah. Yes. Worship the goddess. Know her... ohhhh... her p-pleasures.”

You’re discovering them real quick, that’s for damn sure. Every swipe of your tongue sends another hot thrill racing through you and to your balls. Your cock twitches beneath you, rock hard and ready for more. Your hands are filled with the softness of her ass and hips, your face buried so deep in her pussy your nose is rubbing her mound.

“Mmmm!” Tauria moans, grinding herself onto your tongue. “Yesssss! Like that. Just... ah... like thaaaat! Keep ha... keep g-going. Oh goood bull. Good bull. Getting... getting close. Ah. Oh g-goddess! Hear our p-prayer! Hear us offer this soul to you!”

You feel the air in the room change. The mists swirl around you and her. This is starting to feel a bit serious. You should probably do something.

Like tease your tongue higher.

Stroke the bead of her clit.

Make her gasp.

Moan.

Ride your face like there’s no tomorrow.

“Ah!” Tauria gasps, her hips bucking at the sudden sharp burst of pleasure. “Ooooooh! Yes! G-goddess yesssss! We offer this soul to youuu! Give him to you! Let him... ah... w-worship y-youuuu! Mnnnn!”

She presses you hard against her pussy as she cums. Cries out as she shudders with the ecstasy of orgasm, her juices flooding your mouth in a sudden swell of her desire. You’re caught off-guard, but as soon as the first drop hits your tongue you know you want more. You moan, clutching her to your face as you guzzle her

spurting girlcum, your eyes rolling back in obedient pleasure as you drink her arousal, feel it flow into your mouth.

Lust thumps behind your eyes. Your limbs feel heavy. Like they're being filled with molten lead. The heat of desire rushes through you, throbbing in your head. Your balls. You try and focus on what's happening but fail. Your body seems to be moving by mere instinct.

And when Tauria pulls her hips back, sinks into your lap, and presses one of her enormous breasts to your face, your only answer is to suck.

Your lips worship her teat, kissing across the pale orb, finding the nubby peak of a nipple. At once you start sucking, and immediately you're rewarded by a sudden gushing of her delicious cream.

"Mmmm!" Tauria moans, cradling your aching head against her breast, gasping as you suckle from her teat. "Ah. Yesssss. Gooood bull. Drink... ah... drink the nectar of the goddess. Feel her... ooooh... her love..."

Oh, you're feeling it. Feeling Tauria's pussy rubbing against your throbbing cock, the holstaur in your lap, pressing you down beneath her, her immense teats filling your world as you hungrily suckle at her, every gush of her delicious cream filling you more. More. More! Your stomach growing full. Heavy with her thick cream.

You can feel something new. The leaden weight in your arms and legs has changed. You feel... bigger. Stronger. You grunt, your head still throbbing, your thoughts sluggish. Lazy. Heavy. Thinking is such a pain. Why bother? You somewhat remember having come here to do something other than fuck this lovely cow, but that seems woefully unimportant now. Especially when Tauria shifts atop you, pushes herself into your lap, and fills her spacious pussy with your cock.

"Mmmm!" Tauria moans, a sound of almost bovine delight, the timber of her cry pulsing through you and into your cock and

heavy, heavy balls. You grunt, your grip tightening on her plush rear, starting to bounce her on your lap as you continue to suckle.

“Y-yesssss!” Tauria moans. “Ah! T-take me, my bull! Take me for the goddess! Show her... oooh... show her your d-devotioooooon!”

Her final wail of pleasure is too much. Her heavenly pussy squeezes your cock, and with a thundering moan you thrust up into her. Your cock swells, seeming to grow twice its size as you unload inside her. Your cock pulses, gushing with your virile seed, stuffing the busty cow slut with what feels like gallons of your cum.

You fall back, grunting, panting. Your head swims in a river of heavenly pleasure, your body feeling heavy and torpid.

Tauria smiles down at you, stroking your cheek, her hand gently running up your face and to your head. You feel her nudge aside some of your hair, her finger stroking something new. A blunt knob of a beginning bull horn.

“Mmm. Very nice. We’re going to make you such a good bull,” she breathes.

You grunt in agreement, not even questioning her. Especially when her pussy starts to squeeze your cock again. Her body begins to rise, fall, fucking you once more, and her ample breast pushes into your face. Lovingly, you take her teat, milking her into your mouth.

Praise the goddess indeed.

[Minotaur](#)

Potion of Feminine Beauty

You quickly grab the pink potion at your belt and pop the cap. With a single motion you down that sparkly brew, groaning as it flows into your mouth and down your throat, spreading its popping, fizzing flavour through your body.

“O-oooooh!” you groan as you feel the changes begin. As your chest expands, breasts swelling into your shirt, your muscles shrinking, your hips growing, your ass plumping. You can feel your face soften, your hair grow and become more luxurious, and you can definitely feel your cock ache, shrinking, inverting into yourself and becoming a lush pussy.

You sway a little where you stand, now a woman, your center of gravity knocked off by your new tits and ass. “Ah... aha!” you gasp. “What do you... wahddya thing of that!”

Tauria stares at you in wonder for a moment. Then, she suddenly beams. “Wonderful!” she cries, clapping her hands in delight. “How marvelous!”

“H-huh?” you say.

“Forgive me,” the holstaur giggles. “I did not expect you to wish to join the priesthood. I had assumed you wished to become a bull. So let us begin!”

“What? No, I-“

You’re interrupted as Tauria thrusts her staff at you. You easily twist aside from it, until the winding tip suddenly explodes into motion. You squeal in surprise as the dark tentacles grab you, writhing around your arms, thighs and waist. You try and break free of their hold, but the dark limbs have you trapped!

Tauria pulls the staff forward, and you didn’t realize how strong she was until you’re face to face with the lovely holstaur. She looms above you, smiling prettily with her large, soft lips. “Now,” she says. “For your... initiation.”

“L-let me mmmf!”

Your protest is silenced by the sudden press of her kiss. The feel of it makes your eyes widen, your mouth open in a gasp, and that’s all the invitation she needs to push her tongue into your mouth.

The deepness of the kiss shocks you, as does the feeling of her massive breasts pressing against your own, more modest orbs. You groan, eyes rolling, your tongue struggling futilely against her own as she pulls you against her. Your arms and legs quiver, fingers and toes curling with a strange pleasure that thumps from the space below your tummy.

“Mmmrrnnn...” you moan as one of the staff’s tentacles strokes your mound, teasing your tender slit. The touch sends a shock throbbing through your core, and you groan, eyes rolling back in unspeakable pleasure as she works.

“Mmm,” Tauria hums, her lips moving against yours, her body pressing against you, her enormous breasts overwhelming you. You can taste her saliva, the heat of her mouth seeming to breathe into you, spread the warmth as shocks of desire radiate from your core. Your feminine body seems unable to resist the overly busty beauty atop you. The tentacles of her staff undulate, stroke, squeeze, the helplessness of your position only making you randier.

Tauria breaks the kiss, her tongue sliding out of your panting mouth. “Shall we begin?”

“O-okay,” is your breathless reply.

You realize instantly what you just said, but it’s already too late. Tauria smiles and her free hand tugs some hidden catch in her clothes. With a whisper of silk her robe falls away, baring the full glory of her figure. Your jaw drops at the sight of her enormous breasts, so big and full they seem to have their own gravitational pull. They certainly arrest your eyes, those full, creamy orbs quivering with her soft breath. Her nipples plump, needy.

Growing closer.

Your eyes widen as you realize what's happening. You make a weak attempt to struggle, but the tentacles of her staff still hold you tight. And then her nipple is against your mouth, and despite every instinct screaming at the danger of it, you give her a suck.

Cream bursts into your mouth in such a sudden volume you can't help but swallow, and once that first gulp goes down, the seconds flows into you without resistance. Warmth spreads through you as the milk flows down into your stomach. Your token struggles cease, your eyes lidding as your mouth falls into the rhythm of needy suckling.

"Gooood girl," Tauria moans, gasping softly, her pale cheeks warmed with a blush, her smile beatific with delight. "That's it. Mmm. Feel the blessing of the goddess spread through you. Embrace her... ah... her gift."

Ooooh, you can feel it. You whimper in pleasure as you suckle, the warmth gathering in certain key places throughout your body. Your hips and chest ache like they did when you first drank the potion, and you groan as you feel certain... changes. Certain expansions. Certain things that make your top creak and pants tighten against your curves.

You also feel the tentacles of the staff recede, slithering off your arms and legs. You groan, but instead of renewing your struggles, you merely wriggle, helping Tauria divest you of your tightening clothes. You gasp in relief as your breasts bounce into the open, already swollen a good two cups larger than before. Your ass wiggles in relief as you feel the mist of corruption tease against your naked flesh.

"Beautiful," Tauria breathes, which only makes you blush harder. You gasp, bucking as you feel her finger slide along your cunny, up to your teat in order to cup it, but you don't miss it. For the tentacles of her staff have returned, rubbing against your twitching cunny, stroking your tender pussy and gently sliding inside.

"Mmmm," you groan, eyes rolling back as the tentacles fill your cunt, another stroking along your twitching asshole before

teasingly pushing inside. A strange pleasure throbs through you. Something hotter, more potent than anything you'd felt as a man. It seems to seep through you like warm tendrils, your body quivering with unholy need, your lips sucking ever more urgently at the heavy orb of Tauria's massive breast.

"Yesssss!" the holstaur moans, beaming down at you. "Feel it my darling. Feel the passion of the goddess! The fullness of her bounty. Ah. You shall make a fine... mmm... fine acolyte. Ooooh, goddess yesss! Fill your daughters with your power!"

You're getting filled alright. Your tummy feels stuffed with cream but you can't stop drinking. Your pussy squeezes and ripples around the invading tentacle with mindless pleasure. Your ass aches, tingles as places you never dreamed off are pleased and stroked.

Your mind is floating. Drifting on clouds of creamy white. Wonderful, submissive bliss flows through you. You can barely remember being a man. The pleasures certainly can't compare. Your cock has never brought you the sensations your pussy does right now. Not to mention the throbbing, adoring, wonderful pleasure of your overstuffed tits. You can feel milk churn in your swelling boobflesh. You moan as Tauria bounces and fondles your taut tits, milking those orbs with uncanny skill. Rolling them together, squeezing and pumping them. You can feel the pressure build. Drawn to the top. To the peak. Your resistance crumbles. You have to... have to...

"M-moooooooo!" you moan, lips wrenched from her nipple, lowing in pleasure. Your breasts pump, spurting creamy milk, splashing across Tauria's wonderful curves. Your head spins. Explodes. A white burst of pure pleasure as you cum, trembling around the tentacle buried in your pussy and ass. Dewy arousal soaks your thighs as your legs tremble, boneless with pleasure.

You collapse, but Tauria easily catches you, easing you down to the ground. "Shh. Shhh," she says. "There there. I know,

sweetling. I know. It was too intense for you. But don't worry, baby. I will teach you. I will show you the goddess's ways."

"Mmm?" you groan, smiling dimly up at her. "O-okay."

"Good girl," Tauria says, stroking your cheek fondly before burying your face once more in the softness of her tits, her breath hitching as you latch on to her other nipple. "Mmm. Very goood..."

[Acolyte of the Goddess](#)

Acolyte of the Goddess

The prayers end, and the congregation begins to file out. You stand by the door, smiling happily as the men and women of Littlebrook pass by. There's a number of new faces come from the outlying communities, you notice. Easily spotted due to their more human characteristics, but you're not worried. Even as you watch them gather outside, you can see the new men being enticed to join a 'prayer group' with some of the busty cowgirls from town, while the women blush under the attention of muscular bulls looking to 'deepen' their bonds with the goddess. Soon, those newcomers will begin to understand the true appeal of the goddess. For one lives Her tenants, and prayer is often best enjoyed in the bedroom.

"Erica?"

You turn with a flutter of your dark skirt to find Delilah, your fellow priestess in training, standing nearby. She's nearly as busty as you, her cow ears dipping as she curtsies politely, her shy eyes a big hit with the local bulls who love seeing them mist over as their thick cocks plunder her pussy.

"Yes?"

"The Mother wishes to see you after prayers. Says it's important."

You brighten. Any visit with the Mother is a delight. She's taught you so many special prayer positions. Maybe she'll break out the leather cuffs again. With a spring in your step you make your way back inside the temple.

You hurry down between the pews and the dribbling candles and past the tree of the goddess, your skin buzzing as you draw near the ever-growing foliage, its branches now reaching the ceiling. Tauria is already hiring workmen to expand the roof so the goddess can grow unencumbered. You feel a swelling of pride about that, but put it aside for the moment as you reach the living quarters. Your

heart quickening in your breast, you try and calm yourself as you raise your hand and knock.

“Come in.”

Butterflies flutter in your stomach as you open the door, eyes lowered obediently as you take a step inside. “Mother? You called for me?”

“I did, my daughter. There is someone I would like you to meet.”

You raise your head with surprise. The personal study of Tauria is as you remember it, the candles glowing before the altarpiece depicting the angular tree of the goddess. Pastoral scenes filled the walls with frescoes, depicting art of lovely bovine woman wrapped in the arms of bullmen, which Tauria explained to you concerns the conquest of human civilization by instinct. The weight of the religious presence is heavy in here, for it was where Tauria brought those in need of absolution of their sins before the goddess. Sins such as chastity, thinking, monogamy and pride. The tools of such penance hang on a rack not far, and your bum twitches with the memory of the paddle, while your nipples ache with the thought of the clamps.

Tauria herself sits behind the large desk where she does her work, smiling at you pleasantly, her hands folded before her. Dressed in the familiar black habit, her horns curl upwards, her bust outward, and her smile is beatific and kindly. But it's the other woman in the room your eyes are drawn.

She sits on the edge of the desk, radiating haughty beauty. A cloak is all she wears, for the leather straps that arch in black bands across her curves can hardly be called clothes. They reveal the fullness of her breasts, high and firm and of generous size. Her skin is a dusky brown and her eyes burn with unreal witchfire. Horns like sprawling branches rise from her brow, her hair a riot of dark brown and her legs crossed before her. Strange, whorled tattoos coat her skin like ivy, reminding you suddenly of the patterns on the tree within the temple.

You feel a heavy presence before this woman. One that pushes you to your knees before you even realize it. You gasp, trembling, your heart racing and your body warming with lust. Even a glance at the horned woman makes your cheeks flush and your core ache with some instinctive desire you can't fully explain.

The horned woman smiles, a hint of fang revealed. "My. She has good instincts."

"The best of all my daughters thus far," Tauria says happily. "Erica?" Tauria says, gesturing at the dusky beauty. "This is Naiadra. She is the one who taught me so much of the goddess. And now, she is here for you."

"Me?" you say, voice quivering.

"You," Naiadra says, pushing herself off the desk. Her hips sway lazily with her stride, her whole body seeming to move in perfect tandem. A subtle dance that makes your heart pound and blush deepen, her every curve seeming to move with her. "I've heard many things about you, my dear. And I was so hoping to finally meet you."

"Y-you were?" you gasp.

"Yes. I'd heard that your devotion to Setaria was like none other in the area, and I came to see how true your faith is. We are looking to expand, my little milk slut, and I am seeking those who are willing and able to spread the word of the goddess across the land."

"I-I would be honoured," you gasp. "Mistress, I won't disappoint!"

"That remains to be seen," Naiadra says with a quirk of the lip. "Because first, we must test you, sweet thing. Show how true your devotion is."

"Anything, mistress," you gasp.

"That's what I love to hear," Naiadra says, cupping your cheek. You shiver, her touch thrilling you like a shock of electricity, your head tilting into her palm, your eyes gazing up at her with

worshipping adoration. "Are you willing to give yourself utterly to your goddess?" Naiadra asks.

"Yes," you gasp.

"Is your body nothing but a vessel of Her glory? Her bounty? Will you be the bridge for others to discover Her?"

"Yes!" you cry, trembling with the force of emotion.

"Then let us prove it," Naiadra says, her free hand sliding down and stroking the flesh above her mound. Your eyes slide down to her pussy, and your jaw drops as the tattooed patterns shift across her ebony skin, circling the slick gash of her pussy before coalescing, writhing along her pussy and pushing outward. You gasp as the darkness thickens, taking the form of a massive black cock, swirling with the markings of the goddess's tree.

"Worship it," Naiadra purrs. "Show me your devotion to Her."

"Y-yes," you gasp, your eyes growing lidded as you tilt your head beneath her shaft, your lips parting and your tongue gliding lovingly along her pulsing girldick. The taste is like no cock you've known before. Your tastebuds buzz as your tongue glides along her underside, stroking her shaft, tasting the thickness of its taste. Something heavy and musky, yet sweet. Not fully male, but something more. Something worthy of worship.

You moan softly as your tongue runs back down to the base. You kiss the flesh of her mound, the tattoos tasting subtly different from her skin, your cheek rubbing against her rigid cock as you work. Your eyes have grown lidded. Loving. Lost. Heat blooms through you, coming in waves of hot and cold. Your pussy tingles and breasts ache with their cream. You haven't had a chance to get milked. Usually a bull in need of further initiation into the faith would do it, but there wasn't a chance. You squirm, trying to resist the urge to plunge your hand between your thighs and stroke your velvety pussy.

"Yessss," Naiadra moans softly, her hand at the back of your head, guiding you in your work. "That's it. Mmm. Kiss it. Taste the

glory of the goddess. But... ah... let's see what those lips can mmm! Really do..."

"Y-yes," you pant as she eases you back, your head spinning, your mouth parted, drooling as her cock towers above your face. She eases your face forward, your lips instantly wrapping about the thickness of her dark cock as she slides it into your willing mouth.

A moan vibrates up through you. You're no stranger to sucking dick. Many a prayer meeting with converted bulls had you sucking them off as they recited their prayers, milking their humanity into your mouth. But this was something different. Where those brutes had fucked your face with the urgency of the beast, Naiadra takes you with the heavy confidence of the true dom. Her cock plunges into your throat, nearly making you gag, but that only spurs your hand to delve deeper into your sopping pussy as you suck her off, moans of submissive bliss warbling from your throat as she dicks you down.

"Mmm. She's very good at... at that," Naiadra breathes.

"We've seen our congregation grow immensely thanks to her efforts," Tauria says.

Happiness blooms in you at her praise. You shoot the holstaur an adoring look before Naiadra grabs your horns in her hands and starts absolutely railing your mouth.

"Ah," Naiadra gasps. "Fuck yesssss! I think... mmm! I think she'll make a fine... fine missionary. Oh fuck yesssss! Take it. Take my cock you hungry little slut! Show me you know how to fucking suck like a true vessel of the goddess! Show Her your devotion!"

You groan, three fingers hard at work in your pussy as you choke on her cock. You can feel her orgasm nearing. Some sixth sense warns you, but when it comes, you you're still amazed. With a howl Naiadra throws back her head and hilts her cock in your mouth. She shudders in unspeakable pleasure as she cums, flooding your mouth with a cum unlike any you've known before. Something heavy. Dark. Something that tastes like you're drowning in her

unholy pleasures. You can feel your stomach grow heavy with how much cum you're taking in, your breasts aching with milky want.

"Mm! Mmm! Mmmm!" you moan as you cum around your furiously stroking fingers, hips bucking as you shamelessly spurt your arousal onto the floor.

Naiadra lazily draws her cock out of your mouth, leaving you swaying where you kneel, mouth open, drooling with the pleasure that consumed you. Torpid pleasure makes you feel heavy and sated with lust, your eyes blinking slowly up at Naiadra as she towers over you, still lazily stroking her cock.

"Well, mistress?" Tauria asks.

"Hmm. I think she'll do well enough. But I have one more test to be sure. Slut?" she barks, slapping you with her cock, shocking you out of your stupor.

"Y-yes, mistress?" you ask breathlessly.

"Robe off. Over the desk. Time to really test you."

Your eyes brighten in excitement. With haste you shed your robe, not hard to do given it's designed for quick removal. You stagger to your feet, bending over the desk, finding yourself looking into the smiling face of Tauria even as Naiadra slaps your plump bottom, making you jump and moan.

"Mmm. A fine ass. Many a man would surrender their very soul to claim it," Naiadra says as she grips your hips. "Well, my dear? Are you ready to accept your mission? To bring Her holy word beyond Rovenia? Spread the gospel of Setaria?"

"Yesssss!" you moan as Naiadra's tip rubs your lush folds. "I live for the goddess!"

"And what's your record for getting fucked by the bulls?"

"I-I can satisfy eight in three hours," you gasp.

"Eight? That's it? If we're to spread Her holy word, a dozen won't be enough! But don't worry, girl," Naiadra purrs as she pushes the head of her dark cock into you, your inner walls quivering as you

feel the corruption of her shaft pulse through you like a tremor. “We’ll train you thoroughly at the main temple. You’ll be ready to spread Her word and your legs across the entire world.”

“Y-yes! Of course!” you gasp. “I-I’d I-love to learn m-mooooore!”

“Good girl,” Naiadra purrs, leaning forward even as her cock sinks into you. “Because I’ve got a lot to teach.”

You shudder as you feel her cock stuff you. Impale you. Though the bulls are bigger, there’s something so overwhelming about Naiadra’s cock. As if she were filling you with the essence of the goddess herself. It seems to reach into your core, beating it like a drum as the high priestess begins to saw into you, fucking you with sharp, powerful strokes. Emphasising her dominion. Your submission. Your need to surrender to her cock.

You’re mooing instantly, your moans thrumming with bovine pleasure as the dark priestess ruts you on the table. Your fat breasts squish into the polished wood, milk spurting from your whorish nipples, your eyes foggy and mouth open, slack, lowing with wonderful pleasure.

“Yesssss!” Naiadra groans. “Fuck yes! Take my cock you stupid fucking cow! Take it for the goddess! Accept her blessing!”

“Yessssssss!” you wail.

“You’re doing wonderfully, dear,” Tauria tells you, and only then do you notice how flushed the priestess is. That her arm is moving under the table, her visible hand fondling her wobbly breast through her robe. She’s as turned on as you are. Masturbating herself as you’re fucked and bred.

The sight sends pleasure shooting through you, your pussy tightening, squeezing Naiadra’s cock as she takes you. Your breathing grows short. Your ass pushes back with every thrust, the spanking slap of flesh on flesh making you whine and moan. There’s no resisting the utter plowing you’re receiving. With bovine cry of uttermost pleasure your inner walls convulse, squeezing the

pumping cock with desperate pleasure, your milk spraying onto the table as you cum.

The sudden rippling tightness of your pussy pushes Naiadra past the brink, and she groans as she hilts her holy cock within you, her hands squeezing your ass, holding you steady as she floods your womb and pussy with her dark seed, filling you with the heaviness of Setaria's corruption.

You slump atop the desk, slack with pleasure, aftershocks rippling through your pussy. Naiadra grunts softly. "Not bad," the high priestess says, even as she resumes her lazy thrusts, stirring the cum which bloats you anew. "We'll make you a proper messenger of Her word yet."

"Y-yessss," you moan, brain mushed with orgasm as your pussy squeezes around her thrusting cock. By the end of the day you will say goodbye to Tauria and Littlebrook, heading off with your new mistress to the Mountains or Morn, where your further training awaits.

And when your training is complete, you and your fellow cultists will go forth, spreading Setaria's word to the world. All will know the wonder of the goddess.

You'll make sure of it.

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Sit With the Holstaur

If you're looking to enter the temple, it seems obvious to go talk to someone who clearly goes there. You slip through the tavern and towards the busty cowgirl's table, careful not to draw too much attention to yourself.

It looks like you were successful, because she doesn't even look up from her mug until you take a seat across from her and clear your throat.

"Ah!" she gasps, head jerking up in surprise, her hood fluttering around her head.

"Sorry. Hope I'm not interrupting," you say.

"Um, no. Sorry. I was um... just... Sorry," she says, blushing prettily, her freckled face growing redder. "What um, what can I help you with?"

"Well," you say, sitting forward, eying her. "Actually, there is one thing. See, I'm something of a new convert to the goddess."

She looks up quickly. "Y-you are?" she says.

"Oh yes," you say, nodding. "I am. I heard rumors that there was a new priestess to the village, and was very much interested in learning about the faith. What I've heard has been absolutely fascinating," you say.

"Isn't it though?" she says, beaming. "I did too! I was just a milkmaid working at my mother's farm when Tauria came here, but when I saw the Mother, I knew the sisterhood was right for me! Oh!" she gasps, blushing again. "S-sorry, I should introduce myself first. My name is Delilah. I've um, recently joined Mother Tauria as an acolyte of the goddess."

"Wow! That's incredible," you gush. "So young and pretty and already an acolyte?"

She reddens at your praise. "I-it's not all that," she says, despite her obvious pleasure. "But it's true there's not many of us yet. Only women can join the sisterhood. But men are always welcome to the faith."

"How?" you ask. "I'd love to learn more."

She nibbles her lower lip. "W-well, I'm not really able to initiate anyone yet. The Mother is in charge of that, so we'd need to see her..."

"I'd be honoured to meet her," you say, not even trying to hide your delight. Getting taken straight to Tauria would be perfect!

"Um," she says uncertainly. "I don't know if I should... The Mother says only those who can properly appreciate the um, b-bounty of the goddess can speak to her privately."

"Bounty?" you say.

She glances down. You follow her eyes, and find yourself staring at her impressive chest. But what does...

"Oh," you say.

"Yeah," she says, blushing hotly. "Only those who know how to truly milk such bountiful cream may come before her. Many of the males have been very eager, and their women-folk have shown them the way. The faith is spreading so fast!"

You bet it is. What man would refuse the opportunity to milk a beautiful cow woman?

"How fortunate," you say. "Because I happen to be an expert milker."

"Really?" she says, looking you up and down sceptically. "You're kinda small, aren't you?"

"I mean, not really," you say defensively.

"Oh!" She blushes. "I mean, um, compared to the bulls. It's clear you're not um, very far along..."

Well she's got you there. Although anything short of an ogre would seem 'small' compared to one of those massive bullmen.

"Well, I admittedly don't have their bulk," you say. "But I more than make up for it with skill. Size isn't everything, you know. I'm sure I can show the Mother how deeply I adore the goddess. And I would love to learn all I could at her ah... bosom."

Delilah licks her lips, looking you up and down. "Well," she says softly. "Some of the bulls are a bit... um, forceful. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea for someone with a more... um, tender touch too. Huh?"

"Exactly," you say. "It takes all kinds."

"W-well, alright," Delilah says, leaning forward, cradling her massive breasts. "But I think um... I think we had best test you first. N-not that I don't believe you. It's just that... um, I don't want to, you know, make a mistake and invite an uninitiated into the presence of the Mother."

"Test me?" you say.

"Yes," she says, blushing prettily again, giving her breasts a bounce. "I've been um... awfully backed up the last few days. So I think it would do us both a favour."

You eye the holstaur, unsure what to say. On the one hand, this is a golden opportunity to get into the very heart of the temple. On the other, can you really risk trying to milk a clearly corrupted cowgirl? You're pretty sure that might be a problem, all things considered.

"Pleeeeeease?" she says, eyes doleful and soft with bovine need. "I really need you to milk me."

[Milk the Cow](#)

[Leave the Tavern](#)

Leave the Tavern

The fact it's so tempting is warning enough. The risk is simply too great. "I uh... would, but I actually have a... another appointment."

"In the middle of the night?" Delilah says.

"Uh... yeah. It's for... um... pornography. I need to go buy some pornography."

"O-oh," she says. "Um, then, I'd hate to... keep you..."

"Yes, sorry. I do hope we can meet again in the uh, bosom of the goddess. But can't be missed. So... bye!"

You rise, turning, hurrying away from the table before you can make a bigger idiot out of yourself. Off to buy pornography. Fucking gods.

But no time to disparage your wit. A quick glance at the back of the bar shows the catgirl who had been lingering is gone, and you doubt you'll be seeing her again any time soon. You step outside, the night air bracing. You breathe in deeply, let it out, and turn to face the looming shadow of the old town hall.

Guess your decision is made.

You hasten through the backstreets of the village and towards the bulk of the old townhall. The way is clear, which isn't surprising. It's the dead of night. Sensible people are in bed. But you aren't sensible. If you were, you would never have accepted the lordship of Rovenia, seeing it for the trap it was, though you doubt anyone could have guessed the specifics.

Unfortunately, as you feared, not everyone is asleep. As you slip around the corner of the building, you look at the back of the town hall and curse. Two minotaurs stand guard there. No farmers these. Leathers straps cross their massive furred frames, creaking under the motions of the immense, muscled bodies. Kilts studded with metal cover their groins, and huge, brutal warhammers hang

lazily from their leathery hands. Their bovine heads slowly turn this way and that, alert, their pointed horns looking deadly in the silver moonlight.

[Fight Your Way In](#)

[Talk Your Way In](#)

[Use the Potion of Feminine Beauty.](#)

Milk the Cow

If getting a handful of busty cow woman tit is what it takes to save Rovenia, then by gar you'll make that sacrifice.

"I understand," you say. "I'd hate to think of shaming you before the Mother. I'd be happy to demonstrate my skill."

Her eyes shine in hope and gratitude. "You would?"

"Of course," you say.

She grasps your hands, squeezing them. "Oh that's wonderful! I'm sure you'll do well. Come, come. There's a milking stall in the back," she says with a sunny smile, already rising, pulling you out of your seat.

"I-in the back? Really?"

"Silly!" she giggles. "You don't think the barmaids get milked all the way at the temple? Sometimes, you just need a big bull to give your tits some love."

Well, that's... one way to think about it. You flush but allow her to lead you through the common room, catching the eye of the bartender who grins and gives you an approving nod. Well. Isn't that nice. At least you have his blessing.

Delilah hustles you into the back, where a lonely lamp illuminates the rear of a narrow room, barely big enough to accommodate the two of you. A number of large metal milk cans sit here and there, arranged near a long bench and some old, empty shelves. Looks to have once been a broom closet before its new... ah, purpose.

"Cozy," you say, turning back to Delilah. "So, how do we uh..."

You trail off, the holstaur having shut the door behind her. With a sigh of relief she unbuttons the front of her robe, shrugging it off with a gentle roll of her shoulders. Your jaw drops as you behold

the full immensity of her breasts. Perfect, creamy orbs of jiggling bounty, bra-less so as not to detract from their heft. Her nipples are inverted, as if they were as shy as their owner, who also blushes prettily, the red blending with her freckles as she wriggles before you.

“Um... why are you staring?”

You start. “Oh, uh, just... impressed.”

She giggles, timidly turning her head from you, but her hands cup her wobbly breasts, and you gulp at the way they bounce in her palms. “Um, thank you. They’re not nearly as big as the Mother’s, but I am proud of them. She says I’m the furthest and most productive of the new sisters. Which is um... why I need to get milked so often. How um... where do you want me?”

Bent over the table with her ass waiting for a pounding. You almost say that but catch yourself. “E-eh?” you manage.

“You said you’re an expert milker. How um... how would you like to milk me?”

Oh, right. You did say that. And refuting it now would ah... not look too good. You clear your throat. “Ah, right. Right. Well, we will ah...”

[Milk Her with Your Mouth](#)

[Bend Her Over and Milk Her](#)

[Milk Her on Your Lap](#)

Milk Her on Your Lap

You know for damn sure her milk is going to be corrupted by the goddess, and you don't know how effective it might be at corrupting you. So ironically, the safest way to keep yourself from drinking her cream is to ensure you won't be able to. And how do you do that?

By being squished under her of course!

Which is totally why you're doing this. Not because you want to feel this gorgeous cow woman on your lap as you fill your hands with her fat teats. Milking her for all she's worth while her plush body rubs against you. Yep! This is absolutely just you taking precautions. And if you say that often enough, maybe you'll even believe it.

You sit down on the waiting bench and pat your lap. "Here we go," you say, smiling. "Just take a seat and put that big can in front of you. We'll have it filled up in no time!"

She blushes even redder. "Okay. You're the expert," she giggles and does as you bid. Her hips swing around, and you stare at that creamy rear as she bends forward and grabs a massive metal milk tank. No sooner has she done so she swings back, and suddenly the plump cow girl has plopped down onto her lap with all her soft weight.

You grunt, her hair in your face, her skin scented faintly of cream and something more. Instantly your arms move around her, cupping the immense orbs of her breasts, filling your palms with her taut softness. You hear her gasp, feel her arch, grinding her ass into your lap and your throbbing cock.

"Ooooooh!" Delilah moans. "Y-yeah. Like mnnn! Like that. P-please. Please. M-milk me..."

That's got to be one of the strangest requests you've had from a woman, but hey! You're here, and you have no objections to complying. Your hands certainly don't. They seem to know exactly

what to do for this lovely cowgirl, gently bouncing and kneading her titflesh, squeezing her breasts together, your fingers just barely able to reach the inverted smoothness of her nipples.

Delilah's breathing grows deeper. Rougher. More needy. Soft whines and pants escape her as you work, her ass rubbing your lap, her curves wriggling in pleasure. You can feel her thighs rubbing together with her growing arousal and need, squeezing the metal milk tank she holds between her legs.

"Ah. Ah! Mnnnn!" the holstaur moans. "Yes. Yessssss. S-so goooooood! Ah. Good boy. Oh g-goddess yes! Milk my b-big tits. Please. M-make me squirt! Squirt it all nnnnn! All ouuuuuut!"

Your cheeks warm to her words. Your cock is rock hard, buried under her plump bottom, imprisoned in your pants as she rubs her ass against it. You groan, but don't let up your assault on her bouncy tits, squeezing and stroking the sensitive buds of her nipples, feeling her whimper and pant.

"Ah! S-so gentle. Ooooh, kn-knew you were right. Mmmm! Oh goddess yes. Yes! Have... have so m-much cream for her. Please. You're doing... ah... you're g-gonna... Mmmm! Ohhhh yes! Yessss! Ah! I... I'm gonna... g-gonna... M-m-moooooooooo!"

Her soft cry fills the room with a throaty moan. Her breasts quiver in your hands, and in a rush you feel her nipples plump out, her body shaking in ecstasy as gushes of cream burst forth. You gasp, feeling some of her milk splash onto your legs, but Delilah manages to lean forward, her hands joining yours, aiming her spurting milk into the massive milk can. The metallic ping of her cream hitting the bottom soon becomes a steady rushing as she fills it with great gushes of her tits, her lowing moans sending shivering lust through you as you gently milk the cowgirl.

Soft whimpers slowly fade as her cream begins to lessen, becoming merely a trickle. The scent of fresh milk fills the room. A strangely heady aroma that makes you swallow, your throat suddenly feeling incredibly dry. With a soft cooing sound, Delilah eases out of your lap, making you groan.

She turns, her face redder than her freckles, but her eyes smoky and mouth parted. You find yourself staring at those soft lips in awe. Wondering how they'd taste. Something that occurs to you again as your eyes wander down to her heavy breasts, wobbling tantalizingly before your eyes, nipples still beaded with ivory goodness.

She suddenly falls atop your lap, making you gasp, her arms around you, hugging you deeply into the pillows of her immense tits.

"Oh thaaaaaank yooooou!" she moans. "It was sooooo hard to be that backed up. But you... mmmm... you were so gentle! Such a sweet bull. It felt soooo good."

"W-well I am an expert," you gasp between her tits.

Delilah giggles, then gasps as her mound brushes your twitching bulge. She looks down between you and her eyes widen in surprise, then lower in warm understanding.

"Mmm. But I um... guess you kinda liked it too," she says, blushing prettily.

"Uh..." you say.

"I am really grateful," she says, licking her lips. "And I'd um, hate to be the only one getting satisfied here. So maybe I should... you know. Do something about that?"

[Let Her Suck You Off](#)

[Let Her Fuck You](#)

[Head to the Temple](#)

Head to the Temple

“T-tempting,” you gasp. And oh gods how tempting it is, the scent of her fresh cream and memory of her soft body threatening to overwhelm you even as you sit there. “But ah, we wouldn’t want to keep the Mother waiting, would we? I’m sure she’d be eager to speak to me.”

Delilah pouts, but nods. “I suppose so.”

Reluctantly, she lifts her curves off you, and it’s very hard to resist the urge to tug her back down onto your lap. She pulls her robe back on, though you can’t help but notice how she swings her hips a little, as if seeking to entice you to fuck her anyway. She hefts the milk tank, the sloshing of its cream making your mouth water, but you fight back the urge to push this curvy goddess down and milk her for all she’s worth, instead following her out the backdoor of the inn and into the cool night of Littlebrook.

[Into the Temple](#)

Let Her Suck You Off

“Well, if you’re offering, I think those lovely lips could be very grateful,” you gasp.

Delilah giggles, blushing prettily. “Mmm. Of course. I’d be happy to,” she says.

She leans forward, softly kissing you. You reciprocate with vigour, your tongue teasing against hers, tasting the heat of her mouth. But the kiss doesn’t last long. She slowly slides down out of your lap, her hands gliding down your chest as she goes to her knees before you. Licking her lips, her fingers tease the laces of your pants, undoing them in a trice. You gasp as your cock fairly bursts out into the open, twitching in the warm air of the room. Delilah hums, and her eyes grow lidded and warm.

“Mmm. All for me?” she giggles, her fingers wrapping around your manhood and giving a teasing pump.

“Ah!” you gasp. “Y-yeah. All for youuuuuu.”

“Lucky me!” she says, giving you another teasing quirk of a smile. She opens her mouth, pushing forward and wrapping her lips around your cock. You gasp, groan as her pillowy lips glide down your shaft, forming a perfect seal around your root.

“Ohhhh fuuuuuuck,” you groan.

“Mmmm,” is her reply, her eyes lidded as her lips lovingly run up and down your shaft, sucking the full heft of your cock with obvious relish.

Your head falls back, your fingers intertwining in her hair as you rut up into her eager mouth. Hot pleasure thumps through your veins, spurred on by the need of her teasing while you milked her. You can’t get enough. She’s so good. So soft. So fucking hungry for it! Just the sight of the impossibly busty woman kneeling between your legs, her doleful eyes lidded with passion, her mouth sliding up and down on your cock is nearly enough to push you over the edge.

You grab her horns, gripping them tight as you rut up into her mouth, every thrust of your hips a new high of pleasure, building towards the final climax. It's so good. Too good. You can't last. Her mouth sucks wonderfully at your cock until... until...

"F-fuuuuuck!" you moan, hilted in her, shuddering as you cum with a final throbbing climax. Stars burst behind your eyes as you empty your balls into Delilah's mouth, and despite her seeming shyness, the lovely holstaur swallows every drop with moaning joy, her lashes fluttering as she sucks it down in throaty gulps.

Panting, you slump on your seat, spent, but oh so satisfied. Warm languor oozes through you with the pleasure of afterglow, even as Delilah lifts her lovely lips off your cock, lingering just long enough to give your tip a loving kiss.

"Mmm. That good?" she asks with a teasing smile.

"Oh... oh yeah," you gasp. "That was good..."

She giggles. "Then um, we should probably get going, hm? Need to deliver the cream."

"Huh?" you say, blinking. Then the whole reason for this experience hits you again and you jolt back to reality. "I-I mean, yes! We'd best. I can't wait to... to meet your high priestess."

"And I bet she can't wait to meet you!" Delilah gushes, beaming as she rises. "The Mother is always so happy to have more come to the bosom of Her grace. You're going to love her! She's so smart and pretty and lovely. Ooooh! I can't wait. We gotta go now!"

You grunt in agreement and rise, doing back up your pants. By the time you have, Delilah has already tossed her robe back on, and has hefted the sloshing milk tank, her cheeks glowing in satisfaction as she straightens, the can propping up her immense teats. "Would you mind getting the door? My hands are a little full," she says proudly.

"Sure can," you say, opening the door for her, holding it for the buxom cowgirl as she walks by and beaming down at you. You return her smile, slipping after her and out into the night.

Time to get to work.

[Into the Temple](#)

Into the Temple

You and Delilah leave the tavern behind you and cross through the village at a quick clip. You can't help but eye the townhall as you draw nearer. The bulk of it seems darker than the rest of the night. More foreboding, as if the shadows were deeper, longer, broodier. Just the sight of the scaffolding crawling over it fills you with a sense of unease.

Delilah, on the other hand, seems too excited to delay even a moment. She hums happily, the milk tank she carries sloshing as she fairly skips towards the doors.

As you approach you grow tense, for even in the shadows you can see the guards waiting. Two minotaurs stand there. No farmers these. Leathers straps cross their massive furred frames, creaking under the motions of the immense muscled forms. Kilts studded with metal cover their groins, and huge, brutal warhammers hang lazily from their leathery hands. Their bovine heads turn this way and that slowly, alert, their pointed horns looking deadly in the silver moonlight.

Fortunately, you're not alone now, and as you follow the busty Delilah, she smiles at the burly pair.

"Hi boys," she says. "I've come to deliver my bounty."

The two minotaurs grin at her, shifting confidently, but their smiles drop when they see you with her. Delilah glances back at you and giggles.

"Oh! He's with me. He wishes to learn about the goddess from the Mother."

The two bulls exchange a glance, then shrug and move aside. You exhale in relief, hastily following Delilah towards the doors of the town hall. You make a point not to look at the bull guards, though you feel their eyes on your back as you hasten after Delilah,

opening the doors for her and letting her sidle inside with her milk tank.

You shut the door behind you, and look about the interior. The air is thick. Foggy. Cloying with the heavy, misty darkness of corruption. Your nose twitches and you feel your skin prickle with sensitivity, a faint whispering just audible as the mists coil and seethe around your ankles and the air, moonlight barely breaking through the slats hammered over the windows.

Delilah inhales deeply, her eyes fogging over, a dopey smile alighting on her lovely lips. “Mmm...” she hums softly, moving forward, as if drawn deeper into building. You follow her, trying to keep your mind on the job. A bit difficult, as your eyes really want to instead follow the sway of the lovely holstaur’s hips.

Fortunately you don’t have to go far. Delilah knocks open a door at the end of the hall, another wash of dark haze seeping in the air as she walks inside with you close behind.

You find yourself in a large room. Huge, in fact. The ceiling rises in a dome like the shrine from before. The seeping mist claws around pews arranged in rows, leaving a straight path through the center. The windows are boarded up entirely, the only light coming in those of the dribbly candles arranged before dozens of altars set all around the walls, their glow weak in the heavy smog of the goddess’s corruption.

And at the end of the room lies the altar, and the Root of Corruption.

The tree sprouts from the floor, having ripped asunder the boards. Roots bulge grotesquely and twine alone the trunk. Branches spreads like clawed fingers, thin and grasping, each bearing a bloated fruit. Patterns of colour shimmer across the wood, whorls and symbols etched in the grain, yet shifting like the patterns of an oil slick. Its bulk commands attention, dominating the scene in its heaviness, looming over a stone altar raised before it.

A woman kneels before the altar, her back to you. Dressed in long black robes, she's quite large, yet seems dwarfed by the tree. She suddenly sighs happily, rises with a rustle of silk. "So, you've come."

She turns, and you swallow hard at the sight of the impossibly gorgeous holstaur. She's gloriously curvy, something her black robe does nothing to hide, conforming to her immense breasts, swelling to her hips. A wimple covers her head, framing her rapturously beautiful face, a single lock of white hair peeking from beneath the band. A cowbell hangs from her throat while silvery bells dangle from her horns, tinkling gently with her movements.

"Yes, Mother Tauria," Delilah breathes, looking at the other holstaur rapturously. She nods towards you. "And I've brought another! A man who seeks to learn more of the goddess."

"Mmm. I imagine he does," Tauria says. "The new lord of Rovenia doubtless has many questions about Her."

Her words send a shock of alarm through you. "You ah... know about me?" you say.

Tauria's head tilts, the bells on her horns and neck jangling sweetly. "Mmmm. I do. The goddess spoke to me often of you. She told me that one would be coming. One who would wish to destroy Her tree. To end Her presence upon this land."

"Wh-what?" Delilah gasps, looking at you in alarm. "But... I..."

You grimace. Well, so much for surprise. You grasp the hilt of your sword, drawing it. The blade glows with white light, dispelling some of the mist around you as if burning it away. Delilah yelps, taking a startled step back, dropping the can of milk. It bangs off the floor, overturning, spilling its creamy bounty.

"M-Mother!" Delilah gasps. "I'm sorry! I didn't-"

"Do not fear, daughter," Tauria says sweetly, still looking at you. She takes a step forward, her ample chest bouncing with the

movement. "This was ordained by Her. You have not failed. For the goddess told me more as well."

"Did she?" you say warily.

"Yes," Tauria breathes, grasps the front of her gown and yanks the entire thing off.

The act is so unexpected your jaw actually drops, to say nothing of what it reveals. You've seen many a busty woman, but none hold a candle to the bovine beauty who has just revealed herself. Her breasts are huge. Bigger than your head and heavy with richest cream. Her hips swell out, a perfect, motherly hourglass figure that demands attention, drawing you in like she has her own gravitational pull. The mists seems to swirl around her, spiralling around her figure, her nipples pierced with studs, her pussy shaven, bare, tantalizing in its obvious desire.

"She spoke to me," Tauria breathed, "and told me how you suffered."

"Uh, wha?" you say.

"She told me of how you strive. How you suffer on a quest you were never meant to take on. How much you yearn for it to end."

"Well um, that's... not untrue," you admit.

"And she told me," Tauria continues, crossing her arms beneath her naked bust, giving her great breasts a teasing bounce, "how I may offer you another purpose."

Your eyes are glued to those impressive teats. Gods, you can actually hear the cream sloshing in them. Your mouth is suddenly terribly dry. Your head pounds and your cock throbs in the prison of your pants. "P-purpose?"

"Yes," Tauria breathes, stepping closer, her breasts wobbling in her arms. Her nipples stiff, nubby, begging for your lips. "That you have suffered so long, fought so many battles. But that I might offer you succor. I might offer you a... deeper purpose. A chance to serve Her, not fight Her. A chance to know true... bliss..."

You're breathing hard. Deep. She's so close. Her breasts so near. So full. Begging for you to submit to them. To abandon your quest. To accept what she's offering and all that it entails. To truly submit to utter pleasure...

[Submit to Tits](#)

[Complete Your Mission](#)

Submit to Tits

You were never entirely sold on this whole 'save the world' thing, truth be told. Yeah, sure, allegedly Setaria is out to turn women into horrible monster girls and men their slaves, but if that's women like Tauria and men like the bulls outside, you're not seeing the problem. And the world as you know it is a pretty shitty place under current management. Why not let the goddess give it a go?

You're certainly not only deciding this because you want a handful of Tauria's glorious tits. To bury your face between those plump orbs while you bury your cock in her hot cove.

Nope.

But... you're honest enough to admit it might be a factor.

"Sounds good to me!" you say.

Tauria beams. "I knew you would make the right choice. Now come," she says, spreading her arms. "Be shriven the trappings of your old life, and come to the goddess!"

Sounds like a plan. Without a moment of further hesitation you fairly rip out of your pants and shirt, throwing them across the floor as you make your way to the lovely holstaur. With every step the haze of corruption grows deeper, filling your lungs and head with the heaviness of lust. Your pulse thumps as you reach Tauria, your hands engulfing her lovely teats, making her gasp and moan in delight. Fuck! They're so big and soft and warm. The finest tits you've ever beheld.

And they're all yours.

You lean down, kissing them, the holstaur priestess whimpering in pleasure as your lips adore her sensitive flesh.

"Mmmm!" she sighs. "Yessssss. Ooooh, a man who... ah... knows what he wishes. You shall make a mmmnnnn... a f-fine bull."

“Uh-huh,” you say between kisses, inhaling her sweet scent. Something musky and creamy and so wonderful your cock is already rock hard.

“But there... mnnn... there is so much moooooore for youuuu. Here. Right... ah... here...”

Her hands gently take your head, guide it down to the thickness of a nipple. But you don't start sucking at once. First you kiss around it, lips lingering tenderly on the flush flesh of her areola. Tauria whimpers, a sound so feminine and sensitive and needy you feel your cock throb, hungry to elicit even greater sounds from her. You catch some of the cream that leaks from her nipples, the taste buzzing on your lips.

You push forward, forcing her back. She squeaks as her rump hits a pew, then moans, her arms wrapping around your head, pulling you deeper into her bust.

“Yesssss,” Tauria moans. “T-take your reward. Be blessed by the goddess!”

Fuck, with a priestess like this, Setaria's going to rule the world in no time! With joy you latch on to her nubby nipple and give it a great, hungry suck.

Cream gushes into your mouth in a deluge. It flows over your tongue, down your throat. A heat seems to fill you. Stream through you with every burst of her milk. You groan, shuddering, pleasure swirling through your mind and body. Burning and sparking down your nerves in a rush.

“Yessssss!” Tauria moans. “Drink m-meeeeeee!”

You don't think you could stop. You squeeze and massage her massive teat, spurting even more of her milk into your mouth. Your head feels foggy. Heavy. Your limbs thicker. Stronger. You grunt, your skin prickling. You happen to glance at your arm as shaggy fur begins to grow on you. Your fingers thicken. Your cock throbs. Your head tilts down as your body swells with new muscle. With power. With vigour!

You grunt as you suddenly feel a pair of lips on your cock. Lifting your head from Tauria's teat, you look down to find Delilah kneeling before you, her lips lovingly kissing your heavy balls, her eyes fogged with animal lust as her tongue glides along your shaft, no longer that of a man, but changing. Shifting. Growing thicker and longer, the tip flaring with the brutal, battering tip of a bull. Her lips kiss up your manhood, linger on the crown, her hands cupping your balls and gently kneading them, stirring the seed that churns in you.

Tauria's hands touch your cheeks, gently lifting your face to hers. She smiles down at you. "Take me," she breathes, and kisses you.

Fireworks burst in your mind as your lips meet. A need seizes you. An instinct.

A rut.

You push forward, your cock guided unerringly to Tauria's pussy. She gasps as your tip pushes into her, fills her in a single sharp stroke. Her lips break the kiss, her head flying back as the shock of the impact claims her. Fills her.

"Mnnnnnyessss!" she moans. "Oh g-goddess yessss!"

Delilah moans beneath you, still kissing and licking your balls and the base of your cock even as you begin to thrust, plunging your shaft into the needy tightness of Tauria. Slamming her back into the pew with a heavy thudding as you begin to fuck her.

Rut her.

Breed her!

"Yessss! Oh g-goddess yes! So deep! So... ah... g-gooooood!" Tauria wails. "Yes! Yesss! Breed me, my bull! Breed me! Bless me with your young! Bless me, my goddess! Bless me with his coooooock!"

You can barely hear her. Her words swirl in your mind as you pound into her sucking pussy. You grunt, snort, the bones of your face cracking, extending. A muzzle taking form. Your brow aches, a

headache that throbs through your skull every time you even try to think. Growing stronger with every stroke of your cock. Your balls churning with hot, virile cum as Delilah adores them with her tongue, sucking on them, her warm saliva driving you over the edge.

You pound the last few strokes into Tauria's glorious cunt, and with a bellowing roar that shakes the rafters, you cum! Your cock throbbing, pulsing, emptying into Tauria's squeezing pussy.

"Yessssss!" the holstaur cries in perfect pleasure, her body tightening around you gloriously, her own orgasm joining yours, the rippling of her pleasure milking your throbbing manhood with ecstasy.

The pain in your head suddenly seems to explode from your brow, bursting forth in a pair of sharp bull horns as you empty your load in Tauria's milking pussy. Clarity enters your mind. A warm haze of relaxing nothingness. You slow your thrusts, grunting, lazily unsheathing yourself from Tauria's pussy.

The priestess moans, sagging atop the altar, cum oozing from her gaping cunt. Her immense teats drool milk, quaking with her gasping breaths as she tries to recover from your rutting. You nod in satisfaction. Good. She looks good.

But you're still horny.

You grunt suddenly as something soft envelops your cock. You look down to find Delilah kneeling between your legs, her more than ample bust wrapped around your bestial shaft, her needy eyes meeting yours as she begins to bounce her tits around you.

"Pleeeeeease," she breathes. "Bless me too. I neeeeed it."

You can see that. Her eyes are fogged with bovine lust, her lips parting as she lowers her head, taking the tip of your flaring cock in her mouth. You groan in satisfaction as she squeezes and palms her tits around your cock, slickening them in your and Tauria's cum, bouncing herself around your manhood to spur you to your next orgasm.

You rest a hand on her head, urging her down more thoroughly. She moans, humming, the vibrations of her throat making your cock throb and balls twitch with their virile load. Seems a waste not to breed this beauty with your first orgasm, but you have plenty more cum, that's for damn sure.

And when you see Tauria stirring, rising, her eyes still smoky with lust, her tongue licking her lips as she moves against you, kissing you anew, you know you won't have trouble using it up. Not with these two lovely sluts on hand.

What more could a bull ask for?

[Minotaur](#)

Bend Her Over and Milk Her

You lick your lips at the sight of the gorgeous holstaur just begging to be milked. Literally.

“Turn around,” you say, your voice rough. “Bend over.”

Delilah shivers at your tone. Her lashes flutter as she shyly turns about, bending over, pressing her hands against the opposite wall. Her soft breasts sway beneath her, her ass pushed out.

You grab the metal milk tank and swing it around under her, then move in behind Delilah, trying not to pay too much attention to the warmth of her body as you lean against her back, your hands sliding under her, gently cupping her dangling teats, hefting her palm-filling udders.

“Mnnnn!” Delilah moans, arching, pushing her ass back against your crotch, making you grunt. “S-sorry!” Delilah gasps. “I’m just um... really s-sensitive...”

“It’s fine,” you say. “Everything is o-okay.”

You try and ignore her as your hands begin to gently massage her immense tits. Your fingers glide around her pink areola, gently rubbing, stroking, teasing her until Delilah is whimpering, her nipples plumping out. Your fingers find them instantly, tweaking them, rubbing them.

“Ooooooh!” Delilah moans, grinding her ass against your crotch with the intensity of her pleasure. You can feel her breath hitch, her breasts bouncing in your hands, gravity pulling them down into your palms, her warm, taut titflesh like two bags of cream. “Yessss! Mnnn! S-so f-fulllll! Please... Ah... Please. You gotta... mmm... gotta m-milk me.”

“Shhhh,” you murmur gently, still massaging her breasts. “I will. Good girl. Good cow.”

She moans. “S-say it again,” she says.

“Hm? Say what?” you tease, giving her teats another bounce.

“MMm. That I... I’m a g-good cow.”

Oh? How interesting. A spark of playfulness stirs in you. You grin. “Hmm? Do you like hearing that? That you’re a good cow? A good, bountiful, milky cow?”

“Mooooo!” Delilah moans. “Yesss! L-love it!”

“I bet you do,” you say as you gently tease and squeeze her wobbling tits, your fingers tweaking her nipples, your hands pumping her fat breasts. “Good cows love being complimented about how big... and bouncy... and full their udders are.”

“Oh. Ohhhhhh!” she groans, the heat of her arousal warming you as she wriggles and moans in helpless delight. “Yesss! Good cow. G-good cow is m-milky! Good cow n-needs to m-moo! Mooo! Mooooooooo!”

Her final lowing signals her climax. She cries out, pushing her ass hard against your lap, trembling as her breasts gush with her cream. You feel the warm milk spray from her nipples, pinging off the inside of the metal milk can like ivory bullets. You slow your efforts, gentler now, lazily pumping her tits as she groans, sagging, panting as her milk comes in spurts, filling up the milk tank in rapid bursts.

“Good cow,” you say softly, delighting in her whimpering moan and the way she snuggles back against your lap. “Gooooood cow. Let’s get you all milked. Just like that. Such a good cow. You’re doing so well. So milky. So big. What a lovely cow.”

“Mooooo,” Delilah moans, panting, squirming in lazy pleasure as you continue to milk her with gentle motions. Riding out her sweet orgasm with indolent pleasures. Too late do you realize that her exertions have exhausted her, and when she flops backwards you can only grunt, slammed down onto the bench, groaning as her ass presses down on your cock.

“Wh-whoops! Sorry,” she giggles. “My legs were just so... so weak! But you weren’t um, kidding about being an expert milker,” she

says, looking over her shoulder, her eyes hot and cheeks flushed with a blush. "That was like, reaaaaally good."

"Glad you thought so," you say.

She giggles again, then gasps as her ass presses back against your bulge. She glances down over her shoulder, and her eyes grow lidded and smoky.

"Um," the shy cow girl says, moving around so she's sitting sideways on your lap, her milky boobflesh wobbling as she settles, her hands fidgeting in her lap. "I could um.... do something about that."

"Say again?" you gasp.

"You know," she says with another shy but warm glance at your crotch. "For all your... um... attention. I'd hate you to not understand anything about the goddess because you're too..." She licks her lips. "Pent up."

"Um," you say.

"I'll be really good," she coos.

[Let Her Suck You Off](#)

[Let Her Fuck You](#)

[Head to the Temple](#)

Milk Her with Your Mouth

You can't tear your eyes from those immense breasts. Those gorgeous, full, milky orbs. Your mouth is dry. Fuck you're thirsty. Just a sip would be okay, right? Just a small little thing to wet your mouth and keep you focused.

"Let's ah... let's start with maybe my d-drinking a bit. You know. Prime the pumps."

Delilah looks momentarily surprised, but almost instantly blushes and smiles shyly. "O-oh! Okay. That makes sense. Um, alright. So, how should we..."

"Just sit down on the bench," you say. "And we'll get started."

Still blushing, Delilah does as asked. She plops herself down, her creamy breasts bouncing from the impact. The unsubtle vibration of her titflesh makes your mouth water, riveting your attention. You've always been a breast man, and Delilah has the best you've ever seen. You move towards her, straddling her lap. She gasps as your hands heft her immense teats, the taut skin of her heavy breasts filling your palms. You lick your lips, eyes glued to the shy flatness of her inverted nipples.

You lean in, lifting her breasts, gently kissing around the flushed pink areola. Delilah gasps, moans as you linger on her nipples, your tongue teasing along the concave flesh, stroking the skin, tasting her heavenly flesh. "Mnnnnn!" she moans, arching a little, pushing her breasts towards you. "Ah. Th-that's so mmm..."

"Gods you're beautiful," you murmur, kissing her more. Tongue flicking. Stroking. You can practically hear the cream sloshing in her taut teats with her every panting breath. "So big and soft. So ample. So full. Don't worry. We're going to milk you. Milk such a good cow."

She gasps, and you feel beneath your tongue her nipple begin to push out. "Ooooooh. S-say it again."

“What?”

“That... that I’m a... ah... a g-good cow.”

Likes that, does she? “Of course,” you say, still kissing circles around her nipples. “You’re such a good cow. Such a milky cow. You’re so big and productive. You’ve got such big, beautiful breasts. Such big, milky tits. We’re going to milk you like the pretty cow you are. Going to milk you of all that cream that’s stuffing you full. It’s going to be so good. Such a good cow.”

Her breathing has grown deeper. Whimpers escape her with your every word. Her nipples plump out suddenly, thick and needy. Needy for a pair of lips. A pair of loving, sucking, adoring lips to drink her up. And what a coincidence, that’s just what you’ve got. You gently wrap your lips around her right nipple, again that sweet, warm taste of her skin. Then you taste the first droplet of her cream.

And oh, it’s so good.

You didn’t know anything could taste this good. Rich, warm, creamy milk drips onto your tongue. You moan a little. Oh fuck. You’ve gotta have more. Your lips wrap around her nipple and you begin to tenderly suck. Your hands press, mashing her tits together. Bouncing and massaging them to get her cream pumping. Delilah keens, moans, her thighs trembling, her voice gasping as you work her breasts.

“O-ooooooooh!” she moans, her arms moving around your head, pulling you deeper into her breast. “Y-yesssssss. M-mik me. Ah. S-so gentle a-and um... mmmm... nice. Ah. Mnnnn. M-milk my big c-cow tis. Ah. So good. So g-gooooood!”

Her voice grows warmer. Deeper. Softer. You moan with her as you pump her with ever greater urgency. Her breath escapes her in quick pants. You can taste the trickle of her cream. More. You want more. You need more!

She’s so close. You redouble your suckling, pumping her tits. Her arms tighten. Her voice rises.

“Yes! Yes! M-make me cream! Milk me! Good cow! I’m a g-good cow! Moo! Moooooooooo!”

Her voice rises, becoming a lowing moan of purest pleasure. Milk jets suddenly from her plump nipple, soaking your mouth in a sudden deluge. The sheer volume takes you aback, but almost at once you’re chugging it down, moaning as you pump her milk straight into her mouth. There’s so much. It’s so sweet. Frothy and warm and heavy and wonderful.

More.

You want more.

You’ve forgotten the original purpose of this. You only know you need more of her milk. You’re so thirsty. Your body craves it. Needs her cream. You push her back against the wall, milking her tenderly, pumping her tit into your mouth, her warm cream flowing into you. Spreading through you. So warm. So thick.

So goooooood.

Your clothes suddenly feel so painfully tight. Especially your pants. No surprise. Ever since you saw Delilah’s breasts you’ve been rock hard. Now, as her arms tug you into the softness of her chest, you squirm. Your shirt is digging into your shoulders! Your pants straining around your cock.

You hear Delilah gasp as you shrug your shoulders and feel the fabric of your shirt and jacket split, tearing to ribbons. You grunt and reluctantly take a hand from her breast to loosen your belt, yanking down your pants, something that is painfully difficult. Something about that seems odd, but then Delilah gives out another moo, and you forget about it.

After all, nothing is more important than milking a cow.

And she is milky. Her breast seems absolutely swollen with cream. And you’re so very thirsty. This seems vaguely odd, since you’ve been guzzling her cream nonstop, but you also forgot to care. A cow needs milking. She needs you.

“G-good bull,” Delilah moans. “Oh f-fuck yes. Gooooood bullllll!”

You snort, switching breasts, your lips locking onto her other nipples. She cries out, a sound of pleasure so sweet it makes your balls feel achingly heavy. You grunt, your head throbbing as you suck hungrily from her teat, her fresh cream gushing into your mouth.

“Oh g-goddess!” Delilah cries. “P-please! Please! Fuck me! Fill me up! Give me that fat f-fucking coooooock!”

Her wailing cry sends your pulse thumping. That it came from such a normally demure and shy cow only excites you more. You grunt, pushing against her, your cock throbbing, ripping out of your underpants with a tearing sound. You’re so big. So horny. You can’t stop yourself. You rut against her, mashing her tits in your big hand while your other lifts her leg, baring the delicate folds of her pussy. Your nostrils flare, scenting her arousal. She needs it. Needs you cock so bad. You have to give it to her.

And you do.

You thrust forward, filling her with your length. Delilah cries out in heady pleasure as you stuff her fairly to the brim. “Oh f-fuck yessssssss!” she wails in purest pleasure.

You groan. She’s so tight! Or maybe you’re so big. In fact, it’s gotten hard to milk her. Your head is bent at such an awkward angle. But you can’t tear your mouth from that nipple. You heft her breast to a more comfortable angle as you ram your cock deep into her fertile pussy. Your heads pounds with lust and pain. Fuck. Fuck! Fuck! You’ve gotta cum. Gotta cum in her. Gotta breed this milky cow!

“Yes! Yes! More! Mooooooooore!” Delilah wails. “Give it to me! Fuck me! Mate me! G-good bull. Good fucking bullllllllll!”

You tear your lips from her breast with the sheer ecstasy of her cry. Her pussy ripples with her orgasm, pulling you beyond the brink. You bellow as you cum, pumping what seems like gallons of your cum into Delilah’s hot cunny. Your head feels like a burst of

pure light explodes within it, pushing out your brows in a pair of curving bull horns, your roar that of a bellowing bull breeding his favorite heifer.

Ease settles upon your mind. Your head seems to empty, filled instead with the lazy, satisfied simplicity of pure id. What need has a bull for ego? He knows what he is, and that is a burly bull here to breed sexy cows. Cows like the beauty still cooing in your arms, her hands admiring your horns with gentle strokes.

“Mmmm. Oh woooooow,” Delilah giggles. “That was... wow. You weren’t kidding about being an expert milker,” she giggles.

You snort, shrugging. “Good fuck,” you say.

“Oh gosh yes!” she gasps, beaming at you. “And um, I was wondering... after we see the Mother, maybe you and I could... you know. Figure out an arrangement. The Mother says every cow should have a bull. Maybe you could be mine?”

Her personal milker? Your eyes are drawn back to her breasts as they gently rise and fall with her heavy breathing. Milk still dribbles from her plump nipples, which makes you lick your lips, recalling the taste. And why shouldn’t you remain with Delilah? A good bull should be with a good cow. It only makes sense.

“Yeah,” you say, grasping her hips, feeling your cock harden again inside her. “Sounds good.”

“R-really?” she gasps. “Ooooh! Thank you so much! I ah!” she gasps as you start to thrust into her again. “M-mmmm! That’ll be... oh... I mean, th-the Mother will be... ah... s-so... M-mooooooo!”

You listen to her voice fall back into moaning lowing, her curves arching beneath you as you pound your thick cock into her fertile pussy. She’ll make sense of it soon. It’s all fine. You’ve got a cow to plow.

And that’s all a good bull needs.

[Missionary Style](#)

Let Her Fuck You

Getting to milk a sexy cow girl AND getting fucked by her?
Yes please!

“Well, if you insist,” you say. “I’d love to see how sexy this pretty cow is getting fucked.”

Delilah blushes brightly but eagerly nods. “I think that would, um... be nice.”

“Me too,” you say, brushing some of her hair back, making her flush even more. Your hand lingers at her cheek, tilting her head as you lean in. Her lashes flutter, her eyes growing lidded, her soft red lips parting as you press a kiss to her mouth. You feel her tremble in pleasure, her breasts pushing against your chest as she gives a soft whimper of delight. You hum, your hand stroking her hair, finding the back of her head and holding her as you deepen the kiss, pushing your tongue into her mouth.

She yields almost at once, her mouth warm and tasting faintly of cream. Seems someone’s been getting high off her own supply. You chuckle and with your free hand palm her breast. She gasps, moans, a sound so deep and passionate your cock throbs with desire for this lovely cowgirl. You tenderly massage her breast even as your kiss devours her mouth, the holstaur quivering in needy pleasure, her body pressing forward against you. You groan as her mound rubs against your shaft, your cock rock hard between you and her. She gasps, coos.

“Ohhhh,” she pants. “Just... um... can I...”

“Feel free,” you breathe before kissing her again.

Delilah moans happily, her hips rocking forward. Your cock presses against her pussy as she settles atop your lap, her whimper of delight overcome with your groan of pleasure as your cock slides into her needy cunny.

“Mmmmm!” she moans, lashes fluttering, her breathing growing deeper, hitching, jiggling her tits against your chest as your cock fills her. “Ohhhh yesss.”

“Mmmm,” you moan into her lips, your hands sliding from her tits, cupping her generous rump. You squeeze her ass, making her groan, then begin to bounce her.

Delilah is a big girl, but she’s eager to help. Her ass rises, falls, her pussy devouring your cock with every loving stroke. Her pants grow deeper. Hotter. More frantic as she rides you.

“Ah. Ah!” she gasps, her moans having a distinctive bovine lilt to them. “Yes! Yes! Oh f-fuck. Feels so good. So good to me. Please. Oh baby. F-fuck me. Fuck me haaaaaard!”

You increase the pace. Your hands dig into her bare rump, squeezing the plush orbs of her ass as you drive your cock up into her. Her moans grow deeper. Heavier. A lowing sound of bovine pleasure. Her brown hair flutters around her head as she takes your cock desperately. Frantically. Her moans grow ever louder as she bounces on your lap, the slap of her ass on your legs thumping, her breasts squishing and rubbing against your jacket as she goes.

“Yes! Yessssss!” she wails, quickening her rut, barely rising off your cock before coming back down she wants it so badly. “Cum! Oh fuck! G-gonna cum! Gonna cum for my bull! My big bull! Yes! Yes! Oh fuck yessssss!”

She cries out in purest pleasure, shuddering atop you, her pussy devouring your cock in needy convulsions of pleasure. Her orgasm pushes you well over the edge. With a throaty cry you hilt yourself within her and cum in great, shuddering pleasure.

“Mooooooooo!” she moans again, her breasts shuddering as she tastes your cum within her. Panting, gasping, she collapses atop you, her weight making you grunt as her face buries in your shoulder.

You ease back on the bench, cradling her against you, stroking her back as soft whimpers escape the bovine beauty. She

shakily raises her head, a smile on her lovely face.

“Th-that was g-good,” she says.

“Well,” you chuckle, “I am an expert milker.”

Delilah giggles, then blushes again, nibbling her lower lip.

“Mmm. You are. Um... listen. I just um... had a thought.”

“Yeah?” you say, giving her plush, pale bottom a squeeze.

“Do tell.”

She giggles, blushing brightly. “Mmm. Yes. Um, I was thinking, you know? I’ve never felt like that when I’ve gotten m-milked. And I was um, thinking, wouldn’t it be nice if um, you might want to stay with me as like, my bull?”

“Bull?” you say.

“Y-yeah. According to the Mother, whenever a cow must go forth to convert her own herd, she must go with a bull who will protect her. And I was thinking, since you’ve been so kind and good at this, um, would you like to be mine?”

“O-oh,” you say, momentarily taken aback. “I... mnn...”

“I promise,” Delilah gasps, wriggling on your lap, her pussy undulating around your sensitive cock. “I’ll be such a good cow for you. I’ll be milky and eager and make you such a happy bull. But I um... I know this is a lot all at once, so...”

You gasp as she snuggles against you. So soft. So needy. Her brown eyes pleading and eager and innocent. Her curves so wonderfully perfect on your lap. Would it really be so bad to abandon your quest and be her bull?

[Become Her Bull](#)

[Continue Your Journey](#)

Become Her Bull

You never asked for any of this. Your lordship, your quest, the weight of saving the world on your shoulders. So why not become Delilah's bull? Why not have a lovely, shapely cowgirl clearly infatuated with you as you protect her, and fuck her like a burly breeding bull?

"That sounds like a wonderful idea," you say.

Delilah gasps. "You mean it?" she says, her arms around you tightening. "You really really mean it?"

"Does this answer your question?" you say, suddenly rising. The lovely holstaur squeaks as she falls back against the bench and wall as you press against her, your lips once more finding hers in the heat of passion. She moans with toe-curling pleasure, arching against you as your hands abandon her ass to cup her generous teats. She whimpers in submissive bliss, her sensitive teats making her shudder, arch, her inner walls squeeze your cock again.

You groan as you harden within the lovely holstaur once more. Fuck, you're so ready for her. The soft squeaks and moans she makes stirs your lusts in ways that make you try and coax even more from her. You grunt, kissing her harder, your tongue pressing into her mouth, her lips yielding happily as you deepen the kiss.

You're rock hard, already thrusting again into her, feeling her inner walls squeeze and ripple around your cock with pleasure. She moans, pulling back. "Ah! W-wait!"

"What?" You gasp.

She arches under you, her full breasts suddenly wobbling into view. "M-milk me t-too. It'll be... it'll be so good."

You grin. If there's a better way to accept the corruption of the goddess, you haven't seen it yet. You dip your head down, taking her nipple between your lips. Lingering cream soaks into your tongue, the change almost immediate. You groan, accepting the inky

darkness of corruption as Delilah's breast pumps her pearly cream. You feel your arms thicken. Legs grow stronger. Your clothes strain around your form. You can actually feel Delilah's pussy stretch around your thickening cock.

"Ohhhhhh yessssss!" the holstaur maid groans, clutching at your head, pulling you deeper into her teats. "Yes. Yesss! Goddess yes! Milk me! F-fuck me! Take me my b-bull! B-breed me! M-moo! Mooooooo!"

She shudders, cumming, and you're not far behind. You groan as your cock throbs, pulsing, flooding her lush pussy with great spurts of your hot seed. But it's not a true orgasm. You feel something even better on the horizon. As you plow the lovely cow woman, you feel new strength. New vitality! Your arms and legs tear out of your clothes, your body growing thick with dark fur. Your head pounds as your face grows longer, becoming a bullish muzzle. Pain gathers in your forehead as you guzzle her cream. As you fuck her. Take her. Not as a man. As something more. Something better. Fucking her hard. Fast.

Fucking her like a rutting bull!

You groan, the sound reverberating heavily from deep within your chest. Your thrusts grow faster. Longer. Harder! The pain in your brow is reaching an explosive point. As if the churning heaviness of your balls.

"Yes! Yessss!" Delilah wails. "Cum in me! Cum! Please! Oh fuck! Cum in mooooooo!"

The way her soft body tightens, shudders, the sudden gush of the richest, frothiest cream you've tasted yet pushes you over the edge. You tear your face from her teat, bellowing as the pain explodes from your brow, two huge bull horns bursting from your head as you cum, your body tightening as you pump what feels like gallons into Delilah's hungry womb.

"Moooooooo!" the cow priestess moans, shuddering in ecstasy as you fill her. A sound of such wanton pleasure you can't help but

give a throaty chuckle. Sounds like she's no longer nervous about getting milked by bulls.

Fortunate, you think, stroking her flushed cheek, feeling warm at the loving smile she gives you. Because you'll never leave her side...

[Missionary Style](#)

Continue Your Journey

Sex is great, and being Delilah's breeder bull sound amazing, but you've still got a job to do. And as much fun as Delilah was, she's a means to an end.

"Er, sorry," you say. "I'd love to, but we'd best check in with the Mother first, don't you think?"

Delilah looks hurt, but reluctantly nods. "Yes," she says. "Yes, I suppose you're right."

You grunt in agreement and rise, doing back up your pants. By the time you have, Delilah has already tossed her robe back on, and has hefted the sloshing milk tank, her cheeks glowing in satisfaction as she straightens, the can propping up her immense teats. "Would you mind getting the door? My hands are a little full," she says proudly.

"Sure can," you say, opening the door for her, holding it for the buxom cowgirl as she walks by, beaming down at you. You return her smile, slipping after her and out into the night.

Time to get to work.

[Into the Temple](#)

Complete Your Mission

“That sounds like a fantastic idea!” you exclaim.

“Oh, how wonderful!” Tauria gasps, clapping her hands, her breasts jiggling with the movement. “I’m so pleased! I knew you’d make the right choice.”

“Absolutely! I’m completely sold on holy fuck what’s that!”

Both holstaurs instinctively turn to look where you’re pointing. In that moment of distraction, you lunge for the Root of Corruption, already raising your sword. The enchanted steel flares like white fire in the gloom of the temple, Tauria’s cry of protest lost as you plunge your enchanted weapon into the gnarled wood.

The air stills. A hush radiates outward as the glossy darkness of the tree fades, the bark growing blacker than midnight. You can actually see the fruits growing from its branches shrivel up. Cracks split the bark, radiating outward from your sword.

With a sound like breaking glass the Root of Corruption shatters, fragments dissolving into acrid smoke when they hit the ground. You hear a sudden groan and look back to see Tauria fallen to her knees, her head tilted back, eyes wide as the purged smoke of corruption plumes from her mouth to dissolve into her air. Delilah coughs heavily into her hand, smoke seeping from between her fingers and whispering away as she heaves and shudders.

Within moments it has passed. Silence descends once more upon the room. You lift your sword, again noting the runes along it, then sheathe it once more.

“Ooooooooooh...”

The moan draws you to Tauria’s side. The holstaur is still kneeling, her eyes dim and glassy. You crouch beside her, putting your hand against her back. “You okay?”

She blinks at you, her bovine ears twitching. “I... Oh... Oh goddess, what...”

“Okay, but which goddess?” you say.

Her eyes shut in concentration, then open wide in shock. “Oh,” she says, looking about the makeshift temple. “Oh nooooo. I... Did I...”

“Hey. Hey!” you say, giving her a shake. “You didn’t do anything. You couldn’t stop it. Setaria works like that. Corruption writhes into people without them even knowing it, until it’s too late. It’s over. Here, anyway.”

She looks at you, her eyes watering as she suddenly throws her arms around you, hugging you desperately. “Ohhhhh!” she moans. “Thank you! Thank you, my lord. I don’t know what would have happened to us! It’s all a blur. A nightmare! But is it truly over?”

Somewhat distracted by the softness of her tits pressing against your chest, you clear your throat. “Er... Not exactly,” you say, patting her on the back.

She sniffles, pulling away. Her lips purse, a firm resolve taking over her eyes. “Yes,” she says. “Yes, I see now. You’re right. I... my memories are dim of her, but her corruption runs deep, doesn’t it?”

“Seems so,” you admit.

She gives another sniff, wipes her nose and nods, her face hardening with purpose. “Then you shall have my aid. Whatever I can do to help you seal this darkness, I shall. And so too do you have my thanks,” she says, clasping your hands, squeezing them. “I will aid you to beat back this evil. By the goddess of the book and scales, I swear.”

You shake her hands, letting out a sigh of relief. Looks like you managed to free the holstaur and banish the goddess from Littlebrook. Another step, but there’s more to come. But with a holy cow on your side, you stand a better chance than before.

You hope.

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Gooa Blowjob

Your eyes wander to the jiggy googirl standing in her prim maid's uniform. You never did get a chance to see just what the bouncy beauty can do, given at the time she was looking to devour you whole. And though the risk may still be there, you have some confidence in Gabbia being able to keep the googirl in check.

"I think Gooa looks wonderful in those clothes," you say. "But I bet she looks even better out of them."

Gabbia cackles. "You have no idea. Go on, Gooa," the goblin says, pushing the googirl towards you. "A maid must serve her master."

"Ooooooh," Gooa burbles, smiling happily at you. She flows towards you and you catch her, the rubbery maid outfit providing excellent grip as you heft her breasts. Like squeezing two water balloons, they bulge wonderfully, trapped in the tightness of her top.

"Ooooooh! Maaasterrrr waaaaant fuuuuun?"

"I think that's obvious," Gabbia says, plopping back onto an overstuffed armchair with a human skull perched on the back, her eyes shining in excitement. "Go on sweetie. Show him how what you can do."

"Ooooooaaaaay," Gooa burbles, smiling happily as she sinks down to her knees.

"Better get that cock out unless you want your pants dissolved," Gabbia notes.

"O-oh, right," you say, hastily undoing the laces at your front. Your cock pushes into the open, already at half-mast. The moment Gooa sees it she lights up, literally. The glow of her skin seems to grow brighter, her eyes affixed to the sight of your waiting shaft.

“Ooooooh,” she moans, leaning forward, opening your mouth and taking your cock deep inside her.

“Oh f-fuck!” you gasp as her jiggly lips engulf you. It’s like fucking a bowl of warm gelatin. Her body ripples around your cock, sucking you in ways you never dreamed were possible. Hot pleasure pulses through you from head to toe. You gasp, grabbing Gooa by her frilly maid cap, thrusting into her mouth with growing need.

“Fuck,” you grunt. “Oh... oh f-fuck yes. Yessss! Gooa, that mouth... oh fuck. Suck me. Suck my f-fucking coooooock!”

“Mmmmmmm,” Gooa hums, her body wobbling in her rubbery maid suit, her eyes glowing with ardor and insatiable hunger. Her lips running up and down with growing urgency. “Mmm. Mmm!”

You never had a prayer. As soon as those rippling lips captured your cock you were on a short road to orgasm, and you just reached the end. You groan as you plunge your cock a final time into Gooa’s hungry mouth, your body tensing as your orgasm hits you hard. Your cock throbs, pulsing, spurting your cum into Gooa’s eager mouth. The googirl moans, sucking in every drop, her body seeming to absorb it almost at once, her tits expanding into her top with a creak of fabric.

You gasp, pulling free, Gooa reluctantly releasing your manhood from her soft lips. “Soooo goooood,” the bubbly monster girl coos.

“Oh fuck. Yeah. Yeah, it was,” you pant.

“Maybe too good,” Gabbia says, frowning. She hops down from the chair and inspects Gooa’s outfit critically. “Hmmm. Looks like th’ fabric ain’t as... stretchy as I was hopin’. Not to worry, though. Bit a extra work, some new stitching, and she’ll be ready for another hot load! Somethin’ t’ look forward to when you get back, eh?” she says, elbowing you meaningfully.

You laugh awkwardly. “Right. Yeah. That. Guess I’d... better get to it.”

“Best a luck, milord! Now,” Gabbia says, returning her attention to Gooa. “Let’s get you outta those clothes. Got some measuring to do.”

“Ooooooh...”

You reluctantly leave the pair to their tailoring and make your way to the stairs to the second level. Despite your confidence in your footwork, scaling the perilous steps makes your stomach clench, the walkway seeming to twist upside down at points, leaving you looking up at the floor below. Gods above you hate this place.

Fortunately, you reach the trapdoor without incident, open it, and push your head into the room beyond.

[Groat](#)

Fuck Gabbia

Your eyes run over the shapely merchant queen. Those hips. Those eyes. Those plump, green tits. All the elaborate silks she wears only draws the eye further to a figure absolutely made of curves and temptation.

“Well,” you say, stroking your chin. “It does seem to me you should get a reward for all your clan’s hard work,” you say.

Gabbia smirks up at you, her head tilting, her long lashes fluttering teasingly at you. “Yeah?” she purrs, her hips beginning to lazily swing. “You think so? We do work aaaaawful hard.”

“And it hardly goes unappreciated,” you say.

“Really?” Gabbia croons. “You gonna appreciate me, my lord?”

“I think I just might,” you say, fairly drooling over her plump figure. “Why not sit back and let me show you.”

Gabbia winks and turns, shaking her hips as she makes her way towards an overstuffed armchair. She swings herself into the seat, pushing several books off the arms as she turns to face you, head tilted back, legs crossed, the image of the merchant queen in all her glory. “Mmm. Like this, yer lordship? Or should I get naked first?”

“Naked is always good,” you say as you move towards her.

Gabbia’s eyebrows quirk and she lazily unwinds the silks from her body, tugging off her sash, pulling down her gown. Her full, green tits bounce into the open as her bra flutters away, her nipples thick and dark. Her hips rise, her panties a dark smile hiding her emerald folds. Her thumbs tease along the band, snapping it against her mound. “Mmm. Lend a hand, my lord? These panties are so aaawful tight.”

“Mustn’t have that,” you say, voice a husky growl as you kneel before the chair and hook your fingers into her panties. You

tug them off, sliding them down her thighs, revealing her slick pussy, a triangle of hair pointing to it like an arrow. Her scent tingles in your nose. Perfume of some exotic and tantalizing make that sends a shot of pure lust directly to your groin.

“Oooh, much obliged, my lord,” Gabbia croons. “Now, how’s about you share how you were thinking of rewarding me. Just dyin’ of curiosity.”

“I have a few ideas,” you say, grasping the back of her thighs and pushing her back, resting her legs on your shoulders as you move forward.

“Like what?” Gabbia says, her voice thick, her legs hooking around your neck. “You gonna lick me out? Gonna tease this gob’s tight green pussy with that tongue?”

“You read my mind,” you chuckle, delivering a kiss to the emerald flesh around her pussy. Gabbia gasps, groans as you kiss around her mound, the goblin nibbling on her rouged lips, her long ears twitching, earrings jangling softly like delicate chimes.

“Mmmm. Tease,” she says as your lips circle around her twitching cunny. “Mnnn! C-c’mon now. Stop playing!”

“As you wish,” you say with a wink, leaning in and delicately running your tongue up her slit.

Gabbia moans, head falling back and hips rising as you lap at her cunny. “Mmmm! Ooooooh, my lord! That’s.... ah.... Oooh. What a... ah... s-silver tongue you got there.”

“Coming from you, that’s quite a compliment,” you observe as you nuzzle against her pussy.

She giggles, gasps, moans as you push your tongue deeper into her. “Ooooooh yessssss!” she cries, toes curling with delight as she’s pushed back against the chair. “That’s iiiiiiit. Lick me there. Up. Higher. Higher! Oh my lord! Yes! There! Oh fuck yessss! Right theeeeere!”

You hear her gasp sharply as your tongue finds the bead of her clit, her body tensing in delight as you stroke and tease it, every flick of your tongue making her gasp, moan in wondrous pleasure. Her curves jiggle with her approaching peak, her pants growing shorter with every gasp.

“Yes! Yes! Oh... oh my lord! Yes! There! Right there! I... I’m... mnnnnn!”

She cries out, her legs and body bucking against your touch as she cums. You moan as her sweet juices hit your tongue, her pussy twitching with her peak.

With a gasp Gabbia sags back against the couch, her breath coming short and fast. “Ooooh, my lord,” she groans. “That was... hooo... Oh gods, that was good. Knew I made... mnnn... the right choice joinin’ you.”

“Did you?” you say, releasing her legs and rising, undoing the front of your pants. “Well, in that case, maybe it’s time I show you how much I appreciate our alliance?”

Gabbia raises her head, her eyes lighting up as you open your pants and free the fullness of your cock. The goblin queen fairly drools at the sight of your length. “Well well! Consummating the business arrangement, eh?” she purrs, rolling over onto her front, lifting her rump and parting her thighs to reveal her slick green pussy. She wags her bottom like a bitch in heat. “Well, I’m sure’s shootin’ game. So give it to me, my lord. Gimme that big cock!”

There’s an invitation if you’ve ever heard one. Moving forward you grasp her hips, the goblin maid squeaking in pleasure as you rub the tip of your cock against her slit. She groans, arching beneath you, welcoming your cock as you push forward, filling her in a single stroke.

“Oh yessssss!” the goblin moans, her pussy clamping down on your cock with its sudden entrance. “Yessss! Fuck me, milord. Fuck me haaaard!”

“Gods you’re tight!” you gasp.

“You know you... mmm... love it.”

Little minx is right. The way her pussy squeezes your cock is heavenly. You groan and begin to thrust, plunging your cock into her hungry cunt with sharp thrusts, your hips spanking off her soft bottom with a steady drumming beat.

“Oh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh fuck yesssss!” Gabbia moans, her face squished into the cushion as you fuck her, her eyes rolling back with the ecstasy of her plowing. “Fucking deeper! Fuck me deeper! Oh my lord! Yes! Yessss! Don’t stop! Don’t stop fucking meeeee!”

“Fuuuuuuck,” you groan as you plunder the depths of her green cunny with your cock. You’re not going to last. Her tightness is just too much! Pleasure pounds in your veins as your cock is massaged in her tight folds. Milked for all your worth. Oh. Ohhhhh.

“Oh f-fuuuuuck!” you cry, tilting within her, squeezing the goblin’s lovely rump in your final high of pleasure.

“Yessssssss!” Gabbia wails as you finally cum, balls tightening as you give her all that she needs. Your cum pulses into her in sharp bursts of sweet pleasure, overflows her tightness to drool down her inner thighs.

You pant, sagging, pushing her deeper into the cushions as you bask in the afterglow.

“Mmm. Thank you, milord,” Gabbia moans, her voice partly muffled by the cushion.

You chuckle, pulling out of her and doing up your pants. “Any time, Gabbia.”

The goblin maid giggles, snuggling up on the chair. You step away as Gooa wobbles over, the googirl staring hungrily at Gabbia’s cum-stuffed cunny. “Waaaaaannnnnt,” the googirl burbles.

“Oooh! Hello there,” you hear the goblin maid say. “Ya want some? Sure, sweet thing. How’s about we see what those tentacles can really do!”

“Ooooooh,” Gooa giggles.

You leave the pair to their amusements, climbing the stairs to the second level. Despite your confidence in your footwork, scaling the perilous steps makes your stomach clench, the walkway seeming to twist upside down at points, leaving you looking up at the floor below. Gods above you hate this place.

Fortunately, you reach the trapdoor without incident, open it, and push your head into the room beyond.

[Groat](#)

Threesome

Looking at the lovely googirl and saucy goblin merchant, you wonder how could you choose just one to warm your bed?

But then, why should you choose just one.

“Well!” you proclaim, clapping your hands and beaming down at them. “I’d be remiss if I didn’t show you both how much I appreciate your helping me with my quest. So why don’t I show both of you my appreciation?”

“Ooooooh?” Gooa says, tilting her dripping head.

Gabbia’s grin widens and her lashes lower with understanding. “Hmm! A two for one deal, eh? Well, that sounds like a bargain t’ me! Whaddya say?” she says with a glance at the jiggy googirl.

Gooa giggles. “Oooooh. We haaaave fuuuun?”

“Aboslutely. You just sit back, my lord,” Gabbia says, giving you a gentle shove. “And let me and Gooa show you a real good time.”

You chuckle, letting her push you back into a waiting easy chair. No sooner are you on the seat than Gabbia is between your legs, tugging open your pants with expert hands. Your cock springs to attention before her face, the goblin maid’s eyes flashing with delight. “Mmm,” she purrs, her hands grasping your manhood, lazily stroking it up and down. “This is why I loooooove humans. Just the right height for the fun stuff.”

“Funny,” you grunt as her hands pump your cock. “Same reason I love... nnn... goblins.”

“You’re makin’ me blush, milord,” Gabbia says, then plants a plump kiss on your shaft.

You groan as the goblin maid’s lips do their glorious work, painting imprints of lipstick up and down your manhood, her tongue

lathing your prick with glorious skill. It's so good, you almost forget about Gooa until the slime girl plops into your lap, the smooth, rubbery fabric of her 'clothes' rubbing against you, her breasts like two water balloons pressing against your chest as she falls forward, her eyes glowing hot with desire.

"Kiiiiisssss," she moans, her soft lips puckering up.

You oblige with gusto, meeting her with passion. You groan at the softness of her kiss. Plump, malleable and eager, you feel her tongue push into your mouth. The taste of her ooze is like a shot of pure lust to your body, sending fire surging through your veins. You groan, your manhood fairly quivering with desire, sensitivity aching into your balls with every press of Gabbia's lips. Your hands automatically find Gooa's ass, the rubbery fabric of her skirt melding to your fingers as you give her bottom a squeeze.

And that's when Gabbia decides to take your cock into her mouth.

Pure pleasure explodes through you. You almost cum right there as the goblin maid's mouth devours your shaft, sliding down to the very root. You groan, eyes rolling back as you suck on Gooa's tongue, the heat of her affection aching through you with impossible pleasure.

"Mmmmm!" you moan, hips working, thrusting up into Gabbia's mouth as best you can, even as her lips glide up and down your manhood, taking you deep into her throat. Oh fuck. Fuck! You'll not last long like this. And your movements have excited Gooa further. Her arms swing around your head, pulling you deeper into her kiss, fairly sucking at your tongue as you kiss her. Her jiggly curves rubbing you in all the right ways. You haven't a prayer of holding back. It's all too good. Too much!

You groan as your orgasm peaks, as you cum in a hot surge, pumping you seed into Gabbia's eager mouth. You hear her moan, feel her throat work as she drinks every drop.

And yet, somehow, it's not enough. Even as her lips pull away, your cock still aches with arousal. Throbs with a hungry lust. You hear the goblin girl cackle. "Well well! Good thing our lord's so virile. Lookin' like he might be able to satisfy both of us, eh? Reach down, milord. I made sure your maid's outfit has a special addition for just such an occasion."

Now that sounds like information worth exploring. You send an exploratory hand gliding down Gooa's form, the slime girl giggling in delight as you grope along her mound, pushing up her skirt until you find the telltale groove of laces where a woman's pussy might be. You slide them open, feeling the fabric part and the slickness of her body within, instantly sucking at your finger with even more ardour than Gooa's lips do your mouth.

You give her something far better to enjoy, easing Gooa back, her body melding against yours as she slips down, your cock sliding against the rubbery fabric until it reaches the seam, springing up and deep into the amorous slime girl.

"MmmmMmmmm!" Gooa groans as your cock is sucked into her. She breaks the kiss, the suction of her lips making you gasp as she moans. "Ooooooh! Maaaasssteerrrrr haaaaaard!"

"All for you, baby!" Gabbia cackles, delivering a spank that sends ripples echoing up Gooa's form. Without a moment's hesitation Gabbia clambers onto the arm of the chair and squeezes between you and Gooa, her back to you, her skirt riding high. "Now, my lord," she says, glancing coyly over her shoulder. "How about you get a handful of these green titties, hm? And while you're doing that, I think I might get a taste of our friend's tentacles."

"Strangest... ah... threesome I've had yet," you gasp.

Gabbia arches a brow. "A problem?"

"Hardly," you say, your hands engulfing her tits through her top, Gabbia gasping in delight as you squeeze those firm, green melons. "Gooa? You heard her. Give her some fun!"

“Yesssss maaaasssterrrrr,” Gooa burbles, her inside rippling around your cock, her hands and arms splitting apart, forming a writhing mass of tentacles. Gabbia gasps in delight, her eyes shining as those many limbs come for her, twisting into her cunny and ass, filling her with their gooey length.

“Oh fuuuuuuuck!” the goblin maiden moans, shuddering against you, her tits bouncing in your hands as she rides those writhing blue limbs. “Fuck yessss! Gods! If we could... ah... p-package this, we’d make a... mnnnn! A bloody fortune!”

“Something to... ha... work on,” you gasp as you slam your cock up into the jiggling softness of the googirl.

Gooa croons in heady pleasure, her body rippling around your cock. Sucking it deeper inside her. Taking it with heady, clutching pleasure. You moan and pant, thrusting up into her with ever greater urgency as you feel your orgasm near. Gabbia gasps and moans, her breasts bouncing in your hands, squeezed and massaged as her pussy and ass are claimed by the writhing tentacles, her body sandwiched between you and Gooa.

Your climax is as inevitable as it is glorious. You let out a thunderous shout as you hilt up into Gooa’s body, your cock throbbing, pulsing, unloading your heavy load into the googirl. Every spurt seems to shock Gooa, her whole body jiggling with ecstasy, her groaning moan rising in volume as she sucks up your cum.

“Ooooooooooh!” the jiggly googirl cries.

“Fuck yessssss!” Gabbia groans, bucking with ecstasy as she cums around Gooa’s tentacles, her small body quivering with the tightness of her orgasm.

You ride that orgasm for what feels like hours, but inevitably you come down from that pleased plateau, sinking into the seat, breathing hard. Gooa seems to practically melt, flopping off your lap and to the floor, cooing happily where she lies in a soft mass of sated monster girl. With Gooa gone, Gabbia slides down into your lap, breathing hard and heavy.

“Oh my lord,” she breathes, stroking your cheek. “That was... really somethin’.”

“That it was,” you say, grinning down at her.

She chuckles, snuggling into your lap with satisfaction. You let her rest as you recover, then ease the goblin into the seat as you climb to your feet. You do up your pants, casting a contented look at the two monster girls, brushing Gabbia’s hair before you depart.

You make your way to the stairs to the second level. Despite your confidence in your footwork, scaling the perilous steps makes your stomach clench, the walkway seeming to twist upside down at points, leaving you looking up at the floor below. Gods above you hate this place.

Fortunately, you reach the trapdoor without incident, open it, and push your head into the room beyond.

[Groat](#)

Centaur Slave

You hear the thunder from beyond the tent's walls.

Your head rises from your mending of a saddlebag, the chain that binds your collar to the pole in the middle of the tent clanking. You've not needed such fetters for a long time, but all men are chained in the centaur's camp. As is right. They must be reminded of their place.

Fortunately, there's ample length, allowing you to open the tent flap and step out, looking down across the rolling plains.

Other men are emerging from the rest of the tents. All wear the chains of their mistresses, some more than others. The men are of all kinds, be they human, elf, or even more exotic species, but the vast majority are male centaurs, their once powerful frames grown slender and effeminate. You can see the whip marks on several, causing a pang of sympathy. Some of the centaresses are not so kind as your mistress, but you've heard many tales of what the males did when they yet ruled the clans, and besides, what use is there in protest? The commands of the warrior maidens are absolute.

It took you time to understand this, but you accept it now. Your mistress was kind and patient in educating you, and you feel the throb of love for her as ever.

You spot her at once. She leads the stampede of returning warriors, her hair billowing in her wake like a banner of crimson, her form leaping across the plains, her equine back loaded with plundered goods. Since leaving Rovenia, the pickings have been easy. All order seems to have collapsed with the rise of the new cult of Setaria, leaving barons and lords to fend for themselves, knights and warriors riding off to try and defend their lands.

Only to find their true destiny at the end of a centaur slave collar.

You shiver in delight as your mistress trots triumphantly among the tents, heading straight for you. You step aside, your loincloth – the only clothing you are allowed – whisking between your legs as you bow. “Did it go well, mistress?”

“Ha!” Cenria barks as she pushes into the tent. “Well? These twolegs fall like chaff in the harvest! T’is hardly a worthy battle for one such as I! But plunder there was aplenty. Remove it, slave!” she says, giving her hindquarters a shake, sending rugs flapping and plundered gold clanging. “Then, attend to your mistress.”

She’s in a good mood. Excitement surges through you as you obediently unstrap her plunder and carefully lay it out in a corner, joining the other fruits of her labors. You’ll be responsible for counting and polishing it later, but for now, your mistress requires attention.

She has stretched out on the soft rugs and cushions in the corner, her equine body at rest, her human half still erect. She stretches out her arms and you obediently remove her cuirass, trying not to stare too long at the full, firm orbs of her breasts. The scent of her sweat is thick and pungent, as is the aroma of her sex, her tail fanning it into the air. Your cock hardens, tenting your loincloth, making you blush.

“Bathe me, slave,” she commands.

You obey, fetching the silver brushes and silk towels from where they hang. In a golden bowl you bring the water, soaking the cloth before lovingly running it across her flanks.

You can feel the heat of her body. The strength of her muscles. So close, her scent is even stronger. Pungent. Near overpowering. It makes your head spin as you dip the rag into the water again and again, bathing her with as much awe as an acolyte polishing a statue of their goddess.

Cenria hums in pleasure, her body shifting as you finish her flanks and move to her human half. You can feel the firm muscles beneath the cloth as you run it across her sides, up her arms and

along the corded strength of her biceps. You're already flushed as you move lower to the tight washboard of her stomach, washing away the whorls of battle paint. Your face grows hot as you begin to bathe her breasts, those firm orbs the softest part of her. Your fingers stroking the cloth against her tanned skin. Your breath growing hot. Heavy.

Her hand catches your wrist. You stiffen as she turns her head, fixing you with the intensity of her gaze. "I believe my breasts have been washed enough, slave," she says, her voice a husky growl that shoots straight down to your balls.

"Y-yes, mistress," you gasp.

She smirks. "But mine efforts on the fields of war stirred my blood in other ways, and thy attentions have done naught to quell the fires they hath kindled." She shifts, her equine rear wriggling as she adjusts herself. "Attend my pussy, slave. My loins burn with the heat of lust, and your services are required."

"Of course, mistress."

She releases your wrist and you hurry behind her, already casting aside your loincloth, baring the throbbing hardness of your erection. You find yourself facing her hindquarters. Her tail flicks out of the way, unveiling the deepness of her pussy. The heat of her arousal fairly steams the air, her need palpable. It's one you've satisfied many a time since becoming her slave, and at every opportunity you thank the gods you've been so lucky as to be claimed by this goddess.

"Hurry, slave!" she snorts. "Thy awe is appropriate, but my need must be sated!"

"Of course, mistress," you say, catching yourself. You grasp her equine hindquarters, feeling her start with sensitive arousal. You stroke her firm flesh, hearing her snort and stir with desire. You align your cock with her glistening cunny, and with a groan of pure pleasure you sheathe yourself deep inside her perfect cunt.

Cenria groans in delight as you push inside of her. Her pussy fairly gapes with her depths, but her inner walls clench around you with her need, a nicker of pleasure escaping her as you begin to saw in and out of her. “Hmmmm! Yes. Like that. Fuck me, slave. Show thy mistress your love!”

You groan, the heat of her insides sucking at your cock, driving you in and out of her with ever greater urgency. Your breath comes in short, hot pants. Your hips spank against her glorious rear, fairly mounting her, driving yourself into her as deep as you can. Cenria’s groan echoes in the tent, the centaress’s back rising a little to meet your thrusts at a new angle, her head tossing her ponytail like a mane as her hands grip the blankets with her ecstasy.

“Yes!” she gasps. “Yes! Use thy pathetic human cock within me! Fuck me, slave. Fuck me with thy petty manhood! Ooooooh yes! Thy shaft is barely felt! But men’s lusts are always such. Yes! Take me, slave! Show thy mistress thy servitude! Rut her with all thy strength! Give me thine cock, worm! Give they mistress all thou have!”

Every demeaning word only makes you harder. You moan in shameless desire, pumping into her deep pussy, fucking her frantically, needing to make her cum.

“Mistresssss!” you moan. “P-please!”

“Do not cum, slave!” she barks. “Do not cum before thy mistress!”

You groan, gritting your teeth, trying to resist the glorious pleasure of her pussy. Your hips slap against her ass. Your cock hammers her, sucked in deep, her juices drooling onto your lap and legs. The chain of your collar clanks, striking your back with your every thrust. The need to cum is almost overwhelming. Every hot pant nearly drives you over the edge. But you can’t cum. Not before mistress. Not before Cenria!

She snorts, her rear rising, pushing back against you, hammering you as you thrust, your cock sucked into her tight depths.

Her voice grows hoarse. Her head thrown back.

“Yessssssss!” the centauress cries, her inner walls clamping down, squeezing you with the ecstasy of her orgasm. She cums, whinnying her pleasure, and that tightness forces you over the edge. You groan in answer to her cry, shuddering as you cum within her, pumping your and cum in sharp, wonderful bursts of glorious orgasmic bliss. Your mind goes white with the intensity. Your head spins as you quiver, riding the horse queen’s orgasm.

Cenria snorts, her equine rear shifting as her legs rearrange themselves, her pussy rippling lazily as she loosens around your cock. You whimper, gasping, sagging against her with pleasure, your cock aching from her squeezing pussy.

“Hrf! Hrf... Good, slave,” she pants. “Thy petty manhood hath pleased me... this day...”

You glow with her praise, smiling happily. “M-my thanks, mistress.”

She huffs again, smirking at you. “Hmph! Thou art welcome. Now, hurry and fetch me my meal. My appetite for battle and flesh is sated, but my other hungers await!”

Your knees are so weak from the fucking, you’re forced to crawl to a nearby table and pick up the golden plate of grapes and other fruits. You shuffle back to her, bowing your head and holding aloft the plate. Cenria snorts in satisfaction at your pose, her hand lazily plucking the choicest fruits for her appetite. You remain kneeling as she eats, awaiting her next order. Her next pleasure.

For though you may have begun your journey the lord and hero of Rovenia, you end it as nothing more than the centaur’s bed slave.

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Cat Pawed

“I do work best... when motivated... properly,” you gasp.

Felonia’s eyebrows quirk and her smirk deepens. “Hmmm. Indeed. Zen, I shall do my best to properly... inspire you.”

She pushes you back against the wall, her hand planted beside your head as her other hand undoes the laces of your pants. She moves in close, pressing a kiss to your lips, one eagerly reciprocated. She purrs, her lidded eyes gleaming like coins in the moonlight as your cock swells into the open, and her palm engulfs your manhood.

“Mmmm,” you groan, reaching around her, filling your hands with her firm ass and giving it a hungry squeeze.

“Mmhmm,” Felonia purrs, her fingers gliding along your cock with all the skill of the expert lockpicker. Stroking you with lazy urgency, working you towards the tightening of a climax. Her fingers glide to your tip, her thumb rubbing it, her touch delicate, sensitive, sending throbs of potent pleasure arching through you and to your aching balls. Her hand moves from the wall, gliding down your chest to begin to fondle your balls.

“Mn!” you grunt, gasping as she deftly strokes your sack, your hips bucking, thrusting your shaft into her stroking palm.

“Yes,” Felonia pants between kisses, her lips locking with yours again and again. “Yessss. Can you feel it, mon cher? Your cock iz most needy. Come then. Show zis kitty how well you can cream. Get it all out for me. Cum!”

You don’t even try and hold back. With a groan you thrust into her stroking palm, shuddering as your cock spurts, giving up your seed all over the dusty ground.

Felonia purrs, giving you a last kiss. “Very good, mon ami. Now,” she adds, doing your pants back up with a deft twitch of her fingers, “I do believe we have some work to do, non?”

Rob the Temple

Potion of Bestial Might

You grab the green potion at your belt and pop the cap with your thumb. Throwing back your head, you pour the potion down your throat, the taste oddly tinted with that of the corruption of the air.

The changes are immediate. You groan as you feel your limbs thicken with inhuman might. Your muscles bulge, your clothes melding into your skin and sprouting thick, dark fur. Your brow aches in agony, and from your head sprout two curling bull horns. You feel your cock thicken, pushing free of its sheath, the tip flaring even as it grows to become a turgid, potent bull cock.

In moments you stand in the gloom of the temple changed. You loom above the holstaur, a minotaur of titanic proportions. You snort, your muzzle parting with a low growl.

Before you, Tauria merely smiles.

“Oh goddess,” she breathes. “Thank you for this gift.”

You cock your head, perplexed. Even more so when she tosses away her staff, leaving her defenceless. You watch with curiosity as she grasps some hidden catch in her robe, yanking her entire outfit off, baring the lush curves of her gorgeous body. Your eyes are instantly arrested by the full orbs of her immense teats. Her breasts wobbling, huge, heavy, fairly sloshing with cream. But you only have a short look, for the next moment Tauria has turned about, bent over the altar, and pushed out her plump bottom for your perusal.

“Take me, bull,” she coos, wagging her rear like a bitch in heat. “Plow my fertile pussy. Give unto me the blessing of the goddess, and claim me for Her greater glory!”

You stare, confused. Your lingering human intelligence wars with the bestial instinct that rises in you at the sight of the soft curves inviting your cock. Your bullish manhood throbs in hunger for her cunny. Your muscles creak with the effort of holding yourself back.

The air seems to throb with power. Radiates it from the black tree twisting from the middle of the room, looming above you with its crown of twisting branches. You waver. Pant. Chest heaving with indecision.

“Why do you wait?” Tauria coos, looking over her shoulder, the bells on her horns and throat tingling. “Are you shy, my brute? Do not be. I await you. I need you. Plow me, my bull. Take my fertile form! The goddess has blessed you with the change. Do not deny Her gifts! Do not resist Her call!”

The voice in your head calling for you to resist fades with every second. Your nostrils flare, inhaling the pungent scent of corruption and Tauria’s own perfume. Arousal and cream and musky ardour. You snort, shaking the doubts from your mind. Your cock demands satiation.

And you will have it.

You move up behind Tauria and grasp her hips. She gasps, coos, wiggling in your leathery grasp. Her soft curves make you growl with lust. Your hands slide up her flanks, under her chest. You cup the heaviness of her tits and give them a hungry squeeze.

“Ooooooh yesssss!” Tauria moans, quivering, milk beading your palms as her body responds to your touch. “Take me, my bull. Take me, and know the wonders of service to the goddess!”

The feel of her body. The scent of her lust. It draws you in. Aligns your cock. The mist seems to coil around your manhood like stroking fingers, pulling you towards her dripping pussy. You push inside her, groaning as her tightness envelops your cock.

“Mooooooo!” Tauria moans.

The throbbing in the air grows. The twisting tree seems to radiate its presence throughout the room, the glow of its hues thumping, beating, timed to your thrusts into Tauria’s molten cunny. You’re panting. Your thrusts growing ragged. Your hands maul Tauria’s milky tits, squeezing them. Massaging them. She moans,

pushing her ass back against you, meeting your thrusts, your hips slapping off her plump bottom.

“Oh goooooddessss!” Tauria moans. “Thank youuuuu! Bless me! Bless me with his cock! Give it to me! Give me his cuuuuuuum!”

Her wailing cry rises in the air, the pulsing light of the tree comes so fast its like a solid wall of light. You bellow as you feel your balls churn, clench. As your climax comes upon you in a wave. Throwing back your head, you roar in the peak of pleasure, hilted within Tauria for a final time. You cum like a geyser, pumping your hot seed into her eager cunt, her orgasm ripping through her in answer, her pussy milking you with jolts of bliss.

“Mooooooooo!” she cries, shuddering, cumming with you, your cum overflowing from her pussy, pooling on the floor.

You pant, slowing your thrusts as you ride out the wave of your orgasm. As it fades, your head seems to fog, as if the mist of the room were filling your mind. You can’t remember why you’re in this room. Where you came from.

But as you squeeze Tauria’s breasts, milking her onto the floor, hearing her coo and wriggle atop your shaft, you snort. Because you remember who you are.

Yes, you think, inhaling another gust of the mist, beginning to lazily fuck the moaning cow woman again. You are a bull.

And you must serve your cow.

[Minotaur](#)

Fight Your Way In

Sword in hand, you know surprise will be your best bet against the two guards. With a shout you burst around the corner, rushing at the two bullmen. Their heads swivel your way, their hands already moving to their warhammers and pulling them out.

You close the distance in seconds, slashing at the first. He barely manages to bring up his hammer in a frantic block. Your enchanted steel rings off the heavy metal of his hammer, the bullman taking a quick step back as you swing again for his chest.

Before you can follow up, the second minotaur moves in, his hammer rushing for you. You duck the blow, retreating, looking for another opening, but with a sinking feeling you realize the momentum is lost.

The first guard has recovered, and now both close in on you from either side, their bulky frames blocking any retreat. From your left a hammer swings. You dodge the brutal blow, but from the right a second follows up. You parry, but the strength behind it smashes your sword aside, the impact jarring up your arms.

Your back suddenly hits the wall of the old townhall. You're boxed in. One of the minotaurs raises his hammer and brings it down again. You block it, but the impact this time is too great! Your sword is smashed out of your hands. You barely have time to register this before the second hammer swipes in, and crushes your head in a single blow.

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Talk Your Way In

Fighting those two probably won't get you very far. Looks like it's time to use the gift of gab instead.

Shrugging your shoulders, plastering on a grin, you turn the corner and march up to the two bulls. "Evening!" you say, waving their way.

The pair turn towards you, surprise on their muzzles.

"Who-"

"Just coming by to check in on the place. Construction, you know how it is," you say. "My! Those are some impressive struts. Gothic arches? An excellent choice. You have a permit for it, right?"

The two minotaurs exchange a look. "Permit?" one says.

"Permits. Of course," you say, looking between them with a frown. "You are legally allowed to make these alterations, right?"

The guard on the right rubs his head. "Allowed?"

"Don't tell me you didn't get a permit!" you say, frown deepening. You point again at the town hall. "Don't you know you need form B-7 signed in triplicate before beginning this kind of work? This is a historical structure! It's protected under the Landmark and Cultural Development act. Surely you have it signed by at least three yeomen, the mayor, and the local historical council, right?"

"Um... Don't know."

"No? Then who would?" you demand.

"The Mother, suppose," the guard says.

"Well, where is she? I haven't all day?"

"In shrine. But-"

"Alright. Look," you say. "Here's what we're going to do. You two make sure no more construction goes ahead right now, okay? I'll talk to this... Mother, and see if she has the required paperwork.

We'll try and sort this out. If she has everything properly filled out, then we can go ahead. But if not, we may have a problem. Alright?"

"I dunno..."

"Gentlemen!" you say, striding up between them. "This is how things are done! Paperwork keeps the world moving in an orderly fashion. Do you know what happens if things aren't properly filed? Chaos! Madness! The breakdown of society. You wait right here," you say, grabbing the door handle, swinging it open. "I'll see what can be done. You're doing good work, men! Keep it up!"

The minotaurs watch you slip inside and shut the doors on their perplexed faces. You exhale in relief.

Well, that went well.

[Into the Temple](#)

Use the Potion of Feminine Beauty

You pull out the pink potion and eye the swirling brew. You don't like the odds of fighting two massive minotaurs, but if there's one thing you know about bulls, it's that they can't say no to a pretty face. You're not totally convinced of this, but it's your best bet.

Taking a deep breath, you drink the tingly brew. You moan softly as it goes down, the sugary sweetness popping on your tongue and inside your chest. You shiver with pleasure as you feel your body expand. Plump breasts forming against your top, your ass widening into your pants. Muscle mass recedes, your face growing softer and prettier. You gasp, staggered a little as you feel your cock slowly invert into you, forming instead the hollow achiness of a new pussy.

You take a shuddering breath, straightening your clothes. Well, here goes nothing.

You round the corner, beaming as you make your way towards the minotaurs. They spot you instantly, drawing up. The sight of them makes you shiver, and not just in fear. The thick muscles of their frames sends a tingle of throbbing desire racing through your veins. You smile shyly, moving between them. "Hi boys," you say, your voice high and squeaky with nerves. "Just heading inside."

"Why?" one of the bulls ask.

"Oh," you giggle. "You know. Girl stuff." You grab the door, start to pull it open.

A furry hand shoves it closed.

You freeze, slowly look up. One of the guards looms behind you, his eyes lidded, a lazy grin on his muzzle. "Not allowed."

"Um, well, I kinda have to," you say, twirling a lock of hair around your finger. "G-gotta get that good cow milk, you know? My tits aren't um, nearly as big as they could be."

“You want big tits?” the bullman says.

“Y-yeah.”

“Could help with that,” the minotaur grunts.

“Hm?”

You watch his free hand move down, loosen his kilt. Your jaw drops as the fabric does, dragging down on his positively massive cock. The thick, turgid length bobs, the tip flared for her pleasure. The scent hits you like a wet rag, shooting through you and straight down to your core. You feel it throb in answering lust, your pussy growing slick, the emptiness more acute. Oh f-fuck. How does it smell so... so...

Good.

“I... um...”

“Cows get bigger with cum,” the minotaur says, smirking down at you. “Got lots for you.”

“Plenty for cows,” the other guard grins, moving in as well, his kilt already shed, revealing his turgid manhood.

You’re breathing hot. Fast. Strange sensations are racing through you. Tingling weakness. Uncertain desire. Sensations you’ve never known. Where is this all coming from? Your eyes wander from the heavy balls of the two bullmen and to the door of the townhall. Fuck! Of course! The Root! You’re so close to the source of corruption, it must be affecting you. You... you have to... have to...

Your eyes are drawn back to the minotaur’s cock. Your legs are weak, and when the minotaur plants his hand on your shoulder, you sink to your knees with barely any resistance. His musk is so heavy. So strong. Your mind spins and pussy aches with feminine need. You... you have to resist this. You have a job. A mission. You can’t... you mustn’t...

The minotaur lazily slaps you with his cock, smearing pre across your cheek. The impact jars through you, your nipples instantly hardening, your mind scrambled. A weak moan escapes

you as he lazily drapes his cock over your head, his musky balls right in front of your eyes.

“Lick,” he says.

The word has such power. Such potency. Before you realize it, you obey. Your tongue teases out, runs along his heavy sack. The taste is thick and masculine. Potent beyond anything you’ve known before. It shudders through you to your very core, and you groan with obedient pleasure.

The minotaur grunts as your hands rise, cradling his balls, your lips kissing them, your tongue lathing them. You know you shouldn’t be doing this, but you can’t seem to stop yourself. Especially when the second minotaur moves in, his cock drawing your eye. Your hands move as if they have a mind of their own, grasping the shafts of the two bullmen and beginning to stroke them. Oh gods. Oh gods, what are you doing? But you can’t stop yourself. Something compels you. Every gasping breath pulls in more of their pungent musk. You can feel their powerful, turgid manhoods. How mighty they are. How male. You can feel them grunt. Their cocks throb with virility. With pleasure. They’re getting close. You... you should stop. You... you...

“Rooooooo!” the minotaurs bellow as they cum as one. As their cocks pump great bursts of their thick seed all over your face and chest. You moan in degenerate pleasure, shuddering as their hot seed splatters your lovely features. It almost feels like they’re soaking into your skin. Seeping into you. The heat making your head spin. Your chest ache. Your rump throb.

“Strip,” one of them commands.

“S-strip? I... um... O-okay,” you say breathlessly, obeying without thinking, too addled to conceive an argument. Your shaking hands tug off your clothes, revealing your full breasts to the warm air. You gasp. Is it just you, or have your tits gotten bigger?

You hear a chuckle and look up at the guards, who grin down at you. “See?” he says. “Cows get big.”

“Oh,” you gasp, touching your ample titflesh, shuddering as even a gentle touch sends lust quivering down to your aching core. “Ohhhh...”

“On fours. We fuck now.”

Resistance doesn't even enter your mind. You tug off your pants as you roll over onto your hands and knees, revealing the peach of your bottom and the silken wetness of your pussy. You gasp as one of the minotaurs grabs your hips, his leathery palms spanking you. You groan as the flaring tip of his cock pushes forward, rubbing against your silky pussy.

“Nice,” he growls.

“I...” you gasp.

“No talk,” the other says, grabbing your head, pushing his cock against your face. “Suck.”

Your mouth opens again, possibly to protest, but when that thick manhood pushes against your lips, you instead moan and begin to obediently suck. Again the taste of their burly cocks soaks your senses. You moan, gasp, tensing as you feel the thick, flaring bulge of the other minotaur's cock press against your pussy. There's no way it will fit. He's too big! You'd tell him so, but your mouth is rather occupied. And then, it's too late.

A long whimper escapes you, your body arching as he feeds his massive cock into your pussy. Oh... oh f-fuuuuuck!

“Mmmmm!” you moan around the minotaur's cock, even as he begins to thrust. You feel so full. So wonderfully pegged. Your head spins in the haze of musk and lust. You rock back as the minotaur behind you begins to saw in and out of your pussy, pounding your depths with sharp, brutal strokes. You groan, almost choking on the cock. Perhaps the potion is still altering you, because aside from a wonderful stretching sensation, your pussy takes the bullman's cock with ease.

“Mmm. Mmm. Mmmmm!” you moan as the two bullmen have their way with you. You can't think. Every one of their thrusts scatters

your thoughts. Fragments your mind. You feel so good. So heavy. Your breasts sway beneath you, bigger than ever. A tightness begins to build in your chest. A sense of fullness. Oh fuck. Oh fuuuuuck what's happening? You don't know. You don't understand!

But you never want it to stop.

You thrust back against them, uncaring of your mission. Of why you first came here. Your only concern now is their cocks. Is getting more of it. More of them. Of getting fucked like a good cow. Bred like a good slut. Your mind spins in hazy submission. No wonder there's so many cows. No wonder none have fled! No wonder it's all soooooo fucking goooooood!

"Mmm! Mmmmm! Mmmmmm!" you moan, your orgasm rising up from deep within you. Surging to the peak. You feel their thrusts growing ragged. Their grips on your body growing tighter. The minotaur behind you hammers your pussy with sharp, brutal thrusts, burying his cock deep within you. It's too much. Too good! You have to... have to...

"Mmmmmmm!" you moan, cumming, your orgasm like a bursting star. You feel the pressure in your chest give way, your tits spurting milk all over the steps of the town hall.

Behind you, the minotaur bellows. Before you, the second bullman roars. Together, they unload their cum in you with great bursts of virile seed. You shudder as they fill you. As your stomach grows with the pumping heaviness of their cum. As your womb and pussy tighten with the sharp bursts of their seed. Bliss radiates throughout you. Your lashes grow lidded, your body sagging between the mighty bulls.

Oh.

Ohhhhh.

It's so good.

So good being a cow.

You never want it to end.

And as the two minotaurs unsheathe themselves from you, only to trade places, you realize your time as their cow has only just begun...

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Attack

That staff looks deadly, but if it's really a part of the goddess's tree, then your sword should have an edge. Wrapping both hands around the hilt of your blade, you rush towards Tauria, your feet pounding across the wooden floor.

Tauria rears up before you. Beautiful. Powerful. The mists swirl around her like a storm. Fanaticism burns in her eyes as she raises her staff and swings for you, her weapon whistling through the air with a sound like moans of pleasure, the tendrils at its peak writhing like fingers.

You swing your glowing blade, and the two weapons meet with a crash. Mists are blasted away from the impact. The air howls. For a moment Tauria's staff holds, warring against your sword.

Then, your edge bites.

Her eyes widen as your sword shears into the wood. The moaning sound becomes a wail of pain as the staff is sliced in two.

A burst of light explodes between you and her, throwing Tauria back. She hits a pew, rocking it back, nearly overturning it. She sags in the seat, her expression stunned, still clutching the smoking shaft of the staff.

You give her no time to recover. Turning from the priestess, you rush towards the tree. The mists gather around it as if to shield it, but it does no good. Your sword slices through them, burning the mists away and plunging deep into the heart of the wood.

The air stills. A hush radiates outward as the glossy darkness of the tree fades, the bark growing blacker than midnight. You can actually see the fruits growing from its branches shrivel up. Cracks split the trunk, radiating outward from your sword.

With a sound like breaking glass the Root of Corruption shatters, fragments dissolving into acrid smoke when they hit the ground.

“Ooooooooooh...”

You turn at the moan and find Tauria shuddering in the pew, her head rolling back, her mouth wide open. Black smoke spews from between her lips, pooling into the air where it dissolves with the mist. Every moment less escapes her, and slowly the haze of corruption fades, the air clearing. The holstaur sags where she sits as the last of the smoke escapes her, her eyes staring blankly at the ceiling.

You approach carefully, the last eddies of mist sinking into the floor as you pass. “Tauria?” you say.

“Ohhhhh...” she groans. She lifts a hand to her horned head, looking at you with bleary eyes. “What... I... G-goddess, my head...”

“Uh huh,” you say, fingering your blade. “But which goddess?”

Tauria blinks at you. You see understanding dawn, along with horror. Her hands fly to her mouth, a shudder shaking her. “Oh,” she gasps. “O-oh goddess! I... I didn’t... What have I done?” she wails.

“Hey! Hey,” you say, grabbing her shoulder, giving her a shake. “It wasn’t your fault. Setaria’s corruption can’t be resisted long. It overwhelms! It wasn’t you.”

Tauria moans, covering her face. “Oh goddess,” she moans. “It’s like a nightmare!”

“Yeah,” you say, looking at the broken floor where the tree once grew. “And it’s not over.”

She stiffens under your hand. Her head rises, grim purpose in her face. “You’re... you’re right,” she says. “It’s not. I... I remember... Visions of her. Her corruption spreads still.” She looks at you. “And you alone can stop her.”

“I’m apparently the one doing it,” you admit.

She grasps your sleeve, resolve hardening her normally soft features. “Then I will aid you,” she says. “Whatever I can do, I shall. She shall not win!”

You're surprised by the strength of her conviction, but hardly opposed. Having someone who had been in such close connection to Setaria will be invaluable in your fight. Because fight it is, and though you have severed the corruption here, you have a long way to go to free Rovenia yet.

To Be Continued

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Head for the Temple

Who knows how deep the corruption in Littlebrook goes. Better to avoid it all and head straight for the converted townhall. You duck out of the main street and into the side streets, stopping beside a baker's shop. You draw your blade from its sheathe, noting the glow of your weapon. You lift your runed sword, angling it, watching it glow brighter when directed towards the townhall. Figures.

"Alright then," you whisper, hurrying through the town, but nonetheless careful not to be seen. You doubt the villagers would take kindly to someone trying to stick their priestess with a sword.

As you approach the townhall you move around its back, eying the windows. They're all boarded up, which is never a good sign. And yet no weeds grow and the building itself is in excellent repair, though the scaffolding implies further alterations. There's not a soul about though.

Well, other than the pair of absolutely jacked minotaur guards at the back door.

You see them as you sneak a peek around the corner. Holy shit. No farmers those. Straps of leather garb their forms, outlining thick, powerful frames. Huge horns curve from their brows and veiny muscles flex along their arms. Beastmen like those look big enough to crush boulders let alone your head, and the massive warhammers at their sides are no jokes. You don't want to meet those stone slabs any time soon, that's for sure.

You eye them, frowning. How to handle this...

[Fight Your Way In](#)

[Talk Your Way In](#)

[Use the Potion of Feminine Beauty](#)

