

Help Wanted 4

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The Master accepts the ultimate challenge, training a protégé.

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Chapter One: Caught

Carley grunts, her fingers coiling while planted firmly against the teal and white tile wall. Her pleasure is growing. The 18-year-old high school senior bends over, her fleshy tail swaying. The Voeldahn with mouse-like features stands all of 5 foot nothing, covered in thick, solid black fur and weighing only about 105 pounds and with a very dainty frame. Her vibrant blonde hair is pulled into a high ponytail, which her lover makes swift use of. He grips her ponytail and lightly tugs, pulling her head back. Carley's bangs sway from side to side as her tight loins are drilled by the pink phallus of her partner, which makes itself so comfortable inside of her young body.

"Yeah... Take that cock, baby..." Stefan softly grunts.

"Q-quiet. Th-they'll hear us." Carley stammers.

As if to show his lack of concern, dominance, or both, Stefan turns his body and shifts his pelvis slightly, better exposing one of her furry butt cheeks. Taking his free hand, he gives her behind a rough smack, the sound muffled by her dense yet soft coat of fur.

"Ahh!" She cries out.

Now concerned, Stefan, the 18-year-old senior, quickly cups his fingers over her lips, muffling her moans which she can no longer contain. The 5 foot and 7-inch-tall boy stands behind her, pumping his member into and out of her nether lips, violating the high school girl's inexperienced pussy. Stefan's is only the second penis that she has ever felt inside of her, though she's sucked and touched thrice that. Carley cannot believe that she is fucking him in the boy's bathroom

during 3rd period. If he weren't so confident and charismatic, she never would be in this situation. The feline Voeldahn is also a popular basketball player with an athletic build, which doesn't help her resist him. She isn't even sure that she likes him as a person.

Stefan groans louder, himself now unable to remain quiet as he feels his pleasure building. He takes his hand from her ponytail to slide it up and underneath her blouse and bra, feeling her breasts from underneath her clothes. His long, furry tail swishes gleefully through the air as he enjoys her body and all that it has to offer him. The orange tabby moans as he prepares to release. Carley knows enough about men to know that Stefan is almost done with her. With a subdued grunt, Stefan winces as if in pain. He grips Carley's hips with both hands and buries himself within her; he holds himself balls deep as he cums.

Jet after jet of fertile sperm shoots into the girl's body. The sensation of his flow pulsing inside her loins is too much and the girl feels herself orgasm, squealing loudly. Stefan barely has time to cover her mouth before they hear the bathroom door open. Hooves clop on the large and antiquated tiles as someone approaches. Carley wonders who it is as she stands bent over a toilet, the front of the bowl resting between her knees as her feline lover stands behind her, refusing to withdraw himself from her loins. Stefan turns and grins, seeing his best friend Blair entering the room.

"Hey." Blair calls out.

"Hey!" Stefan chirps.

Stepping around the stall wall, Blair sees Stefan's furry buttocks and the lower-rear portion of his scrotum. His tail sways as he stands behind an unknown female with his pants at his ankles.

Taking his hands from Carley's body, Stefan backs up, pulling his penis out and drawing his sperm with it. The latex condom makes a slushing noise as it pulls against Carley's well-used vagina, the tip full of Stefan's seed. Blair impulsively takes a single look before averting his eyes, getting a perfect view of both Stefan's penis and Carley's thoroughly fucked pussy. The cat boy chuckles as he pulls off the condom, which is covered in Carley's sticky cum, before tossing it into the toilet between the girl's legs.

"Hey..." Carley nervous greets Blair.

Stefan seems quite proud of himself as Carley's shaky arm reaches for the lever to flush the toilet. He knows that Blair has had a crush of Carley, yet he pursued her anyway. Blair turns and storms out of the bathroom, frustrated at Stefan who always seems to get what he wants. Blair wonders why he doesn't have Stefan's charisma and why he can't feel better about himself. Blair, also an 18-year-old senior, is a horse Voeldahn with a sturdy build. Though not particularly athletic, he is naturally strong, standing 6 feet tall and weighing a very healthy 200 pounds.

He feels himself burn with anger and resentment as he walks down the hall. Stefan doesn't even have a large penis, only wielding a humble 5 inches and modest girth. That aside, it somehow consistently finds its way into so many different women's bodies. For a brief moment he can understand why some people terrorize their schools with weapons and bomb threats. Skipping his last class entirely, Blair leaves the school only to hear Stefan running to catch up with him.

"Sorry you had to see that, bro." Stefan apologizes.

"Are you sure about that?" Blair quietly asks.

"Yeah! I didn't want some other guy checking out my junk. My door swings one way!" Stefan chuckles.

"... I didn't even know you liked her." Blair mutters.

"I don't, really." Stefan admits.

"Then why have sex with her in the boy's bathroom?"

"Well, I saw her looking at me more than once during 1st period so I thought 'let's see if I can get my dick wet before I go home'! I made my move during lunch and got a blowjob before I knew it. We were working on a second before it kind of... Evolved." Stefan proudly explains.

"So, you fuck girls you don't even like, just because you want to get off?"

"Yeah! Wouldn't you?" Stefan raises a brow.

"Maybe..." Blair grumbles.

"... Are you mad?!"

"Fuck yeah, I'm mad! I really liked her! I was going to ask her out!" Blair yells.

The taller, stronger and more intimidating stallion startles the feline, who jumps back at Blair's sudden increase in volume.

"Shit, I'm sorry... Look, there are tons of girls at that school, bro!"

"I'm not like you..." Blair sighs sullenly.

"You could be if you had more self-esteem. Women can smell it on you and know right away whether you are good enough or not. That's why I have it so easy, because I'm confident." Stefan explains.

"Right..."

"I can help you!" Stefan urges.

"Just... Fuck off for a little while."

"Whatever, man." Stefan sighs.

Blair heads home after cutting class, while Stefan goes back to school to maintain his attendance. The fall breeze rustles the trees as Blair walks to his house, his black hooves clopping on the sidewalk. A gust of wind picks up, blowing through his long black hair, straight and as shiny as raven's feathers. The strands, which reach to his mid-back, flutter in the wind. His short coat of milk chocolate colored fur, broken only by charcoal black on his hands just past the wrists and feet just above his ankles, does little to protect him from the cool air. In his haste and anger, the young stallion forgot his coat in his locker, along with his backpack.

Returning to his house, the stallion enters the dwelling and heads directly for the attached garage, intent on occupying his time with work. His amber eyes land upon his new Honda Super Cub C125, a gift from his parents for simultaneously attaining perfect grades and holding down his job at the hardware store. Hopping onto the bike, he takes off down the street and quickly arrives at his workplace, surprising the older couple, Mister and Misses Fredricks. The two, pale-skinned humans greet the boy, whom they have employed for the past year. Blair performs every job at their small business, even occasionally running parts out to customers if they are on backorder.

Parking his small motorcycle and locking it at the front of the store, Blair opens the door for a pregnant woman. Though he paid little attention at first, he suddenly recognizes her. The fox girl rests a hand beneath her belly as she heads for the doorway, accompanied by two men, who she lives with at a farm, along with two more females who aren't present. It is well known amongst the townsfolk who these

people are; Cassandra and Cheryl, both having grown up there, are easily recognizable, as are Vanessa, Ricky and Vic, the man who seems to control the other four like a king. It is equally well known that the pregnant Cassandra and Cheryl are bearing Vic's children.

"Hey, kid!" A voice calls out to him.

"Huh?!" A startled Blair replies.

"Don't do that. Let my slave do that." The human Vic orders, pointing at the door handle.

Letting go of the handle, the door is quickly caught from the inside by Ricky. The meek little rabbit man serves his Master and the slave-girl's loyalty, holding the door for the Master's little vixen and then the Master himself.

"Thank you, slave." Cheryl says as she passes Ricky.

"No need to thank him. He's being a good boy. Please ignore the teenager, my little vixen." Vic grins.

"Yes, Master." Cheryl bows her head.

Blair watches in amazement as Ricky caters to Vic and Cheryl, holding each car door open for the pair and then closing it for them while still holding all of the bags. The Fredricks emerge from the store as the trio drive away, Vic and Cheryl in the back, while Ricky chauffeurs. Their faces grimace at the taboo family.

"That pervert and his brainwashed cult make me sick." Mrs. Fredricks remarks.

“One day he’ll get what’s coming to him.” Her husband adds.

“Come on in, Blair. We have an order you need to fill.” Mrs. Fredricks says.

The elderly couple enter their little store while Blair stands outside, watching the car drive down the road before vanishing around a corner.

“I wish I was Vic...” Blair murmurs to himself.

He enters the store where he clocks in early, speaking at length about his troubles with the elderly Mr. Fredricks. As usual, the old man gives him moral advice, none of which solves the boy’s problems at that very moment; Blair isn’t patient enough to wait for Misses Right. What he wants, he dares not speak aloud to the older couple. Late that afternoon, a shipment arrives. Among the boards and boxes of tools, nails and screws, a small package for Cassandra is found.

“Oh great...” Mrs. Fredricks sighs in frustration.

“What’s wrong, ma’am?” Blair asks.

“This package is for Cassandra and her little cult of perverts. I’d rather they not taint my store with their filth... Would you care to run it up to Cassandra’s farm on your motorbike?” She asks.

Blair struggles to keep himself from grinning. With a stone face, he calmly reaches out and takes the package from the old woman, tucking it underneath his arm.

“If I have too, ma’am.” He says in feigned disappointment.

“Thank you. You’re such a good boy.” Mrs. Fredricks says, patting his muzzle.

Blair races to the address listed on the package, which is stored safely atop a cargo rack and held down with bungee cords. He is eager to get a glimpse into the life of the lone human who so easily controls 3 Voeldahn women and 1 Voeldahn man. His mind races as he opens the throttle, his little motorcycle struggling to maintain speed. Driving swiftly out of town at 10 mph above the posted speed limit, the boy finds himself driving down a long and lonesome road toward Cassandra’s farm. Sitting just at the county line, it is only barely considered part of the village proper.

He rides up the winding pathway that leads to the farmhouse, two barns in the distance, one relatively new and another much older. In the distance a figure emerges from the new barn and the tall, pointed ears and overall shape reveal their identity. Blair rides up to the front porch, parking his motorcycle just beside the steps as Ricky approaches.

“Hey there.” Blair waves.

“Hi. Is that for the Master?” Ricky asks, pointing to the package strapped atop the motorcycle’s cargo rack.

“Uh... Yeah. Could you get him? He has to sign for it.”

“Absolutely!”

Ricky motions for Blair to follow. As they climb the stairs, Blair hears strangely familiar sounds from inside of the house, growing more nervous as he prepares to meet his idol face-to-face.

Chapter Two: The Visitor

Vic sits with Cassandra, Cheryl and Vanessa. Vanessa straddles his lap, both of them still clothed. The bunny girl holds her Master, snuggling and nuzzling him while Cassandra and Cheryl sit on either side, his arm draped over each.

"I need a hobby." Vic thinks aloud.

"What's that, Master?" Cheryl asks.

"Well, with you and my mare both pregnant, I only have my little bunny to play with." He explains.

"But I love serving you, Master!" Vanessa coos, tenderly necking him.

"I know, but I can already tell that you're growing tired of serving me twice every day." He chuckles.

"Well, you do have quite the appetite, Master." Vanessa winks.

"Why not find another slave?" Cassandra suggests.

"Once you girls have my babies, you'll be back in action, plus we'll have the children to look after. Three slaves are enough... No, I need something else to keep me busy, if only for a few months." He replies.

"Can I keep you busy right now?" Vanessa sweetly asks.

"You know I'm going to want it again tonight. That'll be three times today. Can you handle your Master?" He grins.

"Yes!" She exclaims.

He gives her butt a rough smack as she climbs up. Vic leaves his arms over both Cassandra and Cheryl, who gleefully watch as Vanessa swiftly strips before unbuckling her Master's belt and opening his pants. She tugs at them, dropping them to his ankles and exposing his large, limp member. Kneeling down, she leans in and presses her little nose against the flesh, sniffing hard. She can smell herself on him, as he has already enjoyed her that morning. Vanessa opens her mouth and licks the unclean phallus and tastes herself on his shaft. Vic doesn't like to wash away his girl's scent or juices after every session, preferring to shower after his last, just before bed.

Lifting the heavy meat, she places it over her nose while she smells his scrotum, their combined scent filling her nostrils and making her loins drip with anticipation. Licking the shaft from base to tip, she opens wide and takes him with both hands, a requirement for her Master and his girthy penis. She bobs her head back and forth as he enjoys her oral talents, which have grown considerably over the years that he's owned her. His flesh engorges within her mouth, soon as hard as a rock and ready for the main course. Her body, equally hungry for her Master, demands his attention.

Rising, the naked bunny girl straddles him again, rubbing the tip of his bare flesh over her nether lips. After only a moment of teasing, she quickly drops herself down atop him, driving the head into her aching pussy and making her squeal. Vic groans as Vanessa's loins envelope his endowed member, his head tilting back. The bunny's D-cup breasts press against his chest and smoosh over him as she leans in, licking and kissing his neck as she sways and rocks her hips, riding her Master like a good little bunny. She performs exactly as she always does, quickly bringing her Master to completion.

Cassandra has mastered the arts of pleasuring her Master in this position and taught both her and Cheryl her technique. Fortunately for the girls, however, Vic always holds out, easily lasting twice as long as they do. Within 5 minutes of bucking and bouncing, Vanessa groans loudly, gripping Vic's shoulders tightly. Her pussy convulses, gripping his shaft like a vice. Sitting down atop him, she shivers as she orgasms, feeling her creamy ooze flowing and coating the shaft of his exceptionally large penis.

"Aaahhhh fuck!" She cries out, her snout pointing at the ceiling.

"Damn, bunny. That pussy..." He grunts.

"Soooo fucking good." She gasps.

She rests her chin atop one of his shoulders, panting as she takes a moment to collect her strength to continue. By now, he has taken his arms from his other two slaves, holding the bunny and his very first slave both tightly and lovingly in his arms. He strokes her back quite tenderly, his touch giving her the energy required to finish him off. She slowly begins her work again, grinding her clitoris against his pelvis as she takes the entirety of him into her supple body.

"Nng-yeah... Ride that cock, baby. Nng! Show me your, nng, skills. Make your, nng, Master proud." Vic grunts.

Vanessa grinds, rocks, bucks and bounces. Her fluffy tail dances from side to side as she enjoys her Master's large penis, feeling his full balls against her tight ass as she plops down atop him. Over the course of time, they have all learned that by regularly purging his testicles, Vic produces sperm at an incredible rate; like a milk cow, he can cum full volume twice a day without fail. She grunts and groans as her pleasure builds again. Her fur matts with her sweat

as her body shivers in pleasure, her loins vibrating uncontrollably on Vic's member as she does her duty to her Master.

Cassandra and Cheryl sit back and watch, enjoying the entertainment. Cassandra, now 7 months pregnant, and Cheryl at 5, the pair are no longer able to have sex with their Master. That is to say, the Master forbade them, as he genuinely cares about his children they are carrying. They now spend their time being waited on by Ricky and watching as Vanessa fills in for them, once again the only place for the Master to store his excess sperm. The couch shakes as the bunny girl rides, gasping and squealing as she feels herself about to cum again.

Vic's hands hold tightly to her firm buttocks, his face buried between her large breasts. Her matted fur rubs against him, only further soaking up his own sweat. The pungent odor of Vanessa and Vic's genitals and sweat fills the room, but all of the women always find it somehow arousing. Sitting down hard atop her Master's lap, Vic roars and Vanessa screams as the pair release together. Her vagina coats him with another layer of her thick and sticky cream, while Vic's penis shoots nearly 8 huge streams of magma-hot cum into body. The fertile seed splashes her insides and fills her to overflowing, though his member is too large for it to seep around, creating a tight seal.

They sit there, gasping for breath as the bunny girl leans forward and rests against her Master's chest. Cheryl and Cassandra both gently clap, applauding the show.

"Good work." Cassandra says to Vanessa, always positive.

"Yes, it was, though I could have done it faster." The ever-competitive Cheryl winks.

“Master! A delivery boy needs your signature!” Ricky exclaims, bowing his head to Vic as he speaks.

“Oh, alright... Up.” He says, patting Vanessa’s tight butt.

“Aw... Okay, Master.” She whines.

Standing on the front porch and looking through the closed screen door, Blair can see that the human and bunny girl were just having sex. As Vanessa climbs off of him, a stream of cum flows from her loins and splashes onto the floor below. Blair stares in awe at her beautiful form, only to be distracted by the considerable size of the human’s organ. As Ricky begins to clean up the cum from the floor, Blair feels somewhat uncomfortable and averts his eyes. Climbing up from the couch, Vic pulls up his underwear and pants before heading for the front door.

He immediately recognizes the tall, young horse Voeldahn boy from the hardware store. Approaching the doorway, the teenager looks visibly nervous, his eyes locked on Vanessa, who stands naked beside the couch and waiting for her Master to return to her. Vic steps outside and takes the package from the boy, quickly passing it to Ricky who thanks him and bows his head. Blair is visibly surprised by Ricky’s behavior, which Vic notices. Unlike the rest of the town, however, which cringe in disgust, the horse boy seems different; more intrigued and curious than disgusted or horrified. The boy stares past the human and at the women inside.

“See something you like?” Vic asks.

“Huh?” Blair snaps out of it. “Oh, yeah, actually.”

“Well, admission is the first step to recovery.” Vic quips, signing his name on the paper and handing it back to Blair.

“I don’t want to recover.” Blair says, pocketing the sheet.

“What *do* you want?”

Vic and Blair stare at each other for a moment. Vanessa approaches, cutely whimpering to gain her Master’s attention. Looking back over his shoulder, Vic snaps a finger and points to his side, summoning the nude bunny girl in seconds. He drapes an arm over her and gives her a quick kiss before looking back at the Voeldahn teenager standing on the front porch.

“I asked you a question. What do you want?” Vic reiterates.

“I, uh...” Blair hesitates to speak.

“You can tell me. It’s not like I’m going to judge you.” Vic chuckles.

“Well... I want to be like you.” Blair finally admits.

“Hah! It’s not often I hear that level of honesty. What do you think, my little bunny?” Vic grins.

“I think he has potential.” She nods.

Blair feels himself flushing beneath his fur. As she speaks, the older bunny girl very slowly looks him over, head to hooves and back up again. He clears his throat and tries not to look at the stunningly beautiful bunny girl, her matted fur and perfect breasts like a neon sign at night, attracting his attention. Vic can see the expression on the boy’s face as the horse looks over the human’s slave-girl, and though he does look uncomfortable, he also looks at her with desire. Vic scratches his chin, contemplating the possibilities.

“Maybe I just found my new hobby...” Vic thinks aloud.

“What’s that?” Blair asks.

“Never mind. What’s your name kid?”

“Blair.”

“Hmm... So, do you really think you want this lifestyle?”

“You’re damn right I do!” Blair chirps.

“Ooh, he has spirit.” Vanessa coos.

“So he does. Blair, this is my first slave-girl. Her given name is Vanessa but I only ever call her ‘my little bunny’, hence the gold tag she wears on her collar.” Vic begins, stroking Vanessa’s chin with an index finger.

“I see...”

“Her husband, Ricky, is my sexless butler and camera man. He also helps work the farm and raises the child that his wife and I had together. They’re still legal married, but he hasn’t touched her in years, and he never will again. If he’s lucky, he gets to watch me play with my little bunny and then clean my cum off of the floor or bedsheets when we’re through.” Vic continues, before giving Vanessa a tender kiss. “My other slaves, the vixen and mare, are both pregnant with my children too, and Ricky will have to help raise them as well. It’s all that a lesser male is good for.”

“Damn...”

“Disgusted?” Blair raises a brow.

“That’s... Pretty fucking hot. I’d love to have some guy watch me plow his wife.” Blair admits.

Vic can’t help but chuckle, his eyes scanning the horse Voeldahn boy who stands on his porch. Blair’s body language speaks volumes; he is clearly enthralled, eager to hear and see more.

“Well, you certainly have the right mindset... I’ll tell you what, Blair! If you are serious, I’ll teach you how to be a Master like myself.”

“You will?!” Blair’s eyes light up.

“Yeah. I should warn you though, this isn’t like watching a really dirty porn; this is a permanent lifestyle choice. You’re going to see and hear things that you probably aren’t ready for in your training. If you can stay focused and pay attention, I guarantee that you will have at least one girl serving you by the end of the year, but I don’t want to waste my time. If you can’t stomach it then go home and don’t come back.”

“I can handle it!” Blair ardently assure him.

“Good... Be back here around 9:00. I’ll see you around.”

Vic and his bunny slave head back inside, leaving Blair where he stands. The young stallion leaps from the porch, quickly hopping onto his bike and racing back to the hardware store. Time can’t pass quickly enough for the boy.

Chapter Three: Protégé

After finishing his shift at the hardware store, heading home and eating dinner with his family, Blair paces his room until it’s time to leave. He ignores several calls from Stefan and several other friends, his mind preoccupied with his upcoming training. At 8:35 pm, he heads out to his bike, lying to his parents and claiming that he’ll be visiting ‘a friend’. Racing back to the farm, he doesn’t even lock up his bike as he vaults up the porch steps at 8:55 at night.

"You're early." Cheryl says as she opens the front door.

"Yeah, I'm just excited."

Cheryl looks the boy over, her lips curling up at the edges of her snout in a sinister grin.

"Up the stairs and at the end of the hall on the right. Master's there." She says with a toothy smile.

He thanks her and follows her instructions, passing the heavily pregnant Cassandra who sits on the couch and watches TV, briefly greeting her. Blair heads upstairs and down the hall, the clapping of his hooves muffling the noise from the room. Opening the door without knocking, he steps inside, his eyes growing wide in shock.

"Aahhh, fuck! Fuck me, Master!" Vanessa yells.

"Nng, yeah! Ride that big cock like a, nng, good little slave!" Vic growls.

Vanessa sits atop Vic, riding him as he lies back in the bed. He holds onto a leather leash that's attached to Vanessa's collar, the only piece of clothing that she wears, the leash wrapped around his hand and pulled tightly. Her sweaty, matted fur is bristled from his hands gliding over her form, her ample breasts bouncing as she bucks atop Vic's endowed penis. At the foot of the bed and near one corner is a camera mounted on a tripod, manned by a naked Ricky. Blair sees a strange belt around Ricky's waist, though he wears no clothes. The trio turn and look to the boy who intrudes on their carnal session.

Vic waves him inside and Ricky turns to approach, closing the door behind the boy. Blair can't help but notice the hard-plastic sheath that looks like a half-flaccid penis and covering Ricky's own member. Locked with a tiny padlock, it appears as though it hasn't been removed for some time. Ricky appears somewhat uncomfortable as he walks, a result of his erection stuffed within the constricting device. Blair enters the room and watches as Vic and Vanessa enjoy each other as though he weren't even there. Leaning over, he checks the screen of the camera, surprised to see that it's recording a single take lasting nearly 40 minutes long.

Vic tugs at the leash, pulling Vanessa down so that she lay over him, her large breasts smooshed against his chest. They kiss quite passionately, as though they were newlyweds. Vic rolls her onto here side and then her back, lying atop his slave girl. Blair finds it extremely hard to not be aroused as he watches the pair mating like primitives or animals. Glancing over to the boy, Ricky's eyes scan him, immediately noticing the horse boy's growing bulge.

"Master." Ricky meekly speaks.

"What?" Vic grunts, still pumping his member in and out of Vanessa's pussy.

"The boy..." Ricky says.

Vic looks over, almost chuckling as he sees the high school senior shifting himself in his pants. Embarrassed and nervous, Blair looks to Vic who promptly waves him over, still moving his pelvis. It's as though he is having sex with Vanessa purely on instinct, while his brain is capable of higher functioning at the same time. Blair steps forward until his knees nearly hit the bed. Vic and Vanessa are so close to him that he could easily reach out and touch them.

“Strip.” Vic bluntly commands.

Blair nervously reaches for his belt, unbuckling it before undoing his pants. Vic and Vanessa pay little attention as Blair pushes his pants down to his ankles, though Ricky stares intently. Dropping his boxer shorts to the ground, he reveals himself to the three others in the room. Ricky can't help but utter one word, clearly impressed by Blair's endowment. Turning their heads as they still pleasure each other, Vic and Vanessa are also impressed by the size of the horse boy's penis, which is charcoal black in color and has a faintly horse-like shape.

With a slightly flared head that still has a pointed tip like a typical human's or Voeldahn's, Blair's member also has a thick medial ring about 2/3 down the shaft, nearly as thick as the flared rim of the head. Easily 10 inches long and with a girth on par with Vic's, if not thicker, he requires at least two hands to ensnare. His phallus looms over the large black scrotum and full testicles of the young stallion; his balls consume the palm and fingers of one of Blair's hands. Though Vic wouldn't admit it, Blair's penis is actually somewhat larger than his, and with a much more exotic shape.

“Nng, yeah... I want you to, nng, play with that, nng, my little, nng, bunny.” Vic commands her.

“Aaahh-aahh!” Vanessa squeals, only able to nod her head in response.

She reaches out and takes hold of the warm black flesh of Blair's penis, stroking the soft skin that covers the rock-hard organ. Blair is still a virgin and has never before had anyone besides himself do this for him. Vic can see the pleasure growing on the boy's face as she strokes him, her hands knowing exactly what to do. With another

command, Blair's eyes grow wide as the stunningly beautiful Vanessa opens her mouth wide, quickly enveloping his penis with her warm, moist lips. He groans as her tongue strokes and swirls around the head of his cock.

She struggles to bob her head back and forth as Vic fucks her pussy hard, his balls smacking her tight, furry buttocks with each powerful thrust. Vic grunts louder as Vanessa moans onto Blair's penis. Impulsively, Blair reaches out and takes hold of her head, pumping his hips into her mouth. Vic immediately can see the dominant alpha-male that lies in wait within the 18-year-old high school boy. This won't be nearly as difficult as he first assumed it would. Using the bunny's mouth like a sex toy, the stallion rocks his hips back and forth. Vanessa takes hold of his full balls, massaging them as he drives his cock deep into her orifice, attempting to ram it down her throat.

With her pussy stretched to the limit for her Master's penis and her mouth filled by the young stallion, she can hear them both drawing to a close. She herself has little time to wait before she experienced yet another orgasm, brought on by her Master's exceptional skills. The bunny's body convulses and she grabs the sheets tightly, her pussy gripping her Master like a vice as she cums hard. Vic follows immediately after her, flooding her body with his fertile sperm. After years of regularly purging his testicles with her and his other slaves, Vic's body has adapted; he creates semen at an incredible rate, able to give full ejaculations at least twice a day, and often more than that.

Blair roars, his eyes closed tightly and his hands firmly gripping Vanessa's head, her tall bunny ears sticking up between his thumbs and index fingers. He floods her mouth with a wave of semen, surprising the experienced slave. To her shock, Blair's volume is

incredible, though in retrospect she shouldn't be surprised. The young stallion's balls are visibly larger than Vic's, easily holding another ounce or two of cum. He pulls back when he realizes that Vanessa might not be ready for it. After two jets flood her mouth and pour down her throat, he backs off, for her safety. 6, 7 and then 8 huge jets splash her face and breasts as he holds his girthy member with both hands.

"Oh shit!" Blair grunts.

"God damn, boy!" Vic laughs.

Vanessa gulps, swallowing the cum in her mouth before gasping for breath. Her Master waves the boy back, so Blair pulls his feet from his bunched-up clothes and walks to the foot of the bed. Vic withdraws himself from the bunny girl's well used hole, briefly revealing her stretched loins to the boy, who's erection refuses to dissipate. At Vic's command, Ricky races off to fetch a moist washcloth for Vanessa, so that she can wipe herself down before the boy's cum dries in her fur. As the cuckolded Ricky heads back to his wife who lay exhausted upon the bed, Blair can't help but ask.

"What's with the deal with that thing Ricky is wearing?"

"First, call me Master, not because you're a slave but because I'm your teacher; you'll be 'Young Master'. Also, the chastity belt isn't so much to keep him from having sex. He would never disobey me; he knows better. It's more to show his status, to remind him that he's not in charge and that I am. That's the first lesson you need to as a Young Master. You make the rules and everyone else obeys them. If you can't maintain control of your slaves with proper rewards and punishments, you can't be a Master." Vic explains.

Vanessa cleans herself up while Vic and Blair dress themselves before heading downstairs to talk. With his conviction tested and proven, Blair vows to return every day at the same time for the next week to learn from Master Vic. He is true to his word and from 9:00 pm until 11:00 pm, the young stallion spends his time with the strange family. Unlike the first night, which was a direct result of him arriving a few minutes too early, Blair never sees any of Vic's slaves undressed, or participates in their sexual interactions. That is a right reserved only for the Master, unless he says otherwise.

Instead, Blair spends his time speaking with Vic, listening and learning. Vic explains all that he knows: How to spot willing females, how to approach them, what to say and how to act at first. 'Never act too interested' Vic says. 'Master's treat their slaves like accessories, not goals. A woman who knows you desire her holds all of the cards, so don't. She's your toy, not your partner.' Each lesson with his Master, Blair takes notes until his brand new, empty notebook is nearly full. Vic teaches the young stallion how to dominate women once he can bed them.

'Even strong women are still women. They like the feeling of being overpowered by a man during sex. It's hardwired into their brains; a strong man will give them strong off-spring, and will protect and provide for them. Don't be afraid to take control once the clothes come off. With the right touch, she'll be clay in your hands.' Vic says. Blair can't get enough, his mind absorbing the knowledge like a sponge. The days fly by, the young stallion living each day for his next lesson. As the week nears the end, Vic begins to impart the most important knowledge that he possesses.

Blair arrives on the sixth night to find Vic and Vanessa in the Master's bedroom. Using his first slave as a living doll, and with a camera set up at a corner of the foot of the bed, Vic explains the arts

of pleasuring a woman as best he can. From kissing and licking, to making out and foreplay, Vic shows him all that he can. He teaches him how to use his fingers and tongue, before showing him how to lay over a woman so as not to put too much weight on her body. In that one night, Blair learns more about sex and the art of pleasuring females than he could have by experimenting with every girl in his school.

Taking the SD card from the camera, Vic grants it to the Young Master as a form of homework, insisting that he watch it again at least once and remember the techniques for his first slave. On the seventh and final day of Blair's Master training, he arrives to find Vic and Vanessa in the Master's bedroom again. This time, however, things are very different.

"Something occurred to me after our last meeting." Vic begins.

"Yes, Master?" Blair looks intently at the human.

"It's been shown that some men produce a very subtle pheromone after having sex, making them more desirable to women who come close to them. I don't know how relevant that is to you, but you are also a virgin, right?"

"I am, Master." Blair nods.

"Well, as our lessons come to a close, you need an initiation. A rite of passage. You and I both know that I'm too damn greedy to share my slave's pussies, and that is the one order I don't think they'd ever obey." Vic continues.

"Mhm..." Vanessa coos, gently kissing his neck.

"However, Vanessa and I have practice anal..." Vic grins.

"... Master?" Blair raises a brow in confusion.

“There’s lube right there. When my slave and I start to play, you may join in, but you may only take her mouth and ass.”

Blair can hardly believe his ears, his heart pounding. He’s never put his penis inside of another person before, excluding the first night when Vanessa gave him oral sex. Without waiting for the order, he begins to strip. Vic chuckles and Vanessa giggles.

“Someone’s excited.” She coos, leaning against her Master.

“I don’t blame him. Have you seen yourself, my little bunny?” Vic replies, turning to her.

“I love you, Master.” She says sweetly, kissing his lips.

“I love you too, my little bunny.”

Vic lies back, pulling his slave girl atop him. She kisses his neck and chest, working her way down the human’s body while Blair strokes his quickly erecting member. Ricky records as he stands at the foot of the bed, wearing only his chastity belt and penis sheath. She opens her mouth wide and inserts the flesh of Vic’s cock, her head bobbing and her tongue swirling around the flesh as it quickly grows firm. With her Master ready for action, she takes the bottle of lube and puts a dab at the tip of his penis. She rubs the lube over the head with the palm of her hand before licking the flavored lube from her palm. She sets the bottle back down before crawling up to him.

Vanessa plants her paw-like feet firmly on the mattress on either side of Vic’s legs, squatting over her Master. Taking his girthy organ in one hand and resting the other on his chest, she lowers herself, grunting as he spreads her nether lips wide. She stretches out her legs, kneeling over him as she takes him to the base. Vic groans in pleasure, his hands holding onto her perfect breasts. It is clear to

Ricky and Blair that the pair absolutely love their time with each other, and on more than just a carnal level. Vic seems to hold the heart of each other his slaves in his hands, while they too hold his.

Motioning with his fingers, Vic brings his protégé closer. Standing beside the bed, Vanessa plants her hands on either side of Vic's chest, leaning forward and rocking back and forth. She turns her head and reaches out a hand, taking hold of Blair's member and quickly wrapping her mouth around it. The Young Master groans and watches with narrowed eyes as the beautiful bunny girl works him with her mouth. Bouncing and rocking atop her Master's penis, she licks, sucks, kisses and strokes the stallion's large black cock and full balls. He soon cannot contain himself; Blair shows his true colors.

Taking the bottle of flavored and scented lube, he backs away from the bunny girl and applies a generous amount. Vanessa leans forward and grips the sheets as Vic pummels her cunt with his large cock. She squeals and cries out in pleasure as her Master uses her body. Blair climbs atop the bed, kneeling between Vic's legs as he takes hold of Vanessa's hip with one hand, his member in his other. He drops the heavy organ onto her fluffy tail, which was swaying so happily only moments earlier. She gasps and looks back as the stallion prepares himself.

He runs the bulbous head between her cheeks and presses the tip against her anus. With a copious amount of lube and a strong push, Blair feels himself drive his bare cock into the rabbit Voeldahn's ass. She screams and then groans, lying over her Master who slows his own thrusts into her vagina. Blair hasn't felt such a thing before; her body is so warm and tight over his phallus that he can't help but close his eyes and savor the moment. The two men now each have their genitals inserted into Vanessa, who has never before been double-

penetrated by two living men; Vic's placed toys inside of her while fucking her before, but this is entirely different.

Her clawed hands grip tightly to the bedsheets as the pair begin their work, each thrusting into her body. She has never felt so full before, nor has Vic's other slaves earned such a reward. The young stallion pumps his meat deeper into her ass while the hung human thrusts upward and into her pussy, as is his right as her Master. Her jaw hangs open and she groans, drool running from her mouth and onto Vic's chest. The sensation of two very large cocks violating her in a way that she has never experienced before is indescribable, but she finds herself enjoying it.

It doesn't take long for Vanessa to orgasm, her body convulsing as she lay atop her Master. Cum flows from her pussy and over Vic's cock as the two enjoy her body, their thrusts soon synchronizing like the pistons of a V-twin motorcycle engine. Her body limp, her hips sway back and forth as each men's balls slap her nether region. To their collective amazement, Vanessa accepts the entirety of Blair's organ, though the medial ring was a bit of a struggle. Popping into place, however, it locks the stallion into the bunny's ass. Soon he finds himself looking down to see only that.

His pelvis presses against her, his large phallus completely sheathed within her body. Gentle pumps rock her back and forth, while Vic continues to enjoy the most sacred of her places. Blair can only wonder what this will look like when he's looming over a teenage female from his school, her pussy struggling to fit him. It's going to be a wonderous and beautiful sight, and he can't help but grin from cheek to cheek at the thought. After giving Vanessa another orgasm, Vic changes things. He orders his protégé to lie down on his back, directing the weak Vanessa to lay her back over his chest.

Still forbidden from taking her pussy, he reinserts himself into the bunny's butt. Vanessa grunts as she feels the stallion's organ digging deep, her breathing heavy as Vic kneels between their legs and takes hold of her bent knees. Thrusting back into his slave, Vic pounds hard and fast, working her solely for his pleasure. Once again, the pair synchronize their thrusts. Blair finds the sensations to be overwhelming, grunting and groaning as he feels himself reaching his peak. Within a matter of minutes in this new position, Blair pulls at Vanessa's hips, holding her tightly against his pelvis.

"Aarrgg-shit!" Blair roars.

"AAHHH FUCK!" She screams.

"Nng-yeah! Take it!" Blair growls.

His pleasure overflowing, Blair cums inside of Vanessa's tight ass, shooting a tremendous load into her body. Vic soon joins him, sheathing himself completely within her pussy and leaning over her. Grunting loudly, the human cums just as hard. Jet after powerful jet flows from both men almost simultaneously, Vic's orgasm starting moments after Blair's. Vanessa feels their flow throughout her body, her newest orgasm being one of the strongest that she's ever had. The men, now sweaty and musty, remain buried within her body as they all gasp for breath.

"Oh god, Master..." Vanessa chokes out.

"How was that, slave?" Vic asks as he pulls himself out of her.

"Wonderful, Master... Master?"

"Yes?"

"The Young Master is still as hard as a rock." She giggles.

“Sorry. I can’t help it.” Blair apologizes.

“Master’s don’t apologize. I explained that on day two.” Vic remarks.

“Right.” Blair nods.

“So, is that normal for you?” Vic asks.

“Yeah. I’ll be hard until I’m ready to go again. It only takes me a minute or two before I can keep going. I learned that years ago.” Blair answers.

“Interesting... Well, feel free to finish again with her, but you know the rules.” Vic says.

“Yes, Master!” Blair happily chirps.

After only a moment of resting, Blair begins working his Master’s slave all over again. Without Vic to impede things, he works at his own pace, no longer worried about moving along with Vic. Blair holds the weak Vanessa up above him, thrusting his hips upward and ramming his member into her tight ass, which has yet to spill a drop of his cum. His heavy balls, still containing some sperm left, smack into her well stretched vagina, the soft, damp flesh of his scrotum tickling her clitoris. Vanessa squeals in pleasure, her fingers coiling as her arms reach back and hold Blair’s sides.

She moves in kind with her partner, swiveling her hips and bouncing up and down to match his own motions. Soon, Blair lies back and simply enjoys himself as Vanessa does all of the work, like a true Master would. While bouncing atop him, Vanessa moves up too high and Blair’s cock suddenly slips out of her ass, landing with a wet thud against his belly. Cum spills out of her stretched anus and lands over his shaft and scrotum, dripping onto the bedsheets. Knowing that this is his chance, Blair wonders what would happen if he were to “accidentally” violate his Master’s slave by penetrating her pussy.

He flexes a pelvic muscle, causing his heavy organ to rise, straightening it. It aims for her pussy as she drops down while the young stallion thrusts upward to meet her. Suddenly, however, the head of his penis hits the back of her hand, sliding over her knuckles and resting against her inner thigh. Vanessa blocks his entry, looking back at him. Glancing over her shoulder and shakes her head.

“Nice try, but my slaves are far too loyal. Their pussies belong to me.” Vic chuckles, watching the pair.

“What can I say? I couldn’t help myself.” Blair grins at Vic.

“And you shouldn’t... With your own slaves.”

Blair rolls over and places Vanessa onto her stomach, his hands planted firmly over her shoulders as he plows his horse cock into her ass. With her legs spread and the camera rolling, both Vic and Ricky can see that Blair is following the rules; he only uses her anus to pleasure himself. The Young Master soon brings himself to orgasm a second time, pulling out of her and releasing his load all over her back. The powerful jets shoot from just beneath her buttocks and land on her shoulder blades, just below the back of her neck nearly 30 inches away.

“Damn...” Ricky murmurs, his knees weak.

“Alright, even I’m impressed now.” Vic chuckles.

Kneeling behind the bunny girl, the long hair of his tail sways from side to side, showing his satisfaction. He rests beside the bunny, who is quickly helped out of bed by both her Master and Ricky. Blair stares at the ceiling, his brown and black fur matted with sweat. He’s

never enjoyed himself so much, or experienced something quite like this. He wonders how it will be with less experienced girls, like the ones at his school. Can they keep up with his stamina, or handle his size? Will he be too much for them? For the first time that he can recall, his self-esteem is finally larger than he is. Vic steps in from the bathroom.

“Well, it looks like you’re ready. Get out there and find number one.” Vic grins.

Chapter Four: Concerted Effort

Sitting at the table at lunch, Blair watches Helena from a distance, his gaze steady and eyes narrowed. Stefan sits beside him and talks to him, but the stallion isn’t listening to his feline friend. Helena looks back with hazel eyes, smiling at Blair. The feline girl has a shorter than usual tail, which sways upon seeing the stallion. Her tawny fur is broken only by a cream color that runs from her chin and over her front. Her black ears are tipped with long tufts of black fur which shift as she turns back around. Blair can tell from her facial expression and sudden posture change that she is at least physically attracted to him, knowledge that he gleaned from his mentor.

“Hey, bro!” Stefan says loudly.

“Huh? What?” Blair turns to his friend.

“What’s up with you man? You’ve been acting really weird since that Carley thing. Are you still mad about that?”

“Fuck no. I have a new target.” He says, turning back to Helena.

"My girl? Don't even try, bro." Stefan defensively remarks.

"*Your* girl? You've tried for a week and never even got her number." Another boy remarks.

"Yeah, well, I will. You know I never lose." Stefan boasts.

Blair suddenly rises from his seat, approaching the table of girls to speak to Helena. His confidence bolstered from the previous night's events, he knows he has nothing to lose and everything to gain.

"Where is he going?" Stefan asks the other boys.

They sit in awe as Blair sits beside Helena without asking, chatting with her for a moment. They are further shocked when the attractive cheerleader seems pleased to see him. She brushes her wheat colored bangs from her eyes and nervously touches the strands that frame her face, her long hair pulled into a high ponytail. After speaking for only a few moments, Blair strokes her cheek and gives her a strange look, melting the girl in front of her friends. He hands over his phone and they watch as she types in her number. Stefan and the others cannot believe their eyes.

With the first step completed, Blair rises from the bench and returns to his friends, never once looking back at Helena who's eyes follow him the entire time. He knows it, but a Master would never give into his future slave like that. He sits down beside Stefan and quickly finishes his lunch while he has time.

"Uh... What was that?" Stefan asks.

"What?" Blair glances over.

“That? What got into you?!”

“I wanted her number, so I got it. I’ll probably get everything else, too.” Blair smirks.

As he takes a bite out of his sandwich, Stefan suddenly rises from the table, storming off in a huff. Blair at first doesn’t understand why, as Stefan has had sex with plenty of women he didn’t even like, by his own admission. This time, however, it’s different; the other boys reveal Stefan’s long-held crush on Helena, who has routinely rejected him. In a perverse way, Blair is more eager to make her his first slave, as it was Stefan’s defiling of Carley, a girl that *he* liked, which drove him to leave school early and inadvertently become the Master’s protégé; this must be poetic justice.

After lunch, Blair texts Helena while walking to class, simply sending his name. He is careful to not show serious interest in his messages. Within moments, she texts him back and forces a conversation. No matter how blunt or simply he replies, she wants to continue. With minimal pressure, he convinces her to take it to the next level; she sends him a topless photo of herself. For an 18-year-old high school girl with her sized frame, she has an impressive bust, her chest bearing two perfectly formed C-cup breasts. Helena is eager for his opinion, which is favorable, promptly begging him to reciprocate.

Blair almost laughs at her request in the middle of class, quite giddy by how easily she is falling into his hands. His Master was right about everything so far. Having prepared for this moment, Blair sexts her back with two very detailed images of himself, one a closeup of his erect penis and the other being the same but also showing his entire body and a portion of his face. It takes a moment before he gets a reply, and for a second he *almost* becomes concerned. His phone softly vibrates, which he promptly checks.

“OMG... @.@ Big pony.” The text reads.

“Want 2 go 4 a ride?” He texts back.

He waits again for at least 10 minutes before receiving a reply.

“Meet me at park after school.”

“Kk” He replies.

The day can't pass by quickly enough as he waits to meet Helena. After their last class, he swiftly yet casually leaves the school. He turns the corner and sees Helena half a block ahead of her. Calling out to her, she stops and turns around. Walking up to the 5 foot and 6-inch-tall girl, he slips an arm around her slender, athletic frame, pulling her along as though she were already his. She seems quite intrigued as they walk, a nervous Stefan standing in the background as they turn another corner and disappear. They walk toward the park just over a half mile away, all the while gently kissing and touching each other. Blair is somewhat surprised by how fast he can progress with her.

It turns out that 10 minutes is too long to wait and they soon duck into a trail leading through a patch of woods, probably a part of someone's yard. They walk barely 20 feet into the patch of woods before stopping at a small clearing. They kiss for a moment as Blair unbuckles his belt for her, stopping and resting his hands on her sides. She looks down rather expectantly, her eyes turning up to him.

“Aren't you going to finish?” She asks softly.

“No. That’s your job.” He says sternly.

“Oh, okay.”

She quickly complies, dropping down to her knees.

“I’m so sorry I took so long to reply. I just... I had a hard time controlling myself when I saw your pics.” Helena apologizes as she undoes his pants.

“I didn’t realize.” Blair grins.

“Oh...”

“Did you touch yourself?”

“Uh-huh.” She nods.

“Good.” He grins.

She can’t help but grin in turn, biting her bottom lip in a poor attempt to hide it from him. Turning her eyes up to him, she tries to appear as innocent as possible as she pulls down his boxer shorts to meet his pants, which sit at his ankles. Her eyes grow wide at the sight of his flaccid, black horse cock. Even at rest, he is impressive. He utters a single word and forces her into action.

“Well?”

Helena reaches out and takes hold of him, marveling at the weight of the limp organ. It throbs as it begins to grow in her hands. She strokes the flesh of his member, jerking her hands as she tries to please him. The attempt isn’t very skilled or knowledgeable. Vanessa knows much more about this than Helena does. The high school girl is

immediately embarrassed when the stallion takes hold of her wrists, showing her how to perform. Impressed by his size and eager to try him, she opens her mouth and inserts the tip. His flared head, something of a hybrid between a human's and a horse, fills her mouth.

Though she struggles, she manages to work him, swirling her tongue around the head and licking his shaft. Something about him seems different, even from a few days ago. He has an aura about him that is more masculine and appealing. Helena had always found him somewhat cute, but now he is downright intoxicating. Even the scent from his genitals is arousing. She bobs her head vigorously, stroking him in the manner that he showed her. To her glee and surprise, he takes hold of her head and begins to pump, using her mouth like he owns it.

He doesn't bother to hold out, as he knows they don't have the privacy to go any further. Instead, he plans to show her one of his special skills. With her ears jutting up between his thumbs and index fingers, he rocks his hips and fucks her mouth. Her hands grip his thighs tightly, her eyes wide as she watches nearly 2/3 of his member sitting dry beyond her lips. From her position, the full balls within his scrotum appear to be nearly the size of her head. It doesn't take long before Blair releases. He grunts as he blasts his seed into her mouth, the pressure filling her mouth and pushing cum deep into her throat.

He backs off and finishes on her face, startling the girl. She has never seen such volume, or had an encounter quite like this before. Running her fingers over the sperm, she wipes it from her fur before quickly eating it in front of him. As Blair rests his back against a tree, he looks down at her. She leans in and cutely kisses the tip of his black penis with her pink lips.

“Wow. You’re still hard!” She exclaims.

“Yeah... I’ll be hard for a few minutes, until I’m ready again.”

“That’s normal for you?” She asks in surprise.

“Oh yeah. Twice in a row, every time.” He nods, grinning at her.

“Ooohh.” She coos.

The pair stare at each other for a moment. Helena uses a spare shirt from her backpack to wipe her face, thankful that it is also a white blouse. Blair watches her for a moment, wondering how far he can push her on their first time together.

“Come on. I’ll walk you home.” He suddenly says, holding out a hand to her.

“O-okay.” She sheepishly replies.

Blair can’t believe how easy this was as he drops his pants and boxers atop Helena’s bedroom floor. After only a 15-minute walk to her house, it took barely 1 more before he was inside. Immediately commenting that her parents were not home once the house came into view, he only had to tell her that he wanted more from her before she let him in. As he pulls off his shirt and steps out of the leg holes of his pants, Helena nervously struggles with her bra clasps. Sitting at the edge of her bed in only her underclothes, she seems far less experienced that he would have expected from a girl who dated several of their school’s athletes.

Blair approaches the bed, standing in front of her. The caracal girl looks up, visibly nervous as the young stallion stands in her bedroom. He reaches out a hand and takes hold of her ponytail,

gently pulling it out and freeing her hair. Leaning in, he grabs her chin and gives her a kiss. Helena's hands grip his forearms, squeezing him as their tongue entwines. After ending the kiss, he looks over her shoulder and slips his arms behind her back, quickly unclasping her bra. Possessed by the moment, she reaches out and takes hold of the dark flesh of his member again, leaning in and licking it.

He pulls off her bra and drops it to the ground, leaning slightly to the side and admiring her plump and perky breasts. The cream-colored fur runs down her neck and chest, over both breasts and continues between her legs, over her groin and stopping a few inches down her inner thighs. Blair extends a hand and grabs hold of her chest, feeling the plump flesh. He can't help but compare them to Vanessa's as he gently pinches Helena's small, pink nipples; her breasts are perfect, being slightly smaller versions of the bunny girl's. Reacting to his stimulation, Helena leans in and opens her mouth wide, inserting the engorged member for a second time.

Her head bobs as she enjoys his taste and texture, her tongue swirling around the swollen head as best it can. Blair soon tires of this, eager to feel his first vagina stretching over his member. He pushes the girl back and lies her flat, his hands sliding down her legs and behind her knees. Lifting her legs, he rests her ankles atop his shoulders and reaches for her waist, taking hold of her panties and peeling them off of her body. Her pink nether lips are a wonderful sight, moist with anticipation and gleaming in the natural sunlight which shines in from her bedroom window.

He drops her panties to the floor and takes hold of his cock, his hooves clapping on the hardwood as he takes a step closer and positions himself. The black tip glides over the soft flesh of her loins, eager to experience her for the first time.

“W-wait!” She suddenly exclaims, second guessing herself.

“What?”

“... I’m a virgin.” She nervously admits.

“Good.” He grins.

Without hesitation, he pushes his cock into her pussy, breaking her hymen and stealing her purity. Helena screams and grips the bedsheets hard, her claws tearing through them with ease. Her head turns to the side and she winces in pain, a small quantity of blood managing to seep around his member. Backing the first quarter of his organ from her body, he can see that she isn’t lying. He can’t help but be honored and also a little grateful; if she were going to have sex, it might as well be with the man she will belong to for the remainder of her life. After giving her a moment to recover, he gently pushes deeper, making sure that she’s well lubricated and that he isn’t too rough, as Vic instructed.

Soon he has buried half of his penis into her unused vagina and the caracal girl seems to slowly begin enjoying the sensation. Her toes spread apart and her paw-like feet shift as her body contorts yet again but not from pain. Her pained groans turn into pleasurable moans and her hands release the torn bedsheets, instead gripping tightly to her ample breasts. Blair leans in and licks her nipples, sucking on them gently as he pumps his big cock into her tight, formerly virginal flesh. Her pink nether lips stretch to their limit to envelope the charcoal black penis that burrows deep into her love tunnel, a contrast that turns her on all the more as she looks down at their genitals.

The tight, black flesh of his scrotum gleams in the light as it inches closer. Nearly completely inserted into the girl’s body, his large, heavy balls ruffle her fur before gently smacking her tight butt.

The feeling of his masculine genitalia pressing into and against her drives the girl wild. Having never before enjoyed a man, now she is having sex with a world class stallion. Not only that, but it's one whom she noticed before, for nearly a year; Helena has long harbored a physical attraction, even a crush, on Blair. Why hasn't she done this earlier? Her legs lower from his shoulders and her hands reach out and grip his arms, gently pulling at him.

Taken by the moment, Blair technically violates the Master's code; succumbing to her grasp, he leans forward and kisses her, their chests pressing together. Her arms wrap around his neck as they share a moment of true passion. Realizing his error, he decides to take action so that she knows he is still in control. His hands take hold of her firm ass and he straightens his back. With her arms around his neck and his hands on her buttocks, one moving to her lower back for stability, he stands to his feet and takes her with him. Standing upright, her feet dangle above the ground, her legs wrapped around his waist with his big cock impaling her pussy.

Helena is amazed by his dominance and strength, finding herself drawn in like a moth to a flame to a boy she physically admired but never talked too until noon today. He lifts a leg and plants a knee atop her bed, his hands now both gripping tightly to each cheek of her ass. With his arms he gently lifts and drops her, never once ceasing his sexual activity as he moves. Blair manages to bring up his other knee and quickly turns before gently lying Helena back down on her bed, this time facing the right way. With her head sitting comfortably on a pillow and her feet pointing toward the footboard, he stretches out over her.

Resting on his forearms and knees, he makes himself comfortable as he prepares to hold out for as long as he can, shamefully struggling already with the tight, wet, burning hot vagina

that is swallowing his penis. Her short tail bobs atop the bed, the tip curling and dropping back down as he starts rocking his hips. His heavy balls smack her furry butt as he drives several inches in and out at a time. She has never felt such pleasure, nor imagined it was even possible. As her claws rake through the brown fur of the stallion's back, she is thankful that he is her first.

Blair inserts himself to the very base of his penis, his testicles resting atop her tail and covering her anus like a shield as he pushes harder, making her feel every millimeter of his flesh within her. She writhes in pleasure, moaning and groaning, her nails dragging over his back and arms as she enjoys every sensation. He leans in and necks her, rocking and swaying his hips. Soon, the girl can no longer control herself.

"NNNGAAHHH FUUUUCK!" She screams.

She bites down on his shoulder and her claws dig into his flesh rather painfully, but he keeps going. Blair knows exactly what is wrong with Helena, and it only makes him try harder. He flexes a pelvic muscle to keep his erection through the pain, another trick that Vic had taught him. Her body trembles like a leaf in a strong fall breeze, her toes curling and fingers coiling. He can feel her pussy clamping down like a vice, already tight enough but now even more-so. The inexperienced girl grunts through his shoulder, her eyes closed tightly as she has her first orgasm from penetrative, vaginal sex.

It's the most spectacular feeling she has ever experienced, her brain flooding with endorphins and oxytocin. Her body releases an exceptionally thick, white colored paste that smears over the black flesh of the horse's cock. Helena can't believe such pleasure exists and wonders if her lover is the only one who can do this for her. The

chemical rush in her brain causes a fog, her heart burning as she feels a bond growing between them. Blair knows all too well what is happening to his future slave, coached thoroughly by his Master, and it's exactly what he was hoping for.

Her muscles relax and her jaw opens, releasing the flesh of his shoulder. Helena's body goes limp as she pants for breath, her fur matting with sweat. The caracal's plump breasts continue to sway as Blair pumps his big cock into her pussy. She looks over to her mirrored closet doors; the two sliding panels, both closed, reveal an entire half of the room she occupies. She watches herself as Blair fucks her, never once ceasing his thrusts or even slowing down, no matter how hard she bit and clawed at him. His tail sways with delight, the long strands of hair that match his own, creating a gently breeze that strikes her ankles and feet.

She finds herself relishing the sight of their intercourse, wishing that she had a camera sitting around to play this back at a later date. The stallion grunts and groans, nearing his own finish. Knowing that he's rested enough during the walk, Blair doesn't bother to hold back. Pushing harder and with more purpose, he digs his cock into her as deeply as he can. Helena's pleasure builds all over again as the stud prepares to breed her. Her hands glide over his sweat drenched form as she takes him in, enjoying every single second of this moment.

"Aaahh! Hhff, aahh! Nnggaaahh!" Helena grunts and groans.

"Nng... Nng! NNNNGGGssshhhiit!" He grunts out.

"Aaahhh fuck!" She cries out.

Blair doesn't try to hold out, eager to give his future slave all that he has. Consumed by lust and the chemical rush in her brain,

Helena can't even remember that she isn't on birth control. She holds him tightly, her legs now bent at the knees and her feet swaying in the air as Blair leans in closer, her ample breasts smooshing against his toned chest. He pumps harder and faster, his hands reaching down and gripping her ass tightly as he slams his horse cock into her aching hole. Blair's testicles smack loudly and almost painfully against her ass but he never slows his pace, nearly finished, at least for now.

"NNNGG! NNNGGYEAH, NNNGGGFFFFUUCK!" He growls.

He pushes in hard, holding himself in place. Helena feels herself cresting as her body begins to experience another powerful orgasm. Her pleasure, however, is pushed along by a new sensation. A wave of magma-hot fluid shoots deeply into her body, coming in multiple, thick jets that feels powerful enough to reach her headboard were his penis not sheathed within her body. It forces her orgasm along, amplifying it and making her cum even harder. Literally screaming as she claws at him, Blair roars like a lion as he fills the caracal's feline pussy with his fertile equine seed. Somehow, releasing his load where it can actually perform its function makes the act 10 times more pleasurable.

"Aaahh god! Fucking hell!" She cries out.

"Oh shit, girl. I haven't cum so hard in a while." He chuckles.

"I think... You had... Even more than... The last time." She says, gasping for breath.

The pair share a kiss before Helena suddenly realizes what they've just done. Only now does it dawn on her; what happens if she gets pregnant? She expresses her concern to him, but Blair is ready, fully expecting this from at least one of his targeted slaves.

“Don’t worry...” He begins, lovingly kissing her face. “I’m in charge and I’ll take care of everything.” He assures her before kissing her neck.

“Okay.” She nods.

Closing her eyes and wrapping her arms around him, she can’t help but feel that he is sincere. For some reason she finds herself drawn in by the young man, believing every word he says. Feeling his lips upon her neck, his tongue gently teasing her, she knows that he isn’t done and she honestly doesn’t want him to be. Helena is now quite thankful that her lover has such a gifted talent to maintain his erections and the stamina and libido to match. Blair rests for only a moment, never one pulling his penis out of its new home. He can’t help but find himself turned on even further by the prospect of seeing a pregnant Helena walking the halls on their last month of school.

However, he knows that this would not bode well for his plans, and thankfully Vic has prepared him here as well, leaving him with a new bottle of Plan B, morning after pills. Using his newfound fetish as a catalyst, he prepares for another round. Commanding his lover like a true Master, he lies back on her bed, never once pulling himself out of her. Instead, he holds her close and rolls over, taking her with him. He makes Helena ride him, his hands on her ample breasts as she bucks and sways her hips. After she cums for a third time, he changes it up, having her turn around, still leaving his penis inside of her.

With her hands just above his ankles, she looks down and watches, her eyes drawn to his massive scrotum and the girthy penis that sits between her legs. Though it is mostly concealed within her own body, she can’t help but love every glimpse of the shaft as she bounces and swivels her hips atop him. Blair knows just what to do for her, and she finds herself loving him for it. By the onset of her forth orgasm, Blair also finishes. He gives her at least half as much volume

as he did the previous time. It's all so much for her, barely able to contain both his fertile seed and his oversized cock.

Turning her around yet again, still never allowing her to rise up from his member, he pulls her close. As he lay on his back, she rests atop his chest, her head turned to the side and watching them through the mirrored closet doors. Blair strokes her back and whispers to her, saying all of the right things. She's never felt this way about a man before, nor been this far with one. Helena is surprised to find that she actively wonders what being pregnant would be like, wondering if it's worth it to let his sperm fertilize her. She finds herself willing to do almost anything for the boy. It's a surprisingly comforting feeling to her, being submissive to a man.

After resting for quite a while, Blair's member finally relaxes, softening while still within the girl. The newfound space causes her insides to shrink down and push some of his cum from her body. It seeps from her loins and around his member. The pair make-out quite passionately before hearing a car door. Still atop her lover, Helena leans back and peeks through the half-closed blinds of the window beside her bed. Her parents have come home. Helena is surprised by how casually Blair rolls her over and carefully withdraws himself from her.

"I'll be back with something for that." He says, his eyes looking down at the cum seeping from her thoroughly used pussy.

"Okay." She nods, grinning at her lover.

She pulls up her panties at his request, holding in as much as possible. The caracal girl finds it quite masculine and arousing when he tells her that his cum is too good to be left on the bedsheets or floor; she's inclined to agree after her experience with the young

stallion. Dressing as though he lived there, Blair waits for her parents to enter the home and head deep inside before sneaking out through her window. The pair are never caught. As he walks down the street, he turns back to see Helena watching and waving to him, staring him down until he is forced to turn a corner. This has gone even better than he hoped it would.

Feeling a vibration, he takes his phone from his pants pocket and looks at the screen. It's a call from Stefan. He chuckles when he thinks about what he's just done and how devastated Stefan would be to know the truth. He wants to feel bad, but after Carley, he simply can't bring himself to care. Blair isn't even sure he likes Stefan anymore. At this point, he is keeping him around until he can carry out the rest of his plan. He swipes the screen with his thumb and brings the phone up to a pointed ear.

"Hey."

"Where the hell have you been? I've tried to get a hold of you since school let out." Stefan asks.

"I was busy." Blair replies.

"Busy doing what?"

"... Fucking Helena." Blair answers.

After a short pause, Stefan laughs on the other end.

"Yeah right, bitch. Are we hanging out later or what?"

"Sure. Why not." Blair smirks.

Chapter Five: Harem

The bed shakes and the headboard repeatedly strikes the wall as Blair grunts, ramming his large black cock into Helena's tight pink pussy. Her mouth hangs open as she groans, drooling running down her chin and dripping onto her pillow as both of her hands press firmly against the headboard. Kneeling behind her, Blair pounds her aching hole as hard as he can, his big testicles and full scrotum striking her clitoris and the backs of her upper thighs as he enjoys his slave. One hand holds a leather leash attached to a matching collar that is buckled loosely around her neck.

"NNGYEAH! HHFFF! AAGH! FUCK ME, MASTER!" She cries out.

"Take it, slave!" He growls.

Her short tail sways gleefully, as does his own. He gives her furry ass a hard smack, tugging at her leash as he fucks her doggystyle. It doesn't take long, as they have already been at it for over 30 minutes. Pulling the leash hard, he sets both hands on his slave's wide hips, burying himself so deep that she feels like part of his scrotum is being pushed inside of her. Jet after jet shoots deep within her body, the powerful force of his release making her tremble with delight. She rests her head against her forearms and slumps forward, unable to hold herself up any longer.

She lay there with her breasts and face pushed into her pillow while Blair kneels behind her, his penis completely concealed within her thoroughly used vagina. This has been a daily routine for over two weeks; the pair often find themselves having sex at Blair's house, Helena's house, and even occasionally at school. Only yesterday they

were nearly caught during third period when they snuck off to play behind the folded lunch tables that line the wall of the school's then-empty gymnasium. Once he is ready, Blair pulls his member from her quivering body, lovingly stroking the matted fur of her back and comforting his first slave.

He reaches over and takes hold of a video camera with a wide-angle lens that sits atop her nightstand, filming their ordeal. Not only is it a valuable record to hone his skills, it's also a useful tool of domination. Helena knows that she belongs to Blair; if he ever saw fit, he has the right to show the world her most private of places as he violates them. He turns off the camera and sits on the edge of the bed as Helena flops onto her side. Looking at her powerful stallion lover, she rakes his back softly with her claws, to gain his attention and to show that she is giving him hers in kind. He glances over his shoulder at her and smiles warmly.

"You're almost too much for me, Master." She coos.

"Almost? You can't even stand after I'm done with you."

"I know." She grins lustfully.

"Maybe we need a second." Blair blurts out.

"... A second slave?" She asks in a worried tone.

"Yes. It's something that I have considered for a little while now." He admits.

"H-have you thought about who?" She nervously asks.

"Carley, the blonde mouse Voeldahn." He answers.

"Okay, Master..." She softly remarks.

"Good girl."

He leans in for a kiss, then sits back up. Helena follows him, wrapping her arms around him and holding him tightly. She nuzzles his face for a moment, looking at their reflections in her closet doors.

“Master?” She quietly begins.

“Yes, my little kitten?” He strokes her cheek.

“What about me?” She whines.

“You’re my first slave! My little kitten! No matter what happens, you will always be my first, and I don’t let my slaves go!” He happily exclaims.

“Really?” She sheepishly asks.

“Really. You are still mine and you will always be mine. I will have plenty of stamina for you and for Carley, and no matter what happens, remember that I love you and I will always love my number one slave the most.”

“Oh, Master!” She exclaims, her heart pounding. “Are we still going to live together after the school year, like you planned?”

“Of course!” He chirps, stroking her back.

“I love you, Master.”

“I love you too, my little kitten.”

“Good luck with Carley. Let me know if I can do anything to help, Master!” Helena happily chirps.

“Such a good little kitten. You deserve a reward...” He grins.

Kissing her passionately, he leans forward and pushes her back down. Within moments, the young stallion is enjoying himself within his slave girl all over again. Finally, after over an hour of fun together, Blair heads home for the night. After a long shower and a hot meal, he

lies down and rests. Blair has found that since he became a Master, he falls asleep much faster now and sleeps quite peacefully throughout the night. The next morning, he heads to school as he usually does, walking there with his 'friend' Stefan and several other boys he cares little about.

Blair doesn't walk with Helena, as he isn't yet ready to reveal the nature of their relationship until he can finalize his plan; his revenge against Stefan will be all the sweeter when done his way. The young stallion can't even wait until lunch period before he catches Carley in the halls and speaks to her. Using the very same techniques that he used on Helena, he easily attains a phone number, and much more. Before lunch he already has several pictures taken by Carley, one showing her breasts, another her panties beneath her skirt, and a third showing her genitals with her panties pulled to the side; the bottom of her school desk is plainly seen in the last two photos.

Blair reciprocates with the same two images of himself that he sent to Helena. His phone softly vibrates after nearly a 5-minute wait, only for him to be greeted by an image of Carley's finger inserted almost completely into her loins as she covertly masturbates in her classroom. Blair can't help but softly chuckle; the mouse girl is even easier than the caracal, his little kitten. He texts her with instructions and waits for time to pass. The bell for lunch period rings and the young stallion heads for the hallway. Passing Helena in the hall, she flashes a wide grin and he covertly blows her a kiss.

Approaching Carley's classroom, she waits outside by the door for him, as he told her to. Reaching out, he takes her by the wrist and keeps walking, leading her away from the center of the school and toward the outer class rooms. With the auditorium near the center, the furthest classrooms are the least populated, with virtually no one

around to catch them during this time. The pair slip into a boy's bathroom and enter the very first stall. They don't bother to check the room for other students before they begin. Pressing her back against the bathroom stall wall, Blair stands before the mouse girl who is a full 12 inches shorter than him.

She looks up at the stallion, visibly intimidated yet still determined to carry on. He leans forward and kisses her, rather roughly slipping her his tongue. Her hands stroke his muzzle and one of her short legs wraps around his. Unlike Helena, who seemed rather nervous and timid during their first time, Carley acts more confident and shows her experience. He can't be sure how many men she has entertained before him, besides Stefan, though he's certain she wasn't a virgin that day in the bathroom. In truth, it really doesn't matter; now that he has started, she won't want another man after him.

With his hands gliding over her slender form, Carley presses her body against his, her modest breasts pushing against his chest. He takes a moment to grab her chest, feeling the plump flesh beneath her blouse. Unbuttoning and opening up her shirt, he gazes down at two perfectly formed B-cup breasts, which match her proportions wonderfully. Carley can hardly stand the tension as her body burns for the young stallion, her furless, clawed hands gripping his belt and tearing feverishly at the buckle. He takes hold of her firm butt with both hands, necking her as she shoves his pants down to the floor.

She gasps as she sees his phallus for the first time in person, his black flesh quickly engorging and rising before her eyes. Carley reaches out and cups the underside of his shaft near the medial ring, gently squeezing and stroking him with a perverse, childlike curiosity. Blair is the seventh boy that she has done this with, but she's only allowed two inside of her, including Stefan. As her soft, pink flesh

strokes the black organ between his legs, the heat radiating from him, she knows that he will be the third. Without needing to be told, she kneels down on the tile floor of the bathroom stall, taking him with both hands.

He runs his fingers through her hair, watching with a sinister grin as she carefully strokes his member with a level of skill that he wasn't expecting. Blair pulls the scrunchie that holds her ponytail in place before slipping it over his wrist and taking her head in his hands. His dominance arouses the small mouse girl, who gleefully sniffs his organ. Though he is clearly hygienic, he still has a certain musk that she cannot place; she loves his scent and finds her loins dripping before she can even taste him. Her tongue emerges from her lips and cutely licks the tip like a lollipop.

She turns her vibrant amber eyes up to him, expecting to see him melting at her touch. Instead, he stares with an intensity that she has never seen before, his expression stern. He doesn't succumb to her wiles as the other boys did, including Stefan; Blair is a man, and an entirely different caliber than she is used to. Now finding herself becoming nervous, she hesitates for a moment.

"Well?" Blair impatiently asks.

She opens her mouth wide and juts out her tongue, swirling it around the head and tasting his flesh. She has never had a horse Voeldahn before, but something about him is vastly different than her previous lovers. His shape is enticing, and Carley even believes that he tastes better. It isn't long before she wraps her lips around the swollen head of his member, finding herself struggling to fit it. When compared to her body size, his penis is downright gargantuan and the girl worries that no matter how badly she wants too, she might not be

able to accept him into her loins. That doesn't mean that she isn't up for trying, of course.

With both of her hands gripping his shaft near the base and her head bobbing gently back and forth, Blair groans in pleasure. His fingers tighten around her head as he begins to sway his hips, pumping his member into her mouth. The young stallion's size and strength overwhelm the girl, who soon places her hands on his thighs in an effort to control her lover. It's no use. He takes control and uses her like a living doll, driving himself deep into her mouth as she struggles to breath. After several minutes of this, he grunts loudly and holds his cock in place, the head near the hinge of her jaw.

Her eyes grow wide as she feels a hot, thick blast of ooze shoot from the tip of his phallus and into her mouth, running down her throat before she can even swallow. She tries to drink the semen as it fills her mouth but seeing Blair's large balls before her reminds her of the futility of her efforts. She backs up as soon as he releases her head, gasping for breath as her stallion lover shoots the remaining 5 jets onto her face and splashing the walls of the bathroom stall.

"Holy shit." She gasps, looking it shock at the aftermath.

"Yeah... And I've got another round in me." He says through labored breaths.

"Are you serious?!"

"Oh yeah. He won't get soft for at least 10 minutes." Blair continues, patting the sticky head of his cock. "If we started up again in 5, I'd have another load just like that for you."

"Damn..." She says with a grin.

Blair helps her up from the ground, his grip firm and yet somehow gentle. As she washes up in the sink, she notes that the stallion was not lying about himself; his penis remains erect and he is forced to press it upward against his body. His belt holds it in place as the tip and a portion of his shaft stick above his waistline, his shirt concealing it. He assures her that it will turn flaccid and slip back down before anyone can notice. She fully expects him to continue the dialog and make a move, asking her for more than mere oral pleasure, just like every other boy. Instead, however, he remains rather quiet and seems almost aloof.

Carley has never had a male like him before, and her desire only grows worse. He must know that she craves him, as 3 of her 4 pictures she sent involved her pussy, and yet he does not act. She nearly aches to feel the large and powerful stallion entering her body, yet he seems unconcerned. It drives her wild, and soon she can't wait for him to make a move. She worries that if she doesn't show her interest, she will lose the opportunity to feel such a large member driving itself home into her loins.

"So, Blair... What are you doing after school?" She asks.

"I don't know. Did you want to spend some more time with me?" He asks with a sly grin.

"Yeah." She says softly, nodding her head.

Carley gasps for breath, her claws tearing into her own bedsheets as she coils her fingers tightly. Blair sticks two fingers into her vagina, wiggling them teasingly as he leans forward and sucks on her nipples. The mouse girl struggles to remain quiet in her own bedroom while her mother sits downstairs. After their encounter that absorbed their lunch break, they returned to their classes until the end of school. As soon as the bell rang, the pair met out front and

Carley took Blair home, at his insistence. She knew full-well that her single-mother was home, casually lying that he was a designated tutor, helping her study trigonometry.

Either buying the lie or not breaking the facade, her mother simply greeted Blair before allowing them to retire upstairs. Seconds after closing her bedroom door his hands were touching her lithe body, and seconds more later, her clothes were being rather roughly removed. Carley followed suit and now the pair lie naked atop her bed. Blair's horse-like phallus weighs heavy, lying across her slim belly as a reminder of what she will receive at any moment. The little mouse girl can hardly wait, suffering through the pleasant torture of foreplay. His fingers wiggle within her loins while his tongue swirls around the nipples of her perky breasts. It's all too much and she grabs his arms.

"Please, Blair... Fuck me." She whispers.

"You say that like you need it." He says softly back.

"I do. I need it."

"How much?" He growls.

"More than anything. Please, give it to me."

"When *I'm* ready." He says before necking her.

"Nng..."

The young stallion uses her like his personal toy, teasing her with his hands and lips for quite some time. He drives her wild with desire but he doesn't allow her to experience him, at least not yet. If Carley had known that this is what a man like Blair had to offer her, she never would have allowed herself to sleep with a boy like Stefan. After what feels like an eternity, Blair begins to shift, climbing over

top of her. Her heart skips a beat at the realization that she is about to enjoy the stallion, a man who may very well give her the best sex of her life. Her furless hands take hold of his shoulders and her legs spread apart as he takes the proper position.

With a hand taking hold of the base of his shaft, he uses his other hand and forearm to stabilize himself. Pulling back quite far due to the length of his organ, he teases her nether lips with the tip. She bites her bottom lip and prepares herself, hoping that she can keep quiet as she anticipates the next few moments. Carley can't help but groan in pleasure as he rubs the head of his penis against the soft flesh of her clitoris. After teasing her for a moment, he pushes his shaft slightly downward and pushes forward, the charcoal black member spreading the pink lips of her vagina wide as he quickly and roughly drives his flared head into her.

"Mmmmm!" She tries to scream.

Thankfully, Blair thought ahead and immediately took his hand away from his member as he inserted himself. He covers her mouth at the very moment that the rim of his tip pushed past her nether lips, knowing that would be the moment when she would cry out. She winces and moans into her lover's palm, never feeling so full in her life. He already does more for her than Stefan ever did, yet as her eyes turn down to look at her loins, they grow wide in shock and horror; Blair has yet to push in any of his shaft. With a twisted grin, he pushes in deeper, himself grunting from the incredible tightness of her hole.

"Nng fuck..." He grunts. "You're even smaller than you look."

"Mmm-mm-mmm." She mumbles into his hand.

Her arms wrap around him and her hands grip his shoulder blades as the young stallion pushes his big cock even deeper. A single tear rolls down the side of her head as she lies back, a tinge of pain mixed in with the pleasure. Her body struggles to adapt to the size and even the shape of the horse boy's penis, doing its best to handle the girthy black shaft as it burrows even deeper. Carley's nether lips push inward and her body sways, the pair looking down as they realize that Blair's medial ring may actually be too much for the tiny mouse girl's pussy to handle.

Undeterred, Blair straightens and leans over, reaching for his pants that lie beside the bed. With his hand away from her mouth, Carley takes that moment to gasp for breath and comment on his size.

"God damn, your cock is fucking huge." She says softly.

"I know." He grins.

"I don't know if I can take it. I really want to baby, but-"

"But nothing." He says, resting his hand over her mouth. "We'll make this work."

Holding up a little foil pillow that contains a single ounce of water-based lube, Blair withdraws his penis from her body. Carley moans into his palm and claws at the bedsheets just from that solitary action. Biting the corner of the foil pillow, he tears it open and tips it over, pouring lube over the top of his penis. He uses the hand that covers her mouth to rub it in, making sure that every part of his member has a glossy sheen to it, especially the medial ring.

"Why didn't we do that before?" She asks.

“Because I didn’t want too.”

He places his hand back over her mouth again, the lube smearing onto her face. To her surprise, it seems to be both cherry scented and flavored. She licks his palm as he reinserts himself, again screaming into his palm as he roughly forces his phallus back into place. The medial ring again pushes against her nether lips, but Blair is determined. He sways his hips, pumping several inches into and out of Carley’s vagina at a time. She tilts her head down to watch. The sight of him using her pussy is almost as pleasurable as the actual sensation. The medial ring smacks against her nether lips, gently at first but building in force. Soon, he bangs the ring into her loins until they finally give way.

She winces and groans at the semi-painful sensation of his driving the medial ring past her lips, stretching them to the breaking point before slipping past them. He keeps pushing, driving deeper and deeper as his female toy writhes beneath him, clawing violently at her own bed and his upper arms. Carley can feel the shape of his big horse cock as it runs through her hole, filling her completely. The pointed but flared head and the medial ring force her vagina to stretch in ways she’s never felt before. With a single complete stroke her G-spot is stimulated no less than 4 times, the ring and flare each rubbing over it twice.

The pleasure is indescribable, her amber eyes rolling back as she succumbs to her stallion lover. Once he has sheathed himself completely within her, it only takes a few minutes before her body is trembling and her vagina convulsing. It tries to tighten over him but he is simply too big, his lips curling into a confident grin as he feels her loins shivering over his engorged flesh. In and out he moves, swaying his hips and driving his black cock back and forth. White cream coats

the base of his shaft, smearing all over it and onto the glistening flesh of his scrotum as he fucks his little mouse to her satisfaction.

Carley can't believe that he isn't done, as her already tight loins had brought her first lover over the edge, and Stefan barely outlasted her. Another wave of pleasure soon builds within her as Blair works her like a true Master. The chemicals flow through her brain as she experiences a euphoria unlike anything that she has ever had before. After only 10 minutes of sex, she cums a second time. Blair keeps going, leaning forward and grunting as she is forced to bite his shoulder. Before doing so, she can't help but notice a faint mark where someone else had already done the same thing to the stallion.

With his hands gripping her firm ass, he plows his organ deep into her. Carley's pussy is gently pushed and pulled with each thrust as his unique shape pleasures her more thoroughly than any other. At barely 15 minutes, she cums a third time, but not Blair grunts louder and hides his face in a pillow. Grunting and groaning loudly, Carley bites him to keep from squealing and screaming. Blair's fingers flex as his hands each clutch a cheek of her buttocks, his balls slapping loudly against her ass. He drives himself in as deep as he can go and pushes against her, his testicles releasing their payload.

A blast of burning hot sperm shoots into her body with incredible force. The viscous material shoots violently past her cervix and floods her body, working its way through and racing for her eggs. Had he not been inserted into her, she feels as though the multiple streams of his cum would have easily cleared her head and struck the wall. She isn't even concerned with the fact that she isn't on birth control at this moment, too consumed with her own pleasure to care about the consequences of their carnal act. Blair groans as his hands squeeze her tight butt several times, his body slowly relaxing, though his member stays as hard as a rock.

“Oh god, baby... That was incredible.” She gasps.

“Yeah... You’re so tight.”

“Thanks. You’re so big.” She coos.

“Doing what I can with what I’ve got.” He chuckles.

“I’ve never had such great sex before. You’re something else.”

“We’re still not done.” He says, kissing her neck softly.

Carley can hardly believe it, though she knows he is telling the truth. After only a moment of rest, he rolls her over and starts again, never once pulling his member from her loins. At first on her hands and knees, she soon orgasms for a fifth time and loses her strength. Lying flat on her belly with the stallion covering her like a shroud, only her pink, furless tail, spindly legs and pink, furless feet stick out between his legs. She bites down hard onto her own pillow, squealing and screaming into it as Blair uses her vagina like his personal toy. He drives himself balls deep, his heavy sack brushing the bedsheets and plopping against her nether lips and clitoris.

At first, he remains over her with his chest against her back, his sweaty and matted fur grinding against hers. He held himself up by his forearms and knees but after her sixth orgasm, he pushed himself up, his weight planted firmly on his hands; his arms rest just over her shoulders while his hands are tucked beneath her pillow, which she clings to for dear life. The entwined nature of the pillow and his arms prevents her body from sliding up and away from him, her shoulders holding her down and allowing him to ram his endowed penis into her at full force.

By her seventh orgasm, Blair can no longer hold out. Leaning over her again, an arm slides underneath her torso and tucks just below her perky breasts. The other reaches forward and grips her throat, though he doesn't squeeze; he merely holds on and uses her collar bones for leverage. Once again buried as deep as he can go, Blair grunts loudly right into her large, rounded ear as the pair orgasm together. His balls release the last of his fertile seed, shooting the magma-hot ooze deep into her uterus and a second coat to her already drenched fallopian tubes.

Carley trembles beneath her lover, unable to believe the pleasure she's received in the last 40-something minutes. This has been the single most enjoyable experience of her life, and she feels herself incredibly drawn to the young stallion. The resulting feelings from their union could almost be called 'love', and it unnerves her; she cannot help how she feels after this experience. As he pulls himself from her loins, she finds herself already pining for him. Lying beside her, he wraps both arms around her and holds her tightly, cuddling with the girl he has just filled with his sperm, twice. His embrace is comforting and only deepens her feelings for her stud.

"Blair?" She speaks softly.

"Yeah?"

"What if I get pregnant?"

"Don't worry. I've got it all taken care of." He assures her, softly kissing her cheek.

"Okay." She grins.

After taking a nap together, the pair awaken to realize that it's been nearly three hours since he first arrived. Blair rises from the bed and dresses, giving her a kiss goodbye and leaving the room. As soon

as he disappears from sight, Carley finds herself thinking about the young stallion, reaching for her phone before he is even out of the front door. Blair walks down the stairs and through the hall, passing the living room. He waves to Carley's mother as he heads for the front door.

"So... How was the studying?" She asks.

"Oh, it was good. She's a swift learner and she has a lot of passion." He replies with a subdued grin.

"Uh huh..."

The woman looks at Blair from over the top of her magazine, her strange gaze giving him pause. For a moment he forgot that she was an intelligent woman and not a young girl like her daughter. Clearing his throat, he says goodbye and leaves the house, walking down the sidewalk as dusk approaches. He takes out his phone and calls Helena, who picks up after the first ring.

"Master! It's so good to hear from you!" She exclaims.

"You too, my little kitten."

"How did it go with Carley?" She asks.

"It went great. She took me home and I broke in her bed and her pussy. She's definitely never had a man like me before." He answers.

"Most haven't." Helena giggles.

"It was pretty intense though. That girl's cunt was barely big enough to fit me. I had to use my emergency lube to get my medial ring into her. She took all of my cum though!"

"What a trooper."

As they speak, his phone chimes as another call comes through.

"Hold on, slave. Carley's calling." He says.

"Already?! Some girls." She laughs.

"Hold on a minute."

Blair puts Helena on hold and answers Carley's call.

"Hey." He says.

"Hi."

"What's up?"

"Nothing. I uh... I just wanted to say that was the best studying I ever had. You have so much to teach me, I'm surprised I took it all in. I might have learned too much, you know?" Carley answers.

"Worried?"

"A little." She says.

"Don't be. I've got some Plan B stashed away. You'll be fine." He assures her.

"Oh, thank god!" She sighs. "Is it with the other girl?"

"Pardon?"

"I saw the bite mark..."

"Oh that! Yeah, I'm fucking Helena too." He shamelessly admits.

"Wow... Well, aren't you something!" She says, sounding genuinely impressed.

"I have my moments."

"Well, with that out of the way... Did you maybe want to study again sometime? Like tomorrow?! I-if you aren't with Helena that is." She asks.

Blair grins from cheek to cheek, knowing that Carley is as good as his. After a short pause, he finally answers her.

"Sure."

"Oh good! See you then!"

Tapping the screen, Blair returns to his call with Helena.

"Hey." He says.

"Hey! How'd it go?" She asks.

"Great. She wants another go. It won't be long now. I also told her about you and she seemed fine with it."

"That's good."

"I'll need some Plan B from the bottle I gave you though." He adds.

"Oh, well... You can come pick it up now if you want, Master. I'm sorry I didn't ask your permission, but I told my parents that you were my boyfriend and they're pretty open minded about you coming over."

"You should have asked me first. You know I don't want you doing things like that on your own." He sternly reprimands her.

"I'm sorry, Master."

"Luckily for you, I was going to tell you to do that anyway." He chuckles.

“Oh good! So are you coming over? ... Pleeaaase?!” Helena begs.

“Are you going to be good from now on?” He asks.

“Uh-huh!”

“You’d better. You’re my favorite slave and I’d rather not have to punish you.” He warns.

“I’ll be good, Master!”

“Alright. I’ll be right over.”

Chapter Six: A New Master

Holding her phone to her ear, Helena listens as it rings several times. After a moment, the ringing stops and a female voice speaks to her.

“Hey, Helena! What’s up, sweetheart?” Her mother asks.

“Hi, Mom. Nothing, really. I just wanted to let you know that I was staying that night at my boyfriend’s place.”

“Oh, okay. Well, stay safe, play safe and have a good night.” Her mother replies.

“I will.” Helena chuckles. “Love you.”

“Love you too, sweetheart.”

“Your parents are always so calm about everything.” Blair comments.

He kneels on his bed, naked and poised between Carley's spread legs. As both girls had known of each other early on, and Helena being Blair's loyal slave, it was a simple matter of bringing them over. The young stallion teases the mouse girl's loins with a finger, gently gliding the appendage over her nether lips and gently inserting it into her. Carley shifts, the leather pulling tight and making a subtle crinkling sound. Her thighs wear a wide leather binding just above her knees, buckled together at several places and bearing a steel loop. The loop holds a clasped hook attached to the leather straps that run to the brass bars of Blair's headboard.

Her arms are pulled above her head and held in place with a set of handcuffs. The metal crescents, lined with pink fur, adorn her wrists like high-end jewelry; it is her only clothing as she lay back atop Blair's bed. He leans forward and sniffs her loins, enjoying her scent before giving her tight pussy several licks. Helena takes out Carley's phone and unlocks the screen; a requirement of both slaves is to use the same password as their Master, drawing a capital 'M' on their screen. She flips through the contacts and calls a friend Carley had predesignated when they planned this encounter.

By sheer chance, Blair's parents decided to take a weekend trip to see family two states over, leaving Blair the house from Thursday night until Monday morning. As it is Friday night, he and his slaves plan to spend the entire weekend together in the house. Helena holds the phone up to Carley's ear as it rings. Blair doesn't bother to stop, very gently teasing his little mouse with his tongue. After several rings a female voice answers.

"Hi, Carley."

"Hey, Jill. I was hoping you could do me a favor."

"Sure!"

"C-could you cover for me if my m-mom calls you? I h-have a n-new boyfriend and I'm s-spending the weekend with him." Carley asks, struggling to moan from her pleasure.

"Is that why you're talking funny?" Jill giggles.

Blair rests both hands on her upper thighs, just below her buttocks. He presses his lips against her loins and inserts his tongue, wiggling inside of her vagina.

"Yeah..." Carley groans.

"Okay. Consider it done. Oh, and have fun." Jill chuckles.

"Oh yeah." Carley sighs.

Hanging up the phone, Helena then dials Carley's mom, who has never openly approved of Blair for one reason or another. No matter how polite he is to her, she always seems apprehensive of the horse Voeldahn. Blair straightens his back and takes out a bottle of lube, pouring out a considerable quantity and using a hand to coat the entirety of his member with it. After several rings her mother answers while Blair drops the bottle to the floor and leans in.

"Hi, Mom."

"Hi, baby."

"I was just calling to let you know that I'm staying over at Jill's this weekend." Carley says.

"The whole weekend?"

"Yeah. We planned on it last week. I thought I told you." Carley coolly lies.

"You didn't..." Her mother replies in a strange monotone.

Blair grips the base of his endowed horse cock and rubs the glossy, lubricated tip over her loins.

"I'm s-sorry. That's where I'll be though."

**"Alright. Call me tomorrow and let me know how you're doing."
Her mother demands.**

"Okay, I WH!" Carley suddenly squeals and gasps.

Blair pushes in the head of his penis before backing away, silently demanding that she end the call. He then plops the underside of his large cock over her small loins.

"Baby?" Her mother asks.

"I'm sorry. W-we're watching a movie and there was a jump scare." She quickly lies.

Carley stares at the black horse cock poised between her legs as Blair slowly drags the shaft against her nether lips and causes her to shiver. A second squeal of pleasure is muffled by her biting down on her bottom lip. Her Master doesn't give her any more time; he wants to use his slave, and a true Master doesn't cater to their slave.

"Well I'd better go. I'll call you tomorrow." Carley speaks swiftly.

"Alright, baby. Have fun and I'll talk to you tomorrow. I love you."

"I love you too. Bye!"

Taking the phone away from Carley's ear, she ends the call just in time before Blair stuffs the swollen head of his phallus into the mouse girl's cunt. She squeals loudly as she feels stretched to the limit, her body shivering as she struggles with her handcuffs and leg restrains, writhing before her stallion Master. Blair drives himself hard into his slave, his medial ring soon pushing against her nether lips. He has been enjoying Carley for over a week now, and as always, she can never take his entire endowment right away, even with lube, unlike Helena.

"Aaahh! ... Are you trying to get us caught?" Carley asks her Master.

"Nng... I don't recall, nng, asking you anything. NNG, You know better than to, nng, speak out of turn, slave." Blair says, grunting as he thrusts into her loins.

"Aaahh! I'm sorry, M-Master! Nng, please, aah, forgive me!" She says, moaning and grunting from his thrusts.

"Please, speak out of turn again. I love when Master punishes you." Helena grins.

"Ahh! No, I, nng, really, nng, want to, aah, cum this time!"

"Nng! Then be a good slave. Nng. Take your Master's, nng, big fucking cock. Ahh yeah!" Blair gleefully growls.

He rocks his hips as he kneels between Carley's spread legs, her furless feet bobbing up and down from the force of his thrusts as it rocks her whole body. His fat medial ring pummels her nether lips, her fingers spreading apart and coiling uncontrollably from the sensation. She lies there, taking the stallion's big cock like a good slave, staring down at her Master. Harder and harder he fucks her

pussy, slamming the ring into her taut flesh before finally driving it home. Carley screams loudly from the sensation, music to her Master's ears. He holds her legs just behind her knees, only for his own support as the straps keep her legs elevated.

"NNG! FUCK! My little mouse has *the* tightest pussy!" He gleefully exclaims.

"AAHHH! M-MASTER! SO... HHFF... BIG!!!"

Helena stands near the foot of the bed, looking at the screen of the video camera mounted atop the tripod. She takes it off of the mount with a quick release lever and stands directly behind her Master, leaning on the footboard and zooming in. It's a magnificent sight, Blair's hung, charcoal black horse cock as it stretches Carley's little pink pussy to the limit. His testicles look absolutely huge compared to the mouse girl's firm ass, the heavy balls slapping her furry butt as he pumps. He pushes in deep and holds for a moment, his full scrotum pressing against her and sitting atop her pink, furless, whip-like tail.

"Holy shit, that's fucking hot." Helena says softly.

The naked caracal girl can't help but slip a finger into her own pussy as she watches the mouse girl take the stallion, something that the feline wishes she were doing. The camera watches intently as Blair begins to shift again, soon slamming his cock into his mouse girl's little pussy. The long, fast and powerful strokes work her vagina, pushing and pulling at it as he moves. The medial ring and flared rim of the tip of his penis grind against her G-spot and bring her to a climax in a matter of minutes. Her body trembles in ecstasy before Blair has even broken a sweat, as always.

“AAAAHHHHFUUUUUCK!” Carley screams, yanking hard at her handcuffs.

Her loins are unable to clamp down on the massive phallus buried within her; it's simply stretches her too much. As a result, her vagina trembles violently as it tries to clutch him tighter, creating a bizarre but very pleasant vibration on his member. He waits for only a moment so that Helena can properly film the sight, soon moving into and out of Carley all over again. Pounding her hard, he gives her two more creamy orgasms, his shaft, pelvis and balls coated in the sticky white ooze of her pussy. Grunting louder and breathing more heavily, he leans forward and slides his hands down her back, gripping her firm ass.

His full balls slap her ass as he prepares to cum, the dainty mouse girl hidden beneath her lover except for her outstretched legs and flailing tail. Helena envies Carley as their Master slams his girth deep within her. Holding it in place, he pushes forward and rocks his hips in a familiar fashion.

“AAH FUCK!” Carley squeals.

“NNNNGGGH! NNNNGGGAAAAHH!” He roars.

Blair's testicles release his load, shooting the fertile ooze deep into Carley's body. Jet after powerful jet blasts into her, flowing pasting her cervix and coating her uterus and beyond. The sensation of being filled with the stallion's sperm drives the mouse girl over the edge again, her body experiencing the most powerful orgasm yet. The seed flows swiftly through her tubes and attacks her eggs, and once again she silently hopes for a result, eager to bear fruit for her

Master. With his cock still sheathed within her, it's rightful place, Blair reaches back and waves his fingers at Helena.

She takes a bottle from atop the dresser and removes a pill, handing it to her Master. Blair reaches up and feeds it to his second slave like it were candy. One day, he will breed his mouse, and his caracal, but that day hasn't come yet. Carley licks her Master's fingers, tasting herself on one of them. She simply can't resist the urge to further tempt her Master with her feminine wiles. It never works, but Blair appreciates her loyalty and effort. Waving a hand to Helena, she mounts the camera atop the tripod and approaches. The caracal girl's short tail sways as she stands at the edge of the bed.

"You're next." He says before giving her a passionate kiss.

"Yes, Master." Helena coos, kissing him back.

"Master?" Carley softly asks.

"Yes?" Blair turns his eyes to her.

"What about me?"

"We're not done either. You're staying put." He grins.

With a firm smack to Helena's furry ass, he makes the girl jump and giggle, quickly drawing her atop the bed. Only now does Blair bother to pull his still erect penis from Carley's used vagina. The time since he finished until this moment was all it took for him to reset, now ready for a second round. He moves back a bit and positions Helena between Carley's legs, kneeling right where he was only seconds earlier. At his direction, Helena leans forward and rests on her forearms, bent over before her Master.

In order to attain the position that their Master desires, Helena slips her legs over Carley's, leaning back so that their vaginas are both almost at the same level. The girl's breasts touch, their firm nipples teasing the other's. They stare into each other's eyes for a moment, sharing a silent rivalry and envy; it's first from Helena toward Carley, and then vice versa. Taking his slimy horse cock, soaked in Carley's pussy juice, their combined cum and the remnants of lube, Blair pushes the tapering tip against Helena's nether lips. He only gives her a moment to prepare before shoving hard and driving the whole, swollen head into her loins.

Helena's eyes close tightly, her fingers coiling and her claws tearing into his bedsheets as her Master's tip pops audibly into her moist hole. Taking her butt cheeks in his hands, he pushes further forward, driving the flesh into her body as she clenches her teeth and grunts. Though she isn't as tight as Carley, she still isn't a size queen; Blair is quite the stallion, especially for a young man of 18. As a horse Voeldahn, he has a few more years of subtle growth, and by 21-years-old he could have another inch of length and diameter to give her. He gives her ass a firm smack, causing the caracal to jump and squeal.

She looks back and coos, slowly and gently shaking her ass and barely able to complete the motions with his exceptional penis driving into her. His medial ring presses against her nether lips. After drawing back a bit, Blair gives a firm, hard shove, jamming the bulbous ring of flesh into Helena's quivering pussy. She cries out in pleasure, resting her nose against Carley's. Opening her eyes, she sees that Carley stares at her, an expression of mild jealousy. She is still strapped in with her legs held upward and bent at the knee, her hands cuffed to the headboard and above her head. The mouse is helpless as the caracal enjoys their Master before her eyes.

Helena grins as her body sways, Blair now ready to begin his work. Rocking his hips and pumping his large meat into and out of Helena's aching pussy, her frame moves forward and back with his motions, her larger breasts rubbing over Carley's. Helena takes great pleasure in Carley watching them; as Blair's first slave and his favorite, she can't help but feel somewhat territorial over her Master's body. As if to taunt her further, Helena moans louder, bucking against her Master as he fucks her little cunt with his ample horse cock. Not willing to listen to her any longer, Carley moves her head forward and locks their lips.

With a slightly opened jaw, Carley roughly inserts her tongue as she kisses Helena who lies atop her. Though the caracal doesn't particularly enjoy it, their Master seems too; both girls would do anything for their Master. His hands hold her hips tightly as he plows his phallus into the feline's small hole, drilling her with an enhanced roughness. It's as though he were trying to steal her attention away from Carley, and it works. Throwing her head back, Helena drools as she gasps and screams, her body experience a pleasure unlike any other. It's all too much for her and her climax swiftly approaches.

Blair's heavy balls smack into Carley's used pussy as he works Helena who lies over her. With his long, hard thrusts that move nearly half of his penis in and out of Helena's vagina, Blair's medial ring repeatedly tears out of and plows back into her body. Wailing loudly, Helena's pussy clamps down on the stallion's cock, her body burning like a furnace as her fur matts with her sweat. Her insides squeeze so tightly that he feels as though she is trying to crush him, but it only makes him work her harder. He holds out long enough to give Helena a second creamy orgasm, taking a moment to stop and hold his position within her.

After a period of rest, Blair pulls out of Helena and shifts himself. Using a hand to push his erection downward slightly, he thrusts forward. Carley screams from the sensation as her Master takes her by surprise, startling even him as he violently jams his penis into her. With one swift thrust, he inserts the tip, 2/3 of his shaft and then the medial ring, slamming it into her nether lips and shoving it past them, burying his organ into her body. Carley trembles, already about to cum from the sensation of his quick and violent insertion. He does not take long and soon resumes his work on the mouse girl.

He teases Helena's pussy with two fingers while his other hand grabs one of Carley's legs. Thrust after powerful thrust, she feels herself being dragged to the edge, soon erupting in a wave of pleasure. It only took a couple of minutes. Blair doesn't stop, still content to use her as any Master would, enjoying her pussy as his personal property. He can feel himself drawing near as Carley has a second, even more potent orgasm, but he doesn't intend for her to be rewarded twice. Shoving in deep, he rocks his hips without making real thrusts, effectively stirring Carley's insides with his erect penis.

As he comes close to a climax, he suddenly pulls back from the mouse's cunt, giving her ass a rough smack. He then carefully inserts himself into Helena's vagina, gripping her hips tightly with both hands. The short delay is enough to stave off his orgasm, for the moment.

"Nng, yeah. Feel that big horse cock, slave... Hhf, it's covered in, nng, my mouse's cum." He taunts his caracal slave-girl.

"Aahh, it's so, aaahh, big and, nng, hard. I, nng, love it, Master, aah!" Helena replies through moans and grunts.

"Do you want to, nng, be rewarded?" He asks.

"Aaahh, yes!"

"Beg." He grins.

"Please, Master! Aaahh! Reward me! Nng! Cum in my, nng, little pussy! AAAHH!" Helena begs.

Blair begins to quicken his pace, plowing his meat into Helena's vagina with considerable force and vigor. Reaching forward, he massages her ample breasts while Carley is forced to lie there and watch the caracal enjoy their Master's cock. His charcoal black flesh drives into her, his large size, exotic shape, stamina and skill bringing her to the brink in minutes. He spanks her ass to a rhythm as he pounds her aching flesh, his balls slamming into Carley's cunt. Helena squeals and lies over Carley, her chin on the mouse girl's shoulder as she cums hard on the stallion's endowed member.

Her loins tighten and smear the white cream all over his flesh but the horse boy never stops moving. He grunts louder and feels the tension building rapidly. Within seconds after her climax, Blair drives himself deep into her body. Carley can feel Blair's balls as they shove against her nether lips; they move upward, drawing toward his body as he cums inside of his feline slave-girl. Leaning forward, his damp and matted fur, musty with his sweat, presses against Helena's back. The odor of the stallion only arouses both women in a strange, primal sort of way.

"I don't ever forget my first slave." He says softly into Helena's ear.

"I love you, Master." She remarks.

"I do too!" Carley chirps.

"I know. I love you both too." He says to them

Blair retrieves a pill from the bottle that Helena left sitting on the pillar of his footboard, never once taking his penis from her vagina. He reaches around and feeds her the pill like candy, as he did with Carley. After pulling out of the caracal girl, Blair sits at the edge of the bed and gasps for breath. He reaches out for the camera, turning it off as Helena struggles to climb up from Carley. Finally releasing Carley from the straps, she stretches out and looks quite lovingly at her Master.

“Slaves?”

“Yes, Master?!” They both chirp in unison.

“When Monday arrives, I’m going to need you both to do something... Something very important to me.” He says.

“Of course, Master! Anything!” They exclaim.

“Good.” He grins sinisterly.

Stefan walks down the hallway during first period the following Monday. He had just received a text from Blair telling him that he needed to talk to him about something important, directing him to a specific bathroom. Blair has never done anything like this before, so Stefan is concerned. He races down the hall for the bathroom. Little does he know that Blair had Carley send the text, right after he finished with her. As part of his plan, he lies naked in the bathroom, right before the row of sinks. His hooves point towards the bathroom door, the antiquated tiles cold against him, even through his fur.

A camera sits on a small tripod, the legs opened but not extended and filming the entire thing. At its current distance, the wide-angle lens will see Stefan when he enters. Sitting atop the row of sinks is the dainty Carley, her legs spread and used pussy facing the door. Having spent the last 10 minutes fucking her Master hard for the

sole purpose of accepting his gargantuan load of cum, she is worn out and filthy. Lying atop the floor and facing the ceiling, Helena straddles him, naked and facing toward the door with her back to her Master. She knows the plan, as does Carley; both are eager to carry it out.

Helena does her best to remain quiet as she rides Blair's exceptional penis. They can hear the footfalls drawing near, quickly growing louder. The door flies open as Stefan enters the bathroom, stepping in enough for the door to close behind him before he even realizes what's going on. He stands in shock as the sight; Helena, the girl he desires, riding his best friend Blair. She doesn't even have the decency to make him wear a condom! Atop the row of sinks is Carley, visibly drenched in sweat and cum. Blair must have fucked her too! He struggles to understand just what is going on, his mind racing and heart aching.

"Hey, Stefan! Like my slaves? This one was my first!" Blair exclaims, slapping Helena's ass.

"Ooh, Master!" She coos.

"Be polite, slave! Say hello to Stefan!" He casually commands.

"Hello, Stefan." She says, her eyes narrowed and her lips curled into a pleased grin.

Stefan looks down, his eyes wide as he looks at the sheer size of the phallus violating the vagina of the girl that he has pined for since last summer. Seeing the direction of his eyes, Helena rises too high, a planned move. The massive penis slips from her pussy and flops against the damp, brown fur of Blair's toned belly.

"You're not done until I cum in you too, again!" He growls at her.

“Sorry, Master.” Helena coos.

“Slaves... Fucking her for over a month and I still have to say that.” Blair smirks at Stefan.

Stefan tries to back from the room, his back hitting the door. His eyes welling up, as he spins around, struggling to flee the bathroom. Heartbroken and enraged, he tears open the door, races down the hall and leaves the school without permission.

“Serves you right, asshole...” Blair grumbles, looking to the door. “Thank you, slaves. You did a good job!”

“Thank you, Master!” They reply in unison.

“Now, make sure I cum before we leave. Fuck school.” He demands.

“Yes, Master!” Helena gleefully exclaims, picking up her pace and stroking his heavy balls.