

The Dream

After we explained to everyone how the new situation is and where they could find a place to live, the moods seemed to calm down. The werewolves were wary at first when they met ours, but they seem to get along now.

I will wait to meet them all after a first night for them to settle. I was also greeted by the other baby dragons, who all seemed very happy to see me again, in their own way.

Since I had so much fucking to do recently, I am exhausted and head back to Des's and my little lookout on the little hill we use as our home. Des is still out with Richard, helping the monsters to settle in and answering open questions.

I decide to take a quick bath in the lake, before I return to our bed, which is more like a comfy mattress-like patch of grass on the ground. I guess Des's dragon prefers it that way. I'm super tired, so it doesn't take much until I fall asleep.

I feel a rope wrapping around my wrists and ankles, pulling my legs and arms apart, while something covers my eyes. I want to free myself, but I can't move, so I just have to wait.

The next thing I feel is a wet, hot tongue lick up from my feet, over my legs, up to my core. A hand grabs my boob and squeezes her tight, the pressure is almost painful, but not quite. I bend my back and quietly gasp, just as the tongue licks over my folds. I instantly spread my legs further and push my pelvis up, welcoming the tongue between my lower lips.

But instead of going inside, the tongue just keeps licking for mere seconds, before retracting again. It drives me crazy and I moan and squeal, trying to push up more so I can take it in—anything at this point.

I whine and beg, until I can finally feel the tongue slip in. I sigh and move my hips, grinding, contracting to keep it in. Then, I can feel it slip out again, rub against my clitoris, making me shriek and orgasm the first time, but I'm not nearly done.

I'm hungry for more and just as I open my mouth to say it, it all stops. When I awake, I feel sweat on my forehead and need to sit up. I'm still naked and alone. What a weird dream.

I hear something behind me, so I look back, but there is nothing. Then, my gaze falls upon my wrist and I frown. There are red markings on both, as well as my ankles. There has been a rope! It wasn't a dream!

But who would need to deceive me like that? I willingly fuck every beast there is, so why hide? Before I can think anything else, Des walks up the hill, giving me a puzzled, but then pleased look when he sees me.

"You're still awake," he says and takes off his clothes, before sitting next to me.

"I woke up after a dream," I say, evading his hands when he tries to grab my hips, making him frown. "Turn."

Des looks confused for a moment, but then he turns into a dragon immediately. When he's done, he lays on his side and I walk to his hind legs. He understands and positions himself so I can see his cock, already hardening.

I climb onto it and rub my pussy against the rock-like dick. Thinking back to the dream, I start moaning and grabbing my boobs, my wetness already coating the tip. I slide a little higher, until I am able to press my pussy on the very top of the cock, pushing myself onto it. I moan and wiggle, but can't quite get to the climax.

Des realizes my struggle, so he picks me up and puts me back on the ground, on all fours. Then, he bends over me and I expect him to ram into my pussy, but instead, I can feel him push against my ass.

I bend my back and open my mouth wide, as this is the first time where I can feel some resistance. My ass is not ready for him, I didn't even know that was possible. But I want him. I need him inside of me.

So I push myself up from the ground, my legs straight now, my hands still on the grass, making it easier for Des to slide in. He gives me an animalistic groan, just before he tries to push in further.

I scream and my sight goes black for a moment, a wave of orgasms crash over me, but not even the whole tip is inside yet. Des pulls back and turns me around, grabbing my waist and holding me like a tissue to jack off in, before he rams inside my pussy.

My cries echo through the valley and I can hear the response of moaning and sighing from various creatures, as they pleasure themselves or others simultaneously. Des is harder than usual, rough, relentless, as he keeps spearing inside of me, pulling back out completely every time, before hammering back inside.

Every time I orgasm anew and by the end I am unable to move. When Des finishes, he pulls out, I open my mouth and he empties his whole load between my lips and onto my torso, the hot liquid pouring over me like a fucking syrup. I raise my shaking hands and spread it all over me, enjoying the feeling.

Des gently lies me back down, before he turns to human again and lies next to me. "I felt like you needed it this way today," he says quietly and strokes my hair, pulling me close to his chest. "Thank you," I whisper and feel myself drift off already.

The next day, I try to forget about the mysterious visitor. After all, it could have been only a dream, right? I check in with Lazarus and his new centaur friend, first.

I enter their little Pantheon that Des created for them and expect to find them discussing or something, but instead... I freeze when I see what is happening.

Lazarus is on the bottom, while the new one is fucking him rapidly, hard, and deep. I can hear the massive balls smack against his ass, and I instantly feel turned on by this. The new one's hands are grabbing Lazarus' hair, and although it looks fucking painful, Lazarus' cock is rock hard.

Grinning, I walk over, and as they both have their eyes closed, they don't see me coming. I position myself below Lazarus and push my ass up, and as the new one thrusts the next time, Lazarus rams into me as well.

I instantly scream, and I can feel Lazarus hesitate for a moment before I can hear him chuckle. "Couldn't...resist, huh?" he asks, and I grab his front legs in response, holding onto them, while the other one keeps fucking us both.

When Lazarus and I are rolled up, I crawl forward a bit and fall down, breathing heavily. "I'm Cat," I say out of breath, and the new centaur laughs.

"I'm Chares. Lazarus has told me about you, but I didn't know you would be that eager," he says, and I sit cross-legged, so his eyes fall onto my pussy. "You're naked."

"I don't really bother putting on clothes around here. It's easier that way," I say, and he just licks his lips, his eyes still fixed on my pussy. "Play nice and I might let you taste her."

He looks into my face now and gives me a dirty smile. "I can't wait to," Chares says, and Lazarus chuckles. "She can be quite addictive," he says, and I lean against him.

"So, are there only male centaurs?" I ask, and they both nod. "The origin of how we were created has been lost. There are stories that it's a punishment of the gods, but we don't believe that."

"It's definitely not a punishment to have such a huge cock," I say, and they both laugh. "I want to take both of you at the same time."

Chares raises his eyebrows. "Are you sure? That's a lot of cock."

"I'm sure." I chuckle and stand up. "But not today. I have to visit the others."

"Come by anytime you want." Lazarus nods, and I wave to them before moving on.

I visit the werewolves in the forest, but I can hear them from far away already. I'm sure I do not want to get in between them, just by the sound of it. But I am curious, so I sneak a little closer and gasp when I hide behind a tree and watch them.

The She-wolf is kneeling on the ground, riding one of them hard, while our werewolf fucks her hard from behind. I can see how he tries to pull out, but she howls and it seems like he's stuck inside of her. She's been knotted.

I feel a warm sensation between my legs and know why. Why didn't they knot me as well? Yes, I experienced something like that before, but not with them. Carefully, I creep back out of the dark woods.

After I visited some of the new monsters and greeted them properly—most are still a little timid—I circle back to Mehdi and Nadira. When I walk to Mehdi's cave, I can hear them talk. Hmm, I expected them to be more steamy.

"Cat, what a nice surprise." Mehdi waves me inside and I sit down between them, as they are facing each other. "We have been catching up. Nadira comes from the same region where I am originally from, but she's a lot younger than I am."

"How exactly are Djinns created? Do you get pregnant?" I ask Nadira, who laughs and shakes her head. "No. We are cursed humans, hence our shape." She points to her body and I frown.

"Why would anybody curse humans to be...this perfect? I mean... Mehdi literally fucked me without stopping," I say and Nadira's cheeks turn a little red, while he laughs.

"In normal circumstances, we are only enslaved. And used for the typical stu... Three wishes and all that bullshit. It's actually not three, but unlimited. They just changed it for their stories to make it juicier." Mehdi sighs. "The wine is empty already."

"I can get new one," Nadira says, but Mehdi holds her by her wrist. "You really don't have to. We can just create a new one."

"The real one tastes better, though. I don't mind." She smiles and stands up, taking the empty bottle with her and walking out of the cave. We both look after her and when she's out of sight, Mehdi sighs deeply.

"What's the matter? I thought you'd already be deep inside of her, to be honest," I say, and he chuckles. "Not that I don't want to. But she's inexperienced, timid. I don't want to scare her or do anything she doesn't want to," he says, and I grin widely.

"That's so sweet of you. But maybe...we should show her then, hmm?" I wink, and Mehdi's eyes start to glow, a smile appearing on his lips. "I have been missing your screams," he says and offers me his hand.