

Sovereign's Secrets: The Mare Queen's Trials

By Mantrid Brizon

(03/27/2019)

"Nngf-yeah! Mmm-fuck! Nngf. Nngf. So, hff, good!" Claricia exclaims.

With her palms against his collar bone, her fingers curled around the tops of his shoulders, the mare queen holds down her slave as she bucks her hips. Thwap, thwap, thwap. Her firm buttocks bounces atop his pelvis. With his head spinning, the drugs take full effect. Though it's difficult for him to move, he can certainly feel every subtle sensation. From the firm strokes as she fondled his organ, the way her tongue swirled around the head, her broad muzzle and lips when she buried them into his scrotum, and her mouth enveloping him; he couldn't help but groan and writhe from the pleasure she gave him.

No sooner than he was firm and ready, the taller, stronger mare Voeldahn rose to her hooves, her feet clapping on the wooden beams of her home as she positioned herself. Swiftly disrobing, she spun around, resting her hands on his legs as they dangled over the side of her bed. With great fervor, she rubbed her genitalia against the underside of his endowed penis, smearing her lubricating juices all over his throbbing organ. Taking a hand, she lifted his member and pushed it in. He could not believe how hot her insides were. While Petrona was certainly the most pleasurable lover in terms of tightness and softness, Claricia's loins are even hotter.

A subtle burning sensation made him shiver as she sat upon his lap, burying his eight-inch penis deep within her. The mare queen gasped and cooed, turning her head and gazing back at her defenseless slave as she enjoyed his body. With a lustful gleam in her eye, she swirled her hips. Moving in circles with his penis sheathed to the hilt, inside of his new mistress, Koralus could feel every subtle ridge of her vaginal canal, and every beat of his heart caused his member to throb inside of her. She quickly began to move herself, up and down, over and over. The mare's large hand cupped his balls, massaging them quite tenderly.

It was clear to him what she wanted; she'd said as much before she began. For some reason, as wonderful as she felt, he did not reach his peak very quickly. Was this a side effect of the potion she'd given him? His pleasure was slow to simmer, whereas Claricia's boiled over within minutes. Bouncing harder and faster, her back facing him as she stood between his spread legs, he witnessed a glorious sight. Claricia sat down atop his organ, a clear stream of liquid spurting from her taut nether lips. Her head flew back as she cried out to the gods. Trembling, the mare came hard, squirting all over her human slave's large, throbbing cock.

"Ahh! Nnf! Mmm... Well! Hff... You certainly are something special!" Claricia extolled. "Hff. You've lasted longer, hff, than I thought you would. Hff... Was that the potion or are you more of a stud than the stallions among my tribe?" She giggled.

Koralus didn't reply. He couldn't think of an answer. To answer her at all would be acknowledging his complicity in the carnal act. He's a slave; this isn't his choice. Already since his escape he's been mistreated and neglected, humiliated, sold twice, and molested by three different women, all of whom appear to see him as nothing more than a personal possession. After sharing a brief stare, Claricia's lips curled up around her snout.

"Mmm... No matter, my silent partner. Whatever gives you the strength to resist, it won't last forever... I look forward to breaking you." She said, slowly swiveling her hips atop his lap.

He groaned from the pleasure of her motions, unable to withstand her talented flesh. Slowly rising from his lap, she groaned and his eyes grew wide at the impressive sight. His girthy organ visibly stretches the mare's loins, and his length, though not nearly the longest, seems to go on for days. Popping out of her body, his member fell back, slapping against his belly. A chuckling Claricia turned around, took hold of his legs, and repositioned him atop the bed. With a hungry look on her face, she climbed up and over him, resting her legs over and alongside his as she straddled his groin.

"I *will* have your seed, my wonderfully endowed human." She cooed, stroking his face before giving him a passionate kiss upon his lips. "I do so enjoy your resistance. Please, hold out for as long as you can."

Reinserting his penis into her body, she sat atop his lap. Now facing him she appeared to be even more pleased by this position, and he certainly felt a subtle tension in her loins that wasn't present before. Alternating between sitting up on his lap and leaning or lying over him, she drove Koralus' big cock deep into her hungry pussy. Within minutes, she rode herself to another orgasm, squirting all over him for a second time. Shortly thereafter, he began to feel a stirring.

"Nngf-yeah! Mmm-fuck! Nngf. Nngf. So, hff, good!" Claricia exclaims.

With her palms against his collar bone, her fingers curled around the tops of his shoulders, the mare queen holds down her slave as she bucks her hips. Claricia rides her slave as hard as she can, slamming

herself down atop his member and jamming his full balls into her firm buttocks.

“Ahh! Ahh! Mmm! Ahh! Please! Nng! Fill me up!” She begs.

Koralus' hands rest on her hips, his arms now acting without thought. He can feel himself pulling against her, trying to guide her in the manner that pleases him. Claricia obeys, working her human slave for both of their sakes. As her loins grow hotter and tighter, her third climax just over the horizon, the exiled prince can feel the same. Plop, plop, plop. She bounces atop him with considerable vigor.

“Ahh! Fill me, Koralus! Nng-ahh! Give me your seed!”

“I'm, nng, going to, nnnNNGGGRRRAAAHHHH!” He roars.

Wincing as if in pain, Koralus orgasms. Copious waves of his thick, fertile cum are violently expelled from his heavy balls. Washing the mare's insides, it paints her cervix and sticks to the walls of her uterus as she sits atop her smaller, human lover. With ruby eyes wide, her blonde hair sways as she throws her head back and screams in pleasure. Her hands rest upon his sweaty chest as she too orgasms, spurred by the sensation of his semen flooding into her body. Her legs tremble and her back arches, her muscles spasming as Claricia enjoys one of the most potent climaxes of her young life.

With their pleasure crested, they slowly relax. Koralus' muscles grow soft and fall limp. Claricia leans forward. Resting on her hands at first, she soon holds herself up by her forearms. Nuzzling and kissing his face quite passionately, she eventually pulls her arms underneath his body, holding him like a large doll. Never does she remove his penis from her loins, leaving the throbbing organ buried deep within her aching pussy. Her breathing is labored as she snuggles with him in a manner similar to Petrona, after her nightly visit to his filthy little stable. She acts as though she truly cares for him.

"Mmm... Never has a man brought me so much pleasure. You're worth every crescent." She coos, nuzzling his face.

"Thank you." He murmurs, unsure of what else to say.

"You speak!" She chirps.

Turning his head to look at her, his eyes scan her face but he says nothing. With a wide grin, Claricia does the same, examining her slave's features. Suddenly, she leans in and kisses him upon his lips, holding the kiss for some time. She seems to enjoy his company. Her body is still firmly planted atop his, her large breasts smooshed against his chest and his penis still stuffed within her loins. Ending the kiss, Koralus is quite surprised. She acts more like Stella or Izvanya did when he would spend his nights with them. Recalling Petrona, she too seemed to succumb to him; she couldn't have loved him, as briefly as they'd known each other, but yet she acted as though she did.

Resting her head beside him, Claricia pushes back against his still firm member, ensuring a tight seal. He leans slightly forward, looking down at her shapely and attractive buttocks as she does this, noting the graceful sway of her blonde tail before relaxing and turning his eyes toward her. She quickly notices.

"Making sure I don't lose any." She giggles. "That would serve nothing."

"I see." He murmurs.

"Tell me, slave... Do you believe in fate?" She asks with a relieved sigh.

"I thought I did, but I'm not sure anymore." He answers.

"I do." Claricia strokes his cheek with her fingers. "I'm only nineteen-years-old; I was elected queen at seventeen. I often dreamt of power and glory as a little girl, and now I have it. As I grew into my womanhood, I dreamt of a strong and potent lover who would give me

great pleasure and superior children. I explored my options with several of the men in my tribe, but they were surprisingly unappealing. I wasn't planning on buying you, slave. I walked into the yurt as I passed by after finishing other business, and only when I heard Basina's voice from inside, but when I saw you standing there... Well... I just had to have you for myself. Seeing your hair, your eyes, your skin, and everything else... I felt that it was destined."

He turns his head, looking at her with surprise. Claricia smiles even wider, cutely swaying her hips and nuzzling his face.

"Also, I couldn't help but steal you from Basina. After her little joke upon my last visit to her tribe, I thought she could use a comeuppance. Amusingly, I had exactly enough crescents in my purse to outbid her, and now I have you. For the first time that I can recall, I want for nothing."

Kissing his cheek, Claricia slowly lifts herself from Koralus' lap, pulling herself off of his slowly softening penis. Being careful not to spill the contents of her loins, she flops onto her right side as she removes his organ from her body, lying beside him and holding her legs closed. A little stream of cum seeps from her nether lips, trickling past her clitoris and around her thigh, streaking barely an inch over her sand colored fur. With a perverse glee, she takes a finger and smears his semen into her fur. Wrapping her arms around him and draping one leg over his, she holds him like a stuffed doll, closing her eyes and nuzzling him.

"I'm so glad I have such a wonderful man-slave." She sighs with relief. "I think I'll make you a stud."

His eyes grow wide. Glancing toward Claricia, he lay there in silence, watching her as she swiftly falls asleep. Though he tries to stay awake, his body and mind are exhausted, as much from their

encounter as from whatever she'd used on his food. He cannot withstand for long and soon passes out, sleeping beside his new mistress throughout the night. For some reason, the nightmares that plague his mind are not as horrific as before. In his dream state, he can feel the warm embrace of the mare Voeldahn who owns him. Slowly opening his eyes, he can see the morning rays pouring in through several thin windows, placed high and near the ceiling.

Quickly sitting upright, the nude Claricia looks over the both of them, her eyes wide in surprise. She'd never intended to allow her new slave to spend the night, and it's evident by the look on her face. Sitting up beside her, Koralus rests a hand upon her back. For a split second, her tail sways.

"Do not become too comfortable, *slave*..."

"I understand." He murmurs.

"It's not that I didn't enjoy you; you're the most pleasurable man I've ever had!" She exclaims.

Turning her torso to face him as she sits upon her bed, she has a worried look on her face, as if she's afraid that she's just hurt his feelings.

"I-it's just that... I cannot fully trust you, given the circumstances."

"You don't have to explain." He remarks.

"Had you not thoroughly worn me out, and had I not given you the potion, I'd wouldn't have allowed you to sleep beside me like that." She continues.

Her head tilts downward, her eyes staring straight ahead. Is she staring at his limp phallus, the red sheets of the bed they're lying on,

or is she lost in thought? Turning her ruby eyes toward her slave, a faint smile spreads across her muzzle. The mare queen reaches out a large hand, stroking his cheek. Though she'd just warned him not to become comfortable, she leans in and kisses his lips with surprising tenderness, caressing him gently as she does so.

"We should get up. We have quite the day ahead of us!" She chirps.

Taking hold of the leash that still dangles from his collar, Claricia's hooves clop as she stands proudly. With an athletic body that is perfectly proportioned for her size, the mare Voeldahn is a beautiful sight to behold. Her ample, F-cup breasts are visibly large, but for her frame they appear appropriate. The human slave's eyes scan her body against his will and his better judgement. Scrolling down her body, he drinks in the sight of her womanhood, her feminine genitalia as perfect as a Roman sculpture. His focus shifts to her right thigh, near her groin. A faint white stain remains; it's the remnants of his cum that had seeped out from her loins after he'd finished.

A perverse sense of pride briefly washes over him. He quickly shakes the thought from his mind. What's happening to him? He would never have so casually examined a woman before. He'd only ever looked with longing to the few women he's given his heart too. Furthermore, had he been free and Izvanya still alive, he's certain he would've have fought off the advancements of Petrona, the slave trader's daughter. Instead, he not only allowed her to enjoy his body, but helped her along and ensured his own climax. His heart sinks as he compares himself to his own family. Is he not better than they?

With a little tug on the eight-foot-long leather strap, Claricia gains his attention. His eyes shoot up toward her. A smug grin is plastered across the mare queen's face. She's clearly noticed his gaze, and though she doesn't need the approval of her private property, the fact that he shows interest still boosts her self-esteem,

magnifying her own ego. Scooting toward the edge and rising from the bed, he glances down to see where he should place his feet. In doing so, he can't help but notice the crusty substance coating his genitals and a portion of his pelvic region.

“Oh my! Look at the mess I've made!” Claricia cheerfully exclaims. “Someone needs a bath.”

With another tug, she leads him toward the sealed bedroom door. Opening the door, she walks past two guards, who look somewhat surprised as the naked mare queen leads the equally nude human from her room. Greeting their queen, she acknowledges them with a silent wave. Retracing their steps from the previous night, his eyes grow wide and he feels himself becoming nervous as she approaches the front door. It was dark when they arrived, and most of the village was quiet at the time. This is excluding the fact that her wooden manor also appeared to be on the edge of the village.

With the loop of his leash around one of her wrists, she grabs hold of the door handles with both hands, flips a thumb latch and pulls them open. Sunlight washes in and his eyes struggle to adjust. He turns his head away for a moment. A tugging on his leash causes him to stumble forward and out onto the grass before her front door. Claricia takes a deep breath, groaning as she stretches her muscles. Many voices, most of them female, murmur and gossip. Claricia sighs with relief. His eyes now adjusted to the light, he slowly lifts his eyelids and takes in his surroundings.

To his shock and embarrassment, many wickiup type structures line a road that he hadn't seen in the darkness; her manor is actually in the heart of the village. Constructed of dome-shaped sticks, the houses are all roughly seven to eight feet tall and approximately thirty feet in diameter. They're insulated with moss, leaves or even animal hides, depending on the wealth of the villager. He doesn't bother to count the smoke rising from the central fire pits hidden

within each home; there's easily over one hundred. Claricia's home is the only wood-board structure in the village that he can see, making it the tribe's equivalent to a castle.

Wandering through the village are hundreds of Black-Mane tribesmen and women. All horse Voeldahn, they wear primitive but thoroughly concealing clothes. The sheaths and testicles of the males are not remotely visible through their hide trousers, which are quite baggy. Vests cover their muscular chests. Females wear hide dresses that reach from their busts to their buttocks and partially cover their thighs, like a short-cut skirt. Their clothes are far more revealing, showing off their voluptuous figures. However, it's readily apparent to Koralus that they do not often walk about without garments covering them as they are doing.

With another tug, the undressed mare queen leads her slave through the village for all to see. Some of the males look to him with visible jealousy and even disdain. He's certain that they have more to offer the mare queen, in more ways than one, yet the beautiful creature has chosen to consort with her slave. Most of the females have vastly different expressions. Many cheer, while some applaud their queen; not a single female averts her eyes from Koralus' organ. They bear witness to the crusty remnants of Claricia's pleasure on his genitals and the familiar white stain on her sand colored fur, which is very near her feminine mound.

Passing by hundreds of teenage and adult females, they congratulate their queen. They tell her how lucky she is to have found an "elf" for her very own, and extoll him for how handsome and well-endowed he is for his kind. Many ask if she plans to breed with her new slave. Claricia does not hide her intentions, instead announcing them to all who will listen. They're all visibly elated at the thought of their queen bearing his young, while many are more interested in the prospect of carrying his children themselves; the mares of the tribe would love to breed with him.

They're fascinated and aroused by the sheer prospect of interracial mating, and jovially urge her to have as many children as she can, while she is still young and healthy. Most females remind her that if given the chance to walk in her hooves, they'd do the same. Indeed, as Claricia had said, they thoroughly believe that Koralus is an elf and that the children she produces through him will be somehow superior. Koralus, however, knows that this will not be the case. All that will come of her carnal relations with him are horse Voeldahn children who are no better or worse than those who already live in her village.

Continuing on their journey, the nude mare queen parades her conquest through the streets while heading for a large, partially sunken structure. The dug-out structure is, in fact, a public bathhouse, containing a large pool of cool, clear water. Opening the slanted door, she leads him down the steps where scores of females wash themselves. Their fur is damp and he can smell their feminine musk filling the bathhouse; it's disturbingly appealing to him. Entering the water, the women encircle them, fascinated by the human male. It becomes clear that this is a female-only bathhouse; Koralus is simply allowed inside because their queen wants him there.

After some thorough pleading by the village women, Claricia allows them to wash her and her slave's body. Sitting beside Claricia on a submerged bench while the pair are scrubbed down by dozens of strange women's hands, he recalls his studies. He'd heard stories from battles, many of which his mentor, Azemar, had experienced first-hand. The feral Voeldahn, the barbarians of the wilderness whom he now resides beside, often believe the humans to be of elven origin. Whenever the king's army suffered a defeat, many surviving men would go missing, their bodies not found on the battlefield.

These men would often be discovered months or even years later, having been used to sire children with multitudes of feral women, desiring their exotic seed. Often times, they were kept alive only for their seed and were in severely poor condition. Racial

tensions between the ferals and the civilized world would routinely manifest in terrible abuse, often committed by the male Voeldahn. Koralus counts his blessings that this will not be his fate. After washing the mare queen and her slave, the women eagerly fetch clothing for them.

Claricia, however, insists that Koralus remain naked. Parading him yet again through the streets, she leads him by the leash to a unique structure. Built as a half-dome, the unfinished building is some sort of workshop. An older female emerges, wearing a form-fitting dress made of tanned leather and covered in tribal art that's been dyed into her fur, much like the queen. With several assistants who are equally decorated, and a building full of tools and jars, he realizes that this is most likely their sole job.

"He belongs to the Black-Mane now. Make him look like he does." Claricia instructs.

Pulling him inside, Claricia sits just beyond the entrance and watches as they dye his blonde hair and eyebrows a bluish-black. Once they're done, he's rolled over and held down. The older mare Voeldahn kneels between his legs, casually moving his heavy organ as she dyes his pubic hairs to match. Lying back, unable to move his arms, his eyes shift between the young women who assist their master. Suddenly, he shivers when a warm, wet object glides along the underside of his shaft before lips envelope the head of his organ, briefly tasting his flesh.

"Hey, I saw that!" Claricia barks.

"Apologies, my queen. I couldn't resist." The mature mare chuckles. "He's delicious. You're very lucky."

"I know... Are you still fertile, Fastrada?"

"I am." The artist replies.

"Then perhaps you'll be lucky too." Claricia replies.

"Oh, I hope so." Fastrada coos, examining Koralus' penis.

Once his hair has been dyed, Fastrada retrieves several devices, and for the next few hours, calmly tattoos Koralus' chest. He doesn't bother fighting them. It's become clear from his brief tour of her village that he has no hope of escape; there are far too many, and an athletic female mare can best his strength. So calm is the human that after a time, the women who hold him down release his arms and stand aside, content to watch. Claricia seems quite pleased as Koralus concedes to the fact that he has no options left to him besides acceptance.

Tapping against the sharp, claw-like tool with a tiny hammer, the artist draws a unique diagram, one over each pectoral muscle. Shaped like an inverted chevron, possibly symbolizing a budding flower, a detailed outline of a horse's head is drawn sprouting from it, the neck forming a curving point that touches the bend in the chevron. As he lay there, his stomach growls loudly.

"I'm sorry, slave. We should've eaten before we came out. I was just too excited to have this done." Claricia apologizes.

"I'll be swift, my queen." Fastrada remarks.

"Don't go too fast. Aren't these permanent?" He asks.

"They are." Fastrada answers.

"You're one of us now." One of her assistants comments.

"I've never seen a slave wear our symbol before." Another adds.

Glancing toward Claricia, it's clear from her rather embarrassed expression that this must be true. Fastrada draws the faces pointing towards the center of his chest, remarking that they'll look upon his heart to remind him of where it now belongs. She then adds highly

exaggerated manes, with waves like a flowing river. After another hour of work, she's finished. Wiping the blood from his chest, Claricia takes hold of his leash and parades him through the village for the third time, returning him directly to her home. There, she feeds him a relatively simple meal before gifting him a room.

Removing his leash and collar, she chains him to a central loop affixed to the far wall. Guards stand by to make sure that he doesn't attempt to harm their queen or escape. With enough chain to almost reach the door, he's finally able to move about with some degree of freedom. However, the room itself is sparse and houses no tools that might aid in an escape, not like he'd get far if he could remove the wrought iron collar. Now, with his hair dyed in an unnatural color and his chest bearing the marks of the Black-Mane, his hope for freedom is completely destroyed.

Sitting atop his bed, which is far less comfortable than Claricia's, he fondles the chain that's attached to his new, iron collar. The mare queen takes a seat beside him, looking over the visibly melancholy human.

"There are clothes for you in that nightstand." She says.

"Alright..." He murmurs.

"I will make certain that you are not mistreated in any way." She adds, draping an arm casually over his shoulders.

He softly and subtly nods his head, staring down at the floor beneath his feet. Leaning closer, she kisses his cheek and gently nuzzles his face.

"I'll send for you." She whispers into his ear.

Taking her leave, the guards lock the door behind them, leaving him alone in the twelve-foot box of a room. He waits and waits, alternating between resting atop the bed and pacing about the room. After some time, the door unlocks and a male guard enters, setting a simple meal on the table beside a clay pitcher and goblet, both full of water, as well as a bucket for his bodily waste.

“Here.” The guard grumbles, glaring at him. “And try not to make so much noise with those chains...”

Once again sealed within his prison, Koralus eats his lunch and waits for hours on end. A window built near the corner, where the ceiling meets the wall, is far too small for anyone but an infant to slip through. However, it reveals the passage of time. He soon finds himself watching the sky morphing with the approaching sunset. The door unlocks and he stands to his feet, the heavy chains rattling as Claricia enters with several guards.

“Hello again, slave. Ready?!” She cheerfully asks.

“... For?”

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes’, because I’m not accepting a ‘no’...” She sternly replies.

The guards unlock his iron collar before rather roughly buckling his leather collar to his neck, using a special lock that prevents him from simply unbuckling it. Attaching the leash, a stallion holds the leather strap out to his queen, who gleefully yanks Koralus toward her. Leading him out of her home, the guards don’t bother to follow her as she walks through the crowded village pathways that serve as streets. Many females take notice as they walk, cheering on her queen and the exotic man. After quite a walk within the sprawling village, Koralus sees another structure made of logs; it’s a stable.

His heart swiftly sinks, only for him to remember the bedchamber, iron collar and chain. Why are they heading for a stable? Walking into the stable, which only conceals roughly five feet from the ground – the rest of the space from the walls to the ceiling is open air – Koralus is promptly led to a stall. Opening the stall door and pushing him inside, his eyes bulge at a fretful sight. A mare Voeldahn, much like Claricia herself, lay on her side atop a bed of hay, imprisoned in the stable like a lesser animal. Seeing the human held by a leash, she looks toward Claricia with considerable fear.

She's roughly Claricia's height, but with a slightly heavier, meatier build. Almost entirely nude, the exceptions are metal shackles on her wrists and ankles, a cloth stuffed ball of leather tied into her mouth and acting as a gag, and some decorative accessories. White, red and green feathers are tied into her long, naturally dreadlocked, platinum blonde hair, near her pointy ears. Faded blue cloth strips tie the bundles of hair near the ends, helping maintain her hairstyle. She stares at the mare queen and her slave with terrified, dark blue eyes, the color of river stones.

Her body is covered in a short coat of soft fur that's white, sandy brown and flesh colored. White fur covers her muzzle, face and ears like a mask, as well her hooves, ankles, hands and wrists. Her body bears the brown, with fur like Caucasian skin covering only her chest, belly and groin. Her ample, F-cup breasts are perky and full, with large, pink nipples; they jiggle and sway beautifully when she shifts atop her simple bed, feebly trying to pull away. White cloth strips are tied into loops on her iron shackles, which, in turn, are tied to wrought iron wrings mounted to the walls of the stable and obviously intended as hitching posts for common horses.

Locking them inside of the stable with the scared mare woman, Claricia eyes the naked girl with a perverse glee. Taking hold of Koralus' hide trousers, she swiftly pulls the cloth sash away and pushes down his pants in a split second. Now realizing what's in store for her, the pitiful mare whimpers, her blue eyes glossy with tears as

she pulls at the white cloth. Thick and sturdy, they don't give even a millimeter; there's no escape for the bound and gagged prisoner.

"Fuck her." Claricia demands.

"Wha?! ... Who is she?" He asks.

"What does it matter?!" Claricia snarls. "She's some wench from another tribe we recently conquered; one of the few survivors."

Claricia releases Koralus' leash, taking a seat on a stool conveniently placed in the corner. Crossing her legs and leaning back, the mare queen makes herself comfortable, watching her slave and prisoner with a twisted little smile plastered upon her face.

"This isn't right..." He murmurs.

"Nothing ever is. This, however, is half the reason I bought you, Koralus, and she is a prisoner of war. So, unless you can magically inject your semen into her body without the pleasure of sex..."

"I cannot." He sighs somberly.

"Then fuck her... Now..."

The young mare whimpers and pulls away, backing herself into the hay bed as she has nowhere else to go. Taking off his vest, the now nude Koralus takes hold of his phallus, slowly stroking it as he prepares himself. Moving closer, the woman kicks a hoof, nearly striking him in the thigh. He dodges her attack with the skills he'd honed in his brief combat training, a gift of his nobility. Reaching out, he takes hold of her ankle as she thrashes atop the pile of hay, trying to kick her hoof. Holding her leg away from him, he drops to his knees, directly between her legs.

He grips her thighs tightly and pulls her toward him; with her hands yanked even higher above her head, she can only fight him in so

many ways. Taking hold of her broad hips, he rolls her flat onto her back as she mumbles and cries into her leather ball gag. Leaning forward, he takes hold of her excellent bust, fondling her large breasts and pinching her nipples. Though his penis is still flaccid, a result of his wandering mind and ever-present guilt, he drops the organ against her feminine mound. Her loins are hot as he grinds himself against her flesh.

He perpetually rubs her, watching his phallus and glancing between their genitals and her breasts, trying to ignore her continuous whimpering and crying. He slowly grows erect. Taking a hand and gripping his half-hard penis, the ashamed Koralus pulls back, poking the prisoner's nether lips with the engorged head. Seeing and feeling her imminent rape, the poor horse girl flails with even more vigor, bucking to get away. He presses a hand firmly into her belly and leans forward, trying to hold her down while focusing on thoughts that'll maintain his erection.

"You'd better fuck her soon, or I'll just kill her." Claricia casually replies.

Hearing this, the horse girl stops bucking, lying still for a moment as a tear runs down her cheek. That image and his guilt nearly prevents him from acting, so Koralus squeezes the base of his cock tightly, trying to literally hold up his erection. Leaning in, he presses the head against her loins, rubbing her clitoris and nether lips. After a few moments of feeling her hot flesh against his tip, he's as hard as a rock and ready to continue; the mare's pussy even feels a little wet.

"I'm sorry." He whispers into her ear.

With a hard push, Koralus drives his girthy cock into the prisoner's unwilling vagina.

“MMMM!!!!” She squeals into her leather ball gag.

The mare’s back arches and her breasts heave into his chest, swaying in little circles from her sudden motion as she lay back down. Leaning over, he gently licks and sucks on her nipples as he drives his thick cock deeper and deeper into her tight, hot pussy. The horse girl wriggles beneath him, closing her eyes tightly and whimpering. Her fingers extend and coil over and over again and her wrists twist within the shackles. The cloths tied to her shackles are pulled taut, keeping her hands high above her head.

“Oooh, I think she likes it!” Claricia giggles, leaning in for a better view. “Look at those hands and those strong, trembling legs. He’s quite endowed for an elf, isn’t he? Do you enjoy the big elf cock fucking you?”

“Mmm-mmph, mmmnnn...” The mare whimpers in response.

“Sounds like a ‘yes’ to me!” Claricia chirps.

Placing his chest against hers, he shushes her as he drives his member deep, sheathing his large organ entirely into her body. The mare opens her eyes, looking to Koralus with considerable sadness. His guilt-ridden expression is evidence of his own imprisonment. She seems to give him a subtle head-nod, as if granting him permission to continue raping her. He kisses her cheek and gently strokes her face and side, trying to make her comfortable as he sways his hips back and forth. Her vagina makes subtle sloshing noises as he drives as much as half of his large penis into and out of her, over and over.

As though accepting her fate, the horse girl’s muscles relax and she stops fighting. Remembering that Calricia is watching, Koralus decides to continue to explore the prisoner’s sublime body. His lips caress her cheek, neck and chest, moving back down toward her ample breasts, which rival the mare queen’s. Taking hold of her right

breast, he places the somewhat large nipple into his mouth. Suckling on her flesh, the prisoner trembles and whimpers. Is he being too rough? Even if he is, should that stop him? After all, Claricia is watch and he knows that she could care less for the poor girl's comfort.

He'd rather Claricia be pleased and not have the prisoner executed, even if that means he may have to hurt her. Giving her breast a squeeze as he sucks, his eyes suddenly bulge. Pulling back, he looks to the prisoner, his hips still rocking. Seeing the bound woman shying away and Koralus' shock, Claricia becomes curious.

"What's wrong?" She has the audacity to ask.

Turning his head toward his owner and queen, Koralus gives the woman's breast a hard squeeze. The mare lactates, a stream of milk squirting nearly a foot from the duct in her nipple. A few droplets soak into the flesh-colored fur of her plump breast as the stream ends.

"Well now! Did we find ourselves a nursemaid?!" Claricia chirps. "Or perhaps she's mourning a lost child, and that's why she can't appreciate being bred by a handsome and exotic man?"

It's clear to all in the stall of the stable; the prisoner has been pregnant before, though when is impossible to say. With his large organ still pummeling the bound girl's pussy, he licks her breast clean of her milk before lying back over her. Once again apologetic, he kisses her cheek tenderly and nuzzles her muzzle with his nose. Giving in, the mare arches her back and moves her body to match his thrusts. Her platinum blonde tail moves to one side, giving the mare queen a better view as Koralus' full testicles smack subtly against her plump buttocks. Plop, plop, plop.

Her whimpers turn to subdued moans and Koralus can feel her body reacting. The unnamed prisoner's vagina burns ever hotter and her loins grow more moist, coated with more lubricating juices. Plop, plop, plop. One of the mare's legs seems to impulsively bend at the knee, pulling against him and resting just beneath his buttocks. Claricia can't help but comment on how appealing it is to watch, and how the prisoner seems to now enjoy her fate. Neither of the two listens to her, focusing only on their mating. Feeling the buildup, Koralus knows that his end is drawing near.

Shoving in hard, he cants his hips once fully inserted, shifting his big cock as it already sits comfortably within her. The added motions seem to please the prisoner, who moans a little louder into her ball gag, and whose back arches a little more. With slower but firmer strokes, he keeps going for as long as he can.

"Nng... Nng. I'm, nng, almost, rrrr!" He grunts.

Before he can finish speaking, Koralus feels something. Clamping down tightly onto his member, the prisoner's pussy convulses and a now familiar wave of feminine fluids flows over his member, gushing out from the seal of his firm shaft and her taut nether lips. His victim has just orgasmed, cumming on the human's girthy cock. It pushes him over the edge, hard.

"Nng-shit! NNNGGGRRRRAAAHHH!!!" He roars as he cums.

Only a few seconds after orgasming, the mare writhes beneath him as she feels the flood from her lover. Jet after powerful jet flow into her body, through her cervix and into her uterus. She knows that his seed will swiftly begin to work; it's blatantly obvious to her that this was the entire purpose.

“Wow...” Claricia gasps. “So that’s what it looks like when you filled me? It’s beautiful!”

Listening to the mare queen, the prisoner opens her eyes, looking through narrowed slits and glancing toward her human partner. His face flushes faintly and he turns his eyes away. He too is a slave, who’s already been sexually abused, and in a manner befitting his gender. Looking back at the prisoner, the young mare Voeldahn stares at him. Their vision locks and they share a mutual sympathy for the other.

“My queen!” A woman’s voice frantically exclaims.

“WHAT?! I’M BUSY!” Claricia snarls.

“We need...”

The woman stops as she apparently sees Koralus and the bound prisoner, still locked in their carnal act. Looking back at his queen, he’s surprised to see that Claricia’s hand is tucked beneath her dress and reaching for her loins.

“I-I’m s-sorry. I didn’t...”

“Never mind.” Claricia sighs, standing up from the stool. “What is it?”

“The shaman needs to see you, Claricia. She says it’s important.” The female villager explains.

Grumbling in frustration, Claricia takes Koralus’ leash and ties it tightly to one of the hitching rings.

“Just a moment.” The mare queen says to the villager. “Pull out and let me see it.” She then instructs the lovers.

Koralus pulls away on the queen's command, lying beside the prisoner. The embarrassed horse girl turns her head and averts her eyes as Claricia looks between her legs at Koralus' handiwork. After taking a minute to admire the sight of his thick and fertile stream oozing from the woman's vagina, a satisfied Claricia departs, leaving them behind as she exits the stall. The prisoner seems briefly excited. Is this a chance to escape?! Her heart sinks when guards promptly stand by, near the corners of the stable and at Claricia's audible instructions. Koralus didn't even entertain the thought.

Looking toward the horse girl, she turns her head and looks back. His eyes shift toward her ball gag, which he now realizes is held in place with a white cord that's looped through the center of ball and tied around her snout. Reaching out a hand, she pulls away, looking him over apprehensively. With his hands held up and a little grin to show his amiability, she allows him to act. Once again, he reaches for her face and unties the cord that holds in her ball gag. She quickly spits it into his hand, which he tosses aside. Rather than speak, as he was expecting, she looks to him and says nothing.

"I'm Koralus, and I'm sorry for what I had to do..." He says with visible shame.

"I'm Avelina... And I forgive you." She replies.

"You do?" He looks to her with shock.

"Yes." She nods. "You're clearly a prisoner, as I am. How long have you been here?"

"Not long. I was only purchased by Claricia yesterday, though I'm certain I'll be here for... Some time." He sighs.

"We arrived here together." Avelina remarks. "... Could you untie my wrists?"

"If you're thinking of escape, I've already been paraded through the village. Claricia enjoyed me the night I was brought here and thought her people would like to see proof."

“Makes sense.” Avelina interjects.

“This village is large and we’re in right in the heart of it.” He continues.

“I know. I saw this place when I was brought in by the raiding party. I just want to put my arms down. Please...” She insists.

With a subtle nod, he reaches up and unties the white cloths that thread through the loops of her shackles and hold her wrists above her. Bringing her arms down, the girl examines her shackles closely. The locks are internal, complex and expensive, with a key used for opening that even Claricia was not in possession of. The interiors are padded with rabbit’s fur and filled with fibers for cushioning; they’re designed for prolonged but comfortable wear. Avelina looks toward Koralus, who sits up on the bed of hay. He reaches out for his trousers and sash, hoping to cover himself, but his leash isn’t long enough.

He briefly chokes as he tries to grab his clothes, a hand gripping the collar around his neck. Avelina cannot help but pity the human, who’s in as cruel a predicament as she. Though it was Koralus who was forced to rape and potentially impregnate her while the mare queen watched for entertainment, she knows that realistically only Claricia is to blame; she herself heard Claricia threaten her life had he not done what he did. Avelina holds no ill will to the human.

“So, Koralus... Who are you?” Avelina asks, breaking the silence.

“Just an exiled noble.” He replies.

“Oh?! You don’t seem like a criminal, all things considered.”

“Crimes against the nobility are not necessarily crimes.” He remarks. “I’m sorry if you lost anyone... When you were captured.”

Avelina cocks her head and furls her brow in confusion. Seeing the human looking down at her large breasts, she recalls his earlier

surprise and her subsequent embarrassment when he discovered her milk.

“Oh... I uh... When I was fifteen, I had a child with a boy. He died in a hunting accident shortly after, and my daughter caught a fever and died before even a year old. I’m twenty-one now, but I’ve been a nursemaid for my tribe for years... I wasn’t bound to any man and I didn’t have a second child.” She explains.

“Oh... I’m still sorry... Also, you’re four years older than me.”

“That doesn’t make me feel better.” Avelina smirks.

“I’m sorry. I’m new to this; I wasn’t taught proper slave etiquette.” He grins.

“I can imagine.” Avelina giggles.

Sharing a little laugh, the pair sit and talk, trading little details of their pasts with one another. They bond over their stories and their mutual captivity. It’s bizarre, even surreal to both the human and Voeldahn as they wait for their mistress to return. After what feels like only a few minutes, they can hear a stable door opening.

“Well, I’m back and it was nothing seri-what in the gods names is she doing unbound?!” Claricia snarls, abruptly shifting her sentences as she stands in the stall doorway.

“She wasn’t going to run away!” Koralus replies.

“Even if you knew that for a fact, why would you untie her?!” Claricia demands, placing her hands on her hips.

“She was uncomfortable.”

“... I can see why your people got rid of you. What kind of noble cares for others comfort?” The mare queen sighs. “What am I going to do with you?”

Koralus glances to Avelina, who now herself looks guilty. He wouldn't be in trouble if she hadn't asked for him to release her arms from the cloth straps, and she could've simply sat up.

"I'm sorry! It's my fault!" Avelina pleads for him.

"No. It's his for freeing you, prisoner."

"Her name is Avelina." Koralus interjects.

"You shared names too?! ... This is a more serious problem than I thought... I suppose I'll have to train you!" She says with a sinister grin.

"... Train?" He asks apprehensively.

"Mhm..." She nods.

Taking hold of his leash, she unties him as she calls in the guards. They stop and stare at the stunningly beautiful prisoner, her loins oozing the remnants of Koralus' seed. Tugging at Koralus' leash, Claricia draws him back.

"Lock her in one of the cells and feed her, but don't you dare touch her!" Claricia orders. "I'm breeding her with my new elf, and if I find out that your cocks have even brushed her fur, I'll chop them off."

"Yes, my queen." They reply in unison, bowing their heads.

After collecting his clothes, which she holds in her hand instead of returning them, she leads Koralus through the village by his leash. Returning to the manor, she feeds him herself, petting his head quite tenderly after locking his iron collar around his neck.

"Rest, my lovely. For the next week, I'm going to train you."

"May I ask how, my queen?"

“You’re going to enjoy that prisoner’s body again and again. I have many positions I’d like you to learn so that you may better please me. Not to mention I do want you to breed her and the more times you mate, the better. Also, I’m hopeful that enough mindless mating will harden your heart to her plight! Maybe you’ll even forget her name. Avelina, was it?” Claricia giggles.

With that, Claricia leaves him alone in his darkening room. The next day, the mare queen returns to collect her slave, leading him into a building near the stables. Inside of the building are various cells, one of which housing Avelina. Her eyes seem to light up when Koralus steps into view, only for her ears to lower when Claricia follows behind him, holding his leash. On the first day of his training, Claricia ties Aveline to a loop in the wall, made for the chains that Koralus wears in his room in the manor. With both wrists bound, she positions the reluctant Avelina against the wall and bending over a cot.

As the mare queen sits back and watches, Koralus whispers another apology before penetrating the girl. He rapes Avelina as gently as he’s able to as she stands, bent over and whimpering. The position makes it hard to ignore what he’s doing to her. After some time, he manages to lose himself in the pleasure, his chest against her back and his hands on her ample breasts as he pummels her pussy with his large, throbbing cock. Once again, Avelina somehow orgasms just before he does, though Claricia still doesn’t seem to notice. Filling the captured woman with his seed, Koralus rests over her back and pants.

“Very good! Not sure how well I’ll enjoy that, though. Seems like a lot of work. Let’s try another!” Claricia chirps.

Untying Avelina’s wrists, they shift the cot so that it faces the loop in the wall. Now with a proper bed, Claricia instructs Koralus and Avelina to mate once again, taking the bound mare is the missionary position. Claricia walks in circles around the pair, lifting one of

Avelina's legs, even canting her hips and crossing her ankles behind Koralus as if she's sculpting art. This time, however, Avelina quakes, orgasming far sooner than Koralus and right in front of Claricia, who stands just behind them, watching their genitals closely.

"My, my! She does like it!" Claricia gleefully exclaims. "Looks like I'll have to bring you back for her, slave."

Looking into Avelina's eyes as Claricia speaks, the bound prisoner seems to grow nervous, as if the mare queen's words were true. Turning her head, it's all but confirmed. Perhaps it's the bond they developed when they spoke, or perhaps it's purely physical stimulation, as it is with him? Regardless of the reasons, the fact of the matter is that Avelina has found some pleasure with Koralus, and now Claricia knows it. Nuzzling her face, he thrusts into her with more vigor. Somehow, though, he is more tender and affectionate than before, even as his balls slap against her plump ass.

Avelina cums a second time as she lay there, finishing at the moment he orgasms. A second wash of fertile seed floods her body and the pair remain locked for some time. The shorter, human Koralus lay over the chest of the large mare Voeldahn, the anthropomorphic woman's body shivering as she pants through her flared nostrils. As if to test her, Claricia unties a single wrist from the loop. Avelina promptly draws her arm inward, curling it around Koralus and holding him against her body. Realizing what she's done, an embarrassed Avelina looks up at Claricia, who grins like a demoness.

Once they've relaxed enough, Claricia watches as her slave pulls his endowed organ from Avelina's loins. The gushing of his copious amounts of seed seem to surprise the mare queen. As before, she locks the door to Avelina's cell, leads her slave home and promptly feeds and pets him. Speaking to him like a dog in training, she urges him to prepare for more vigorous exercises. On the second day, she takes Koralus to the cells and they begin yet again. This

time, however, she asks Koralus to lick and kiss Avelina's loins, hoping to train him in the arts of oral pleasure.

Koralus, however, has already learned these skills with his first love, Stella, and improved upon them with his second, the executed Izvanya. Avelina wriggles as he works, having never felt sensations like these before. Claricia is stunned. She's never seen a male who knew what he was doing before. Left speechless, she simply sits back and allows them to progress naturally. Eventually, the gaze in the tied down Avelina's eyes brings him up to her level. He stuffs his large cock deep into her wet and awaiting pussy, pumping his girth into her with considerable fervor.

They clearly enjoy each other at this point, and Avelina, who's pleasure has already begun to build from his oral talents, swiftly cums on her lover. Remembering that this is meant to be training, Claricia stops the pair before Koralus can finish, taking charge once more. Rolling Avelina over, the mare queen places her captive onto her belly and breasts. With her legs closed, she ties her ankles together to keep them that way, then ties her shackles to the hoop again. At Claricia's direction, Koralus climbs back onto the cot, Avelina's legs between his own.

By now, it doesn't take him long to grow firm; everyone in the room knows that Avelina can tolerate, if not outright enjoys her forced mating with the human. No longer feeling guilt, and succumbing to the pleasures of her exquisite flesh, he lay over Avelina's back. With Claricia guiding his member for him, he drives his eight inches back into the horse girl's pussy. Eager to test his flexibility, Claricia briefly stops them, directing him to squat over her buttocks and driving himself in that way instead. Intrigued by the sight, Claricia sits back, fingering herself as she watches the show.

Cumming together, Avelina shivers atop the cot as Koralus fills her with his seed. Taking Koralus back home, Claricia feeds him.

However, instead of leaving him for the night, she cannot help herself. Forcing herself upon him, Claricia holds him down and grinds her flesh against his used organ. Pushing her breasts into his face and rubbing herself against him, it's not long before he's ready again. Claricia enjoys herself atop her slave, not stopping until he cums inside of her as well. Now too worn out to eat, he falls asleep, only to awaken the next day to another day of training.

Including the first encounter, he spends eight days in a row having sex with Avelina, exploring numerous positions. Variations of missionary, lying sideways so that Claricia may enjoy him while pregnant, both cowgirl and reserve cowgirl, etc. By the fifth day, Claricia removes Avelina's bindings and ball gag. To the mare queen's amusement and Koralus' surprise, Avelina now quite enjoys his visits. She coos into his ear about how glad she is to see him as she rides her lover, her arms locked around him and hands exploring his body. After finishing on the eighth day, Claricia is called away again.

Locking the pair in the cell, she leaves them for some time. Lying atop the cot, Avelina's fingers caress Koralus' chest as he keeps an arm around her. With a little smile on her face, Avelina nuzzles him.

"You seem to be adapting well." He remarks.

"So do you." She says before kissing his neck tenderly.

"... Do you enjoy this?"

Sitting up and resting on a forearm, Avelina's smile fades.

"I enjoy *you*. I like *you*..." She begins. "You've made this as pleasant an experience as it could ever be, as awful as that sounds, but don't think that because you make me tremble that I would've chosen this if I weren't tied down. We're both slaves to the same, cruel woman, Koralus. That doesn't mean that I can't take comfort in your

kindness, or relish the pleasure you give me. I would rather be free, as I'm sure you would."

"I would." He murmurs.

"But we can enjoy our time with each other and use it as an escape from our fates."

Hearing her words, he sees the logic in it. He would be lying if he'd said that Avelina isn't a more tender and pleasing option to Claricia, a partner he might actually wish to keep even if he wasn't a slave. His time with her makes his life more bearable, even before he's compelled to mate with her. Wrapping his other arm around her, he pulls her back against him. Lying beside her lover, Avelina nuzzles him again, so he kisses her muzzle and then her lips. Soon, Claricia returns. Standing at the door of the cell, she watches what appears to be a happy couple lying together.

"Ahem..." The mare queen, clears her throat.

The pair look toward her.

"Your training is nearly over." Claricia says softly.

"Oh... What'll happen to Avelina?" He asks with great concern.

"Do you still care?" The mare queen tests him.

Looking back at Avelina, her eyes urge him to lie.

"... No." He says to his mistress.

"Heh... That was terrible." Claricia snickers. "Alright... Well, after so many times mating with you, she must be pregnant. As a soon-to-be mother and a useful nursemaid, I suppose I'll slowly

integrate her. I'll make sure that the guards aren't unkind, and as a woman of our tribe, she'll have more power than the men anyway."

"Thank you, my queen." Koralus bows his head.

"Thank you, my queen." Avelina imitates him.

"Don't thank me, girl... Thank the various gods and the great goddess especially that I appreciate my slave; if I didn't, you probably wouldn't be so lucky..."

Leading him from the cell by his leash, Claricia hums a little tune to herself. Walking back to the manor, Koralus can't help but wonder what will happen next.

"My queen?"

"Yes?"

"Now that my training is over..." He pauses.

"Curious, are we?" She giggles. "Now that you're ready, I'll enjoy you much more, but I also have use for you. I've made it known to my people that loyal soldiers of rank can earn your time as a reward for their leadership and valor."

Koralus stops in his tracks, causing Claricia to turn back toward him. At first she looks confused, before she has a realization.

"Oh!" She laughs. "I forgot to mention that only *women* can attain rank in my army. Don't worry, Koralus. I'm not *that* cruel."

"Oh!" He sighs with relief.

"You may be my slave, but I have no intention of hurting you."

"I'm glad." He grins.

"I can imagine." She smirks.

"Not about that... You called me by my name."