

Gift of the East

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Conrad surveyed the view from the palace: the vast majority of the town was on fire, and his men were pulling down whatever buildings weren't being looted. Wasteful, to be sure, but seeing as the only things he needed were the palace and its walls, vast grain reserves, and massive supply of gold and valuables, it bothered him little. In fact, it would ensure that the natives had no reason to come back, except for war. And as the only wells for miles around had been filled in by his men or were inside the palace gates, any war they waged would be short and miserable. Though it had been a long, slow process, Conrad had eventually learned how to fight in this horrible desert, and even how to win. All you had to do was shut off the water and let your enemy die of thirst in this awful heat. Very different from the open-plains fighting of his native Germany, where you actually had to kill your enemy yourself.

Conrad was a massive, heavily built wolf. His face and body were scarred from years of fighting. Indeed, he'd been fighting and killing since he was fifteen, and he was now more than twice that. Much more, though at some point he'd stopped counting. He had never been good at counting; indeed, he left anything numerical to his clerks. They were Christ-killing Jews, but at least they could make those numbers work. His job was to lead men, to take cities, and to get the gold. Everything else he delegated out. It gave him a lot more free time.

And he had but one thing he wished to do with that free time! Ever since he had taken the first palace, he had found out that these heretical Arabs, for all their belief in Muhammad, also had a belief in highly trained and beautifully exotic concubines. He had given away the vast majority of them to his officers, knowing the importance of morale, but in this latest conquest he'd found one he knew he had to keep for himself.

She was young enough to be his daughter, but part of him was quite intrigued by this fact. She was a jackal, whom a translator had told him was named "Sauda." He had also been informed of a few other details, that she had been a present from an Egyptian prince, that she had been trained by the finest whores available, and that the King had already taken her to bed several times. Normally, Conrad wouldn't bother with non-virgins, since there were so many virgins to be had, but this one stood out to him.

She was small, more than a full foot shorter than he was, but Conrad liked this as well. He knew that she wouldn't dare say no to someone as big and powerful as he was, especially after seeing what he'd done to the more uppity concubines when he had broken into the palace. Despite her age, she had begun to fill out, and Conrad knew that soon she would have the sort of chest most men only dream of. Her hair went past her shoulders, and had been intricately woven into

innumerable small braids, each clipped into place with tiny bands of gold. Her fur was black as ebony, and she wore veils and jewelry all over, her body being somewhat shaded by the veils, and well decorated by the shimmering bits of gold. In fact, a single gold ring pierced each of her nipples, and there was a small string of gold rings going up the side of each of her massive black ears. Whoever the king he'd just killed was, the fellow had very good taste in concubines. She also had wide hips and a large, fine rear end, which seemed to have every move, bulge and curve that Conrad could ever want. She seemed infinitely more attractive than the princesses and noblewomen, and she was certainly a lot less trouble. Moving to the harem, he signaled several of the soldiers milling about the palace and ordered them to guard the door, promising a few gold trinkets if they did a job that was to his satisfaction. They nodded, and stood by the door, which he closed firmly and locked. He did not want to be interrupted, especially with his guard down and his armor off.

As he moved inside, he lit candles and began to open up the drapes, trying to throw light into the room. It was a mess, as the concubines had been driven out of here earlier, in an attempt to make sure no one more noble was attempting to hide. The girls, who were all young, beautiful, and quite frightened, had stumbled and fallen over one another, panicking and making a mess as they exited. He was glad to see his fearsome reputation had preceded him, though he wished that he had done more than scare a few young girls. After all, that was easy enough, he just had to take off his codpiece and show them exactly how gigantic he was.

Sauda was sitting in the middle of the room on a pillow, her legs crossed, and her hands on her knees. She was very calm, especially considering what she knew must be about to happen. It made sense that she was used to sex at this point, but wasn't she afraid of the invader? Surely, even in her quiet, secluded portion of the palace, she had heard the screams of agony as he had executed the remaining palace guards, the king, and anyone else he could find who was neither a concubine nor worthy of the slave markets. Several rooms had become so soaked with blood he had brought in sawdust to keep his men from slipping. Yet this girl was as calm, cool and collective as could be. Something about this also intrigued him, and as he pulled off his armor and underclothes, he couldn't help but wonder if maybe she had something he hadn't counted on. He should check her for weapons again...Thoroughly.

He moved over towards her, his eyes tracing over her smooth, supple curves, which stood in sharp contrast to the red-silk pillows scattered about the room. Her eyes were closed, but she opened them as he moved closer. It was then that her cool broke: Conrad's member was only inches away from her muzzle, and now that he was naked, she could get a good look at how incredibly massive he was. She said something in her native tongue, and Conrad smirked. He'd have to remember that word; it might come in handy when talking about the size of his army or treasury.

He poked her nose with it and pointed. "I know you know what to do. Get to it." He raised his hand, prepared to force her if necessary, but she kissed and licked his length tentatively. Clearly, she had never seen one this large, and was unsure of exactly what she should do with it. Conrad closed his eyes and took a moment to enjoy himself as he felt her long, soft tongue gently caress his thick length. It had been a long time since he'd had an opportunity to be with a whore, and he intended to enjoy every moment of it. He gently rested his hand on her head, pushing her slightly as she continued to lick and lap at him. He was too big for her mouth, even, and as she swallowed down his pre, he could feel her jaw straining to hold him. Once he was fully hard, he gently pushed her off, and then bent down, kissing her on the cheek.

He laid her out on the pillows, and took a moment to fully feel and appreciate her form before penetrating it. He slid his hands up and down her body, squeezing and groping whenever possible. Sauda let out small, enthused gasps as he felt her, especially when he slid his hands below her waist. He played with her breasts momentarily, loving the way her piercings flipped and glinted in the light, but he found the touch, feel, size and shape of her ass to be the most pleasurable. He'd have to make special plans back there later.

When he'd had his fun, he moved over her, taking a rather modest missionary position as he slowly applied pressure, letting himself penetrate her at a pace she could take. He intended to save this one for later as well, of course. No sense messing up his new favorite toy already. She moaned, tears coming to her eyes as she strained to handle him, but she certainly didn't seem to want him to stop. Not that he would, but it always felt better without the yelling and screams of pain. She spread her legs as wide as she could, then tried to wrap them around Conrad, but he was simply too big for her. She moaned, her back arching, her breasts pressing up hard against him as he pushed it in to the hilt, amazed that this young jackal could take him. He had been fucking virgins for too long; it was time for experienced, ready young girls like Sauda.

He leaned back, taking a good look at her painfully stretched sex, then began to pound, slowly sliding back and forth, moving around inside her. She moaned, and he reached forward, grabbing and fondling her breasts. There were tears in her eyes, and she was saying something desperate in her native tongue, but Conrad knew she was enjoying herself. Otherwise, why would she be so wet?

He reached around and grabbed her butt, letting his fingers sink into the soft, squishy flesh as he pounded relentlessly, siding it in deep and pushing it hard. She was so warm, so wet, and so beautiful, that he could feel himself building up very fast. He'd need to work quickly if he intended to finish all he wanted to do.

Pulling out suddenly, he flipped her over and pushed her onto all fours, ignoring his confusion. Indulging himself with a small slap on the ass before gripping and raising her tail, he then pressed his juice-soaked length against her tailhole. She protested, shouting

something he couldn't understand and trying to get away, but he had a firm grip on her hips and, with a little coaxing, managed to slowly but surely slide himself in to the hilt. She yowled, but the intensely wet tightness of her ass sent him well beyond the edge. He unloaded himself, shooting out blast after blast of his seed, until he could feel it begin to build up and ooze around his length. He had been much more pent up than he thought.

He groaned and slowly pulled out, taking a moment to chuckle at Sauda's stretched and cum-leaking tailhole before he sat down. Sauda whimpered and crawled over towards a small box of salves and painkillers, but Conrad could tell she had enjoyed their coupling.

After all, her sex was dripping wet, and he knew she had cum almost as hard as he had. He sighed, giving her a moment to mend and clean while he thought about what he might do next. This Arabian Night had just started, after all...