

# Khanna, The Insatiable

*Sabrina Fox*



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Khanna, The Insatiable

by

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## Chapter One

### Revenge

Khanna was the epitome of a woman; she was five-foot-eight tall, with wavy brown shoulder-length hair. She had the most dazzling blue eyes, cute little pixie nose and juicy thick lips. Her shoulders and arms were well-toned, and her 38 DD breasts were firm and flawless. Her stomach was flat as a washboard, with a tiny waist and her legs long and slender. She was nicely tanned all over her body as she was no stranger to the sun.

She wore a two-piece outfit made from fur; the top was like a strip wrapped tightly around her ample tits, pushing them together, giving her an incredible cleavage. The bottom was like the tiniest of miniskirts that just about covered her modesty until she bent over. She wore a pair of furry brown boots that came up to just below the knee and around her petite waist was a black leather belt with a brown sheath attached that housed a gold-handled sword that rested against her right thigh. She lived in a land called Kalifistan, an island in the middle of the howling sea. It could be a wild, lawless place, ravaged by civil war. No one knew Khanna's exact age, not even her, but she was around twenty-seven/twenty-eight.

She was raised in the village of Cartlu by her aunt and uncle after her parents died of the black virus when she was a baby. Cartlu was then invaded and destroyed a few years later during the old war with the north when she was still very young. Her remaining family and rest of her tribe were all brutally slaughtered in the attack, with her only surviving because her aunt had the foresight to hide her underneath her uncle's dead body. It was from there she witnessed an axe split her aunt's head in two.

Ever since that very day, hate and desire for revenge had grown inside her like cancer. Unable to forget and not wanting to forgive, she swore that one day she would avenge her family's murder.

Found wandering the wastelands by the nomadic Scavenger tribe, they saved and raised her as their own, teaching her how to hunt and fight better than any man. Wanting to enhance her combat abilities, she later spent the next few years living with the Tetba monks, a religious order who lived in the mountains of Fah. There in exchange for cooking and cleaning, the monks taught her their ancient martial arts and weaponry skills. It was while at the monastery she discovered the influence her pretty face and voluptuous body had over most men, even though these monks were supposed to be celibate.

As well as teaching her the secrets of their age-old craft, Kryzer, the head monk, would give Khanna she later spent the next few years living with the Tetba monks, a religious order who lived in the mountains of Fah. There in exchange for cooking and cleaning the monks taught her their ancient martial arts and weaponry skills. It was while at the monastery, she discovered the influence her pretty face and voluptuous body had over most men, even though these monks were supposed to be celibate.

As well as teaching her the secrets of their age-old craft, Kryzer, the head monk would give Khanna 'extra training' every Sunday. Kryzer was a strapping six-feet and well-built with rippling muscles and a six-pack. He had jet-black hair swept back into a ponytail that reached the middle of his back, and he looked incredible for fifty-five.

Khanna would go to his quarters, where he would always answer the door naked with a rock-hard erection. His cock was cut, very thick and a good nine inches, his balls hung heavy like two eggs. Khanna always giggled when she looked down as he answered the door and saw his rigid cock greeting her, because she knew this meant she was in for some serious 'training'. He'd cover himself in a coating of oil which emphasised his muscles and more importantly the veins in his shaft.

Once in the room, she would tease Kryzer by slowing pulling her skirt up from behind to flash her sexy ass or by pulling her top down just to the top of her nipples. The master monk would always end up jerking his big cock and begging her to undress, which eventually she always did, slowly.

Kryzer always insisted on rubbing oil onto Khanna himself, taking his time to rub it over her fantastic tits and toy with her bullet nipples. He would then rub plenty across her neat, triangle of pussy hair, and droplets of oil would flick off the individual strands as he ran his hand over her bush. It wasn't long before Kryzer was slipping a finger in between her legs to feel how hot and wet her pussy would get. Khanna loved the way the monk would then slide one of his long fingers into her cunt and rubbed her pleasure spot with his thumb.

She never knew what an orgasm was until Kryzer had got hold of her, and the rhythmical way he used his thumb to rub her clit meant she always came within a few minutes. She'd close her eyes and throw her head back gasping little, short breaths as she came over his fingers.

He would then lay her down on fur rugs and place a silk pillow under her butt and lying on his front with his head between her legs, open her pussy lips up and bury his tongue inside her. Kryzer was a master of many things, and Khanna rated his oral ability as his most excellent skill of all. He would stay down there for hours working her clit with his long tongue, making her cum over and over. Her cries of ecstasy echoed around the corridors of the monastery, letting all the other monks know what was going on and leaving them nursing their hard-ons.

Kryzer would slide his fat cock into Khanna's, by now, soaking wet pussy and fuck her while holding her legs up as he knelt in front of her. Watching those magnificent tits jiggle every time he slammed his cock into her, harder with each stroke. Khanna's face would be flushed red as she

reached her fifth climax in an hour and always knew Kryzer was close when he'd let go of her legs and put his hands together like he was praying. He'd withdraw his cock hands-free by bucking his hips backwards and rewarding Khanna with his load. Thick spurt after spurt of hot cum would cover her pretty bush and flat stomach, often drenching her tits too.

In those extra one-to-one training sessions, Kryzer taught Khanna more about her body than any sex manual had to offer. She keenly looked forward to every Sunday for lesson time. Any other time she had to make do with the smooth wooden dildo, she'd cleverly carved, or if she felt particularly horny, she'd sneak one of the bigger carrots out of the kitchen and frig herself with that. She needed to cum at least every other day, sometimes twice.

The privilege of been head monk meant Kryzer saw to it that no one else was allowed to indulge with his little fuck toy. It still didn't stop the occasional monk from trying though. One particular young monk who once playfully slapped her ass while she was scrubbing the kitchen floor ended up with a broken collarbone and jaw after a rather severe reprimand from Kryzer.

Despite exclusively belonging to Kryzer the entire duration of her stay, she did enjoy teasing the other monks, especially washing and showering in the courtyard in the middle of the afternoon. The feeling of all those eyes burning into her made her pussy twinge, as she knew most of them would be jacking off watching her little show. Khanna would soap her perfect breasts paying close attention to her nipples and caress her ass cheeks as she rinsed the soapy water off. Occasionally, some of the monks wouldn't even try to hide the fact that were spying on her. They would stand at the window with their robes pulled up above the naval, jerking their cocks so whenever she looked up, she could see they were watching her and pleasuring themselves.

This always made Khanna even hornier; she would extend the performance by making sure to clean her pussy by rubbing her wet hands between her legs. Sometimes, as many as thirty would be looking down on her from the windows, wanking at the fantasy happening below.

The reason she had gone to live with the monks in the first place was to learn enough skills to seek revenge for what happened to her family. Her whole village had been wiped out by King Gregore of the Hackham tribe, the Hackham inhabited the north of the country and viewed their southern neighbours, the Mitsi as subhuman. They had far more powerful armies, and wealth too, as most of their gold was stolen from the Mitsi, and for centuries the north and south had waged war on and off. Finally, after two years she had been taught well in every form of weaponry and martial art known to the monks. She now felt like she was ready to head north armed with this knowledge and seek retribution upon the murderous tyrant who had ordered the execution of her family.

On the morning that Khanna was due to leave, Kryzer presented her with the sword that she carries today. Pure gold-handled with an eighteen-inch razor-sharp blade. He also gave her a bag of gold and silver, as money would be essential on her long trip for food and a bed, although Khanna would hardly be short of offers for that.

Before she left, she said goodbye to Qinka, a small, fat woman who was around sixty. She was the head cook and matriarch of the monastery, but no one had ever tried to fuck her or watch her shower! She had however been very kind to Khanna during her stay. At precisely ten o'clock that morning, she set off for Daqan, the capital city and where King Gregore resided, with only revenge on her mind.

It was at least two hundred miles to the border, and she would have to take on mountains, forests and roads littered with cut-throats and desperadoes. But these would be a mere inconvenience. She walked for about five miles or so,



passing many peasants and their laden donkeys on their way to market. There were fellow travellers and the occasional errand boy who would gawp in disbelief when they saw this beautiful creature coming towards them. She noticed that every boy couldn't help but stare at her big lovely tits as they passed, and she liked that.

A few minutes later, she saw two scruffy figures approaching, staggering all over the road. As they got closer, it was apparent these pair were very drunk. Now just a few feet away, Khanna could see they were sailors' home on shore leave. Both men were overweight and uglier than a box of frogs. The first one nudged his friend when he saw our heroine heading towards them. "Look at the tits on that," he said, smiling a toothless grin. "Cor yea" replied his pal, "I think we should fuck the slut."

Now Khanna loved people noticing and looking at her, but she didn't like rude people or did she like been called a slut. "Piss off arse wipes," she growled as she passed, putting the sailors firmly in their place. The one who called her a slut didn't like this much and from his belt pulled a curved blunt-looking knife that in truth would have difficulty cutting butter "That's not very nice slut," he snarled "and just for that we're gonna fuck you every way possible, and then cut your throat."

Khanna stopped and looked down at the pathetic knife, "Oh really? With that?" she said, raising an eyebrow. "Yeah," barked the other sailor who was even uglier than his mate. "Oh, I don't think so," grinned Khanna and for the first time drew her new shiny sword. "That ain't gonna stop us, darling," said fatty waving his blunt blade "and there's two of us slut." "Oh, we'll see" laughed Khanna and in one foul swipe cut the sailor's arm clean off at the elbow, making the knife and the drunken sailor's hand and forearm drop to the floor in a shower of blood.

"Arrrggghh, my arm, my fucking arm," he screamed, "look what you've done you, mad bitch." This was Khanna's

first taste of real violence away from the training with the monks, and she liked it, even though in truth she'd wished he'd put up a bit more of a fight. The sailor sunk to his knees, screaming in agony, holding his blood-soaked stump as his uglier friend stumbled to the edge of the path and was sick all over the hedge. Khanna was about to put her sword back in its sheath when the sailor who had puked, wiped the vomit from his chin and picked up a large stick — holding it above his head; he charged at her yelling a rather pathetic battle-cry.

“Really?” said Khanna sidestepping the drunken oaf, who clumsily stumbled past her. As he did, she gave the back of his head a smack with the end of her sword's handle. Thump! His scalp ripped open, and a flood of blood burst forth as he collapsed face down in the pool of his friend's claret.

Khanna calmly placed her sword back in its sheath and walked on leaving both the sailors wishing they'd kept their filthy mouths shut. As she strutted away, leaving the screams of pain in the distance, she was buzzing with adrenalin that rushed through her body, making her feel extremely horny.

She tried her best to carry on with her journey, but it was no good, she was too excited, and her pussy had got so wet she needed to do something about it. She wriggled out of her fur skirt, so it slid down her long legs and pulled her ample tits out from under her top. She reached down between her legs with her right hand and felt the wetness. Her cunt was on fire, and as soon as her fingertip parted the lips, she felt another surge of pleasure rush through her body. She stood there at the side of the road, praying that someone would come along and watch her play with herself or better still bend her over fuck her hard.

With her left hand, she tweaked her left nipple, which wasted no time in popping out, while with her right hand, frigged herself fast. *God hurting bad guys felt good* she

thought, as the hot morning sun beat down on her near-naked body, as she finger fucked herself as hard as she could. It only took about a minute or so, as she came a shuddering orgasm that delighted all her senses.

Removing her fingers from her cunt, her pussy juice flicked onto the inside of her thighs. She sat down on the grass verge for a second to compose herself from cumming so hard, and as usual, couldn't resist licking her fingers clean. She wiped the sweat from her brow, put her tits away by readjusting her top, and stepped back into her furry skirt, pulling it over her shapely bottom. A tightening of the sword belt and she was on her way again, feeling nicely satisfied.

Walking along the path for another hour, she didn't see another soul and took the opportunity to stop and eat a couple of apples when she came across a tree bursting with the fruit. Another mile into her journey, she heard the faint-clip clop of horse hooves and the grinding of cartwheels on stone. She spun around to see a big, old brown and white shire horse plodding along, pulling a two-wheel cart stacked high with hay. There at the front controlling the horse was a little old man of about seventy.

"Hello, my dear? You going far?" he called down as he drew alongside Khanna. "I'm heading north," she smiled back. "I'm going another three miles or so if you fancy a ride?" he replied. "Oh yes please," Khanna grinned and the old fella signalled to the back of the cart by pointing his thumb over his shoulder. Jumping up into the back of the wagon, Khanna lay back on the soft hay which felt remarkably warm and comfortable from the afternoon sun. She closed her eyes and relaxed, pleased to be off her feet, before the constant rhythmic rocking of the cart sent her into a deep sleep.

When she awoke from her nap, the cart had stopped. Sitting up with a start and taking a look around, she appeared to be in a farm courtyard. Jumping down from the cart, she saw the old man emerge from an outbuilding

walking towards her and smiling a toothless grin. "This is as far as I go sadly," he said, "this is my farm you see, you looked so peaceful asleep I didn't like to wake you, hope I did right?" he added. "How long have I been out for?" asked Khanna stretching her arms. "Oh, we got here about an hour ago," the farmer replied "I'm sorry I can't take you any further, but you're welcome to stay here for some food, and you can even spend the night here if you have nowhere else to sleep." he smiled.

Khanna raised her right eyebrow. "Stay the night? And at what cost? Nothing in life is free," she smirked. The old man just cackled "First things first, let's get you fed," he said, and with that, she followed him up a cracked path into a small quaint cottage. Once in the kitchen, he motioned for her to sit down at the table.

Taking a pot from the stove, he poured her a cup of hot coffee before introducing himself, "My name's Rof," he said "I've lived on this farm all my life," adding "please go ahead, help yourself." and pointed to the loaf of bread, a big slab of cheese and cold meats that were on the table. This was most welcome as she was starving! As she began to eat the delicious snack on offer, Rof then suggested: "Shall I heat some water for you to have a bath?" "Food, bath, and a bed for the night?" said Khanna "So come on then, what's the catch?"

"No, it's not like that," panicked the old boy. "Don't worry, you'll be quite safe here, as I have to go and feed the cows and pigs anyway."

She didn't like to say she could gut the decrepit old fossil with both hands tied behind her back if she'd wanted, so instead just politely said: "Thank you, you're too kind." "Think nothing of it," replied Rof placing a large kettle over the fire. Khanna cut another slice of the home-made bread as she watched him go to a cupboard to fetch a blanket and pillow

“Like I said, you’re more than welcome to stay here the night” he said, “either here or in one of the barns, wherever you feel safest?” Khanna liked this old fellow, he was humble, kind and generous, and she wanted to pay him back for his kindness. “Is there anything I can do for you?” she asked, finishing another slice of ham. Rof looked at her with a sheepish grin on his face and shrugged his shoulders “Oh, I dunno?” he replied meekly, but Khanna knew exactly what to do.

She’d never given a mercy blow job before but thought it was least she could do to make an old farmer happy. She got up from the table and walked over to where he was standing. Taking hold of the belt on his trousers, the bemused and shocked Rof could not believe his luck. Khanna undid the buckle and pulled them down, exposing a tiny wrinkled cock poking out from a big overgrown bush of grey pubes. She didn’t know whether to laugh or feel sorry for the old boy as she placed both hands on his pale thighs. It smelt like old socks, but still, she opened her lips and popped his whole dick in her mouth. It was no bigger hard than it was soft and tasted worse than it smelt.

She clamped her lips hard around the unsightly cock and sucked back and forward, only moving her head a couple of inches at a time. It was easily the smallest dick she had seen since she was little and used to play with the boys in the woods, but it was kind of cute in a strange way. Removing it from her mouth so that she could flick the purple tip with her tongue, she licked up and down the few inches a couple of times before sucking it again.

It didn’t take much to suck it and in one swift motion, her nose buried into his grey bush, making him whimper in pleasure as he placed his hand on the back of her head. “No one has done this for years,” he cried as Khanna slowly sucked backwards until only the tip was between her lips. She repeated this twice more before he grunted like one of

his old animals, and filled her mouth with a massive load of warm, bitter-tasting cum.

The whole blow job had lasted less than twenty seconds, and once his dick had stopped twitching and releasing his sickly jism, Rof stepped away, leaving Khanna kneeling on the floor with bulging cheeks. He pulled his trousers up as quickly as he could, as Khanna could see he was embarrassed at cumming so quick and not wanting to make him feel any worse just swallowed her mouthful in one big gulp.

"I think you needed that," she said, standing up and wiping her lips with the back of her hand as he hastily fastened his belt looking thoroughly ashamed. Khanna walked back over to the table and poured another cup of coffee as all she wanted to do was get the weird bitter taste of the old farmer's cum out of her mouth.

"I'll get the bath," said Rof wanting an excuse to leave the room and scurried into the pantry, tucking his shirt back into his trousers. He came back with a tin bath that he placed in front of the fire, and lightly tapped the side of the huge kettle as he decided if it was hot enough to use before pouring it into the bath in a cloud of steam. He refilled the kettle and put it back onto the fire to heat "Right, I better see to the cattle, enjoy." And with that, he shuffled off still not looking Khanna in the eye.

Khanna had a quick look around the cottage while she waited for the kettle to reheat. The cottage was very basic, there were two bedrooms and a sparse lounge, and it was clear he lived mainly in the kitchen. Returning to the kettle, she lifted it from the fire, making sure it wasn't boiling and poured it into the bath. Next, she removed her fur top by lifting it over her head. Her perfect tits bounced free, and Khanna grabbed both and gave them a gentle massage. Oh, it feels good to get that off she thought as she pushed the skirt down off her hips and onto the floor. She ran her hands over her pert ass cheeks and brought her right hand around

to run her fingers through her neat, brown bush. She was now naked in the kitchen apart from her furry boots as she stretched and squeezed her heavy breasts one more time.

Resting her soft bum against the kitchen table, she lifted her legs one at a time and took her boots off and stepped into the hot bath. "Oooh," she sighed as it was hot, but she soon got used to it.

Hanging onto the sides of the tin bath, she lowered her pussy and butt into the water and laying back let out a long, satisfying "Aaaahh."

She luxuriated for a good twenty minutes, soaking in the water with little beads of sweat occasionally dropping off her face, and down onto her tits. She felt so relaxed she almost dropped off again, until she heard the creak of the door that is!

## Chapter Two

Jozz

Khanna slowly opened her eyes to see the back door was open ajar, just enough for someone to peep through. There, behind the crack in the door was a shadowy figure clearing enjoying the view. That horny old bastard has come back for a quick look after all she thought.

"It's OK, you can come in," she laughed, but it wasn't Rof who opened the door but a young, blonde-haired, nineteen-year-old lad who took her by surprise. "Err hi there, I'm Khanna," she said. The young lad stood there awestruck, blushing with his mouth wide open in total shock at finding a naked beauty bathing in his kitchen.

"And you are?" she asked, not attempting to cover herself. "Umm Jozz, I'm Jozz," said the young man as he seemed to have great trouble remembering his own name. "I'm Rof's Grandson," he spluttered, his eyes glued to her moist tits. "Oh, hi Jozz," Khanna giggled "your Grandad very kindly said I could have a bath," she said, "I hope you don't mind." The red-faced teen didn't mind in the slightest!

"It's OK though," she added "I was just about to get out anyway," and with that, she stood up in the bath and placed her hands on her hips. Jozz's expression was one of astonishment as he eyed Khanna up and down. There she stood, glistening and dripping, her body flushed from the hot water. Her nipples had hardened at the sight of the young boy staring at her and more importantly so had the bulge she'd spotted straining in his pants.

"Any chance of a girl getting a towel around here," Khanna teased, but Jozz didn't hear a word, he was too transfixed by the Goddess plus, he'd never seen a naked woman before. "Err, a towel if you please?" Khanna repeated. "Err sorry," Jozz stammered, bumping into a chair as he walked to the shelf where the towels were kept, not taking his eyes off her once. Khanna enjoyed this, and it made her very excited.



Stepping out of the bath, she sauntered over to the lad, leaving wet footprints as she did. She was now just inches away as she reached out and took the towel from him. The boy was visibly shaking as he watched her dry herself, his breathing heavy, and his erection desperate to burst from his trousers. "Would you like to help me?" she asked, passing the towel back to Jozz.

He never said a word just nodded like a mute and taking the towel he began dabbing her wet arms.

"No silly," said Khanna stopping him by grabbing his hand "here," and placed his hand on her tits. The boy's face was now bright crimson, "but after those, don't forget my pussy," she purred. Jozz ran the towel over her delightful triangle "Are you dry yet?" he pathetically asked. "Oh no, I'm still VERY wet," she replied and lurching forward kissed the lad on the lips, forcing his mouth open with her tongue.

Their tongues began dancing with each other as Jozz surprised Khanna by what an excellent kisser he was. She sucked on his tongue and playfully bit his lip as she hurriedly tugged at his pants, pulling them down. A huge, smooth, thick cock sprung free, as stiff as a poker. Khanna stopped kissing him and looked down "My, my," she smiled "you have a beautiful cock my boy.

Jozz blushed even more if that was possible and coyly mumbled "Thanks, but I've never got to use it," "What?" recoiled Khanna "Are you a virgin?" she asked, her voice rising with a surprised inflection. The lad looked completely crestfallen, hung his head to the ground and nodded. "Then today is your lucky day darling," she smiled and wrapped her fingers around his fat shaft, pulling his uncut skin back over the tip to reveal his helmet. The lad gasped as she did this as no one had ever touched his prick before

She could feel the young cock throb in anticipation as she tightened her grip and stuck her tongue in his mouth again. Letting go of his dick, she wrapped both arms around him and pulled him in close. His hard cock pushed into her

thigh, as her firm tits squashed hard against his chest. They kissed passionately, and Khanna could sense the young lad was growing in confidence and finally starting to lose his shyness.

She turned and headed for the table, leading Jozz by his penis. She turned around again to face him and lifted her butt onto the table before leaning back and opening her legs.

There, Jozz saw her exquisite pussy, and under the soft triangle of hair, were two delectable lips. The young man had fantasied about his first time so many times, but he never thought it would be with a woman as sexy as her. She remained leaning back on her left arm and brought her right hand around to her pussy. Jozz watched intently, as with her finger and thumb, she deftly parted her shiny lips to reveal her inviting pink hole.

Sat in front of him was the most beautiful woman he could wish for, with her legs wide open waiting to be fucked. Finally, taking the initiative, he took hold of the base of his dick and with a look of concentration on his face lined the tip up with her slit. "Go on, fuck me," she said wickedly. Jozz looked up at Khanna's smiling face briefly and grinned as he rammed his whole eight inches into her in one thrust, taking her by surprise. She took a sharp intake of breath as the young stud's meat entered her with ease.

He was no longer bashful as he withdrew his raging cock leaving just the tip in, before slamming it back in up to his balls. It glided in as Khanna was now sopping wet, the combination of a big fat dick fucking her and the fact she was popping the young farm labourers cherry. Jozz repeated this process five or six times until Khanna pulled him in closer by wrapping her legs around his waist. Animal instinct took over, and Jozz began fucking this temptress hard and fast.

"Oh my god, you're good," squealed Khanna as this shy, inexperienced virgin became a stud. Feeling herself about to