

When Two Taurs go to War

Drakk shivered slightly under his cloak. Icy winds from the Khenneg Sea were whipping across the plains and straight into the army encampment making life uncomfortable, even for a tauren. The tent provided little shelter on a day like this.

He had lost count of the days they had been stuck here. The old saying about the life of a warrior being long periods of boredom punctuated by moments of sheer terror felt never more accurate than in this cold wasteland. He would welcome a straight up fight.

He was a mercenary, but it was not all about the money. Since his calfhood, the way of the warrior had called to him, the scent of battle, the companionship of other warriors. Taurens were rare on this continent, a scattered people amongst a mass of humans and a leavening of other furs. They had no sense of nationhood as it would be understood by humans, but a proud warrior tradition worthy of respect if not awe.

Any trained tauren was a welcome addition to any army, but usually as a mercenary, and always with a sense of unease underneath. Unsurpassed fighters, they also had a reputation of going to war before checking that they were actually facing the enemy.

That had its consequences. One of which he was feeling right now; commanders may want a tauren fighter for battle, but few other races wanted to have much to do with them in camp. Being intimidating had its price, and part of the price was loneliness. As 'hired help' amongst others, he had to play by those rules. The disappointment grated on him, but he really had no alternative. This was all he knew.

Drakk snorted, watching his breath condense in the chill air of the tent. A large tent he had to himself, unlike anyone below battalion commander. He contemplated going outside to the nearest fire, and warming himself a moment, but he was sick of the stares his bulky form habitually drew. Instead he sat inside on his sleeping furs, oil lamps chasing away the dark as he read to pass the time.

Hoof steps sounded outside on the hard ground, approaching the tent. As they came closer, he lifted his head from the book he had been reading, ears twitching in alert. Then it hit him. The scent was unmistakable. His face broke into a grin, as he rose slowly on broad hooves awaiting the new arrival.

The tent flap opened with a burst of cold air, and a bulky figure entered, head bowed. He flung several large bundles to the ground, then rose to sniff the air himself. As his eyes adjusted to the dim light of the tent, his vision zeroed in on the large figure standing deep inside, face impassive but eyes alive with delight.

“Hmpf. Thought I smelled another.”

“As did I. I am Drakk.”

“Gram.”

Drakk surveyed his interlocutor, taking in as many clues as he could, while Gram did the same. Blue flashes on his shoulder of the Army of the Baron. They were members of the same force, though where Gram had come from he did not know. Silver earring in the left ear, silver horn points with red concentric circles down to his head fur. Silver nose ring with a single onyx.

Though he could not see it, he knew there would be a tattoo on the left pectoral too. The pattern was distinctive. As was his own. Taurens had their own visual language, one they rarely shared with others, but it served its purpose amongst their kind.

“Clan G’Fard.”

The newcomer raised an eyebrow, slight smile ghosting on his lips.

“And you are clan T’Cron.”

“Mortal enemies.”

“Yes, so the loremasters say.”

Drakk reached for his belt, pulling a long dagger from a scabbard and ran with surprising agility at the intruder, hooves clattering on the hard earth. Gram drew his own and awaited the onslaught. They met in a tangle of bull, arms

wrapped around each other, smiles breaking out as each felt the warm completeness of another bull against him, the smell and feel of their kin. They were kin in more ways than just their race; warriors, travellers, both of similar age and size. The story of their lives was written with the same language, the same tears.

Drakk felt home for the first time in so long. His eyes softened, hazel pools looking deep into Gram's, deep brown flecked with gold. It was all he could do to restrain himself for the moment, the urge to kiss the newcomer almost overwhelmed him. There were still formalities to be observed.

Drakk placed his dagger in Gram's left, closing a large bovine hand. Gram mirrored the gesture, his own dagger in Drakk's left. So they signalled the absence of the long clan feud between them; for these two, there would be no clan.

"Welcome brother."

"Thank you brother."

The two big bulls parted, each sheathing his new brother's blade in his own scabbard.

It was well there were no witnesses to their greeting. The ways of taurens were prone to misunderstanding. Experienced mercenaries usually waited until blood actually flowed before becoming alarmed, and even then they tended to wait.

Drakk returned to his place on the sleeping furs, eyes following his new companion as he arranged his own kit with studied casualness.

"How long have you been in the Baron's army?"

"I was hired on in Gateway three weeks ago. They kept us training there before dispatching us to join the camp here. Training. Hrumpf. Pasty humans don't know the meaning of the word. Any longer there and I would have lost my skills."

Drakk smiled, reminiscing. He had felt the same since joining the Baron's forces.

“What about you brother?”

“Two months, give or take. No action worth the name. Still, the pay is good.”

“Yes, it is. Just as well, when I die of boredom and horniness my shade will be rich.”

Drakk laughed aloud, Gram joining in a deep rumbling chuckle. The newcomer sat against his pack then, gaze roaming over Drakk’s muscled bulk with an appraising eye.

“What are you reading?”

“The Poems of Aracanth.”

A loud snort.

“Here I was hoping it was something to relieve other kinds of tension. Have you had any fun?”

Drakk put down his book, enjoying where the conversation was going. He had missed it more than he admitted. The touch of a tauren warrior’s body; and the feel of his cock. Tauren warriors did not take a wife, amongst their people a warrior was seen as belonging to the world of the dead already. That did not mean they were celibate. Far from it.

“Not much. I was the only tauren here, and humans, well, let’s say they aren’t much use. A messenger came through, a big equine stallion on an errand from the Baron and he spent a night in my tent. It was...entertaining, but brief. He certainly regretted it the next morning when he had to sit on his mount.”

Gram grinned, playing the story across his mind, cock beginning to stir in its sheath.

“I haven’t had anything since I left Gateway. There was a cow there, she wanted a calf. I was happy to oblige. I haven’t had a good long session with another warrior for months.”

Both were excited now, the absence of long desired contact making the sudden possibility burn in their bodies. They stared frankly at each other, admiring. There was much to admire, even under thick clothing.

Drakk took in every detail of the newcomer now, nostrils flaring to add scent to the picture. Deep bull musk, potent and sweet. A brown furred bull from what he could see, Gram appeared slightly leaner and slightly younger to his eyes, but still a massive ball of muscle, like most of their kind.

His mind wandered to possibilities long dormant. So long amongst humans had forced him to discount the potential for good hard rutting. Oh, he could find partners in a pinch. Plenty would let their gaze stray to his muscled form, hunger in their eyes as they caressed his heavy bulge with their minds. It even lasted after he had undressed, hunger growing if anything at the steel hard feel of tauren muscles and tauren cock.

Once he started to get inside them though, it all went to hell. Bitching, moaning, crying, pleading. Slower, softer, gentle, shallow. It was a wonder if he came at all, usually after an unsatisfying period trying hard not to make them whimper too much. He would rather beat off.

And that was just the men.

The bull across from him was the opposite in so many ways. A tauren knew only one way to fuck properly. Hard, deep, passion and strength unleashed in a whirlwind of bull muscle, groans, bellows and body shattering collisions part of the mix. He could tell his new brother would be an epic fuck.

Gram was following his own internal dialogue along similar lines, tongue poking out to lick his lips as he completed a survey of Drakk, one ending with his cock poking insistently from his sheath.

By this time, both bulls were as horny as they could possibly be, bulges groaning under the strain of leaking bullcocks trying to force a passage into the air. There was only one slight problem however; both were fairly certain that the warrior opposite was a dominant bull. And for a dominant bull there were certain things you didn't do. One of which was willingly offer your ass without the proper preliminaries.

It was Drakk who broke the silence.

"So...I don't suppose you are volunteering?"

An amused snort came from the other side of the tent.

“No, not me brother. How about you?”

“No.”

Both shared a grin in the dim light.

“Well...there is an obvious solution Gram.”

“What? The Va’ardem? Here?”

“Yes. It’s been a little while for me, but I still remember the rites.”

“So do I, but how are you proposing to do it?”

Drakk smiled a knowing smile. “I have an idea...”

Bellows and incoherent cries flew from the tent, growing in intensity and drawing increasingly terrified glances from the surrounding soldiers. Suddenly, the tent flap snapped open and a large bull flew backwards as if propelled from a catapult. He was closely followed by the other, their nostrils flared as they faced off in a clearing between the lines.

Battalion commander Dorr Elmont swore under his breath as he spied the developing scene. He had half suspected there could be trouble. The damn animals were so touchy. Leaving his men by the fire he ran towards the two soldiers who appeared intent on homicide without specific orders.

Drakk pushed Gram violently, the slightly smaller bull reeling backwards in surprise.

“Maggot ridden G’Fard scum! I will slit your throat and pull out your filthy voicebox so I don’t have to hear your pathetic whining.!”

Gram’s face went dark, eyes bulging as spittle flew from his lips.

“Scum? Maggot? What about you T’Cron coward? Try it and I will sever your scrawny nutsack and feed it to your mother while I fuck her sloppy cunt.”

The commander swore again. He knew enough about taurens to know this was not good, and coward was pretty much the insult guaranteed to lead to

bloodshed. Mother fucking was merely the icing on an already shitstained cake.

The clan names were vaguely familiar, and he knew when Gram arrived that he was not of the same clan as Drakk, but he let it slide as he had more important things to deal with. That little oversight was going to make the General have words with him again, he could feel it. He shuddered at the memory of the last time.

The insults had their inevitable result, and the two massive bulls charged at each other heads down. Dorr signalled to his lead centurions and a squad of soldiers too slow to run away from just such a suicidal order when their compatriots had already twigged and made a hasty exit for anywhere else.

“Follow me. We have to get them apart.”

Mouthing obscenities and curses on all non-humans and taurens in particular he led his men into a battle none of them could relish.

They had managed to get the two bulls apart reasonably quickly, flat swordblades used where necessary. The injury toll was mercifully light, the commander suffering a torn shirt and slight bruising to his testicles, not to mention his ego, when one desperate lunge brought Gram down on top of him.

Breathing heavily, he surveyed the two bulls with barely suppressed loathing, deciding his next course of action carefully. Youngest son of a minor noble, he had been sent to serve in the Baron's army mainly to get him out of his father's hair. Whether he returned or not was a matter of supreme indifference to his father, or so he had been tersely informed.

His only chance of independent progress in life was by ingratiating himself with his betters, preferably the Baron. And that meant success in the fighting to come. He knew he needed the two animals, whether they knew it or not. They were too valuable.

“Right you two stupid cows, enough. I am in charge here, and as of now you are both under arrest. The only way you end this day somewhere other than the pits is by listening to me and doing what you are told.”

The two taurens looked at each other with enough malevolence to ionise the atmosphere between them, but otherwise stayed silent. Eyes and horns eventually pointed to Dorr with respectful attention, ears flat.

“Yes commander.”

“Yes, commander.”

“Good. Now, as you would have been briefed, though both of you seem too thick to have remembered, the army of the Baron does not allow private squabbles. That includes whatever primitive clan feud you steers think stands between you.”

Silence. That was a better sign at least.

“We have an alternative though. Single combat, unarmed, under my adjudication before the battalion. Whoever wins will be deemed by the Gods to have won the argument, and the loser will apologise and move on. Neither will let anything carry on between you after the fight is done. Is that clear?”

“Yes commander.”

“Clear commander.”

“Right, proceed to the battalion parade ground.”

The centurions roused the men, drawing them together to witness the fight, and soon the two bulls stood on the hard earth, all eyes upon them.

Gram and Drakk smiled inside. This could not have gone any better. Time for the rites; Gram would lead as the newcomer.

Chest heaving, he faced the sexy bull across the field, trying very hard not to grin and spoil it all.

“Brother, I challenge you to the Va’ardem.”

“Brother, I accept your challenge.” He could see Drakk’s eyes. They were eloquent, as well as hot.

The words confused the commander, but he dismissed it as some primitive tauren mumbo-jumbo and let it slide. One witness knew what it meant

however; a pair of equine ears shot upright, slow smirk covering his muzzle. He took up a spot behind the first rank of humans, settling in to watch the show, but mostly looking forward to the encore.

The two massive bulls circled warily for a moment, sizing up each other's strengths. Drakk made the first move charging in with arms poised to strike.

Gram dodged, his slightly greater speed saving him from a crushing blow, and let fly a haymaker of his own, connecting with Drakk's midriff. A loud splat followed by an "ooooffff" was the only result, Drakk regaining his balance and feinting with his left before unleashing a right hook that smacked satisfyingly into Gram's face. Blood flowed from his nose as he recoiled, opening the range for a moment as he flicked a slow grin at his fellow bull, tail swishing with excitement.

The two bulls settled in to trade blows for a while, loud grunts and bellows echoing around the clearing while the onlookers cheered and groaned at the spectacle. Eventually Drakk decided enough was enough and tried to use his bulk to advantage.

Pulling back for a moment, he managed to land a blow on Gram's sternum knocking the wind out of the brown bull. That was the moment he had been waiting for. He lowered his head and braced his massive thighs, driving forward the two steps between them with all his coiled power determined to knock the smaller bull flat before he could brace.

Gram had only a fraction of a second to react, and he used his skills to their highest. Moving slightly to the side, he put out one meaty arm to take the force of impact as a glancing blow, while slinging his leg in a raking arc terminating on Drakk's shin.

The larger bull let out a surprised bellow as his momentum carried him forward and down, Gram pivoting to follow him into the fall and piledrive him into the ground, already on his back and showing no mercy. He pulled one muscled arm behind Drakk, forcing it into a painful angle as he maneuvered his body for the coup de grace.

Furred thighs moved with surprising speed, his body now aligned at 180 degrees to Drakk, and he clamped his legs around his fellow bull's neck, squeezing hard as he kept up the pressure on his arm.

Drakk writhed, seeking any way out, his body straining and every muscle bulging, but his opponent moved like a snake and gripped like one too. The pressure increased on his neck, blood thumping in his veins as he struggled to keep conscious. He knew the game was up unless he did something quick.

With a deafening bellow, he thrust his free arm out, elbow braced. He slammed into Gram's midriff over and over, the force of his blows draining away as his strength ebbed, his brother tauren taking the hits without breaking his hold. It was over. He was spent.

Drakk used his remaining strength to push his arm out, fist clenched, along the earth. The gesture of surrender. His opponent relaxed his hold and the two rolled apart, gasping for breath as the crowd erupted around them in cheers and catcalls.

Eventually the two rose to their knees, still panting, as their commander intoned his homily about the futility of personal feuds, and confined them to their tent for the remainder of the day. And then docked them both a month's pay. That was the only part that really hurt.

Standing, Gram beckoned to Drakk, who meekly stood before the victor. With an evil smirk, he hooked a finger into the black furred bull's nose ring and pulled him towards the tent, pushing him inside and shutting the flap.

They stood inside the tent for a moment, letting the din from outside recede and catching their breath. Finally, both broke into huge grins, and the two muscled bulls embraced, aches and injuries forgotten as they fell into a deep passionate kiss, tongues and lips wrestling like their bodies had just before.

Bodies slammed together, both trying to feel as much as possible in their embrace, hard muscles colliding and merging into one swirling mass of

hormone soaked bull, hands gripping and digging into each other in a wild need to rut.

It was Gram who broke the spell, grinning at Drakk as he held a meaty hand to his soon to be lover's muzzle.

"Now brother, you are forgetting what we just did that for. I expect to be courted. Complete the rite."

With a wry smile Drakk broke their embrace, kneeling before his victor.

"The Va'ardem has spoken. I am yours brother, my body here to serve you for tonight."

"Just as well. I just about bust a nut wrestling with you. If it had gone on any longer I might have had to mount you right there. Either that or I would have lost from all my blood flowing to my groin."

"Don't remind me. I felt you grinding into my crack you son of a whore. You did it deliberately to break my concentration, admit it."

"Don't know what you mean old bull." Gram grinned down as he began to methodically strip, body exposed piece by piece in the dim light.

"Yes you do cocky calf. Fuck I haven't had so much fun since I was a calf too."

Drakk sat back to enjoy, watching every move from his conqueror. Each new piece of exposed flesh made his cock throb a little harder, the thick slabs of muscle so tasty he licked his lips in anticipation, savouring the taste of blood from a still open cut. Finally Gram dropped his loincloth, revealing long thick bull perfection crowning two massive balls.

The bull before him was magnificent. Broader than Drakk in the shoulders, though not with the same muscle gut, he had sharply defined muscles everywhere. Brown coarse fur covered his body and darker hair cascaded in unruly plaits from his head. His clan tattoo, three concentric circles in black around the left nipple, acted like a target begging to be hit.

There was also an added surprise, tattooing covering his sheath and the base of his heavy cock. Few of the younger generation did it nowadays, but he always found it hotter than hell.

The grinning bull stepped forward to his kneeling trophy, hands gripping the thick horns of his lover, pulling him against his groin. Drakk was only too eager to oblige. The Va'ardem had decided the matter of honour between them. There was no shame in submitting to a superior warrior, the assembled warriors witness to the judgement of the war Gods. Servicing him with your body was a sacrament. It was the way of the tauren warriors since time out of mind. It was also a convenient excuse for what Drakk secretly wanted to do the moment he saw the younger bull inside his tent.

Drakk opened his muzzle wide, letting his tongue slowly flick out to glance across the silken head. A soft mooing sigh came from his lover, testament to his enjoyment. The victor could have forced him to take it all in one thrust, but Gram appeared happy to let him set the pace. He liked that about this bull, amongst many other things.

Big rough hands now caressed and fondled the heavy calfmakers hanging low in their furred sack. Squeezing roughly, he swallowed the entire head of the huge bullcock in front of him, grinning at the loud unrestrained bellow it provoked. Using his lips like a strong hand gripping the shaft, he worked his way down to the root, tongue lapping at the sensitive underside of Gram's cockhead all the way down.

The big brown bull enjoyed the ride for the moment, every nerve ending registering pleasure in barrellfulls as Drakk serviced his cock. Gripping the pure white horns tight he stared to work his conquest over his cock, sliding down and back, driving a little deeper into his throat on each thrust. He could feel Drakk's throat quivering around his head at his deepest point, those hands now roughly handling his sack to perfection. One fingertip slid along the length of his taint, torturing the base of his heated cock buried deep in his body.

He was tempted to let rip and spend inside the hot muzzle, conceding the contest for the sake of the most fantastic blowjob of his life, but he held back just. Pulling from Drakk's muzzle with a rueful sigh, he grinned down at his conquest, a grin returned in kind as the big black bull licked his lips.

"Fuck you are too good at that."

“Not good enough. I was hoping to get you off so I could get next crack at your ass.”

“No luck there brother. I want more than one night inside you if I can. You are going to have to do better than that. Now strip and get in position.”

Drakk obeyed with alacrity, clothes flying across the tent as Gram took his turn eyeing up his prize. The big black bull was his perfect partner, big bulging chest and muscle gut, long thick cock hanging down under its own weight. His eyes sparkled as he took in all the details, including Drakk’s clan tattoo on his bulging scrotum. Gram was looking forward to nuzzling that tasty treat presently.

Drakk took up his position on hands and knees, pucker clenching in anticipation, thick bullcock dangling to the sleeping furs below. He could feel Gram behind him, the heavy bulk an intimidating presence so close to his vulnerable ass. Hot fierce puffs of bull breath taunted his crack, making him bite his lip to prevent a groan. He wouldn’t would he?

His answer was soon forthcoming, as he felt a long rasping bull tongue slide warmly down his crack, from his tail all the way to the back of his scrotum, lips opening wide to enfold those big meaty orbs and press down in a gentle love bite. Drakk let loose a loud bellowing moo, startling and alarming those in nearby tents but he didn’t give a fuck. This was heaven.

Gram proceeded to drive him completely out of his dumbstruck mind, tongue and fingers and lips working together to arouse and taunt. Hand gripping his bullcock, Gram stroked him into a frenzy, one finger slowly moving in circles on the head as his tongue delved now into his twitching pucker, spearing the muscled rosette and splitting it like an apple under an arrowhead. The bellows got louder and faster.

“Fuck you’re a tease. Enough, fucking take me you bastard.”

The sloppy tongue left his ass for a heartstopping moment as Gram chuckled a sexy deep rumbling chuckle.

“Not until I’ve got you warmed up. I want you so primed you’re going to burst when I spread that little tunnel of yours. I think I want your ass forever.”

“Cheating bastard!”

A loud slap then, stinging his butt cheeks.

“Just for that I’m going to tease you even worse. All is fair in this kind of war brother, you know that.”

Drakk felt thick blunt fingers at his pucker, already slick and wet from all the tongue action. He gasped as he felt three fingers driven hard inside him, stretching his ass wide and bringing a burning pain to his body. The pain soon turned to pleasure though, as experienced fingers found his prostate and began stroking the little nut hard and methodically. Another hand gripped his leaking cock and resumed the tortured caresses, concentrating now on the most sensitive parts of his shaft just under the head and up to his flared rim.

The hyper aroused bull could only fold his forearms on the sleeping furs, drop his head to them and point his ass at his tormentor, cries and moans echoing across the encampment as he rode out the incredible foreplay. He felt an orgasm approaching, and was about to protest but decided not to, need too great. He didn’t have to worry though; Gram had no intention of letting him cum yet.

As he felt Drakk’s ass begin to clench, Gram pulled back, stopping his stimulation and laughing at the frustrated bellow of complaint from the black bull. Giving him time for recovery, he began again, slow and steady, bringing his bull gradually to the boil before stopping again.

Drakk gave up all pretence at restraint now, a wild babble of dirty bull talk filling the tent.

“Fucking fucker, give me your cock now dammit. This is torture! Fuck me, please, fuck...fuck...fuck...Aghhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

The last as Gram left him on the edge of the cliff again, head dizzy from the heights.

“You beg so fucking sexily old bull, I guess I should oblige.”

Drakk would forever after deny it, but he whimpered a little at that statement. Or at least as much of a whimper as a 350 pound bull could come out with.

Gram took up position behind him now, hand gripping muscled hips as he lined his cock up. He knew what his partner would like. Bracing himself for the effort, he rammed his hips forward with all his strength, hilding his cock inside his lover in one brutal thrust that drew a loud crying bellow from both of them. The game was on. From now on he could not touch that hot cock, and had to use his own bull meat to drive release from the other bull.

Around their tent, the furtive concerned glances became less furtive and more concerned as the noise built, eyes widening as the loud cry burst forth from within the skin of the tent. Some looked around for their commander, wondering if the two stupid taurens were disobeying his orders and killing each other anyway. The commander was not to be found however, he had sought solace for his aching balls in the arms of a camp follower by the camp entrance and was definitely not to be disturbed.

One figure was doing more than question however. As darkness stole over the camp, a single equine made his way to the darkness behind the bulls' tent, seeking a small hole in the fabric for his purposes. He found what he was looking for, and let his eyes adjust to the dim light of the tent as best he could. As he made out more details of the figures inside, his muzzle split into a grin. He had been right. One stallion paw made its way inside his breeches as he settled down to enjoy the show.

He had to bite his lip to avoid crying out when he saw the first punishing thrust from Gram, filling his breeches with a torrent of sticky stallion seed. Once would not be enough though, and he kept stroking his still hard cock, watching the bull's wild rut with envy.

Gram waited a moment, cock buried inside his bull, feeling the incredible pulsing of the excited ass around his length. He had done a good job, or so he congratulated himself. This bull was almost ready to burst. Eventually he settled in for a long fuck, hips a blur as he piledrove into that molten tunnel of bull flesh, tent echoing to the lusty sounds of taurens in heat and the rhythmic slap of hips on muscled cheeks. With a little change in position, he began to bring his cockhead against Drakk's pleasure nut on each stroke. Feeling the ass tense, he smiled and sped up, ramming against it repeatedly as his moos of lust built in volume.

Drakk was determined to hold on with whatever control he could muster. He wanted to deny the cocky bull his prize, and a determined tauren is hard to budge. Head resting on his forearms, he pushed his ass back onto the thrusts, beginning to work the cock inside him and bring Gram along, while trying to move his body to avoid the slap of tauren cock into his nut.

Gram admired the black bull for his control, most would have bust their load by now. He decided to mix things up a little. Gripping the flanks of his bull lover, he gave a sudden heaving motion. Drakk was too surprised to resist and ended up twisting until he was on his back, cock still buried in his ass. Gram lifted Drakk's legs, wrapping them in the hollow of his back as he leant over the needy tauren, eyes burning into his lover's. This should do it.

He started thrusting harder, the new position driving him in deeper and making it impossible for Drakk to keep his sensitive prostate away from the invading bullcock. He grinned down at his new lover, bending for a kiss that was enthusiastically returned. He leant back a little and began a wild hard merciless rut, confident in his prowess.

Drakk knew he was going to lose if he didn't do something fast, the feel, the scent, the sight were too much for him. He concentrated hard and began squeezing his ass in a rhythmic pulsing wave down the invading cock inside him. It had the desired effect; he could see the surprise on Gram's face, the way his muscles tensed as he redoubled the power of his fucking. It hurt so good, so right as the mass of bull muscle crashed into him with ferocity and speed. Still he kept up his massaging.

He sensed it in his hole then. The way the cock inside him began to throb, then vibrate. Gram's breath began to come in fast shuddering sobs. The older tauren let a deep satisfied grin cover his muzzle as he realised his lover had passed the point of no return, his head leant back and eyes closed as he they both let out a triumphant mooing bellow. Hot seed burst into his bowels, filling him and completing the bond of warrior to warrior, brother to brother. His cock twitched, ached, leaked but held on.

Outside the tent another figure reached his own climax, this time managing to get his throbbing prick outside his breeches long enough to avoid another

sticky mess all over the fabric. Stallion seed spurted , shafts of moonlight making it look like a sudden strand of silken spiderweb spun in midair.

As Gram's breathing returned to normal, he looked down at the smirking bull beneath him, a rueful smile his first response.

"Looks like you get the honours tomorrow night."

"Damn right I do. Your ass is going to regret that fucking torture you put me through."

"I thought I had you too. I never thought anyone could resist. What was that thing you were doing with your ass?"

The older bull laughed then. "Nor did I, but I wanted you badly enough. My first time was with an experienced warrior. He had my ass for 14 nights straight, he was so good at milking my body. I was helpless under his fucking. Eventually he got tired of winning and taught me how to do that. First time I won, I was so excited the next night I lasted three strokes in his ass. He called me speedy after that."

The two taurens laughed and held, bodies touching as they kissed. Eventually their rutting began again, for they were young, and virile, and together with their own kind at last. There was much to enjoy, and it would take the night. Gram began, building his thrusts, hand now wrapped around Drakk's cock as he drove inside, lips locked in passion. There was no more prize to be won tonight, no one to keep score. This was for them both.

Plaintive cries from outside dotted the night, begging the two taurens to shut up and let everyone sleep, but they were like flies buzzing around their heads. Annoying but of no consequence. Eventually the aggrieved sleepers gave up and headed to the watch fire to drown their sorrows in ale and catch up on gossip, much of it directed at what exactly was going on in that tent. A certain stallion knew but kept his silence, heading back to his own tent after coaxing a third ecstatic release from his inflamed stallionhood.

So the rituals of the Va'ardem bound them together, the bond strengthening with each caress, each hard body shattering fuck, each slow sighing loving. And so it would, through each night they continued, until they parted or bonded for

life, warrior and warrior as one. The idea began to build in Drakk as he straddled Gram, riding his cock as he looked into those eyes, sometime around the third hour before dawn. He had never felt it before, lust often but never this. It felt different. It felt good.

Just before dawn, they lay together satisfied and quiet. Gram held his lover against his body, spooned in a tender embrace, fingertips playing absently with one swollen nipple on Drakk's chest and his other hand running through the coarse headfur and plaits of his warrior bull. They rested in the stillness of the moment, both feeling the same emotion. Home. It was an unusual feeling for them both, sweet and bitter by turns. Eventually Gram stirred.

"Do you smell what I smell?"

Drakk chuckled. "I wondered how long it would take you to notice."

"Horse, am I right?"

"Yes, stallion seed. Lots of it by the odour, and close. I think we may have had an audience."

"Any ideas who it was?"

"I've got an idea. There is one equine in the battalion, a big Clydesdale, young but not a bad fighter. He is a marvel with a longsword, at least one on one. I have been sparring with him for the last month. I've seen a few looks from him."

"Hmm...think he could be fun to play with?"

Drakk paused a moment, contemplating. His mind went to an image of he and Gram spitroasting a big muscled draft stallion, something he had always wanted to do. The image had its effect, his cock springing back to attention in a flash though a slightly sore and red raw flash after rough handling by a calloused tauren hand.

"I think it's worth asking. If I'm right, he obviously likes taurens. We could do with a third in this tent, plenty of room. Now, all this talk has got me ready again, so you need to do your duty like a good bull and fuck me into the morning."

Gram groaned in not entirely mock exasperation.

“Easy for you to say, I’m doing most of the work. Very well, on your front cow, time for your bull to do his duty. Fuck I am looking forward to tomorrow night, and letting you do the hard work.”

Drakk smiled as he draped his body on the sleeping furs, the erotic touch of hairs on his excited cock making him leak. Lazily he parted his thighs, letting one leg lift slightly to open up his ass for attention. He was looking forward to tomorrow night too. From what he had seen of the ass on the other bull, it would be a night to remember.

Tomorrow could wait for tomorrow though, as he felt the now familiar feeling of his heavy lover’s body covering his, the insistent beat of a fat cockhead against his sore pucker. And then it began.

“Ahhhh.....”

“Fuck!...”

“Yesssss!”

“Mooooooo!!!!!”

Their poor neighbours would get no sleep this night after all.

