

Help Wanted 3

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A vacation like no other.

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Chapter One: Biology

Lying in her bed, Cassandra's impressive, F-cup breasts sway back and forth. The Voeldahn horse-woman grunts and groans as the powerful cock drives itself home within her aching loins, hungry for the potent seed that will give her what she truly desires. She grips her natural yet perky bust with a free hand and grits her teeth, waiting for the moment. Her body quivers as she accepts the man's member as deep as it will go, unable to hold out against him for much longer. He works her in ways that no other can, bringing her to the precipice within minutes, as he often does.

"Nng, fuck my pussy, baby." She groans.

Pinching the brown flesh of her own nipple, she suddenly lets go and grabs the headboard of her bed as the endowed phallus drives harder and deeper into her loins. The full balls of her lover press tightly against the soft, white fur of her ass cheeks. Her trembling body quickly erupts, unable to take any more from her mate. A thick, white cream oozes from her dark nether lips and over the large member that sits between her legs, which never stops moving. Gasping and groaning, her arms soon go limp and her lover ceases, his work now complete.

Cassandra removes the dildo from her vagina and holds it, panting for breath as her full and straight, chocolate brown hair runs alongside her face and down over her shoulders. Her short coat of sweaty, matted fur is white and milk chocolate in color with a pattern similar to a classic paint. Brown fur covers her hooved feet and up to her calf muscles, her hands up to her elbows, the top of her head and muzzle, as well as her back, reaching from her neck and down to her

horse-like tail, which is the same color as her hair. After taking a moment to recover, Cassandra slowly rises from her bed.

Heading for her bathroom, she intends to clean the toy of her cum and fluids before bed. However, she worked herself extra hard tonight and moves rather sluggishly. Entering her bathroom, she turns on the faucet and sighs. She would rather be cuddling with a real man after passionate sex, instead of what she is currently doing. As she cleans the toy she turns her slate gray eyes toward the mirror, staring at her reflection for a moment. At 6 feet and 4 inches tall, the horse Voeldahn woman is technically average for her breed, as Voeldahn of her type are often quite large, in all aspects.

She looks over her athletic and toned frame, taking a moment to feel the flatness of her belly and the slenderness of her thighs. At her height and with her features, including her ample and perky breasts, her weight of 170 pounds makes her look quite slender and attractive. She even has an hourglass figure, if but a subtle one. She wonders how she managed to become 30 without finding a husband or having children. She still lives alone at her family ranch, which she inherited after her parents passed away. Perhaps her size intimidates most men? It's true that few horse Voeldahn live near her.

Cassandra turns to her towel rack and dries the toy, sighing sullenly. Though 30 years old and unclaimed, she isn't inexperienced. She's had at least as many sexual partners in her life, nearly all of them men, though that was also between the ages of 15 and 20, when she wasn't fully grown and men could still look her directly in the eyes or even slightly downward. That was a time when she was well known in her small town as a vixen, a true heartbreaker. It was during that time that Cassandra had befriended Cheryl, who is 8 years her junior, a fox girl she often babysat in her teens and considered to be like a little sister and vice versa.

Perhaps if Cheryl was still around, she wouldn't feel such strong paternal instincts. Cassandra has recently realized that a biological clock is a real thing, and has felt a sudden and powerful urge to be bred. Every fantasy that used to be about pleasure is not a fantasy about making her lover cum, filling her with fertile sperm and impregnating her. She's even considered buying toys that can ejaculate, hoping that would help; she wants the real thing, though. If it weren't for the aftermath of feeling like a whore, she most likely would have gone to town and found a man or five who would enjoy her bareback, just to claim their seed. Her conscience always stops her.

Cassandra pushes her desires, loneliness and sorrow from her mind, instead focusing on the upcoming visit. Having managed to keep in touch with Cheryl for over a decade, her friend is finally coming to visit her at her ranch for an extended weekend. Cheryl, a man named Vic, and a couple who are their friends are destined to stay from Friday until Monday. Having not had visitors in some time as she is always busy tending the animal horses of her ranch, chores that she finds ironically amusing, Cassandra can hardly wait for Cheryl and her friends to arrive. Placing the toy back into the nightstand she climbs into bed and sleeps, her sexual tension relieved for the time being.

Early the next morning, Ricky loads the bags into the family car as commanded by his Master, Vic. The short rabbit Voeldahn man carefully places the few bags while Vic, Cheryl, Vanessa and the two-year-old Jacob sit and wait for him inside. As an inferior man, Ricky is tasked with nearly every major and minor chore while Vic enjoys the company of his two slaves and his son, whom Vanessa, Ricky's wife, bore him. With the packing complete, they climb into the vehicle and prepare to leave. Ricky and Vanessa sit in the back with Jacob between them, while Vic drives the car and Cheryl rides beside him.

They're all eager to visit Cassandra, ever since Cheryl revealed her to her Master, which didn't take very long. Master's slave keep no secrets from him. In the time since Cheryl became Vic's second slave, Vic has listened to her advice and began posting the pornographic films of his exploits with both her and Vanessa. With her mild programming skills, Cheryl built her beloved Master a pay-site to post the videos and promoted them with free sample clips on various other sites. Only a few weeks after this began, the income from the website allowed Vic to quit his job at the office entirely, and though he could support his slaves and their lifestyle on his own, he graciously allowed them to continue working, if they so desired, which they did.

With Cheryl and Vanessa scheduling this time off for a long weekend, the Vic and his little harem are free to spend time on a ranch, away from the hustle and bustle of the city. They drive out to the small town several hours from the capitol city where the group lives at Vic's house. Minding the fact that Jacob is in the car, they watch their language and play simple, childish games to pass the time, even monitoring what is heard on the radio for Jacob's benefit. Whatever anyone might say of their highly taboo lifestyle, none of them dare scare the child with it.

Just past noon, Cassandra walks from her older and somewhat run-down barn, which she uses as storage for hay bales and old tools, returning to her newer barn where she stables her animal horses. Putting up her full hair in a high pony-tail, as she often does when she's working, she heads for the newer barn with a box of brushes and scrapers. She pauses when something catches her attention, a glint of light near the corner of her eye. Turning, she grins when she sees a car approaching, driving down the winding dirt road that leads to the farmhouse in the center of her property. This must be Cheryl and her friends.

“Is this the place?” Vic asks.

“Yes. I haven’t been here in years, Master! It’s just like I remember it.” Cheryl replies, grinning wide.

“And who would have known such a hot little vixen would come out of a little no-name town like this.” He remarks.

“Not much else to do here but farm and make babies.” She quips.

Vic pulls the car around the front of the house and parks it, turning off the engine as a very tall and sturdy looking Voeldahn approaches. Exiting the car, Vic gets a better look at Cheryl’s friend as she approaches them, his eyebrows raising in surprise. Though 5 inches taller than him and certainly stronger, her large frame bears toned and slender muscles, a gently curving figure and impressive, nearly perfect breasts that easily beat those of both of his slave’s. In truth, Vic hasn’t seen such a female specimen since Vanessa or Cheryl, and this woman is on par with both of them, if not somewhat superior; he is instantly attracted to the horse woman.

“Hey Chery! It’s so good to see you!” Cassandra exclaims as she quickly embraces the younger, smaller fox girl.

“It’s great to see you too, Cassie.” Cheryl replies, prolonging the hug.

“So, y’all must be Cheryl’s friends?” Cassandra says, turning to Vic and the others.

She looks over the two bunnies and their son, noting the nearly identical appearance. Glancing at the human, she can’t help but smirk. He’s exactly the kind of man that Cheryl would have gone after.

“Indeed. I’m Victor and these are my minions.” Vic says as he holds out a hand to her.

As her eyes swiftly scan the man, she can’t help but envy Cheryl, who she can only assume is dating such a handsome and healthy looking male. For a split second, she wonders if she could have a man of his caliber, or perhaps even this man himself. Quickly pushing the thought from her mind, she continues the dialog before he takes note of her derailing train of thought.

“Pleased to meet you. Any friend of Cheryl’s is a friend of mine!” Cassandra happily exclaims, taking his hand.

“Thank you, and if you don’t mind my saying so, you are an exceedingly beautiful woman.” He adds.

“Wha... Why, thank you!” She stammers.

Cassandra feels herself flushing beneath her fur. She heads to town on a regular basis, but all of the townsfolk know her and none pay her any compliments. Vic is the first to say something nice of his own volition in quite a while. She turns her gray eyes to Cheryl, who looks mildly displeased, glancing between the two. Still holding Vic’s hand, Cassandra lets go and pulls back. She doesn’t say another word. She waves a hand for them to follow and heads for a guest house. In truth, the guest house is actually a single-wide trailer with the axels removed and cemented into a base, but it’s comfortable and serves its purpose, with room for all 5 of her guests.

“So, we’re getting the guest house, huh? Gonna hog that big farmhouse to yourself, Cassie?” Cheryl asks.

"If you want to sleep over, just say so." Cassandra replies.

"May I?" Cheryl asks Vic.

"Sure." He says with a head nod.

This little dialog all but cements her initial thoughts about Cheryl and Vic. Her heart stings a little, as she would have loved for him to be single and available. In her current emotional and biological state, she might settle for available, regardless of his status. Entering the guest house, they take a brief look around before Cassandra lets herself out.

"Where are you going?" Cheryl asks her friend.

"I still have chores to do before dinner." Cassandra answers.

"You raise horses, right?" Vic asks.

"Yeah."

"My grandfather used to breed them when I was little. If you'd like help, let me know. I don't have anything better to do." Vic says.

"Sure! You can help if you want! I'll give you some chores in a bit after I sort out what needs doing." Cassandra replies.

Leaving the guest house, she heads directly for the barn. She never expected this but any help is appreciated, especially if it's free.

"Do you have any useful skills besides running a camera, slave?" Vic asks Ricky.

"I know a bit about gardening, Master. I grew up on a farm a couple towns over." He replies, bowing his head.

“Really?! I never knew that. Why have I never heard this, my little bunny? I had a snappy farmer related insult for him and everything.”
Vic turns to Vanessa.

“I’m sorry, Master!” She says, resting her arms on his shoulders.
“I just forgot. Your bitch is just so boring.” She coos, nuzzling his face and giving him a tender kiss.

“That’s alright. I would have forgotten that too.” He says, kissing her back. **“Slave, you’re volunteering to help too.”** He looks at Ricky.

“Yes, Master.” Ricky says, again bowing his head.

“What about me, Master?” Cheryl asks with a cute tone.

“You?” He says, slipping an arm around the fox girl’s slender waist. **“You go spend time with your friend, my little vixen. I’ll play with you later.”** He says before briefly necking her.

“Yes, Master.” Cheryl groans.

Leaving the guest house, Cheryl catches up to Cassandra and the pair spend time together. They stand by the car and talk for a while as they unload the car. Cassandra can’t help but notice that Ricky collects all of the bags while Vanessa seems to follow Vic, something she wasn’t expecting. With the car unloaded, she briefly and verbally instructs Vic on what needs to be done with her horses. He seems confident enough and knows the tools of the trade, so she enters the house with Cheryl, who brings along little Jacob. Glancing back, she sees Vic and Vanessa heading for the barn, while Ricky heads for the guest house.

She ignores the strange scenario as it isn’t her business. Cassandra sits with Cheryl and Jacob on the couch of her living room, relaxing and reminiscing with her younger friend about their past mischief and the time they spent together. She checks the clock, seeing that nearly an hour has gone by. Cassandra silently wonders

what is taking the others, as she expected someone who knows what they were doing to be done with the meager remaining chores by now. Was Vic simply overconfident or did he intentionally mislead her? Now worrying for her animals more than anything else, Cassandra interrupts her conversation with Cheryl to briefly excuse herself.

Heading outside, she darts for the newer barn and checks on the animals. To her surprise the few chores left have been finished, though the tools needed are nowhere to be found. Clearly Vic wasn't lying about his previous experience with horses. Maybe he simply took a walk? She hopes that he at least returned the tools but paranoia gets the better of her. Heading outside and for the older, storage barn, she stops when she hears a strange noise. Was it one of her horses? She turns back but hears the noise again. Her pointy equine ear shifts at the second sound which is soon accompanied by a third.

The sounds emanate from the old barn, so she steps closer. She can now hear them clearly, if somewhat faintly. Moans, grunts and groans come from within, and they sound like the voice of a female. With only Vanessa as a possible source, she bites her bottom lip and moves a loose board that she has repeatedly neglected to fix. Pushing it aside, she fully expects to see the bunnies enjoying each other but her eyes grow wide as she peers inside. Vanessa lies atop a bale of hay and supporting herself on her elbows, looking down at her lover who stands between her legs.

To Cassandra's shock, however, it isn't Ricky. Vic stands between the bunny girl's open legs, which are bent at the knees with her feet dangling behind his firm ass, her ankles against his hips. The hay bale is nearly perfect in height for them, keeping Vanessa planted firmly before his pelvis without Vic having to do so much as bend his knees. He simply stands firm, swaying and rocking his hips forward and backward. Both completely naked, Vic's body is

spectacular. The mere sight of his toned build and furless skin makes Cassandra's loin grow moist.

Looking over to Vanessa, she is surprised by how beautiful the bunny girl is as well. Though she is a foot shorter and at least 50 pounds lighter, her frame is daintier and more feminine. Her large, D-cup breasts appear larger on her than Cassandra's own F-cups, though that is merely an illusion caused by her proportions. Vic keeps a hand planted firmly on Vanessa's hips, taking one away and grabbing hold of a breast instead. He fondles it, squeezing the globe and pinching a nipple as he pumps the bunny's cunt with his phallus, which Cassandra sadly cannot see.

As she reaches a hand down and over her groin, she suddenly realizes how horrible this is. Vanessa belongs to Ricky and is a mother, while Vic should be with Cheryl. What will they think when they find out? As upset as she is for Cheryl's upcoming heartbreak, she can't help but stare in awe at the sight of the powerful human using the bunny girl's body as though she were his own personal toy. He pumps harder and faster, working her at his discretion. Cassandra can't help herself and undoes her jeans, sliding a hand down the front and resting under her pants but above her panties.

She strokes her tender flesh and tries not to gasp too loudly as she kneels down, watching the show with a perverse glee. Her body tingles as she massages her clitoris through her panties, watching as the drooling Vanessa flops back atop the hay bale and screams in pleasure, allowing her human lover to enjoy her body as he sees fit. A grunting noise draws Cassandra's attention and she glances over. Her eyes grow even wider when she sees that Ricky stands just to the side, naked and holding a video camera. What the hell is he doing? Furthermore, what the hell is he wearing?

Her eyes scan his naked body, which wears only one strange article of clothing. A small, thin belt of dense leather wraps around his waist and attached to what appears to be a half-flaccid, hard-plastic penis. Focusing her eyes, she realized that Ricky is wearing a male chastity belt and that this device is some sort of penis sheath that prevents full erections and sexual intercourse. His grunts were that of pain as he grew stiff within the device. It now all makes sense to her as she recalls their earlier behavior; Ricky is an emasculated slave to Vic, who clearly is the Master over both bunnies. This, however, begs an important question... What is Cheryl?

Cassandra comes to her senses only to realize that in her trance, she had slipped her hand underneath her panties and buried two fingers into her hungry pussy. She turns back as she hears Vanessa screaming again, this time with more oomph. With his hands underneath her knees, Vic holds up her legs up and shoves in hard, grunting loudly in a rather familiar way. She watches in awe and impulsively wiggles her fingers within her as she witnesses Vanessa and Vic orgasming together. It nearly causes her to cry out but she quickly brings her free hand to her snout, covering mouth.

Vic pushes against his little bunny as he cums hard. There is nowhere for her to go, however, as she's already pressing against a taller hay bale above her head. He is merely trying to drive himself in deeper, as any alpha-male would when breeding their mate.

"Fucking hell, Master! Soooo fucking good!" She exclaims with labored breaths.

"Nng, yeah. Your pussy is still as nice as the first time." Vic replies.

"Thank you so much, Master, for the gift of your cum and such a wonderful compliment." She coos.

“You’re welcome my little bunny. How did you like that for a workout? I haven’t cum that much in a long time; your pussy might not be used to so much volume anymore.” He teases.

“You give it all to Cheryl.” Vanessa pouts, his cock still balls deep within her.

“She earns it. You could too, if you continue to be a good little bunny.” He says as he leans over and kisses her passionately.

“That was excellent, Master! You made your little bunny cum three times to your one!” Ricky gleefully exclaims.

“Don’t I always? I can’t remember the last time I went off during her second orgasm.” Vic laughs.

Vic slowly pulls his penis out of Vanessa’s thoroughly used hole, drawing back for what seems like several minutes. Cassandra’s eyes grow wide as she sees what Vic is sporting for the first time. She hasn’t ever personally seen such a large penis. Even her toy, which she considered substantial, would look average when compared to the human’s organ. Cassandra wonders how the dainty Vanessa could even manage Vic’s endowment. His balls are quite large, each testicle bigger than an egg from one of her chickens. As the head finally removes itself, it makes an audible pop. Cassandra drives a finger in deeper.

“That was good.” Vic says with a pleased sigh. “Oh, slave!”

“Yes, Master?” Ricky bows.

“Make sure my cum doesn’t hit the ground. It’s too good for that.” He casually commands.

“Yes, Master!”

Cassandra watches as Ricky cups a hand over Vanessa's vagina to hold in Vic's cum while the human makes his bunny girl lick his penis clean. Watching the member looming over the bunny girl's face, Cassandra can't help but compare Vic's size to that of several of her ponies. When working on a ranch seeing animal genitalia simply comes with the territory, however, it is a rare day when a Voeldahn or a human sports equipment on par with a pony. Cassandra knows how wrong it is, but she can't help envying Vanessa. All the horse woman wants at that moment is to be bent over and filled to overflowing with Vic's cum.

"We better get back. A 30-minute fuck is good enough... For now." Vic says as he strokes Vanessa's hair.

Cassandra removes her hand from her mouth and checks her wristwatch. She can't remember the last time she has sex for more than 10 minutes, let alone a whole 30! She wouldn't know how to handle a man with such stamina. She pulls her fingers from her vagina, only to find them covered in a not-quite clear and sticky liquid. She quietly places the board back where it belongs and discretely returns to her house, struggling to use one hand to button up her somewhat tight jeans, though she does eventually succeed. She dashes up the steps and enters the house just as Cheryl heads for the front door.

"Hey! I was about to come looking for you!" Cheryl exclaims with a pleasant grin.

"Sorry, I had to check something." Cassandra replies.

She quickly brushes by Cheryl and heads for the kitchen, trying to hide her hand from sight, something that Cheryl notices. Cassandra turns on the faucet and looks down at her hand before placing it beneath the water. The almost-clear lubricating fluid of her loins has

turned crusty and stains the milk chocolate brown fur of her fingers very visibly. It would have been easy to see from several meters away, and she knows it. Cheryl's lips curl into a grin as she watches her friend washing away a very familiar substance from her fingers. This is something that her Master will certainly want to hear about...

Chapter Two: Succumbing

After a relatively sleepless night, Cassandra leaves her house and heads for the stables. The events of yesterday left her perpetually aroused and after Cheryl returned to Vic and the others, the mare was quick to lock herself in her room and masturbate vigorously. Cassandra can't help but be a little disgusted with herself for her perverse thoughts, but her body wouldn't be denied; it knows what it wants and her morals are merely getting in the way. She walks with long and slow steps, her vagina somewhat sore from the multiple sessions she had with her dildo in the privacy of her bedroom.

Entering the newer barn, she walks down the hall, a row of stables on each side. As she passes the first set, she is startled by a sudden voice.

"Good morning." Vic says.

"Oh, shit! You scared me!" She exclaims, spinning around and placing a hand over her chest and her ample breasts.

"I'm sorry. I thought you saw me sitting here."

"I didn't, but that's okay... Good morning to you too." She says with a smile.

She glances over Vic as he sits against the wall, looking at her through the gaps of the boards of her stables. He rises to his feet and walks around the corner of the first stable, blocking her escape from the main doors. Glancing over her shoulder for a moment, Cassandra recalls that a faulty hinge caused her to bolt the secondary doors shut; she is cornered in her own barn by the human man. Looking back at him, she is both surprised and flattered to see his eyes slowly scanning her entire body, from her hooved feet and back up to her face. His eyes lock onto hers and she feels a pleasant chill running up her spine.

Her tail sways, the long brown strands brushing the backs of her pantlegs. Their physical attraction to each other is certainly mutual. He takes a step closer and rests an arm on the stable wall to his right.

“S-so, d-did you want to help again today?” She nervously asks.

“Are you alright?” He raises a brow.

“I-I’m fine.”

“Are you sure? You seem... Nervous.” He grins.

“Wha? ... No!” She defensively retorts.

Reaching out, he strokes her left forearm with the fingertips of his right hand. His touch makes her shiver in a rather pleasant way. Looking down at the human, the tall mare Voeldahn can’t help but recall his actions last night. She remembers how hard he fucked Vanessa, Ricky’s wife, and how much he apparently came. She remembers his big his penis was as he removed himself, how long he lasted, and how he hinted that she would need to please him again before the night was over. Cassandra thinks back on Cheryl,

wondering if the younger fox Voeldahn enjoyed the human last night as well.

Though he strokes the exposed fur of her forearm, he never steps closer or makes another move. Vic simply watches her closely with a strange gaze; it hypnotizes her as though he were a vampire drawing him his prey.

"S-so what did you w-want?" She finally asks.

"I know what happened yesterday." He begins.

"You do?" Cassandra's heart sinks.

"Mhm." Vic nods.

"What happened, and how do you know?"

"Let's not play games. Cheryl told me everything." He continues.

"... Sh-she did?"

"She told me all about how you left, leaving her and Jacob for something like 10 minutes before you came back. Washing a very familiar substance from your hands..." He steps closer.

"So?" Cassandra feigns ignorance.

"We both know what that was. It was pussy juice. Every girl and most men with my talents know what it is just by sight." He smirks.

Cassandra feels herself flush beneath her fur. She turns her head down and away from him, shifting her eyes to look at a pony who stands in the stable to her left.

"I investigated and found that loose board in the barn. Did you enjoy the show?" He asks.

"I don't know what-"

"Don't play stupid. We're both adults here. Just be honest. I'm not upset... ... So? Did you?"

"... Yes." She murmurs.

Cassandra feels sick to her stomach as she speaks the words. However true they are, admitting her interest in a man who would violate another man's wife, dominate her husband and rule over them both like a king makes her feel filthy, even twisted. Is her biological desire for a baby so strong that she can overlook what she would have considered unforgivable crimes only a year earlier? Perhaps she has always been this perverse and is only just now discovering the lengths that she will go to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh? Vic reaches out a hand, resting in on her broad muzzle and slowly turning her head to face him.

"Hey... It's okay." He says softly.

Cassandra is flabbergasted by his demeanor and tone. He seems almost loving as he comforts her. Looking at his warm smile and feeling his fingers stroking her cheek, her self-doubt melts away and her feelings of disgust fade, replaced instead by the fluttering of butterflies in her stomach.

"What are you to them? Honestly?" She asks.

"Cheryl never told you?"

"No."

“Huh.” Vic looks genuinely surprise. “Well, I’m the Master. My little bunny, the vixen and slave are my property. You know them as Vanessa, Cheryl and Ricky. Jacob is my son, who I gave to Vanessa. Both Cheryl and Vanessa sleep with me and take care of my sexual needs, on a daily basis. Ricky is just an unpaid butler.” He chuckles.

“What about his belt-thing?” She asks.

“Oh, that! My slave is chaste. That belt keeps him in line. He can’t ever take it off without my permission and wears it for days or even weeks at a time.” Vic say proudly as he holds up the key.

“What if he has to use the bathroom?” Cassandra raises a brow.

“There’s a hole in the front.”

The mare Voeldahn is flabbergasted by Vic’s demeanor and admission. She can’t make heads or tails of the man as he stands there, freely admitting his sexual deviance while stroking her muzzle and cheek rather tenderly with his fingertips. His hand moves from her face and back to the stable wall, which he leans against. Cassandra finds herself in a daze.

“Wa-why are you telling me this?” She asks, snapping herself out of it.

“Because I’m the Master.” He casually replies.

“Oh...”

“Honestly, I thought you and Cheryl had talked this all out before we even got here. I’m sorry you had to learn about out lifestyle that way.” He continues.

Cassandra stands there, her loins growing moist from her thoughts and his revelation. She can hear the dominance in his voice

as he speaks but she also hears other things; compassion, affection, and sympathy are ever present. How can this be? As she looks at the man, she concludes that this attractive specimen of a human male is everything that she's ever wanted in a man. Sadly, he has other slaves, but for a split second she wonders if he could handle a third.

"Anyway, if you need help around the farm, I'll happily help, and so will my slave, Ricky."

"O-okay..." She subtly nods.

Cassandra carries out her daily chores as she wrestles with her thoughts. Vic and his slave, Ricky, help her as promised but she continues to feel strange; both attracted to and intrigued by Vic, she can't help but feel some disgust in herself and an awkwardness between them. Sitting inside her home as lunchtime nears, she stands in her kitchen and prepares some food for herself and her guests. She peers out her window at a garden near the edge of her home and beside the kitchen, watching as Vic, Ricky, and Cheryl work. Vanessa sits in the shade with Jacob, playing with her son, as she was instructed by her Master.

Taking a tray of sandwiches and drinks out to them, she walks around her house and overhears a conversation. She pauses, standing near the corner of the house and just out of sight of the bizarre family.

"Isn't it so pleasant out here? So peaceful?" Vic asks the others.

"Yes, Master." Ricky replies.

"It is, Master. I always loved this town. Cheryl adds.

“Not just the town though. This farm. Any farm, really. I grew up with cities but I prefer the peace and solitude of a farm like this. I would love to live somewhere like this.” Vic continues.

“May I ask what my Master would do on a farm?” Cheryl asks.

“Well, my little vixen.” He begins, his tone changing. “I’d work the fields, sit in the shade... And breed my slave-girls. You know it’ll be your turn soon.” He coos.

“You want more children, Master?” Cheryl asks rather giddily.

“Of course I do. You and Vanessa have some work ahead of you.” He says before audibly kissing her.

Now thoroughly aroused, Cassandra nearly drops the tray. The glasses shift and the contents of a glass escape as the cup nearly tips over, splashing the large, hard-plastic plate in her hands. Realizing that they must have heard her, she quickly steps around the corner, pretending to regain her balance.

“Are you alright?” Vic asks, his arm around Cheryl’s waist.

“I’m fine. Just tripped on a gopher hole.” Cassandra replies.

“Be careful, Cassie! We don’t want you to break a leg.” Cheryl teases.

“If that happens, we might have to stay and work the farm for her.” Vic chirps.

Cassandra pauses for a moment, her mind racing as she considers that possibility. Minus the injured leg, she wonders if she wouldn’t relish their company, especially Vic’s. He even wants more children, as does she. It’s almost too perfect. Coming to her senses, she presents the tray.

“Are you alright?” Cheryl asks.

“I’m fine, Chery. Why?” Cassandra replies.

“I don’t know. You just seem... Different.”

“Maybe Cassie’s just tired?” Vic suggests, narrowing his eyes as he takes a glass from the tray.

The mare Voeldahn nods her head, leaving the tray behind and excusing herself to lie down. Rushing back into her house, she shuts the door and quickly enters her bedroom. Without even drawing the curtains closed, she lies back in her bed, takes out the dildo from her nightstand drawer, takes out a bottle of warming lube and undoes her jeans. She shoves her jeans and panties down at once, not even bothering to remove them completely. Resting at her ankles and holding her legs together, she tips her knees and pointes each knee away from the other, drawing a diamond with her legs.

Lubing the dildo, which no longer looks as impressive as it once did, she quite violently inserts the toy into her aching pussy. She grits her teeth as she pulls one of her nether lips with a dry portion of the shaft, groaning loudly as she begins her work. She simply can’t stand it any longer. The tension is too much. She vigorously pumps the fake penis into and out of her wet cunt, the hard-plastic scrotum pressing into her butt and tickling her anus. With her free and she squeezes one of her large, F-cup breasts through her shirt before moving the hand down and gently teasing her clitoris with her fingertips.

“Yeah... Fuck me, Vic. Fill me up.” She says aloud.

She works with great fervor, sliding the inanimate cock harder and faster into her underused pussy. Cassandra has never felt such desire. For a moment she wonders if this human is emitting some kind of pheromones to make her feel the way that she does. She can't otherwise explain her desire, short of him being the physical incarnation of Eros, or any other male sex god.

"Fill me up, Vic. Make your little mare pregnant!"

Cassandra can't believe the words that are coming out of her mouth as she plays with herself. She has devolved into an animal, like the conventional horses that live in her stable. All she wants is to be pleased and bred by the human, to bear him little horse Voeldahn children, as Vanessa had already bore him a rabbit Voeldahn son. Her body cries out to him and demands attention, slowly overriding her mind which is still quite disgusted by these facts. The dichotomy makes her lose focus. Unwilling to be denied her pleasure, her body has had enough and finally overrides her brain.

Shutting out her morals and reason, she lies back and lifts her legs. With eyes closed tightly, she brings her legs together to tighten her loins, bends her knees, and wraps an arm around her legs just behind the knees. Her other hand takes hold of the toy, aggressively pounding her own pussy with the fake phallus. After nearly 7 minutes self-pleasure, she feels herself crest. Moaning loudly, she shivers and her body enjoys a powerful orgasm. Thick, white cream oozes from her nether lips and coats the plastic of her store-bought lover. She pants and turns her head, her fur already matting with sweat as she looks toward the window; the curtains are still open.

Lowering her legs, she slowly pulls out the dildo from her vagina, setting it atop her nightstand so that the tip faces the ceiling.

Cassandra very slowly pulls up her silky panties and blue jeans, buttoning them closed as she forces herself out of bed. Her hooves clop on the hardwood floor of her second story bedroom as she approaches the window, taking hold of the curtains. Her eyes grow wide and her heart sinks when she sees that the entire family stand around Vic in the garden, looking up at her window.

Focusing on the Master, Cassandra can see a little smile across the tanned human's face. It's as if he saw everything and knows what she was imagining. Either that, or he is simply very intuitive. She draws the curtains closed after a brief pause, quickly collecting and washing her toy before returning downstairs. With her body satisfied, if only temporarily, she returns to her chores. After working until mid-afternoon, she spends more time with Cheryl who never mentions the mare's earlier behavior, or her Master. Cheryl even helps her prepare the dinner for that evening.

Her body soon desires a man once again and Cassandra finds her mind playing twisted games with her. She ponders Vic's situation with his slaves, and what pleasure Ricky gets from seeing his wife enjoying another man, daily and in front of him. Why would he allow himself to witness her bear their Master's son, only to be forced to raise him? Why don't Cheryl or Vanessa seem remotely bothered by this? Why does Cassandra want to have sex with Vic so badly and envision herself as his third slave? The two women stand in the kitchen, Cassandra over the stove and Cheryl setting the table.

"Hey, Chery..." Cassandra begins.

"Yeah, Cassie? Need some help?"

"Did... Did Vic tell you to help me, or did you want too?"

"What does that matter?" Cheryl asks with a chuckle.

Cassandra merely shrugs, only to then ask her a second time.

“Yeah, he did, but even if he hadn’t, I’d have asked my Master’s permission to help you. You’re my best friend, Cassie!”

“And you’re really alright with that? I mean... Ricky and Vanessa and Jacob... It’s all so...” Cassie speaks softly.

“Ricky likes being Vic’s bitch; I’ve never heard him complain once. And to answer your question, yes, I’m alright with that. Master’s little bunny and I love it, and we love him. He’s genuinely good to both of us, and actually do take care of Jacob. Master is adamant that his son never sees any of our... Extracurricular activities.” Cheryl winks.

Cassie doesn’t speak, but her somewhat frustrated and upset demeanor speaks volumes. Cheryl sets down a plate rather loudly, drawing the mare’s attention. Cassandra glares at her friend, who takes note of her expression.

“What’s that for?” Cheryl asks.

“What’s what for?”

“That look you gave me?” Cheryl explains.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Cassandra feigns ignorance.

“I’m not an idiot. Don’t get mad at me because I’m happy with my life, however strange it may be, and don’t take your anger out on me because you feel guilt for wanting to fuck my Master.”

“Wa-what?” Cassandra stammers, her eyes growing wide.

“Or maybe you thought we didn’t see your legs earlier?” Cheryl smirks.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Cassandra says as she turns back to face the stove.

The mare Voeldahn can feel her face flushing beneath her fur, her skin growing hot.

“You know I paid attention to your emails. If you want a baby that badly, my Master would probably provide you with one.” Cheryl continues.

“Would he?!” Cassandra impulsively and excitedly asks.

She immediately closes her eyes, unable to believe the words she had just spoken. Her entire facade of disgust and disinterest has just been destroyed in a matter of seconds. She drops her head, feeling the young fox girl’s eyes burning into the back of her skull.

“Probably.” Cheryl replies, grinning cheek to cheek.

“That’s not what I meant... I...” Cassandra hesitates to speak further.

“Right.” Cheryl silently chuckles. “I’ll go get my Master and the others.”

As Cheryl leaves, Cassandra knows that her friend will tell her Master everything, the loyal slave that she is. Returning to the kitchen table with the pots of cooked food, she nervously prepares the plates for herself and her guests. The mare’s mind races as she contemplates her conversation with the fox girl, wondering what is in

store for her once Vic is told. Will he proposition her? Will she resist? Will he even ask? Her loins grow wet at the mere thought. Setting a now empty pot in the kitchen sink, Cassandra makes herself a promise; whatever happens, she will do what she feels and not regret a thing.

Chapter Three: First Night

To Cassandra's surprise, the dinner was fairly uneventful. Vic never once pointed out anything that would make her uncomfortable. His slaves spoke freely and seemed to be a rather well adjusted, if unorthodox family. After eating, Cheryl asked her Master for permission to stay and clean up with Cassandra. He allowed her this. As they washed, dried and put away the pots, pans and dishes, Cheryl never mentioned her Master or even hinted that she spoke with Vic about their conversation. After cleaning up, Cassandra bid Cheryl a good night and then retired to her bedroom to sleep.

Unfortunately for Cassandra, however, the mare Voeldahn's body once again cried out for attention. She only seems to be able to satiate it for a short time before her loins and eggs are speaking to her again. Lying in bed with only her silky white panties and a matching, undersized tank-top complete with spaghetti straps, she stares at the ceiling. As her mind races and her body burns for a man's touch, she soon finds herself with a hand hovering over her groin. Her fingers tease her tender loins, rubbing her quickly moistening vagina and tickling her clitoris through her panties.

It's soon too much and she sits upright in her bed. She pulls off her top, revealing her massive and perky breasts. Her thumbs hook

the elastic band of her panties which cling tightly to her hips. Lying back and lifting her legs, pointing her hooves skyward, she peels off the underwear and tosses it aside, dropping it atop her other article of clothing as she prepares herself for another round of solitary pleasure. With a hand already covering her nether lips, which are now dripping wet, she works a finger inside. She looks down at the sight, taking a moment to admire her own body.

“My tits are bigger than Vanessa’s or Cheryl’s. I bet Vic would love them.” She thinks aloud, grabbing hold of a breast. “I wonder if my pussy is better too?”

She lies back, closing her eyes and smiling as she envisions the human burying his large penis within her. Her fantasy progresses to include Ricky watching in awe as he mans a camera like the bitch he is. As much as she hates it, the thought turns her on and even makes her chuckle. Unable to stand it any longer, she releases her breast and extends her arm. Removing her fingers from her pussy, she lifts herself up and shifts as she reaches for her nightstand. Her fingers caress the handle as she prepares to open the drawer hiding her thoroughly used toy.

However, before she can open the drawer and retrieve her dildo, she hears a sound. Pausing, she turns her head, lying in the darkness as she stares in the direction of her bedroom door. The knob turns and the door opens. It isn’t the act of someone trying to hide their intentions from whoever might be within the bedroom; it swings swiftly as though the person on the other side were entering their own room. Cassandra sits still in the same position as Vic steps inside, illuminated by the amber glow of the hallway lights. She sits upright, her naked body full exposed for him to see.

She neither attempts nor wants to hide it from him as he steps further inside. Approaching her, he looks over to the nightstand. Reaching a hand out, he turns on the desk lamp. The amber glow lights up a small radius around them, giving him an excellent view of her body. Cassandra shifts, her breasts facing toward him as she presents herself. Vic smiles warmly, looking down to the drawer. She can feel herself grow embarrassed as he pulls it open slightly and peers inside, looking at the dildo, warming lube, and cleansing wipes, the only items contained within.

“Hi, Cassie.” He says as he closes the door.

“Hi, Vic.” She murmurs.

“So?”

“So...?” She raises a brow, somewhat confused.

With a light chuckle, he reaches out a hand and places it over one of her breasts, cupping it and lifting it as though to feel the weight. His hand is warm, felt through the white fur that covers her chest. Vic’s thumb teases the brown flesh of her nipple, which quickly grows hard. He leans in and presses his cheek against her muzzle, giving her a tender kiss.

“I know what you want, Cassie... So take it.” He says softly into her ear.

“I-I’m...” She chokes.

“Are you nervous?” He asks sweetly.

“Uh-huh.” She nods, unable to speak.

His hand pulls away from her breast and rests on her face. Pulling his own face from hers, he looks her in the eyes and leans in, giving her a kiss upon her lips. To her surprise, he's passionate, loving and dominating all at once. Her eyes narrow and her body melts from his touch. She leans back and falls against her elbows, unable to say no even if she wanted too.

"You want a baby, don't you?" He asks.

"Uh-huh..." She nods.

"Do you want more?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then take it." He says sternly.

Standing upright, he lifts off his shirt to reveal another thin undershirt beneath, which is tucked in behind his belt. He unbuckles the belt and stops. Cassandra watches for a minute, unsure of what to do next. She knows what she wants, but hesitates; this situation is all very new to her.

"Why did you stop?" She sheepishly asks.

"I told you to take it. I'll start, but you have to finish." He replies.

Nodding, she sits upright and takes hold of his belt. Her body has wanted this for so long that she can hardly contain herself. With Vic outright instructing her to begin, she violently rips his belt from the loops and tosses it aside. Vic's lips curl in amusement as she nearly rips out the top button and tears the zipper of his pants, quickly dropping them to the floor. He steps on his own heels, pulling his shoes from his feet and kicking them aside as he pulls off his

undershirt to reveal his toned body to his lover-to-be. Her hands touch his chest, stroking the firm flesh. She admires his features.

“You’re so hot, Vic.” She coos.

“So are you, my little mare.” He replies.

Cassandra can feel her face flushing beneath her fur. The juices of her aching loins now seep from her nether lips and down her thighs, pooling atop the bedsheets between her legs. She’s never been so aroused in her entire life. As Vic plays with her large breasts with childlike glee, teasing her nipples and necking her, she pulls down his underwear, dropping his boxer-briefs to the floor. She stares in awe at the exceptionally large penis that hangs limp between his legs. Unsurprisingly, it’s even bigger up close, though she still manages to be left in awe. She licks her lips as she stares at the flesh of his member; she’s wanted a real man for a long time, and now she finally has one.

As Vic necks her, he is suddenly surprised when Cassandra lunges forward. She grabs his hips and nuzzles his cock like an animal, smelling his penis and scrotum, which hold his full testicles. Shifting her head, she rests his heavy penis across her nose and tilts her head back, her mouth opened wide to receive him. He can’t help but chuckle as she nearly attacks him, inserting his organ into her mouth and working him as though her life depended on it. To his pleasant surprise, Cassandra seems well versed in oral pleasure, swirling her tongue around the head of his quickly swelling organ.

She moans both from her arousal and the taste of his flesh, which is quite sweet to her. Perhaps it’s because of her desire, or perhaps humans taste better? Cassandra has never had a human man before, so it could be either. The thought is shaken from her mind as

she bobs her head back and forth on the growing phallus. To her shock, Vic swells in what seems like only a few seconds, filling her mouth to capacity. She has practiced oral sex on nearly every man she ever had in her life, and none ever filled her mouth the way Vic does; he easily sports the largest penis she's ever experienced.

She nearly chokes as he pumps into her mouth, the length of his shaft reaching through her long and broad muzzle and leaving the head of his cock near her throat. Resting her hands on his thighs, she briefly tries backing away. Vic, however, is having none of it. Taking his hands away from her breasts, he places one on either side of the back of her head, holding her in place as he pumps his penis into and out of her mouth. Her eyes grow wide as she sees his shaft emerging, only to disappear into her mouth again. Vic gives her long, 6-inch thrusts, leaving a good portion of his penis inside of her mouth at all times.

When he is finally ready, he releases her head and allows her to back away. Cassandra coughs as a thick string of saliva runs from her lips to his cock.

"God damn!" She gasps for breath.

"How did it taste?" He asks.

"Amazing." She coos.

She takes him in her hands and works his penis, doing everything just right. Considering how badly she needs this, Vic is amazed that such a talented female, horse Voeldahn or not, could be without a man. As gorgeous, enthusiastic and skilled as Vanessa and Cheryl are, Cassandra seems to be superior. Looking down at the mare woman as she gleefully strokes his big cock, he can't help but feel

lucky to soon be breeding her; he intends to give her every last drop of his potent seed. Cassandra giggles as she works his penis, causing him to raise a brow.

“What’s so funny?”

“You’re just so big! I keep thinking about it and the only person I’ve seen who’s bigger than you is a stallion in my barn. You even beat my ponies!”

He looks into her gray eyes and stares. Cassandra’s eyes and facial expression are very genuine; a true Master can always tell when a slave is lying. Her compliment is exceptionally touching, considering her experience. Vic reaches out a hand and rests it on her cheek, stroking it with his thumb. Leaning in, he gives her a long and passionate kiss, their tongue gliding across each other’s.

“My little mare is such a sweetheart. Let Master reward you.” He says with a wink.

Leaning in, Vic necks her as he pushes the nude Voeldahn gently backward, lying her down atop her bed. He climbs up and lay over the mare, who is 5 inches taller than him. With his hands fondling her massive breasts, he looks down and admires their perfect form. Considering her body size, they don’t look overly large, and are quite perky. He can tell from feeling them that they are natural, as are Vanessa’s and Cheryl’s, but it still surprises him. He leans in and places the chocolate brown flesh of her nipple in his mouth, suck on her breasts and teasing her nipple with his tongue.

Cassandra rests a hand on the back of his head, pulling her lover in closer. Wrapping another arm around him and resting it across

his back, she holds him tightly. He moves between her breasts, a hand sliding down her toned belly and between her legs. His fingers tease the brown flesh of her nether lips before he pushes a single finger inside. He is taken aback by how tight she feels. How is it possible that a mare of her stature feels tighter than Cheryl or Vanessa? He can only hope that her loins will fit him.

“Do you like playing with you toy?” He asks, testing her.

“Mhm.” She nods.

“It must feel big on such a small pussy.” He continues.

“It does. Sometimes I would struggle with it if I was too dry, but it never hurt. I adapt quickly, Master.” Cassandra replies.

He grins wide at her, gazing into her eyes. Vic is quite pleased, by her answer as much as her calling him ‘master’.

“Good. My little mare deserves only the best.” He says before kissing her lips. “My little mare deserves me.”

“Mmm... Please, Master... Give it to me.” She coos.

Vic’s lips move to her neck as his hand pulls away from her pussy and takes hold of his large penis. Holding the middle of his girthy shaft with one hand, he rubs the engorged head against the soaking wet flesh of her vagina. The tip teases her clitoris and spreads apart her nether lips as he plays with her.

“Please... I need it, Master.” She begs.

“Mmm, my little mare has such an amazing body...” He says as he teases her cunt. “Perfect breasts and the hottest, wettest pussy I’ve ever felt before, and I’ve fucked my little vixen and bunny when they were prime for pregnancy.”

“I’m prime for pregnancy, Master.” She coos, running her fingers through his head. “I’ve been keeping track. By sheer coincidence, we’re doing this on the best day to breed me.”

“I don’t believe in coincidence, and after tonight, you won’t either.” He whispers sweetly into her ear.

Vic prepares to enter her, applying gentle pressure to her vaginal opening with his big cock. Cassandra lies her head back and readies herself for a night she won’t soon forget. Her eyes finally notice that her lover never closed the door behind him. As he lay between her legs, poised to enter her love tunnel, she can see something in the doorway, just beyond the frame and inside the hall. A tripod sits at about waist-height, just tall enough to be level with the top of her mattress. A camera with a flashing red light sits mounted to the stand. Motion draws her attention, even from her lover.

A shadow moves just beyond the door before Cheryl peaks around the frame. She waves to Cassandra with her fingertips, grinning cheek to cheek as the mare Voeldahn’s eyes grow wide in shock and horror. Cassandra didn’t want this moment to be shared. She rests her hands on his shoulders as though she were to push him off, but can’t seem to find the strength. Though her mind wants him to stop, her body has overridden it; this is going to happen no matter what and there is no turning back.

“Wait... M-master...” Cassandra chokes out.

“What?”

“Not like this. I don’t want this.”

“Yes, you do.” He grins.

With a hand firmly gripping her hip and the other his shaft, Vic thrusts, forcing his way inside. Cassandra grips his shoulders tightly and grits her teeth. She’s never been so full in her life.

“Nng... Nngffuuuuuck!” She screams.

Vic groans loudly and closes his eyes tightly, also gritting his teeth. He can’t remember the last time he has a pussy so tight; Cassandra, his mare, beats both his bunny and his vixen. Though she is already as tight as Cheryl during an orgasm, he manages to push himself deeper. With both hands now firmly holding the mare’s splendid breasts, he holds himself up and pushes even deeper, trying to bury his member until his balls press firmly against her ass. Cassandra looks down, past her large mounds and between his arms to watch the show; Vic’s big cock fills the gap between her legs and as full as she feels, he’s only halfway inside of her.

She runs her hands from his shoulders and down his chest until they rest at his sides. He pushes in and then pulls out, only to push in again but a little deeper. As he drives in further, she grips his side and her legs bend at the knees, pressing together on impulse and putting pressure on his hips. Vic is startled by the mare’s incredible strength, easily as strong as him, if not more-so. Had she truly wanted him to stop, she could have pushed him nearly across the room without much effort. This knowledge only bolsters his confidence and makes him work her harder, eager to dominate and breed his mare slave.

With a firm push, Vic buries the remaining quarter of his girthy shaft into her, pressing his full balls tightly against her butt and causing Cassandra to whimper a little. For a moment, he worries that he might have actually hurt her with his size. He quickly forgets this, however, when Cassandra herself begins to rock her hips and pull at Vic, signaling for him to continue; she loves it and now he knows it. Vic lies himself over his lover, resting his chin on her shoulder and necking her as he rocks his hips, pushing his endowment into and out of the mare's aching pussy.

Cassandra feels more full than she has ever felt, relishing the soft slapping of his heavy, cum-filled balls hitting the fur of her firm ass. Desperate for a glance, she opens her eyes and peers past her lover. She watches as his furless butt shifts, his pelvis pressing against hers. Though she can't see it, she can feel his big dick being sheathed completely within her pussy. Even the sight of him against her furthers her pleasure as she knows how large he is; she knows that his exceptional member has gone somewhere, and it's right inside of her underused vagina.

Cassandra lies back and melts, finally enjoying the strong, powerful male that she's always wanted. Not only is he going to actively breed her and give her a baby, something else that she's wanted, he also happens to be hung better than her ponies; icing on the cake, as far as she's concerned. Lying there and taking his penis, the happy mare can't help but think aloud.

"Mmm... This is exactly what I needed." She coos.

"I know." Vic says as he necks her.

As Vic thrusts his powerful cock into the mare's burning hot pussy, she feels her pleasure building. Turning her eyes toward the

clock on her nightstand, she is amazed that they have only been having sex for barely 3 minutes. Her body shivers as she grips his back, her legs trembling and shifting, her hooves dragging over the bedsheets as she loses control. She's knows what's about to happen, as does her lover; Cassandra has never cum so fast before, even when using her dildo just right.

"Ahh... Aahh! AAAHHH FUUUCK!" She screams.

"Oh, god!" He grunts.

Her cunt clamps down on Vic's cock so hard that he briefly wonders if she's going to squeeze the blood right back out of it. She trembles uncontrollably and her legs shake. With eyes closed tightly and her teeth clenched, she grunts and groans as a bit of drool seeps from the corner of her mouth. Thick white cream oozes from her nether lips and coats his phallus with the sticky substance. Vic holds still, partially from the shock of her cumming, and because her vagina is too tight to for him to comfortably use. He stays between her legs, half-inserted into her love tunnel.

"God damn." She gasps, looking at him lustfully.

"Well, that was interesting... And fast." He grins.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. We've only just started, my little mare."

After a short pause, her loins loosen just enough for him to continue. She strokes her lovers back while he works her, quickly feeling herself reaching her peak again. It's only been a few minutes since he started and already she is nearly about to orgasm for a second time. This is already the greatest sex of her life. Vic fondles

her breasts and rocks his hips, his scrotum pressing and dragging against her anus as he pumps into and out of her exceptional pussy. Her legs draw closer to her body and her back arches slightly. Cassandra grips his back tightly, her fingers coiling uncontrollably as she grits her teeth again, grunting like an animal.

Vic licks the fur of her neck and pinches a shiny brown nipple of her breast, his other hand holding one of her ass cheeks tightly. He knows exactly what he is doing to her and he is only making it worse, in the best possible way. Her fur begins to mat with her sweat as her body burns as hot as her loins. Her nails rake his back before gripping the sheets tightly, her balled fists anchored to the bed as her arms tremble. Her back arches more dramatically as she lets herself go, cresting her pleasure.

“Nng, fuck!” She yells. “Oh god, Master! Aaahh!”

“God damn... your pussy, nng, is so hot, nng... It’s almost, nng, branding!” He remarks through his grunting.

“Ahh god! And your cock is, nng, sooo big, Master! I’ve, nng, never felt so, nng, full and so, nng, pleased! Fuck!” She replies.

“That’s quite the compliment to come from a mare!” Cheryl chirps.

Cassandra now understands why Cheryl and Vanessa treat this human male the way that they do. She herself is inclined to do the same as hormones release within her. Oxytocin floods her brain as she cums hard again, a familiar white cream coating her lover’s penis as he works, though this time it is even thicker and stickier than before. The texture of her cum even takes Vic by surprise, who for a brief moment pulls back to take a look. His lips curl into a subdued grin before he looks back at his mare. Leaning it, he plants several of the

most impassioned kisses that she's ever experienced, only making her emotional attachment to him stronger.

Lying back, she relaxes her body and rests her hands on his upper arms, gently tugging at him. The look on her face says 'please don't stop, Master', and so he doesn't. With both hands on her tight ass, he pumps harder and faster, their bodies swaying back and forth on the mattress and causing the headboard to bang against the wall. Cassandra wraps her arms around her mate, feeling as though she is already in love with him. This can't stop after tonight, whether or not she becomes pregnant; she needs Vic in her life, and she is willing to do anything to keep him there, even being his third slave-girl.

"Fuck me, Master. Breed your little mare. Make me carry your ponies." Cassandra coos.

"Oh, damn..." Cheryl remarks, a hand reaching for her groin.

"Nng, yeah! I'll breed my mare... I'll fill your womb... Nng, and give you all the, nng, cum that you, nng, can handle..." He grunts out his response.

"Ahh! Thank you, Master! Nng-ahh!" Cassandra cries out.

Vic pounds Cassandra's exceptionally tight cunt for as long as he can, giving her another orgasm in short order. After only 15 minutes, however, Vic can withstand her no longer. Her pussy, so hot and moist with the perfect texture, has been milking his penis for his sperm since he started. It's taken all of his strength to hold back. Cheryl's lips curl around her snout as she watches her Master fuck the mare's pussy like his life depended on it, seeing the change in him. She knows it won't be long now. Even Cassandra knows the time is drawing near as he pumps harder and faster, his fingers flexing and his grunts growing louder.

"Fucking fuck... Nng! So fucking good!" He growls.

"Ahh, yes! Please, Master! Breed me! Nng-ahh!"

"Holy shit." Cheryl murmurs, her fingers buried deep in her pussy.

"Yeah! I'm gonna, nng, fill you up!" He snarls, drooling a little on her neck.

"Fill me, Master!"

"Nng, and give you a pony! ... Fuck, nng, I'm cumming! Nngaahh!"

He drives in hard and roars like a lion, his eyes closed tightly as he releases his load. Cheryl has never seen her Master like this before, nor can Vic recall ever being so worked up. Cassandra holds him tightly, screaming in pleasure as she feels the flood of his burning hot cum flowing within her. His balls pull close to his body as he expels the thick white ooze, the mare's pussy eagerly devouring his magma-hot sperm. Feeling his cum flowing through her pushes the mare over the edge once again, her cunt clamping down hard on her Master's cock. Jet after jet and he continues. Cassandra has never felt so full, both from his size of the volume of his seed; it's all so much.

Vic can hardly believe how much he had to give her as a ninth and final jet leaves the swollen tip of his cock. With sweaty, matted fur the mare lies there and holds her lover, her body and biological clock both finally satisfied. She strokes the damp flesh of Vic's back and nuzzles his face with her snout. The pair share passionate kisses, snuggling for a moment as he lay atop her.

"That was amazing..." Cheryl mutters.

"Damn straight." Cassandra says, panting for breath.

"You were almost too much, baby." Vic says to Cassandra.

"Really?!" She gushes.

"Almost... Master has never met a woman he couldn't handle, even a mare like you." He winks.

"Mmm. I got such a good Master." Cassandra coos, petting his head lovingly.

"And I got a great mare." He says before giving her a kiss.

Cheryl brings the camera in close and watches as Vic finally pulls himself from the mare's nether lips. Cassandra shivers in pleasure at the feeling of her new Master removing himself from her love tunnel, wishing that he could simply remain there until whenever he was ready. She's surprised at how eager she is for a second round, though she is too exhausted at the moment. Leaving her vagina with an audible pop, Vic's copious amount of cum begins to ooze out of her. Eager to please her lover as much as she is to become pregnant, Cassandra tilts her hips up; she remembered what Vic said to his slave, Ricky, after filling up Vanessa the day before.

Vic takes a pillow and rests it underneath her, guiding the mare down atop it so that she can relax. With the pillow underneath her buttocks, keeping her loins tilted at an angle, not a drop of Vic's cum escapes her. Though none mention it, everyone in the room knows that this will help breed the mare. Cheryl turns off the camera and sits on the bed as Vic holds Cassandra and cuddles with her. This is standard procedure for the Master, but even if it wasn't, he finds comfort holding the mare in his arms.

"So, Master..." Cheryl clears her throat.

“Yes, my little vixen?”

“I take it you’re not coming back with me?” Cheryl asks.

“Not tonight. Tell Vanessa that I’m spending this night with my new mare, but I’ll be back tomorrow.” He answers.

“Alright.” She nods, quickly leaving the room.

“I love being your mare.” Cassandra remarks.

“Good. I’m a great Master; I don’t abuse my slaves but you need to be good to earn rewards.” Vic grins, grabbing one of her ample breasts. “If you aren’t, I’ll have to punish you.”

“Mmm, I’ll be good, Master.” She coos.

“You better... And just so you know, no matter what, I’ll always take care of you and our babies.” He adds with a compassionate tone.

“Thank you, Master... You’re so masculine and your seed is so potent, they’re going to be very strong ponies.” She thinks aloud.

“Yeah. I can tell that when Jacob grows up he’s going to be an Adonis.” He chuckles. “I can only imagine what our son will be like.”

“Very popular with women.” Cassandra chirps.

The pair share a laugh and Cassandra strokes his face. She gives him a loving kiss, feeling truly bonded to him. He holds her tightly and the couple spoon with Vic holding the larger mare from behind. She’s never felt so safe and so warm as when in the arms of her Master, never wanting the feeling to go away.

“Master...” She begins.

“Yes, my little mare?”

“I... I love you.” She says, feeling herself flush.

"I love you too, my little mare."

He kisses her neck and his grip tightens. It doesn't take long before they fall asleep together. For the first night in a long time, Cassandra sleeps very peacefully. Embraced by her Master, she never once wakes up feeling restless or alone.

Chapter Four: A New Life

Lying atop her hands and knees, Cassandra rests her chest on a firm body pillow, her arms running alongside it. Drool runs from her gaping maw as she pants, her long brown hair swaying. With a cheek of her buttocks in each hand, Vic kneels behind his mare, her horse-like tail pulled to the side to give him full view of her orifices. The Master buries his big cock deep into the mare's tight pussy, her brown nether lips spread to their limit as his balls press against her clitoris. He always chooses her first because of her texture, warmth and tightness, as he has for the past 2 months, since their first night together.

For both her visible body, her pussy and also her exceptionally loving and gentle personality, Cassandra has quickly usurped both Cheryl and Vanessa as the Master's favorite slave-girl. Cassandra, now 2 months pregnant by Vic, hugs the pillow tightly as she prepares to orgasm. Vic has never failed to get her off in 5 minutes or less, whether or not they practice any foreplay; he is just too much for her somewhat undersized loins. With a camera held just behind Vic and looking up between his legs, it films as the mare cums hard on her Master's cock.

“Nng, fuck! Oh god, Master! Aah!” She screams, drool running from her mouth and chin to the pillow below.

After a few more pumps, Vic slows to a stop. He pulls out of the mare, leaving her nether lips gaping wide as he backs away. With a hand on his mare’s leash, he tugs at the collar around her neck. She turns and licks his penis clean, eating her cum from his tip, shaft and balls, in that order. Once finished, Ricky, who mans the camera, takes a bottle of lube and puts a dab on the tip of Vic’s cock, as per his Master’s instructions.

“Now, who’s next?” He asks with a sinister grin.

“Pick me, Master!” Cheryl begs.

“No, pick me!” Vanessa chirps.

Vic looks back and forth between the two women, who lie naked atop similar body pillows and in identical positions on either side of Cassandra. Having moved out of the city after that first weekend, both women quit their jobs at the tabloid magazine to work from home, which is now Cassandra’s ranch. Kneeling atop the king-sized bed in their new master bedroom, which was once Cassandra’s room, Vic has his pick of all three slave-girl’s pussies, which face the footboard. He crawls over to Cheryl, her eyes lighting up as she grins cheek to cheek. Her bushy tail sways as Vic takes hold of the fox girl’s leash, kneeling behind her.

“Thank you, Master!” She exclaims.

“You’re welcome. You were very good today uploading 3 new movies to the website.” He replies.

“What about me, Master?!” Vanessa asks, her fluffy bunny tail swaying as her butt sticks up in the air.

“I’ll take care of you. You’re still my little bunny.” He winks.

“Thank you, Master!”

Motioning with a hand, Vanessa and Cassandra switch positions and Cassandra moves to Cheryl’s other side. Vic brings them closer together, now kneeling with Cheryl’s tight pussy right in front of him and his bunny and mare on either side. At his instruction, Ricky fetches two large toys, molded after Vic’s own penis. Lubing them both up, Ricky hands them base first to his Master. As the human Master drives his big cock into Cheryl’s cunt, he uses the toys on both Cassandra and Vanessa, keeping them going as he enjoys his vixen. The three girls moan and groan, two enjoying their Master’s custom dildo while the fox girl enjoys the real thing.

As Vic works them, he is careful of both Cheryl and Cassandra. The position, though it allows him to pleasure all three, is more for practicality. Cassandra being pregnant with his pony is being cautious, and Cheryl is practicing. Vic decided it was his little vixen’s turn and bred her. Last weekend she failed an at-home pregnancy test, and now will also bear him children. Vanessa, on the other hand, has been designated a “safe slave”; he won’t breed her until Cassandra’s and Cheryl’s children are born, though it will be his top priority after that.

Ricky watches and films, his penis firm and held tightly in a hand as Vic had graciously allowed him to masturbate for this somewhat rare foursome. Vic pumps Cheryl’s pussy as she grips the pillow, her red hair swaying back and forth as her large, DD-cup breasts are smooshed into her body pillow. After nearly 10 minutes of feeling her Master’s endowed phallus driving into her tight hole, Cheryl cums

hard. Gritting her teeth as drool runs from her lips and onto her pillow, she squirts a stream of hot and clear liquid, splashing it all over Vic's pelvis. Her cum drips from his cock and balls as he pumps harder and faster, causing her to collapse atop the pillow from pleasure.

Slowing to a stop, Vic pulls his member from the fox Voeldahn, and drawing the dildo from Cassandra's pussy. Cheryl is too weak to move after her orgasm and lies there. Like a good slave, Cassandra climbs from the bed and moves to the other side, taking her position beside Vanessa. Taking the toy from Vanessa's pussy, Vic kneels behind her without even bothering to clean his cock of Cheryl's juices and cum, not that his little bunny cares. Grinding the dripping phallus against her ass, he puts the toy that was in Cassandra and inserts it into Cheryl, stuffing it deep into her vagina. Likewise, he takes Vanessa's toy and pushes it into Cassandra's loins.

The mare can feel the fluids of another woman's pussy as the toy drives deep into her, trembling with delight. Vic doesn't make his bunny wait long, soon pulling back and pushing himself deep into his first slave, his beloved bunny girl, Vanessa. Ricky, who has been trying not to orgasm until he could see his Master violating the woman who is supposed to be his wife. As he watches Vanessa taking Vic's exceptional size into her little hole, stretching to her limits to fit him, Ricky fails to last and cums hard, a few meager jets spiriting out and landing on the hardwood floor. None of the others even notice.

"Please, Master! I want to be rewarded!" Cassandra cries out as she watches her Master fuck his bunny girl.

"Enjoy the stand-in for now." He says with labored breaths as he pumps into Vanessa's cunt. "My little bunny's pussy has kept it warm and wet for you."

After a hard fucking that lasts barely 5 minutes, Vanessa cums hard, spreading her creamy white ooze over his shaft. Not yet pleased with her, Vic continues until Vanessa enjoys a second. By this point, he's managed to draw another from both Cheryl and Cassandra as well, using only the toys. However, Vic himself has yet to finish, and he can't leave his potent seed outside of a warm body. As Vanessa and Cheryl both lie in heaps atop the bed, Vic sits at the edge and orders his man-slave to fetch his supplies. Ricky collects cleansing wipes and more lubricating jelly from the nightstand drawer like a good boy.

Placing a dot of lube on the swollen tip, Vic readies himself and climbs atop the bed. He grins wide at his mare, looking over her matted, sweat drenched body.

"I'll be extra generous today... You pick the position." He says.

"Oh, thank you, Master! You're so good to me!" She giddily exclaims.

"Only because you're such a loyal and dutiful slave." He replies.

Eager to make her Master finish and greedy for his seed, Cassandra lays her Master on his back and climbs atop him. She straddles Vic, rubbing the underside of his large cock with her brown nether lips, teasing him for a moment. She is perhaps the only slave who could get away with playing with her own Master, but only up to a point. As she grinds, Vic seems to lose patience and takes hold of her leash, wrapping it around his hand and holding it firmly. Without saying a word, she rises from her Master and slips her fingers behind the top portion of his shaft, guiding the heavy phallus upright and aiming it directly for her hungry pussy.

Cassandra lowers herself gently over her Master's cock, gritting her teeth and grunting as his warm meat spreads her loins and makes its home inside of her. Primed for him with the use of his custom-made dildo, she takes him to the base in short order, though it is still a bit of a struggle. Cassandra holds her position as she feels her Master's full balls pressed firmly against her ass, her tail swishing happily. She looks down and rests her hands on either side of Vic's face, giving him a loving kiss. Both Cassandra and Vic know what is about to unfold, as they've perfected their mating techniques.

While Vic can make Cassandra cum in only a few minutes when he takes her doggie style or missionary, Cassandra can do the same for him when riding him cowgirl. Granted she has never failed to reach orgasm herself regardless, always climaxing just before or as soon as she feels him filling her with his cum. She is possibly the only slave of the three capable of making her own Master cum before her, if he were to ever allow it. Cheryl and Vanessa always find themselves flabbergasted by how quickly the mare can please their Master, concluding that she must be a very talented rider, her vagina being a perfect fit for Vic, or both.

Cheryl and Vanessa lie beside each other, their sweaty and naked bodies huddled together as they witness the pair having their fun. Cassandra begins her ride, holding Vic's face and staring deeply into his eyes. They kiss over and over and she bounces quite gracefully, rocking and bucking her hips with each thrust. In a matter of moments, she can feel herself growing hotter as she grows closer to another finish. Meanwhile, Vic's balls pull closer to his body and his breathing quickens. His hands grip her firm butt tightly as she shifts, wrapping her legs around his waist.

She grinds against him, swaying and rocking her hips with his member buried completely within her. He grunts and groans while she

gasps and moans, her hands gripping his damp back. He smacks her ass hard as she works him, causing her to squeal.

“Fuck your Master! Ride him, nng, like a good mare!” He growls.

“Yes, Master!” Cassandra moans. “Give your mare, nng, all you’ve, nng, got! Ahh!”

She sits firmly atop him and swivels her hips at incredible speed, his penis following her motions and grinding along her insides. This is the final stage of her process. The swirling pattern stimulates the sensitive head of his swollen member, which in turn also stimulates Cassandra’s pussy as his cock almost rotates within her body and routinely rubs against her G-spot. In barely 5 minutes of riding, her lover is nearing the end, as is she. She rests her chin near his forehead and nuzzles him, their subtle size difference being much more evident when in this position than the others.

With her arms wrapped around him and her hands on his back, she swirls her hips and waits, her body tingling as she tries to hold out and continue her work. Her Master’s grunts turn into loud groans and soon Vic holds her hips tightly, stopping the motions just in time. The mare squeals as she sits atop her Master as he orgasms, roaring loudly with his face buried between her massive breasts which muffle the sound. Jet after powerful jet causes Cassandra to cum hard, pushed over the edge as her Master fills her cunt to overflowing. Left in awe by the sight, Ricky, Vanessa and Cheryl can’t help but applaud.

“Mmm, Master... You had so much again.” Cassandra coos, necking Vic tenderly.

"You always manage to pull it all right out of me, like a good mare." Vic replies softly before turning her face to him and kissing her with tongue.

"May I speak, Master?" Cheryl asks.

"Alright." Vic nods after ending the kiss with Cassandra.

"Why do you keep rewarding Cassandra with your delicious cum when she's already pregnant?" The fox girl asks.

Vic looks to Cassie who gazes lovingly at him, a little grin on her face. She gives him another very passionate kiss and strokes his arms before hugging him tightly. It's evident to all that she cares as deeply for him as the others, if not more-so. Vic holds his mare in his arms, thinking for a moment.

"Master?" Cassandra herself finally asks.

Vic sighs and looks back at Cheryl and Vanessa.

"I think that my mare Cassie deserves it a little more, for all of that time when she went without... You had quite a few men before me, my little vixen, and I don't blame you. Even though none of them were good, you still had them. Vanessa was married for years before I came and gave her a real man, right slave?" He begins.

"Yes, Master." Ricky bows his head reverently.

"But Cassie here..." Vic continues, turning back to his mare. "She's slept alone since before I met my little bunny and now I'm making up for it."

Cassandra grins and holds her Master tightly, tilting her head down to rest her chin on his shoulder.

“Does that mean her pussy is better than ours?!” Cheryl whines, speaking out of turn.

Vic turns to her and holds up a finger, glaring at his little vixen. Cheryl lowers her head to silently apologize. He turns his eyes back to Cassandra, who still sits atop his rock-hard cock with his cum coating her insides. She looks to him with a little smile, waiting expectantly to hear him speak. Her bushy horse tail flaps over his now empty balls. Vic smirks and looks back at his other slave-girls.

“Maybe... If you’re worried, then perhaps you should try harder to make up for it?” He says with a wink.