

Sovereign's Secrets: The Beasts Of The Wild

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Sitting on a throne of rotting wood, Koralus looks upon his own two hands. Pulling them away from the chair beneath him, they're covered with blood. In the distance he can hear the flames of Hell crackling.

"Help me, Koralus!" Izvanya shrieks.

Turning to the sound of her voice, dainty human hands take hold of his upper arms. He stares at the headless corpse, blood spurting from the neck.

"No!" He shouts as he awakens from the nightmare.

With a little snuffle, the blonde-haired human rests his face in his palms, sobbing for his murdered love. Taking a breath, he calms down and begins to examine his surroundings. Looking up at the sky, he sees that the sun is near its zenith; he's slept through the night and well past morning. Glancing to his left, he sees the horse is still hitched to the tree that he's slept under. It bows its head to drink from the stream, which he'd stopped beside. How far from the kingdom did the steed carry him? Has anyone found him? Was he robbed during his slumber? In a mild panic, he looks down at his body, finding the satchel still slung over a shoulder.

He breathes a sigh of relief as he feels that the bag is still full. Unclasping the flap, he opens the satchel and extracts the contents. Taking a hardtack biscuit, made from wheat and animal fat, he eats the unpleasant cake for breakfast. His lips contort from the overly salted patty. He was always friendly to the servants and often joined in their chores, but is this what they've been forced to subsist on? He'd never thought to eat their food. Those poor peasants. Pulling item after item from the satchel, he discovers several flints and a steel, shaped like a miniature horseshoe. Fire is always useful.

The next item is a dry compass, a relatively new item brought to the kingdom by distant travelers from China and Egypt. The third item is a small utensil set and a little cookpot. He can't help but chuckle at the sight. Items such as these were hardly a concern in the castle, but out in the wilderness, these are luxuries. Indeed, he's lived a privileged life, made evident by the next item. Pulling out a small lump of metal, Koralus stares upon a signet ring. Bearing the symbol of his family's court, the ring is made of precious metal and presented to nobles. The quality and material of the ring denote importance.

Whoever packed this bag, most likely Stella, took into account that people shouldn't realize he is the heir to the throne. Instead of gold, the signet ring is made of silver; gold signet rings are, by law, reserved for the royal family and their immediate associates, such as the treasurer and the chief general of the army. With a silver ring, however, he will appear as a noble. Wherever the kingdom is respected, he will have access to their keeps, inns, and be given priority over all. Finally, inside of the satchel he finds a simple, hide coin purse, filled with a variety of silver and gold coins.

Counting the coins, it's enough for a peasant to start over but Koralus doesn't want to start over. He cannot forget the injustices he's suffered. The loss of not one but two loves, the first turned into a whore for his mother's own slave man. How many times was his beloved Stella violated by the stallion Voeldahn? Hundreds?

Thousands? He couldn't fight back then, but he could when Gisella tried it again. Izvanya, his second love, whom he would've gladly married, died for his crimes. Koralus had murdered Brakus, the slave man who'd spent the last fifteen years bedding his mother and past three years enjoying his first love.

Ordered by queen Gisella to rape Izvanya in front of him, he still doesn't regret stealing Gisella's dagger, murdering Brakus, and beating his mother nearly to death for her evil. He does, however, regret that Izvanya paid the price for him. How long will her beheaded corpse scream for help, something that he can't ever give? Dropping the coins back into the purse, he returns all items but the signet ring and small pot to his satchel, which he slips onto a finger. Letting the horse graze for a little while, he examines the sword he's been given.

A modest blade, the weapon is certainly more valuable than what a peasant could ever afford, though this would've been a first gift to a young squire whose trained beyond the use of a waster sword. Sheathing the blade and wearing the silver ring prominently, he finishes the salty hardtack before drinking water from the stream with the pot. As he guzzles the water which fills his belly, the hatred and thirst for revenge fills his heart. This isn't over, and it won't be until they all pay for what they've done. First, however, he has to find out where he is.

Looking over the compass, he soon realizes that he doesn't even know which way the capitol city is. With few choices left to him, he decides to follow the stream instead. Should he encounter a village, he might ask them where he is, and should he see the capitol city, he'll simply turn around. He can't return there until he's ready. Unhitching and mounting the horse, he walks it along the stream for some time. Listening to only the sound of the rushing water, the environment is surprisingly calming. Had he been able to visit these woods before his escape, he certainly would've enjoyed it more.

"Halt!" A voice exclaims.

"Hello? Who is that! Where are you?!" He calls into the forest.

"Up here!"

Tilting his head back, Koralus sees a Voeldahn man standing in the trees. His fur is a faded orange with brown beneath his chin and black on his hands. The fox-like man is fairly young, probably not much older than the seventeen-year-old Koralus. Holding a bow and arrow, with the bowstring drawn back, the Voeldahn narrows his eyes.

"What are you doing in my forest?!" He demands.

"I'm lost... Isn't this the king's forest?"

"... Oh..."

The archer moves the bowstring forward and slips the arrow into a quiver slung to his back. Draping the bow over his shoulders, he climbs down from the tree, dropping down on his specially tailored boots, which perfectly fit his pawlike, digitigrade feet. Just at a glance, this doesn't appear to be a barbaric Voeldahn, a feral, as they're often called in the kingdom. No, this man is as civilized as the Voeldahn living in the kingdom and serving in the army.

"Well, I suppose technically it is, though the king's guards don't come this far into the wilderness. Where were you coming from?" The archer asks.

"Er... Nowhere in particular. I fell asleep in the wilderness and somehow lost my bow and-"

"Out poaching too?" The archer smirks.

"Can you keep a secret?" Koralus asks, grinning back.

The fox Voeldahn's eyes scan the human slowly, sizing him up. Koralus does his best to appear non-threatening.

"We all have secrets. I'll certainly never tell!" The man replies.

"Good! I'm Ko-Krozin!" Koralus lies, nearly slipping and saying his real name.

"And I'm Euric. A pleasure to meet you sir!"

The pair shake hands.

"Well, I'm certain you frightened away the game for miles." Euric begins.

"Me? I wasn't the one yelling to strangers." Koralus cheerfully retorts.

"True. Regardless, would you like to accompany me to our camp?"

"Our?" Koralus raises a brow.

"Did you think a fine specimen of a man such as myself could cart back all of the game I can catch? Of course not, Krozin! My lovely band of poachers sit and wait for me."

Although hesitant, Euric's charming smile, cheerful tone and willingness to disarm make it easier to trust the stranger. After a short pause, he silently nods his head.

"Excellent! Come! It's not far!"

Taking the horse by the reins and walking the steed, he follows Euric through the forest. All the while, Euric makes little comments about himself and his friends, sharing anecdotes of their dealings with

the king's guards and amusing hunting stories. After some time and several miles, Euric leads him through dense brush where a little field awaits. In a campsite built near the stream, three more men sit around a fire. All are Voeldahn of various breeds. He's thankful that none are white stallions, like Brakus. A gray wolf, a brown cat and a black rabbit sit around the crackling flames, waving to the duo.

"Who's your friend?!" The black bunny asks.

"This is Krozin." Euric replies.

"I was expecting something a little more substantial!" The wolf laughs.

"Yes. Perhaps on four legs and with antlers." The cat adds.

"I take what I can get." Euric quips.

"Well, he's certainly better than nothing!" The bunny remarks, his eyes looking toward Koralus' belt buckle.

Joining the quartet for a meal, they carefully prod Koralus, whom they know only as Krozin. The prince, however, was schooled in diplomacy; it's among many of the courses that the nobles receive. He skillfully dodges every attempt, sprinkling half-truths in with lies to keep them from knowing who and what he really is. After a short dinner together, they learn only that he is a tradesman who's lost his way on a hunting trip.

"I'll be right back. Nature calls." The black rabbit says to the group.

"Don't get lost. I've already done my good deed for the day." Euric teases.

"I'll be back shortly." The bunny assures them.

Taking his leave, he disappears into a bush.

“So, Krozin... Do many tradesmen wear silver signet rings?” The wolf asks.

“Oh, this?” He looks at the ring. “Yes, I am a landowner.”

“And what is your trade?” The cat presses him.

“I’m a landowner.” He reiterates.

“That says enough.” Euric chuckles.

“Where you looking for the capitol city?” The wolf asks.

“No, but if you could tell me which direction it is, that’ll do a great deal in taking me back home.”

“Well, it’s-”

A hard thwack knocks Koralus unconscious. Muffled voices slowly become clearer as he gradually comes too.

“I knew it. The moment I laid eyes on him I just knew it.” Euric comments.

“Would you look at this blade? I could never afford a blade like this!” The cat exclaims.

“To have a ring like this he must have quite a bit of land.” The wolf remarks.

“Hey, look who’s waking up. I told you I didn’t hit him too hard!” The bunny scolds his cohorts.

Opening his eyes, Koralus blinks several times. The world spins slowly around him, though he sits still. He opens his mouth to speak, but can only choke out single syllables.

“Wha? Ha?”

“What happened? How?” Euric guesses.

"I saw your ring and Euric gave the signal, so after pretending to go into the woods to shit, I wacked you with my club. You didn't even hear me, did you?" The bunny giddily asks.

Koralus shakes his head.

"Hah! I didn't think so! See how sneaky I am?!" The rabbit boasts to his friends.

"Wha... What now?" Koralus asks.

"Now?" The wolf repeats, pocketing all of his coins. "Now we ransom you."

"Heh... Haha. AHAHAHAHA!" Koralus cackles.

The bandits encircle him, looking quite confused.

"I was fleeing my city for treason! No one will pay for me!" He taunts them.

The men look to each other in shock. Treason is a far worse crime than they've ever committed. Simply being near this man could see them hung. As three of the men begin to panic, Euric shushes them. It takes a moment before they pause long enough for him to speak.

"Don't worry, boys... We can still earn from this score." He assures them.

"Are you mad?!" The wolf retorts.

"I'm not dying for any amount of coins." The cat interjects.

“We aren’t dying... They won’t even find him. Why don’t we sell him? The ferals are always looking for new “elves”, the dumb bastards that they are.” Euric suggests.

Koralus’ heart sinks and the trio all flash sinister grins. Without a word, they each take an arm and a leg, hoisting the man up and lying him over the back of his unsaddled horse. They must’ve been planning on selling the beast as well. Trying to cry out for help, the black rabbit man strikes him again. This time, Koralus wakes up tied to stakes, his arms lashed to a single stake above his head and his feet lashed to a single stake between his ankles. Driven deeply into the earth, he’s unable to free himself. A leather muzzle, designed for a human’s relatively flat face, covers his mouth.

It’s clear to him that they’ve sold slaves before, as they are far too prepared for this situation. After a relatively sleepless night, he’s given meager food and water rations, alternating between lying over and sitting atop the horse as his captors lead him deep into the dark forests that are known to belong to feral tribes. The Voeldahn are not truly feral. They have language, clothing and trade, however primitive it might be. Some even have simple literature. However, they’ve staved off the teachings of the Church of Rome, and many still practice barbaric acts, such as child sacrifices.

Euric and his friends, who never share their true names with him, are utterly unapologetic. Euric himself, admits that he invented the name on the spot, and has sold several humans into slavery.

“You’re lucky you aren’t a woman.” He often teases. “If you were, we’d keep you for ourselves and sell you when we’re through.”

“Any longer and his manhood may not matter!” One often laughs.

After four days and three nights of travel, a dehydrated and underfed Koralus is led to a large, nomadic village in a wide-open

field. Now many miles from the capitol city, possibly hundreds, none of the terrain looks familiar to him, even from geographical maps that he'd seen. Pulling him down from the steed, Euric and the wolf drag him toward a specific yurt while the bunny and the cat make arrangements to sell the horse and even his boots and sword; they'd rather have the coin than the added weight.

Pushing through a flap on the yurt and entering without so much as a word, a large Voeldahn with the appearance of a panda bear stands before them. With gray hairs sprinkled over his chin, he turns and looks with surprise.

"Hello my friends! What names are you going by today?" The old bear asks.

"Today, I'm Euric, and he's simply 'the wolf'."

"The wolf... About as clever as he actually is." The old bear snickers.

"I kind of like it..." The wolf grumbles.

"We have a real prize for you this time, Pepin!" Euric exclaims. "A human noble. We found his silver signet ring to prove it." He says, presenting the ring as evidence.

"My, my..." Pepin says, examining the ring closely. "Silver, but of superb quality!"

Pocketing the artifact, he grabs Koralus' chin and opens his jaw, examining his teeth as though he were a horse. He looks deeply into his eyes and turns his head, outlining his ears with a sharp claw. He then abruptly grabs the collar of his tunic and tears the garment open with brute force, exposing Koralus' chest.

"Interesting... Certainly a fine specimen, and quite healthy! One last thing, to check." Pepin says.

“Here we go...” Euric sighs.

Dragging Koralus toward a large stump, it’s been split down the middle with a cut made horizontally about a third of the way up, forming a very primitive chair. Untying his hands, two extremely muscular guards grip each wrist. Pepin grabs Koralus’ belt and loosens it before shoving his breeches down to the ground.

“Well now!” Pepin exclaims.

“Wha? ... Really?!” Euric blinks.

“Hah! Puts you to shame!” The wolf teases.

Reaching down, Pepin grabs the human’s large, flaccid member, holding up the heavy organ. An embarrassed and flushing Koralus turns his head away.

“Oh yes, this is quite nice... Petrona, come in here!” Pepin yells.

A flap attached to another room of the yurt moves back and an ursine Voeldahn stands just inside. With a sturdy build, her thighs are thick and muscular while her hips are quite broad, however, she’s appropriately curved. Her hips sway and her ample breasts bounce as she steps into the room. Petrona’s long, straight, raven black hair reaches down to her tailbone. Her fur is entirely white, with the exception of two vertical bars over each jade green eye, her ears and her little poof of a tail. She wears a black leather top and leggings that match, the material giving off a faint glint.

“Do me a favor, daughter.” Pepin says to her. “Could you-”

“Of course!” Petrona chirps, interrupting him.

“This is business, not pleasure!” He scolds her.

“... It can be both.” She murmurs.

Stepping aside and releasing his member, Petrona’s eyes bulge at the sight of Koralus’ penis. Few men besides the larger breeds of Voeldahn have such endowment; certainly, none of the men in the room can match him. Even the muscular guards look intimidated by it. A lustful Petrona approaches Koralus, who’s pulled back against the log chair. With a minimal seat, it’s obvious that this chair is primarily a sexual device. A range of positions can be taken comfortably with it. The young, panda bear girl drops to her knees, placing her snout between his legs.

Her black nose brushes his meat, her pink tongue licking the flesh. The pale human gasps as she uses her tongue to lift the heavy penis and slip the head into her mouth. Stroking him with a hand and bobbing her head with the other, it’s impossible for him to resist. She pops the head from her mouth as he grows stiff, jerking his phallus with great skill.

“You fair-skinned humans always have meat that’s darker than the rest of you. Why is that?” She asks with an innocent giggle.

“Oh, I wish I was a slave right now.” The wolf remarks.

“Be silent! That’s my daughter you’re talking about...” Pepin snaps. “Come on, girl! Don’t dawdle!”

“Yes, father.”

Putting his organ back into her mouth, she bobs her head up and down, massaging his full balls and stroking his flesh. Pulling down the shoulder strap of her leather top, she allows it to fall, exposing her breasts. She scoots closer, her knees hugging the base of the log as she smooshes her easily D-cup breasts around his large cock. Her fur is so soft and her body so warm as she slides her breasts over his penis. With eight inches to work with, she easily tilts her head down,

her snout enveloping the human's penis while the rest is covered by her breasts.

An uncomfortable Euric lowers his hands over his groin, hiding his erection. The wolf, however, salivates at the sight. He doesn't even bother to mask his visible interest. Pepin watches his own daughter pleasuring the human with a bizarre coldness. This is truly a test of the product's potential for him. After a few minutes of enduring her breasts and mouth pleasuring him, Koralus groans and then grunts. Jet after jet shoot deeply into her mouth. Her cheeks swell like a chipmunk and she nearly coughs, using her hands to cup around her snout.

"Don't swallow!" Pepin urges her.

Once he's finished, Petrona grips his penis at the base, squeezing from top to bottom and pulling toward her. Milking every last drop from him, she then pulls away, covering her closed mouth with a hand. Without covering her breasts, she rushes over to her father and opens wide.

"Wow!" The wolf exclaims.

"Oh-ho! List this one as 'extra fertile' when you draft his sale card." Pepin instructs.

"Yes, sir." A guard says in a disturbingly deep voice.

"Okay, you can swallow now." Pepin adds.

After taking two gulps to handle what was in her mouth, Petrona gasps for air.

"That was surprisingly tasty!" She happily exclaims.

“Good!” Pepin grins. “He holds more value that way.”

Returning to Koralus, who is still held to the chair, Petrona reaches out and grabs his cock. Biting her bottom lip, she turns her eyes toward her father.

“You know, he’s going soft awfully fast. Maybe we should test how strong he is? I’d like to volunteer for-”

“That trick won’t work a second time, and I don’t have any Mandrake root to take care of it if you have another accident.” He interrupts.

“I’ll climb off as soon as he groans! I promise!” She begs.

“No.”

“But father!”

“Use the stick your mother carved for you. He’s going up for auction tomorrow morning.” He sternly replies.

“You’re no fun...” The panda girl whimpers.

“I’d love to-”

“Sorry.” Petrona cuts off the wolf. “I’m not interested.” She says, walking right past him as she pulls up her top and shoulder strap.

“Heh... Nice try.” Pepin smirks. “But I’ve never seen her desire anyone other than humans.”

“Damn humans...” Euric grumbles. “They can’t just have the land, they have to have our women too.”

“*Our* women? That’s *my* daughter. Speak for yourself.” Pepin retorts. “Here’s what he’s worth. Get out.”

At first insulted, Euric looks into the coin purse and his eyes nearly explode from his skull. With a grin as wide as the sky, he happily darts out of the yurt. The wolf quickly chases after him. Slowly turning toward Koralus, Pepin steps closer.

“Feed him, water him, change those clothes and have a girl wash him. Pick someone *other* than Petrona; she’ll drain him before you can even turn around to leave.” Pepin begins.

“Father!” Petrona angrily yells from the other room.

“After that, write the book. Two-thousand crescents. Healthy, well-endowed and extra fertile. He won’t last long.” Pepin grins.

“Yes, sir!” The guards nod.

Without even bothering to pull up his breeches, the muscular guards drag Koralus from the yurt and to a small wooden structure, pulling him as easily as if he were a stuffed doll. Entering the shack, it looks suspiciously like horse stables, except a third of the size. They shackle him inside of a stall, where he finds only a bucket and a bale of hale, pulled apart and spread around like bedding. Standing in the vaguely human-sized stable, Koralus slowly pulls up his breeches.

“Psst. Hey.” A voice whispers.

“Hm?” Koralus turns his head.

There, in the stall beside him, stands a tanned human. His features, full beard and complexion are immediate indicators of his ancestry.

“Where are you from?” The Arabic man asks.

“The kingdom. I was taken only a few days ride from here.”

“I’m sorry. I’m from Egypt. Cairo is much further. It must be hard to look around and see your home, yet be chained here.”

“It already looks so different...” Koralus murmurs.

“I’m Yusef.”

“... Krozin.” Koralus lies.

“Do not worry. He will guide us home. I am certain of it.”

Turning his eyes toward Yusef, the Egyptian, it's obvious who he's talking about. Reflecting on the circumstances that brought him there, however, Koralus wonders if he can even count on Him to facilitate his escape. For the first time in his life, he has doubts.

“Right...” Koralus murmurs.

“It is true, Krozin! ... Never stop believing. If you do, you'll die here.” Yusef warns.

Yusef backs away as a servant girl approaches, flanked by two guards. As instructed, the dainty mouse girl brings Koralus ample rations of bread, beans and water, checks the stall bucket to make sure it doesn't need to be emptied, and then, while the guards hold his arms against a wall, she sponges his body clean, leaving no part unwashed. Thoroughly humiliated and degraded, guards allow the girl to leave the stall before tossing simple clothes in with him, confiscating his old clothes, probably for resale. After dressing, eating his fill and using the bucket, Koralus lies down in the bed of hay to try and sleep.

“I love you, Koralus.” Izvanya's disembodied voice says to him.

“I love you, too.” He replies.

Groaning, he feels a soft, warm, moist object on his organ. Opening his eyes, he looks down to see Izvanya, as intact and beautiful as she ever was. Stripped of her clothes, the young human brunette strokes his large organ, licking his shaft and head. Her mouth envelopes his member and he groans from the pleasure she brings him. When did Izvanya learn such skills? He recalls Stella actively practiced with him, but as he and Izvanya were forced to keep their

relationship a secret, after what happened to Stella, he and Izvanya had little time to stay with each other. Her head bobs up and down as she fellates his penis, moving gradually faster and with more force.

Roused from his sleep, Koralus immediately groans from the pleasure as someone vigorously licks and sucks his member. He turns his head down, a small lantern housing a candle and revealing his clandestine lover. There, poised between his legs and on her hands and knees, Petrona bobs her head, slurping on his organ.

"Mmm-yeah." She coos, stopping to take a breath. "Tell me I can't have it. I'll have it, father. I'll have as much of him as I want." She speaks quietly to herself, jerking his penis with both hands.

"Wha? What're you doing?" Koralus asks.

"Oh, hello." Petrona grins, looking up at him with an innocent smile. "Try to be quiet. I don't want the guards to catch us and kill you."

Rising from all fours, she stands on her knees. He can see in the faint light that Petrona has already stripped her body of all clothing. The naked daughter of his master crawls toward him, lifting one of her strong legs and swinging it over his hips. She swings the other, her tender flesh brushing the underside of his saliva drenched phallus.

"Mmm..." She moans, biting her bottom lip and closing her eyes.

Bringing her arms up to her head, she runs her clawed fingers through her hair as she grinds her hot, pink nether lips against the underside of the human's girthy cock. The stimulation is too much for him to resist, though he doesn't actively advance. Lying back, he watches her magnificent form as she grinds her flesh harder against his own, her taut loins dripping with her lubricating juices. Suddenly, a hand reaches out and she takes hold of his forearm. With a rough pull,

she lifts his hand and places it over one of her large breasts, rubbing his hand over it as if he were kneading dough.

“That’s it, little elf. Show me how much you want it.” She coos.

Losing herself in her own sexual fantasy, she leans forward, pressing her chest against his and caressing his lips with her own. Opening his mouth to speak, she moves a centimeter forward, sealing their lips together. Her tongue explores Koralus’ mouth, wrapping around his own. A hand reaches back and takes hold of his penis, her hips rising. He grunts and winces as he feels her hot flesh searing the head of his hung organ. Petrona rubs the tip against her clitoris and nether lips several times before pushing back against him, stuffing the large cock into her taut pussy.

“MMMMM!” She moans into his mouth, wincing from the feeling.

Taking her lips from his, Koralus grunts and clenches his teeth. Petrona has the tightest vagina that he’s ever felt. How can she be smaller than Izvanya, or even Stella? The girl who could not fit all of his eight inches did not grip him so firmly, yet he knew she was always faithful. Petrona buries her mouth and nose against the base of his neck, moaning into his flesh. Her tongue licks him and she kisses his neck with considerable passion as she lowers herself down, spearing her vagina with his girthy manhood. Soon, to both of their surprise, her plump buttocks plops down atop his lap, his scrotum pressing into her ass; he’s completely sheathed within her.

“Hff! By the gods... I’ve taken it all.” She speaks softly.

“Nng! Why are you so tight?” He asks.

Petrona turns her head away, a strange look of embarrassment on her face. Turning her eyes toward him, her lips curl into a rather

innocent grin. Resting her hands on his cheeks, she kisses him deeply and with tongue, bouncing herself up and down on his member. Plop, plop, plop. She bucks and swivels her hips as she rides. Never before has he enjoyed such a wonderful pussy or a skilled lover. For a brief moment, he forgets all of his troubles and relishes in the pleasure of her body. Plop, plop, plop. Her hands glide all over his form, his flesh gleaming in the moonlight from the sweat coating his pale skin.

With her soft fur matting from their shared warmth and her exertion, she gasps and pants for breath. Scratching frantically at him, she tries not to leave marks that her father will notice. Realizing what she wants from him, Koralus complies and sits upright. Petrona pauses just long enough to shift her legs, wrapping them around her lover's waist and keeping her arms pulled tightly behind his neck. With his hands gripping her buttocks, he keeps her hips moving, her body bucking against him. Grunting and groaning as quietly as they can, Petrona buries her snout between his cheek and neck once again.

"Mmm... MMMM... MMMMMM!!!" She whimpers, her arms squeezing him tightly.

Her legs tremor and her body quakes. Her already taut vaginal canal, stretched to her limit to fit him, clamps down even harder and he feels a wave of heat and a strange sensation of fluids. Petrona cums, oozing white cream all over his shaft and scrotum. The pause gives him time to cool down, but not much. Falling limp, she tries to keep rocking her hips but gradually leans back. Pulling him with her, he quickly draws in his legs as Petrona falls gently onto her back. Now lying over her on his forearms and knees, Koralus can't explain his reasons for what he does next.

As if on impulse, he drives his penis into and out of her quivering pussy, pummeling the panda girl's flesh with all the strength he has. With each thrust, he cants his hips and pushes hard against her, as if he were trying to drive himself even deeper. His hands, resting

beneath and holding firmly to her buttocks, squeeze her tightly. Kiss after passionate, tongue-filled kiss keeps them from crying out. Taking her lips away from his, she gasps and pants for air.

“Ahh. Ahh. Mmm. Enjoying the show?” She quietly asks someone.

Koralus ignores her. He pumps harder and faster. Thwap, thwap, thwap. After several minutes, he can feel his peak drawing near. This does not deter him, nor does he think ahead. Consumed by animalistic desire, he reverts to base instinct; this has never happened to him before. His pleasure crests as Petrona's vagina clamps down on him once more. Squealing into his shoulder, she trembles and whimpers as she orgasms for a second time. Koralus can no longer hold out. The pale, blonde haired human buries his endowed manhood into her loins, his balls pressed firmly against her ass and tucked beneath her poof of a tail.

“Nng! Nngggghhh!” He grunts and groans.

Jet after jet floods the panda Voeldahn's little pussy, splashing beyond her cervix and filling her uterus. Feeling the copious volume of her lover only magnifies her pleasure, drawing out her second orgasm for longer than she's ever experienced before. She's heard women in the village comment about the pleasures of an exceptional man and the immediate bond that develops swiftly after a night such as this. She's discounted the stories, but as her brain is flooded with endorphins, she feels both literally and spiritually connected to this slave. As she lay on her back, her body filled with his seed, she regrets not being able to claim him for herself; she'll actually miss him when he's sold.

Nuzzling his face, she draws his attention. This is something Stella had done to him when he was a boy, when she wanted his affection. Looking toward the panda girl, Petrona waits for a kiss. Her

eyes are gentle and expectant, her smile innocent. Though his logical brain realizes the folly in this, he kisses her anyway. Finally releasing him, they both watch their genitalia as he pulls out of her used loins. A thick wad of cum streams from her body, which she quickly covers with a hand. Glancing over to his right as he pants, he realizes that Yusef has been watching through a gap in the boards.

With nothing to say to his fellow slave, he falls forward and lies beside Petrona. She strokes his chest with her claws, touching him softly and being careful not to leave marks. She leans in and kisses his cheek.

"I should go now. Please try to rest. You have a big day tomorrow." She says with a hint of sorrow in her voice.

"Wait."

"Yes?"

"Why did you come in here?" He asks.

"That's a silly question. Because I wanted to enjoy you while I still had the chance." She giggles.

"But I... You let me fill you." He remarks.

"Yes, and it was better than I could've dreamed."

"What happens if my seed takes? Won't your father be angry? Earlier, he said that you don't have any more Mandrake root."

"I have still some left, but I won't use it." She says.

Koralus raises a brow and cocks his head. He's quite confused.

"A man of your caliber... I'd anger the gods by defying my fate with Mandrake root. If they want me to conceive, then I will. You'll be long gone before he finds out anyway." Petrona explains. "Goodnight, Koralus. I'll miss this... I'll miss you."

Taking her leave, Koralus pulls up his trousers and lies back, swiftly falling asleep. This night, he isn't plagued by nightmares. He's suddenly startled by a guard kicking his shin and waking him up. Sitting up, he's pulled violently from the bed of hay, dragged through the village and taken into a yurt with a sign written in multiple languages. In the tongue that he understands it says "high quality merchandise". Brought to a little wooden platform, other men stand like statues, entirely nude.

Koralus is ordered by Pepin to strip naked and join the others. He obeys. Yusef arrives moments later. Also stripped of his clothing, he stands beside Koralus. The Egyptian human looks to him with disapproval.

"Alright. Let in the buyers." Pepin instructs his men.

No sooner than the flap is pulled back do several patrons enter the yurt. Standing at attention for their prospective buyers, the slaves watch as a man and his wife examine a tome. Both jackals, the slender woman's tail sways at the sight of Koralus, her eyes bulging as she looks down toward his groin. She steps toward him, cocking her head and looking him over.

"What about this one?" She sweetly asks.

"No..." The buyer says sternly to his wife.

"Aw..." She pouts.

"I need a multi-purpose slave, and I'd like you to notice me afterward." He smirks.

"As you wish." She coos, leaning up against him.

"I assume you're Yusef?"

"I am." Yusef replies.

“Do you speak conventional Arabic, or are you Moroccan?” The buyer asks.

“‘Ana last maghrabiaan.” Yusef replies.

“Sold!”

“Mmm... A good choice, and such a wonderful skin tone.” The merchant’s wife coos, eying the nude Yusef.

“Excellent!” Pepin chirps. “Taking him on your travels, Farhad?”

“Indeed. I’ve discovered that a flatter face, one without fur, allows for better trade negotiations in many locales.”

“This is true.” Pepin nods.

“He’ll accompany us to Beirut, Tehran, Cairo... How I loved Cairo.” Farhad continues.

Yusef’s eyes light up at Farhad’s words.

“Mmm, I loved Cairo too.”

“Oh, I know, but no more bath houses for you!” Farhad scolds his wife. “We’re sharing this one, understood?”

“Yes, husband.”

Yusef’s expression swiftly changes. He glances back at the others as coins change hands and a collar is fastened around his neck, still naked as he’s led from the yurt like a horse. Several other buyers enter, most of them male. They examine some of the more muscular humans very carefully. Are they planning on using them in gladiatorial combat or do they have other plans for them? Suddenly, a female pushes her way between two men. They see her and immediately shy away. It’s clear by their nervous behavior that she’s someone of great importance.

Standing barely five feet and one inch tall, she's a small but voluptuous feline Voeldahn, with the beauty of an angel. Her facial features are soft and alluring, her icy blue eyes staring deeply into his. The woman's fur is a dark, smoky gray on all parts except for her snout, neck, chest and running down to her groin. Her primitive top bears her midriff, showing off her flat stomach. Two perfectly formed and perky breasts, at least a D-cup, jut out so obviously. Broad hips are perfect for child bearing. Her tail sways gracefully behind her and she reaches up to push back her long, wavy, and dyed red hair.

As expensive as hair dye is, she's obviously quite wealthy. Looking Koralus over, she grins from cheek to cheek, her pointy upper canines protruding like fangs as she takes in his form.

"See something you like, princess Basina?" Pepin teases.

"Oh, I certainly do." She coos with a surprisingly soft and gentle voice.

Reaching out a hand, she takes hold of Koralus' member, gently squeezing and stroking it.

"How much bigger does this get?" She asks, her gaze never leaving his manhood.

"You'll see moderate growth. He's certainly substantial." Pepin replies.

"I'll say." She murmurs.

Dropping to her knees, princess Basina sniffs and then licks his penis in front of everyone.

"Mmm... It smells like some lucky woman has already sampled this one." She coos, gazing up at him. "Or did you neglect to wash him?" She asks Pepin.

Pepin's brow furls in confusion. Quickly realizing what must've happened, he rolls his eyes and sighs. He mutters something too quietly for any to understand, though Koralus is certain he hears Petrona's name being uttered.

"I assure you, as fertile as he is, he can handle another go. He could pleasure you right now if you so desired." Pepin lauds his slave.

"I have no doubt." Princess Basina replies.

Opening wide, she envelops his flaccid member as the other slaves and guards watch. She's wholly unconcerned with the viewers. The sight of the beautiful creature and the sensation of her warm mouth and attentive tongue awaken Koralus. He can't resist, no matter how angry or depressed he is; physical stimulation overpowers his senses and soon his manhood swells. "Mmm!" She moans into his penis, her head bobbing and hair swaying. "Ahh." She gasps, taking her mouth from the human's stiffening member. Taking up a coin purse that's laden with gold, she opens the bag.

"Two-thousand crescents? Worth it!" She exclaims.

"Then he's worth two-thousand and one hundred." Another woman's voice remarks.

"Indeed, he is!" Pepin chirps.

Glancing back and over her shoulder, the feline princess's eyes bulge in shock. Standing in the doorway of the yurt is a mare Voeldahn. About a foot taller than Basina, she's covered in a soft, short coat of fur, the same color as desert sand. With blonde hair and a matching tail, similar to the hair on Koralus' head, she gazes at him

with ruby eyes. Not bloodshot, her irises are truly red in color; a rare mutation that few have ever seen before. Equally expensive dye, the color of graphite, coats the fur of her body in a symmetrical, tribal pattern. With a slender waist, broad hips and ample breasts, possibly an F-cup, she's just as beautiful as Basina.

"Damn you, Claricia... Wait!" Basina exclaims, standing to her feet. "Isn't that the price?" She points at the ledger a few feet away. "Blonde elf noble: well-endowed and extra fertile."

"Er... That's more of a guideline." Pepin replies.

"Fine! Two-thousand and two hundred!" Basina insists.

"Twenty-three hundred." Claricia coolly replies.

"Twenty-four fifty!"

"Twenty... Five..." Caliria grins.

"... Grrr! Damn you, Claricia!"

"Sold!" Pepin giddily exclaims.

"I won't forget this!" Basina roars, storming angrily past the mare and out of the tent.

"Good-bye!" Claricia chirps.

Handing her entire coin purse to Pepin, Claricia looms over the human, almost a head taller than him. A guard hands the woman a leash while another affixes a collar to his neck. With a sinister grin, she hooks the leash into place and gives it a tug, summoning him as if he were her pet dog. Walking past Basina, Koralus recognizes a male she's speaking too. He matches the descriptions of a barbarian chieftain that the kingdom's armies have fought recently. Is she his sister? They don't act married, nor is he old enough to be her father.

"Pay no attention to them, er... What's your name? It wasn't listed."

“Koralus.” He murmurs, his spirit broken.

“Pay no attention to them, Koralus. You’re mine now. You belong to the queen of the Black-Mane.”

Reaching the edge of the camp, a detachment of guards awaits them. The guards dress him in simple clothes consisting of only loose fitting trousers held on by a rope belt and a leather vest with no buttons or pockets. Placed atop of a horse and riding near queen Claricia, who rides in a chariot, he’s under constant and heavy guard as they move all day and through part of the night to the Black-Mane’s village. Upon arriving, Claricia vanishes into what he can assume is her home.

“Well?!” She calls out demandingly from inside.

A guard pushes the shaft of a spear into his back, forcing Koralus to step forward. Walking inside, guards watch her bedroom door. They promptly seal him in with their queen as soon as he enters.

“Please, eat.” She says, waving her hand over a silver platter of food. “You’ll need your strength.” She grins.

Koralus sits beside her on her bed, the platter resting on a small table beside the mattress. He eats in silence, moving slowly and without any enthusiasm.

“So, you were a noble?” She asks.

“Yes.”

“Were you captured, or sold to pay a debt?”

“I was captured, after fleeing execution.” He answers, hoping to unnerve her.

"Oh?" She giggles. "And what was your crime? Failing to kiss all of the king's toes?"

"Being a noble who doesn't fuck every maiden in the village."

"Truly?" The mare queen raises a brow in genuine surprise.

"I only had two lovers, and I cared deeply for both of them; neither were noble. One was taken from me by family many years ago, while the other was recently killed." Koralus explains.

"I see... You poor, emotional fool. That was their downfall as well." Claricia says, motioning with her head toward the closed door.

"What do you mean?"

"You're a noble. You were taught of the great 'feral' tribes, were you not?"

"Yes." He nods.

"Then you know. Tell me, *slave*... What are the Black-Mane known for?" Claricia asks.

"Your tribe is one of the few ruled by women. Your women elect your queens, who rule for fifteen years and may hold the throne for two terms." Koralus answers, reciting his textbook knowledge.

"Very good! They taught you well. Do you also know how that came to be?" She smirks.

"No."

"One day, many, many years ago, a wise woman was cross with her husband. She wished for him to complete his work around the home, but he wouldn't oblige. One day, she denied him sex until he would listen. He swiftly obeyed. The women soon realized that this was a power in and of itself; we all began demanding more of our men in exchange for our bodies and children. Within a generation, we ruled the tribe and had abolished their voting rights." She laughs.

"I'm amazed that they didn't simply rape you and continue as they had."

"Many of us wondered if they would eventually do that. However, they didn't and so here we are..."

"That isn't like my story at all." He remarks.

"Isn't it?"

"I believe you are confusing sexual desire for love."

"They're one in the same." Claricia snickers.

"No, they aren't. I loved her. I'd have died for her. Sex had nothing to do with it."

"You only tell yourself that. Love only exists in the hereafter, when bodies no longer matter. This physical world is our gift from the gods, to enjoy our lives and the pleasures it brings." She coos, leaning closer. "And now you're my slave... A powerful, endowed, elven slave, and soon I will enjoy you."

He stops mid-bite, looking at her lustful gaze as she leans only centimeters away from his face. Swallowing the food, he takes a breath and clears his throat.

"Elves are not real; I'm a human." Koralus remarks.

"I know that, but many of my people don't. They think elven blood runs through your veins. Think of what they'd believe my offspring capable of if they shared your blood? Perhaps they'd elect one of my future daughters on merit to rule after me?"

His head suddenly begins to spin. He realizes that the mare queen hasn't partook of any food or drink. With vertigo overcoming him, he sets down the tainted fruit and grabs his forehead, closing his eyes tightly.

"And I'm certainly going to enjoy the process of making all of them with you." She continues.

"What... What did you do to me?" He asks, his breathing growing heavy.

“I wasn’t sure how you’d react. I gave you something to ease along your transition.” She coos.

Reaching out a hand, she pushes him back. He topples over like poorly stacked fireplace logs. Rising from the bed, she hums a pleasant tune as she moves the table over. Claricia rests her large hands on his chest, pushing his vest completely open and off of his shoulders before running her fingers along his smooth, pale flesh.

“Your skin will contrast wonderfully with my body.” She casually remarks.

Her fingers untie his rope belt, pulling it away and tossing it to the floor before pulling down his trousers.

“Mmm, and that will feel wonderful inside of my body...” She coos.