

Sovereign's Secrets: Breeding An Alliance

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Grunting and groaning, the wooden bedframe creaks from the fervent motions. Red silk bedsheets are moist with the sweat of the occupants, a little stain pooling near their genitalia. Lying over her lover, Avelina kisses Koralus deeply. Their tongues entwine as she bounces herself atop him, enjoying the many pleasures he brings her, and the comfort of his embrace. The human and the horse woman make passionate love as Claricia, the mare queen, lay beside them. She's already had a turn, her loins still shivering from her orgasm. The human gives Avelina's buttocks a firm smack as she rides him, bucking against him with great force.

"Ahh!" She squeals. "Nngf! Your cock is, nngf, sooo good! Ahh!"

"Nngf! Ride that cock, baby! Mmm-yeah. Take it!" Koralus growls.

Sitting upright, she swirls her hips in circles, his girthy member buried deep within her body and his full balls pressed firmly against her ass. Lifting her hands and moving them over her naturally dreadlocked blonde hair, she gazes down lustfully at her human partner. His hands reach up, grabbing hold of her plump breasts, massaging her orbs which jiggle so adorably as she continues to use him.

"Mmm... Is Claricia this good?" Avelina suddenly asks.

“Hey, you saw how well I fucked him!” The mare queen retorts, rolling onto her side as she watches the pair.

“It looked impressive, but I’m asking *him*.” Avelina retorts.

“Girls! Mmm-you’re both wonderful, nnf, in your own ways.” Koralus interjects.

“I just want to be good for you, when we’re together.” Avelina coos.

“So do I!” Claricia insists.

“And you are!” He chuckles. “Now, nnf, stop talking and, nnf, ride me.” He smirks.

“Mmm... As you wish, my love.” Avelina gleefully replies.

Leaning backward, Avelina arches her back, her powerful hands grabbing hold of Koralus’ shins. Her large, F-cup breasts jiggle and sway as she rams her pelvis down, driving the human’s engorged, eight-inch cock into her taut pussy. As his eyes scan her frame, eager to watch the show between their legs, he pauses at her mid-section; Avelina’s belly has a noticeable bump, the result of being three months pregnant with his baby. Plop, plop, plop, as she bounces up and down atop the human. His fleshy scrotum is jammed into the crack of her ass as she drops herself down hard.

Clarcia watches, her fingers rubbing her clitoris. Koralus can feel his climax growing closer and closer. His hands hold onto her hips as she rides. Feeling his hands, she sits atop him and begins roughly rocking and swirling her hips. Koralus’ eyes nearly roll back in his head from the pleasure, and he struggles to breathe. How wonderful both of these mare Voeldahn are at pleasuring him. As his end draws near, Avelina suddenly pauses. Her vaginal canal clamps down onto his penis like a velvet vice, her warm flesh crushing his organ as she cums hard.

“AAAHHHHH!!!” Avelina squeals. “Ahh! Hhff... By the gods! Agh!”

“Well, someone enjoyed herself.” Claricia giggles.

“Yes... Hhff... I certainly did. Hhff.” Avelina gasps for breath.

“Almost...” Koralus chuckles.

“What?!” Avelina looks down in shock. “I’m sorry!”

“What’s wrong?” Claricia asks with great concern.

“He didn’t finish.” Avelina answers.

“It’s alright.” He remarks.

“No, it isn’t! Up!” Claricia instructs, motioning for Avelina to move.

The trembling Avelina struggles to remove herself from her lover’s girthy shaft, flopping over to Koralus’ left and lying beside him on the large bed. Easily able to hold three horse Voeldahn, Claricia’s custom build bed is more than enough for the two mares and their human lover. Crawling over his legs, Claricia quickly grips Koralus’ penis, holding the sticky shaft and massaging him with her hand. Without any hesitation, she opens wide and stuffs his phallus into her mouth, even though it’s covered in the remnants of Avelina’s pleasure. The human writhes as Claricia’s head bobs up and down, her hand working his shaft as she prepares him for more.

Once she thinks he’s had enough, as his pleasure begins to peak yet again, Claricia throws herself down by Koralus’ right side. Grabbing onto him, she pulls him atop her with her strong arms, rolling him over so that he’s poised between her legs and lying over her in the missionary position. As his two lovers spent their time on top, using him to pleasure themselves, he has more than enough leftover energy to keep going. He drives himself into Claricia’s pussy for the second time that night, trying not to put any pressure on her belly, which is occupied by one of his children.

Avelina rolls onto her side, holding herself up with an arm as she massages her freshly used vagina, still sticky with her cum and lubricating fluids. Thwap, thwap, thwap. Koralus drives his member into and out of Claricia's tight hole with considerable vigor, really ramming himself into his queen with all that he's got. Her hands reach around his body, her nails clawing at his back uncontrollably. Her hooves sway as her ankles shift, responding to the pleasures he brings her. A grunting and groaning Claricia looks down at her lover, as he does his best to relieve himself of his excess sperm.

The pair kiss passionately as he pounds her little hole with his girthy organ. Their tongues entwine and her already large breasts, slowly beginning to swell in preparation for her child, are smooshed against his sweaty chest. The musk of two Voeldahn women fills the room, the intoxicating scent of their wet vaginas and sweaty, mated fur filling the chamber and Koralus' nostrils. He happily feeds the mare's loins with his human phallus, which has since become a home for it. He pulls back as he pummels her flesh with his own, working harder and harder as he nears the finish line.

"Nng... I'm... Nng!"

"AAAHHHH!!" Claricia cries out as she cums.

A surprised Koralus slows his pace, looking down as she wriggles and squeals with delight beneath him. Has he become better at this, or have they both become easier? The brief pause as he watches the mare's writhing eases his pleasure. By the time he realizes it, it's too late.

"No fair." Aveline pouts.

Koralus turns his head toward her, as she now lay carefully on her belly, her knees slightly bent and her forearms helping to support her exquisite body and not put any pressure on the fetus.

"She came twice!"

"Oh, alright." Koralus says with a little smirk.

Avelina's face lights up and she shifts her body, her platinum blonde, horse-like tail moving over and revealing her loins to him. Pulling his member out of Claricia's quivering hole, he crawls a few feet over to Avelina. Resting his hands on her hips, he brushes her nether lips with his member, still dripping with Claricia's slick fluids and cum. Already thoroughly lubricated, and with Avelina's loins still recovering, it isn't remotely a challenge for him to bury himself to the hilt, sheathing his organ within her in one stroke. His full balls plop against her clitoris and Avelina grunts, wincing from the pleasure and clenching the bedsheets tightly in her fists.

Again, focusing only on himself, Koralus rams his penis into and out of the taut mare's flesh, enjoying his lover as she squeals and groans. Her tail sways and her hooved feet bounce atop the bed behind him as he pumps his stiff flesh into her. Glancing over to his left, Claricia appears to be on the verge of unconsciousness, overcome by the pleasure. He looks down, watching his member stretching Avelina's hot, pink loins as he buries it deep within her. Over and over, he drives himself into and out of the horse girl. Finally, his pleasure is near his peak. Thwap, thwap, thwap.

He pulls her butt against him as Avelina buries her face into a pillow, crying out again and again. He feels the tension built as he fills her vaginal canal with his flesh, enjoying every sensation she gives him. His affection for both women has certainly made the experience more powerful, and he can assume that this has contributed to his increased stamina as well. As his pleasure reaches its peak, he closes his eyes and leans forward, resting his glistening body against the damp and matted fur of Avelina's back. Leaving himself buried deep within her perfect body, Koralus rocks his hip, working her with only a few inches; it's nearly over for the both of them.

"I'm, nng, about, nng... Fuck!"

"Ahh! Ahh! Fill me up! Ahh!" She squeals.

"Nng. NNG. NNNGGGRRRAAAHHH!!!" He roars.

"Ahh! AHH! AHHHHGGAAHHH!!!"

Avelina squeals, crying out with pleasure as they orgasm together. Her pussy clamps down on him like a vice as he shoots jet after thick and powerful jet deep into her body. Though she's already pregnant with his child, it still feels heavenly to have him expelling his potent seed into her body; it quenches the fires of her lust. As he lay over her back, Koralus' body becomes limp. Avelina's body also grows soft, her legs sliding further apart and slowly straightening from the weight of her human lover who mounts her like he owns her.

"No fair." Claricia pouts, suddenly pressing her chest against his sweaty back. "She got to feel your seed..."

"Oh my..." He pants.

Swiftly pulling him back and flipping him over, Claricia and Avelina manage to keep going; Claricia's intent on feeling him fill her with his sperm too, and she won't be denied. After several more positions and a handful more orgasms for both women, Koralus eventually releases his leftovers into Claricia's body as well. Now thoroughly exhausted and sore, the human man is allowed to lie down and rest between both mares. The horse women hold him, cuddling with the human that they intend to share as a husband, swiftly falling asleep, one on each side and with their arms around his trunk.

Koralus, however, takes a minute to think about how it was that this all came to be. A minute is all the time he has to give the thought, before he too passes out, embraced by his future wives.

“Hello!” Rosamund chirps.

“Hi, Rosamund. How’re you fairing?” Koralus asks.

Sitting beside Claricia at the dinner table, Rosamund serves the pair, who’ve since expressed their love for one another.

“The bed sucks and my collar’s chains are annoying, but it could be worse.” She replies, leaving them their food.

“This is true.” Claricia nods.

“But are *you* doing well? Are you sleeping better? Making friends? Finding suitors?” He teases.

“Oh, I have a line around the manor.” She giggles.

“That I can believe.” Claricia murmurs, glancing at male guard who eyes the attractive mink.

“I’m alright though. I appreciate how kind you’ve been to me, Koralus... Both of you, actually. All things considered, I could’ve been caught by some other tribe, and if I had, I might be begging for death right now. I understand that, now that I’ve been here for a while.”

“Considering Marota’s patrol found you in Red Paws territory, that’s a guarantee.” Claricia says.

“Two months doesn’t feel like a while, until you end up in chains.” Koralus remarks.

“Agreed.” Rosamund says with a little smile.

Having finished serving her owner, Rosamund, the mink slave girl and a former princess, bows respectfully to Claricia and takes the empty tray from the table before returning to the kitchen.

“She really only needs to thank you, Koralus.”

"I don't think so. You would've come around too."

"Would I?" Claricia smirks.

"You're strong, and you can get your hands dirty, but I think deep down, your heart is as soft as wet sand." He says, pouring her a goblet of wine.

"Don't be so sure, Koralus. Just because you're a sweet, thoughtful, well-meaning man, doesn't mean that the rest of use aren't bloodthirsty, sex-crazed monsters."

"I doubt that really describes you." He chuckles.

"Doesn't it? I'm still a feral. Isn't that what every other great kingdom call all of us primitive tribes who hold onto the old ways? Isn't that what you thought of us when I first bought you?"

"I didn't say all of the tribes are nice. I only said that you're nice, and that you're good. Learn to take a compliment and stop fighting me." He grins, holding up a piece of salted pork on a fork.

"Oh alright." She says, before cutely taking a bite. "I suppose if I'm to one day be your wife, I should get used to accepting your opinions sometimes."

Sitting together and eating peacefully, Claricia watches Koralus, who looks over a tome that sits between them, a bone carved fork in one hand and a quill in the other. In the months since he's been there, and as the pair have grown closer, Koralus has shared much of his past and his skillsets with the mare queen, whom he'll eventually marry. Now promoted to the position of premier scribe, he looks over notes that he's taken for his queen. She leans closer, looking over the list of women's names; these are the soldiers who've earned their time with him, and whom he's since bred with.

He writes in the tome behind the last of eight names, listing the woman as pregnant. She now matches the other seven, with Marota being the first; all of them now carry Koralus' children. His face softens and he seems relieved as he blows on the ink of the page, helping it dry.

"Proud of your handiwork?" Claricia asks him, carefully prodding.

"No." He replies, his little smile fading as he turns his eyes towards her. "You know that I didn't wish to be with any of them; I'm a slave who does what he's told."

"I was curious, because you looked happy."

"I'm happy because it's over. No other women qualify, and Rosamund is 'sterile', so there's no need to further defile her against her will." He retorts.

"Do you care for me so much?" Claricia sweetly asks, leaning into him.

"Of course." He says, slipping his arm around her waist. "But I also don't believe in sex without love."

"Aren't you the idealist, my little Koralus." She coos, giving him a tender kiss.

"I have my ideals, yes... The world is cruel enough. Why perpetuate it?"

Hugging her slave and lover, Claricia nuzzles his face. Her eyes suddenly shoot open and she pulls back. With a startled look, she glances down and rests a hand upon the faint bump in her belly.

"What's wrong?!" Koralus asks with genuine concern.

"I... I think I felt him move!" Claricia happily exclaims.

"So soon?!" He asks in surprise.

"He's a strong one. He'll be a great warrior."

Resting a hand over her belly, the pair lose themselves in the moment. They don't even notice the shuffling feet rushing in behind them.

“My queen!” A voice exclaims through labored breathes.

Claricia and Koralus shift on the bench, turning around to whomever is speaking. There, a young warrior stands before them. His toned body is covered in damp fur, as though the horse boy has run a marathon. His strong hands grip his knees as he leans over, gasping for air.

“What’s going on?” Claricia asks.

“Red... Paws...” He says, between breaths. “I... Saw them... Coming...”

“A war party?!” She rises to her hooves.

“No.” He shakes his head. “Emissaries, I think. They flew the banner of peace.”

“Get the tome, Koralus. Let’s meet them.”

“Of course, my queen.” Koralus bows his head.

Attaching his leash for appearance’s sake, Claricia and Koralus leave the manor while Rosamund is left behind to clear and clean the table. Following the teenage warrior outside, they find a party of Red Paws, approaching unarmed and under a flag of truce. The banner is an undyed white, depicting a sword, arrows, and an axe with their blades stuck into the ground and a tree trunk respectively. This is the universal symbol of the feral tribes, used by any who wish to speak peacefully. Though they aren’t always welcomed, the banner at least eases the minds of many as the otherwise capable warriors ride through the village.

Sitting atop fine blooded steeds, the feline Voeldahn who make up the Red Paws slow to a trot. Many of them are completely concealed beneath hooded cloaks. Circling around each other, they

stop and dismount their horses. The cat men carefully approach the manor, which is now crowded by many Black-Mane. A Red Paws warrior takes off his hide helmet, reinforced with a carved wooden skullcap that bears two large slits for his ears to poke through. Looking at the human and then to Claricia, the cat man walks up to the horse woman with his helmet tucked beneath an arm.

“Claricia?” He asks.

“I am her.”

“Lovely pet.” The warrior snickers, glancing to Koralus.

“Indeed... What are you doing here?”

“I’ve been sent by Rathar.” He begins.

“He didn’t wish to visit me himself?” She raises a brow.

“And risk being taken hostage? No. However, he does request your audience.”

“So that I may be taken hostage instead?” She chuckles.

“No. He requests your audience to establish an alliance. As there’s no neutral ground between our tribes, he wishes for you to visit his fortress in the west.” He continues.

“I’m even less inclined to do that...”

“Queen Claricia...” He sighs. “There’s a threat in the west that will endanger both of us. The great kingdom of the elves and their tamed Voeldahn encroach on our borders, clearing our forests and building new villages. An emissary was sent in, but a spy revealed that the warriors were beheaded and the emissary kept by the royal family as a slave.”

Hearing the cat man’s words, Claricia turns her head toward Koralus. He’s since revealed who he really is, to both her shock and awe. With the rightful heir to the kingdom’s throne standing beside her, his leash in her hands, she can see the anger on the human’s face as he learns that his family’s depravity continues unchecked.

"The emissary was a priestess of our tribe, who volunteered for the mission. She said that the gods would protect her... Clearly, she was mistaken." The man remarks.

"Do you mock the gods?!" A Black-Mane priestess gasps.

"I mock the gods when they deserve it, as I do with mortals."

"Heresy!" The priestess points at the men.

"Be silent." Claricia sternly demands.

"But my queen?!"

"Shut... Up... This is far more important." Claricia steps toward the Red Paws, pulling Koralus along. "What happened after your emissary was enslaved?"

"They... They rode into a camp and torched it, dragging off many of the women and children... My own daughter was among them..." The warrior bitterly explains.

"I'm sorry." Claricia's voice softens.

"I understand your hesitation to enter our fortress, as does Rathar. To prove that he's sincere, we have something to show you."

Motioning with a hand, the warrior calls several of the hooded figures down from their horses. Approaching the group with their heads down, they stop just behind the warrior. Dainty, clawed hands reach for the hoods, pulling them back as the trio reveal their identities.

"Hello." Princess Basina says to the mare queen and her human slave.

"Hi!" Koralus chirps.

"Well, now! This *is* a surprise." Claricia remarks.

Beside Basina, the daughter of a general and the teenage son of the high priest stand in front of the Black-Mane.

“These three will join us on the trip back to the fortress. They come to you now to prove that we are sincere. If you wanted to take them now, you could cripple us, but Rathar doesn’t want war. We need to work together if we’re to survive the kingdom. Please...” The emissary pleads with the mare queen.

Looking to her slave, she and Koralus share a gaze. With a pantomime of subtle eye and head motions, they speak volumes without uttering a word. Looking back at Basina, who visibly eyes Koralus with a lustful gaze, Claricia clears her throat. Basina’s slightly opened mouth closes and her narrowed eyes open fully, her head shifting to look at the mare queen who towers over her.

“Alright... Considering you’ve effectively handed us your tribe on a silver platter, I think you’ve made your point clear. If these are the lengths you’ll take to prove your sincerity, then I’m interested in whatever Rathar has to say.”

“Excellent!” The man chirps. “When will you leave with us?”

“It’s early. Why not leave right now?!” Claricia grins.

“Of course! We’ll make you and your servants feel at home! Thank you so much!” He giddily exclaims.

Bringing her people close, Claricia issues orders to her tribal elders. She organizes an impromptu diplomatic envoy right in front of the Red Paws, showing her efforts to maintain peace and to ease their minds. With her people preparing for the journey, the anthropomorphic horse men gather their own beasts of burden; they retrieve Claricia’s chariot, pulled by large shire horses. One of the Red Paws watches, silently chuckling at the startling resemblance the sentient Voeldahn share with the animals.

“Does it ever bother you to mount yokes to these creatures? I mean... Considering your looks.” He says to a Black-Mane warrior.

“Why would it? Does this horse have hands and walk on two hooves? Does it speak our language or share our customs? No. It’s just a horse.” The horse Voeldahn answers.

“True... Still, the resemblance is striking.”

“My mother shares a similar pattern.” The Black-Mane smirks as he buckles the harness.

Meanwhile, Claricia and Koralus return into the manor to pack some things. Princess Basina and her two associates, as bargaining chips, enter with them to stay within the mare queen’s sight. This is what they were instructed to do by Rathar, to further prove his need of a peaceful meeting. After collecting a few items from her bedroom, Claricia stops in the main hall. She hears a noise in the kitchen and turns her head, peering inside to look.

“I-I’m sorry... P-please... Excuse me.” Rosamund whimpers.

She’d knocked over an empty goblet, startled by a male guard looming over her as she cleared the table. A nervous Rosamund traverses the dining hall, gasping as the male guard briefly pats her perfect buttocks. She stops and turns back, while he looks over her body with lust in his eyes. Claricia recognizes his male gaze right away. Most can’t act on it, due to their matriarchal society. However, in the privacy of Claricia’s manor, he may feel emboldened. Fearful that the virginal Rosamund might suffer a rape without Claricia there to protect her, and knowing that Koralus would be upset by such an event, Claricia promptly takes action.

“Rosamund!”

“Yes, my queen?!”

"Pack a satchel of extra food. You're coming with us." Claricia says.

"I-I am?!" She asks, her eyes lighting up.

"You are. Hurry along! We have to leave soon!" A smiling Claricia instructs the mink girl.

Also taking note of the guard, who now appears somewhat frustrated, princess Basina turns her eyes toward the mare queen.

"That was very... Kind of you." She says softly.

"I have my moments." Claricia replies.

"Why would you do that?" Basina presses.

"She's unbroken, and Koralus would be upset if she were hurt under my watch."

"You care how your slave feels?" Basina asks with surprise.

"... I do." Claricia replies, resting a hand over her belly.

Basina looks down at the mare queen's stomach. Though it takes her a second, her brow raises as realizes that she isn't gaining weight, but is carrying a child.

"You're... You're pregnant?!" Basina gasps.

"I am." Claricia grins.

"Who's the father?"

Claricia looks down at the feline Voeldahn princess. She doesn't answer, and the group stand in silence, waiting for Rosamund to collect her things and for Koralus, who is totally unguarded, to finish packing. With a series of capped inkwells, unused quills and a few scrolls, he emerges from a storeroom and slings a pack. Seeing

Claricia's growing smile, Basina stands in shock at the implications. Having failed to win the bid, Koralus has now impregnated the mare queen. Her jealousy simmers. Rosamund soon emerges from the dining hall with the extra food, following her instructions to the letter.

Taking hold of Koralus' leash and attaching one to Rosamund's collar, Claricia leads her slaves out of the manor and into the village, where her chariot and entourage now await her. Climbing aboard the chariot with both slaves in tow, the Red Paws mount their steeds and the group make their way to Rathar's fortress in the west. Bringing the horses to full gallop, they ride hard for some time before slowing their pace for the animal's sake. With only brief stops to rest, the Red Paws' fortress comes into view just around dusk and soon the convoy make their way into the courtyard. The Red Paws and Black-Mane dismount, and Basina dashes up to her brother, chieftain Rathar.

"It's good to see you've returned safely." He says, embracing his sister. "And you've brought our new friends!"

"I have. Queen Claricia and her slaves."

"I see..."

Rathar growls lustfully, his icy eyes examining Rosamund's exquisite body. Seeing his gaze, Rosamund shies away, only for Claricia to step forward and rest a hand on her shoulder.

"And I don't share them..." Claricia sternly warns.

"Unfortunate... But understandable."

Approaching his queen, Koralus opens a tome and prepares a quill and portable inkwell. Rathar notices the human, his brow rising in surprise. Glancing toward his sister, he sees her narrowed blue eyes watching him as her long, wavy and dyed red hair flutters in the breeze. Rathar looks back at the human, then at his sister.

“Is this the one?” He chuckles.

“Huh?!” Basina feigns ignorance.

“You were upset for weeks after Claricia outbid you at an auction. Was this the one?”

“Perhaps...” She murmurs.

“Interesting... Well, it’s far too late in the day to begin negotiations. We can speak in the morning. Until then, you can keep the boy close, to guarantee that we mean you no harm. I’ll gift you a cabin to stay in, as well as food, if you need it.” Rathar says to the mare queen, respectfully bowing his head.

“I thank you for your hospitality.” Claricia bows her head in return.

Reclaiming princess Basina and the general’s daughter, Rathar leaves the high priest’s son with Claricia and her envoy. With a wave of his hand, several of his men show the mare queen and her staff to a large home built beside a stable and alongside the twelve-foot-tall palisade wall of the fort. Rosamund and the female guards sleep in one room, while the high priest’s son and the male guards sleep in another, with some guards working in shifts to protect the house. In the largest and most comfortable room, Claricia and Koralus lay together in bed, trying to sleep in the strange environment. Koralus holds the mare queen in his arms, spooning with his pregnant lover.

“Koralus... I need to ask you for a favor.” The mare queen softly begins.

“Not an order?” He asks, softly kissing the nape of her neck.

“I don’t give you orders anymore, my love.” She coos, reaching back and stroking his face.

Koralus rests his hand over hers and kisses her neck, nuzzling her lovingly. The mare queen rolls over in bed, turning around to face her slave and lover, whom she plans to marry as soon as he can be released from bondage. She leans in and kisses him upon his lips, their passion growing with each one.

“Basina still wants you.” Claricia begins.

“I suspected when I saw her staring.” Koralus sighs, resting his forehead against hers.

“She could’ve owned you... Perhaps if she did, maybe she’d love you? Maybe you’d love her, too?” The mare queen speaks somberly.

“Claricia.”

“Koralus... If Rathar wishes to speak privately and Basina comes for you... I... I don’t want you to deny her.”

“... What?” He leans back in surprise.

“If Rathar wishes for peace between the Red Paws and the Black-Mane, or even an alliance against your family’s kingdom, then we can’t jeopardize it. If Basina wants you, and you can placate her, then do it. I don’t want her running to Rathar and causing a problem because you were loyal to me.”

“I love you, Claricia.”

“And I love you too, Koralus. I don’t want you to be with her, but the tribes are more important. Please...”

Looking his lover in the eyes, he can see the frustration and pain that even the mere thought causes her. However, knowing that there’s more at stake than their feelings, he slowly nods his head. Without speaking further, they kiss several more times before Claricia rolls over, presses her back against his chest and closes her eyes. The following morning, after eating a breakfast prepared by Rosamund, the male guards follow Claricia and Koralus, who accompanies her as the Black-Mane’s scribe. Before a large, two-story manor at the other end of the fortress stands the chieftain and his family.

The Red Paws' high priest is quick to reclaim his teenage son, which the Black-Mane had treated with the utmost care and respect. Princess Basina's eyes, first stare at Koralus with considerable lust. Though his hair is now dyed a bluish-black, she obviously still recognizes him and finds him desirable. However, the cat girl's eyes quickly scan Claricia, glaring at the sight of her visibly swelling belly. The feline Voeldahn princess leans over and whispers something into the pointy, cat-like ear of her brother, who silently chuckles as he turns his head toward her.

"Let us speak inside." Rathar suggests.

"Good idea." Claricia chirps.

"You and your soldiers may follow me to the war room. We can speak there."

With a little tug on Koralus' leash, Claricia steps forward.

"Not him!" Rathar quickly adds.

"He's a talented scribe." She says.

"We have our own scribe; his skills won't be necessary." He retorts.

"Then what is my slave to do?"

"Fend for himself?" He shrugs. "I don't want that elf in my war room. Keep him out of the way." Rathar explains.

"I'll watch him." Basina coos, extending a hand to his leash.

Claricia sighs and hands over Koralus' leash. The events are unfolding roughly as she'd expected. Giving the order, Claricia's guards disperse around the manor, while the lieutenant and her best warriors keep her safe, following her and Rathar as they speak in the

war room. Koralus, however, remains behind, along with Basina. Her fingers coil around the leather strip, her claws pressing into her palms as she eyes the human over and over again.

“She colored your hair...” Basina remarks.

“She did.”

“I like it!” She chirps. “Would you like to browse the manor?!”

Looking toward Basina, Koralus remembers Calricia’s words. Seeing the sinister gleam in Basina’s eye as she holds onto his leash, he knows that it would do little good to resist her. He can’t risk ruining the negotiations by upsetting her. Nodding his head, she immediately and gleefully tugs on his leash, dragging him inside. Leading him through the manor, Basina pulls the human through the halls, avoiding the war room and any potential listeners. Basina doesn’t bother to actually show him anything of interest within the manor, but instead takes him to a specific area of the building.

Once again, he feels trapped. It’s like the first week of living in the dark room, the iron collar around his neck. His stomach churns. However, he quickly regains control as he reminds himself of his status in Claricia’s heart, and his mission; placate Basina and allow for smooth negotiations. Claricia made it clear of what he’d have to do. Preparing himself, Koralus’ eyes focus on Basina’s swaying hips and toned buttocks. She’s nothing if not beautiful. Walking through the halls, the Red Paws’ princess glances back at the human, her lips curled into an innocent smile as her tail swishes gracefully behind her.

Turning a corner, they walk down a thin corridor before entering a room. Stepping through the doorway, Koralus immediately sees the bed in what appears to be servant’s quarters. Basina shuts and latches the door, locking them in.

"No one will hear us here! These quarters aren't used anymore!"
She chirps. "Do you know why I brought-"

A hand slides around her waist as Koralus stands behind her. At first fearful, her words catch in her throat as the human's hand rests upon her chin. However, she swiftly melts when she feels his lips caressing the soft, black fur of her neck, giving her many little kisses. Her eyes narrow and then close as Koralus reaches a hand up, taking hold of one of her ample, D-cup breasts. Fondling her through her top, he kisses her cheek and the side of her head before using his nose to caresses her feline ear. All that the princess can think to do is rest a hand over his forearm that rests so snugly over her flat belly, stroking his soft skin with her claws.

"I know why you brought me here." He whispers.

"Y-you do?" She sheepishly asks.

"I remember how eagerly you 'examined' me, and how upset you were when Claricia outbid you. Don't think that because I'm a man that I'm also somehow dense; it's obvious what you want."

"I wasn't hiding it." She giggles.

"And I don't mind giving it to you."

"Good... I don't mind taking it." She coos.

Nuzzling her cheek, his hand carefully massages her breast through her top. The arm that's locked itself around her waist begins to loosen, and his free hand slides down toward her groin. His fingers slip beneath the hide skirt that she wears, finding a cloth undergarment covering her loins. With a little push, he moves them aside and massages her clitoris very tenderly with his fingers. Basina moans, her body trembling as she stands there, allowing the human to have his way with her. He can only imagine her elation as he acts on his own volition. Perhaps she thought she'd have to tie him down?

"I-I was so angry; I should've brought more crescents, but I didn't think I'd see a man of your quality. I've regretted it for so long, that I... I..." She pauses.

"Shh..." He shushes her, kissing her neck.

Basina bites her bottom lip as Koralus slips a finger into her warm, wet vagina. The black and grey furred cat girl groans, resting a hand over his. Her clawed fingers curl around his larger hand as she pulls it away from her loins. At first a little confused, it makes sense when she spins around in his arms, pressing her breasts against his chest and planting a surprisingly passionate kiss upon his lips. Her tail sways faster and with more vigor as their tongues entwine. Kiss after kiss grows the tension like weeds in a garden, and even Koralus can feel a stirring as Basina presses her warm body firmly against his.

"I haven't enjoyed anyone in some time. I've been too distracted by Claricia's theft." Basina admits, nuzzling his face with her feline snout.

"How long is 'some time'?" He asks.

"Since shortly before we met." She replies as if ashamed.

Koralus is quite surprised that the outcome of the auction so affected her. As beautiful and vibrant as she is, he'd have expected her to already be married to a chieftain and pregnant, or at least have other men to entertain her. Instead, she's abstained out of pure anger for nearly three months. It's now clear to Koralus why Claricia wanted him to appease Basina; if she's so easily angered over the loss of an auction of a slave, what would she do if he rejected her, in order to remain loyal to Claricia? With an added vigor, he spins them around and walks Basina slowly toward the bed, kissing her over and over as his hands explore her stunning body.

Basina coils his leash tightly around her hand. He gives her firm buttocks a little smack, causing her to squeal. The black and grey cat

princess's behavior reminds him of his encounters with the virginal Stella and Izvanya; she's nervous and almost intimidated by his presence, though she certainly tries not to be. Within a matter of minutes, Koralus slips off his boots, vest, tunic and trousers. Basina stares with some frustration at the Black-Mane tattoos upon his chest, only to forget about them entirely when he reveals his exceptional member to her. Reaching out and touching him, she gasps and coos as he slips off her top and immediately licks and sucks on the charcoal flesh of her nipples.

Rapidly growing stiff, he continues his work and strips Basina of her clothes. Once she's undressed, he prepares to lie her back, but she has other plans. Eager to pick up where she left off, the cat girl drops to her knees. She tugs at his leash, causing him to bend over her, and resting his palms atop the bed. Carefully cupping his testicles, which are fairly large and heavy for a human's, she opens her mouth wide and sticks out her tongue. Using it like prehensile tail, she curls it around the head of his penis before lifting the erecting phallus and lining it up with her mouth. Her lips wrap around the head as Basina tastes his flesh, moaning with obvious enjoyment.

She bobs her head as she holds his thick shaft, jerking the lower portion of the human's eight-inch penis. Her tail swishes wildly behind her as she sucks his big dick. Her clawed hand reaches down and between her toned legs, where she promptly rubs her nether lips and clitoris. Her long and wavy, dyed red hair sways in conjunction with her motions, her icy blue eyes closed as she enjoys herself. Caught up in the moment, Koralus rests a hand atop her head, his fingers weaving through her hair. He begins to sway his hips, pushing his meat deeper into her mouth.

Unlike Claricia, who has a somewhat longer and broader snout, his girthy flesh is too much for Basina. Even Claricia doesn't ever swallow his entire penis when she fellates him, leaving an inch or two removed. Basina, however, barely handles half of his package. Looking down as she briefly chokes, he sees her looking up at him

with her big, blue eyes. Her look is innocent, with a hint of apprehension. It's startlingly adorable. Flashing her a warm smile, Koralus apologizes.

"Well, if you're here to murder me, I'd much rather choke on this than a rope." Basina jests, carefully stroking his large cock.

Reaching down, he grabs the princess by the armpits and pulls her to her feet. Gently pushing her back, her calves bump the edge of the bed and the nude, feline Voeldahn plops down, landing on her butt and hands. With his leash pulled taut, her fall drags him down with her, and he only just catches himself before they bump heads. Though she wanted to keep tasting him, Koralus has other plans. Placing his hands on her ample breasts, he kisses her deeply and with tongue. She appears quite surprised that he'd want to kiss her after her mouth had spent the last few minutes on his penis.

However, he isn't stopping there and eases her onto her back, with only a bit of force. Dropping down to his knees, she cocks her head and raises a brow as the handsome human does something she wasn't expecting. He rests her legs over his shoulders before placing his hands on her hips. Gently curling her body into a subtle crescent, she watches with delight as Koralus licks and kisses her loins. His tongue swirls over and around her clitoris before teasing her nether lips and pushing inside of her little vagina. Using the skills he'd perfected with Stella, Izvanya, Avelina, and eventually Claricia, who's often embarrassed by the noises she makes due to his oral pleasures, he quickly brings Basina to the brink.

She wriggles and writhes, gasping for breath and running her fingers through his hair. Never has a male been so talented before, and she cannot help but wonder if his talents extend beyond this. His hands fondle her breasts, massaging her ample orbs and pinching her nipples as he licks her pussy. Taking a hand from her chest and her impressive globes, he rubs her nether lips and inserts a finger. With

great skill, he massages her loins and the cat girl swiftly loses control. Her legs tremor and she croaks out strange syllables, as though her words were half formed.

It's quite amusing to the human, who's long since discovered that he has a true talent for pleasuring females. Unable to handle the attention of the skillful human, Basina covers her gaping maw and squeals. Orgasming hard, possibly for the first time in over a season, she cums a thick, white cream that smears into a paste over his fingers, which never stop moving. With his throbbing cock still ready for action, he rises from the floor, leans over and swiftly kisses Basina. Tasting her own pussy on his lips, she flushes with embarrassment; she's never done that in her life.

Looking down, she can see the cream on his fingers, evidence of her climax. Koralus smears it all over the head of his organ before taking hold of her hips with both hands. Lifting her up with his surprisingly strong arms, Basina reaches a hand down and pushes against the top of his big cock, helping to guide the impressive member into its rightful place. Moving forward, he pushes the saliva drenched head of his member against her nether lips, applying force and spreading them apart. Her taut, pink flesh stretches over the girthy organ as he thrusts himself into her aching loins. The cat girl winces, clenching her teeth and growling as she feels herself taking the largest member she's ever experienced.

"NNNnnn-GGAAAHHHH!!!" She exclaims, as he drives himself deep inside of her.

Her paw-like, digitigrade feet sway in the air as she shifts atop the bed. Her sharp claws rake the bed as she wriggles. Air escapes from her loins, causing the princess to flush. Koralus, however, doesn't give it a second thought. His hands move from her hips and he plants his palms firmly atop the bed, just above her shoulders. Now

with nowhere for her to go, he truly begins. Drawing his member from her quivering pussy, he drives it back in with force.

“Ahh! ... Ahh! MmmmAHHHH!!! She cries out as he fervently works.

She tugs at his leash and his thrusts grow harder and faster. He pushes his large cock deep into the cat girl's eager hole. Her body slides against the bed, but her shoulders push against his forearms; it allows him to stretch her to her limit without her pulling away, soon burying all eight inches inside of the feline woman. They grunt and groan as Koralus plows Basina's little vagina. In many ways, she feels similar to Petrona, the panda girl who'd molested him the night before Claricia bought him in the auction. To date, Petrona had the tightest and most pleasurable body; she was the best, bringing him to the edge faster than any other.

Driving himself into Basina, however, she's easily the second best. It takes Koralus a moment to realize that, while he has sex with the feline Voeldahn, he's also comparing the bodies of every woman he's ever had sex with, even Claricia, whom he truly cares for. Thwap, thwap, thwap. His balls slap against her buttocks as he sheaths himself entirely within the princess. Her claws rake his flesh uncontrollably, scratching him deeply. Often, Claricia marks his back, sides and arms with her nails, so this pain isn't new to him. He grits his teeth and lets her continue, plowing her with his big organ.

“Nnf! Nnf! I'm! GGRRAAAHHHH!” She squeals.

Cumming hard, for the second time, Basina's body quakes. She tremors and spasms atop the bed, causing an amused Koralus to slow his thrusts and watch. Coating him with even more cream, she keeps him perpetually lubricated. The claws of her feet click on the floor as her legs lower and knees bend. Her weakened hand releases his

leash, allowing him freedom to move. Pulling back, Koralus picks up the princess like a bride and lies her properly atop the bed. Before climbing up, however, he rolls her onto her stomach. Taking one of the few pillows in the room, he lifts her up by the hips and places one beneath her belly. As he leans over her, she frantically grabs for his leash, quickly wrapping it around her hand once more.

“Don’t forget, hff, who’s in, hff, charge here.” She says through her pants for air.

Immediately after speaking, Basina rises to comply with her lover’s will, now on her hands and knees. Kneeling behind her, Koralus mounts the feline Voeldahn, stuffing his human phallus right back into her eagerly awaiting pussy. Stretching her vaginal canal all over again, he rocks his hips and pumps his flesh into and out of her loins, over and over. Her pleasure swiftly builds yet again, and Basina finds her limbs growing weak. Her arms slide beneath and wrap around the pillow below her head. She leans far forward, hugging the pillow that cushions her head while her knees still hold her ass high in the air.

This inadvertently pulls at Koralus’ leash. He’s forced to bend over, his stomach pressing against the underside of her tail and his palms resting beside her large breasts to hold himself up. The tip of her tail flails as Koralus plows the princess’s taut loins, grunting and groaning. A noticeable musk covers both of their bodies as they’re soon drenched in sweat. Her dark fur mats and his pale skin gleams in the sunlight that invades the room through a nearby window. Over and over, he drives himself into and out of her. As she lay there, taking the big cock of the slave she wishes she could’ve bought, her climax crests and, for the third time, Basina coats him with her fluids.

“Ahh! Ahh! AAGGGAAHHHH!” She squeals.

Now left a quivering mass of flesh and fur, she isn't even capable of holding herself up any longer. Her legs stretch out and her body flattens with every slam of his pelvis against her tight ass. The pillow that lies beneath her belly now cushions her body. Koralus never slows or stops. It's clear to her that he's a very skilled and knowledgeable lover, as he'd strategically placed that pillow before they even began. Lying there as he uses her to his heart's content, Koralus now allows himself to finish. His time with Claricia and the various other women gave him a copious amount of training; the mare queen herself often enjoys him repeatedly, for an hour or more.

Able to hold out for at least as long as Claricia, waiting through Basina's pleasure was only marginally difficult; her tighter and hotter loins made it a moderate challenge. With only a few minutes of work, he pulls himself out of Basina's pussy, takes hold of a leg and promptly rolls her over. Now flat on her back, he places himself between her legs. Driving himself balls deep, he rams his big cock into and out of the cat girl, whose dark, quivering flesh has no choice but to take him at his leisure. Thwap, thwap, thwap. He grunts and groans louder and his body slowly begins to tremble as he brings himself to a powerful climax. Basina's claws rake his back and the feline princess licks, kisses and nibbles on his neck.

"Nng. Nng. I'm. NNG. Gonna. NNGGGAAHHH!"

Koralus roars as he cums hard, shooting a full days' worth of built-up semen deep into Basina's body. As he often expels his seed twice in a day, his body produces it much faster than it used to. It washes over her cervix and floods her uterus, sticking to her insides as his sperm races for her eggs. It's a fertile time for her, and she knows it, but Basina doesn't care. She's never had a lover of his caliber, nor a human in general, which she's always found strangely alluring. Feeling his flow as he shoots multiple, strong jets into her body, Basina has a fourth orgasm, cumming hard on his cock.

Her legs tremor and the toes of her paw-like feet spread apart uncontrollably. Falling limp, she gasps and pants, her chest heaving and big breasts swaying. Koralus takes notices, leaning forward to lick and suck on her nipples. Basina watches with half-opened eyes, drool running from the corner of her mouth as she lay helpless atop the bed. Her hands no longer have the strength to hold onto his leash.

“Never... Hff... Never have I, hff, had such, hff, wonderful sex.” She remarks.

“You’re excellent yourself.” He coos before kissing her lips passionately.

“Do you really think so?!” She asks, a joyous gleam in her eyes.

“Yes.” He smiles.

Giving her a few kisses, he nuzzles her face. Basina strokes his body, but her touch changes. He cannot explain how, but he senses that her attitude has shifted. Pulling back, his member still within her, he looks to Basina, who’s turned her head away from him.

“I deeply regret being unable to buy you that day...” She murmurs, a somber look in her eye. “I’ve wanted this for... Longer than I care to admit.”

Looking her over, he realizes that she’s truly hurt by her inability to keep him. Perhaps when she first saw him, she found an attraction beyond his physical body? Genuinely pitying her, he lay over her on his forearms and knees, holding her gently and nuzzling her face as if they were long-time lovers. Basina greatly appreciates his affection, returning it in kind. With her chin on his shoulder, she turns her eyes down, toward his buttocks which sits proudly between her spread legs. With her loins stuffed with his member, she closes her eyes and basks in the sensation of being filled. Her lips curl into a pleased grin and she giggles.

“What?” He asks innocently.

“Mmm, you have so much seed. I can feel it flooding me.” She remarks.

“I hope you aren’t upset that I put it all inside of you.” He pulls back, looking her in the eyes.

“Why would I be? I loved it! Besides, if I wanted, I could use herbs or Mandrake root, but we both know I won’t ever do that.” She winks.

“Why do women keep saying that to me?”

“The great goddess wants strong children, and in her texts, she urges women who have experience that if they find a man ‘whose sexual prowess makes you question your loyalties, to hasten in breeding with this man’. You certainly make me question my loyalties, so I should not defy fate; if the goddess has me bear your child, so be it.” Basina answers.

“That’s quite a commandment.” He remarks.

“It’s my favorite.” She coos, petting his head.

After taking some time to relax and snuggle, Koralus and Basina have sex for a second time before finally leaving the room. Running into Rathar in the foyer, who only just finished his meeting with Claricia and the Black-Mane lieutenant, Koralus returns with his queen and lover to their designated house. Immediately seeing the scratches and smelling the musk of her fur on his flesh, it’s obvious that Claricia is upset by what he’s done. Though she’d outright told him to do so, he still feels badly for betraying her. He briefly tries to apologize, but Claricia isn’t interested in talking.

After eating their dinner in exceptional quiet, Claricia tugs his leash and leads Koralus to the bedroom, as Rosamund and her guards watch on. Shutting the door, Claricia drags him to bed.

“Are you mad?” He asks.

“For letting my lover mate vigorously with that beautiful little cat while I sat in a room and negotiated a treaty for hours? Of course not!” Claricia facetiously replies.

“You told me to appease her!” He exclaims.

“I know...” She grumbles.

“And I didn’t really want to.”

“I know that, too.”

“Then don’t be mad at me.” He insists.

“I’m not mad at you...” Claricia softly replies.

She then plants a kiss upon his lips, doing her best to be as loving and passionate as possible. Her arms wrap around his body and she holds him close, nuzzling his face.

“I just don’t want her to be better than me.” The mare queen whimpers.

Koralus holds Claricia tightly, nuzzling her back.

“She isn’t, my love.” He assures her, kissing her muzzle. “Let’s go to bed.”

“It’s still daylight.” She giggles.

“I know.”

Koralus strokes her cheek, treating her like a delicate flower. He kisses her again and again, and the pair slowly disrobe. With much more passion than he had with Basina, the already worn out Koralus does his best to please his queen. Having passionate sex with her that afternoon, he sleeps beside his lover and the mother of his unborn

child, holding her warmly. He doesn't want her to feel unimportant to him. The next day, Claricia and Koralus speak and she assures him that she isn't angry and to continue appeasing Basina, so long as they're there. Unfortunately, the negotiations continue for some time.

For that day and the next, Claricia and Rathar draft a detailed alliance between their two tribes, while Koralus spends his time entertaining Basina. With the princess enjoying his body by day, he makes it up to Claricia by night; the two women share poor Koralus throughout the negotiations. On the morning of the fourth day, however, the deal is made. A reluctant Rathar allows Koralus to join his queen in the war room of his fort, to draft a copy of the agreement between the Black-Mane and the Red Paws. After signing the document and its copy, Claricia, Koralus, Rosamund, and their envoy prepare to return home.

"I'm glad that we could come to an arrangement, and I hope that peace lasts between us, until our children's children have children." Rathar says, bowing his head respectfully to Claricia.

"Likewise. You can expect a trade convoy early, as a gesture of good faith. I'll send it as soon as we reach our village." Claricia bows her head back.

Stepping forward, Basina hugs Koralus in front of everyone.

"I'll certain miss you." She whispers into his ear before licking it.

Before he can respond, Claricia steps forward, resting a hand on Koralus' shoulder and pulling the two apart. Somehow, she keeps herself from glaring at Basina, who looks genuinely heartbroken that Koralus is leaving with the mare queen. Resting a hand on Basina's shoulder, Claricia pulls her into a benign hug, surprising everyone, especially Rathar. He'd certainly spent the last three months hearing Basina's angry thoughts about the mare queen who outbid her. Before

releasing the cat girl, the mare whispers something into her ear, bringing a little smirk to Basina's face.

Letting her go, Claricia calls to Koralus who loyally follows his queen and lover back toward her now prepared chariot. Climbing aboard, where Rosamund already waits, the pair wave to the chieftain and his sister as they ride out of their village.

"She never took any Mandrake root or herbs, did she?" Claricia asks, still waving to the Red Paws.

"She said she wasn't going to." Koralus answers honestly.

"I thought so... After I have our first child, we're going to need to make a second... I can't have that little wench beating me."

"Of course not, Claricia." He chuckles.

Rosamund flushes as she stands beside them, listening to the conversation and feeling a stirring in her loins. She glances over to Koralus, her eyes examining him. Koralus notices her lustful gaze, but standing just behind Claricia's right side, the mare queen doesn't see it and so he doesn't draw her attention to it. After a long ride that lasts into the night, the envoy returns to the village. The commotion as the soldiers and their queen return awaken the sleepy village. Avelina, who lives with Sybilla, comes out to see them. She greets Claricia and Koralus his hugs, giving the human several loving kisses as well.

"It's so good to see you again!" She exclaims, nuzzling his face.

"Likewise. I've missed you." He says, stroking Avelina's back.

"Would you like to show her how much?" Claricia suddenly asks.

The pair stop and look to the mare queen. Claricia and Avelina have spoken at length of their mutual love for Koralus. They've both long since agreed to marry him, once he's granted freedom. However,

the women haven't been together during sex with Koralus since their first encounter, nor have they shared him in a threesome.

"I figure we might want to get used to us sharing him." Claricia rationalizes.

"I would love to." Avelina coos, gazing longingly at the human.

"Koralus?" The mare queen asks him.

"I guess I'll need to get used to it eventually." He smirks.

"Good! Off to bed, then." Claricia exclaims, leading both of them into the manor, while removing her clothes in view of the tribe.

As Claricia, Avelina and Koralus shut themselves in the master bedroom, a female guard takes Rosamund to her own. No longer needing the iron collar and wall-mounted chain, she's simply locked inside of her chamber at night. Lying on her somewhat firm bed and underneath a hide blanket, Rosamund listens to the grunts and the groans as Koralus has sex with both horse women in the other room. Rosamund's breath shakes, her hand between her legs as she rubs her clitoris vigorously with her fingertips. Listening to the passion of the trio only meters away, she daydreams about Koralus bringing her into the fold and making her another of his future wives.

Her imagination runs wild, beginning with her first memory of him. Locked in a cell where he was ordered to rape and breed her, the surprisingly thoughtful and sweet human refused. Lying over her so that she could scratch his back, hoping to fool Claricia into believing that he'd obeyed, his big, flaccid cock brushed her nether lips. Feeling her hot flesh against his own, Koralus appeared embarrassed. As if worried that she wouldn't like it, he innocently apologized before he pulled back and dropped his heavy meat over her tuft of auburn pubic fur, displaying his member for her instead.

The supple flesh of his limp organ brushing her loins turned her on, but seeing it resting on her pelvis in such a manner made her want it even more. As Rosamund's tribe dealt with humans routinely, she developed a human fetish, but was locked down by her overly protective father; the mink princess could never sneak off and lose her virginity, even though she'd tried. Reflecting on this first encounter, she regrets her fear, wishing that she could've prepared herself for it instead. Had she been less fearful of the stranger and her surroundings, she's now certain that she would've allowed and enjoyed his explorations of her body.

Her fingers work her clitoris and rub just within her nether lips as she fantasizes about what should've been. Necking her tenderly, Koralus would've fondled her breasts as his large organ spread her apart. He would've broken her hymen, taking her virginity and making her a true woman. Over and over he would've thrust himself into her body, bringing her to a swift and pleasurable orgasm. As she listens to the mares having fun with the human, one of them squeals as Koralus roars. He's certainly filling them with his fertile cum, though it's a waste; they're both already pregnant by him.

Rosamund feels a rush of jealousy. She should be pregnant as well! It would be a very fair price for his pleasure. Rosamund focuses her thoughts, imagining a night with Koralus. Her pleasure builds. After bringing herself orgasm, she cums on her fingers as one of the mare's cums on her lover's penis. Taking her hand from her loins, Rosamund sighs, staring at the wall and listening to the carnal passions.

"... Lucky." She murmurs.

Rolling over, Rosamund, the mink princess turned slave girl struggles to fall asleep, listening to the trio who somehow keep going in the other room. Such stamina. What a joy it must be for the two mares, who have Koralus to themselves.