

The background of the cover features a close-up of a centaur's long, dark, wavy hair that flows from the right side towards the left. Interspersed throughout the hair are numerous small, glowing golden particles, resembling sparks or magical dust, which catch the light and create a shimmering effect against the dark background.

THE CENTAUR  
IN MY FOREST

A COVETED PREY SHORT STORY  
L.V. LANE

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# THE CENTAUR IN MY FOREST

L.V. Lane

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# CHAPTER ONE

## Chastity

“CURSE IT!” I mutter. My improvised walking stick only helps so much, and even the light pressure on my injured ankle is agony.

Sinking to the loamy forest floor, I take a moment to rest and assess my situation. Fool that I am, I have taken a tumble while out in the forest picking roots and herbs that I sell at the local village. I am still far from home, and with every passing moment comes the realization of my fate. If I cannot reach home, I will be in the forest at night when the wolves and other monsters roam. Trolls who wait under bridges by day also stalk the trails under the cover of darkness. It is not a time for young maidens to be out all alone.

Brushing tears of pity from my cheeks, I dig deep for my determination. With no choice, I gather the sturdy stick I’m using as a crutch and heave myself to my knees...when a great crash comes from the forest behind me.

I press low, heart thudding, peering through the cover of the trees, stick ready as a weapon.

Then I see him, and my arm lowers and my lips part on a gasp.

*Centaur.*

I have heard of centaurs, although I have never seen one before. He is a noble creature, spear in hand as he strikes down a young buck, efficient in his movements, graceful, muscles rippling. With long dark hair flowing over his shoulders, he is resplendent in his glory and otherworldly in his charm, the beauty of a horse meshed with a devastatingly handsome man. Heart fluttering inside the cage of my ribs, I am utterly transfixed.

A horse is prey. But a centaur is a predator to the core.

There are rumors about centaurs—rumors that they expect payment in exchange for a debt...like assisting a young maiden who has hurt her ankle

and is struggling to walk.

Alone since my late husband passed several years earlier, I do what I can to make a living. At first, grief held me prisoner, but by the time it eased its stifling grip, I had become settled in my ways. I am still young, and men have sought to court me. I have favored none, for none have stirred my interest, yet this great centaur brings an unexpected spark and a tightening low in my belly. I should not want him. He is not my kind, I remind myself. He is a beast in some ways...but he is also a man.

I fidget, knowing I need to call out to him and seek his aid if I do not wish to die today. Yet I do not know this centaur, nor can I predict what he will expect in exchange for helping me. My cottage is my greatest asset, but it is too small and useless to a centaur. My herbs, maybe? Only my stocks are low, and those I gathered today are gone, for I have abandoned my basket long since.

In the face of no better alternative, I determine that I must try. As my gaze returns to the small clearing, I find the centaur busy preparing the buck for transport home. A satchel is worn diagonally across his torso, from which he draws sturdy leather straps that he uses to tie the buck's legs and make a carry for it. Kneeling on his forelegs, the muscles in his strong, human back ripple.

"Are you going to come out? Or are you just going to stare at me?" He throws a look over his shoulder, and winter blue eyes pierce me through the cover of the trees. I shiver. I have never felt the weight of a look like this before, and deep inside, a fluttering begins.

"Come out, maiden," he says, voice carrying. "I will not harm you. What ails you? Why do you peer at me from between the leaves? You are no huntress. Nor do I sense malice within you. I sense..."

He rises, his hooves thudding against the loamy forest ground. Twisting his powerful torso around, he thrusts the butt of his spear into the ground beside the buck.

Fearful although he has told me not to be, I try to rise, a whimper escaping my lips as I slip and put weight on my ankle.

He stills, eyes narrowing in assessment as they take me in.

"I am injured," I say, voice wavering. "My ankle... I took a tumble, and it is swollen. I do not think I shall get home before darkness falls."

It has been a long and exhausting day since I fell. I have tried desperately to ignore my looming doom, but it has been an ever growing worry plaguing my mind. Then there is the tremendous pain I am in. Hot tears begin to trickle down my cheeks. I recognize that I am at my limit as I wait on the judgment of this centaur.

He makes a sound from his flared nostrils, not unlike the snort of a horse. The buck is forgotten as he approaches, hooves thumping against the soft ground. I tremble under the scrutiny of this male, wishing I was capable of running, clinging to my fashioned walking stick, lest I hurt my ankle further.

“Where is your home?” he asks, stopping before me.

“It is far from here, milord,” I say. “Close to the village of Yatala.”

He nods once, a light breeze catching his dark, glossy hair that perfectly complements his long glossy tail. His steady gaze unnerves me, stirring more butterflies inside me.

“And your mate? Husband? Where is your negligent protector while you are vulnerable in the forest?”

A strong note of censure carries in his voice. I have been alone a long time now, and it is hard to recall how it was to have someone worry and care about me in that way. “He died, milord. Several years past,” I say.

His hooves thud against the forest floor as he ponders this news. “Do you understand the ways of the centaurs, maiden?” he finally asks.

I hesitate, wondering if I should give voice to rumors. “I have heard only tales,” I say, gripping my walking stick fiercely, my uninjured leg shaking with the strain of bearing all my weight. “I do not know if they are true.”

“And what tales have you heard?” he asks, stepping closer still and making me quake, for he is a huge, powerful male.

“I have heard that centaurs expect payment for a debt. That if you assist me, I must pay you in the way of your choosing.” Why does my mind stir to carnal thoughts as I voice this, when surely, he would demand possessions or other goods? Maybe a debt of servitude?

My scattered mind assesses what else I might have that would be useful to a centaur. I have an old cart that my late husband used, and it is serviceable, although it has not been used in the years since I was forced to

sell our horse. No one wanted the cart, for it is old.

No, not the cart, I realize, my cheeks flushing. He is a centaur and would be insulted by the gift of a horse cart.

I tremble harder.

“Indeed,” he says. “That is true. If I help you, you will be in my debt.”

His calm blue eyes stare down at me from his great height. Something in them sparks a flame low inside me. The sensation travels all the way down to my womb and up, bringing a tightness to my nipples and a heaviness to my breasts. He is only looking at me, and yet I am entranced.

“And what would you demand, milord?” I am helpless, *defenseless*. He could ask for anything, and I would have no choice but to accept. All options are better than falling prey to wolves and trolls. His gaze holds me prisoner, and I dare not look away. We are negotiating, it would seem.

Negotiating for my life.

“Your debt would be one moon month of your life,” he says.

I swallow against the tightness in my throat. That is not such a high price. “What would you... What would you ask of me during that moon month?” I venture to ask.

His lips tug up. “Anything,” he says. “Anything I desire.”

My tummy tumbles over, and I experience another clenching sensation deep in my womb. More likely, he is seeking a slave to tidy his home. Centaurs do not like humans, I have heard. We have been cruel to them in the past, and there have been wars. Perhaps he seeks retribution and intends for me to work, have me clean his floor on my hands and knees?

Do centaurs have homes with floors? I don’t even know what their homes might be like, for I’ve never seen a centaur village. The thought of taking a single step on my sore ankle fills me with anguish. One moon month period is understood to be no more than thirty days, which is not so much.

Lashes lowering, I nod once. “I agree, milord, for I do not have any other choice.”

He edges closer, his musky scent invading my nose, his forelegs brushing my skirts. My eyes are level with the firm ridges of his abdominals and chest. His belly and chest are covered in a light dusting of human hair, crisscrossed with leather strap-work, while light leather armor adorns his



wrists and shoulders.

He gently places warm fingers under my chin, tipping it upward.

His cool eyes do not look so cool anymore. Now they blaze hotter than the summer sun. “You are mine then,” he says. “For one moon month. Mine to do with whatever I please. And you are right, maiden. You do not have a choice if you wish to live.”

No further negotiation is required. We have an agreement, and I am in his debt.

“What is your name, maiden?”

“Chastity, milord,” I offer.

“And I am Axton,” he says.

I like his name. It has a proud ring to it, but I am given no opportunity to ponder it. A gasp escapes me as he bends and scoops me into his arms before rising smoothly again.

Twisting, he settles me over his back.

“Hold on to me, maidan,” he says. “It is a long ride to my village, and even centaurs have no desire to be out after dark.”

I can only agree. My ankle throbs abominably, although it is a relief to have taken the weight off it. My skirt rucks up over his muscular body, only my light chemise separating my most intimate place and his glossy horse’s coat. My hands are tentative when they seek to touch the firm flesh of his human warrior’s body. I feel him moving between my thighs, rubbing, sparking my clit to life. I will be insensible if I must suffer him pressed thus the whole journey.

My pussy tightens, and I feel dampness trickle out.

My eyes shoot to clash with his. Does he know? Can he tell?

His nostrils flare before his lips tug up in a wicked smirk that convinces me that he can.

“A natural reaction, maiden,” he says casually. “Centaur musk is known to have a powerful influence on certain human females. You will soon cease to worry about it as you become accustomed to being near me. Once at my home, I will find a more appropriate state of dress for you. Now, this will be a swift ride. Place your arms all the way around my waist. I would not have you falling off.”

As I draw a breath in, his scent fills my lungs. His flesh is warm and hair roughened under my fingers. I am tentative at first, but he grasps both my wrists and pulls them all the way around his body, forcing me close, pressing my breasts to his muscular back.

My nipples peak to hardened points. Is that also part of the natural reaction that Axton spoke of?

“Grip me with your thighs, maiden,” he says. “Squeeze tightly. Keep your hands clasped.”

I do as he instructed, clasp my hands together and squeezing my thighs against his thick horse’s body. He stamps his hooves, sending his body rippling under me. I worry about the journey...about what will happen when we arrive at his village.

He makes that little whinny-snorting sound again that reminds me so much of a horse.

He is not a horse. He is a monster with the upper body of a man and the lower body of a horse. He is neither one nor the other, but something else entirely.

His firm flesh and heady scent send the butterflies once more to flight. Goodness! This potent, virile male has claimed me for an entire month.

As he turns about, I cling, the movement unsettling me until my thighs grip.

He chuckles. “That is good, my little maiden. Hold tight.”

I squeak my vexation as he trots back to where he left his spear and the buck. Bending his right front foreleg at the knee, he hoists the buck up and tosses it behind me over his back before drawing the straps he attached all the way around us both. Finally, he grasps his great spear in hand and sets off into the forest at a trot, stirring another squeal from my lips.

His hand closes around mine where they are clenched, ensuring I do not fall. With his long hair streaming over me, I press my cheek to his warm back.

He soon shifts to a canter. The ride is smoother, yet also an exhilarating kind of frightening. The wind rushes past, whipping my hair behind me, and a giggle bubbles up. My ankle still throbs, but my discomfort is overwritten as we race through the forest. Having never ridden a horse, the speed and the blur of passing forest are unfamiliar to me. Axton is a creature mystical

beyond any horse. He is as much a warrior armed with a spear, as he is a powerful beast. I embrace the wild thrill, my heart soaring, even as my hands, arms, and thighs grip tighter still.

“I will not let you fall, maiden,” he says. “You are mine now, and a centaur cares for his ward.”

His words stir a missing part within my heart, a longing for someone to care for me, and someone for me to likewise care and worry for when he must go and hunt.

It has been a long time since I experienced such longings, and it surprises me that they should rise now.

## CHAPTER TWO

### Chastity

TIME PASSES. WE travel on, and soon, the sun sinks, bringing shadows to the forest. The air cools. This part of the forest is unknown to me, for my home and the limits of my exploration are far behind us.

I worry over what happens next, even as my heart pounds from joy.

We come out onto the shores of a lake, where he slows to a trot. Here lies a community, with many circular huts of varying sizes nestled in the shadow of a thick forest. Lanterns are lit, and as I peek around my savior, I see two centaurs on duty on the outskirts of the village, armed with spears.

They call out in greeting, “Hail, Axton! You have brought a prize!” They both laugh, deep and melodious.

“I have,” Axton agrees as he trots to a stop before them. It is only now I realize that Axton is tall and powerful, even for a centaur. “A moon month debt, for she is injured and could not travel home on her own.”

“A moon debt and a prize,” one says, smiling.

“A nervous skittish little prize,” the other says, a broad grin on his face.

“Aye, she is skittish,” Axton says, “but humans are often skittish at first.”

My tummy flutters with nerves at hearing he has experience with humans. I wonder what other maidens he has taken in debt, what he does with them...what he will do with me.

Leaving the sentries, he trots through the village to the calls from other centaurs. I bury my face against his back, closing my eyes, frightened now that we are here in his community, a place of beings who are unknown to me. He continues all the way through, leaving the center of the community

behind. Dwellings grow sparser, until finally, he arrives at a grand residence.

It appears darkened and quiet as he slows and comes to a stop outside. The strap holding the buck is loosened, and he draws it off before hanging it upon a hook outside his home.

Should I get down?

“Hold, little maiden,” he says. “I will lift you down soon. Your ankle is swollen, and we will tend to that first.”

“Thank you, milord,” I say. I have no right to expect tending to. It is bandaged as best I could. I understand that with time, and if I’m allowed to rest, it will recover on its own. Yet I am indebted to him and must do whatever he asks of me.

The great wooden door creaks as he pushes it open, tall and broad enough for him to pass through easily.

Shadows fill the interior as he walks inside, moving in the way of familiarity to a great stone fireplace. A flash, and an oil lantern is brought to life, adding cheery illumination. He turns it up before hanging it back upon the hook in the ceiling.

His home is circular, separated into two different sections. A main living area bears a high table as befits a centaur’s size and a sink with a water pump, while pots, pans, and other cooking utensils hang from a jar laden shelf near the great stone hearth. A larger, blackened pot hangs over a prepared but unlit fire.

He walks over to the table, hooves making a thud against the highly compacted floor strewn with fresh rushes.

Beautiful woven rugs adorn the walls. It is a pleasant setting.

One side is partially cordoned off by a curtain, beyond which I see a thickly padded pallet bedchamber with soft bedding, the kind a human might have, only thicker, sturdier material. Beyond is what looks like a stall as might be found in a stable with a long wooden contraption fitted to the wall. Over it is a kind of padded saddle, but longer and narrower.

I frown at it from my vantage upon his back. I wonder what that is for?

As he turns, I notice a bookcase crammed full of books, scrolls, and baubles that I can’t begin to work out the use of.

What strikes me as strange is the absence of any seats or benches, save a

small stool I noticed beside the fireplace. A centaur has no need for a seat, and yet it seems an otherworldly house without such things.

I am so caught up in staring at his home that I am surprised when he turns to grasp me under the arms.

I squeak, eyes flashing to the dark patch of dampness I have left against his horse's coat. I hang for a moment in his firm hold before he places me upon the table that is far sturdier than the one within my own home. Here I sit with my legs dangling over the edge. I peer over the side nervously. It is a long way down!

"Let us tend to your ankle first," Axton says matter-of-factly.

"Thank you, milord," I say, feeling unnaturally meek. I'm not usually a shy person, but this huge male intimidates me. Also, the table is alarmingly high, and I will not get down without his assistance, not with this ankle.

He goes to a cupboard and comes back with a small wooden box, which he places beside me.

I gasp as he grips the hem of my skirts and lifts them all the way up. "W-what are you doing?" I stammer.

"I wish to do this," he says when I try to wrest my skirts from him. I gulp as I find myself the subject of his stern glare. As if seeking to remind me of my place as his ward, he pushes the skirts even higher, exposing the whole of my chemise.

His brows pucker, and his nostrils flare. A blush creeps to the roots of my hair, realizing where he is staring—at the apex of my thighs, where the thin cotton shielding my feminine place from his view is damp.

"Chastity, this is a natural reaction to centaur musk," he says, brushing the hair back from my hot cheeks so that he might better see my face.

"Yes, milord," I mumble.

"Hmm," he says. "You do seem to be particularly ripe with slick. I think you will be more comfortable if we take this clothing out of the way. I can see that you are worried about the slick gathering between your thighs and how it is saturating your underthings. Centaurs do not wear clothing. It is not our way. You will live as we do while among us. Humans soon experience great freedom in being liberated from this heavy clothing, and that way, your slick may weep naturally. If it becomes uncomfortable, we can more easily clean you all up."

*Slick.*

The word is a little salacious, and he mentioned it three times in the span of his explanation. Just his voicing of the word seems to make my body grow ripe with even more of the cursed stuff.

“I—” I start to mumble a protest as he grasps the hem of my dress. When he pauses to pin me with a stern glare, my protest dies. This is their way. He has already explained as much. I am his for a moon month, to do with as he pleases. I have no say in this.

Dutifully, I lift my arms to assist him in the task. My dress comes up and off. He drops it to the floor with a heavy *whoosh* as if thoroughly disgusted with it. His eyes darken as they rest upon the swell of my breasts. They seem to grow under his interest, my chemise becoming tight across my chest as my nipples peak to hard points.

Gathering the hem of my chemise, he similarly pushes it up my thighs, exposing them to his dark interest.

“Put your arms around my neck, little maiden, and lift yourself so that I might fully pull this wretched thing from your body.”

My face is hotter than the sun as I loop my arms around his strong neck. I pet his hair a little, finding it exceptionally soft.

“Good girl,” he encourages. “Now, lift your bottom up.”

I rock forward, and the material slips under my ass before I ease back to the table.

“Good, keep your arms up for me.”

I do. And the chemise soon follows my dress to land upon the floor.

My fingers jerk to my pussy, feeling the slick trickle all the way to his table. “What? No!”

A sharp spank lands upon my thigh.

“Fingers away this instant,” he says, voice so stern, I quake with fear.

I rip my hand away, mortified by both my state of arousal and displeasing him when he is only seeking to make me more comfortable in a way common among his people.

A strong hand cups my chin, drawing me to meet his eyes. His face softens. “There, I did not mean to frighten you, little maiden. I will try to temper my natural ways while you learn to obey me. But I warn you that

disobedient maidens find themselves saddled and a strap applied to their bottom.”

My breathing turns a little choppy as I stare into his blue eyes that seem to dance with hunger, and all the while, I’m trying to ignore my nakedness and the dampness between my thighs. I am gentled as his broad thumb strokes soothingly over my hot cheek, and yet also terrified of this punishment that involves saddling and a strap.

I do not know what this *saddling* is he talks of, but I am painfully familiar with a strap and have no desire to experience one by his strong hand. His touch withdraws, and I want to lean into it.

He makes that little snorting noise again, the one that reminds me of a horse, before his lips tug up. “I think my sweet maiden would not be averse to the saddling part if her slick is any indication.” I blink a few times as he continues, “Now, let us see to your poor, sore ankle.”

As his gaze lowers, I’m reminded once again of my nakedness. Still, he does not linger, for he becomes all business as he takes my foot within his hands, broad and tanned from the sun. I feel dainty within his care.

He lifts the injured leg carefully and inspects my ankle, making a clicking sound of disapproval with his tongue. It is quite swollen, and it is abominably sore. I whimper a little as he presses the swelling through the bandage gently with his thumb.

“This will need a few days of rest,” he says. “But there are ways for you to pay your debt that do not involve you standing upon your feet.” I swallow thickly as he shifts his right hand to my calf, the movement opening my thighs a little and exposing my pussy. I blush to the roots of my hair, although he is focused upon my ankle and a careful inspection.

I barely spare a thought for my throbbing ankle, for I am staring at his broad, capable hands. They conjure up images of things I do not fully understand.

My eyes flash to meet his, finding he is watching me...watching my thoughts play out across my face. His pale blue eyes are blazing once again.

“I will remove this bandage,” he says as though the air is not thickening between us. “I have better cloth that will hold and support it and a balm that will soothe it before I wrap it again.”

“Thank you, milord,” I say.



He busies himself in carefully removing my boot and the bandage. I wince, for it is terribly sore. He tests it, rotating my foot, pressing all around, head lifting when I hiss.

“I do not think it is badly damaged,” he says. “You have hurt the soft tissues rather than a bone. There is some bruising and swelling, but I will have our herb mistress check on it tomorrow. You were not screaming as I turned it, so assuredly, it is not broken.”

I had surmised this myself.

A pot is taken from the little box he placed beside me, opened, and the cooling balm applied to the swollen flesh. It tingles, but the sensation eases some of the pain.

The little pot is carefully sealed again and replaced inside the box. A fresh bandage is gathered from within and dutifully wrapped around my ankle. Axton is businesslike about this, yet my body is in a riot. His pleasing scent saturates the whole room, seeming to gather me within his embrace.

His long hair has fallen forward over his shoulders to cloak some of his face. He is handsome, I decide, possibly the most handsome man I have met.

Not a man, I remind myself. He is a centaur and is half a beast.

The bandage is done. It is snug and uncomfortable, but it does ease the pain some.

“Now,” he says. “I must feed you. And after, my maiden, my indebted maiden, you shall begin to repay me your debt.”

I nod in acceptance of my fate.

“You will remain here. I have no other seating as befits a human, save the stool by the hearth. It pleases me to have you here where I may see you. When the food is ready, we shall eat together before we rest.”

“Yes, milord,” I say, feeling the need to offer further verbal acquiescence, although I have no choice, sat upon this high table as I am.

He is diligent in his duties, moving around the round room and gathering supplies from baskets and under cloth. He produces bread, cheese, cold meat, a jug, and two cups, which are placed on the table. All the while, my eyes follow him, mesmerized by the play of muscles on his human body, the thick slabs that make up his powerful hindlegs and strong forelegs, and the great horse body that lies between.

As he turns to collect something from the shelf to my right, I catch a glimpse of what lies between his strong hind legs. His cock is assuredly not human. It is a beast's in every way—thicker than my calf and sheathed in a softer hide skin. As I stare, a lighter flared tip emerges a bit.

Then he turns completely, and his tail flicks, giving me a view of his heavy balls.

I blink, tearing my eyes away. It is rude of me to stare.

I have heard centaurs can sometimes be with a human. But no, how can that possibly be? We are not compatible. How would he even... No. I shake my head. It is nonsense, utter nonsense to think of him in that way. He is too big, it would surely—

I am torn from my rumination when a plate is placed into my hands. He cups my chin, tipping it up, but I can no longer meet his eyes.

“What troubles you, maiden? Do you feel ill? You have gone as white as winter snow.”

There is care in his voice. If I was pale when he first looked at me, it is soon displaced as a flood of heat engulfs my face. His touch upon my chin is sure and steady. His warm hand touching me thus is doing riotous things to me.

When I risk a glance, he smiles, one thumb brushing across my lower lip. “You are a beautiful maiden,” he says. “Fair, perhaps the fairest maiden I have ever met, and sweet.” He gives a slight nod, as though seeing through my façade to the interest that is stirring inside.

“Eat your food,” he says, stepping back, hooves thudding against the compacted earth floor.

I struggle to eat, nervous, but I am also aroused. His woody, earthy scent seems to tickle my nose. Somehow, I squeeze a little lump of bread past my lips and struggle to chew and swallow. A cup is filled and placed beside me, and that helps me to get the food down.

I do not eat much before my body rebels. Axton eats efficiently, standing beside me and seeming to pay me no heed now. And yet he has ignited something low in my belly, and I experience an unexpected wondering of how two such wildly different species could be compatible.

My mind turns to contemplate the debt which I owe. Thirty days and nights did not seem so long when I stood upon the forest floor, desperate and

comparing it to my other fate. Now that I'm here, I have become aware of him and new worries grow.

The bread turns to dust in my mouth as I remember the strange wooden contraption in the stable, as I think of it, beside his bedding area.

*“Disobedient maidens find themselves saddled and a strap applied to their bottom.”*

No? Surely it is not... It cannot be what I think. Yet the fluttering and the slick gathering between my thighs, the sure way he placed his hands upon me, and the heat in his eyes all tell me that my burgeoning premonition is accurate and true.

The plate is taken from my hands. Axton has finished eating, while I have barely touched my food. The plates are put aside before he returns to me. There is no hesitation as he approaches me. Warm hands clasp my thighs, parting them so that he can press his body between. I suck in air, but it is filled with him, and my senses are turned to a riot.

“You are troubled, maiden,” he says. “You fear the unknown.” He gently pushes my hair back behind my ear with one hand, drawing it over my shoulder so he might better see my face. “Afterward, you will understand that a centaur and a human can share much.”

I am trembling, but it is assuredly not with fear. No, it is with anticipation, longing, and carnal need. What do I know of need? I have not been with a man in a long time. My late husband was a kindly man who was cursed to die from the pox. He is with the Goddess now and I take comfort from that, but I have felt no interest in taking another husband since. I thought for sure no man would ever be for me again.

Axton is not a man. He is a centaur. He has a horse's cock.

I shake my head. His hands return to my thighs, burning against my flesh. I try to shift, but there is nowhere to go, for he has me firmly planted against the table.

“Steady, maiden,” he says. “You will come to no harm, I promise you.”

“How?” I demand, shaking my head, trying to find somewhere to see that is not seeing *him*. “How? How could this possibly be?”

“Don't you know?” he asks, and there is a smile in his voice. “Humans are coveted by centaur. You are highly prized.” He is confident of this, his words delivered boldly. “You are not the first maiden that I have enjoyed.

Some come here willingly, for centaurs are desired by human maidens as well.”

It cannot be so. I have heard of no mention of maidens coming to live here.

“Some stay,” he says, “as mates.”

*As mates?*

He cups my cheek, and I am caught in his cool blue eyes that are full of fire. “Mates,” he says. “Cherished mates, but that is not for you, maiden. You are indebted to me for one moon month and shall do my bidding during that time. I promise you that I shall do nothing to you that you do not wholly desire, that you’re not thoroughly ready for. After your time in debt, you will be free to leave if that is your desire.”

*If?* What is if? I question everything. I cannot think straight. He desires intimacy with me? I reason that it is possible, given he has admitted as much. But then I remember what I glimpsed between his muscular thighs, and it is assuredly nothing like a human male.

“Peace, little maiden. I have already said that I shall not enjoy you in that way,” he says. “Not unless you also wish for it.”

And there he hits upon the crux of it—it is no longer him I am afraid of but my reaction to him.

Gathered into his arms, he carries me through to the bedchamber while I fall into myself. My eyes shift unerringly toward that stable where the strange assembly rests...with a *saddle*.

I know now what it is for. I am terrified, but I am also weeping with need. As I wallow in this state of confusion, he turns about on the soft bedding before carefully lying down. He settles me before his forelegs so that I can nestle within his arms. Tired and emotionally drained after a troubling day and the subsequent events since I met this great centaur, I drift into a fitful sleep.

## CHAPTER THREE

### Chastity

DESPITE ALL THE troubles, I finally fall into a deep sleep. But I am aroused by the sensation of warm water passing over me via a cloth. I blink, stretch, and yawn, realizing that I am laid out on a blanket upon the table.

When I try to rise, a firm hand presses to the center of my chest. “As you were, little maiden,” Axton says. “I find that morning ablutions are the most important start of the day.”

The cloth he holds in his other hand is dipped into a bowl I had not noticed before. I suck a deep breath, trying to find ground.

He is damp, his body glistening, and his hair is wet.

“The river,” he confirms. “But that is not practical for you, my little maiden, while your ankle is bandaged thus. It will please me to be the one to clean you until such a time that we may take the bandage off.”

The cool water feels good against my heated skin. My nipples peak, while between my thighs, the cursed slick he mentioned is gathering.

I grow restless, worrying about it leaking onto the blanket beneath me.

“Bend your knees for me, Chastity,” he says.

Mindful of potential punishment from a strap should I not obey him swiftly, I hasten to do as he asks.

“Good girl, now let them fall apart.”

A blush hits my cheeks as I do so. This is shameful. He can see all of me, my most intimate place fully exposed to his gaze. The cloth is dipped and wrung again before he gently cups my feminine folds.

“How is your ankle today?” he asks.

How does he find such mundane words, even as his hand is upon my

pussy in the most intimate of ways? How is he not affected in the way that I am?

He has enjoyed other maidens before. Perhaps this is not so extraordinary for him?

“It is a little sore, milord,” I say.

“We will keep you off your feet today,” he says. “How are you with a needle?”

“I can mend and sew well enough, milord.”

The cloth is taken away, dipped into the water, and wrung out.

“Goodness!” I say as he gently pulls the lips of my pussy apart with his forefinger and thumb before reapplying the cloth.

“Steady yourself, maiden, you have made quite a mess during the night. I’ve already cleaned the bed where your slick gathered. Be a good girl for me. You will feel much more comfortable if you allow me to do this.”

Something about those words makes me so meek. I like being the subject of his praise. It instils a warm glow inside me. If only it were not for this cursed slick, I think I might even enjoy my time here with this regal centaur.

“There,” he says, dropping the cloth into the bowl. “I shall carry you into the forest so that you may go. Afterward, I shall get you settled upon a blanket where you may tend to some mending for me.”

I am troubled by his determination that he will take me to *go*. Given I am on this high table and injured, I have very little say on the matter. I have little say on anything when I consider that I am in his debt.

The bowl and the cloth are put away before he gathers a cloak I only now notice hanging beside the door before returning to me. “This is only to be worn when outside,” he says, voice the stern one that brooks no argument. “When you return inside, this goes on the hook beside the door. We shall get you some appropriate footwear once you can walk. Until then, you will not wear anything upon your feet, lest it tempt you to try and walk and further harm yourself.”

“Yes, milord,” I squeak out.

Wrapped in the cloak, I am lifted into his arms and carried out of the door. My ankle still throbs a little, so I know that it would be excruciating if I

tried to put weight on it. I walked a long distance yesterday after I had a tumble. I'm amazed by how far I did walk, although I still had a long way to go.

As he enters the forest, he stops a little way in and lowers me toward the ground.

"Can you bear your weight upon your other leg, maiden?" he asks.

"Yes, milord. I believe I can."

Placed beside a tree, I use the trunk to steady me. It is a little awkward, to say the least, and I wince when I slip and put the sore side down.

"Do I need to hold you, maiden?" he asks.

Heat floods my cheeks. "No, milord!" I exclaim. "Please allow me to manage."

His smile is warm. "Okay, my little one. But if I hear a single murmur of pain, I will assuredly hold you up."

I go. My bladder will have no say in avoiding what needs to be done.

When we return to his home, he sets me upon the grassy ground. Then he goes inside and brings out a blanket, which he lays over the grass before helping me settle on it. A great net and basket of sewing supplies are also brought to me.

I inspect the net. It looks like it might be used to catch animals. It has gotten torn in places and will need considerable repairs. I feel awkward at first, given I have only the cloak. But with the aid of some cushions that he fetches for me, I'm able to find a position that does not hurt my ankle and maintains a little modesty at the same time.

Left to my duties, the centaur trots off to do business with his herd.

I have made good progress on the repairs when he returns at noon with a female centaur. She wears an intricately stitched leather tunic over her breasts and heavy leather satchel resting diagonally across her chest. Her horse coat is a stunning copper dun that glistens in the sun, her human hair a darker shade that matches her tail. She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen.

She smiles kindly at me before turning to Axton. "The table inside, if we may."

Axton carries me inside, where I am placed once more upon the table so that the female centaur can inspect my ankle. I should be getting used to their ways of handling me, but I am not. At least I am allowed to keep my cloak on, although I see Axton eyeing it with an air of distaste. My pussy instantly weeps now that he is near, and the cloak makes it difficult to hide. I have a suspicion he is thinking about the arduous task of cleaning me all up again.

The bandage is removed, my ankle inspected, and my foot rotated. Finally, she is satisfied and applies an ointment before wrapping it snugly once again. My foot, ankle, and calf tingle in a way that feels both cool and hot.

“I believe that will ease the pain and swelling considerably,” she says.

“Thank you kindly, mistress,” I say.

“You are very welcome, my dear.” As she finishes off the wrapping, she pauses to brush the hair from my face. Cupping my chin, she inspects me much as Axton did.

“She is a lovely creature,” the female centaur says to Axton, “and responding beautifully to your musk. Even if she is a little skittish.”

“She is quite a prize,” Axton says, and I detect a measure of pride in his voice, even as I suffer disquiet at being discussed like an object.

“It will take some time for her to fully assimilate to our ways,” the female centaur agrees. Smiling kindly, she releases my chin before she begins to put her supplies away in her satchel. “How are you handling it, Axton?”

He chuckles, a low sound that brings warmth to my chest. “I am in some discomfort,” he admits.

My happiness wanes at hearing he is in discomfort. How is he in discomfort? Is it because he must keep tending to me? I am surely the most useless indebted human in all the world!

The female centaur surprises me by chuckling also. “Well, that is all normal. It would ease your discomfort considerably if you allowed her to tend to you... It might even facilitate the transition.”

I look between them, feeling the odd sensation of disquiet grow. Are they talking about my acceptance of my nakedness inside or that I should not be shamed by the slick? And how can I tend to Axton? I have accepted my place as indebted to him, and I would gladly show my gratitude to him by tending him in whatever way I can. He saved me from a terrible death and



has been dedicated every moment since to ensuring I am both comfortable and clean. I have not been cared for with such reverence since I was a small child.

And I'm not convinced I shall ever stop being embarrassed about the slick. Still, it helps that this new centaur does not appear disgusted by it, and further, is implying it is likewise normal.

"I will consider that approach," Axton replies.

As the female centaur leaves, I am carried out to the blanket to resume my mending again. I do not hesitate to loop my arms around his neck as I am carried, nor do I trouble myself with how my nose buries against his chest where his rich musk is potent. This is normal. They have both said as much.

He pauses before he lowers me, and I glance up into his cool blue eyes. He is handsome and kind. He is also regal and noble of deed. I can understand why maidens might seek out centaurs if all act thus.

As we stare at one another for long moments, I feel a great tenderness build inside me toward this male. "How might I tend to you?" I venture to ask. "The mistress said you were in discomfort, and I would like to help."

"Perhaps tomorrow, little maiden," he says before shifting to a kneel so that he can lower me.

When he rises again, my eyes alight upon his huge cock that has fully extended from the sheath. It is long and thick, with a flared tip. It seems to move, lifting slightly before lowering again. I realize now that I had only seen a small part of it before. A trail of pre-cum leaks from the tip, and I become mesmerized as it drips to the grassy ground.

My throat is dust dry, and I swallow before my eyes flash to meet his.

"We are subject to the Goddess' whim and will," he says simply. "I can no more help my reaction to your sweet flowing slick than you can stop the slick that gathers as you naturally respond to me. When Celeste said that you could tend to me, she was talking about my cock."

My eyes must grow round as plates as he kneels again to gently cup my cheek. "There are many ways to ease a centaur's suffering, with your hands for one. As you may have noticed, it is not so easy for us to tend to ourselves. I could seek a female centaur to ease it, but I find myself disinclined toward taking such an approach."

"Please don't," I say, leaning into his hand, even as I flush at my bold

demand. I am sickened by the thought of him going to another when it is *me* that he responds to. I do not know where this determination comes from, but I am charged with righteous jealousy at the thought.

“Peace, maiden,” he says. “I have explained that I am disinclined toward seeking another, but I do not believe you are ready to tend to me yet. I can still smell much fear in you. It is merely discomfort on my part that mirrors the discomfort you experience. I will suffer no lasting damage. Pay it no mind. Now, please resume your sewing duties for me. I have business with the herd I must tend to now, but you are safe here and I will return later.”

I am troubled as I watch him leave and worry that his duties involve a centaur maiden or, worse, a willing human maiden who is not frightened by his great cock. I reason that I could tend to it with my hands. As I sew, I imagine myself doing exactly that. It alights my curiosity the more I think about it, and yet more of the cursed slick flows. I grow restless. I am needy. I want to touch myself.

No, I want him to touch me.

I think about the stable.

I think about being saddled and the strap applied to my bottom.

I am confused and aroused, but I am mostly confused. I imagined I would toil in some exhausting way, not lie in comfort upon a soft blanket that smells of Axton while sewing a net. The air is warm and pleasant. The forest surrounding his home is full of chirping birds and the rustle of ground dwelling animals. I am strangely unfettered. There are no worries for how I might put food in my belly tomorrow, nor fix the leak in my roof, or the thousand other fears and troubles that have assailed my daily life since my late husband passed.

I have suffered sadness and grief, and I have taken comfort from prayers to the Goddess and in Her love.

Perhaps she has listened, saw I was in need, and sent this noble centaur to rescue me?

I think perhaps she did.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### Chastity

MY FIRST WEEK as Axton's moon month slave is not so bad. My ankle is quite miraculously healed after the visit from the centaur healer, Celeste. There is barely any tenderness, even putting my full weight upon it. Other than his insistence upon cleansing me, I'm left mainly to my mending duties, but I have become increasingly more aware of the powerful centaur. Every day, I glance with greater curiosity at the saddle in the stable beside his bedchamber and the slick that weeps from my body becomes a little worse, while every night, as I nestle within his arms, I grow more restless and gain only snatches of sleep.

There is no more mention of my tending to him, although his cock often emerges from its sheath the moment he returns home from his duties to the herd. I want to tend to him, and the more I imagine doing so, the worse my own neediness grows.

The following day, having woken many times in a state of arousal during the night, I am out of sorts and surly.

I am not ordinarily querulous, being a more even-tempered lass, but today when I am placed upon the table for my morning cleansing, I rebel. "I can wash in the river!" I announce, tone rich with all my vexation after the troubled night's sleep. I intend to push the cloth away but instead catch the bowl, sending it crashing to the floor.

I gasp in horror as my hands fly to my mouth, eyes darting to his face that I might better assess the consequence. His nostrils flare, although he places the cloth beside me as though he is not troubled at all.

"How did you sleep last night, little maiden?" he asks. "You seem particularly disagreeable this morning."

“I did not sleep well, milord,” I say.

“Hmmm,” he says, brushing the pad of his thumb over my nipple.

I suck in a sharp breath as arousal pools in my belly, and a little gush of the hated slick seeps out. This is the first time he has touched me in this way. He is sure of movement, perhaps a little proprietary.

“*Anything I desire.*” His words seem to echo between us. Despite his determination when we first met that he would do anything he desired, I am increasingly disappointed that he has not, in fact, followed through.

“A perfectly natural reaction,” he says, toying lazily with my nipple, rolling it and then pinching it in the most wicked and arousing of ways. “Your whole body is ripening, but that can’t be helped. All maidens will respond to centaur musk, but you are particularly sensitive. See how your nipples are constantly hard?” He rolls my nipple roughly again. A needy little whimper escapes my lips as I squeeze my thighs together in a telling way. “Your breasts are fuller, your pussy drenched of a morning, and your behavior poor from the lack of sleep.”

“I am sorry, milord,” I say, trying to ignore his handling of my breast, for it is making it difficult for me to think straight. “I will do better. I will not succumb to poor temper. I am appalled that I knocked the bowl over.”

“Your apology is accepted, little maiden,” he says, and my chest heaves with relief. “But there is no hope for it now. I did warn you that I expected complete obedience from you. Now I must saddle you and take the strap to your naughty bottom.”

“Please no!” I beg, although my body is in a state of riot, for he is still toying with the nipple. For reasons I do not understand, the thought of being *saddled*, even for punishment, has me teetering upon the edge of a climax.

“Yes,” he counters, giving my nipple a particularly savage pinch and twist before freeing it entirely. “This is the best way to settle a querulous maiden. I do not tolerate disrespect nor arguments, and you are guilty of both. I have explained our ways, that your reactions are normal and nothing to be embarrassed about. To reject my cleansing of you as you did is the gravest of insults.”

I swallow. My nipple throbs like he is still touching it. I should be more fearful and ashamed, but all I can think about is how my breasts ache all the time and how much better it felt when he was touching me there.

He carries me straight through to the stable and the wooden assembly that I cannot help but peek covertly at when he takes me to his bed, the place my gaze lingers when I rouse with sensual hunger deep in the night.

I am placed face-down upon the *saddle*, which is more of a strangely molded bench. My breasts hang lewdly to either side, while soft leather braces my collarbone, narrowing between my breasts before flaring for my hips and belly. The saddle pulls my legs wide open, and I feel cool air waft over my heated, exposed pussy.

It is surprisingly comfortable and sturdy, although I do not linger upon that.

“What?!” I squeak as my wrists are gathered and swiftly buckled before me. I struggle in earnest, but he is well practiced and they are soon secure. Next comes my ankles, where thick leather straps are secured before he pulls them slightly forward, up, and out before fixing them much like my wrists.

“Sweet heaven!”

I am exposed and vulnerable.

I am also fiercely aroused.

As if to confirm my situation, I hear a distinct *splat* upon the floor—*slick*.

His hooves make a familiar thud as he rounds to the front, and after gently drawing my long hair from my face, he tips my chin.

His eyes seem to blaze as he takes in my flushed cheeks. “Sweet maiden, you were created by the Goddess herself.” I shiver as the pad of his thumb brushes over my lower lip. Then he is rising, and my chest heaves as I hear him move back around.

“You look absolutely beautiful saddled, my love.” I bask in his praise, my body thrumming as his fingers trail over my back in a caress that ends with him resting his big palm over my ass cheek.

Glancing through the cover of my hair, I see his legs...and his cock.

I whimper as more of the slick trickles out, and another wet splat hits the floor. His cock is huge, long, and thicker than my arm. It seems to move, the flared tip lifting like it is seeking me.

His hooves thump against the ground as he takes a position behind me.

He can see my pussy. I am so exposed, and he can see all of me.

“Axton!” My aching pussy is suddenly gripped by a fierce contraction, and I feel...open in the most alarming of ways.

The little snort noise he makes has a satisfied timbre. “The strap is wide. It will not damage your pretty skin, but I dare say it will sting.”

Both his hands cup my ass cheeks, squeezing the plump flesh, drawing it gently up and apart, then pushing together again. The movement seems to encourage more slick to gather while instilling more of the terrible openness. His thumbs move lower to hold my pussy open, making me clench again, and yet more slick oozes out.

“Beautiful,” he murmurs. “I think I will begin to clean you all up in a more natural way going forward. Your slick is assuredly not a gift to be wasted upon the floor.”

I clench again. I have no idea what this ‘natural way’ of cleaning me all up is, but I am praying it involves touching me there until I finally come.

“Now,” he says, “it is time for your discipline.”

I whimper when he releases me. I sink into a kind of daze where every sound and sensation are amplified.

He moves off and I try to peer back, but I can’t see much through the curtain of my hair. I have been disrespectful, and I probably deserve every lick of the strap.

I hear his hooves thudding as he returns. My hair is brushed aside so he can show me the thick black strap.

“How many does my naughty maiden feel would be a fair discipline?”

I chew my lower lip, eyes shifting between the strap and his stern face. “Ten, milord,” I say.

“Good girl. I believe that is an acceptable count.” He gently tugs my lip from between my teeth. “Do you need to be bridled, my love, while I do it?”

“B-Bridled?”

“Some maidens prefer wearing a bridle.” He rubs his thumb over my lower lip. “Open up, my love.”

My lips part, and his thumb slips inside. Instinctively, I suck.

“Hmm,” he says, nostrils flaring. “I believe you would respond well to a bridle and possibly even reins. A simple bridle would suit you well, one that would be placed only around your throat.”

He eases his thumb from between my lips and swipes the wet pad over my nipple. I jerk against the straps, and my pussy does that strange heavy contraction. The clenching is painful, but after that is a terrible sensation of openness, of wanting something to fill me all up.

“Good girl,” he says, toying with my distended nipple, pinching and rolling it before giving a gentle tug. “The leather reins are attached to the bridle and are clasped to your pretty nipples. See how plump they are?”

He tugs for emphasis.

“It will make the clamps nice and tight. There is some discomfort when they are fitted and later when removed. It provides an excellent distraction while the discipline takes place, and many maidens respond well to it.”

I growl at the mention of maidens, but it turns into a groan as he tugs roughly on my nipple. “Do you wish a bridle and reins, sweet maiden?”

“Milord, I do,” I say, not even fully knowing what I ask for.

“Maybe next time,” he says. “I fear this experience will be quite enough, but if you are a good girl for me while I do this, I will consider it next time.”

I am near insensible with need. I do not care how Axton’s hands are upon me, so long as they stay, weaving their magic.

Too soon, he withdraws, leaving my nipple throbbing and hungry for more attention as he steps away and rounds to the back.

“Try and relax for me, maiden,” he says. “It will go easier that way.”

His hand pauses to cup my ass. His touch is light, but I tense as I worry about the strap.

“I will begin now. You will count for me. Afterward, I will clean up this little mess you have made so that you are more comfortable during your morning duties. Although your bottom will be sore, to serve as a reminder to you about poor behavior.”

“Yes, milord,” I squeak out.

“We will begin now. Don’t forget to count.”

The first lick catches me by surprise, and I gasp out the count. The crack is loud, but the stinging pain is bearable.

The second is a little firmer.

The third is firmer still.

I count, twitching and straining against the straps. The pain rises to a fiery prickling over the skin of my bottom. There is petting of the tender flesh between the application of the strap. My bottom and pussy clenches no matter how I try to relax, as he suggested. My pussy is soon weeping copiously, and my nipple that he petted throbs in tandem. I hear him mumble, “Beautiful,” before he resumes the last few strikes.

The strap lands with a soft *thud* against the floor, and his hands cup my bottom. “What a beautiful little maiden. I am so proud of you for taking your discipline. You have responded so perfectly that we might need to do this daily.”

“Daily?” I mumble. My pussy feels hot and swollen inside.

“Yes,” he continues. “I think the strap first thing in the morning will help you to settle so that I can cleanse you in the natural way without too much fuss.”

“Please!” I say. I have no idea what I am pleading for, but his hands are a source of torment on my inflamed bottom cheeks, and I need something more. I ache deep inside, the kind of ache that demands it be assuaged.

“There, sweet maiden. I will tend to you now.”

He presses a lever at the side, and the whole assembly shifts, tipping me up. “What are you doing?”

My bottom—and my pussy, I realize—are level with his mouth.

A thumb dips gently, probing my swollen folds, then another, pulling me open for the first lap of his wicked tongue.

“Axton!”

Tiny nerves zing to life. His rough, satisfied growl as his tongue gently laps all the slick away turns me into a molten mess. All strength leaves me as my body climbs with glorious ease for the summit before plunging me straight over. My pussy spasms rhythmically over nothingness, and another great gush of slick leaves me. Basking in a state of euphoria, I don’t even mind it.

I twitch again. It is sensitive, and I am ready for Axton to stop.

He doesn’t, though, and I am thoroughly trapped.

I hiss my complaint and get a sharp spank to my bottom.

“I have barely begun, maiden,” he says. “Do you need more time with



the strap before you can be good?”

“It is too sensitive!” I am tired of being upside down and wish to have a nice nap, since I missed out on sleep last night.

He goes back to his attention, and I have no choice but to endure. Despite my stringent protests that earn me another sharp spank to my bottom, my body rises again. Only he moves away from my sensitive clit, seeming determined to clean everywhere else, and soon I am frustrated that he does not tend to it again.

I sob and beg.

I lose every bit of pride.

And just as I determine that I cannot endure another moment, he lowers the bench and begins to carefully unstrap me.

“There,” he says. “Does that feel better?”

“It does not feel better,” I say, certain that I am even more surly in temper than I was when he first put me there.

He chuckles as he carefully lifts me into his arms and carries me to the bedchamber. Here, he lies with me nestled before him, working his thumbs and fingers soothingly into the places where the straps were.

I can't take my eyes off his cock. It is so thick and long, and the tip is puffy and slick with pre-cum. His balls are heavy-looking and swollen, partially exposed between his beastly thighs. He pays his state of discomfort no heed, but I want to tend to him. I want to make him feel good. Then I want to taunt him to desperation again like he has done to me.

His cock is otherworldly, and I would not know how or where to start, but I think he could coach me.

“May I tend to you?” I blurt out.

He tips my chin, forcing me to meet his eyes.

I sink into them, the cool blue color that yet still seems to blaze. My hand lifts tentatively at first to cup his cheek, and it seems the most natural thing in the world to lean up and press my lips to his.

They are soft, his beard prickly, and I like it very much. My body rises to heated need in an instant. I lean into him, pressing my aching breasts into his chest, slim thighs tangling between his forelegs as I push my pussy against his hard flesh.

My franticness is brought to a stop as he gathers my hair in his strong hand and gently peels me off.

Both our chests heave as we share gusty breaths. “Not today, maiden,” he says.

“Why?” I demand, not even caring that my tone is combative and that it might see him take the strap to my bottom again. I would welcome the strap, even though my bottom is still stinging, because I know my pussy is already wet enough for him to have reason to clean me up.

“I have duties to the herd,” he says, voice becoming the stern one that reminds me of my place. “And you have a debt to uphold. There is some attention needed to the small vegetable plot, and you will do that this morning. Come, I will show you what needs to be done.”

He rises gracefully—more gracefully than horses, who are often ungainly when not on their feet.

As he takes my hand in his and leads me outside, I am reminded of our great differences. He is a centaur, while I am a human maiden, who is only here for a month. At the door, I slip on my shoes and gather my cloak. He shows me the small vegetable plot and leaves me to the weeding as he heads off for the day.

I have yet to leave the vicinity of his home, although sometimes in the evening, I hear the sound of drums and residents enjoying the merriment in the centaur village.

As I work, I wonder what it might be like to call this place home. It has only been a week, but I am already captivated by the quiet beauty of the place...and the centaur who is loving in his kindness to me. Even today when I was quarrelsome, being saddled and the strap applied to my bottom, despite my anxiety in the event, has indeed calmed me some.

I begin to wish that I was not so stringent that I could not be with him in an intimate way at the start. Did my fierce aversion and horror make him believe he can never seek me to tend to him?

My mind turns to worry. What if Axton has gone to a centaur woman? What if he is hunting and another human maiden needs rescuing, one he will imminently bring home and shower affection upon like he has upon me?

I am jealous beyond reckoning that he might do so.

By the time he returns, I have worked myself into a frenzy of distress

and throw myself at him, sobbing with joy that he is both alone and holds no lingering scent save his own.

“There, my sweet maiden,” he says. Lifting me into his arms, he carries me into his home, strips my boots and cloak, and sets me upon the table as is customary, so that we are almost eye level. “What is troubling you?”

“I missed you,” I say inadequately, strangely shy now that he is back and my fears were all unfounded.

“I have missed you too,” he says, but I detect a smile in his voice. When I glance up, there is a smirk on his handsome face. Cupping my cheek, he presses his lips to mine in a too brief kiss. I rub my cheek into his warm palm. I cannot wait for dinner to be over so that I can nestle beside him in bed again. Maybe he will touch me again.

Maybe he will let me touch him?

His gaze lowers to my uncomfortably achy breasts, the nipples stiff and rigid.

My pussy clenches, and the cursed slick pulses out. Not a small amount. No, this is a near gush that trickles all the way to the table beneath me. I fidget. It does not matter how he coaches me on this. I will assuredly never be comfortable with this.

“What troubles you, maiden?”

“I am... I am...” I fail my quest for words that won’t add to my humiliation.

“I have removed your clothing for this reason,” he says reasonably. “You do not need to be concerned about getting slick upon your clothing this way.”

My face flushes with heat, and my nipples peaks twice as hard.

One broad hand casually cups my breast, fondling it, pinching and petting the nipple, tugging it, before moving on and doing the same to the other. Another great gush of slick floods from my pussy. He stops, nostrils flared, eyes lowering to where the stickiness coats my thighs.

His hand lowers from my breast, and his lips tug up. “We will eat our supper before taking our rest early tonight,” he says. “You slept poorly yesterday and I can see you are tired, but first, I will tend to this mess you have made and you will feel better then.”

And he does, spreading me open upon the table and lapping up all the slick until I am feverish with need. When he finally licks my stiff clit, I come in a great shuddering rush.

Afterward, I am so sleepy that I can barely rouse myself to sit and help him with the supper. He chuckles softly at my dramatic declaration that I am ready for a nap, but at his insistence, we eat supper anyway.

I wonder what is happening. I wonder at the warmth inside my belly and chest that is not only about the relief but something more, but then he lifts me into his arms and carries me to his bedchamber. Despite my determination that I am tired, I remain awakened to him. I want his cock that throbs and weeps over the bedding. I want him to put me in the saddle again.

As the night turns to darkness and darkness turns to light, I am staring at the stable and the saddle.

I think that I am ready, although it has not been so long.

I decide that I will talk to him in the morning and declare all of this, only we are roused early by a pounding upon the door and Axton is called away.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### Chastity

THE DAY IS long and unnaturally lonely. There is no discipline, nor does he lap the slick from my pussy with the wicked gleam in his eyes I have come to cherish.

No, he is gone. I wash in the river alone. I tend to the vegetable plot. I dust the home and refill the oil lamp that he leaves upon the low stool where I can reach.

A young centaur lad stops by the home at lunchtime as I am shaking a dusty cloth outside the front door.

I am shocked by this development. Other than the day I arrived, I have only met Celeste.

He introduces himself as Peter, and he comes bearing a sizable lumpy item hidden under a cloth. "Hail, maiden," he says, a beaming smile upon his face. He is handsome, with a buttermilk dun horse coat and glossy black tail and hair. "I am a carpenter's apprentice. Axton instructed me to bring this over as soon as it was done!"

I am embarrassed by my state of undress...and my other points of discomfort, for I do not know this centaur. But he pays none of this any heed as I swiftly throw on the cloak. Further, he has a cheery attitude that I am discovering is as much part of centaurs as their formidable predator side.

"Thank you," I say, not quite sure what I should do.

He gestures toward the home. "I would put it inside, mistress, as Axton instructed me to do."

I nod and step aside so that he might enter. Curious, I follow him, wondering what this item is that Axton requested. He sets it before the table and draws the rough cover off.

My hands fly to my mouth upon seeing it is a chair.

“Is that...is that for me?” I squeak out.

Peter chuckles. “It is assuredly not for a centaur, maiden,” he states with a grin. “Try it, mistress. It is high that it might more comfortably reach the table for you, but see, there are steps so you can easily get to the seat. I have made several for centaurs who have taken human mates, and they assure me that they are delighted with the design. But please” —he gestures to the seat — “I will feel better knowing it is to your satisfaction.”

A chair, for me? An unexpected warmth spreads through me at this kindness. It is beautifully carved from wood and tall, with a smooth, polished seat. It is the grandest chair that I have ever seen. There are two low steps and a place for me to rest my feet. As I climb to sit in it, I find it the perfect height for the table.

My smile is joyful. “How wonderful! This is perfect. Thank you kindly, Peter.”

Peter smiles back. “My pleasure, little maiden. All the thanks are paid in full by the smile upon your face.”

He tips his head before turning to leave.

“Peter,” I call, but when he turns back, I become strangely hesitant. “Do you know where Axton is? He left early, and I have not seen him since.”

“The bear shifters, mistress,” he says, and I note the coldness in his voice. “There is some dispute over the boundary since a new leader took over their pack. There was trouble last eve, and members of the pack entered our lands. Axton is a firm but fair leader of our people, and he will not tolerate acts of aggression.”

I am unsettled, as though I might empty my stomach.

“There, mistress,” Peter says, face softening. “Axton is a steady leader, and he will not be reckless in this. He is due to return this eve, from what I have heard.”

With a dip of his head, he trots out of the home.

For reasons I cannot explain, the cloak offends my sensitive skin now I am inside. Shrugging out of it, I let it fall over the chair, staring ahead, eyes fixing sightlessly at the great ruts in the middle of the table. I blink a few times as I run my fingers over them, having never noticed them before, for

my legs are usually dangling over the side.

Inside, I am worrying for Axton.

And I am also confused.

He is the leader of his people, so it is little wonder I thought him such a noble creature the very first time we met. He has such qualities as befits his station, and I could not think of a more regal being.

Firm but fair, Peter said, and that is how he has been with me.

I am not the only maiden he has enjoyed, for humans are highly prized by the centaurs. Human maidens come here seeking both pleasure and life as a centaur's mate.

It has only been a small number of days, but already, I wish the time would move slower.

I climb down from the beautiful chair he has ordered made especially for me. Surely that must mean something?

Only, I do not know what it means. Perhaps Axton has merely decided it would be useful, given he has enjoyed maidens before. My tummy twists into knots, and I find myself padding through his bedchamber and into the stable, where the saddle rests. As I trace my finger over the leather, I notice there are steps on this too. I ascend them and carefully lie down.

Simply resting here stirs memories and a flutter between my thighs. The position holds me open, makes my breasts feel heavy and my nipples stiffen.

It is a place for mounting, I realize. A place where he may saddle and mount a human maiden. It is only now that I notice the ridged troughs to either side where his front hooves would go. I imagine the thrill that would course through me as he rose above me in such a way.

I swallow. My pussy clenches sharply, and a splat of slick hits the earth floor.

I am not fearful of him mounting me thus.

No, I am deeply aroused.

What would happen if he returned and found me here like this? Would he be angry? Would he discipline me for disrespect?

I shiver.

Or would his nostrils flare and his eyes light with hunger...? Would he finally mount me?

## Axton

It is a long and tiring day spent patrolling our lands. A new shifter has risen in the adjoining bear clan, and he is intent upon war.

The lake our land encompasses is considered a coveted site, rich with fish and drawing much game.

It has also belonged to our people for as far back as records tell.

I do not seek war willingly, but neither will I back down.

“He is flexing his claws,” Gael states gruffly as we ride back to the village. “There is word he is being pushed from neighboring shifter clans and sees us as a weaker option.”

I snort, indicating my feelings upon this. It is true our human side seeks peaceful options and negotiation where it can, but the stallion side of me is aggressive and territorial. Together, our nature makes for a formidable adversary that the bear shifters will regret rousing if they pursue this.

“He will not back off without a clash of some kind,” I predict.

“I agree,” Gael replies, then he grins. “I could use some fresh bearskins for my bedchamber. My little human maiden feels the cold of a night.”

I chuckle. Gael found his cherished mate a year ago, when the Mother of All Things placed her in his path. The sweet maiden was cornered by wolves when he chanced upon her. It is the way of the Goddess for some centaurs to only mate with a human gifted into their life thus.

“And how is your skittish little maiden?” he asks knowingly.

“Still skittish,” I say, smiling and hungering for the taste of her sweet slick. I missed my cleansing ritual this morning—a point that makes me twice as sore with the bear shifter who dares to threaten us. I will make it up to Chasity tonight. “But she is also ripening beautifully. I am certain she was sent to me by the Goddess, as your beloved mate, Lila, was. She has already asked if she might tend to me.”

He guffaws. “That *is* swift. It took Lila two weeks before she would do more than glance shyly at my cock. She still blushes prettily, even as she takes her daily feed. I swear she is twice as greedy for it now that she is plump with child.”

“It is the nature of human maidens,” I say, smiling and missing my little



one twice as fiercely now.

It is mid afternoon. As we exit the forest and the village huts come into view, I decide to put the troubles with the bear clan from my mind. I stop and chat to the sentries as the other centaurs return to their homes. There will be double the patrols tonight. Once my little maiden is asleep, I will be riding out to join them.

As I return home, I remember that Peter promised to finish the chair for her today. I hope that she was pleased with it. It took several days because I wanted it perfect for her...a gift she might come to make use of for the rest of her life.

But as I push the door open and trot inside, there is no maiden welcoming me. Instead, I hear sobbing coming from the direction of the bedchamber.

## CHAPTER SIX

### Chastity

“WHAT IS THIS about, Chastity?” Axton says, carefully lying beside me and gathering me into his arms, where I weep all over his chest. “What ails you, little maiden?”

“I don’t understand what’s happening to me. I feel...I feel different down there. There is a terrible emptiness. I think I’m broken,” I say.

“There,” he says, brushing hair from my hot cheeks and wiping the tears away with the pads of his thumbs. “There is nothing wrong with you, Chastity. It is simply that—” He pauses like he is unsure about whether to speak or not.

“Please,” I say. “Tell me what is happening to me. I am unsettled all the time.”

There is more to it than that, for I have also spent the day worried sick about the warring bear shifters.

“You are not broken,” he says. “I promise you. It is only that the Goddess has mysterious ways. Your body needs to adapt before it may take a centaur.”

I swallow, my gaze shifting unerringly to where his thick cock is once more pushing out from its sheath. It is monstrous and it terrifies me, but it also excites me. When I think about the emptiness inside me, I think about being filled by his cock. My eyes flash to meet his, and once again, he has caught me looking at him.

“Before a centaur can be with a human, her body needs to change. We are not always compatible. I spoke to you about this when you first arrived. Some maidens respond more easily and quickly. They are sensitive to centaur musk and aware of subtleties that other maidens may not even notice. We are

blessed that you are so sensitive to me, for you are transitioning swiftly. We can never truly understand Her ways. She weaves Her will upon the humans and centaurs alike. You are changing, sweet maiden, so that you might be with me.”

“I want to be with you,” I say. “I want to be with you so badly. I hate the way that I ache, and I also hate the slick and the mess it makes.”

He chuckles, but his amusement fades as his eyes lower to my breasts. He reaches to cup me, feeling the heaviness in his broad hand. They have grown some since I arrived here and are fuller, and my nipples are constantly sensitive. If I brush anything against them, a tiny tendril of lust pulls all the way to my core.

When he toys with them, as he does now, I feel myself relaxing further. My body is shifting. The great emptiness demands I fill it. My pussy clenches before settling again.

“Good girl,” he says. “Let the Goddess change you, for we are mere mortals and subject to Her will.”

“Please,” I say. “I want to tend to you. I want to...I want to touch you. I want to hold you within my hands.”

He kisses me, his lips warm against mine. Hungry for everything about him, I open so that his tongue can tangle with mine. I sink into the kiss in the way I have never sunk into a kiss before. I feel like I can't get enough breath into my lungs, like I am starving for him. The kiss heats me, and I wriggle against him, pressing closer, my small feet tangling against his forelegs, my breasts pressing against his chest. All the while, my pussy grows slick as my thighs rub together. I become hot and full of longing that never seems to find an end. The kiss is lusty and ripe with all the brimming emotion, and it spills over, taking me with it, sweeping me up into a place that is beyond earthly understanding.

When I first arrived, I did not like the slick. I still do not know if I like it, but I like this warm sensation that radiates from my chest and belly. I love the way it wraps me up just as his arms wrap me up.

He is strong. He is a predator. He is nothing like me. Still, we share something—a burgeoning knowledge and understanding that transcends species. We are different and should not be compatible, yet I have been bestowed a gift...a gift of readiness.

I see this time, this monthlong moon debt, through new eyes.

It is not about paying a debt, it is about hope—hope that we might come to be two souls who care for each other, the kind of caring that will last our earthly life.

The warm feeling inside me, I understand now, is the beginning of love, and love should be shown to the Mother of All Things through the pleasure that we give and take. Axton has shown his pleasure. He has also disciplined me when I have strayed from behaviors that are noble and good. I am not quarrelsome by nature, and I do not like that I have displayed those tendencies of late. It is my body changing, as he has already explained.

I am glad that he is here to guide me through this. I want to touch him *there* for the very first time. I want it more than I've ever wanted anything in my life.

I tear my lips away from his, our breaths mingling as we both pant heavily and our eyes meet.

“Tell me,” I beg. “Show me. Explain to me how I should tend to you.”

The pad of his thumb brushes across my lips. They are tender, a little swollen, and puffy in the best kind of way.

“I do not think there is a right way or a wrong way, little maiden,” he says. “I have hungered for you and your touch from the moment I found you kneeling, injured in the woods. I've dreamed of your hands upon me, these gentle, tiny little hands.” Gathering one hand, he presses a chaste kiss to the knuckles. “Touch me much as you would touch a man, and that will be enough.”

I am emboldened by his belief in me, but I am also nervous. I glance down to where his huge cock nestles between his thighs and nod once before shifting onto my hands and knees. He turns his head, watching me, parting his stifles a little so that I can get to all of him. The bedding is soft under my knees. The hair of his coat is glossy and black. I rarely touch his beast side, for I have been a little intimidated thus far, but today, I joyfully run my hand over his flank. He shudders, releasing a faint whinny-snort of approval, and my eyes dart to meet his, checking.

His cock jerks, drawing my focus back. He likes this, likes what I do. “You are so beautiful,” I say in wonder, petting his silky hair covered ribs all the way down to the firm flesh of his flank, his coat satin soft under my

hand.

He is utterly resplendent.

But how...how do I handle him? His balls are round and heavy-looking, covered in the same silken fur. A very thick silken sheath connects to his belly, from which this great cock thrusts. I run my hand over his belly all the way until I reach the sheath, then I take my first tentative touch. He shudders again. As I do this, I understand the truth of his words. Just as my love for him is burgeoning, so too is his love for me. To be touched thus by someone you are coming to care for makes everything amplified—greater, stronger, more wonderful, more arousing.

I shuffle a little closer. He weeps copiously, and my fingers are drawn to the tip. It is silky smooth. His entire cock is incredible in its size and length, from the flared tip to the ridges near the sheath, and so wide that I cannot get my fingers, even spread, around it. My exploration is tentative, slowly up and down, drawing the stickiness with me, feeling him ripple and jerk under my fingers.

He makes that whinny and shudders. “Gods,” he says gruffly. “I cannot possibly last.”

My hand slides all the way to the ridges, my thumbs working into the slight swellings that seem to pulse under my touch before working all the way back to the flared tip. Another great gush of pre-cum seeps from the tip. It seems the most natural thing in the world to lower my head and lick.

He shudders again, his flanks vibrating, cock jerking. It tastes...sweet, like honey. It is the most delicious thing I have ever had.

A ravenous hunger consumes me. I want more of this. My hands pump erratically, tongue lapping at the great flat tip. I groan, barely aware of anything but Axton and the sticky goodness that trickles into my belly one lick at a time. His broad hand finds my hair and strokes, trembling a little. I am shaking too, dizzy, enthralled, and greedy for his taste.

“Good girl,” he says. “Centaur seed is potent to maidens, but especially to sensitive ones like you. It contains nourishment essential for a maiden who is with child. It is potent even for those who wish to get with child. Many cherished mates thoroughly enjoy their centaur’s seed. It is recommended that they feast upon it at least once a day.”

I can see why. I see many things now, from the other side of what I once

feared. There is no trepidation in me now, there is only jubilation and joy. I want more of the stickiness that tastes so delicious upon my tongue.

“I’m going to come,” he says, voice rough with need.

I know what to expect, and yet I also don’t. I sense that it would be wrong to waste it, yet I can barely open my lips enough to contain the flat tip.

“Steady, little maiden, steady yourself.” His hand trembles, his belly shudders. “My need is too great.”

My fingers pump up and down the mighty shaft. I want to feel him coming. I want all of it. I wish I had ten hands, but I only have these two and my tongue, so I use my left hand to cup his heavy balls. They seem to clench under my fingers, moving of their own accord as I gently massage them. My right hand holds the long shaft, keeping the tip in my mouth, where I can lap greedily. I want to feel the moment when Axton, this mythical centaur, this unearthly being, finally comes.

Dipping my tongue into the slit at the top, I am rewarded with a great gush. It hits the back of my throat, and I gulp greedily down. I feel it sliding into my belly, filling me. I palm the heavy globes of his balls as his seed pours into my willing mouth. I can see why it is recommended that a cherished mate should do this every single day.

I would not be sorry to experience this more even than that. I have never felt so greedy for something as I am for his seed.

There is too much for me to take. It leaks around my mouth, trickling over my chin. He shudders, and I am disappointed when there is no more. I lap all around the flat tip. I cup his balls and roll them gently, trying to see if there might be even a little more. He shudders again, then his balls lift, tightening, squeezing, and another small gush is my reward.

“Gods,” he says. “You have drained me, little maiden. That is the sweetest pleasure I have ever known.”

He encourages me with a little tug on my hair, and my lips pop off.

Hands still gripping my prize, I find his smile to be a different and no less captivating kind of reward.

“I did not know,” I say.

He shakes his head. “How could you?” he asks, gathering me up, my

fingers slipping from my prize as he draws me up over his forelegs so that I may nestle against his warm chest. My fingers are sticky, and I stuff them greedily into my mouth, licking up the last of his seed and wondering when I can have some more.

“You are a treasure,” he says. “The fairest of prizes.”

I feel much the same about him.

“My tummy feels funny,” I say. “Unsettled and a little fluttery. I feel...” A ripple grips me. “What? What is happening?” My nipples tighten, growing to taunt points that tingle. My pussy tingles, as does my clit, and deep inside is joyous heat.

I gasp as the heat rolls through my body. I cling to Axton. “What is happening to me?”

Then the pleasure rolls over me in a great wave. My pussy squeezes before falling into blissful contractions. I cling tighter and Axton holds me, hands gentle, lips against my forehead, as I shudder, gasp, and spasm through a savage climax.

“Sweet heaven,” I say on a breath—breathing is all I can do. Then my belly tingles, and another climax grips me up. I cling harder as I am battered by the most erotic of storms.

“Good girl,” he says. “You have responded perfectly. This is natural for a maiden who is bonding to her mate.”

Mate? I am surely the most blessed maiden if what he says is true and we are bonding. It is little wonder that human maidens seek out centaurs for pleasure.

Yet this is not a passing thing. He does not speak of me in the way of one who is merely sharing pleasure for a time. He speaks of me in the manner of an enduring relationship. I like everything about it. I want nothing more than to be his most cherished mate.

I come down slowly. There is tenderness in his touch as he draws fingers through my hair, praising me, telling me how good I am and how pleased he is with me.

I am sated in a way that I have not known since we first met and so tired.

“You have slept poorly since you first arrived,” he says. “There are no

duties for you today, little maiden. Stay here in bed and get some sleep.”



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### Chastity

I FALL ASLEEP in his arms, but I awake alone. When I rise from the bed, I find him preparing supper and the lamp has been lit. My cloak, which I left draped over the chair, is once more hung up beside the door.

I feel shy until he turns and bestows me the most wicked of smiles. “Are you hungry?”

My blush is spontaneous and spreads all the way from my cheeks to my chest.

His gaze lowers to my nipples, which are always erect. He stops what he is doing and moves towards me, hooves thudding against the compacted earth of his home. On reaching me, he lifts me up and, as is his custom, sits me upon the table, though my new and most beautiful chair sits beside it.

“Thank you kindly for my new chair,” I say shyly. “I apologize that I did not thank you when you first arrived.”

“I think you thanked me perfectly,” he says, winking, and places a great bowl beside me full of sugar snap peas to be prepared.

“I am not hungry,” I admit.

He chuckles. “I dare say you are not. For the first time since we met, I am utterly drained. My greedy, loving little maiden has consumed every drop.”

I giggle, snapping a pea in half and stuffing it into my mouth as though to make a lie of my words. He chuckles again, returning his attention to his task.

“Best I eat the lion’s share of this, for I will need to keep my strength up if you intend to drain me every day, but this is natural. This is the way of

bonding between centaurs and humans.”

Bonding? Yes, I like that very much.

I also like sitting here, though I now have a seat. I like it because Axton put me here, and because I can admire his beautiful body...and cock...as he gathers the things for supper. As I stuff another sugar snap pea into my mouth, I muse that I am a poor example of an indebted maiden, given he prepares supper as often as not!

I giggle. He turns around and bestows me a stern glare that I think is not stern at all.

But then my amusement fades, and the pea I have just eaten becomes an unsettled lump in my belly.

He stops immediately and approaches me, easing my thigh open so that he may draw in close and tip up my chin.

“You are troubled again, my maiden?”

“I heard about the war,” I blurt out. “Between the centaurs and the bear shifters.”

His face softens, and he leans in to kiss me. “Who told you about that?” Then his eyes narrow. “Peter,” he says in a way that does not bode well for the young centaur lad.

“I asked him,” I say quickly. “And I want to know. I want to be part of what is happening.”

He draws me into his arms and holds me tightly. I breathe, finding comfort from his scent and his warm flesh against mine. How is it possible for him to have come to mean so much to me so quickly?

“You are right,” he says. “I should not keep such matters from you. I was thinking only that you are yet new here and that such news would scare you. I do not wish you to be frightened for a single moment, sweet maiden. Now I must confess that if you had refused my debt that day in the forest, I still would have carried you home to your cottage on the outskirts of Yatala. It is not in a centaur’s nature to abandon any creature, be they human or otherwise, to the dangers of the forest at night. Perhaps it makes me wicked that I took advantage of your situation, but I truly believe you were placed in my path for a reason.”

“That we were intended to meet thus,” I say, my lips tugging up in a

smile. “Although I was convinced you were the most wicked of centaurs at the time...wicked, handsome, resplendent, and otherworldly in your charms.”

He chuckles softly before pressing his lips reverently against my temple.

Then he lifts away, meeting and holding my eyes. “I will not lie to you, maiden. I believe the bear shifters will not retreat without bloodshed. They have a new leader, and he has set his sights upon our lands. Tonight, I will be riding as part of our patrols.”

Every drop of joy and warmth leaves me in an instant.

“Tonight?” I whisper.

He will not hold and comfort me tonight. He will be out in the forest, possibly in battle!

Fear crashes through me, followed by a thickening of the air as I reach to cup his face. He turns, pressing his lips to my palm, and that quickly, I am burning with need.

“Please,” I say helplessly. “I need you. I need to be with you before you go.”

His steady gaze rests on me, holding me captive, heating me from the inside out. “You are not ready, sweet maiden,” he says.

“I am,” I plead. “My body burns to feel you.”

His gaze lowers to where my legs are spread wide around his beast’s body. It aches a little to accommodate him, and I like the sensation very much. “You did not tend to me this morning,” I say.

He groans and I know I am not playing fair, but he will leave soon to patrol. Perhaps tonight will be quiet, or perhaps conflict will come. I should be helping him with supper, but my heart has other desires.

“I lay upon the saddle while you were out.” His snort is of one of approval...and arousal. I wonder if his cock is rising once again. “I imagined you taking me there, imagined your thick cock filling me over and over again. My pussy wept the whole time I was there, and I did not even mind. I believe that I am broken, that only you may mend me, and I want more than anything for you to mend me before you leave this evening.”

His nostrils flare, and finally, his control snaps. He fists my hair and takes my lips in a fierce, drugging kiss.

Desire, strong and full of complex emotions, swirls around us both. We are new to one another. We are not yet fully joined before the Goddess, and yet our souls are perfectly aligned.

His lips are torn from mine, chest heaving with the strain...and for a terrifying moment, I fear he will put me aside. Only his fingers find their way to my hair, gently pulling it back from my face, weaving it together into a long, loosely constructed plait. *What is he doing?* He smirks as he takes my hips in his hands and moves me to my left so that I am center on the table. I stare up at him, seeing how his eyes fill with heated desire.

His smile broadens as he coaxes me to fall back.

I blink in confusion as my long plait is drawn back over my head. I glance to the side, realizing that my head is between the two deep grooves I noticed earlier. He pauses to admire me thus, cupping my breasts and rousing them with skilled touch to hard points, as my tummy ties in knots.

I am aware of his sure touch, but I am thinking about the two worn grooves in the table, how they appeared purposeful—the perfect size and depth to accommodate a hoof.

I swallow thickly. No...surely it is not?

Then his hands are skimming over my thighs, coaxing me to part. I do so willingly, groaning as his fingers tease the sensitive folds, the pad of this thumb brushing back and forth over my clit until I feel it bud for him. Fingers press into me, gentle, opening me.

“When a maiden first starts to respond to centaur musk, one of the first changes is the development of a slick gland.”

“A what?” I mutter, only half listening as his gentle fingertips glide over me, rousing my nerves. His thumb slides up and down over my clit, stirring the sensitive bundle to a frenzy, even as he gently probes my slick pussy with the fingers of his other hand.

“A gland,” he continues, voice mesmerizing me into a languid daze. “Usually on the front wall.”

“Ah!” I am pressed firmly back by a hand to the center of my chest when I jolt.

“Lie very still, little maiden,” he says, his smirk broadening to a wicked grin.

“Axton! It is too sensitive!” I wail as he holds me still and rubs his fingertips roughly over the inner front wall of my pussy. “Axton! I am going to—”

I come, a great gush of slick ejecting from my pussy, pouring over his fingers and splashing on the floor. “Good girl,” he says. Pausing, he licks his sticky fingers clean as I lie panting upon the table, trying to work out what just happened. I want to explore my pussy, but it is throbbing and overstimulated, and I think I’m still a little in shock at how swift and intense the pleasure was.

Then he rises up, his immense power realized as his hooves clatter against the sturdy table before they find the slots. Heat rushes through me, and my heart rate speeds to a wild gallop.

He stares down upon me from his great height, a monstrous beast. I should be fearful, but I am not. I am fiercely and lovingly aroused beyond all prior understanding.

My knees lift and part, brushing the sides of his strong horse’s torso, as he comes further over me. The great barrel of his body is frighteningly immense and yet comforting.

I gasp as his flared tip probes, seeming to suckle as it glides all the way over my pussy and clit.

My hands are tentative, stroking over the silken, glossy hair of his beautiful coat all the way up until I meet the human skin. I’m still throbbing and sparking inside and trembling with excitement.

“Give me words, little maiden,” he rumbles. “Are you slick and ready? Can you accept just the very tip of your centaur’s cock? If you are anything but fiercely aroused, you must tell me so that I might stop.”

“Yes,” I say. “I am ready. I am desperate to take just the tip inside me.”

He shifts, the flared tip snagging my entrance, and begins to press. All the air leaves my lungs as I strain to accept him, fighting the urge to wriggle away, forcing myself to relax. Then the pressure gives the tiniest amount. I whimper, but it turns to a deep guttural groan as I feel him opening me. It burns, a monstrous strain, yet it is also fiercely erotic.

“Words, maiden. Give me the words.”

I fight for breath, to give him what he needs, for I sense he is deeply fearful of harming me.

“Goodness,” I gasp out weakly, squeezing his thick body with my thighs and clinging with my arms. “I am going to come.”

His little snort, which always reminds me of a horse, is tempered by amusement.

“Come if you need to, little maiden. It might help to loosen this tight gripping cunt so that I can mount you a small way.”

He thrusts, front hooves pinning my shoulders to keep me still.

The deeper penetration is sublime. His thick, slick flesh surges inside, rippling and squeezing past the sensitized entrance to my slick gland, forcing my pussy to yield, which tips me straight over the cliff. My pussy convulses over his firm flesh, and a flood of slick gushes out, allowing him to surge deeper still. Now he begins to thrust, his beastly thighs slamming against the table with heavy thuds. His hooves thump against the compacted earth floor, making the few things upon the table rattle and bounce. He grunts and snorts, head tipped back, dark, sensual joy evident in the rapture upon his face.

I cannot stop coming, and he is yet barely inside me.

“Please,” I beg. “Fill me. Make me your mate.”

He roars, surging the deepest yet, and hot seed floods into me. I cling and sob, for now that he has taken me, even this tiny amount, I feel the bonding twice as strong and the pain of his imminent leaving cuts twice as deeply.

His hooves clatter as he dismounts, his great cock slipping from me and sending a fresh splatter to the floor.

“No!” I sob, clinging to his human arms as he gathers me up.

“Look at me, sweet maiden,” he commands. “Tell me you are well this instant, or I shall throw myself at the Goddess’ mercy!”

“You will do no such thing! I am not even slightly harmed... I just do not want you to leave.”

I lie. I am sore there beyond all understanding of soreness. It aches and I feel like I am twice as empty now, but none of this matters in light of his imminent departure.

He huffs out a little snort as though he sees right through my words. “I will be the judge of that,” he says ominously.

I am taken to his bedchamber, where he kneels to carefully lay me

down. The lamp is brought, along with his little medicine box, and much to my chagrin, my thighs are parted so that he may check the status of my pussy for himself.

“I do not like you inspecting me thus,” I say churlishly, blushing to the roots of my hair as he gently parts me with his finger and thumb.

His lips form a thin line, and he makes a little clicking noise with his tongue. “Your poor pussy has been thoroughly ravished, even though I barely entered you with more than the tip. I assuredly should not be aroused knowing I did this to you, but my cock has a mind of its own.”

I giggle.

He fixes me with a stern glare, even as his lips twitch. “You are not hurt too badly if you can be giggling about it.” He gently probes me with his fingers, pushing them all the way in and reigniting all the tender nerves. “There now, be a good girl for me while I tend to you.”

A jar is taken from the box, and soothing cream is applied everywhere, including deeply inside. It tingles a little. I ache, but I also cannot wait to do it again...to take more of him.

I blink, realizing he is packing the box. He presses a chaste kiss to my forehead. “Are you hungry, sweet maiden?”

I shake my head. “No, I truly am not.”

Then he is rising, and I feel the loss sweep through me. I lost someone I cared for once, taken to the Goddess before his time. Perhaps I am cursed? Perhaps she will take Axton away too?

My great fears feel too large to contain. He has duties, and his duties force him to leave.

“Get some rest, my love, if you can,” he says. “I will return by morning.”

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### Chastity

DESOLATE WITH WORRY, I toss and turn until, in the early hours of the morning, Axton returns.

“Are you well?” I demand, petting him in the darkness like it might reveal an injury.

“Peace, little maiden,” he says. “It was a quiet patrol. I am home now and merely tired and glad to be with you again.”

The tension leaves my body, and as his scent and strong arms envelop me, I fall straight into a deep sleep. When I next wake, I am rested. He brushes my hair back from my face and presses a kiss on my forehead.

“How is your pussy this morning?” he asks.

“It does not seem sore at all, milord,” I say, my cheeks heating at discussing my pussy, even as dampness gathers there.

“Hmm,” he says. “I had best be the judge of that. You do not seem so quarrelsome this morning, little maiden. Perhaps you do not need any time with the strap?”

I swallow and my pussy clenches in anticipation, but it’s not anticipation at avoiding the strap. I am a little sore, but not enough to temper my desire.

“No, I believe that I still need that,” I state boldly. My nipples tighten, and my pussy gushes a little slick as I remember the other things he mentioned. “I think this time, I need to be bridled. I need the reins. I need everything.”

His nostrils flare, and his cool blue eyes heat with flames.

He cups my breast, thumb brushing over my distended nipple. “Not



today, my love, but perhaps I can tell you what will happen so that you might better understand what you ask for.”

I nod eagerly.

“Before we may apply clasps for the reins, your pretty nipples will need to be thoroughly aroused and hardened to a greater extent than they have ever been before. That is the only way it can be done.”

A shiver ripples through me. I desperately want Axton to do these things. He seems similarly playful this morning, and I love seeing this side of him.

“Your pretty tits will become quite sore,” he says, pinching one stiff peak roughly as if to emphasize this point. A little thread pulls all the way to my womb, and it clenches in response.

“I understand,” I say. “I trust you to do what needs to be done.”

His lips tug up in a wicked smirk. He lowers his head and begins to feast upon my breasts, sucking gently on the very tip before his tongue swirls all around. Then he takes half the globe into his warm, wet mouth and sucks.

I gasp, back arching as he gently suckles upon me, then with greater force. His lips pop off, and his heated gaze meets mine as he pinches and rolls the distended tip, teasing it.

“Look,” he says. “Look how beautifully engorged and hard it is.”

My eyes lower, seeing what he had bid me to. Goodness, I have never seen myself thus. My nipple is hard, elongated, and plump. It begs for more attention, even as it grows sore. He lowers his head once more, sucking roughly to draw more blood into it.

I whimper, but it is from pleasure, for I want everything that Axton will do.

He lashes the peak with his tongue, broad hand cupping my breast, squeezing it like an offering to himself.

Heat rises low in my belly, along with the sensation of opening in my pussy and the trickling of slick. I groan, restless, my thighs pressing to one another as I try to ease the ache.

This need will not be eased today, I realize, not until he fills me with his great cock, not until he bridles me and attaches the reins to me. My body and mind sit in conflict. The sensation of him pushing just the very tip inside me

last evening was heady, yet the thought of taking more frightens me too. I do not know if I'm ready for that step, but I find that I want to try. He trails his lips to the other side, sucking the ignored nipple into his mouth, even as his fingers pluck roughly on the other side. Sweet sensations course through me. I am a prisoner of his charms. This mighty regal being lowers me to my most primal instincts—lust and want.

I groan again, my fingers spearing into his silken hair, cupping him to me, encouraging him to do more. He nips on the plump flesh under my nipple before sucking hard. I whimper, heat pooling in my core. He is marking me...marking me as his, and I revel in it. I want him to mark me everywhere.

He buries his face between the two firm globes as he toys with the nipples, tugging them, pinching them roughly, and drawing them to ever more aroused peaks.

I grow more restless. I am ready to be saddled. I am ready for the bridle, for the clamps that he will attach the reins to, and the strap that will sting my bottom, making it hot and my pussy clench and gush with every strike.

He pauses and lifts his head, watching his fingers, admiring the labors of his work.

“Stunning,” he says. “See how beautifully big they are. You are the fairest, most lusty maiden in all the world. I am blessed to have someone so wondrous and sensitive begging to be saddled.”

“I do,” I say. “I do beg you to saddle me. I am ready. Secure me there, clamp me, and add the reins. I am ready for all of it.”

Our eyes hold one another. “Soon, my maiden,” he agrees. “But not today.”

My protest dies upon my lips when he gives me a stern look of disapproval, but it soon shifts to a smile. “We have all the time in the world,” he says. “I would not rush this step. Now, let us apply the strap to your naughty bottom so that you remember your promise to be good for me while I must perform my duties for the herd.”

I am carried through to the stable, where I am eagerly strapped into place. As he walks around me, my eyes are drawn to his beautiful body, the beastly half, the human half...and his thick, weeping cock. My mouth waters when I remember how sweet his seed tasted upon my tongue. I wish my hands were not secure that I might touch him, but I am finding this is very

much a centaur's way. In truth, there is freedom in having your choices taken away. Here, strapped and secure, I have nothing I need to do except submit to his will.

The strap stings a little, but I welcome it. My body rises with every lick, and my pussy weeps as I anticipate him cleaning me all up once the discipline is done.

I squeak and gasp out the count. He teases me between every one, until finally, the strap is dropped to the floor and the great platform lifted so that he might easily feast.

From the first lap of his tongue, I am convulsing and straining against the straps holding me in place. As I am coming to discover, Axton is the most abominable tease. Having satisfied me, he takes great pleasure in tormenting me all over again...then he releases me.

I huff with displeasure the moment I am free and earn myself another sharp spank to my bottom by his hand for my attitude.

I glare at him, and he chuckles.

Warmth fills me, for I hope we do this nonsense for the rest of our lives, but there are yet the bear shifters to contend with, and besides, we are yet new to one another. He has not even fully claimed me as yet.

I see his face soften as he takes in my distress. "It will be over soon, my love," he says, pausing to cup my cheek.

A call comes from his door, the voice urgent.

"I must leave," he says. "Stay close to home today, little one. I will return as soon as I can."

## CHAPTER NINE

### Chastity

THIS DAY, IF anything, is worse than yesterday, despite it being warm and pleasant. I busy myself in the garden and by tidying the house. In the nearby forest, birds chirp while animals rustle through the undergrowth, but still, I feel a sense of imminent danger.

I heard a centaur say an attack was coming from the east, and this right after my beloved Axton left the home with his spear in hand.

The door is open and I am sitting at the table preparing a bowl of berries to make into jam, but my mind is not on the task. I put the bowl aside and go to sit outside the front of the home. I cannot quite see the lake from here, just a faint glistening between some of the trees, yet an inner voice is telling me that I should go there. Axton told me to stay close to the house, but my instincts demand I go.

Disquieted, I slip on my cloak and shoes before running on nimble feet until I come out upon the shores of the lake. It curves gently to my left, with a thick pine forest stretching behind it. Nestled between the trees and shore are the huts and homes of the centaur village.

A few villagers are out. Children are playing upon the shorefront, while their mothers are washing and tending to other duties. There are both centaurs and a few humans, for I am not the only one of my kind here. It looks ordinary, and yet it feels wrong. A premonition of danger seizes my chest in a vise.

I throw a look over my shoulder back at the house, and then I hear it—the growl coming from trees behind me. A great bear, far bigger than any bear I have ever seen, is sniffing around our home. My heart stops before rising to a wild thud.

It is a bear shifter, of that I have no doubt. He is at Axton's home, and he is searching for something.

I take off along the shore as fast as my legs will go, breath panting, thighs pumping and burning with the strain. My ankle begins to throb, for it is not well enough for such a vigorous flight.

Had I been in the home, the shifter would have trapped me.

He might have killed me already.

I run toward the village, only now remembering the children playing there.

What to do?

Where to go?

I cannot draw the bear shifter to the place where children play, so I turn, cutting left into the forest. I charge through brush and undergrowth, heedless of the scratches and scrapes of branches.

The hopelessness of my situation is manifested as a great snarling mass of dark brown fur crashes into the path before me.

He shimmers, a dreadful monstrosity as he moves between one form and the other, until a wild, brown-haired man with fevered eyes blocks the path before me.

He is enormous, even in human form. My chest is heaving and my muscles burn as I come to a skittering stop and turnabout, squealing in agony as it rolls my ankle.

"Where do you go, little prey?" he rumbles behind me.

My limped flight is made futile as his arm wraps around my waist, lifting me, squealing and flailing, from the ground.

"Calm, little prey," he says. "You are the one I am after. If you do not come quietly, it will please me to slit your delicate throat and leave you bloody upon the forest floor."

A single claw emerges before my eyes, a demonstration of his ability to shift only part of his body. His claw is sharp and long—a bear's claw merged with a human hand. It could rip me to pieces should he apply it to my weak flesh.

Fear holds me immobile, and the fight goes out of me.

He has won.

I am captured, or I am dead.

Perhaps death would be the better option, but I do not go willingly to the Goddess' side. I have much more to live for, like a sweet centaur who has been kind and caring to me. I am not ready to leave this earthly life, and I will suffer whatever pain I must to escape this bear shifter who holds me within his grasp.

His laughter is dark and carries bitterness.

“Not quite mated,” he says. “You still have some lingering scent, and you are sensitive... A chosen one.”

I tremble within his grasp, even as his claw retracts. I wonder at the ‘chosen one’ he mentioned. He is right, though, I am sensitive to centaur musk, but this shifter’s stink curdles my belly and makes me want to heave.

I swallow my sickness down and let my body fall limp in his arms, waiting for Axton to charge into the path and strike this cruel shifter with his spear.

But Axton does not come, and the man who can become a bear tosses me over his shoulder before he takes off at a run.

He runs and runs. I lose one shoe and then the other. Soon, I am sick with the pain and fear as I am jiggled about over his shoulder. We go ever deeper into the forest and away from Axton’s home. I tell myself that he will find me, but the longer we run, the less I know that for sure.

The pain, the endless stress, and the terror of what will come next beat upon me as surely as a fist, and I fall into a listless daze.

I am roused as water is passed across my lips. I jerk upright and scramble backward, only to hit the back of my head against a stone wall. My cloak is still tied at my throat, and I grasp it to me like a protective shield.

A cave surrounds me, dimly lit by a lantern, with a great, wild man, a bear shifter, before me. “Drink some, little prey. You have been unconscious for some time.”

I glance around, dizzy, sick, and wretched to my core. He holds out a cup of water, which I take cautiously because I do not trust this shifter, whose eyes hold the gleam of wicked plans. My lips are parched and dry, and the moment I get a sip, I gulp it greedily down, coughing and pressing my fingers to my belly, fearing that I will be sick.

He chuckles, rising and striding to the opening of the cave. “Double the watch,” he says to another man. “She has roused and is yet of use.”

I sip the water, watching him warily, before allowing my focus to return to the room. Beneath me are furs ripe with his stench. His bed? I cannot see much beyond the opening of the cave, a stone passage and further weak unnatural light, lanterns, perhaps.

An oppressive feeling falls upon me. I sip more water, but the sensation of being deep underground is unpleasant. I want to see the stars, feel the sun’s warmth upon my face.

I feel lost in a way I’ve never felt before. A great urge to weep assaults me, but I am too empty even for that. I wonder what has happened to my centaur. Has he fallen? The thought of his beautiful body lying ruined upon the floor, lifeless, breaks me. To see such splendor and beauty gone, even knowing he is with the Goddess, shatters my very soul.

The bear shifters continue talking, but all I hear is indiscernible rumbles. I assess the cave further. In the room is a lantern, the bed where I rest, and shelves on one side, where I can see bundles, stacks, baskets, and lower, paperwork and scrolls.

I know little about bear shifters, their habits or ways. I come from a small cottage on the outskirts of Yatala, and I have never ventured farther. I have heard tales of centaurs. I have seen wolves on occasion. I know of trolls and other monsters that roam the lands at night, but that is the limit of my experiences before Axton took me to his village.

Now here I am, a prisoner. No weapons present themselves, and even if I could find a weapon, I would not know how to leave this place, never mind find a way home.

*Home.* The word rings within my mind. In such a short space of time, Axton’s grand residence, with the beautiful chair he ordered carved especially for me, is where I consider home. I have not met his people yet, save for Peter and Celeste. I understand that he was keeping me in his home and separate while we got to know one another.

Home is not the cottage where I lived with my late husband, nor the one a few doors down, where I grew up.

Home is with Axton.

I am gripped by a fierce determination that I will escape this temporary

imprisonment and find my centaur again. If that must be in the afterlife, then I will go to the afterlife gladly, but I will fight with everything I have now, and only when all hope is gone will I accept anything else.

The shifter turns to check on me. With long shaggy brown hair, his eyes a bright green, he assesses me briefly before turning to his companion, and further rumbled conversation follows.

He does not wish to kill me. No, he has taken me for another reason. Am I leverage against Axton? Does he seek to trade me? Does he think to weaken Axton by holding me here?

In my heart, I know my regal centaur still lives and he would do anything to save me, but he is also noble and he will not endanger his people for me. How could he? He would not be the person that I am coming to love should he do such a thing, but he would lay down his life for me, of that I am sure.

I cannot let him do that. I sip my water, but I am plotting the demise of the cruel shifter who has stolen me away.

A new man joins him at the entrance, and the conversation carries a note of discord. I recall Axton saying that their new leader was determined to take the prime centaur lands. Maybe not all agree with his warring ways? Can I use this to my advantage?

Sharp words are spoken. The other man moves off, and the bear shifter returns to me.

“You have perked up, little prey,” he says, taking the cup from me.

He smiles, but his eyes, green like the forest, are full of coldness and spite. How is so much apparent in a single look?

“Your mate is coming,” he says. “Or so I have been informed.”

“He will kill you,” I say boldly, holding his gaze.

He throws his head back and laughs. “He may try,” he says. “He has been told to come alone if he doesn’t want you harmed. I am not one for civilized competitions. He will fall, his herd will be in disarray once he is gone, and their lands will be mine.”

“You are a monster,” I taunt, even as I will myself to silence.

“I am,” he agrees, but his smile drops, and he comes down over me. One claw catches the tie of my cloak, cutting through it before ripping my only



source of modesty away. As he crowds me against the bedding that reeks of him, a different kind of fear bubbles up inside me.

“The smell of slick and lust,” he says. “A chosen one who is sensitive. There is a little of the horse’s scent upon you, for he has not fully claimed you, and it will soon wear off. I think that I will keep you. You are clearly a prize and wasted upon a horse.”

“He is not a horse,” I hiss. “He is a centaur.”

“He is weak,” the shifter replies. “He is prey that thinks himself to be a predator, but he is nothing compared to a bear.”

He dares to put his hand upon me, his big, meaty palm pressing against my thigh, making me recoil.

“You,” he says, drawing a deep breath in, scenting me, “are assuredly prey. Weak, little human, whose body cannot help but weep slick, who smells ripe and ready for breeding.”

I try to scuttle back and put space between us, but there is nowhere to go with a wall behind me and this heartless creature before me.

My searching fingers find only soft furs.

A disturbance comes from beyond the door, sharp cries that bring further quickening to my heart. The shifter glances over his shoulder before turning back to me. “He has made good time,” he says. “Then again, a horse can move swiftly when he is of mind.”

A dead weight settles inside my chest where my heart once bloomed with love. I cannot bear the thought of Axton coming here, to be betrayed and slain for the pleasure of this horribly twisted soul who has lost the Goddess’ way.

“Dran!” a voice calls from beyond the doorway. “What have you done?”

The man who storms into the room is blond and every bit as savage as the man who took me, yet his green eyes hold a different kind of fire. This man is not cruel, and his quarrel is with my captor.

Dran, the bear shifter that I now know the name of, rises with a growl. He rolls out his shoulders, and as he flicks his right wrist, his hand changes from human to a great bear paw. Another flick of his wrist, and claws spring.

“It is not your place to dispute, Marcus,” he says. “I am the rightful

leader. I have taken his mate. See how she weeps slick for me. She will be mine once he is dead.”

“You think to kill Axton,” Marcus snarls. “You are an imbecile with delusions. The council will take your head.”

“The council will not care once the horse is dead,” Dran replies.

A great roar goes up beyond the cave doorway, and Dran’s smile drops. “What is happening?”

“Did you really think he would come alone? That is not the centaurs’ way. You take the mate of one, and you incur the wrath of the herd. Fool,” Marcus snarls. “He has brought his entire army—men, centaurs, spear maidens. You have taken his precious mate. He will rain hell upon us all, and now many shifters will die.”

“He was to come alone,” Dran says, voice holding a note of confusion before his eyes shift to me.

Then I see it—my death written in his cruel face as he stalks forward, his hideous claws coming for me.

My end is upon me, even as the sounds of battle rise beyond the door.

But Marcus shifts with a mighty roar, and Dran turns to meet the challenge. The two great bears clash, one golden and one dark, a snarling mass of supernatural power and rage. I try to scramble aside, but they tumble into me, sending me sprawling. My head rings, and my chin is turned bloody. As I roll out of the way and scramble to my feet, a giant claw glances my arm.

Blood sprays as I dart past the grappling giants, fleeing down a narrow stone passageway. Half blinded by fear and recognizing nothing, I hug the wall as more bear shifters charge past.

The passage opens into a great vaulted chamber beyond which I can see a forest, and here I stop before a cold burnt out firepit. Humans, bears, and centaurs fight all around me, to the sounds of growls, roars, and the clash of weapons, teeth, and claws.

Then I see him, spear in hand as he fights.

A great snarl comes from behind me. It is the sound of feral rage, and it is coming for me.

I swing to face the threat. Dran’s dark coat is shredded in places, and his

teeth and claws are red with blood. I stagger backwards, determined not to be taken by this cruel shifter, and trip over the edge of the great firepit.

I land in a heap as the bear rises to his hind legs.

I throw a look back.

*Axton.*

His eyes find mine across the great cavern, and his chest heaves, his beautiful horse's body trembling. Even as he kicks his powerful legs into a charge, I know he is too far away.

But I am savage in my anger. Feeling the Goddess guide my hand, my fingers close over a ragged length of partially burnt wood.

The bear roars as he charges.

I roar back and stab up with my improvised weapon, the sharpened point finding his right eye. His wail is horrifying, while my strength, unnatural in its ferocity, sees me drive the tip deep.

I collapse to my knees, but so, too, does the bear. With a high whine, his great paw swipes at the jagged wood embedded in his eye, even as he topples. I suck air into my lungs. Before me, the great bear that was once Dran draws a ragged breath and then exhales on a shudder.

He draws no further breath.

A lighter brown bear, coat littered with heinous wounds, bounds down the passage, shifting to the human Marcus.

He sinks to his knees beside the fallen shifter and bows his head to me.

I blink, body shaking so violently my teeth rattle, and belatedly notice the quiet that has befallen the great chamber.

It is the scent that rouses me from my stupor—the musk of a centaur, musk that is familiar and that I am so sensitive to. The clatter of hooves over rocks seems to come from a great distance away, yet I sense that he is near.

I turn, so many tears streaming down my face that I can hardly see.

“My sweet Chastity,” Axton says as his strong arms gather me up. “My sweet, loving mate.”

“We petition for peace,” Marcus says. “It was never our wish to take your mate, nor to war upon your people.”

“We will talk on this another time,” Axton says, his voice carrying

across the great chamber. “Do not dare venture upon our lands unless invited to do so.”

A female centaur approaches and passes a pelt to Axton, which he wraps around me. Then we are leaving, and my love carries me out into the forest.

I am in his arms, and I would be nowhere else.

“You are safe now, my little maiden, my brave warrior. You are safe.”

## CHAPTER TEN

### Chastity

AXTON CARRIES ME in his arms the whole way back to the village. I should sit astride his back. He must be tired, but he doesn't ask me to, and in truth, I cannot bear the thought.

As the lake comes into view, the last of the terror holding me prisoner lifts from my heart.

"We are home, little one," he says.

I have learned things about myself tonight, and about Axton too. There was a moment when I believed my life was over and feared I would never see his beautiful face again. We are not yet mated, for I have feared all the wrong things. What terrifies me more than any bear shifter is the thought of going to the Goddess before I have known Axton's love in the fullest sense.

Greetings are called as we draw near.

"Hail Axton!" they cry over and over as spears butts are thumped against the compacted earth. Their jubilation in victory is infectious.

I have seen two sides of the centaurs now—the good-natured, kindly side that smiles and laughs a lot, but also the dark, warring side that strikes back at any who oppose them. They are a formidable race.

Suddenly, I wish I were a centaur that I may be fully a part of these people, for I have been lonely for a long time. It is not only about wishing for a place, but also about the respect I feel for these noble beings. I am a human, and I will ever be an outsider, even should Axton take me as a mate.

But as I glance about, I see humans among the crowd, men and women coming to greet the centaurs who have come home from the battle past. I am confused by the warm greetings. A centaur pauses to kiss a woman before lifting a human toddler into his arms. Another young male centaur holds his

mother's hand. The great warrior centaur leans down to ruffle his hair.

All around, I see more of the same. There are far more centaurs than humans, but no one seems to mind the differences.

They seem to be well integrated, but how can that be?

Axton comes to a stop in the center of a great clearing, which I have only briefly seen on the night we arrived. Here he turns, and the crowd gathers about us in a circle to hear what their leader has to say.

"The bear shifters have been well punished," he says. "They will not trouble us again."

A great cheer rises from the crowd, and more spear thumping follows.

I feel conspicuous, as I am here in his arms still, glancing out at these centaurs and humans.

"Is their leader dead?" one centaur calls.

"He is," Axton says, "but it was not I who slay Dran. It was Chastity."

Another great cheer goes up, and they begin chanting, "Hail Chastity!" as they thump their spear butts against the dusty ground. I am mortified to draw this attention. My attack was more desperation than bravery.

When I glance through my lashes at Axton, I find him watching me and not the crowd. He smiles and winks at me. "My brave little maiden," he says for my ears only. "I had best not displease you lest you beat me with my own spear."

"Do not jest about such things," I mutter, even as I shine under his praise.

As they quieten, Axton speaks again. "I wish to formally claim Chastity as my mate before you today. I know it is customary to let the full moon month pass, but she has already claimed my heart and I cannot bear to wait another moment for her decision."

I blink a few times, trying to take all of this in...then gasp as he lowers me carefully to the ground. I clutch my pelt to me. What is he doing? Why would he put me down?

My legs shake a little as I stand before this proud centaur, who has similarly claimed my heart.

He bows his head and, taking his spear in both hands, holds it out to me.

"If you claim my spear, sweet Chastity," he says, voice carrying over

the gathering, “you are also claiming me. Henceforth, you will be a part of our herd. You will be my mate and I yours, until the Goddess takes one of us. We will be mates, bonded, and that bond is for life.”

A hush has taken the crowd, but I barely notice them, for my entire focus is upon this regal centaur whom I love as wholly as one can love. It has only been a period counted in days, no more than a few weeks since we first met, yet I know I was blessed the day he found me injured in the woods. Even in that dark moment when Dran took me, I knew Axton would come for me.

A broad smile and happy tears accompany me taking a step forward and claiming his spear.

The crowd roars their approval, chanting, “Hail Chastity and Axton!” as they thump their spears against the ground in a frenzy. I pay them no heed as I throw myself into Axton’s arms, weeping with joy, knowing I have found my home here with the sweetest, most loving, bravest of males within a community I am proud to be part of.

I am lifted into his arms, his spear still clasped tightly in my grasp as the crowd continues to cheer. I hear the first beats of the drums. A celebration is about to begin, but we leave it behind as Axton trots through the village, taking a route familiar to me, until we reach his home.

*Our home.*

“They will likely party all day and into the night. When the sun rises, they will begin over again,” he says with a smile. “But I very much want to be alone with you, my sweet mate. Perhaps after I have thoroughly convinced myself that you are well after your ordeal, we might join them, if that is your desire.”

The door creaks as he pushes it open and trots inside, taking me over to the table, where he sets me down.

“I would like that,” I say, shrugging off my pelt and inspecting my spear in wonder. I do not wish to put it down, lest Axton presumes that I have changed my mind, but it is long and heavy and I cannot carry it everywhere.

He holds out both hands formally, head bowed.

I bite my lip as I place it back into his hands.

“There,” he says, lips tugging up. “You are assuredly mine in the eyes of my people and the Goddess.”

“And you are mine,” I add, just to be sure he doesn’t get notions of rescuing other maidens, for he is noble and he might not be able to help himself.

His laugh is deep and full of love as he places the spear in its customary place beside the door.

“I have been yours from the moment I glimpsed you in the woods, sweet maiden,” he says, taking my hand and placing a chaste kiss against the knuckles. He moves away, gathering the box where he keeps his balms and bandages, and with a gentle care I have come to cherish, tends to my small wounds. Each is cleansed and balm applied. The cuts on my arm are a little deeper, so he wraps them up.

As he finishes packing the supplies away, I reach to cup his cheek. “I am ready, Axton. I cannot bear to wait. The thought of being taken to Her side before I have known what it is to be with you fills me with such sadness. Please, I do not want to wait.”

His nostrils flare. “My ability to be gentle with you, sweet maiden, is much strained by the battle past. I need a little time for my blood to cool, for the fear and rage to ease from my body, before I dare fully join with you.”

“You are not listening to me well, centaur,” I say boldly. “I want nothing more than to show my love for you. I have wanted that all along. Have I not shown you? Have I not demonstrated it to you every day? You will not harm me. I have been frightened, but I trust in you as I trust that the Goddess has already changed me so that we might show her our love in this way.”

Tears trickle down my face as he lifts me up into his strong arms. I am bloody in places, as is he, but none of that matters beside our need for connection.

“I wish I could see your sweet face as I mount you, but I dare not take you in any way other than the saddle, not while my blood pounds so. This will not be the gentle coupling I had wished for. Once my cock is inside you, I will not be able to hold back. My needs are too great.”

I bury my nose in the crook of his neck, nipping the strong column. “I need to feel you inside me, all of you. I am so empty without you. I beg you not to hold back. I want everything.”

There are no more words. He carries me straight through to the stable,



where the saddle is found. Here, he seats me upon the saddle, and his lips take mine, soft and gentle and far too briefly, before he collects a slim strip of leather from his special shelf, which he gives to me.

I turn it over. It is buttery soft with a buckle over the top of a finer flap of leather. There is a wide hoop attached to one side opposite the buckle.

“This will go around your throat,” he explains. “The leather reins will attach to your clamped nipples and thread through the hoop to where I hold them.”

My pussy squeezes as I take all this in.

“Is this what you want, sweet Chastity? For me to bridle you?”

Goodness, I am nearly ready to climax again just thinking about it. “Yes, milord.” I hand it back to him. “Bridle me. Please, I want all of it.”

He takes it from me with a nod. “Gather up your hair for me, love, so that I might place this around your neck.”

My hands shake as I lift my hair, body thrumming with heated anticipation.

He is careful in the task. I feel his strong hands first brushing over the column of my throat before he places the leather around my neck, causing my breath to turn choppy and my nipples to peak harder still. He buckles it, testing the fit carefully to ensure it is not too tight.

Then he encloses both the bridle and my throat in his big, warm hand before releasing me, letting my hair fall over my back, his knuckles brushing over my collarbone all the way down until they brush over my engorged nipples. I gasp. The sensation seems to tingle everywhere.

“How does that feel?”

“It feels odd but comforting, milord. Like you are holding me there.”

He smiles, and it is the most beautiful smile I have ever seen. “That is perfect, my sweet maiden.”

This time, his lips take mine in a drugging kiss. His hands roam my body, my breasts, my ass, moving over me with fevered anticipation. I cling to and kiss him back, squealing with joy as he sucks greedily upon my breasts. His fingers lower, playing in my slick folds, then he tugs me to the end of the saddle before laying me back. My ankles are lifted high and settled upon his shoulders as he works his fingers deep into my willing pussy, but I

don't want his fingers. I want the connection and the intimacy when he finally fills all of me.

"Please," I sob. "Saddle me. Mate me."

"When I am ready, little mate," he says implacably as he works his fingers deeply, thumb swiping over my clit, driving all the nerves there to blissful life. All the while, I feel the comfort of the bridle, as he calls it, that he has placed around my throat.

*Mate.* How I love hearing that word upon his lips. It makes me hotter and wetter and ramps up my need. His other hand palms my breast with proprietary intent, and my mouth opens on a deep groan as he tugs upon my nipple, even as he fingers my pussy with his other hand.

"I will mate you. I will fill you all up in ways no human male ever could," he says, nostrils flared. "I will ruin this sweet pussy for anyone but me, and when I am deep inside you, I will bathe your womb with my seed and breed my little mate."

I come. It tears through me, and I cry out my pleasure, hips rocking as I try to get more of his fingers, get them even deeper to ease my ever growing ache.

I sob for more, but he continues to toy with me, coaxing me to climax, feasting upon my pussy, my tits, nipping bites against my flesh.

"Open for me, sweet mate," he encourages, watching the dark, tormented pleasure play out upon my face. His fingers seem to reach deeper, hand rotating, pressing past comfort and into the edge of pain. "You assuredly must take much more if you are going to take my cock. My needs are great. Watching you come apart for me, hearing your begging, feeling your slick, open cunt, has all further driven my beastly side to the surface. Open fully for me, and I will saddle you and mount you as you desire."

My pussy convulses, the pleasure rising, and I am coming once again.

He snorts his approval as I slowly come down, chest heaving and twice as needy.

"Good girl. My sweet, little mate, coming so well for me. You are ready. It is time for me to saddle you."

"Yes. Please, yes!"

There is no more delay as Axton lifts me, turning me over. Eagerly, I

put my hands and feet into position, ready for him to strap me down. At the sensation of his hand skimming over my ass, I groan, my nipples tingling in anticipation of the clamps and reins that will run through the bridle...to his hands.

His broad palm sweeps the length of my legs, a firm, sure movement as he carefully buckles me in. Every clasp of a buckle as he lovingly secures me is greeted with joyful gasps and groans. He takes his time with my nipples, pulling and petting them, tugging them roughly until they are swollen to stiff peaks with arousal.

I squeal as the first clasp is applied.

“Good girl,” he says, stroking his fingertips over the gentle swell of my breast. “Deep breaths, love, and it will pass.”

“Goodness!”

“Does that feel good, my love?” he asks as he brushes his fingertips over the clasp.

“Yes!” I squeal, rocking within the confines of the straps. “Yes! That feels so good.”

“My beautiful mate,” he says, brushing his knuckles over my swollen breasts before giving the clamp a little tug. “That is a beautifully clamped nipple.”

“Yes! So good, and yet it burns.”

He skims his fingertips all around the plump flesh, pausing to spank it very gently, making the little clamp heavy as it pulls upon my nipple. He gives the clamp a firm tug, and I squeal again, pleasure shooting all the way to my core.

“Good girl, breathe through it. This will help you greatly when I seek to fill your little pussy with my cock.” Leaning down, he grasps a fistful of my hair and tugs me up for a lusty kiss. He plays further with the clamped nipple, flicking it and tugging it before skimming fingers gently over the flesh of my breast.

“I think a small weight may be in order.”

I groan as he heads for the shelf where he keeps his stocks. My eyes alight upon his cock, already pushed fully from the sheath, the flared tip leaking the sweet pre-cum that makes my mouth water for the taste.

A small silver bell is selected, and he attaches it to the clamp before connecting the first rein.

“Sweet heaven!”

He gives a little tug, and the fiery tingling that sweeps me up is so intensely pleasurable, tears leak from my eyes.

“Please, now.”

His chuckle is low and full of satisfaction. “Foolish maiden, I have not yet tended to the other side yet.”

Then he does, teasing and coaxing the peak until it is stiff and swollen from his attention and so sensitive, I am driven to feverish need. Finally, he attaches the second clamp, bell, and rein.

I groan wildly. My pussy is so swollen with my need and weeping copiously with slick.

“Milord, I need you. Fill your maiden all up.”

The reins are gathered in his hands as he rounds me. My body thrums with anticipation as the tinkle of the bells and the reins lightly tugging drive me to a heightened state of frenzy. I hear the thud of his hooves, another pause as he stops behind me, then the great clatter as he rises and his hooves skitter in the slotted channel.

I strain against the straps, grateful that they hold me still, for the sensation ripping through me needs to be contained lest I hurt myself. Held thus, I suffer none of his crushing weight. The air seems to ripple as his beastly belly skims over my ass, the framework holding him perfectly above as muscular thighs covered with silken hair brush against the backs of my legs.

He shudders, body trembling with a need echoed inside me. The first pass of his flared cock tip over my pussy has me groaning, and a great wave of dizzying heat rolls over the surface of my skin.

“Axton, I need you. I cannot bear it.”

“Hush, love, I am here.” His deep voice, roughened with need, steadies me. His slick cock sliding back and forth over my pussy and clit, so wide that no sensitive nerve can escape, cranks my arousal yet another notch. “It is the haze taking your body. This is natural between a mating pair. It will further help you to endure this fierce coupling...and is a sign that you are fully ripe

and might be bred.”

I strain within the binding, not seeking escape but to place my pussy in the path of his great beastly cock.

“Steady, my love,” he says, just as his flared tip finds the entrance to my pussy. He presses, back hooves thudding as his monstrous cock slides in and in, deeper and deeper, and still, there is yet more. As he fills me with his unearthly cock, a great rippling sensation sends me soaring, and my inner muscles have no choice but to submit as sensitive nerves flare and spark.

“Steady, little maiden,” he repeats. “Hold yourself for me. Hold yourself right there.”

And there I teeter, pussy fluttering around his pulsing shaft, so full that I feel him everywhere.

“Let me come,” I beg. “Take this abominable pressure away.”

“Not yet, sweet Chastity,” he says, voice low and strained, great body shuddering over me. His hooves thud, and the reins in his hand are tugged gently, ripping a squeal of pleasure from my lips just as his great cock glides out, only to fill me once again in a great, powerful thrust. Over and over, his monstrous cock pulls all the way out, sliding and sliding, before surging deeply with a great snap of his powerful thighs.

My pussy strains to accept him and yet grips fiercely every time he withdraws. Heat bathes my body, every jingle of the reins, every dragging withdrawal, every deeply surging thrust, building me to the point of rapture.

Here I hang upon the carnal cliff, desperate and yet unfulfilled by his command. He begins to jiggle the reins with more rapid thrusts, sending the whole frame juddering under the force, the sensation pulling and coiling ever tighter.

A great warm sphere is coming for me, swallowing me up. The pleasure crests, nipples tingling and building the first blissful sparks that draw all the way to my clit and deeper, to my stuffed pussy being taken by his preternatural cock.

My groan is wild, my skin inflamed by a thousand pinpricks dancing across the surface, converging on the points of greatest pleasure—my pussy and my breasts.

His thrusts grow heavier. The power and his beastly body are being meted out lustfully upon me.

And I relish every moment.

“That’s it, my mate,” he says. “Submit to the haze. Let your body rise with me.”

I do not believe there is anywhere else for me to go, yet impossibly, I lift higher still. The pleasure and pressure are endless, and I can never find relief. The deep surging thrusts, the sweet tinkle of the bells clamped to my nipples as he moves the reins, the clatter of front hooves, and the heavier thuds of back hooves, it all builds me once again.

Then I am tumbling. Above me, Axton issues a great shudder, and a hot gush fills me up. My pussy convulses around him, joyously accepting his seed, while I strain, trying to push back.

“Easy, my sweet mate,” he says roughly, thrusting his hips a little deeper and groaning out his pleasure as another hot flood bathes my womb.

My pussy aches with the strain of milking him. Hooves clatter and thump as he pushes deeper still. I feel too full, yet greedily, I want more.

My spent pussy muscles have no choice but to give, and he surges even deeper until his thighs are flush to my ass. He jiggles the reins, sending the bells tinkling and sparking another fierce wave of contractions as he fills me with yet more seed.

Then he is withdrawing another great rippling wave of pleasure, coaxing a final weak climax from me, and a gush of cum splats out.

I hang limp, blissfully high, tummy contracting and pushing out another heavy flood.

“My love,” he says softly. I feel gentle hands at my ankles and wrists, then hiss as he unclips the reins and bells from my nipples. Lifted into his arms, I am carried to his soft bed, where he carefully unclamps my first nipple and greedily sucks the sore tip into his mouth, sparking another shuddering spasm in my pussy, before repeating on the other side.

“My love,” he repeats upon a sigh, snuggling me close.

I cling to him, arms around his neck, nose buried against his throat, pussy squeezing over nothing as I gradually come down.

# EPILOGUE

## Axton

WE FALL ASLEEP in each other's arms, but I'm roused later to the sound of drums. The celebration, it would seem, is ramping up.

As I gaze upon the sweet maiden who is now my mate, my chest swells with a sense of wonder that all this is mine. We are different people, a different species, yet the Goddess has willed that we may join.

I smile, hearing her soft little snores breathed into my chest. Against the wishes of my mind, my hands seek to roam, finding this gentle swell of her ass and squeezing.

She whimpers a little in her sleep, thighs squeezing together in a way that immediately draws my attention. I have been negligent, I realize. Gently, I roll her onto her back.

"Ummmmnnn, what?" she murmurs sleepily.

"Hush, my love," I say. "I need to check you after that rough coupling to ensure that you are not injured."

She blinks up at me as I carefully part her thighs.

"I am assuredly fine," she announces, placing her hand over her pussy and blushing a pretty shade of red.

I want to chuckle at both her naughtiness and pretty blush, but that is a slippery road. Should she have half an inkling as to my weakness for her, I would never have a scrap of control again. Besides, this is important. My thoughts turn fearful when I consider how I mounted her roughly, forcing my cock all the way inside her pussy. I school my face into a mask of disapproval and land a single sharp spank against her thigh.

Her mouth pops open on a little gasp as her fingers fly from her pussy.

"Do you need some time with the strap before you can be good for me and let me check your soreness?" I demand.

"No! I am good," she announces, still a little groggy from her nap.

"Good, now bend your legs and let them fall open for me so that I can tend to you."

There is a small huff before she complies. I can't help but smile, but she

has flung one arm across her eyes dramatically, so she doesn't notice.

My cock lengthens and thickens as I inspect her. I have words with it.

They don't help. Her little ruined pussy is the most arousing sight, and my cock knows what she needs. Even her little clit is still hard and seems to throb like it wants further attention as she suffers the lingering effects of the haze. Doubtless, she will be particularly lusty for the next few days.

If I have any say in it, and I assuredly will, she will spend every day sore from my attention, weeping slick, and her nipples constantly hard from my petting them.

"You are not too badly hurt, my love. A little swollen, but that is to be expected. Are you hungry, love?"

"Hungry?" she squeaks out, her arm lowering and her eyes landing with unerring accuracy on my hard cock.

"It will help with your healing," I explain.

Her eyes dart between my face and my cock like she is not sure whether to believe me or not. There is only the briefest hesitation before she pushes herself up, another wince of discomfort making my cock throb harder still and eject a little gush of pre-cum as if to encourage her.

Small hands clasp around my length as she kneels over me and begins to pump, even as she bends to lap at the flared tip with a contented sigh.

I gather her hair out of the way so I can watch the rapture on her sweet face. Already, the furrow in her brow softens as my potent seed goes to work. Her small, nimble fingers, the light rasp of her tongue, and her joyful little hums have me rising to her needs. A shudder ripples through my body, then I feel my balls tighten, and a gush of cum ejects from the tip in a heady rush.

She coughs a little, trying to drink it too quickly. "Steady, my love," I say. There is no more beautiful sight than watching my mate lick and lap up every drop, knowing it will ease the soreness and better ready her to receive my hard cock thrusting deeply into her gripping cunt again.

She cups my balls and gently fondles them, like she learned last time, to coax another savage clench as they contract and gift her another smaller offering of cum. I groan weakly, utterly spent, as my balls still clench like that might yield another drop.

"There, my love. You have utterly drained your mate. My greedy little



one must have a belly fit to burst.” I need to prize her from her task so that I may hold her while it works upon her.

As soon as I gather her close, she comes. I hold her through it, smoothing hands over her lush little body, pinching her nipples to heighten the pleasure, and swallowing her cries in a kiss.

As she comes down, I gather her closer to me, loving the way her tiny feet tangle between my beastly legs and her arms wrap around my neck like she needs to be as close as she possibly can.

“I still remember how you trembled before me, so nervous, when we first met,” I say. “It fills me with such joy to have you touch me thus.”

Her head lifts, and she cups my cheek in her small hand. “I love you,” she says before her lips tug up. “And it was not only fear, for my body responded to you even then, and my mind.... My mind thought you were the most wondrous creature in all the world—handsome, formidable, and regal all at once.”

She blushes. I will never tire of her sweet blush.

“And?” I prompt, one brow raising in question.

“I was mortified by how my pussy wept over your beautiful coat. Then again when we got to your home, and you insisted I remove all my clothes for my comfort.”

“Did you not feel more comfortable?” I tease.

“No, milord! I did not.”

I chuckle softly. “I would do it all again. I could not keep my eyes or hands off of you, even as I berated myself for not giving you time.”

“I would not have it any other way,” she says. “I love you, my brave, regal centaur. I am blessed to have found you.”

“And I love you, my sweet, loving little mate.” I kiss her deeply, full of all the brimming love and passion that I feel.

Then the drums rise, beating louder, vibrating through the earth beneath us.

“There is a celebration,” I say, pressing a chaste kiss to her forehead. “I would like to better introduce you to my herd. They will come to love you as I do, and I hope you will likewise come to love them.”

“I would like that,” she says. “After.”

“After?” I ask, noticing the smile upon her lips and the lusty gleam in her eyes.

Her answer is to take my hand and press it between her thighs. She groans as I slip fingers through her slick folds and gently explore her hot little pussy. My cock twitches, pushing from the sheath, eager to serve his new and only mistress.

“After you have saddled me again,” she boldly announces.

I groan, fingers pumping into her gushing cunt, delighting in the way she opens her legs for me, giving me access that I might pet her needy pussy and strum her fat little clit.

“After,” I agree, smirking at her cute little growl of displeasure when I take my hand away. Grinning, I gather my sweet mate into my arms and carry her through to my stable, where she giggles and wriggles enticingly as I carefully strap her into place.

Here, I show her all my love, thanking the Goddess for my blessings with every deep, satisfying thrust.

Later, when we are both thoroughly sated and I’m confident my maiden is good and bred, we join the celebration to the cheers of my village.

Nestled against me on the furs beneath the stars, my new mate gasps in wonder as the fireflies emerge from the forest, caught in a warm breeze. “How pretty,” she says, holding out her hand as one settles there for the briefest moment before drifting off.

Smiling, she turns and gazes up at me. “Not a full moon month ago, I was hurt, afraid, and alone, and you were merely a centaur in my forest.”

“And now?” I ask teasingly.

“Now, you are the keeper of my heart.”

“As you are of mine, my Chastity, my mate. For the rest of our earthly lives, I shall keep you until the Mother of All Things claims us to her side.”

The drums beat, and the centaurs and humans continue to celebrate around us, but here on the furs, I have eyes only for the sweet little maiden who is the center of my world.

The End.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Trained For Their Pleasure: A MFM fantasy Omegaverse  
Standalone novel with HEA

I'm a Beta. I'm not supposed to be with an Alpha.

But he's taking me anyway.

Both him and his brother.

A Beta can be trained, he says.

Trained to satisfy an Alpha.

And so my training begins.

**Trained For Their Pleasure** is a MFM fantasy Omegaverse with two barbarian Alphas determined to own their sweet but stubborn Beta mate!



Prey: A Fantasy Omegaverse Reverse Harem

**International Bestseller!**

A standalone novel with a HEA

**I am prey.**

This is not pity talking, this is an acknowledgment of a fact.

I am small and weak; I am an Omega. I am a prize that men war over.

For a year I have hidden in the distant corner of the Empire.

But I am running out of food, and I am running out of options.

That I must leave soon is not a decision for today, though, but a decision for tomorrow.

Only tomorrow's choices never come.

For tonight brings strangers who remind me that I am prey.

**Prey** is a fantasy reverse harem Omegaverse with three stern Alphas, an Alpha wolf-shifter, and a stubborn Omega prey. It includes smoking hot sexual situations, spankings, and domestic discipline.



## Ravished: A Fantasy Omegaverse Short Story

My life turned on its head the day I revealed.

There would be no civilized wedding for me.

My *kind* is taken as a mate by men in touch with their wild, animalistic side.

Tied together for life by a knot instead of a ring.

Tonight's grand ball in my honor is merely a facade.

*Choose*, I have been told.

Tomorrow, I must choose.

**Ravished** is a standalone fantasy portal romance short story with a sweet, sassy heroine, and a dark hero who comes to her rescue.



## Punished: A SciFi Alien Romance

Wild, uncivilized, and deadly, he is all these things and more.

Yet it is I who has had power over him.

He calls me his god and creator.

But they were just words upon a page.

He says I'm cruel and wicked.

But I didn't mean to be.

None of this matters anymore, for the lines have gotten blurred.

I need to be punished, and my brutal alien master is going to punish me.



The Awakening: A Dark Cinderella Omegaverse Romance  
A standalone novel with a HEA

Woodrow was looking to claim his mate at any price... A dark and sensual paranormal twist on a Cinderella retelling that kicks off a series!

**All things must end.**

I learned that lesson the day my mother died.

My step-mother was wicked.

My step-sister, cruel.

It was a relief when I revealed as an empath because it was a chance to join the program and escape the drudgery of my life.

But it wasn't the end of my troubles.

*What happens in the program is a secret.*

And my troubles had just begun.

*"I can save you from one monster, Verity," Lilly said when she accepted me into the program. "But I cannot save you from them all."*

True to her word, she saved me from my step-mother.

Then Woodrow entered my life.

And I realized he was the other monster Lilly had warned me about.

**The Awakening** is a dark and steamy non-shifter paranormal empath romance.





Predictive: A science fiction thriller  
**International Bestseller in Military Sci-fi, Colonization, Space Marine,  
Space Fleet and Metaphysical Sci-fi!**

I can tell when someone is lying.

And I know when they speak the truth.

I predict about the future, about our civilization,

And I've predicted that we are going to lose the war.

I'm not afraid to use predictive skills to break the rules--to break people--  
-if it's necessary for the greater good.

My relationship with my brother may be strained, but he's in trouble,  
And I'm going to get him out...whatever it takes.