

Sovereign's Secrets: Embrace Of The Mare Queen

**By Mantrid Brizon
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"Nng-yeah! Nngf! Ahh-fuck! So, nnf, fucking, nnf, good!" The mare Voeldahn grunts and groan.

On her hands and knees, she rests her head atop a pillow, her legs spread wide as she feels the human's girthy organ filling her loins. The horse girl moans and pants as Koralus' member pounds into her taut flesh.

"Mmm-yeah. You're, nnf, amazing! Nng! Ahh!" She squeals.

"Nng! Yeah? Nng, you like my, nngf, elf cock?" He asks.

"Ahh! Mhm... Nnf. If I were Claricia, nnf, I'd keep you, nnf, all to myself."

"I'd keep you, too." He coos.

Koralus gives Marota's toned buttocks a hard smack, causing her to jump. She loves how strong and confident Claricia's slave is; she wasn't expecting this at all when she earned two nights in bed with him. Thwap, thwap, thwap, as his scrotum smacks against her clitoris. Kneeling behind her and between her legs, the human looks down at the mare Voeldahn, watching the show as he plows his anthropomorphic lover. With dark brown fur like wet sand and white fur on her hooves, ankles, hands, wrists, and a diamond mark atop her muzzle, it's a common coloration.

However, distinguishing herself from the many females sharing such fur, her long hair and tail are much more vibrant; they appear like stained cherry wood, almost red in color. Giving her ass another smack, Koralus grips her hips and pulls the lieutenant back against him, driving his member in hard and deep.

“Aahhh!” She squeals.

Glancing back and over a shoulder, Marota has a strange look in her amber eyes. Is this submission? Bowing her head, she rests her face and shoulders atop a pillow and pushes back against him, obeying his silent command. He slows his thrusts, watching the horse girl moving herself back and forth over his large cock. He can't help but grin at the sight; the mare Voeldahn and lieutenant in Claricia's army pleasures the human sex-slave as though he were the master.

“Mmm... That's a good girl.” He groans from the pleasure.

“Hhf. Who's the, hhf, slave here?” She asks.

“Tonight, nnf, I think it's you.” He retorts.

“Tonight, hhf, I'm glad it is.” She coos.

As he builds to orgasm, Koralus places his hands on her buttocks and slows her motions. With a little tap, he gains her attention. Rolling her over and onto her back, he moves himself between her legs and mounts the horse girl. Stuffing his organ back into her quivering hole, he sheaths himself in her loins and causes her to gasp, her back to arch and her hands to press firmly against his shoulder blades. Knowing that his job is to pleasure her as much as it is to breed her, he leans forward and licks the dark brown flesh of her nipples, using a hand to fondle her C-cup breasts, which are rather modest for her breed of Voeldahn.

“Mmm. You’re so wonderful! Hhf. Please, nnf, breed me!”

Having earned her time with him, it’s her right to claim his seed, and as her prize, it’s his duty to give it to her. He no longer needs to worry about holding out for her sake. When they first began, he teased Marota’s nether lips and clitoris with his tongue and fingers, bringing her near the edge before he even inserted himself. Within minutes of mounting her, his hands on her hips as he knelt behind her and atop the bed, she came. Her orgasm was powerful and messy, her fluids squirting all over his genitals. Now, lying over her and pummeling her cunt with his thick phallus, he only needs to focus on his pleasure.

Ramming his throbbing cock into her, his balls slap her toned ass. He can feel the hairs of her tail tickling his inner legs as it swishes with delight. Her hands caress his form and the pair share kiss after passionate kiss, their tongues entwined. His kisses are far more intimate and pleasurable than those the mares have often received from past lovers in the tribe. Growing closer and closer to his peak, his grunts become louder.

“I’m, nng, about...” He chokes out.

“Ahh-yes! Give it to me! Nng! Ahh! Breed me!” She squeals.

“Ggggrrraahhh!!!” He roars.

Winching hard and resting his head on her shoulder, his nose pressed against her throat, Marota squeals with pleasure. She cums once again as she feels his hot seed flowing into her fertile body, splashing her insides and flooding her uterus to overflowing. She can hardly believe how much he has; she’s mated with a few of the stallions of her tribe, yet this furless, tailless, “elf” man is on par with the horse men in more than a few ways. Her body heaves and she holds tightly to her lover, enjoying every blissful second as her prize impregnates her.

Lying over her and panting for air, Koralus reflects on his life as it exists today. It's been six weeks since his training with Avelina ended – sometimes Claricia takes him to mate with her anyway, while the mare queen watches – and nearly seven weeks since he was bought. Avelina has been released into the Black-Mane's general populace, where she serves as a nursemaid and midwife. Both she and Claricia, the mare queen, are pregnant with his children. From their state, it's clear that both took his seed within the first or second session, as both women felt morning sickness on the same day.

Many in the tribe know this fact, and so Koralus' fertility is something of a legend; they believe his seed to be unusually potent, even magical. In short order, several females attempted to win a night with him, actively hoping that they could breed together. Claricia's popularity is soaring. It's as much from her pregnancy with a "superior" half-breed child and her willingness to share the supposed elf, as from the booming state of the tribe. Marota, however, is the first to be allowed to breed with him, and for this night and the next, she temporarily owns him and all rights to his body.

However, with his big cock stuffed into the lieutenant's pussy and her body quaking, Koralus has discovered the truth. Something about him is unusually powerful. His looks, his phallus, his stamina or talents; something about him is desirable, and it gives him some control over the women of the Black-Mane. Avelina, a woman he was first forced to rape and impregnate, now greets him with hugs. She's always pleased to see him, misses his company, and is eager to birth his child. In six weeks, Claricia hadn't shared him with anyone *except* Avelina, even though several women matched the criteria for consideration that she'd invented.

Koralus suspects that she's simply too jealous to share him, though he isn't sure why he and Avelina have permission to each other's bodies. Marota, however, has won so many battles in weeks past, that to deny her the ability to breed with him would be admitting

that Claricia can't part with a slave; she had to share him or suffer a decrease in her popularity. He almost chuckles when he recalls the look on Claricia's face when she handed his leash over to Marota. The mare queen knew full-well that Marota would enjoy him and soon walk by her with a swollen belly.

Indeed, as Marota had said, he's not much of a slave when he can command the women with his sexual prowess. Though at first this bothered him, he soon realized it was all he had to use; his morals have decided to sit in the background for the moment, at least until his circumstances allow them to reunite. Nuzzling Marota's neck, he kisses her tenderly, even licking her. The cooing horse girl grips him tighter with her arms and squeezes her legs against his hips. He can feel her ankles crossing just beneath his buttocks as she holds him in place, her body aching for his powerful seed.

Koralus recalls tips he'd learned from Avelina, who'd actually coached him on these matters weeks after he'd honed his skills on her. He grabs Marota's ass cheeks and pushes upward, leaning forward into her. The human bends the mare Voeldahn into a faint crescent, her loins canted toward the skyline and allowing for gravity to pull as much of his seed into her body as possible. Being used on a daily basis, Koralus' body has begun to develop his sperm at an incredible rate. Every night he is used by Claricia, often regardless of whether she's made him use Avelina as well; he has a full load every eight hours.

Perhaps Claricia knows this about the male anatomy and his continuous use is a part of his training? Eventually, Koralus removes himself from lieutenant Marota's loins, lying beside her in her bed. Holding her as though she were his own wife, the pair sleep beside each other throughout the night. The following day, she uses him at breakfast, deciding that her primitive dinner table is as good a place as any to sit atop his member. Before the day is done, they mate again; they never find the time to leave her home. On the morning when her time is up, Marota lay beside him, stroking his face.

She savors every moment with the human slave, nuzzling him affectionately. Though she doesn't say a word, it's clear that she's greatly enjoyed herself, and his absence in her home will be noteworthy for some time. Taking him by the leash, Marota and Koralus collect their clothes, which they haven't worn in nearly fifty hours. She parades him through the streets with quite the smile, and many women of the village watch with envy. As far as they're concerned, Marota is quite the lucky woman, and Claricia, his rightful owner, is luckier. Meeting Claricia in front of her manor, Marota bows her head to her queen.

"I assume it went well?" Claricia asks.

"It did. He was... Far more than I expected." Marota smirks.

"My slave is certainly a handful." Claricia giggles, taking his leash from her lieutenant.

"More like two." Marota murmurs.

"And his seed?" Claricia prods.

"Thick, copious, and *very* potent!" Marota chirps.

"Of course, once it's confirmed, you'll be taking the appropriate time away from active duty?"

"If I may, my queen." Marota bows her head again.

"You'd better start now; your child is as certain as the sun in the sky." Claricia says with pride.

Thanking her queen, Marota is excused and returns home, a spring in her step. Watching her lieutenant for a moment, Claricia's smile fades. She glances toward her slave, and with a little tug of his leash, summons Koralus. Turning around, she walks into her manor with Koralus in tow. No sooner than he steps over the threshold, her guards shut and seal the door behind them. Spinning around, Claricia lunges at Koralus. Taking him into her arms, her body presses against his as she shoves him back against a wall, kissing him over and over

again. Her lips explore his, running over his cheeks and down his neck, her hands gliding over his body.

“By the gods, I have missed you!” Claricia exclaims through her kisses.

“It’s good to see you too, Claricia.” He replies, his arms wrapping around her body.

“My bed felt so empty.”

“I don’t sleep in your bed, Claricia.”

“You do now...”

Looking up at his queen, who stands several inches taller than he, Claricia’s ruby eyes are glossy. He can tell at a glance that she’s quite sincere, as can her guards, who watch her emotion with great surprise.

“I went to your room, Koralus... While you were gone. It was lonely... I was lonely... I want you sleeping beside me from now on.”

“I’d be honored, Claricia.” He replies with a smile.

“I love it when you say my name.”

Kissing him again, she takes him by the hand, leading him from the foyer and toward the kitchen.

“You must be hungry!”

“We didn’t eat this morning.” He replies.

“Oh...”

Claricia’s expression changes, though at first Koralus doesn’t know why. He hadn’t mated with Marota that morning, and so he didn’t

think about how his words could be interpreted. By the time he does, however, they're standing beside a table in the dining hall. He doesn't bother to correct her. Sitting down on a bench together, Claricia slips an arm around his back, her other arm reaching forward and her hand stroking his chest. Commanding a young servant girl to bring them food, Claricia leans against her slave. Her hand slides down his chest, beneath the opened leather vest he wears.

Claricia sniffs her slave's hair, kissing his head as her hand carefully unties the sash around his hide trousers. He knows better than to ask her what she's doing, or to take them somewhere more private. By the time the servant returns with a tray of food, the mare queen and her slave are busy kissing, their lips locked and tongues entwined. They pay no attention to the tray or even the servant, who stands by and waits for her queen to issue her new orders. Claricia tugs at his trousers, so Koralus lifts himself up for a moment, allowing her to push them down to his ankles.

With his organ exposed to her, the mare queen gazes upon her slave's flesh with a lust akin to a thirsty wanderer, lost in the desert. Without saying a word, she kisses him again, before bending over. Kissing his bare chest a few times, she soon reaches his groin and licks his cock. Opening wide, she takes hold of his member and stuffs it into her mouth, pleasuring her slave while the servant stands idly by in silence. With a hand on the back of her head, his fingers through her hair, Koralus finally notices the intrigued expression on the young mare's face as she watches her queen and the slave consorting.

Koralus waves the teenage servant away, preferring privacy to an audience. Claricia continues her work, and her fervent efforts swiftly awaken the human's girthy phallus. Taking her mouth from his member, she gasps for air and licks his flesh. Standing from the bench, where she sat near the edge, she hikes up her dress to reveal the splendor of her womanhood. Koralus scoots over, claiming her space and turning atop the bench to face her. Claricia promptly spreads her legs and steps over his, straddling him. Her vagina

literally oozes her lubricating fluids in anticipation of their upcoming passion.

The mare queen sits atop his lap and grinds her flesh against the underside of his shaft. With her hands on his shoulders, she gasps and groans. Placing a hand on her face, he draws her attention and kisses the horse woman quite affectionately. Claricia loves every blissful second. Rising from his lap, her hooves planted firmly on the floor, she reaches a hand down and takes hold of his saliva-covered member, pointing it appropriately. Lowering herself, she teases her nether lips with the engorged head of his large organ, rubbing herself before finally sitting down; she roughly inserts him into her soaking wet and burning hot flesh, taking him to the base in a single, long stroke.

“NNGGAAHHH!!!” She squeals, gripping his shoulders tightly. “Hhff... Hhff... I think you’ve grown... Hhff... You’re bigger than I remember.”

“Maybe your loins became smaller without me?”

“Maybe.” She groans.

“... Or maybe Marota’s lovely pussy strengthened and grew my member?” Koralus teases her.

“Stop it...” Claricia whimpers.

With a mixture of jealousy and embarrassment in her eyes, she leans in and nuzzles his face. Kissing his lips, she slowly begins to ride her slave, swiveling and rocking her hips to please them as her arms cling tightly to his body.

“You don’t, nngf, want a detailed report, nngf, about how well I, nngf, fucked her for you?” He asks, grunting between her bucking motions.

“Hff. Please, hff, don’t talk like that, Koralus...” She says as she rides.

“What? Are you worried that Marota might have a better vagina?” He continues to playfully taunt her.

“Nngf. Shut up and, nngf, kiss me, nngf, slave.”

“Nngf. As you wish, nngf, my queen.”

Kissing for the hundredth time since they’ve reunited, their tongues wrestle with one another as the mare queen rides her slave as though her life depended on it. It’s almost as if she’s trying to prove to him that she’s better than Marota. His hands grip her buttocks and he uses subtle motions to command her speed and force. After making her cum, which didn’t take long at all, Koralus changes their position. He pounds her flesh as he stands behind her, his lover bent over the dinner table. Already over a month pregnant, Claricia is unconcerned with his seed; when they orgasm together, she doesn’t take a second look as it pools onto the floor, between her trembling legs.

Taking the tray of food, pitchers of wine, a few goblets and their bundled clothes with them, Claricia eagerly leads her slave to her bedchamber. There, the pair eat and drink in bed together, before snuggling as though they were newlyweds. She has no intention of using him again, at least not for the moment. Claricia just wants to be in his arms, and to hold Koralus in kind. Meanwhile, Koralus is pleasantly surprised by how much comfort her soft fur and warm body bring him. He’d held Marota afterward, but she somehow felt different, unfamiliar; Claricia is comforting.

“I’ve truly missed you, Koralus.” She says with a pleased sigh. “It’s so nice to have you back.”

“You act as though I genuinely matter to you.” He remarks.

Leaning back and looking at him, her expression is pained, her mouth agape. Her brow softens and her eyes, glossy as if about to cry, stare back at him with shock.

“You do!” She insists. “I haven’t mistreated you or let my guards do the same, though I know they resent you for your race. I haven’t called you a slave in weeks, except in jest or in public, because that’s what they’d expect of me; I use your name because you like it, as I do as well. I even let you mate with Avelina both before and after we knew she was with child, because you like her! I didn’t *want* to share you with her! I did that for you!”

Her shaking voice and offended looks startle Koralus. From her behavior, Claricia clearly cares for him beyond that of a covetous mistress. Why does she act this way? What motivates her? His mind races.

“Why?” He cannot help but ask.

“Because I... You’re... You mean a lot to me, Koralus. You’re not like other men here, and not just because you’re a human.” She replies, softly stroking his cheek. “I l-... I adore your company. I’ve seen you act kindly to my other servants, and speak jovially with Avelina. You obey me but you don’t hold resentment, and you’re always cheerful. I tattooed your chest with our mark and dyed your hair, and yet less than a month later, you no longer looked at me with disdain.”

“I’ve adapted.” He retorts.

“No... It’s more than that. You’re not like other men, Koralus. You’re better, and I enjoy it.” She insists.

“Claricia...” He sighs, resting his hand over hers. “You’ve had me for this long, but you don’t really know me.”

“... May I?”

Perhaps it's the tone in her voice, or the way that she looks so innocently up at him, her head bowed forward. Something about her melts his heart. Taking his hand from hers, he rests it on her cheek in kind. Kissing the top of her muzzle, she lifts her head expectantly. Their lips caress and gently press together before he pulls away.

"Alright." He murmurs, nodding subtly. "What do you want to know?"

"Tell me, Koralus, how did a noble human such as yourself end up in that yurt?" She asks.

"As you know, I escaped my own execution, but the reasons..." He pauses and sighs. "The reasons are difficult to speak of."

"Please, Koralus. I wish to know you."

Relenting, he admits to her that he was once a very wealthy noble who had many servants in his household. His fellow nobles would often abuse or neglect their servants, even going so far as to routinely molest the women, and sometimes even the men. Koralus, however, was gentle, kind, and even fell in love with the laundry girl. An intrigued Claricia lay beside him, her arms around his torso and her head on his shoulder as she listens intently to his tale. His family wanted him to marry, and as a noble, he would marry another noble. They didn't know his heart belonged to another, and believed he was weak for caring for the servants as he did.

Koralus admits that he'd loved another servant before, a canine Voeldahn, only for his mother to discover this and turn that servant into a personal whore. Koralus snuffles, pausing in the middle of his story as he swiftly explains how Stella was used by his mother's favorite lover, before she too would enjoy him in a twisted orgy. Sometimes, Koralus would hear Stella whimpering and crying out as Brakus used her to his heart's content. From a distance, he even witnessed her first use of the Mandrake root to end her first pregnancy by the horse man. Claricia is visibly stunned; even the

ferals would consider such sexual and psychological torture unbearably cruel.

“Why not just remove that servant and send her away?!” A flabbergasted Claricia asks.

“My mother wanted me to become cold. She wanted me to learn hate and resentment, and then embrace them. She wanted me to suffer... And at fourteen, I was too weak to fight her.” He says, wiping a tear from his eye.

“What an evil woman.” Claricia growls in disgust.

He can't help but silently chuckle at the irony, as his owner grows furious over his awful history. Continuing with the story, he reveals that he eventually moved on. He grew close to Izvanya, a human servant and the laundry girl. Unfortunately, they learned that he was having sex with a second servant girl, remaining loyal to each other through their mutual love. His secret was betrayed by his own sister, several years his junior. The young teen girl had blackmailed her own brother for incestuous sex, even after already turning him in. Again, Claricia is appalled; the ferals don't practice incest either.

As she'd done with Stella, his mother tried to abuse her too. In a similar fashion, she allowed her lover to attempt to rape Izvanya, but unlike Stella, who was forced to admit the truth on her own, his mother, Gisella, tried to force him to watch Izvanya be defiled. Claricia blinks, her mind reeling from the horrors he reveals to her. How much emotional pain can one person stand before snapping? She soon finds out. Stealing his mother's dagger, he murdered Brakus, his mother's lover, and tried to murder his mother before escaping. Once caught, his family had Izvanya executed as punishment.

Stella and the other servants in his home, appalled by the execution of an innocent girl, then facilitated his escape. Fleeing into the woods, he admits lowering his guard around the poachers, who

promptly kidnapped and sold him into slavery. Reliving the ordeal that isn't even two months old, Koralus is visibly heartbroken. Stunned, enraged and also heartbroken for her slave, Claricia rests her head against his chest, her hand softly caressing his flesh as they lay in bed together. Her fingers stroke his Black-Mane tattoos, drawings that she had the tribal artist give him against his will.

"I'm so sorry that this happened to you. You're so sweet and gentle; you don't deserve any of it. I'm thankful you've told me, Koralus... You won't be mistreated here."

"I know..." He murmurs.

"Do you?" She looks up at him with somber eyes. "I've made you do things... And for now, you'll have to do more, but I won't ever hurt you, or allow you to be hurt. I care about you, Koralus, and I'll stop it as soon as I'm able." She assures him.

"Will you?" He asks with a hint of disbelief.

"Of course, I will!" She sits up and faces him. "I simply *cannot* stop this right now. Please, believe me."

"Why not? You're the queen."

"All that you don't know..." She says, shaking her head. "I am the queen of the Black-Mane, but even I must follow the rules... I bought you, Koralus. You're my slave, and though you wear our mark and serve me as loyally as any paid servant, you're still a slave."

"Slaves can be freed. I wouldn't leave you!" He insists.

"... You wouldn't?" She sheepishly asks.

"No. I promise I wouldn't."

Resting a hand on her cheek, she closes her eyes and pushes her muzzle into his palm, basking in his touch. Her own hand rests on his and she sighs with pleasure, her lips curling into a little smile. Opening her eyelids, she turns her ruby orbs toward her slave and her smile swiftly fades.

"It's not that simple. There's a code that was drafted, long ago and when the Black-Mane were still led by men. By law, this code cannot be revised by anyone; 'It's called the stone code' for that reason. One of the stone codes is that slaves must remain slaves for nine months. They cannot be freed but must change hands until such time has passed. Should an owner die, the slave is given to family or auctioned. Only after nine months, can you be freed and petition to become a true Black-Mane."

"Why nine months?" He cocks his head.

"For all you've dealt with and all your training, it didn't occur to you?" She giggles. "As I said, men led the tribe at the time. If a slave girl became pregnant, they wanted her to be free by the time she gives birth, so the child wouldn't be born a slave."

"Oh..."

"No one mentions that portion of the rule, and it doesn't apply to you anyway, as you're a man. You can be enslaved until your death, but while I *can* free you, I cannot do so until nine months have passed."

"I see..." He frowns. "Wait. Isn't Avelina free? It hasn't been nine months, but she doesn't wear her shackles anymore and she lives with Sybilla, the shaman."

"She's not free... When she gives birth to your child, she'll become free by default. However, until then, she too is still my slave. She's on a very liberal loan to the shaman; Sybilla complained that she could use another midwife and wet-nurse, and so I let her borrow Avelina. As my slave, no other man can use her without my permission, and for your sake, I will *never* grant it. Of course, she also does not have the power to leave."

"Does she know this?" He asks.

"I told her myself. Why do you think she hasn't run away? Her tribe is gone, she's with child, she cares for you, and she knows that by the time her baby is born, you'll both be free." Claricia answers.

"Thank you, Claricia. You're a good woman." He says, taking her into his arms.

"I'm sorry, Koralus. Even nobility like ourselves have rules; you know that all too well. This is also why I must force you to breed with other females."

"I don't understand, Claricia."

"I made a public statement that I would share you, and that's binding in our tribe. I later drafted the rules that allow others to claim time with you, as Marota has done. I tried to make them very selective, so that I wouldn't have to send you away to mate with many women. A spectacular military record or being a racially unique slave, attained specifically through conquest, are the qualifiers. There are several other women among the tribe who qualify, with reputations as spotless as Marota's. You will eventually have to breed them all, as pregnancy was insinuated in my public statement..."

"You mean?" He pauses.

"Yes." She nods. "They have as many times with you as it takes before they become pregnant, though with your potency, two nights seems sufficient. There's also a unique slave, brought back in Marota's last battle. The document's rules require you to breed her next, as unique slaves have priority... I'm sorry. I know it doesn't mean much, but I regret boasting about you as I did. Had I known that I'd..."

Claricia speaks with what sounds like a hint of shame, jealousy and sorrow, all mixed together. It's obvious to him that she's telling the truth, and that now she sincerely regrets her previous words. Unfortunately, the law is the law and she cannot change it; Koralus will experience a half dozen more women throughout the coming months, at least until he's given his freedom and has the right to choose his lovers and his fate for himself.

"I forgive you." He sighs.

"Do you?" She murmurs, looking up cutely at him.

Nodding his head, he gives her a kiss and takes her into his arms. Lying back on the bed, Claricia cuddles with her slave. However, her mind imagines the unique slave, and what Koralus must soon do to her. Though her heart weighs heavy, she eventually loses herself with her lover, whom she's grown to care for more than she could've ever expected. His appalling background only make her feel for him more, something she didn't believe possible. Lying with his owner in his arms, Koralus takes comfort in her kindness and understanding, as much as her physical presence. It pleases him to know that, for the most part, she now understands his history and seems to truly care about it.

After taking an impromptu nap together, Claricia wakes in her bed to realize that it's nearly afternoon. Rubbing the sleep from her ruby eyes, she looks toward Koralus, who slumbers peacefully. Resting a hand upon his chest, she shakes him quite gently. He slowly opens his eyes, looking toward his queen. Her smile is faint, but it appears forced. Sitting up, he leans against his elbows.

"Are you alright, Claricia?" He asks.

"I... We need to go." She sorrowfully replies.

"Where too?"

"You need to see the unique slave..."

"Oh."

He looks pitifully at the red sheets upon the bed, uninterested in being bred like common livestock. Seeing his face, Claricia wishes that she could escape punishment if she simply disobeyed the scroll of conduct and the stone codes. As vital as it is to her tribe and their culture, however, she knows that she cannot. Resting a hand upon his shoulder, she squeezes him gently, gaining his attention. He turns his eyes toward her, their gazes locking.

“Eight more months, Koralus... I’ll do my best to limit how many women can have you until then. I swear on our children.”

Nodding subtly, he turns his eyes away and sighs. Sitting fully upright, he slides off the edge of the bed and collects his vest, trousers and sash. Quickly dressing herself, as she enjoys cuddling naked, Claricia leads him to the door by the leash. By now, she only holds the leather strap that’s affixed to his collar because it’s what’s expected of her. The guards open the doors for them as they leave the manor, and a pair of guards flank her as she walks her slave throughout the pathways of the village. After a brief walk, she takes Koralus to a familiar prison, where Avelina had resided for a time.

Before they even enter the prison, they can hear the slave’s muffled cries from inside. Not gagged like previous prisoners, she barks insults at the prison guards, who stand idly by, ignoring the irate woman.

“Do you know who the fuck I am, you dumb horse?! My people won’t stand for this! I swear to God, they’ll come and free me! ... Are you listening, you ugly beast?! You’d better be listening or else I’ll-”

“By the gods, do you ever shut up?!” A female guard growls.

“Easy, Odelina. It’s not worth angering Claricia!” A male interjects.

“No! Did you hear what she said? She called me ugly!”

Sighing in frustration, Claricia, Koralus, and the escorting guards pick up their pace, dashing into the building. Shaped like an exceedingly long rectangle, with cells on one side and a corridor on the other, they see the two guards standing before the slave’s cell at the end of the structure.

“Please, stop.” The male urges Odelina, an arm across her chest as she holds onto the bars. “This isn’t worth it!”

“I’ll rip that bitches head off with my bare hands!” Odelina snarls.

“No, you won’t!” Claricia growls.

“M-my queen!” Odelina swiftly turns.

“... Get... Out...”

“Y-yes, my queen.” Odelina bows.

Taking the lead for the male, Odelina and her companion swiftly pass Claricia and the others before departing the prison, eager to return to the barracks for reassignment. On his way around the mare queen, the male guard hands one of her escorts the keys to the cells. Looking over her shoulder and toward her escorts, she holds out an empty hand, her palm toward the ceiling. Giving her the keys, she silently shoos them away, to guard the outside of the prison while Claricia and Kolarus remain inside. Koralus prepares himself, taking a deep breath.

From the look on Claricia’s face, it’s obvious that she doesn’t want to do this either, now far too fond of her slave to share him in such a twisted manner.

“Hello?! Who’s there! ... Someone better start talking to me, damnit!” The woman barks.

Leading the way, Claricia approaches the cell. Stepping into view, she looks at the prisoner, who rests her hands upon her hips, her eyes scanning the mare queen in a strangely condescending manner. The mare queen tugs on the leash, forcing Koralus to step closer.

“Finally, someone in charge. You’d better start talking to me right-well hello there!” The slave’s sentence shifts as soon as the human steps into view. “... Who’s this handsome fellow?”

“Don’t you want answers?” Claricia snickers.

Turning his eyes toward the young woman locked in the cell, he sees a strikingly beautiful creature standing before him. At five feet and two inches tall, she’s a slender girl in her late teens, who looks up to the human; she’s the only adult among the Black-Mane who does. Stripped of her clothing in preparation, his eyes drink in her exquisite form. Covered in a shimmering silver fur, her eyes are as blue as ice and stare back at him. Her wavy, naturally auburn hair, reaches just above her bushy tail, which is a matching reddish-brown, as is a tuft of fur that, on a human, would be pubic hairs.

Her charcoal black nose twitches, her black lips curling into a little grin as she too examines the slave beyond her bars. Her D-cup breasts are perky and fully, with small, black nipples and areolas that are perfectly placed. With a subtle hourglass shape, she has a sturdy yet delicate appearance; he would consider it a perfect figure. The woman’s clawed fingers rest on her broad hips and her long tail sways gracefully behind her. The silver mink’s eyes glide once more along his body before locking onto his own.

“More now than ever.” The slave replies.

“Well, then allow me to explain, er... What did you say your name was?” Claricia asks.

“How many times have I said this?” The slave sighs and rolls her eyes in frustration. “I am princess Rosamund, daughter of Otker, the king of the eastern marsh.”

“Right, right. Forgive me, but I’ve only read your title on the little board a scribe presented to me. I’ll certainly never forget you now...”

Noting the sinister tone in Claricia's voice, Rosamund's hands drop from her hips and her expression changes. Slipping a key into the lock, the mare queen unlocks the cell. As she yanks open the door, Rosamund steps back, her pitiful expression reminding Koralus of his first night with Avelina. Though she forgave him for the act, which he was forced to commit by instruction of his mistress, that first night haunts him. How fretfully she whimpered with her snout tied shut over a leather ball gag, her arms tied above her head as he raped her. Trying to be gentle in such circumstances, she soon came to appreciate his tenderness, and now willingly consorts with him.

Avelina has adapted well, even developing sincere affection for him, but he still doesn't forgive himself. Pulling the cell door shut behind her, Claricia slips the keys into a pouch that hangs near her side, from a thin hide shoulder strap. The claws of Rosamund's toes click on the wooden floor, her footpads shuffling across the dirty boards. As if to taunt her, Claricia reaches over and unties Koralus' sash. Pulling it away Koralus holds up his trousers as the mare queen watches the slave girl. Taking Avelina's cloth-stuffed leather ball gag from her pouch, she presents it to Rosamund. It's clear from her furled brow and cocked head that she doesn't know what it is.

Surprised that Rosamund hasn't learned the purpose of their visit, she turns her head toward Koralus, only to glare with annoyance when she finds that he's holding his pants up. Without saying a word, she smacks one of his hands away, and his hide trousers falls in a heap at his ankles. Seeing his surprisingly endowed manhood, Rosamund is briefly hypnotized, only to snap out of it when she grasps the purpose of the spherical device with a long cord running through the center.

"Oh no..." Rosamund steps further back, her body bumping the wall. "You don't intend..."

"You're an exotic slave, and that makes you rare, so we'll keep you... And breed you." Claricia answers.

Turning her frightened eyes toward the ashamed human slave, whose collar and leash are plain to see, Rosamund now understands his purpose clearly; mixed breeding with the Voeldahn and human will produce a child of her race, but with hints of Koralus' genes. While she does indeed find him attractive, evidenced by her slow and methodical examinations of his body upon first seeing him, she doesn't desire this at all. Where this a choice, she may very well accept, but to be held down and forced? She impulsively lowers a hand, resting her palm against the tuft of auburn fur on her groin and cupping her clawed fingers over her charcoal black womanhood.

"W-wait! I-I can be useful to you!" She pleads.

"Oh, I know you can." Claricia taunts.

"I didn't mean that!" Rosamund whimpers as Claricia steps forward.

"Come here!"

"Eeee!!!" Rosamund squeals.

Diving to the right, she evades Claricia's tackle, only to have her long and well cared for hair betray her. Clutched tightly by the powerful horse woman, Claricia grabbed it as it fluttered behind Rosamund's head. Crying out in pain, Rosamund winces as her head is pulled back, reaching her arms high and behind her head. Her large, plump breasts jiggle, as does her toned buttocks as she steps backward; Claricia pulls her by the hair, moving her hands along the strands like a climber's rope. No sooner than Rosamund is within arms-reach, the mare queen slips an arm around her body and just beneath her ample bust. A hand grips one of the girl's breasts and fondles it.

"Ooh! He'll like these! ... So will your babies!" Claricia taunts her.

For as sweet and gentle as Claricia is with Koralus, he's always unnerved by how quickly she can resort to cruelty. If she doesn't find actual pleasure in the girl's cries, then she's without a doubt one of the world's finest actresses, who would make a fortune in dramatic plays. Motioning with her head, Koralus approaches his queen as Claricia hoists the girl up with one arm, pulling the mink from the ground. She kicks and screams, trying to reach back and claw at the mare queen. This effort is futile, as Claricia soon grabs an arm, wrenching it behind her back.

"Fight me and I'll snap this off and stuff it up your pretty little ass." The mare queen snarls.

Rosamund sobs, nodding in agreement as the pain prevents her from speaking. Picking up the fallen ball gag, Koralus brushes it off as best he can. Taking her lower jaw into his hand, he gently coaxes her mouth open, apologizing to Rosamund as he does. The cord that runs through the ball gag is looped around her snout, running above and below it, before swirling around and tying behind her head. This locks her jaw, keeping her snout closed tightly around it, while also preventing slippage. Though Rosamund cries, the way the human strokes her cheek after he is finished causes her to look at him.

Staring into his eyes, it's obvious that this isn't a choice for him either. Somehow, this brings her a modicum of comfort. Taking a collar and lock from Claricia's pouch as she holds Rosamund in the air, who's since stopped kicking and clawing, Koralus attaches the devices and locks it into place. Setting her onto the ground, Claricia leads Rosamund toward a cot, where she quickly uses short cordage to tie her collar to a hoop that's fused to the sturdy, wooden walls. With only so much strong cordage at her disposal, Rosamund can barely sit up on the uncomfortable farce of a bed before she's choked by the collar; clearly that was the reason for its short length.

Taking his vest from his body, the mare queen scoops up his trousers and sash from the floor before leaving the cell. Standing by the door, Claricia locks the pair inside, looking somberly toward the male slave.

"I'll just... Come back in a little while, alright?" She says softly to Koralus.

"Yes, my queen." He murmurs.

Turning away from his queen, he looks down at the half-lying Rosamund, who whimpers into her gag as a hand reaches for her neck, her dainty fingers grasping at the leather collar. Her legs cross and she cowers away from him as the mare queen slowly turns away, her hooves clapping along the floorboards. Once outside, she sets his clothes carefully down atop a bench near the main door, taking a seat beside them. With her hands on his clothes, she seems to pet them, her head bowed forward as she stares at her own hooves. The guards stand around, looking at their queen with perplexed expressions. Claricia snuffles. Is she crying?

"Well... It's a shame that more of her kin didn't survive, otherwise that dog of yours could breed the lot of them!" A guard callously boasts.

"Don't talk about him like that!" Claricia snaps.

The guard's brows raise in unison. A female guard smirks, her eyes scanning her queen before looking away, resuming her post as if nothing has happened.

"I-I'm sorry... I'm just under a lot of stress right now." Claricia apologizes to them.

"It's alright." A male guard replies.

"I wouldn't want to share him either." The female guard murmurs.

Unwilling to call out her guards for uncovering her true feelings, Claricia rises from the bench, holding Koralus' clothes tightly to her chest. Ordering the guards to remain behind, she leaves to 'take a walk'. First, she visits the blacksmith to check on an order for spearheads. Then, she visits the apothecary, picking up a potion that will help her unborn baby grow strong. Finally, she stops at Sybilla's home, visiting her and Avelina, who is her only true rival. Avelina and Koralus grew close, their dialogue open and vast in their brief times together. Inadvertently, the mare queen allowed her slave's first conquest in her name to become a potential mate after his release.

As usual, Avelina is eager to hear of the human and his fate, and becomes visibly jealous when Claricia informs her that he is breeding yet another woman. Avelina is not afraid to admit the resentment she harbors for Claricia because of what she's forced the human to do, to her and others. In this rare case, they're both in agreement. After staying with Sybilla and Avelina for over an hour, she departs and returns to the prison, hoping that Koralus and Rosamund are long done. Entering the prison, she's certain she can hear his voice, which quickly ceases as soon as the main door closes behind her.

Reaching the end of the hall, Koralus quickly pulls away from Rosamund's head, a nervous look upon his face. With narrowed eyes, she scans the pair in the corner, carefully unlocking and opening the cell door. Stepping inside and shutting it behind her, she watches as Koralus rises from the edge of the cot, turning in such a way that she catches a glimpse of his back. It's covered in superficial scratches. The mare queen flushes beneath her fur, her eyes wide. She's seen him wear similar marks before, thanks to her and Avelina's nails. All things considered, though, she's surprised that Rosamund enjoyed her first time with Koralus; was her blatantly visible lust for him that strong?

"I'm glad your back, my queen!" He chirps.

"Were you talking to the slave?" Claricia asks.

"Mostly myself." He answers.

"I see you did a wonderful job, as always." She says, stroking his scratches. "How many times have I left these on you?"

"Many." He replies.

Looking to the slave, the mink's eyes grow wide, as if surprised. Claricia becomes suspicious. Koralus has never failed to please a woman to her knowledge; even Avelina admitted that his tenderness during their first time made her find some pleasure in it. Though Claricia had witnessed it first-hand as she watched them, it's another thing entirely for Avelina to readily admit her orgasms as Koralus used her. Scanning Rosamund's body, her fur doesn't look damp, nor her black flesh glossy. Clandestinely sniffing Koralus, he doesn't stink of a Voeldahn woman's musk; a potent and unmistakable scent as her sweat mixes with her dry fur and vaginal fluids.

"She's as dry as the southern deserts." Claricia remarks.

"I-I was done a while ago." He answers.

"So quick this time?"

"Yes."

"You didn't struggle to maintain your firmness, like you did with Avelina?" Claricia raises a brow.

"... No."

Claricia quickly grabs one of Koralus' wrists, holding him firmly. After a brief glare, she moves him aside to examine Rosamund's head and the ball gag tied into her snout, which is poorly attached. It's clearly been removed at some point. Letting go of his wrist, the mare queen then grabs one of the mink girl's legs, pulling hard on her ankle. Dragging her along the cot for a few centimeters, she spreads

the girl's legs wide and leans in, peering down at her loins. They don't look as though they've been used, nor does any of his cum ooze out of her body.

To be sure, Claricia rests a hand on Rosamund's pelvis, using her fingers to touch nether lips. Dry as a bone! With a frustrated sigh, she releases the slave's leg and turns around, facing Koralus. With an angry scowl, she rests her hands on her hips as he nervously scratches the back of his head.

"I-I can explain!"

"Oh, please do..." Claricia grumbles.

"I was going too! I really was! Then her gag started to slip... I guess I didn't tie the last knot very well because it shifted forward. She got out a word, and I stopped." Koralus begins.

"What was the word?"

"... Virgin."

Astounded, Claricia sits atop the cot and moves between the girl's legs once again. Roughly shoving her legs into the air and curving her body, Claricia spreads Rosamund's loins and examines her more closely as Koralus continues to speak.

"I just could do it, so I took her gag off and we... Talked."

Claricia's heart sinks, both from the evidence staring her in the face in the form of an intact hymen, and from his words. The last slave he talked too, even after being forced to rape her, now cares for him as much as she does. Something about this human seduces the women's hearts as well as their bodies.

"I told her about the tribe, and she'd said she was brought in daylight, so she knows she can't escape... I learned about her; where she's from, who she is, and what she can offer."

"... Offer?" Claricia snickers.

"Okay, so she can't really offer anything you don't already have... But I just couldn't!" He insists. "I'm not going to rape and breed a virgin. I couldn't even trick him awake once I learned that! I felt so bad!"

"Koralus, you sweet, sentimental idiot... If I didn't lo-..." She stops mid-sentence. "Er... If I didn't *look* up to you and your idealism, I'd have sent someone else in already... Answer me this. What's with the scratches? They look perfect."

"We didn't bind her hands. I told her that we'd need to pretend and suggested scratches. To make it look real, she had me lean over her and then clawed at me." He replies, his face flushing.

Claricia silently chuckles, shaking her head.

"You really can't do it?" She asks.

"I really can't. I worried about what would happen; I briefly told myself that if it wasn't me, it'd be someone else who might not be as nice as I could be."

"That's certainly true."

"I did everything I could to make him obey, but... But I saw it for myself and I just... I can't take a virgin who isn't willing. I just can't! I'm a slave, not a monster."

Stepping closer to her slave, Claricia takes Koralus into her arms and rests her chin atop his head. Stroking his back, she shushes him, before kissing him tenderly in front of the surprised Rosamund. Inside, she's elated, if only for a short while. She considers her options.

“Alright... We’ll take her home with us.”

“What?!” Koralus asks in shock.

“I already accepted her when she was brought in as a spoil of war, so I’ll just keep her. She can be a house servant.” Claricia answers.

“But what about...”

“Yes?”

“You, Avelina and Marota; I’ve never failed to impregnate a woman yet.”

Rosamund’s eyes grow even wider as she listens to him speak.

“You have today, because the mink is sterile, and she’ll remain sterile until I can talk Sybilla into making a special ‘fertility’ potion, sometime before her nine months of mandatory slavery is up.”

“You’re amazing, Claricia.” He says, wrapping his arms around her.

“I know.” She smirks, petting him.

“Your generosity is incredible.”

As Koralus thanks his queen, referring to her by name, Claricia listens in silence, her heart jumping for joy. She loves pleasing her slave. Returning his affection, she kisses him with a passion that Rosamund has never seen. It’s obvious that they share something far beyond master and slave. Removing the ball gag and untying her collar from the hoop, they return to the manor with Rosamund in tow. She is given Koralus’ old room and the chains that go with it, while Koralus is swiftly moved into Claricia’s bed. As she’d said, he’ll sleep beside her every night from now on, excluding the nights when she must loan him to the others.

Thankfully, Rosamund, though a princess, does have some skills that can be put to use. For her own pleasure, she learned how to cook exquisite meals in the humble castle where she once lived, before the barbarian horse men raided her trade caravan, which she'd joined against her father's wishes. Having shared this with Koralus, he informs his queen, who puts these skills to work. On her first night, guards search the pantry for anything that may be poisonous before allowing Rosamund inside. After cooking a meal of grilled white fish and diced vegetables in the simple kitchen, she witnesses Koralus and Claricia seated together at the table.

Speaking like any other married couple, their banter is somehow heartwarming. Koralus is clearly not a cruel or bitter person because he somehow became a slave; he's warm and positive, and it intrigues the noble milk girl. After dinner, the guards lock Rosamund away, sworn by Claricia to not mistreat or misuse her, under penalty of death. This was a promise she'd made to Koralus, who didn't even ask for it; she offered it in order to please him. As the night approaches, Koralus and Claricia lie down in bed together. Though he wears his leather collar, she doesn't bother to tie him to the hoop on her bedroom wall, and he would never attempt to leave her side.

With his arms around her waist, she lay on her back as he lay on his side, their lips pressed together as they softly kiss. His hand explores her nude body, massaging the large globes of her breasts. A gasping Claricia looks with longing to her slave. Pulling back, the human smiles warmly at her before his eyes take in her form once more. His hand slides down the soft fur of her body, racing toward her moist, pink loins. A finger caresses her womanhood and her hands clench the red bedsheets.

"Well, someone's ready!" He chuckles.

"I love you."

Koralus stops and Claricia opens her eyes, staring at the ceiling. Gulping nervously as she realizes what she's just said aloud, she turns her eyes downward, gazing upon him. Though surprised, his smile has only grown wider. There's no going back now.

"I mean it, Koralus. I love you and everything about you. You're special in many ways, and I feel myself aching when you're gone. I don't want to share you, and I regret what I said, but I can't take it back. You're such a good, sweet, caring man. You're not just a noble. To me, you're a king." Claricia continues, owning her admission with pride.

"I-I..." He gasps. "I didn't know you cared so much for me."

"I did my best to hide it, for as long as I could." She sheepishly admits.

"I love you too." He says softly, resting his hand on her muzzle.

"Please don't lie."

"I'm not lying!" He insists.

"I enslaved you! I've made you do things... You mated with Marota, you had to rape Avelina while I just... Watched... It's unforgivable, and because of you, because of being *with* you, I've learned that." She says, her eyes welling with tears.

"You're not a bad person." He says before kissing her lips. "You've made mistakes, but you're not evil. If you were, you wouldn't be crying from your shame... I love you, Claricia. You're warm, and gentle and you have a soft side that you don't let the others see, but I see it, and I appreciate it."

"... What about Avelina?" She suddenly asks.

"I care for her too." He admits, his smile fading.

"As much as you care for me?"

"I don't know..."

"Don't lie to me Koralus. Never lie to me." She softly begs.

"I feel like I may love her. We're already so close." He answers with a look of shame. "I'm confused. It feels wrong to me, but both of you are wonderful women."

Sitting up, Koralus is visibly distraught. He rests his head in his hands and sighs. Leaning on her arm, Claricia looks him over very carefully. Nothing about his voice or body language suggests that he's lying as he freely, if ashamedly, admits his feelings.

"I'm so sorry, Claricia. I didn't want to hurt you. I've grown to care for you so much!" He whimpers.

Her heart burns with the realization that her slave loves her back, but she finds herself melancholy. If only there were a way that he wouldn't have to choose... Her eyes light up as she recalls a long-abandoned rule, one of the stone codes that also cannot be repealed. She rests a hand on his leg and gives him a squeeze. He turns his gloomy eyes toward her.

"Thankfully you're a male." She begins.

"... What?"

"Remember that this tribe was once ruled by men, before we tricked them out of it. One of the stone codes is that a husband may have more than one wife, and multiple slaves. It was once common, but many women don't allow it... I would."

Koralus is flabbergasted. From all that he's seen of the barbarian tribes, he's certain that most of what he's been told has been a lie. Clearly, this rumor of polygamy is true. What shocks him more, however, is that for as much as she loves him and as jealous as she becomes around Avelina, why would she agree to it?

"I thought you hated her." He says.

"Well, I'm not her closest friend by any means, but... She's certainly a good woman, as you thought she was. That, and she's carrying your child. I could live with her in our lives."

"Could you?" He presses, skeptically raising a brow.

"I'm giving you permission to have two women in your bed at once, and you're complaining?" She giggles.

"I'm just surprised."

"You'll get over it."

Taking her slave into her arms, the mare queen clings to her lover. He quickly grabs onto her and softly strokes her back. Nuzzling her neck, he kisses her exactly the way that she likes. A hand fondles her breast as he attends to her, so the mare queen returns the favor, stroking her lover's endowed phallus. Quickly growing hard once more, he pushes himself against her, driving her down and onto her back. Spreading her legs apart for him, he slips between them. Using a hand, he rubs his engorged tip against her clitoris and nether lips, teasing her opening.

The kiss over and over again, losing themselves in carnal passion. Koralus is trapped in the embrace of the mare queen, but he wouldn't have it any other way. In the short time he's been with her, their bond has grown. Continuous sexual pleasure is one thing, but Claricia has opened up her heart to him, and that's worth far more than anything that primitive lust could ever offer. Holding onto his mistress, Koralus knows how much she loves him, and how willing she is to please; why else would she suggest he take two wives? Considering his feelings for Avelina, which are quite substantial, he's thankful she's opened this door for him; he didn't want to have to choose.

Lying back as the human kisses and nuzzles her, the mare queen shivers from his splendid touch; he always knows exactly what to do

to please her. It often makes her smile and even chuckle when she thinks back to her times with the stallions of the tribe. One might think that their larger and animalesque phalluses would be more pleasurable, but they would be mistaken. Claricia certainly is. Her human slave's body feels tailor made for her, and his member, large for a human, is just right for her. The fact that he is a kind, caring man who genuine cares for her, and who will certainly make a loving and supportive father to their children, only makes their bond deepen.

"I love you, Koralus." She coos.

"I love you too, Claricia."

Kissing her with considerable passion, their tongues entwine. She's yearned for him many times in the past, but now that they've said their peace, his flesh somehow tastes even better than it did before. His forearm shifts, slipping just beneath her body, something he always does when he's preparing himself. Claricia can hardly wait. Her hands grip his sides and she tilts her hips slightly, giving him better access to her loins. With a single, hard push, he drives the head of his big cock into her wet and hungry pussy.

"NNNGGAAHHH!" She cries out with pleasure, clenching her teeth tightly. "... Hhff... Fuck me, Koralus. Hhff. Fuck your future wife."

"You know I will, my love." He growls lustfully, before beginning to work her exquisite body.