

Morgana: The Mother Of All #Chapter 16: A Good Hunt (1) - Read Morgana: The Mother Of All Chapter 16: A Good Hunt (1)

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Frozen in shock, the goblins' eyes widened in surprise as one of their own fell to the ground, a gaping wound on its throat spilling blood onto the forest floor. I had been swift and ruthless, my powerful leap carrying me directly towards them. However, in my haste, I had miscalculated my trajectory, and I found myself careening towards a sturdy tree.

With lightning-fast reflexes, I adjusted my center of gravity, twisting my body so that I crashed into the tree with my legs first. The impact sent a jolt through my body, but I used the force of the collision to propel myself back towards the goblins.

My first target was obvious: the goblin who was about to bury his big green dick inside the bunny girl's cunt. With a snarl, I lunged at him, my claws bared and my fangs glistening.

"Die, filth," I growled, my voice a low, menacing rumble.

The goblin's eyes widened in terror as I descended upon him. He tried to scramble away, but it was too late. My claws sank into his flesh, and with a vicious twist, I ended his life. The other goblins, witnessing the brutality of my attack, let out shrill cries of fear

I landed gracefully, my silver fur shimmering in the dappled light of the forest. The bunny girl, her eyes wide with a mixture of fear and relief.

Without pausing, I turned my attention to the remaining three goblins. One was mounted on her midriff, forcefully spreading her legs wide. The other two goblins held her arms and bunny ears tightly, ensuring her immobility.

"GRRRAW! With a primal howl, I launched myself at the nearest goblin who was atop her belly, my jaws snapping shut around its neck. With a swift twist, I ripped out its throat, ending its life instantly.

The goblin's blood sprayed across the forest floor and onto me, painting my beautiful silver fur in crimson. With a savage snarl, I tossed the lifeless body aside, my eyes locked on the remaining two. They were frozen in fear, their grip on the bunny girl loosening as they realized the dire situation they were in.

"Run," I growled, my voice deep and commanding.

The goblins and the bunny girl, as if on cue, turned and fled in different directions. The goblins, driven by pure instinct, scrambled through the underbrush, their shrieks of fear echoing through the forest. The bunny girl, her eyes wide with terror, ran toward the safety of the nearby magical portal.

"Time to hunt," I displayed a bloodthirsty smile and dropped to all fours, my eyes gleaming with predatory intent. The chase was on.

I felt an uncontrollable urge to hunt, to kill, to taste blood, to rip and tear flesh, and these two goblins were the perfect prey. With powerful strides, I pursued them through the forest, my silver fur blending seamlessly with the shadows.

The goblins, their fear fueling their flight, ran blindly, their shrieks becoming fainter as they put distance between us. But they could not escape me. I was faster, stronger, and driven by a primal need to bring them down.

"There is no escape from me," I growled, my voice carrying a warning.

With relentless pursuit, I closed in on them, my jaws dripping with anticipation. The scent of their fear filled my nostrils, spurring me on. I would not stop until their blood stained my fur and their lifeless bodies lay at my feet.

The forest seemed to come alive around me, the rustle of leaves and the distant calls of wildlife blending into a symphony of primal sounds. But amidst it all, the panicked breaths of my prey rang out loud and clear, driving me forward with a single-minded focus.

Suddenly, and unfortunately for both of them, one of the goblins tripped and fell, causing the other to stumble and fall on top of him. They scrambled to their feet, their eyes wide with panic as they realized their mistake.

"GROWL!" I bared my fangs, my eyes fixed on my prey.

Seizing the opportunity, I closed the gap between us with lightning speed. With a powerful leap, I soared through the air, aiming directly for the entangled goblins below.

They looked up just in time to see me descending upon them, their eyes widening in terror as they realized their end was near.

My claws found their mark, piercing with force on the goblin's chest and emerging from his back. He collapsed, with me atop him. The last one instantly attempted to flee, but I was fueled by a thirst for blood. I seized his upper arm with my jaw, my claws still deeply embedded in the other goblin.

With a powerful shake of my head, I ripped the goblin's arm from its socket, eliciting a strangled cry of agony. Blood spurted from the wound as the goblin stumbled and fell to the forest floor, clutching at the mangled stump where its arm had been.

Ignoring its pitiful cries, I removed my claws from the first goblin's chest and slowly crept on all fours toward the remaining one.

"Ahhh!...what a delightful sight," I smiled, watching his pitiful attempt to escape me by crawling backward using the elbow of his remaining good hand. "The smell of blood, the fear in your eyes... it's intoxicating," I mused, my voice low and guttural as I stalked closer to the trembling goblin.

"You know..." Reaching, I seized his legs forcefully, splaying them apart and exposing his rigid shaft. "...for a small creature, you have a really nice dick."

I trailed my fingers along his length, admiring his size, before bestowing upon him a few pleasurable strokes. "Ahh...I felt an itch down there. I'm almost tempted to have this big green dick inside me."

The goblin's eyes widened in terror at my touch, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he realized the depths of his predicament. He squirmed beneath me, his body trembling with fear and arousal, a mixture of emotions swirling in his panicked mind.

With a predatory grin, I tightened my grip on his legs, holding him firmly in place as I continued to toy with his cock. The scent of his fear mingled with the musky aroma of his arousal, filling the air with a heady mixture that only served to fuel my own desires.

"Such a shame to waste it," I said, my voice low and dangerous.

Instantly, I forcefully drew him toward me and, with a swift motion, brought my jaws down on his neck, ending his life instantly. I savored the taste of his blood, the warmth of it spreading through my mouth. I devoured him, leaving nothing but a few scattered bones amidst the leaves.

"Ahhhh!..." The forest fell silent once more, the only sound the soft rustle of the breeze through the trees. I stood amidst the carnage, my silver fur now matted with goblin blood. The hunt was over, but the primal urge to kill still coursed through my veins.

"I...Need...MORE!" I howled, as my enhanced nose detected the scent of goblins, a scent I had grown accustomed to during my initial pursuit.

Without thinking, I took off in the direction of the scent, my enhanced senses guiding me through the forest. The urge to kill and maim consumed me, and I craved more bloodshed. As I ran, my silver fur, now stained with the blood of my previous victims, blended seamlessly with the shadows, making me a formidable predator.

The scent led me to a small clearing, where I spotted a group of goblins marching slowly. They were laughing and joking, unaware of the impending danger.

"More for me!" My lips curled back in a silent snarl as I surveyed the scene. With a swift and graceful movement, I leaped from the shadows, landing in their midst.

The goblins froze, their eyes wide with shock and fear. Before they could react, I lashed out, my claws slicing through the air. I targeted the nearest goblin, my claws finding their mark and tearing through flesh and bone. The goblin fell, its lifeless body hitting the ground with a thud.

"MORE!"

The others scrambled to their feet, letting out shrill cries of terror. I lunged at another, my jaws snapping shut around its throat. With a vicious shake of my head, I ended its life, its blood spraying across my face and painting my fur with more red. The remaining goblins turned to flee, but they were no match for my speed and agility.

"RUN! LET ME CHASE YOU!" I pursued them relentlessly, my eyes gleaming with murderous intent. One by one, I took them down, reveling in the sound of their screams and the feel of their warm blood on my fur. The forest echoed with the sounds of my savage kills, and the ground was stained with goblin blood.

However, the last one I spared. Standing amidst the carnage, my breath coming in ragged gasps, the primal urge to kill had been satisfied, for now. I looked down at my blood-soaked fur, a mixture of satisfaction and disgust washing over me.

However, I had another primal desire that needed fulfilling. I gazed down at the goblin within my grasp. My eyes glowed with a fusion of pleasure and lust.

"Open up for me," I said, my voice deep and menacing as I held my cock an inch from his face.