

The worgen woman Lucille let out a relieved sigh as her paws stepped onto solid wood that didn't sway around with each shift of the waves. So this was Ratchet, it was simple for a goblin town, the small port settlement was not half as grand as she expected, having visited several other goblin towns in her time.

She let out a sharp whistle, a heavy pawed rhythm following her as her tamed and loyal pet caught up and stayed in her shadow.

"I wonder if you even remember this place, Tussle." Lucille said with affection, crouching to stroke down the lioness' back. "It was near here that we met, after all."

The lioness looked around then yawned and stretched, pushing into the attentive hand.

"Heh, well, let's get to the inn. There's a nice bed waiting for us, one that won't swing about on a moment's notice."

The worgen had turned in early, evening light still lingering in the skies as she reviewed the maps and prepared her equipment. It had been over a year since the forces of the Alliance and Horde had lowered their tensions and called a truce, though in these lands, closer to the contested borders, she still felt judgemental eyes, even in the town.

In those eyes she searched for suspicion. Her mission had been given in secrecy, to scout out and search for hints pertaining to the disappearance of several Alliance guards and a night elf of interest. They had vanished from the borders and so it was there that Lucille was to investigate. To lay low and find out if she could figure out the truth behind the matter. If it was the Horde's working, the peace would become all the more tenuous.

After claiming a few hours of sleep she woke, leaving the settlement in the dead of night. She moved into the wilderness, to tend to her mission.

From Ratchet, she avoided all settlements and camps, taking the least remarkable path she could find, heading far west before turning toward the northern end of The Barrens. The journey took her days but afforded her time to make sure she wasn't being followed. If she was to catch those responsible, no one could know she was close.

It was there that she found a most suspicious site. One that was too clean, not even creatures had disturbed the dusty ground in a while. Between the worgen's keen senses and that of her pet it wasn't long before they found hints. Splintered wood, scored pieces of metal, they'd been collected and hidden together.

An emblem stood out on one piece of wood, cleaved down the centre. It caught Lucille's attention. It wasn't the horde, it was the Grimtotem! Before she finished the thought a loud bellowing roar confirmed it. A black furred bovine leapt from a ridge, his roar met by that of

Tussle. The lioness ran to intercept the tauren, only for sand coloured scales to burrow from below the ground and hiss defiantly in the face of the feline.

Lucille managed to draw her broadsword in time to catch the blade of the tauren's axe. Yet the sheer force of the blow, all the momentum of the leap behind it, sent her staggering back. She let the sword drop, hurrying to her bow.

Another black furred form was already there, a tauren woman who had kicked Lucille's quiver wide, scattering the arrows everywhere. She was unarmed but her physique and stance showed that she was still up for a fight, smiling arrogantly.

Angry hisses and pained yowls echoed as the lioness and snake fought behind her.

Lucille's teeth pulled back in a snarl as she leapt forward to strike the figure in front of her. The tauren was ready, catching Lucille's claws with a heavy leather bracer and punching back in response.

The worgen's own armour served to protect her, despite the bludgeoning force behind those strong fists. Both women swung at each other, proving a near even match despite their differences in speed and strength.

The tauren's eyes flickered in surprised panic, the blood lust in Lucille's own catching and capitalising. Clawed hands met the thick three-fingered palms of her opponent, the tauren's arm's yielding for a bit, before that panic turned to smug confidence. Her strength redoubled, all a feint to bait the worgen woman, before a heavy strike slammed on the top of Lucille's helm. The other tauren! The haft of his axe stunned Lucille, dropping her to her knees.

Thick thumbs pressed beside her head wrenching the helmet loose before the hand grabbed the back of her head and slammed her into the ground.

Dazed as she was, she struggled to let out another whistle, to summon Tussle back to her side. Instead she was rolled onto her back, before another swinging fist turned out the lights.

Lucille's throbbing head woke her, distracting her at first from the uneven feeling on her furred skin.

The tauren woman shouted something in her native tongue before lapsing into Orcish, a more common language of the Horde and one that Lucille knew. "Finally awake, pup? Don't see many of your kind out here. We must have really upset someone." She said with a chuckle.

The worgen tried to move and stand, yet she couldn't. Her arms and legs were stuck, pushed together, stretched out. Her neck even struggled to see exactly what and why, feeling compressed and unable to bend. A heavy hand grabbed her between the ears and twisted to tilt her head for her, putting pressure on her throat, choking her.

Tanned, thick canvas had been tugged firmly around her body, before the wrapped layer had been swaddled with a stiflingly absurd amount of rope. Criss crossing in a wild and chaotic tangle, no artistry present or even needed, after all with how tight and hastily it had been drawn, the weakened worgen wouldn't be fighting loose.

The tightness at her neck was the only neat part, a sturdy collar built out of multiple loops of the rope which tightly bound more of the canvas over Lucille's snout, keeping her from speech.

While the tangle itself was far from orderly, the volume of rope compensated. Considering also that each round of it had been pulled as tightly as their prodigious strengths allowed, Lucille could feel the pressure from all angles, gaining only light reprieves where the folded cloth canvas sat uncovered, which itself prevented her from bringing her claws out onto the ropes or her fingers to try to loosen the twisted knots.

Wild eyed, the hunter looked around. Her bow had been snapped and now lay in a pile with her armour and the shredded remnants of her clothing. "Mmh-mhhhmhgh!" She growled, trying to fight despite the obvious futility.

"Recognise what you're in? Probably not. Those are tauren burial wraps." The tauren woman said, running a finger down the front of Lucille's body. "Of course we usually use them on those who have already departed from this world. Hence why we had to tie them onto you."

The implication in the words sent a tremor of fear down Lucille's back, made worse when she saw the motions of the other tauren, digging a hole in the dirt.

"A good way to deal with an annoying Alliance snoop, don't you agree?" She asked rhetorically.

"Mmmh! Nhhh!!!" Lucille yelped.

"Haha, it was worth saying that just for your reaction. I suppose 'burial' is a poor term, something you'd know if you had learned much about us, but then, why would an Alliance servant care about our customs?" She said with a cruel chuckle. "Come here looking for your missing friends, I take it? Don't worry, you'll find out first hand what we do with them, but before we go, we need to lighten the load."

The worgen felt herself lifted, her upper half propped against the tauren from behind. Soft pressure tucked to either side of her head, the grimtotem woman had stripped, too! "That's why I'm glad you're up, it's going to be quite the show." She said, her legs rising to brace Lucille's body between them. Her hands squashed against the worgen's cheeks, twisting her to look in a particular direction. Lucille's stomach lurched, there on the ground lay Tussle, twitching weakly, a spot of crimson had dried into the lioness' fur from where the snake had bit her, with more signs of combat damage clear.

“First, as a fellow huntress, I thought it best if our pets gave a metaphorical demonstration.” She twisted her head up, giving another bark in her native tongue. The other tauren looked around but then went back to digging. The snake meanwhile, slithered out into view.

Lucille squirmed anew as it took its time, playing slowly, body flicking in around the envenomed lioness. The worgen could see the twitches for what they were, not spasm but cogent attempts at motion. Scales slid over each other, scooping underneath the feline, lifting just to feed more of its body underneath.

There was a sudden squeeze, marking an attempted growl from Tussle. The tauren made sure to brace Lucille, ensuring she could see, her arm moving to lock around the worgen’s neck as she leaned in, eyes glittering at the performance.

The coils squashed and squeezed, kneading the defeated lion at the least and crushing the air until the body creaked. Lucille watched as the lion she’d raised, bonded with and survived adventures on all continents beside was overcome. “He does so enjoy the taste of lion.” The tauren taunted as the snake’s jaw unhinged. The tauren stood, grabbing the bundled worgen and dragging her around making sure she got a good view. By the time they’d rounded it Lucille could already see the sickening sight of the snake’s neck being stretched out to cover the lioness’ legs.

Her captor sat down again but this time rather than her arms, it was her legs that held Lucille’s head. Heavy thighs crossed under her chin, hands playing with the wolf-like ears as she focused on the two animals. Another sickening revelation struck the poor hunter, she felt a dampness spreading behind her head. The naked tauren was *enjoying* the show.

The scaled body filled out with the creature inside it. Lucille couldn’t tell from this range if it had had the mercy to finish the job, or if it was swallowing Tussle alive but paralysed. The vile grintotem woman was breathing heavily, practically panting in response.

The snake’s coils loosened and unfurled as it fed more of the lioness into itself. The tauren waited, impatiently from how it felt to Lucille, actively rubbing herself along the back of the worgen’s head.

Another bark in Taurahe set the snake’s coils dropping out of sight and its head turning, mouth stretched over the head of the lioness, framing it and slowly sucking it in.

Lucille herself was assailed then, her emotions were wrought enough by the pathetic final sight, before the tauren’s thighs really began to squeeze around her neck and front. The sturdy ropes served to *protect* her from the sheer power of what could well have crushed her neck beyond repair. “Remember this sight, dog. The last time you’ll see any of your pets again, and the last time anyone on Azeroth will see that lion.”

The snake had even drifted closer, almost within reach.

Her taunting grappler paused her choking for just a second to lift one of her broad, thick hooves forward, laying it on the lioness' nose and pushing as the snake swallowed the last visible glance of Tussle's body.

"Mmmhh! MMMMMHhhh!" A frantic, furious surge tore through Lucille, yet still the wraps and ropes held her. The tauren merely laughed, turning to the bull tauren nearby.

"He'll want to sleep that off. Be sure to bury the bones deep with the rest of her belongings." She said, grunting with effort as her thighs returned to choking the breath and with it the fight from Lucille.

"Yes, Muranda." The tauren said, finally giving a name to Lucille's tormentor.

The world closed in, Lucille's body craved air which was denied to her all while the snake slid closer to its master, pressing the bulging mass of the lioness over the trussed up worgen.

More darkness followed, this stretch filled with twisting horrors in her dreams. Lucille shook awake, feeling a rhythmic swaying under her. At first, she thought it was the ship again. Yet that was days ago and a sight over her head removed any doubt that she had been dreaming up any of the recent events.

Her arms were no longer at her sides, legs not lashed together, but worse. The former had been bent tightly together, straps holding each wrist to one side of her neck with minimal room between her shoulder and forearm, while another strap tugged painfully over the elbows, spreading them apart. Her legs were bent back, straight out and spread eagled.

Lucille's view of the sky was blotted by Muranda's snout and bouncing chest. While loose parts of Muranda's accessories, carved bone and wood, clacked against her shoulders and torso, from the hips down the tauren was decidedly undressed, with her nethers resting above Lucille's belly, which was itself strapped up in something new and thick. "Waking up, are you, little spy? Don't try to hide it now, your nightmare plagued grunts are so much different than those groans you're making now."

There was a deep grunt from the other direction, behind and below. Another few words in Taurahe were shouted as Muranda called to the kodo beast that served as her mount.

"I wasn't sure how it would go at first but it turns out this suits a worgen of your build even better than a night elf. It's like it was just made for you! You're thick enough to round out each strap without being too rounded."

She slapped the thick leather with her hand. "I've been waiting for you. I'm getting sorely needy and there's no point to having a living saddle if it doesn't keep me company."

“Lighhn-hgh...” Lucille growled and groaned, revealing a strap that was lodged between her teeth, cleaving her lips and holding a thick wad of cloth in.

“Living saddle.” Muranda repeated with a smirk. The weighty tauren was obviously quite comfortable yet the worgen was anything but. “It’s a long way out of The Barrens, particularly if it’s important I be undetected but fortunately others of my tribe have come this way, that should have warded off everyone who might get in the way and save it being an arduous odyssey. Still, I’ve been dying to see where else you fit better than some elf.” The last part was said in a way that made Lucille’s toes curl.

Her hands shifted, body trying to sway, Muranda even lifted her hips to stand in the stirrups, taking her weight off Lucille. The worgen could still barely move, even without the pressure.

“You don’t have a choice in this, you know.” She said with a chuckle. “Struggling will only make those limbs ache more.”

The tauren shifted herself up, one hoof stepping onto a sturdy strap further up than might be expected. “Mmh, phhhfmn hhn!” Lucille growled, face twisting as she gave her all to fight. Her eyes opened with a hateful glare that turned to shock as she saw the light more blocked than before.

Muranda’s waist hovered directly above her face. The tauren woman leant forward to grab some handles while the kodo plodded on unmindful of the changes. Lucille’s eyes grew wider as the tauren brought her privates down, closer, feeling the puff of each one of the worgen’s breaths.

“Mmmh, are you trying to get me excited?” She asked with a chuckle. “Down we go!”

As she pronounced it, she bent her knees, pushing her lips against Lucille’s snout.

“Mmmh! Mh-mhhhn!!! Nhhhhh!” Lucille groaned in panic and denial.

“Oh you must be.” Muranda confirmed, huffing herself as the vibrations of the worgen teased her more. Her legs and one hand held her weight carefully while her other hand slipped in, rubbing her folds lewdly, exciting herself all the more.

The scent hit Lucille, there was no way to avoid it, after all. Liquids pooled and dripped, caught by the cloth in her lips, further hinting its purpose, not just to gag her but to trap the lingering ‘presence’ of her captor. Muranda let out a lowing growl, her jaw wide as she moaned herself.

Her hand grabbed a hold of Lucille’s snout, rubbing the liquid into it before it went back to her lips, spreading her labia wide. With the cruellest of grins on her face, she dipped down the last inch.

Lucille felt the tight, yet soft walls spreading over her nose and even reaching the bottom of her chin, the tauren was using her snout for pleasure! Worse the more noises she made, the more the foul monster seemed to enjoy herself. Still, rage and fright mixed into a howl of displeasure as Lucille tried to spit, having to suck air through the sides of her mouth as her nose was flooded.

“Moouh, be careful making it too fun for me!” Muranda shouted above her own groans of pleasure. “If you slip all the way in, I’m not gonna stop you from suffocating.”

In a rational space, there was no way Lucille would have taken it for more than a taunt, but in this insane situation her eyes widened as she considered the raw possibility. What if the tauren slipped all the way over her mouth, or her head?!

“Hahh, hhaaah! T-tell you what!” Muranda began with a tease. “If you get me to cum, I’ll get off for a bit. If you don’t, I’ll keep pressing down further. Better start squirming and growling loud for me, saddle!”

Lucille was trapped with no reprieve in sight, having to very possibly trade her life just to give the cow-like woman pleasure. “Nnnngh! Ghhhgh hhhhghh!” She spat as more of the juices soaked the outside of her muzzle as well as gathering in the cloth. The ribbed walls rubbed up and down her, sliding over, occupying all her senses as the tauren’s thick digit returned to play with the delicate nub to help bring herself to a crashing orgasm.

“F-f-f-fuck me, that’s far better than a night elf or human.” She groaned as she gave in, letting every drop of her joy spill forth, squeezing down, riding the most she could while below her the worgen growled and spat in hate.

It was moments later when she finally came down from the pleasure that, with shaking legs, she retreated to the rear stirrups and sat back hard on the saddle, another clattering accompanying her fall. “Earthmother, that was incredible. You’re lucky I have other plans for you or I might have to design a saddle that would fit you permanently. Perhaps if your kind ever tracks you down, or if I get my hands on one of those new Vulpera creatures. They’re even more portable...” She mused to herself.

“Well, saddle, I’m sure I’ll be horny again in an hour or so, make sure you drink up my gift.” Muranda said before leaning back, hands fishing in a pouch to the side. She poured a measure of a water skin down her own throat before splashing some into the cloth around Lucille’s face, doing nothing for the wetness that matted her fur on the outside. “Until then, let’s give you something to look forward to!”

After which she slung a leather bag over Lucille’s head, tightening it so it had enough space for air without slipping off, ensuring that the worgen would have to simmer in her scent until she felt it was time for a second round. Her eyes turned back to the horizon, it would be

quite some time before she made it back to the village but she'd find somewhere to rest her steed on the way.

If Lucille wasn't exhausted by the original capture, the ride made sure she was. Muranda wanted to keep her catch in some semblance of health, as such that meant pulling her down frequently when she had to stop the kodo for a break. It afforded Lucille no opportunities to escape though. A few sturdy straps were added around her arms and legs, keeping each limb bent. The tauren was ever vigilant of the straps too, if any so much as stretched they would be replaced before they could fray.

As Muranda put it to Lucille, "You worgen can outrun a horse on all fours, right? This shouldn't be that much of an inconvenience for you." as if being on knees and elbows wasn't excessively prohibiting in itself.

Lucille was fed, barely, with Muranda forcing herself on the worgen beforehand. Once again gagging and using the muzzle while with her back to the woman, her thick digits exploiting open legs that Lucille was too cramped to close. "Not just serving as a saddle but also as a replacement pet while I'm on my own? I never knew your kind were so versatile." All said while her hindquarters pushed herself into Lucille's face and her teasing fingers squished and squelched until the worgen couldn't resist. Especially when Muranda played with her breath, not giving her air until she stained the floor below her.

Even then, when the worgen was spasming in release, the tauren stayed with the snout inserted into herself, enjoying the extra flailing of desperation as Lucille realised she'd degraded herself yet her tormentor hadn't yet gone through with her promise.

The extra feedback proved to be just what Muranda needed for her own relief, taking a few moments before sliding off and giving the woman a drenched gasp of air.

Lucille had been trained to withstand interrogations and while she'd never been fully prepared for treatment of this nature, it wasn't enough to risk breaking her spirits, even as further days passed on the wearying road.

Any hopes of being rescued were already kept subdued, she knew there were Alliance outposts in The Barrens, which the heartless Muranda steered clear of, so too did she evade the Horde. With no knowledge of how close to any of the camps they were, Lucille also had no idea how likely a patrol might be.

Slowly the scenery around them changed until they reached a point where for a wonder, Muranda dressed herself fully and left her hips covered. That was a bad sign, it meant to Lucille that their privacy was about to come to an end on Muranda's terms.

Sure enough, for the first time they turned directly toward subtle but definitively purposeful markings toward civilisation. To the one side water glistened as far as could be seen, pierced by many plateaus and spires of rock, some almost akin to islands. The inland sea that had once been the dry lands of Thousand Needles.

Muranda carried her burdens toward several other figures, their dark fur marked in the red symbols that the Grimtotem favoured, more of Muranda's own tribe. A boat had been prepared, tethered to a discreet outcropping where water had carved an alcove in the years since the Shattering had changed the face of the land.

She left the kodo with her kin and took only her own personal essentials, including the squirming bundle that was Lucille, toward the boat.

In that boat, Lucille was once again strapped up so her legs were tethered, then weighted down so she couldn't even make the vessel rock. Something she earnestly considered, even though being dropped into the water in her restraints would lead to her death, if there was a chance she could get them too... but no, if she did manage, they could easily just swim to safety unlike her.

She was not privy to the conversation between Muranda and the boatman, yet even so she could guess the nature of it, multiple overt gestures, crass laughter, with many looks cast her way.

At least they kept it to looks, perhaps not able to shift the small craft too much themselves.

All Lucille saw from her position was the motion of clouds above or the shadows cast from a tip of rock that still jutted out of the water. The tauren's conversation was the only interruption for a long time until the rhythmic pounding of drums reached her ears.

"Ahh, hear that?" Muranda asked her. "The sounds of home."

They alighted on a dock, with Muranda heading straight to a tent. Thicker hands from the boat driving bull hauled Lucille up and slung her over his broad shoulder without any grace, twisting the world upside down.

A handful of Taurahe insults came from those who wished to rub salt in the wounds of her defeat, even one voice used Common to call her an "Alliance whore!" yet most of the camp was shockingly impassive, carrying on their day.

She couldn't be sure, jostled and disoriented as she was but it even seemed there were more than Grimtotem around, a surprise given their supremacist views. Still, afforded no true view of the camp, she wasn't able to tell who was around her. She was hauled to a spacious, wide flared tent.

Muranda was already waiting. “For my first gift in welcoming you here, I have a nice surprise.” She left the sentence in the air, directing with her head where the tauren carrying her should put her. Still too twisted to see, Lucille soon discovered with her throat what was meant as her head was pushed against a thin, grooved bar of wood “I hear they used to use it in Gilneas so hopefully a taste of your old home in the new.”

Her wearied arms were unstrapped too, the bigger tauren forcing her wrists parallel to her neck as Muranda pushed down on her head with one hand then slapped the stocks closed. A metal latch secured the piece of furniture, followed with a hefty bolt being slid into place.

“So, new pet, are you ready to call me your Master?” Muranda asked, reaching her hand to ruffle the hair between Lucille’s ears and then unstrap the gagging leather, letting it fall to the ground.

“Like hell I will.” She spat back, once she’d had a moment. She winced when Muranda chuckled and thumbed her own waistline, emphasising how close it was to the worgen’s head, likely set at just the right height...

“I am glad to hear a response like that, there’d be no fun if you rolled over easily. But I still don’t care for the tone or choice of words, I suggest a simple ‘no, Muranda’ next time.” The tauren woman said, striding around to the side. “It’s time to make sure you know where you are though. I have such a fun welcome planned. I believe it’s also not too dissimilar to how you use these wooden frames at home... for humiliation?”

As she had been speaking and pacing around more of the leather had been removed from Lucille until the worgen was naked, forced to crane forward at the awkward angle. “Whatever you are planning it won’t be enough to-.”

“Sh-sh-shhh, you don’t want to accidentally bite off that tongue.” She replied, a swishing sound coming toward the end of her sentence preceded a solid *thwack* as a leather switch was brought against her rump.

The worgen let out a half-contained yelp in surprise at the sudden stinging swing, yet she held her composure, teeth gritted and fingers clenched. “Tensing up so soon?” Muranda teased, a thick thumb running down Lucille’s back. “That was just a warm up.”

Another lash came down, the sound of it snapping filtered out into the air, another slap, then another. Soon, more deep voices from other tauren echoed into the tent as a small crowd gathered, some of them to watch, others to join in.

The boat man contented himself with a full dozen lashes before he threw the switch forward, letting it clatter on the floor, falling within Lucille’s view. He let out a laugh as he stepped away, claiming at least the first portion of his payment for the work of rowing them out there.

Relief wasn't in sight however, as a row of tauren had formed, the next laying into Lucille's hind quarters with an open palm. Lucille grit her teeth still, holding on to her fury in order to mentally endure the humiliation. The palm was nothing compared to the switch, yet rather than goading her captors she fell silent.

The tauren spanking her spread the pressure around, all carefully planned as the next figure who approached took a solid paddle. The relatively gentle smacks had stirred up her sensitivity, the whap of the board took full advantage of that, spreading like a throbbing fire after it landed. Even Lucille had to gasp and growl in anger at that. Muranda leant down in front of her, holding her weight on the stocks while whispering in Lucille's ear.

"My my, at least half the village has come by, there's not going to be anything left of your tight little ass by the time they're finished. But here, I'll make a deal with you, I'll stop them, declare your punishment over, if, in front of them all, you give me a good licking like a good dog." She said before straightening up and sliding off her underwear, leaving the short skirt she'd taken to preserve her modesty while leaving herself quite open. She stood beside Lucille, watching the proceedings, encouraging her 'guests' to abandon any thoughts of mercy or taking it easy.

Lucille tried to stare through welling eyes at the woman, brow furrowed in hate, teeth bared in a snarl.

Tool after tool clattered onto the pile, Lucille's rear was burning hot, with the contrasting chill of some blood where the studded items or narrower stings had pierced her skin. A warm hand set itself above her cheeks on the waist as a pulse of healing magic spread to mend the flesh, just enough to keep her sore.

The worgen let out a groan, even if they went too far they had a druid on hand to repair her before she truly broke.

As minutes turned to over an hour, she still held firm, resisting for all she could, even after the tauren had spread the attacks to her thighs. "Still nothing more than anger? This could all stop when you want it to." Muranda offered, walking near. The scent of her arousal was clear to the wolf-like snout. Lucille growled again, prompting a shrug from Muranda who waved them to continue.

The next tauren in line had something new in mind... Lucille heard a faint hum of magic before from below her, something pushed out of the earth, tough sturdy plant roots. They ran over her paws, twisted around the ankles, snared her shins and snapped back taut and tight, binding the limbs even further before rolling up and up. The climbing creepers were more like flexible vines, growing thick and engorged as they rose.

Lucille let out a threatening, warning growl as they pushed up her thighs; on one leg they were pushing forward, on the other, rising behind. The casting druid set her hands to Lucille's buttocks, pulling them gently to part down the middle, leaving nothing to the imagination. One

of the vines found its mark, plunging into the worgen's rear and then pulsing as it grew thicker and thicker, plugging and swelling the ring it pierced.

At her front, the vine bisected, circling her mound and finding its way to slowly prise the lips apart, the second searching for the easily abusable nub. Lucille twisted and fought, her legs trying to battle out of the roots, they were far too sturdy to step free and the shaking of her hips only worked herself on that plugging vine. "Mghhhh, you monsters. I'll..."

The druid in charge of the roots was second among the village to speak in Orcish, letting her voice ring out as she replied, setting the front vine to begin teasing. "You'll what? I think it's time you submit, spy of the Alliance." A hardened tough piece of shaped wood pushed between her lower lips, starting to bury into her cooch. The tauren grabbed the base of it, using her hands to toy around, swirling, twisting, teasing her so awfully.

"My vines are growing something special. Are you familiar with the Razorfen quillboar? The thorns they grow?"

Lucille said nothing, she could tell where this was going, or so she thought, feeling bumps form on the inside of the roots around her calves, further discomfort at the points amidst the pressure.

"Those thorns, bundled around your legs, would be one thing. What about a solid shaft lined with them, tearing into you?" She asked, jamming the newly formed dildo into place to emphasise. Her grip pulled, the dildo popped out, the woman started to grow nubs along it, running them in a tease along the lips without penetrating Lucille.

Muranda drifted closer, almost within range, though not quite. The bumpy vines on her legs grew the thorns out, pressing, causing any wiggle they stirred up to bury the points all the more painfully on the raw hide of the abused worgen.

The dildo slipped away, losing contact, creaking ominously as the wood reshaped.

"A-alright!" Lucille groaned when she heard the druid take a deep breath.

Muranda wasted no time, stepping forward, pushing her skirt up over Lucille's snout. "Get busy then."

She lifted it up to give a show to the voyeuristic crowd, who went from suspense filled silence to salacious whooping as they saw the tell tale motions of the worgen giving in, licking as best as she could. The druid laughed, stepping back, giving an insincere apology to the well endowed bull who had hoped to be the one to break her if the thorns hadn't worked.

Lucille's face burned hot with embarrassment, not to the same heat as her butt but it felt just as demeaning, the welled tears from before had grown enough to draw tracks down her cheeks, allowing the freshly prompted set an easy path, setting them glistening.

Muranda wasn't even letting herself be fully teased, forcing Lucille to strain to fully discard her pride in the attempt. "Good dog." Muranda whispered with a callous smirk. She stepped back, hand grabbing something, the wooden dildo attached to the vines. She thrust it in between Lucille's teeth, making her brace in fear. The bumps had stayed rounded, no thorns, after all. It stuffed into place, filling Lucille's mouth with the mix of her own coerced arousal and that of the tauren still on her tongue. Fresh young vines coiled out, wrapping over her jaws, tightening them to clamp around the phallic wood.

There was some discussion around the tent in Taurahe as the male stepped forward after the druid moved out. Her vines in Lucille's ass and around her legs all withdrew, leaving only the gagging dildo behind. Muranda replied gently at first but then firmly with a glare. There was some disgruntled murmuring before the deep baritone of the next in line turned and shouted in halting Common; "You! Slave elf, come!"

"Mmmhh?!" A scared voice mewled, fading into the distance with some pleading grunts as the bull found an alternate source of entertainment.

Muranda turned calmly back to Lucille. "Hear that? That's one of the many we've snared. I'm amazed your sources still blame the Horde. But you should hear what they think. They've had 'disappearances' too, even a few dead with Alliance steel strewn around. I dare say your bow will make for a juicy piece of evidence for us to plant. But you shouldn't care about that. You should simply be grateful to me for being a woman of my word and holding off those who remained."

Her hand moved to the heavy bolt, drawing it back, snapping the latch and hauling the stocks open, she grabbed Lucille by the hair and dropped her down, the worgen's entire body ached. The tension from all the positions she'd been forced to hold hit her at once, coupled with the tender burning from her wounded lower half.

"Get some rest. Tomorrow you'll be fully inducted."

A guard was kept over her, eyes always watching to prevent her from doing anything rash. There was little real danger to the tauren, Lucille's fatigue was enough to send her to sleep and the pain from her aches did enough to prevent her being stealthy or even have the will to fight.

Those aches flared when the Grimtotem decided it was time she woke, hands hauled her from the tent, splashed her with water and then slammed her back into the stocks, this time having her facing out of the tent and toward the camp. A sturdy wooden bit was jammed between her teeth keeping her jaws spread wider than before.

Her sharp wits allowed her memory to come back in full, piercing the fog of interrupted sleep to growl once more.

“And here I thought you’d be happy to see me.” Muranda said throatily, two of her fingers squeezing on Lucille’s right hand, she pulled out the worgen’s fingers until they were stretched and then a rasping hiss hit the air, making Lucille glance sharply over. A heavy metal file was in her grip, working fast and hard over a claw. Lucille tried to pull her finger away, yet with the limited leverage, she couldn’t prise it loose or deter her assailant with the others.

“Nggh! S-sthhhmgh!” She demanded, around the gagging object. Muranda ignored her completely, turning her head up and mumbling a deep greeting in her tongue to another tauren. This one grabbed another file speeding up the pace by working on Lucille’s other hand.

The vibrations would have set her teeth on edge, were they capable, feeling unnerving and horrible as her natural weapons were ground down to dust, each finger going until they couldn’t detect a mote of the sharpness.

Lucille let out a plaintive few cries, prompting a rumble of disgruntlement from the male, Muranda replied to his question after which his hand struck Lucille’s cheek in a heavy slap. The meaning behind it backed up by Muranda; “Quiet, pup. This is hardly the worst of it.”

Her promise was made clear as the male moved away, done with his hand, he turned his attention to her legs, lifting bodily and setting on to her toe claws. Even those were whittled away to nothing. Yet, before he was half done, Muranda pulled a stool closer to Lucille, sitting down in front of her, setting one hand to her snout and the other brought the file to her fangs, running below her lips to grind both at once.

The fingers had been awful, the fangs were traumatic. Despite her anger and will to stay strong, faltering at the uncanny feeling, it swiftly flared into pain. Pain was something she was better able to deal with, as worrying as the source was.

The tauren was only interested in the sharper teeth, as a tiny mercy, yet she didn’t stop until they had been reduced to blunt nubs of their former selves.

“Ghhhr, hrhghhhr!” She could only show her outrage with her emotions as they continued to cut and grind until satisfied. The bull had finished first, moving away. The discomfort in her toe-claws wouldn’t be removed by simply stamping them around.

Behind Muranda, the bull prepared a fire. The worgen could smell the charring wood as flames bloomed. Muranda caught her gaze, smiling back and leaning forward to deliver a sloppy kiss over her nose before she finished off the lower teeth, obstructing her from seeing anything until she was done.

Lucille was left alone then, dwelling in the pain, panting at the exertion that simply tensing in response had caused, her tongue was too pinned to nurse the fresh disfiguration to truly get a sense of how it would feel for her from now on. She knew her captors were only getting started, as she saw metal being moved on a grate. Muranda shielded herself with a glove before she picked up a long needle.

Crossing in two steps, Muranda's hand darted forward. Lucille howled as it was shoved in below one nostril and out the other, while not hot enough to burn or scald, the heat-treated metal stung fiercely.

"Damn, she's handling it well. Crying less than some braves do when they get their first nose ring." Muranda complimented in a teasingly condescending tone. "Get used to that sting, we'll be having a few more!"

The used needle was discarded, the tauren soon returned with another, hinting its location by copping a handful of worgen teat, pulling her breast around and squeezing until the nipple was vulnerable and exposed from her fur. An even more jarring lance shot into that overly sensitive point, forcing an involuntary yelp.

Whether she worked one-by-one for sanitary purposes or not, Lucille could just feel that there was an element of purposefully drawing it out. The next nip was speared and then the tauren loaded a small tray with multiple needles, chuckling ominously before walking out of sight.

A finger stabbed up, unwelcome and unlubricated between the worgen's labia, bracing under one lip before it was stabbed in succession with needles, piercing through the skin, leaving a hole behind.

Lucille's growls were slowing as she grew tired, exhausted from the vocalisation of the insults she felt. The bull was tending an iron in the fire, calling up to Lucille. She finished the last stab, mirroring the earlier ones to the other lip before walking over. "Those stung, but this is gonna hurt." Was all the warning she gave as she moved behind Lucille and jammed the red hot brand into her ass. Singed hair and skin poisoned the air with an acrid scent, the hiss of the iron drowned by the pained cry of the worgen which earned the attention of many, including a pandaren woman among the camp.

Lucille had mistaken her at first for a tauren, given the soot black colours, however on inspection that was a fully enclosing suit of leather. A ringed tail peeked out of the back, showing that if she were stripped, the pandaren would have been predominantly orange.

The bull caught her looking and called to her harshly, making her flinch. The leather coated figure also bore a nose ring which the bull grabbed and tugged on when she was in range, making her stagger. He seized her along the back of the head and turned her to look at the worgen.

Muranda had been enjoying herself with the branding, seemingly only just noticing that the pandaren was near. "Ah, good. Another Alliance slave, just in case you thought rescue might be coming, behold, your saviour!" She said, spanking Lucille on the fresh brand mark.

The worgen howled in pain as the Pandaren winced, trying to look away.

“If you don’t want twice your nightly lashes for staring, find the gear carrier. Understand me?”

“Yhmmm hmmmh.” The pandaren mumbled, cheeks full to bulging around something stuffed and trapped in her mouth. She bobbed her head, being released by the bull. Once free she scampered away immediately, thick body making the leather creak with her hurried steps.

In even more pain, Lucille blinked away the tears, forbidding them from forming any stronger. Muranda’s hands returned, brushing her scalp, taking her long hair and pulling it back. She felt it being tugged and brushed, smoothed out almost affectionately before it was twisted and looped. The tauren was filling time by braiding her hair into a long plait.

As time passed, the nearest figures roused by the earlier cries of the worgen, Lucille saw further hints of her mission, of disappeared figures from the Alliance. Elves, a few humans, even another pandaren, this one male, were in sight. Most relegated to menial service jobs, though others, like that first pandaren, were dressed to show something more perverse in their keeping. If Lucille were asked, she would have guessed from the fresh piercings that she was less likely to end up as a mere slave-cook.

It was to those piercings that they turned, three heavy, solid-looking steel grey rings in one hand and a large number of more delicate silvered hoops in another. Muranda anchored the bar of the nose ring in place, not fully fixing it in, yet. Seemingly waiting for something, as with the nipple rings.

However the smaller rings were set in place just where Lucille feared; the labial punctures. Each one felt the cold metal as ring after ring was shifted into place, slowly adding weights that clacked together in response to her shudders. “I’m sure a few of our bulls would be so mad at me for beginning with this end, but if you thought you’d be getting much satisfaction, you will be thoroughly disappointed.” The tauren worked slowly, taking her time to make sure each piercing sat in place. Lucille felt further movement, uncertain what Muranda was doing now.

After a few moments she continued her monologue. “Precious few of our slaves ever feel much below the waist that we don’t give them. That pandaren is one of the rare exceptions. Our bulls found her simply too enticing to truly lock away. Soft yet durable, a perfect blend for them.”

Muranda punctuated the comment by tugging sharply, all the rings pulled at once! She’d threaded them together while distracting Lucille with her words! “Ah, talk about timing.”

The pandaren had returned. Suspicious white stains marred her leather, particularly around her bosom and down her front. She also kept her arms behind her back, no, not out of choice, they were tied with a strap that in turn was leashed to the figure behind her.

At first Lucille struggled to make out what she was looking at, a wide and stout body but shorter than the pandaren, without being so small that it could be a dwarf. When the leather-wrapped slave finally moved to the side, Lucille's heart skipped a beat.

It was a tauren, covered in loose items- the gear Muranda had mentioned. Yet below all the prepared equipment he himself was outright compressed by restraints and a tight, shiny coating. All identifiers were hidden. Short bumps showed where his horns had been removed, a sturdy and thick hood rounded out his face, jaw stretched uncomfortably around a sturdy spherical bump. The hood lacked any opening, his breathing being confined to a tube punched in the ball-gag. Ears, eyes, all of it was sealed away.

His arms were also locked out of sight, buried in the latex he wore, trapping them in a ceaseless box-tie, with only the barest impression of where his stout arms lay thanks to the tension of locked on straps. His legs were bent hard and then hobbled together, forcing him to walk on his knees in a pained shuffle that was made no easier by the heavy burden.

From his shallow yet steady breathing, bowed head and how pliantly he was brought forward, Lucille could already tell she was looking at a broken spirit. He barely resisted as he was directed to kneel near to her. The bull assisting Muranda unhitched the pandaren woman, shoving her away, back to whatever other duties she had before taking a small metal plate with a keyhole and passing it to Muranda. The narrow shield hooked into the threads, with one last ring fitting to anchor around Lucille's clitoris, ensuring it was hooked so that it would always tease without ever allowing access to satisfy.

Muranda gave an open palmed slap over her work, making Lucille whine again in shock. Her hooves slapped the ground as she moved to the permanently bound tauren, fingers dancing over the equipment she was looking for. Lucille was torn between watching her and the bull who had gathered a shining bundle of folded rubber. A bodysuit, far too thinly built for a tauren to wear. It came as no surprise that it was designed for her.

She felt the first kiss of it against her feet, the rubber slid up along her ankles until they popped out of the other side.

The rubber was wrenched up her legs, tightly clinging to her skin and outlining the muscles in glossy blackness. The tauren was just careful enough to avoid damaging the suit otherwise he seemed not to care.

A fresh groan of pain was elicited as the rubber reached Lucille's fresh brand, squeezing over it. Thick hands caressed her body as the bull worked out all the folds and creases up to the hip, pausing to look at Muranda and once again rumbling in Taurahe.

Without a word Muranda put down the items she'd gathered and crossed to the stocks. A pair of clicks preceded its opening. They didn't tell Lucille to stay still, they felt no need.

Even the worgen herself knew she was in over her head, if she acted out things could easily get much worse.

Muranda stepped in to pull up the suit while the tauren male grasped the worgen's wrists, holding her just in case. While the caressing from before had been disquieting, Muranda's was outright lecherous, spreading the suit and then caressing and kneading deeply. Lucille's arms were stuffed into place, hands bursting free, the catching rubber reminding her too keenly of her now missing claws.

Her forearms were dropped back onto the stocks, caught within but this time she was left standing, her head free. Despite it all, she still glared at her captors with defiant outrage, growling a muffled curse in Gilnean, not that the language of choice mattered given how useless the gag rendered her cries.

The tauren's hands roved over Lucille's chest, squeezing her breast again and kneading before she retrieved one of the heavy piercing rings. "Don't think I've forgotten these." She said before snapping it into place on the worgen's left nipple, she joined the opposite ring to the remaining length of rubber-penetrating metal, effectively fitting the suit tight to her teats. The opening down the back was also laced up, further securing the suit into position.

Lucille bucked out of reflex, growling at the squeezing tightness prompting the recently made piercings to ache further.

"I'm getting tired of these surroundings, myself." Muranda teased as if the physical reaction to the torments was just an impatient restlessness. "A little more work and we can stretch those legs properly."

A rough hand grabbed her shin, the tauren male lifting it up. Muranda moved around to retrieve her next items from the immobile gear carrying gimp. Two hoof-boots with thick, tight straps. She forced one over Lucille's held foot, working with the other tauren to strap it on tightly, overlapping rubber on rubber, no gap was left, the twin straps, one at ankle and the other at her calf also further obfuscated to the casual eye where the boot began.

Not just content with tightening it, Muranda took out a solidly made padlock, snapping it into place to hold the straps so that they strained against each other. When the foot was released the heavy faux-hoof clonked loudly on the ground, raising Lucille's foot by two inches while the tight shaped rubber also forced her to stand with just the front of her foot.

Each flex of her body set the rubber coating squeaking as they moved to even her out; lifting the other foot and dressing it up just as securely.

Another unprovoked swat to her rump made Lucille tense, swaying as she fought to balance on the awkwardly shaped things. "Grrrghh.." She growled, arms pulling at the hefty wooden stocks.

Muranda moved back to the excessively bound slave, humming to herself as she looked over the supplies her eyes and grasp settled on a curious shape, a braid of white hair, shaped much like the braid Muranda had woven Lucille's hair into. At the far end of it lay an ominously shaped lump. Her other hand closed around a harness of sturdy leather straps. Crossing back to the restrained worgen, her hands travelled down the front, sliding an intact lattice close, with the bull already grasping some of the loose straps.

While her left hand pushed on Lucille's belly the right went behind, stroking against the worgen's rump and then jamming in. The lumpen plug was forced up into place, into a hole in the catsuit, decking the worgen with a long tail that drooped almost to her ankles. She growled, in her anger trying to deny the pleasure of the intrusive feeling and grinding her jaws on the gag in her mouth.

Muranda had already moved on, a thick length of leather brushed between Lucille's breasts, forcing the rubber down between them to emphasise the shape of them. A tight ring rested below her sternum, splitting to the sides in a diamond shape. The tightening straps made Lucille quiver as one was pushed around the tail-plug, further anchoring it in before running between the legs. It nestled sharply against the locked shield then was pulled up her belly to snap into a fresh lock on the harness itself, ensuring that no amount of tugging would give her relief.

Two thick bands encircled her powerful thighs, still attached to the main harness along the side of her hips. The two tauren worked quickly, almost silently save for the creaking leather as it was tightened down so that each strap squeezed rubber and the skin below it, biting with visible indentation.

Her body felt the squeeze all over, though there were still multiple straps hanging loose, either out of sight of Lucille or with their purpose only hinted by their location near her arms and neck.

"Ahh, just look at you, already you seem more of a beast than a person. That's just perfect." Muranda said with a sneering smug air in her tone.

The bull grabbed the tail plug and yanked it, making it shift around, yet even with his strength, the straps held it tightly in place, sending an unwanted shudder along Lucille's back.

"Oh, getting flustered too, are you? Glad I'm not alone."

Lucille's scowl deepened at the comment over her coerced feelings. New hooves were plucked out, smaller, thinner sleeves on them. It was unfortunately easy for Lucille to guess they were for her hands, even before Muranda moved to open the stockade once again. "Goodbye, little claws. Farewell, useful fingers." Muranda taunted as she forced the hoof-mitts into place.

A solid, too-small pouch waited for both of Lucille's hands, forcing them into tight fists with a flattened, horse-shoe shape at the tip. As with the hoof-boots, a pair of thick straps

latched them on, the buckles secured with a lock. Her arms were bent upward, tugged until her wrists were level with the breastbone. The loose straps from the harness were employed, snagging over her wrists and below the shoulders to trap her arms in that humiliating pose, then with an additional circle just shy of the elbow to pin her arms down to her sides.

“Even if we weren’t surrounded by water, you’d be fucked now, little pup. If we did drop our guard to let you run, those legs might carry you some distance but that outfit must already feel far too hot. Imagine your body heat after a desperate flight, besides, those arms and hands of yours might as well not exist for all the good they’ll do in getting your new skin off. Time to complete it.” She said, ominously.

The bull tauren grabbed Lucille about the waist, pulling her backwards, pressing his body into her back. She could feel his own gross excitement as a bump near the base of her spine, a bump that knocked the horrible tail plug to tease her.

The final piece loomed into sight, another mass of rubber, flopping and hollow, a hood, fit with little pointed pouches for her ears. The worgen felt two thick fingers brush behind her head, then the straps around her face fell free, the bit gag clattering out of her mouth and to the ground.

“Any last spiteful utterances, little spy? Or do you want to curry my favour? Tell you what, you give me a big sloppy kiss and I’ll go easier on you.” Muranda said, the hood in one hand.

Lucille had more pride than that, straightening her back and, despite the ache in her jaws spitting out; “Your tribe will fall.”

Muranda scoffed. “Three hours gagged and that was the best you could come up with?”

A creak of rubber sounded as she stretched the hood wide and threw it over Lucille’s head. She grunted and groaned as the tight item brushed over the nasal piercing, popping loose when lined up with her snout. Rubber squashed around her skull, her braided hair pulled out through a hole, with a slim visor letting them see her eyes.

The bull turned his hands back to the harness, strapping a thick, bracing ring around Lucille’s neck, pinning the bottom of the hood down. They weren’t leaving it there though, the last few straps, those she’d only dimly felt, were slipped up the back of her head. A solid, tight rubber muzzle was pulled around over her snout, requiring a tugging finger to get the nose ring free, and then the muzzle was secured with straps along her cheeks and above the head. “Mmmhghh!” She yelled, her voice snatched away again by the compressing vice.

The bull shoved Lucille away when the last strap was pulled back and locked. She stumbled, squirming with her torso, trying to break her arms loose, or shake off the muzzle. Even her neck had been reduced from its normal range by the harsh leather and latex.

The worgen battled with her attire, straining with every inch, trying to find so much as a single weakness or a method to move that didn't make the gear hitch against her pierced labia or jostle the cruel plug. It was no use at all.

"Oh yes, fight all you want. We need to know it's nice and secure." Muranda teased in her direction. She had turned back to the bound up tauren, yet this time she was finding things for herself. Sliding a long pair of rubber stockings up to her thighs. She'd already dressed herself in further rubber, a tight corset, long gloves and a pair of latex panties were all she wore, eschewing the traditional dress she'd had before. She turned her head to the bull, exchanging some words in Taurahe, seeming to reach an agreement over something with some discussion.

Her gaze swivelled to Lucille, speaking with a deepening grin. "All this foreplay has left me quite eager but still, a little more never hurt. Let's go for a walk."

Their path began from the tent, through a tour of the village that Muranda referred to as scenic. On their walk, the tauren found a sturdy bullwhip, using it to encourage her captive forward if she flagged at all, the biting tip angled to find that brand below the rubber.

Laughs from the Grimtotem villagers followed her, seemingly unable to step beyond one mocking figure before a fresh one would chime in with their amusement. Muranda walked close behind her, whispering in her ear. "Do you see even a spark of fight or rebellion in your allies, or even your rival Horde scum here? No, they barely dare to look at you. I'm going to have such fun making sure this flame in you dies slowly."

She led her down to the pier, forcing her into a waiting canoe.

A leashing strap unfurled from midway up the boat, snared into the ring of her collar to keep Lucille kneeling in the vessel as Muranda spoke to the oarsbull. He pushed off, driving the boat along the waters, further still from the border, and off toward the rim of the flooded canyon.

Whenever Muranda grew bored she cracked the whip, whether just in the air or pointed toward the excessively geared woman. The afternoon sun was merciless on the black rubber, with only a trace of shade to be had from the spires of rock that jutted from the water.

Slowly they drew up to a worn shore, porous stone eroded over the years allowed the canoe to find ground without the need for a pier. A winding path led up, bending sharply out of sight, it was up that path Muranda urged her captive.

Lucille was in no place to resist, tired, bound, with her tormentor having already displayed her physical advantages.

As they crested the rise, Lucille looked behind them, the canoe had already pushed off from the coast, even on the raised point they had no sight of any other habitats or outposts.

Ahead of her was little better, the path led to a flattened space where a simple wooden dwelling had been put up, fit with a stable that was too small for the kodos that tauren were known for.

While the levelled ground stretched on it too was enclosed by more rock, turning this into a private and personal retreat. Muranda's home away from the tribe. "Welcome to your new home, pet." The tauren said, not even a hint of affection in the final word. "Let's get you running to really see how well this outfit suits you."

It wasn't a euphemism either. Muranda used the whip liberally, chasing after Lucille. If she flagged even lightly the lash would bite out, forcing her onward. It was painful and exhausting, the rubber and leather was tight enough that it didn't exactly chafe but the newly inhibited range of motions irritated the piercings and pains of the last several days.

The ground was heavy with dust, only light tufts of stubborn plant life breaking through, it was these scant landmarks that Muranda directed her around as though it were a marked out course. Lucille's legs protested at her, having to adapt to the fast pace before they'd had a chance to get used to the tight boots that punished all but the most precise steps.

"Know this, pup. Whether pet, mount or mere object, you are now mine, forever." Muranda crowed, never dialling back her vocal or physical abuse. She forced the woman on and on until the lowering sun dipped down, casting the subtle alcove in shade, until her own arm started to show the exertion of the whips. She'd lessened the frequency though still if her new worgen plaything slowed noticeably the bullwhip answered her fatigue. Causing her to let out more useless gagged yelps.

A scent in the air caught Muranda's attention and made her smile, burning wood and meat.

Lucille struggled to catch it over the smell of rubber and metal, her nose prompted to run frequently yet she couldn't breath through her lips, adding to her exhaustion.

The glowing embers caught her eye when the cruel cow finally allowed her to turn back to the dwelling. A familiar face waited, the bull who had aided Muranda in dressing Lucille and clipping her claws waited, tending haunches of meat over a fire.

There was only the barest shred of stamina keeping Lucille from falling by the time they'd made it back to the house. The muzzle was unclipped from her mouth before Lucille pushed her into that narrow stable, anchoring her in place with ropes. She couldn't turn, nor could she lie down. The ropes gave just enough room for her to kneel, something that proved vital as two troughs waited at her height. Vegetable leavings and less appetising nuts from the meal preparation were scattered in one, while the other had freshly drawn though already lukewarm water.

As debasing as it was, Lucille wasn't going to give them the satisfaction of starving her to death. She would resist them, she would fight them in the smallest ways she could. Their voices

lapsed into that tongue she didn't know as they shared a meal and company. The embers of the flame dying away before they were done.

The tauren drew near to her, the bull asking her something in Taurahe. "On your feet." She replied.

Heavily accented, he repeated as a command. "On your feet!" The worgen ignored him, not least because her knees refused her control. Hands grabbed the ropes and wrenched, untying them and forcing her to stand. Those hands stayed on her, hooking into the harness and dragging her into the dwelling.

A fumbling hand pressed in down her back, the scent of alcohol wafting from the bull. Muranda still had her sobriety, guiding his hand down to the straps he was looking for. A tug on the harness preceded a grasp on the fake tail which was plucked out, replaced with a teasing thumb.

She spoke in Taurahe once again but her meaning was clear; go ahead.

Her arms were still bound to keep her hands folded by her shoulders with heavy fingers pressing into the gaps, using them as handles as he started the swings that he demanded as payment for his aid.

When she'd left the camp of tauren a small part of her had hoped she'd escaped encountering the girth of a tauren male in a form beyond the few aroused signs she'd seen. Instead the bull introduced himself by driving into the recently vacated hole.

Lucille howled as she felt him pump into her depths. The tugging pound rolled in and out of her as the bull struck with wild abandon. Too drunk to waste further time, perhaps knowing if he didn't go now he'd fall asleep before he got a better chance.

All this happened while Muranda circled in front, seemingly resting on the stable wall first until Lucille noticed something poking through a hole just above the troughs. A flared dildo, shaped in a mockery of a worgen cock. "Bend over and suck it." She demanded.

Lucille's groans and howls as she was rammed were hardly the stoic front she wanted to reply with, but she still managed to turn her head to the side. Muranda leaned forward, grabbing the thick ponytail at the back of Lucille's mask and wrenching it to the toy. "Suck it, or I'll wrench open that shield and we'll see what happens when a bull cums inside a wolf-sow like you."

The implication sent a shudder down her back. The bull even pulled at her, dragging her away from the toy as if he had understood and wanted to try it.

"You call that sucking?" Muranda asked in mocking amusement. "At least get that tongue to work."

Lucille debased herself, moaning all the while as her rear passage had gone from pained to a semi-pleasant aching at the rhythmic sensation.

The bull did nothing daring or different, simply thrusting until minutes later his grip tightened, muscles tensing and ejecting his load. Muranda laughed as the bull bellowed. Leaving the shaking effects to truly sink in as Lucille felt the vile transfer of heat. Then, the male slipped out and with a murmured sentence retreated from the stable to the dwelling.

Muranda detached several ropes, grabbing Lucille and leading her out of the stable in his wake. She caught up as he was lying down, throwing Lucille forward. Her breasts cushioned the fall to his wide chest and he hugged her close in something that almost resembled affection, were it not for the surroundings.

His heavy hand squeezed the back of her head as his lips parted, tongue pushing into her own. Her instinct to bite took hold, reminding her of her dulled, shrunken fangs as she was made to endure it.

Muranda wasn't a spectator this time. The fake worgen cock was strapped across her hips and she laid into the hole. Far less mass pushed through the ring but Muranda had purpose that the drunken bull had lacked.

With her arms bound, sandwiched between the two much larger bodies, she was given a second round of passion.

Muranda worked her over well, her hands tugging, thumbing the brand wound, pressing between her and the bull to rub at the straps, tug on the nipple rings. Her motions constantly reminded her of her attire, with Muranda exacting all the fun she could squeeze out while the bull's sloppy kisses and fumbling hands kept her busy.

It didn't last, with another laugh he let his head roll back, falling asleep, even with the two women cavorting on top of him. "Well now, you lulled him to sleep." Muranda teased, but said nothing more, instead just grunting and wiggling as her own passions thrust alight. Lucille let out a sob, more from exhaustion than from truly being strained, her gasps and groans were at least free of the snoring bull, though she was in no position to get up.

Muranda cried out body shaking as the edge she'd teased herself up to all day with her torments finally reached satisfaction. She threw herself back wrenching off the dildo to finish off with a stirring finger. "Ah, f-fuck, that hit the spot."

Lucille felt sickened, more because her tormentor had gained bliss at her expense than from anything else of the night. Yet as the sleeping bull hugged her to him, even her fatigue caught up.

That first day was a special celebration and while Muranda was the only tauren that featured in Lucille's new life for the following week, the cruel woman made sure to spend several hours each day with her pet.

She received the most bare bones of breaks. If Muranda decided to leave her home, Lucille was blindfolded and bound tightly within the stables, head tethered so that at most she could dip her snout into the water trough.

If Muranda was at home but not directly handling Lucille, she'd bind her legs in a hobble or keep her leashed to a point.

It was after one of these forays that Muranda returned with supplies and with familiar company; her pet serpent. Lucille tensed, worried when the tauren wrenched out the tail-plug, her first thought expecting some new perversion, yet rather than replacing it with something else, the tauren took it away, carrying it to a countertop and dropping it into a bowl.

The snake slithered along twining its body around Lucille's legs and then went his way to a cushion that it curled up on, resting lazily while his eyes drifted to the worgen.

"This had better work for the favour it'll cost me." Muranda mused toward the bowl, watching as the white hairs of the plug darkened in the dyed water. She turned back to Lucille, a heavy hoof coming down on the straps between her legs that kept her on her knees. "Time for your exercise. Let's see if you can finish three laps."

Lucille let out a muffled grunt as the pinned leather was detached and she was dragged to her feet. Muranda had slipped back into the tight domineering attire, gloves, stockings and corset. It seemed to be her favoured outfit when working on what she called training the former worgen.

The whip cracked again as Muranda tested her grip, delighting in the shake Lucille showed. The lashes of the whip were slowly conditioning her, making her weaker and more ready to obey. It would still take a wonderful amount of time to truly break her captive, yet panic was setting in. There was no freedom she could steal for herself, no matter how Muranda had left her she'd never found a way to shift any of the outfit or cursory bindings. Not to mention, as with the village, if she did escape there was only water awaiting her. Nor was there any hint of her earning peace or freedom from the tauren who delighted in trying new positions for binding and using her, torturing Lucille however she could.

Every day Muranda did more to build the course that had originally been marked by those weeded tufts. As she was forced around the track, it only seemed more damning. The more effort she poured in to building the track, the less likely it was just a passing fascination.

After two laps, Muranda moved back to her dwelling, ordering Lucille to keep running on the third. The tauren herself moved to the fire, stoking it, building heat and waiting.

Her slave was exhausted by the time she finished the lap, to which Muranda relented, summoning her closer with a gesture. Three steps away, the vicious light returned to the tauren's eyes, her hand grabbing the muzzling straps and pulling. Lucille was too exhausted to successfully resist, her hoof-gloved arms wriggling the small amount they could in protest.

The muzzle was hitched to a post, bending Lucille forward as the tauren went back into her hut, the tail-plug was in one hand, still dripping wet from the dye, yet she found a dried length, raising it up. "Perfect."

It now matched the colour of the worgen's hair.

She jammed the plug back where it belonged, smirking as the worgen tensed less than before, familiarity growing. As Lucille whined, her rump shaking, Muranda brought her hand down in a slap over the brand mark, healed enough that it was barely more sensitive. "You know." She said, finger pushing into the rubber coated cheek that hid it. "There's not much sense in a brand that others can't see. After all, you wear that outfit so well that I've already thrown away the keys."

Lucille was stunned by the words, not seeing any connection feeling all the more confused by them as a result. "Mh-mhhhh?!"

Muranda dropped her hand to a haft of iron, raising the searing hot end of it, a fresh brand in hand. "On top of which, I've had you well over a week now, yet I still have never given you a proper name." She said with a grin. "I thought I should fix both of those issues. What do you think?"

The worgen's eyes grew wider in panic as the hot iron was dragged around in front of her. Rather than a mark unique to Muranda, it was a single, short word. 'Sow'.

The tauren gave her just enough time to understand the word, for her mind to rearrange the backwards version she saw in the iron and then the searing heat struck in, pushing into Lucille's forehead, warping the rubber to burn it on. "Gh-ghhhhg?! GHHHHHHHHMMMHHN!"

Lucille's gagged shrieks echoed through the air, reverberating back as the brand burned with a hiss. Muranda only chuckled in response as the searing pain made the worgen howl even though her mouth was filled and compressed by the latex. "Mmnghhh! Hhhhanhgh! Hhh-nh-nnhhhhh!"

The post held Lucille still, Muranda's hand sure and without a quiver as the damage was done, a permanent scar to mark Lucille's new position, her new identity and the fact that as long as Muranda lived, she would never be free of the tight, unforgiving suit. With that last thought in her mind, the pain and fatigue took their toll, sending the worgen into unconsciousness.

Of all the tortures thrown at her, this was the first that her senses intervened to save her from. To Muranda, it was just a sign that her permanent plaything was well along the path to

breaking. She would let her Sow rest for an hour, then, Muranda would wake her again. The day had been alluring for the tauren, she'd looked forward to getting home, back to her sow. Then, seeing her pathetic body bound on the ground, later it flagging from the run and now passing out amid screams of pain had roused the tauren's passions as depravedly as the night she'd brought her here. It would take a lot for her to be satisfied, yet she had all the time she would need to get relief. Who knew, perhaps if her Sow performed well enough she might have a fresh key made for the chastising shield. Muranda laughed softly to herself, the sadistic woman decided she'd make that promise to Lucille but she already knew that an adequate performance did not exist.

She hoped that realisation took its time to hit, it would be all the sweeter if that was the last promise that served to truly break her in...