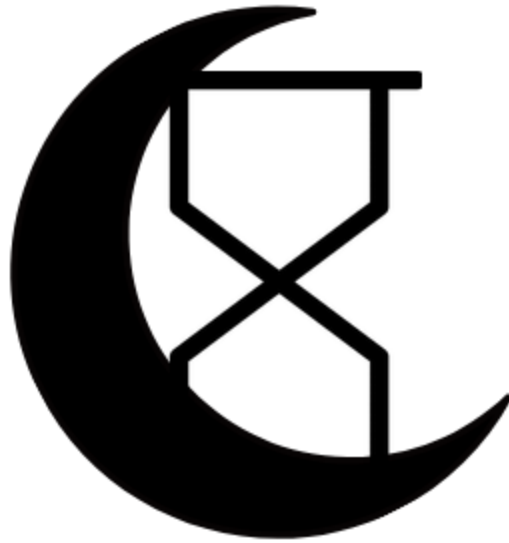


Jaina: Cowgirl Punching Bag



by Kizrah

I was working on another script focusing on the idea of a priestess/nun who absolves you by letting and encouraging you to fuck them like a piece of meat as roughly as possible, to expel your sins and unwholesome desires into her. This will probably contain significant rabid fucking, choking, slapping, hair pulling, rutting, and even possible whipping. This is how a local cowgirl next door chose to spread the word and love of Tira.



Art by <https://twitter.com/perfumedcupid>

[Nun?/Jaina]

//specific factors or requirements.

//Tooltip: Is... is that a nun? In a (templeofmallach:Non-Mallachite)brothel?/ At her own table sits Jaina, local Priestess and teacher of Tira's ways in a more... unique manner.

Room Description Text:

Hasn't Introduced

{Off at her own table sits a rather lithe cowgirl who oddly reads a scroll in silence, but even more unusual is the clothing she wears. From head to hoof, she is garbed in standard robes of a temple priestess, like a hood that rests just above her nubby horns, and rather loose sleeves on her robe, all made from a comfortable black cloth with white trim. She has a short necklace, though not as short as her mid thigh ending skirt, hanging above the generous cleavage of her caramel chest, and unlike the sleeves and hood her dress hugs her primary curves quite tight.

Speaking of curves, her generally slender shape is accentuated by the truly cow-like size of her breasts and ass. The last thing you notice is her face, which is quite beautiful and- Oh fuck, she's looking right at you. When you look each other in the eyes you wonder how long you've been staring. When she sees you've noticed her noticing you, her face turns into a very wide smile filled with genuine kindness and a gentle nature. She gives a slight nod to you, before going back to her reading. She seems to be a proper woman of the cloth, but seeing her in a place like this is strange, and a person sitting alone in a brothel **usually** isn't a client... }

Has Introduced

{Jaina sits at her usual table where she reads and meditates between "prayers". When she sees you, she gives you a pure and innocent smile in greeting. She seems as ready as always to help "**cleanse**" you.}

Introduction

First Time:

It's hard to find something more interesting than a priestess in a brothel, so you decide to introduce yourself. When you reach the table, you notice it has truly been claimed by her. There are several candles on it of black and white, all of which are covered in text and symbols of the opposite color, as well as a shockingly detailed churchlike tablecloth. Even the stools are of a higher craftsmanship than the rest the establishment offers, which is definitely saying something.

"Ay-ah my child." She says to you. "I'm quite certain we have not yet met. I am Sister Jaina, although simply Jaina will do."

You respond that you haven't, but it is a shame you haven't till now.

"Mmmh, quite the charmer. Most of the establishment's clientele don't even bother to flirt, they simply heft their coin onto the table." She reaches out her downturned hand in a very ladylike fashion. "I confess, I have grown quite tired of the joke about the nun who walked into a brothel. Please, please, sit down so I may get to know you."

You sit on the nearest chair, and ask her what she is doing in this establishment?

"Oh my dear, I think you can hazard a guess."

So her clothes, all this presentation, is just for show?

"Oh goodness no my child!" Jaina says. "I am absolutely a genuine woman of the cloth. I am a member of the holy order of Tira in fact." She gestures to her necklace, which you now notice is shaped like an hourglass.

Then what *is* she doing here?

"Well, I suppose the same thing as everyone else. Just as my brothers and sisters of the establishment offer their bodies to their patrons, I do the same, but I do so in the service of Tira and spreading her word. That said, I'm also not quite an employee of this establishment, I represent that church and therefore Feronia allows me to 'preach' and accept 'donations' for the clergy as long as she receives a bit off the top for her hospitality. I am technically somewhat of a missionary in that manner, but I'm more than close enough to a whore." she says with a wink.

That's very interesting, although you figured that would be more of a Mallachite thing.

What does *'almost'* whoring have to do with Tira?

"My dear, I hope you didn't think Mallachites get to have **all** the fun." she says coyly.

"Tira is certainly the god of Death and War, but it's not as simple as that. War itself is not a simple concept, broken down it is struggle... **Hardship**." she says. "And many come to Tira for help alleviating that hardship."

That's a good enough explanation.

"Before this goes any further, I should tell you that my services are not as conventional as the other providers here." she says. "With struggle, comes stress, anger, and even pain. Tira teaches us that even such negative emotions can be harnessed and used in positive ways, even outside of battle."

What exactly does that mean?

"The services I offer are much more controversial. Some would even say... **Violent**."

Regardless of how interested you are, you are certainly intrigued.

"You are permitted to do things to me that most partners won't allow, even in a place like this. You are permitted to choke me, slap me, strike me, or nearly anything else you can think of. Things that cross far beyond other worker's boundaries are not only accepted and encouraged, but I quite enjoy them." In contrast to her words, her face still remains

gentle and innocent. "I can of course do the same to you, but it is much more popular to **give** than **receive**."

Repeat:

You make your way again to Jaina's personal table, sitting down across from her as she reads before she looks up at you with a soft and heartfelt smile.

"Ay-ah {pc.name}. It's good to see you again." she says.

It's good to see her as well, and she looks as beautiful as always.

"So what can I help you with today? I've always got time to help a wayward soul in need."

Appearance

//Tooltip: Get a good look at the holy woman.

Sitting before you is an absolutely stunning woman with a face like an angel that exudes nothing but gentle kindness and caring. Her head is topped with a rather loose hood, underneath which sits medium length red hair accessorized by a pair of adorable little horns. From her neck hangs a short golden necklace with an onyx jewel in the shape of an hourglass. Her sleeves are as loose and baggy as her hood, although they tighten up around her biceps, and she wears a gold bracelet on each wrist.

Contrasting that, her dress is remarkably tight from her shoulders to her mid thigh, further displaying her Cow-like tits and ass on her comparatively slender body. Her entire outfit is made of black silk, with white trim and embroidery, and looks sinfully soft. Her tail hangs out from under her short skirt, swaying back and forth just above the ground. You're certain she'd be wearing painfully high black heels to go with the rest of her outfit, if only she didn't have hooves. She tilts her head to the side, and then when your eyes dart up to hers, she giggles in amusement.

"Please, feel free to keep looking my child. Staring is free of course, but gawking costs extra!" She punctuates with a laugh.

Talk

//Tooltip: If you are gonna fuck her like a rabid animal, you might as well get to know her a little bit.

"Ooh, conversation isn't a request I hear often. What would you like to know?"

Herself:

//Tooltip: Get to know the Cow-Nun a little bit more personally.

"Hmm, what can I tell you about me... I was born in the inner city to a rather wealthy family. My mother and father operate quite a successful textile trade which affords us a relationship with many members of the nobility, it also allows me to wear such luxurious and custom made garments." She says displaying her dress. "As you can tell, I don't plan on going into the family business any time soon."

"As for how I came into the service of the Pale Rider, that's a rather funny story. Growing up as a young lady with the privilege of wealth and status, I proceeded to resent the social hierarchy and rebel against my parents. The simplest method was to wear dark clothes and mascara while trying to embarrass my family to their friends, but they were extremely devout Velunites, so I made a show of worshipping a different member of The Seven. There were two easy choices in Khor'Minos, one of which wears

all black clothes and praises death, while the other would have primarily involved me getting pregnant, so Tira was a pretty simple choice." She chuckles.

It seems like it must have gone pretty well.

"What originally started as an act of defiance with a convenient color palette, became much more serious the more time I spent with them. They weren't the cult of gloomy doom sayers they look like on the outside, they were so much more peaceful and some of the most positive people I had ever met. They helped people, and lived lives of tranquility in the face of any hardship. Growing up with rich and rather greedy parents, it was strange to see people so selfless."

It sounds like she really found her calling.

"I think I did." she says confidently. "I started to take worship very seriously, learning all I could about Tiran legend, her practices, and how I could contribute to making the world a better place. Eventually I even took a vow of service and loyalty in Tira's name, becoming an agent of Tira in my own right. I never had a knack for practicing magic and lack the fire of a preacher or a true missionary, and I'm certainly not built to wield a blade against the undead, so I found other ways to serve. What I do now lets me bring the light of Tira into people's lives, raise a hefty bit of change for the temple, and it **certainly** doesn't hurt that I enjoy it."

Tira:

//Tooltip: Who better to ask about a god, than a priestess?

"Tira is certainly a divisive goddess. She is commonly recognized as the symbol and manifestation of death, but she is also the one that maintains the flow of time. In this, eventually all things must come to an end, and it is her loving embrace we find at our final breath"

She raises her hands in front of her, as if they were opposite sides of a scale.

"Those that fear death will pray for her to give them leniency, and give them more time in this world, while others may pray for the death of their enemies. She is the one asked for short winters, and long summers. Naturally she is favored by warriors, who know that the end of life is an unquestionable pillar of their trade, and they ask for her blessing to bring death upon their foes, and to prevent themselves from finding its grasp. She is also the most commonly petitioned by nobles, asking for long lives in leisure and that their position of stature vainly last forever."

"The contradiction should be obvious, where a king will pray that his empire stand proud for generations, but the common folk wish that it comes to a quick end. All of these are

the most basic understandings of Tira, but true believers have more holistic beliefs. We know that life must end, but we don't hope for it as some may think. We do not fear the inevitable death that awaits us, we accept it, and live every day with gratitude in our hearts because it is a gift from her. We embrace life while we can, because there can be no death without it, proving that they are intrinsically and permanently entwined for all existence, and that though all things end, that is how new things begin."

There can't be death without life, but there can't be life without death... But if everything has to die eventually, and it should be embraced, what is the point of living?

"Just because death is beautiful doesn't mean life is pointless, my child. Quite the opposite in fact." she says with glee. "Our lives are filled with joy and pain, failures and triumphs... It is our life that makes our death matter, for every single moment of our life stretches into a luxurious tapestry that makes up who we are, and death is the final brush stroke. To truly live in Tira's light is to try and find the beauty in all things, loving the good, but even more-so embracing the bad and understanding that every hardship we survive makes us stronger, and our lives richer. In the end, we go into her pale arms made better for everything we have lived through, the good, and the bad."

That is certainly a pleasant way to live, especially if you view every bad thing in the most positive light.

With that, Jaina takes hold of your [pc.hand] and looks deeply into your eyes.

"**To live, is to struggle** my child. It is up to us what we do with it."

The Demonic Siege:

//Tooltip: A Priestess who uses rough sex in a brothel as worship and to make money for her goddess, the goddess of Death, probably has a unique outlook on the incursion of fuck demons from another world.

When you ask she sighs deeply and loses her smile for the first time you've seen, her face sinks into sorrow and regret.

"What can I say? This invasion has been nothing short of horrendous. So many lives lost to this seemingly endless flow of those malformed little freaks... Some of us are even subjected to an arguably worse fate...". Her eyes well up on the verge of tears. She takes a fair moment to compose herself before she continues.

"Cave systems built by our ancestors are being destroyed for our own protection, entire communities having to abandon their homes, all cramming into the city until there is no

room to breathe... At this point it seems to be a question of whether our walls crumble first, or we inevitably run out of food. Gods only know how bad it is beyond the mountain..."

The demonic presence is spreading everywhere, but nowhere you've seen is as bad as this, even explaining what happened to Winter City and the Centaurs.

"Well, I suppose that's of some comfort, knowing that others aren't suffering the same way." Her head sinks, eyes gazing emotionlessly at the table. "I shouldn't complain, I am endlessly fortunate to have been spared any real hardship."

What does she mean by that?

"Villages, outposts, and even temples exist in the labyrinth of passageways that make up Under Mountain. By now, almost all of them have been abandoned at best, overtaken or destroyed at worst..." She is silent for a moment. "The Temple of Tira was naturally no different... Although I have dedicated my life to Tira, I still live quite comfortably by the wealth of my family, having an entire home to myself in the inner district. After all, anyone would be a fool to give that up."

"That's why I was in the city during the initial attacks. I would like to think I would have gone to help evacuate, but truth be told I don't know if I'd leave the security of the city if I

had the chance. I don't know how it happened, or what happened, but I know from the military reports that the temple is long gone, and the number of my fellow Tirans who reached the city gates were... very few... I force myself not to think about or picture the temple's status, or what remains of my missing brothers and sisters, but it still pains me.'

You apologize as she struggles to dry her eyes.

"No, no my child." she says, starting to smile again. "It's quite alright. After all, Tira teaches us to be strong in the face of adversity, as all of our struggles serve to make us stronger."

"The money I collect would go to the church itself, where the elders would decide what to do with it. Now, we have no church, and we have no elders, so what's left of us are essentially on our own, but I refuse to give up. Now all my profits go to feeding those in need, mainly the natives and displaced refugees crammed into the slums, as well as those who can't even get into the city, all of which many of my remaining Tirans are eager to assist. At the same time, more than ever people are brimming with frustration and anger, and in need of a way to channel and relieve it. That of course, is something I am uniquely suited to help them with."

Wow, she certainly didn't let so much tragedy hinder her.

"**To live, is to struggle**, my child." she says. "And now, more than ever, people are struggling and in need of assistance. It is a privilege to do whatever I can to help."

Priest "Services"

//Tooltip: Services means SEX

First Time{

You are rather interested in what she's offering, and you would love to learn more in a more... **private** setting.

"Of course, my child." she says with a smile as she stands up. She bows slightly and gestures with her hands to follow. You follow her to a section of rooms, and the closer you get the easier it is to see the door on the end is slightly ajar and doesn't have a number, but instead a black crescent moon and hourglass. "After you."

You walk into the room and find it lit solely by candle light, identical to the ones at her table. From a writing desk, to the tables and chairs, nearly all the rooms' decorations are black in color with highly ornate engravings or embroidery, especially the thick drapery

that covers the window. The bed is the most notable break in this pattern, having delicate white sheets and pillows underneath its black comforter. Close to the bed sits a large wardrobe that almost reaches the ceiling. After shutting the door behind you, she steps over to the nightstand and uses a match to light a stick of incense at what seems like a very small altar to Tira. Everything is immaculately clean, and the room even smells of... Vanilla?

"Welcome to my 'confession booth', I'm sure a more refined petitioner like yourself can appreciate our Lady Tira's aesthetic." She says. "This room is a safe space for you to share your most perverse desires with me, and cleanse your soul of any guilt or anguish they cause you."

She opens the wardrobe wide, in which you see both doors are covered in a warchest of toys that cause pain. A collection of chains in varying length, whips of varying girth, and paddles that each look more dangerous than the last. Even the dildos go from relatively normal to being covered in spines and barbs. In the back of the wardrobe rests a 6 foot tall mirror, and hangs more than a half dozen outfits that are identical to the one she wears.

What does she need so many for?

"Oh, I just need to have replacements on hand. It's not uncommon when in prayer my garments are... {b}Severely{/b} damaged. It's rare I go through more than 2 in a day, but it's better to be safe than sorry."

"I am quite excited to hear what you plan on doing to me, but first I need to make a few last things clear. Yes, you can do nearly anything to me that you can think of, but in the case that it is too far for me, you will know. Our safeword is going to be... Flamberge."

Flamberge? That's a little complicated for a safe word, isn't it?

"Well, I've never had to use it yet." she winks. "And on that note, I have made it quite clear that what I have to offer is something you can't get from any other girl here. In light of that, your 'donation' to the church of Tira should reflect that fact. A total of 100 coins will be appropriate enough. All that being said, I do hope you're still interested."}

Repeat{

Perhaps it's time the two of you retire to her personal room.

"My dear, I could not agree with you more. Let's!" She says, continuing to take your hand once again and lead you to the only room emblazoned with the holy symbol of Tira. The room somehow looks as spotless and refined as it did last time you entered,

despite the destructive activities that this room entertains. Only moody candle light shines in the room, the window covered with a thick black drapery that matches the rest of the room's decor. She walks over to the cabinet wardrobe and opens a door, looking at you.

"So, what shall it be today?"}

Missionary

//Tooltip: Missionary is more soft and pedestrian, and it also gives you perfect access to her throat to wrap your hands around, and her face for you to slap.

You quickly grab hold of her, forcefully making out with her as she is more than happy to reciprocate. After a few moments of thoroughly enjoying her tongue and mouth, you take hold and shove her back toward the bed. She practically bounces off the sheets when she lands ass first, her shoulders soon following.

She props herself up on her elbows and watches as you rip off your [pc.gear] piece by piece. Once everything you own is thoroughly scattered around the room, you descend on her, pressing into her with every pound you have. She wraps her arms around you, pulling you in even more as your lips smack and your tongues lash against one another.

Without skipping a beat, you reach one hand down and hike her skirt up past her waist, while one hand is wrapped around your shaft, lining it up with her dripping wet pussy, the other hand is reaching up to the chest of her robes and trying to pull it down. Pulling hard, you can almost pull it past her nipples, but that alone just isn't going to do. You aren't going to let some piece of shit fabric get in your way, are you? Aimed perfectly, you root yourself fully inside of her, earning a delightful moan from her as you fully insert yourself in one initial stroke.

Reaching up with both hands on either side, you almost effortlessly rip the bust of her dress in half, tearing it down the middle with ease. Her Enormous chest springs free, both of her mountainous mammaries wobbling in the air without the tight embrace of her dress. You remove your mouth from hers, allowing you to wrap your lips around one of her puffy nipples, sucking up more than a few mouthfuls of sweet cream. After a swallow or two, you start to pull your hips out before slamming yourself back home, again and again as you take in the wonderful embrace of her sex.

"Hmmpgh," she exhales between her slutty groans. "I hope you have more to offer the Kingmaker..."

Wow, she sure is good at egging her 'parishioners' on. She probably enjoys frustrating her partners almost as much as the reaction. Speaking of, it's something you are more than happy to give her.

You start to piston in and out of her, pulling back all the way to the tip before slamming back in to the base as hard as you can muster, your balls slapping firmly against her pillowy ass each time. You stop sucking on her nipples and go back to sucking on her tongue, vigorously making out with her as if your life depended on it.

She grunts and groans under your pelvic assault, but you're sure you can do better than that. With no warning whatsoever, you raise your hand up to her face, pushing a thumb into her mouth during an exceptionally loud and long moan. Without any other prompting, she eagerly sucks on it, feeling like she is trying to suck it down to the bone, giving you a moment's hesitation as to whether you should have made her blow you.

She gives a miniscule whine in dismay when you pull your hand back, followed by a loud gasp when your hand crosses her face almost as hard as your hips hit hers. She breathes a bit heavier after that hefty slap, even when you take a firm grip of her jaw, squeezing it as hard as you can muster. You wonder what her clenched shut eyes might look like as you clutch her mouth like this, fucking her pussy as hard as you can.

You give her another hard smack for good measure, before you grasp her throat with the same hand as she exhales in pained pleasure. She exhales after the slap, as is only natural, but inhaling is a different story as you grip her neck, taking in barely enough to

keep herself present. You give her a few moments to get accustomed to this before you go farther, as if you were gonna let her off that easy.

As soon as she starts to breathe semi-steadily, your other hand raps her cheek with just as much strength as before. Her gushing wet sex clenches from the sensation every time you hit her, adding even more layers to the pleasure for you, and probably her. You keep the same pace, fucking her like a piece of meat as you alternate which hand is doing the slapping and which is doing the choking. Eventually she is nothing but putty in your hands, her mind and body reacting only to how hard you choke her, and when you smack her like the whore she is.

When the pleasure within you eventually builds to the point of no return, you find a strength within you allowing you to somehow fuck her even harder than before. Your hand claps across her glowing red cheek one more time before you use both hands to grip her whore throat, strangling her as hard as you can. A single thought in the FAR back of her mind asks you if that will cause any permanent damage, but any second thought you had is gone when you feel her cum beneath you, her orgasm squirting out around your shaft as you thrust.

You quickly follow suit, climax overwhelming you as rope after rope of hot spunk shoots out of your throbbing {pc.cock} into her drenched pussy. A woman in her line of work is surely on some kind of contraceptive, but the seven be fucking damned if you aren't

going to blast your seed into her as hard and deep as you can, doing everything in your primal power to make sure this bitch gets pregnant.

Once your monumental orgasm finishes, you are left lying on top of her, gasping for as much air as your lungs can muster. The last measly drops of sperm slowly drip from your {pc.cockhead} as you lay there, such bliss filling your body that you don't bother trying to find the strength to move.

You don't have to, as eventually you feel a hand take hold of your head, gently guiding you towards her buxom bosom. Your face lays pressed against her chest, softer than any pillow could ever hope to be as you feel yourself going soft inside of her, wringing out shots of cum you didn't even know you had. You drift off gently to sleep, her hand slowly petting your {pc.hair} as she whispers sweet nothings to you.

"Thank you, my child." she says "You did an outstanding job. You fucked my pussy better than anyone ever has. Please, sweetie, rest knowing no one will ever make me cum like you have..." She says. She doesn't stop speaking, but that is the last thing you register as you drift off to sleep...

Wild Dog

//Tooltip: Don't just take her from behind, but choke her and fuck her ass like a feral animal.

You tell her you want her on the bed, on her hands and knees more specifically.

"Mmh, you'll be taking me from behind I presume?" She says, eyeing you coyly as she moves toward the bed. A hard swat on the ass is all the response you give, words being unnecessary for what you're about to do. She yelps in response which quickly transitions into a moan. Her tail sways as she positions herself, looking back over her shoulder with a sultry glare and even gives her gorgeously fat ass a wiggle. "There's plenty of lubricant in the closet if you're interested."

You take a firm grip on her ass, flesh so supple that it spills between your fingers as they dig in with all your might. It feels divine in your hands, such a round hindquarters on her slender frame, something that was meant to be enjoyed and played with.

"NNgh... I didn't think so." She whines.

You give her another hard smack on the ass, one that sends both her beautiful cheeks rippling, followed by another one from the opposite side, just for good measure. Each

time you can see her ass clench up, something you plan to take full advantage of as you tear off your {pc.gear} before taking hold of your rapidly hardening shaft. You smack it against her ass a few times, watching it jiggle in response before you flop it down hard between those golden brown mountains. Taking your time with a bit of foreplay, you take hold of her behind again, pushing it together as you thrust slowly and sensually in her canyon.

Once you've had your fill you lift your hand to your mouth, and launch as big a glob of spit as you can muster, proceeding to jerk yourself with it. You focus your efforts near the tip, making sure your head is wet enough for easy access. As raw as you'd like this to be, you want to make sure her body submits to you even more. Her asshole winks at you a few times while you prepare, making it clear she's ready when you are.

Giving her another slap on the ass, you pull yourself back and line your cock up with her clearly well experienced ring. You prod at her exit a few times, pushing ever so gently to tease the slut for what's to come, and in short order you get what you're looking for.

"You're more than welcome to put it in, whenever you're ready of course." she says, sarcastically. This bratty bitch is about to get exactly what she's asking for.

After she says that, you take the moment of distraction to give those bouncy cheeks another hard slap, which based on her squeal catches her just as off guard as you

wanted. Then, as she is squealing in pleasure, you reach well over her hood and grab her gorgeous red hair by the scalp, using it for leverage as you rocket your hips forward. Absolutely burying your shaft to the fucking hilt in one forceful motion feels unbelievable, your hips cracking against her ass as hard as your hand and your balls hitting like a hammer against her already soaked pussy. Her head yanked back, she gives a scream of pleasure toward the ceiling, something the other patrons and staff surely hear through the walls and over the brothel ambience.

She is utterly speechless after that, her eyes rolled almost the whole way back into her head making you wonder how conscious she even is. But then you remember, it doesn't matter how she is. She's just a hole after all.

You pull your hips back again, earning a quiet gasp as you withdraw almost your entire {pc.cock} from her ass, followed immediately by another righteous thrust deep into her bowels. After a few more singular strikes, you begin an all out assault on her insides, pistoning in and out like a mad{man/woman} as she groans through gritted teeth. Her fingers dig into the sheets, and you're sure her mouth would do the same if you weren't using her luscious locks like a set of reins, and that doesn't even begin to cover how inhumanly tight her asshole clenches down on you.

Your hips sound like meat tenderizers as they slam into her bubbly butt, and your sack does the same to her pussy. Her body is just a tool for your pleasure after all, why treat

her as anything different? It's not like she has any complaints considering she is almost, oh no, wait, she is ACTUALLY drooling. While you fuck her like a wild beast, her mind has almost completely shut down. If that's not a glowing endorsement, you don't know what is. You're sure it won't take long for you to bust like this, but not when you can still take this up a notch.

You suddenly stop thrusting for a moment, then use her hair for even more leverage as you practically climb onto her, truly mounting her like a bitch in heat. Once you are 'comfortably' on top of her you let go of her hair, her well fucked head flopping forward for a moment before your hand slips under her chin. Before she can think, if she can think at all, the inside of your elbow is firmly pressed against her throat with your arm around her pretty little neck. Another small, pathetic gasp escapes her lips along with plenty of air as you start choking her, with your other arm coming up to give you all the leverage you could possibly want. Her own dainty little hands come up to grip at her new collar as tightly as she can, but not actually trying to pull herself loose. She knows better than that.

In an instant you are once again jackhammering her gloriously tight asshole, almost your entire weight pressing down on her from above while you sodomize the holy woman. It's much harder for her to scream with a mostly closed airway, but she lets out plenty of strangled moans and groans to cheer you on. Breathing heavily into her hair, your chin is all but attached to her shoulder as you grunt and groan, almost snarling at

her, and with this strong of a pace set you know you'll never be able to fight the orgasm you feel building up inside of you. And then, almost as if she can feel you about to cum, she finds just enough oxygen to say one word.

"Har...der..." she whispers through gritted teeth. If that's what she wants you're more than happy to give it. You are a very generous lover after all.

After that, you grip her throat even tighter, pressing your forearm tighter till you're sure she can't breathe. At the same time you use every ounce of strength you have (that isn't busy closing her windpipe) to thrust your {pc.cock} into her abused hole, fucking her like a savage before you claim her insides with your seed.

It's a sight to behold as she chokes and sputters while her eyes roll back into her head. As her eyelids quiver as she starts to lose consciousness, her ass gets tighter than ever as she cums, her pussy squirting a rapturous amount of her sex juices all over both your thighs and into the sheets. Not to be outdone, the pleasure peaks inside of you as your balls clench up and launch hot ropes of cum inside of her, filling her deliciously fat ass. At this point, you fall flat on top of her, rocketing sperm into her guts while both your bodies lose any sense of strength.

As your grip on her throat loosens, she struggles to take in a strained breath through her mouth and nose, probably inhaling more silk sheet than air. When you finally taper

off, it takes all of your remaining champion strength to roll onto your side next her, your entire body and mind feeling like it left your body along with your hefty nut. You huff and puff as much air as you can, seemingly as oxygen deprived as she must be while your vision gets fuzzy.

Quickly though, you feel her back once again press against your chest, and a heavenly grip on your wrists, until you realize that your arms are wrapped around her waist, her hands on yours in a loving, spooning embrace. Her warmth against your body makes you feel like you're both melting while you cuddle, her equally heavy breaths making you feel at ease.

"You did a wonderful job..." she whispers. "Absolutely outstanding... Thank you, my child." You can just make out a few more words of praise as exhaustion takes you, drifting off to an impossibly comfortable sleep.

Face Fuck

//Tooltip: You're pretty sure using her throat like a toy will relieve a LOT of stress

You stride over, pushing her up against the wardrobe and lock lips aggressively. Your tongue slides deep between her lips as your body is pressing her against the hard, wooden surface. Her hands explore your body as they pull on your [gear], freeing your {penis} with experienced ease, you grab her hands when she begins to undress.

That isn't going to be necessary. You push her down onto her knees, where she immediately spreads her legs wide. Deciding to spice things up even more you start rooting around the wardrobe for a pair of appropriate hand restraints, settling for a pair of black leather cuffs. Without needing to say a word, she daintily presents her wrists for you to trap, the straps tightening perfectly.

You take a firm hold on one of her horns and pull her face first against your already throbbing {pc.cock}. Wasting no time, she starts to take long licks up and down your underside, bathing you in spit and hot breath. She practically nuzzles into you, burying her nose at the base of your cock while she makes out more vigorously with your {pc.sack} than she did with your mouth. Each [pc.ballsize] gets a thorough oral polishing

as her tongue lashes at them. Gripping the base of your shaft you slap it against her cheek once or twice before pulling her away, her make up already starting to smudge.

"Shall we begin prayer, my child?" she says, clasping her cuffed hands together with a sarcastic grin. Lining your shaft up with her lips is the only cue she needs to open wide, sticking her tongue out like a red carpet.

Her lips are like pillows as you slide your cock between them, sawing back and forth in her eager mouth. She tightens up every time the tip of your cock reaches the back of her mouth, arrogantly poking at the entrance of her throat.

Once you've finally had enough foreplay you start to poke a little bit harder, stroke by stroke. You're surprised by the strength of her gag reflex considering her particular sexual appetite, but each prod being rewarded with a cough or a failed swallow makes her sheath of a mouth feel like it's almost vibrating. Eventually you're finally rewarded with a beautiful sounding "**Ghluk**" as your {pc.dickhead} spears its way into her throat proper. The feeling of having her esophagus forced open makes her eyes cross, but aside from her coughing lurches she makes absolutely no attempt to stop you, displaying a perfect example of mind over body.

Her throat stays tight when you're pulling out, but pushing back in takes little effort even as her body tries to stop you, something you are happy to experience repeatedly. As

she gags over and over again, a veritable bounty of saliva sputters out around your {cocksize}. Strands of drool dangle from her chin onto her massive tits, pressed together as her hands are clasped together as if in prayer, making the cuffs essentially pointless. You can see a small pool of it forming between them already.

You pull your entire length out before plopping it down hard on her forehead. Firmly clutching her hair you once again pull her into your groin, mashing her face against your {pc.cock} and balls. Having worked up a sweat to this point, she has no choice but to take in your musky scent with her nose pressed into the spot where your cock meets your balls. Before long her face is soaked with spittle and pre-cum that was previously deep in her gullet, and your balls quiver as they're bathed in her much heavier, much more ragged breaths. Looking down at her now, she looks like an absolute fucking mess because of you, and you love it. She must feel the same, because even as she struggles to catch her breath and black mascara streams down her cheeks, her lips are still twisted into a confident smirk as she looks up at you.

Well, if she isn't having any real difficulty with your treatment thus far, it's clearly time to really lay into her. Grabbing her by the hair, you drag her over to the side of the bed and prop her up against it. She doesn't say anything, but her smile only gets bigger from being treated so forcefully. Firmly planting your legs, you grip the back of her head with both {pc.hands} and force your way as deep as you can possibly go until her nose is

buried in your crotch and your nuts throb against her chin that feels even more wet and sticky than her gullet.

The longer you stay hilted in her, the more her throat spasms and tightens around your shaft. As her strangled gasps get more frequent her eyes grow more crossed, never lifting a hand to push you back. You wish you could feel like this forever, but it's the sad truth of life that every person, even the nastiest, dirtiest whore with the most well conditioned throat, needs to breathe. However, as if on cue, just as you are about to pull out you can feel her start to vibrate even more as she shakes and orgasms onto the floor between her legs.

When you finally pull out, she instinctively tries to take a deep breath, but is cut short by you hilding yourself again not even a moment later. You repeat this motion over and over again, each time giving her no more time to breath, but spending less time hip deep in her throat as you pick up speed. You could tell yourself that it's for her benefit, giving her the opportunity to adjust to what will eventually be a break neck face fucking, but in reality the sensation of ramping up speed just feels so fucking good.

Every single piston of your hips gives several dimensions of pleasure, the joy of her neck bulging and the pulsing that comes from her constant **glacks and gurks** as her throat pathetically tries to defend itself. You feel a spike of pleasure every time your balls bounce off her chin, and the feel of her mouth practically frothing as spit bubbles

out between her lips and mingle with the sweat on your crotch and balls before falling into an ever expanding pool of slop building on and in her cleavage. And all the while, her dainty little hands stay clasped together as you use her as an object of pleasure, blissfully accepting her current purpose.

You remove your hands from her head, and place them on the bed as you lean forward, naturally using your weight to press her head flush against the edge of the bed. From there it is a simple matter of plowing her face like you would any other part of her body. She chokes, gags, and coughs even more violently as you hump her jaw like your life depends on it, and it's just loud enough to be heard through the series of loud slaps made every time your pelvis impacts her face. You've been pushing it down as hard as you have her, but the pressure in your loins is building up to what might be a literal boiling point until you can't fight it any longer.

With one final titanic thrust you bury yourself to the hilt in her abused esophagus as well as her skull in the sheets. There's no reason of course to warn her before hot ropes of spunk rocket straight down her throat, that's precisely how a toy is meant to be used and she likely prefers it that way. Her enormous tits quiver against your legs as she takes drop after drop of your seed, her throat instinctively trying and failing to swallow around your girth. Once your load starts to taper off it feels like all the strength leaves your body, taking immense effort just to stand up and dredge your softening prick from her sloppy fuckhole of a mouth.

Even as she wobbles in place and her eyes look almost completely vacant, she manages a large swallow that takes an unhealthy amount of effort. Her mouth hangs open dumbly, and she looks so brutally fuck drunk with sticky bubbly spit strings dangling from her chin and her cheeks having more mascara than her eyes. Your chest fills with a fair bit of pride after doing such a clearly good job, something she'd agree with if she was more responsive, based on the signs of at least one orgasm soaking into the boards under her. You hadn't even noticed after the first one, but in hindsight, her pleasure was of very little concern to you.

Your palm cracks against her cheek with a loud smack, sending plenty of her face's collected throat juices flying across the room. After taking a moment to process your extremely rude awakening, she looks up at you with a beautifully satisfied smile.

"Thank you, my child." she says without any further prompting, followed by several small coughs. "Most of my partners are *-cough-* far less vigorous... with my mouth and throat... I'm glad to see you don't have such problems..."

You were simply doing your part for the Kingmaker. After all, what good is a prayer without true commitment?

"Oh my child, I couldn't agree with you more." she smiles, followed by another small coughing fit.

Lacking the energy to say another witty thing, you manage to take one step to the side before flopping down heavily onto the bed. You lay there for a few moments, inhaling the soft silk sheets, before you feel Jaina climb up from the floor and lay down next to you. Her huge, soft breasts press into your back while an arm stretches over to lift you on your side. From there she wraps her arms around your waist and squeezes you gently, her body cradling you from behind feeling more soft, comfortable, and warm than the bed itself could ever be. She rests her chin, which is still quite wet, on your shoulder as she gently kisses your neck and cheek. From there, you simply drift off to sleep as she cuddles you and whispers how wonderful you did and deserve a good rest, a rest you are all too happy to take.

Pussy Worship

//Tooltip: Let's find out how good of a worshiper she really is.

You calmly and confidently step forward, reaching up to caress her cheek. She complies wonderfully when you slip a finger into her mouth, which she starts to eagerly suck on

while your other hand feels around inside the closet behind her. She closes her eyes and looks completely engrossed as her mouth is put to work. It doesn't take long to find what you're looking for and withdraw both your hands, ending her polishing much to her dismay.

Disappointed as she is, her eyes light up when you show her the wrist restraints you found. You tell her you'd like to see how well she can perform a purely oral prayer.

"Oh, that sounds like a wonderful idea." She says, mocking innocence in her tone. "I would be more than happy to show you, my child."

She melts in your hands as you turn her around and push her up against the wooden surface, a moan of delight leaving her lips. You take a solid grip on thighs and really take time to appreciate their size, and the strength it takes to support this fat ass. Your hands travel upwards, over her tight and toned middle and higher as your fingertips run across the sides of her full breasts, and once you reach her underarm your fingers slide up her upper back for you to clutch her shoulders. You can feel and hear her breathing get heavier as you subtly grope and handle her like a piece of meat.

One hand floats a bit higher and starts to softly push her head forward until it's flush, but you don't stop pushing. Instead, your open palm closes into a harsh grip on her luxurious hair as you press her face hard against the door. Not too hard, but hard

enough to have her squirming against you, and She never says anything more than 'Nngh!' as you do this, but you can just barely see the corner of her mouth curl into an unmistakable smile. With that hand plenty occupied, you use the other to reach and grab her by the wrist, pulling her arm behind her back where you can easily bind her. She isn't putting up any resistance, but she isn't going to do it for you, that is most of the fun after all. Once both her hands are secured you reach back into her treasure trove of toys and withdraw a long, thin piece of wood tipped with a flat piece of leather on the end opposite its handle.

"That's called a riding crop, it's mainly used for racers to push their mounts harder." She states. Of course, a history lesson isn't necessary to understand how such a simple tool works. There's a shrill 'Snap!' in the air as the tip makes contact with the back of her thigh, just where it is exposed just under her dress. She gasps and lifts up that same leg as it quivers, reeling from the sensation.

You remind Jaina where her place is, specifically between your legs, where she can do something much more suitable with her tongue. At the same time, you lift up her skirt to expose every bit of her significant behind, so you can give her asscheek a good smack on the opposite side. You can just see her tense up, jiggling ass rippling even after it tightens like a vice.

Rather than continue, you take a few steps back from her where she stays very obediently, watching from the corner of her eye. There, you drop the crop on the floor, leaving it as you leisurely stroll over to the bed where you get well comfortable and take off your [pc.garments], exposing your {pc.pussy}. More than happy to take the hint, she gently gets down onto her knees where she can bend over, hands behind her back, and picks the rod up with her teeth. Then without bothering to get back up, she slowly crawls on her knees over to your lap, proudly offering you the tool that she knows is going to be used on her.

Left to her own devices she brushes her cheek against your inner thigh, giving it the occasional kiss or lick. Once she reaches your pussy, she gently licks it on the outside almost as if she is teasing you, but that's something you can easily fix. Leaning forward, another clean thwack on her ass has her jump and whimper, but once her mouth is open it practically devours your sex.

Sealing her mouth tight around your pussy, her tongue quickly makes its way inside for her to suddenly start making out with your slit. Her tongue eagerly explores you from the inside, wriggling around wildly against your inner walls, the only moments of pause are when her tongue slips back out to give your clit a few lashings before she dives back in. She has you moaning and practically writhing, and such good work definitely deserves to be punished. Another sharp strike on her lower back has her yelping, the sound of

which is fairly muffled by your crotch. Her tongue then gets just a bit faster, and maybe even deeper as she devours you, swallowing every drop she can.

Over time you continue raining leather across her body from her exposed behind that practically glows red, to the upper back which is only protected by the thinnest threads of silk. Each time the crop makes contact she manages to find more energy, where at this point she doesn't even look at you. Her eyes are shut and her mind is completely taken by the desire to pleasure you, eating your pussy out like she's been stuck in the desert for years. Not only is the pleasure consistent and powerful, but even the moments she stops are filled with spikes of a completely different kind as her screams and whines send rhythm into the most sensitive parts of your body.

When you feel the climax that's been building start to well up within you, You are determined to give her exactly what she has earned. Pulling her hair hard to hold her in place, you easily wrap your legs around her back and clutch her head between your thighs. Then, laying all the way back onto your shoulders you buck your hips into her mouth as she keeps polishing your clit and lashing at your cunt. Your insides rapidly approach the point of boiling over, and with the last hints of rational thought you look at her and see her bright wide eyes, filled with desperation. On some kind of primal level you can tell she is about to cum too, so you use the last of your strength to reach forward and snap the crop against her sweet ass one last time, harder than ever.

Simultaneously, you both tense up from head to hoof as orgasm overtakes you, pleasure flowing through your body as you paint her face with your juices, legs locked in place making sure she has nowhere to go. You don't know when you stop moaning and groaning like an animal, but you do start to feel like a person again as you lay there and catch your breath. Still tingling, you lift your head to see Jaina's still strangled by your legs with her eyes looking nearly vacant and shut, but you can still feel her slowly and gently lapping at you as before, but instead of teasing she is simply lapping up as much as she can.

Completely exhausted you can't help but start to fall asleep on such an unbelievably soft bed, but not before you feel her slip loose and climb up on the bed to lay next to you. Her body is snug against yours, and she gently lays her head down on your shoulder. The last thing you hear as you drift off is her telling you how grateful she is for you doing such a good job.

Comfort

//Tooltip: Why not skip the hard part, and just try to enjoy some peace and quiet between the chaos.

"I think that's something I can provide, my child." She says.

She closes the wardrobe and sets herself down on the bed, gesturing for you to join her. You gently lay down on the bed next to her while she guides you down where you can be face to face. She caresses your cheek as she gazes deeply into your eyes.

"You must be so exhausted, my child..." she whispers. "I can't imagine the weight on an adventurer like you's shoulders... To be the [pc.title]... All the danger you get into, all of the stress, I can't believe how strong you are not to be overwhelmed. Why don't you let me unburden you?"

You're sure it wouldn't hurt to tell her about a few things you've been through...

{RandomStory1}

Next, {RandomStory2}

Then, {RandomStory3}

[Next]

"That sounds so difficult, my child. You've been through so much, and you still stand strong in spite of it. You truly are a champion... Come here."

She takes hold of your head and softly guides it forward and down, all the way until your cheek is nestled against her breast. You nuzzle into her, her massive tits doing so well to cushion your face with a feeling of warmth and love. Her hand stays behind your head where she can stroke your hair for what seems like forever.

"It's ok now, you are absolutely safe with me here. Just rest now, and know that everything is going to be alright, my child. Just rest..."

[Next]

When you wake up, you feel like you're wrapped up in a warm fluffy cloud. As you start to come around more, you can tell that at some point she went from soft petting, to a lovingly firm grip with her arms around your shoulders. Down below, even her leg is draped over you.

Whether she was really asleep or not, her eyes start to open too, looking down at you with love and concern.

"Hmm," she sighs "Up already? Do you feel more rested now?"

You nod your head yes.

"That's wonderful my darling" she says, kissing you on the head. "I suppose you'll be needing to get back out there? Saving the world and some such..."

As much as you hate to admit it, she is correct. Yawning, you force yourself to slip gently out of her hold. She props herself up on the bed and watches as you start to put on your gear.

"Please..." she says, her voice filled with an undeniably genuine concern. "Try to keep yourself safe out there, I have faith in you."

Random Stories

//Hornet Quest

You tell her a story about how a new friend needed your help to save her family. Or was the hive more of a community? Either way, Azzzyran's entire hive had been corrupted and bimbofied by Kasyrra herself, and she needed your help to purify them. You had to fight through a prince with a magic whip and a harem of goons, and even bested the queen herself, as well as her most trusted warriors.

"That's so kind of you, my child. Putting in all that work and risking yourself to purify an entire army of strangers." She says.{CorruptedAzzyandLia:

Right... you forgot about how that part ends... You decide not to elaborate on the story any further...

}

//Dawnsword

You tell her about how Brother Sanders sent you to recover an ancient artifact known as the Dawnsword. You had to travel all the way to the mountains east of the harvest valley, deep into gnoll territory where you were accosted by a so-called princess and her cronies. After that you had to explore a treacherous sinkhole and do battle with a surprisingly powerful Demon warrior who found the weapon first.

"That must have been quite the daring adventure. I'm glad that such a weapon is on our side against this demonic incursion."

//Hirrud

You tell her about a Minotaur gladiator named Hirrud, who hired you to find his 3 kidnapped wives, but when you found them it was clear there was more to the story. It turned out that he had kidnapped all of them and was keeping them as his slaves, and

they finally found the courage to escape. After learning that, it was a simple decision to go back to town and send the dirt bag running for the hills.

"That's so heroic of you, my child. Sticking your neck out for someone in need, so selfless of you."

//WinterCity

You tell her about how, with Etheryn's help, You were able to make it to Winter City, and even sneak into the Palace of Ice itself. You knew you were expecting to depose a cruel ruler, even before demonic influence, but that's what made it all the easier for Kasyrra to take over. The entirety of Alissa's inner circle was somewhere in the process of being transformed into a demon, especially Jae'Lyn, the captain of the guard who had been turned into a hulking titan of a woman, with a new dick to match. Then you had a remarkably difficult fight with the queen herself, even though she was literal minutes away from giving birth.

"You managed to save an entire culture of people from demonic corruption, and overthrow a tyrannical eccentric despot in the process. You really are a hero my child."

//WinterCity2/GhostDungeon2

You tell her about the time there was a disturbance underneath the Palace of Ice, because Queen Atheldred, the first valkyrie, had so much hatred for the druids that Etheryn making peace with them woke her from her grave. With Ryn, Elthara, and Hethia's help, you managed to send all the spirits in the catacombs back to their eternal rest whether they liked it or not.

"That's awful, my child." she says. "To think that someone can be so filled with hate, that it manages to somehow survive long after their death."

//DivinePussy

You decide to tell her about helping Cait build her own temple of Mallach in Hawkthorne. It was simple enough to get the local Baroness' permission, seeing as there were the remains of an old temple that had been abandoned for years, but that quickly got more complicated considering it was the same temple where Kasyrra originated from. In order to purge the leftover taint that her portal left behind, you had to hold off an endless onslaught of magical entities while Barney purified the place.

"That's so generous of you, doing so much just to help your friend spread her faith." she says. "I'm sure having a temple of holy sex-pots wasn't a downside, but you are still a magnificent friend."

//DenofFoxes

You tell her about the time you fought your way through the local Kitsune den, facing off with their smartest minds and fiercest warriors.

"I'm impressed, my child. I've heard stories about the skill of their swordsman and spell casters, but to imagine you made you bested all of them? Simply amazing."{lost:

Well... you didn't exactly beat all of them, but you held your own pretty well.

}

//HelpedGweyr

You tell her the story about how you came across Gweyr, the long since exiled citizen of Hawkethorne that stopped the last big plan of the demon cult. Decades later, she was still fighting them even after it cost her everything, and only with her guidance and support were you able stop the cult from corrupting the people of the Frozen Waste, and even somehow bringing a dreaded lureling under their influence.

"Oh my..." she gasps. "If it's as dangerous as you say, I can't imagine what they could do with a creature that powerful."

//DogDays

You tell her about how a group of loggers from Hawkethorne went missing, along with Garth's son. After fighting through seemingly every denizen of the old forest, you found their camp, in which they had all been taken prisoner by a Boreal Elf druid named Hethia. She was incredibly hostile, taking offense to the loggers' perceived attack against the forest itself, but one way or another you managed to get all the prisoners back to the village safe.

"That's wonderful my child." she says. "I'm sure their loved ones were more than happy to see them returned in one piece."

//ShadesofthePast

You tell her about the time Garth sent you to explore an ancient fort that was buried in an avalanche during the Godswar. You were there to retrieve the Jarl's amulet, the Jarl being Garth's distant ancestor, but it wasn't that simple when you found the place to be crawling with the ghosts of the lupine soldiers stationed there, none of whom even understood that they were dead. Eventually you made your way through, and returned to the village in one piece with the amulet and some more treasure as a bonus.

"How tragic..." she says. "To be so committed so greatly to one purpose, that your soul can't move on after such an unfair death. I hope they are at peace now..."

//MurderMystery

You tell her about how you met Lumia in one of the Valkyrie fortresses to the north.

While you were there, she told you about how an ancient wraith from the Godswar was still trapped underground. When you went to handle it with her help, you got sucked into a murder mystery trapped in time, having to solve it to figure out who was the wraith in disguise.

"A genuine wraith?" she says. "You're even braver than I thought!"

//FreedKiyoko

You tell her all about how you found a mysterious amulet in the old forest and how when you went to sleep wearing it, you were transported to a pocket dimension on the astral plane where Kiyoko had been trapped for generations. To free her, you had to find her people's colony, and even petition Keros himself to free her.

"My Goodness." she says. "I suppose we do find love in the strangest of ways."