

Nectar of the Gods
(Heterosexual sex, unbirth/genital vore, absorption)
By Anima

Sara wasn't really a fertility goddess...though her business cards said otherwise. She certainly passed as one at the deity conferences each year, what with her equitaur body, enormous gravity-defying breasts, and a suspiciously large vulva that perpetually drooled in lust to be filled. No, she might look the part, but in fact Sara was an abomination. A mage who had sacrificed the remainder of her life as a mortal to a succubus in return for power had received a curse instead...if an enjoyable one.

"God, I itch," she sighed, shifting and stomping a hind leg softly in the grass. She was waiting for some poor shepherd to come by and see her...then inevitably give in to temptation. She needed seed... Her belly ached with hunger for it, though she'd already taken the seed from four local stallions in the past hour. Her barrel was roundly swollen, as if pregnant, but she had never foaled. Her loins were far too greedy to ever push something *out*.

At last, someone wandered up over the hill, leading a sturdy stallion of his own. A young prince in fact, taking his mount for a ride in peasant country. Sara licked her lips with a thick mare's tongue, and her large sex squelched lewdly in a wink. The prince stopped and stared, but the stallion caught her scent immediately. The prince was actually nosed aside by his mount, who cantered up to her...sniffed noses, then immediately circled back and mounted her. She hissed in pleasure as that long meaty staff slurped home, and after a rough thrust or two that rocked Sara on her hooves...the backed up horse blasted a good quart of thick sticky pony spooge into her womb. Her belly glorped and gurgled softly as yet more seed was added to the huge amount already stored in her bottomless womb. The prince looked around to see if anyone else was about, then slowly approached her while his mount grazed near the recently-covered mare.

What he saw was a horse...mostly. But someone had thrown some human into the mix, for where a horse's neck and head should be there was a voluptuous woman's torso and arms, huge, soft, thick-nippled breasts jutting from her chest. The head was a blend of woman and mare, sporting a muzzle and big soulful eyes...soft lips, but all the intelligence and sensuousness of a needy woman. Every part of her was covered with a horse's soft brown chestnut fur, and her equine ears flicked atop her head.

"Your ride had the right idea, my prince. Won't you follow suit?" She smiled coyly to him, her lower mare-half moving about to point her rear at him. Her sex was huge, like an exaggerated work of erotic art, flashing steaming pink insides at him... Her folds were dark, like a mare's, and further darkened by her passionate wetness. Ropes of clear gooey lust dribbled from those plump labia, some drizzled right into the grass while the rest ran sluggishly down her powerful hind legs. The entire enormous vulva glistened in the afternoon sun, squishing as it winked towards him...the lewdest come-hither in the world.

The prince, both repelled and attracted, chose to speak instead of rut. "Who are you? A goddess?" he asked in a high, somewhat tremulous voice. He loosened his light cloak, the sun making him warm. Or so he excused himself.

"What else would I be, silly mortal?" she laughed, tossing a glossy mane and flagging her tail in obvious invitation. Her scent should not have affected him, bestial as it was, but the prince began to sweat regardless. Slowly his clothes came off, revealing a healthy erection and a toned, golden body.

"I don't know, but why would a goddess come to my pastures in search of pleasure when the gods could treat you so much better than my horses, or me?" he murmured, slowly drawing closer.

She grinned as the prince laid a hand on her warm rump. "My dear mortal prince, the gods are interesting lovers at first, but many are cruel and boorish. I need a pleasant, eager-to-please man to satisfy me." She winked her sex again, making a slick squish and flinging a rope of sex-slime across his face.

The prince grunted, and stood on a convenient hillock, before plunging his shaft right into the center of that huge winking blossom. His hips were grasped by her labia, squishing wetly about him, intense heat and unbelievably soft satiny flesh treating his aching cock to an experience his harem could never hope to match.

Sara shuddered, tail flicking against her prince's chest as he ground his hips into the lascivious pit of her sex. He didn't last long, just two minutes of grinding and shallow thrusts before his small store of seed spurted into that yawning chasm of flesh. Sara climaxed regardless, covering the prince from the belly down in heavy, slimy mare-joy. He made as if to step back, and got a foot between himself and the 'goddess' before the strands of slime linking them tautened...holding him fast.

"What?" he managed, before Sara backed up, bumping him with her plush rump and sending him onto his back in the grass. The ropes of glistening goop held the prince's legs up at an angle, letting Sara slowly sit down atop them, guiding those limbs deep into her supernally soft cunt. "Why are you doing this?" he cried out to her, tearing at the grass to try and anchor himself.

Sara chuckled as she felt her cunt swallow in his slender hips, and then slowly gulp in his muscular stomach. "Your offering of seed was not near enough to satisfy me. I must take you whole to have a proper meal..." She hissed as her sex rippled in a second climax, sending finger-thick ropes of hot pheromone-laced goop splattering down over her half-enveloped lover, the slimy mess rolling down over his face and halting further protests from him. Sara luxuriated in the feel of an entire body stretching her canal, slurped sloppily deeper and deeper.

She rose to her hooves again as the prince's chest sank from sight between those dark, swollen folds. The prince sobbed, arms clutching at her rump, but her voracious

sex was not to be denied. His grip slipped, and the prince was plunged into sultry slippery darkness. He felt disgusting slime engulf his feet, then rise up his legs as he was squeezed into the mare's oh-so-full womb...deposited in a ball of creamy seed that could not possibly fit inside the mare. Millions of gallons of hot fertile seed lay there in Sara's core, all the sperm as virile and alive as the day they were pumped into her. The prince's body was swallowed into this vast mass of goop, and quickly absorbed...his weight in prince exchanged for an equal weight of his own particular flavor of cum.

Sighing in pleasure, Sara backed towards the stallion and received a second helping of his own cum, before she jammed backwards over his unsuspecting head, and drew his huge powerful body into her greedy cunt as well. His terrified neighs vibrated her intimate flesh, making her giggle before his hind legs slurped from view...and he too was claimed by her bloated depths. Licking her fingers slowly, Sara closed her eyes and stroked back along her bulging flank, enjoying the heat and weight of the new gallons upon gallons of cum she'd just added to her total. Concentrating, she could feel the enormous number of individual sperm swimming in her horde of cream...seed from all species and all races of man. She was their warden, keeping them all locked forever in the soft bloated prison of her womb. Her greed was unsurpassed, and she would stuff life into her oozing cunt until the end of time.

Soft glorps and gloops echoed up from those implausible depths, and Sara began to contemplate dragging another god into her slimy cleft. They struggled enormously, but their seed just kept on multiplying long after they themselves had become a mere blob of goo. Definitely worth the trouble...