

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Author's note: This is my second attempt at a story. Covers just about everything. I like historical settings and could not find many, so tried my hand at creating my own. My first story was a "Planet of the Apes," theme. I left that unfinished and it was not very popular, only receiving one response. This story is much in line with the last so I do not expect much more fanfare, but I dropped the apes and replaced them with neandruiis (neanderthals), and I personally think this story is much better. It is long, so if you can make it through it, your feedback would be greatly appreciated, and even so if you cant, would like to know where I lost you. This story is not for the faint hearted, enjoy!

~~~~~

## **I.HUNTER**

It was if standing, staring off into an vast, infinite great hall. The towering trees rose as massive columns, disappearing into the shadowy ceiling. The thick canopy let in only random beams of light. All was dark and a bit eerie in the dense gray fog.

Though rich with foliage, at first glance, the old forest seemed void of any living, breathing creature. All was abnormally still and quiet. Only the keenest of eyes would have noticed the break in this tranquility. It began with the most subtle twitch. The stag's ears, most alert, twist and turned for any sound of danger. His eyes peered for any hint of movement. His nostrils flared, inhaling the tell all scent of the air.

The old stag stood practically motionless, just on the outskirts of a small clearing. The additional light provided an abundance of grass and other bounty. The stag was cautious though, for this oasis of food was often in the company of danger. It was this very caution, this patience, that had earned this old stag the great antlered crown atop his head, as well as the old gray in his mane.

Time etched by and still the stag held his position. No hint of predator showed itself; eventually the stag was satisfied. He ever so slowly dropped his head to the forest's floor, his nose now searching for the sweet scent of the grass. He picked his way forward, fully entering the clearing. He heard the snap of the bow, but the sting came too fast. Regardless, he leapt into the air and darted forward as fast as his legs could carry him, away from the clearing, away from the danger.

Even after having loosed his bow, one could still not tell of the hunter's position. The skilled hunter had played his part well, he had been just as patient. He waited still. It was a well placed shot, no reason to scare the deer any further. He would give it time, it's last peace.

It was one of the random beams of light that finally revealed the hunter as he exited his blind. Surprisingly, the light revealed not a he at all, but rather a she. Seldom had any human been seen in this part of the forest, certainly never a woman, traveling alone no less. Her deer hide garb marked her as one of the forest, but she seemed oddly out of place. She stood in contrast to the rugged forest. She was too beautiful, too much a marvel to have lived in here. Her eyes stood out most as they shone bright in the dark as fiery blue sapphires. Even her brunet hair gleamed in vibrant waves. Her skin too was too smooth and flawless. She was a marvel.

Bow in hand, she started off in the stag's wake. Even her movements seemed too perfect and agile, as if she simply glided through the forest. Her feet were bare but still at home on the forest's floor. Leather straps wove their way up her calves from her ankles to her knees. A worn dagger with an antler horn as a handle was tucked into her deer hide loincloth. Her halter too was of deer. Another thin leather strap crossed her chest, splitting her deep cleavage. It held her quiver of arrows tight to her back.

His trail of broken and displaced debris, and his drops of blood were easy to follow. At her quick pace she came upon him in little time. Life had already evaded him. She dropped her half drawn bow, and replaced the arrow within the quiver. Instead she drew her dagger, and moved to kneel at the side of the fallen stag. She bowed her head to say a final prayer of thanks.

\*\*\*\*

The laughter of the young could be heard well above the gentle roar of the passing river. Their laughter turned to squeals of delight as they saw her approaching out of the far tree line.

"Armyni, Armyni!" they all screeched as they ran to greet her. (Are-my-knee)

Another group of boys and men stood and watched her approach without nearly as much enthusiasm. A few bore smiles though most looked embarrassed and dumbfounded. One appeared to be outright furious. Armyni made a line straight for them, bowed beneath the weight of a large stag draped across her shoulders.

Others gathered, curious as to the sudden commotion. The group of men stood just on the edge of the camp. It was positioned within a larger clearing, just on the edge of the Blue River. Makeshift tents, most of deer and other animal hide, littered the scenery. Pillars of smoke from various campfires twisted into the sky. Armyni could already smell the sweet scent of boiling vegetables and roasting meat.

Armyni, having finally reached them, bent over, allowing the stag to fall over her head and crash to the ground.

"Whew!" Armyni exhaled, while straightening up and wiping the sweat from her forehead.

"Would you mind, I am a bit exhausted..." she asked with a broad smirk upon her face. Her eyes dropped to the various squirrels and rabbits that the men had been busy cleaning. None had claimed as grand a game as she had.

Armyni stood before the largest and most handsome of the group. Rage was boiling below the calm facade he tried to portray. A large vein throbbed in his neck. His fist had turned white from tightening his grip about his own rabbit. Armyni was obviously enjoying herself.

"You're not to wander off alone here, this close to the forest's edge," he said through clenched teeth.

"Oh come off it Terk, if I left the hunting all to you we'd all have starved by now."

Terk remained silent for a moment, restraining his anger from boiling over.

"I would have gone with you..." he said still through his clenched jaws.

"Ha! And scared away everything for miles? And I suppose if we came across a druid here and you were with me..."

"Enough you two," a deep voice sounded beyond the gathered crowd.

The people hurriedly began parting, making a path for the older, approaching man. There was a noble look upon his face. His hair and beard were a prominent gray. His face was tired and creased. Armyni glanced at him but then her eyes wandered off into the backdrop, as if she were looking for someone.

"Sir, I only..." Terk began but the older man raised a hand to silence him.

He passed both of them to kneel beside the fallen stag. His fingers glanced over the wound at its shoulder.

"A skilled shot," he declared while his fingers trailed up the animal's neck to its mighty antlers. He took hold, picking the deer's head up a bit to get a better look at them, "A worthy kill."

"Thank you, father."

The old man turned and looked at his daughter, a wide smile upon his face.

Astonished, Terk could not help himself, "But sir, this close to the forest's edge, alone..."

"That's enough, Terk, no harm has been done and this fair stag will make a fine addition to our celebration tonight," Terk's face was a bright red, "walk with me my daughter, I would like to speak with you."

Armyni nodded and made to follow her father away from the prying crowd. She shot one last glare back at the fuming Terk. The two made their way through the small camp to the far side, down towards the flowing river. Armyni's father was deep in thought, staring down towards the ground as they walked.

"Father?"

"Armyni, that was a fine deer you claimed back there, I do not believe there is anything left for me to teach, dare I say I will soon be a student of yours."

"Thank you, but we both know that is not true. There is no finer father in all the world," she added with a smile.

"Armyni, I would ask that you return with the others when we break camp tomorrow."

Armyni made to interrupt but her father silenced her with a stern look.

"Who knows what path awaits us outside this forest, a most perilous one certainly. And you, I have seen no finer a student, should return with the others to take my place, to help protect your people."

A long silence followed.

"I know that you feel it your duty to ask that of me, but I would never obey it, not even if you commanded it of me."

He could only look back at her with a sad smile upon his face. Eventually he nodded in acquiescence.

"I expected no less, though I pray you will still give it some serious thought...Armyni, is there something on your mind, your attention seems to be elsewhere."

Armyni's eyes were drawn back to the camp, she seemed not to have heard her father. He cleared his throat, "modesty has certainly never been your strongest attribute, but really! This wouldn't have anything to do with the northerner, would it?"

"What?" Armyni asked, as if she hadn't heard a word.

The old man chuckled while shaking his head, "never mind."

\*\*\*\*

Night had befallen the camp but none were asleep. The camp was alive in celebration. The camp was lit with a bright orange glow from the large bonfire at its center. Deep shadows of people and tents stretched out into the dark, surrounding trees. Drums beat in rhythm as the people danced about the fire. Mead and meat aplenty were passed and shared by all.

"Please, Armyni, just once more," the young boy pleaded.

"Jax, you leave that poor girl be," his mother commanded.

"No, Sal, he is fine, you have raised a great dancer!" The boy blushed red, "but if I do not give Sayra her turn, I do not believe she will ever forgive me!"

Jax's eyes followed Arymni's to the cute girl standing watching them in the distance. His sight caught hers and they held each others for a brief moment before they both looked away with sudden embarrassment. Armyni and Sal erupted in laughter.

A strong hand unexpectedly took hers and pulled her towards the rest still dancing. She knew who she wished it would be, but he had hardly acknowledged her, much less pull her to dance.

"Uh, Terk, as if," she spat, ripping her hand from his.

"Come on, Armyni, you've left me waiting all night."

"Ha! Then wouldn't hurt to wait some more then."

"You know, I don't get it, you should feel priveleged. There are many dying to take your place with me."

Armyni gave him the most evil look she could muster. "I have never had 'a place' with you, you big ogre. Get over it, if all the other girls want you, I wouldn't keep them waiting, Terk."

She turned on her heels to leave but Terk grabbed her by the arm to stop her. Armyni, making a fist, swung back around and struck the unsuspecting Terk right in the nose. He released her, clenching at his now bleeding nose. As he ducked out of the way, she noticed that her father was rising to call everyones attention. Her heart began to sputter as she saw him sitting next to next to her father, the northerner. He was laughing from a comment of one sitting near him, but then his gaze turned towards her, he caught her staring at him. She abruptly looked away but then instantly regretted it. This was maddening. Every time she saw him it was as if her heart dropped to her stomach and as if the breath had been knocked from her. He was no doubt extremely handsome, far more than Terk ever hoped to claim, but he was also a mystery, he was a northerner, of a completely different type of people. He had hardly spoken but a few words to her, but she still played them over in her head routinely, analyzing every angle of them. She had never felt such emotions for another before.

She glanced back at him, but he was now watching her father, Olyver, as he called everyone to attention. She noticed his magnificent looking dog sitting obediently at his side. Dogs were a rarity within the forest. She had been impressed by him immediately.

"Please, everyone, please, if I may borrow just a minute of your attention."

The drums halted and all quickly hushed to a silence as everyone turned their attention to Olyver, their leader.

"Tonight is a great celebration, but tomorrow will be far more somber. For so long now we have found refuge and safety here, deep within the forest. Most of us have been born here, never before having seen the clear, unobstructed sky. But all that is changing. The world and order of things is changing. Tomorrow, you many brave souls shall venture with me and our new brother as we travel north."

All eyes flickered to the calm, resolute looking northerner. Nothing was revealed upon his face. All new he had come to guide them north to join the armies there.

"Even though we have been kept safe within this forest, we have still been held as it's prisoner, little better than the slaves of the neandrils. Well I say no longer. Most of us dared not believe the first whispers of rebellion when they first reached our far away camp. But those whispers did not cease. Some wrote them off as fanciful rumors, even I feared to let myself fall prey to false hope. But those rumors proved true my bretheren, as evidenced by this man here."

All eyes once again fell upon the northerner. He sat calmly. Armyni prayed that those around her could not hear her heart beating nervously.

"Victory. A word our race has long since forgotten, has indeed been achieved. The Great Saibalt has turned back the mighty army of Thyse and his druil army and proven that we can have victory. Victory we have tasted, but the druils are not finished. This man has traveled a great distance to ask for our aide. It has now been nearly a thousand years since we've had such hope, since the fractious human race first fell to the druils. For a thousand years now they have kept us as their slaves, or worse. They have utterly crushed us, humiliated us, erased much of our great history. Though the memories have faded, passed on now from generation to generation, it was for this very moment that our ancestors prepared us for, let us now not cower before it, but rise to meet it!"

Battle cries, hoops and hollers, rang through the captivated crowd. Fists pumped into the air. The northerner's dog howled into the night sky.

"Many I see are afraid of what lies ahead of us, which is fair, for a most dangerous path awaits us. We must track across the very heartland of the druils to reach The Ruin, but I my friends will dare that journey. I had long ago resided myself to dying within this forest. Hiding, afraid, beaten. But our time has come, and it will take all of us, all the brave, all to win this war, to turn back the treachery of the druils, to earn our freedom! We all die. Whether it be years from now hovering in some dark cave within the forest, or tomorrow on the battlefield, let us create our own histories for our decendants to tell, that of the courageous southerners who dared to march against the druils and bring victory!"

Even louder now the cheers and yells cried out. They began chanting, first, "Ol-y-ver, Ol-y-ver, Ol-y-ver," before being changed by Olyver himself to , "Sai-balt, Sai-balt, Sai-balt."

Tomorrow families would part. The men would travel on, led by Olyver and the northern guide to who knows what end. Most of their wives and even some of their young traveled here to the forest's edge to see them off, then would return to the village deeper within the forest where the old and young remained. Tonight was one last celebration to ease that sad moment.

~~~~~

II.CAPTURED

She awoke startled, soaked in sweat. Her heart was racing. Again she heard the piercing screams from outside. She dove for the tent's door. There was a great commotion rumbling through the camp. It was still night. Fires were still lit. No, they were torches running throughout the camp. It was then, in the torches' orange glow did she witness the first cruel and horrid face of a druil. The neandruils were there, the human's eternal enemies, there within the camp, it was a raid!

She scrambled out of the tent and to her feet. One of the beasts, having noticed her, made a line straight for her. He wore an evil smirk across his face. They were beastly looking creatures, resembling more animal than man. They were large though, and strong she could tell. It was said that one possessed the strength of ten men. 'She could not let him get his hands on her'. Her hand grasped at her side but she was weaponless, her bow and dagger left useless within her tent.

Time was up. The druil however, seeing a beautiful and defenseless woman before him had other plans on his mind than blood. Torch held in one hand, he tucked his short sword into his belt. Reaching the cowering girl he made to grab her, but Armyni had fooled him. At the last moment she ducked and rolled away. Amused by her feistiness, the druil smiled and turned to see where she had gone. She now stood armed and ready behind him, a familiar blade in her hands. The druil reached to his belt, he could not believe it, she had stolen his sword. The druil growled with anger.

They might have had her, but as his eyes flicked to the side, he gave his partner away. Another druil had sneaked up behind her and had swung a club at her as to knock her out, but his club only whiffed the air. The other druil still holding his torch stood shocked but not as much the one who had just missed her. He let out a groan, first dropping to his knees, then killed over onto his face, a sword stuck into back.

The druil holding the torch now roared into the night sky, then charged at the girl. But Armyni was faster. She darted to the sword, pulling it from the fallen druil and just as the other had his torch raised to strike her, he was stopped short, the blade stuck within his belly. He fell to the ground.

It was then that a quick flash of silver caught Armyni's attention. A huge commotion was occurring at the center of the camp, druils were flocking towards it as humans screamed and fled the devastation. A fierce battle was taking place there. At the heart of it, wielding a long and shiny blade was the northerner. She had never gotten his name, he had never offered it.

Armyni was mesmerized. The northerner was falling one druil after the other. Bobbing and weaving, it was hard for her to keep up with him, he was so very fast, and lethal.

"Raar!" the furious roar caught her off guard. She turned to see the druil atop her but it was too late. He knocked her to the ground. Armyni cringed with pain and did her best to crawl away from him. The druil grabbed her by one ankle and roughly pulled her back towards him. Even suspecting it, she was surprised by his strength. She put her other foot square into the crotch of the druil, which caused him to let out a horrible yell in pain. He fell to one knee, but he did not let go his grip on her. She kicked at him again, at his leg, at his arm, at his chest, but this all had no effect.

Finally collecting himself from his pain, he caught her other leg in one of her kicks, putting her now completely at his mercy. The look in his eyes was menacing. Now on both knees, the druil spread her legs and pulled her closer to him, wrapping her legs about his waist. She now punched and screamed at him, but only to his amusement. He leaned over, pressing his groin to hers. He released her legs and caught her arms and pinned her flat down on her back. Armyni could hear him chuckling to himself and she wriggled beneath him. He was lowering himself down on her when he suddenly stopped. His eyes and mouth shot open as if from shock. Drool dribbled out of his open mouth down onto Armyni's face. It was then that she noticed a bloody blade sticking through his

chest.

His limp body began to slide forward as if to collapse on her, but then his attacker grabbed him by the back of the head, and hauled his body off to the side of her. She could not believe it, it was the northerner. Disheveled a bit from the battle, he stood gloriously over her. His eyes looked murderous but they did not scare her, instead she pitied the druils that had and would face them.

He held out a hand that she instantly took. His touch shook her. He hoisted her effortlessly to her feet.

"Get to the river," he commanded.

Armyni wanted to argue, to say that she was not leaving his side, ever. She opened her mouth to protest but no words came out. Many others were now fleeing past them in fright. It was as a stampede, with the druils hot on their tails. Armyni took one last long look into those beautiful eyes before, surprisingly, obeying. She turned and followed the others dashing towards the river.

She heard his roar and the cry of some "poor" druil. She felt safe. She peaked back over her shoulder and again saw him quick in action. For some reason she did not fear for him, she did not know why. Even still, there was only one of him and many druils. Others were running around him, chasing the fleeing humans.

The bank was only a few feet above the river. None were hesitating as they dove into the icy water. Armyni followed suit. The current here was strong and quickly swept her down. Her legs kicked and her arms flailed, driving for the opposite bank. The druils must have reached the edge as clubs and spears were splashing into the water around her indiscriminately. She did not stop to look back. Others in the water were in a panic. Limp bodies floated past her. Again and again she was pulled down by some hysteric swimmer. It took all she had to fight them off and continue towards the far bank.

Finally, the glorious feeling of mud squishing between her fingers, she had made it. She pulled herself up the shore, half choking and coughing, crawling on her hands and knees. She saw only the large and hairy feet come into view. They were accompanied by screams of terror from those still behind her. She made to look up, but saw only a large club coming down upon her. Armyni crashed back down, flat into the mud, in one quick pain. She lay motionless.

Cold water crashed across her face. Armyni gasped from the cold and the shock. Her face and hair were soaked. This was obviously not the first bucket dumped across her. She was laying flat atop a cold stone floor. It was dark. Her head was pounding. She instantly clasped at her temples from the sudden awareness of the pain.

"Up!" a deep and menacing voice commanded, echoing around the hard room.

Armyni attempted to open her eyes. It took a moment for the room to come into focus. It was so dark. She could make out several druils about the room, panic began to set in. 'What had happened?' She was in the forest, the party, asleep, the raid, the druils, her thoughts lingered on the northerner, he saving her, the river, then all went black. 'Where was she now?'

"I said up, human!" he again commanded, this time impatiently kicking her in the small of her back.

Armyni cringed in pain. She slowly began crawling onto her hands and knees, but before she could

get there, one druil grabbed her impatiently by the hair and hauled her up onto her knees for her. Again Armyni cried out from the pain. This only seemed to please them. She made a pact with herself then to try and not to, she hated to cause them any pleasure. She assumed she would soon be experiencing a great deal more, very soon.

"Now what do we have here, a slave that does not know how to follow simple orders?" he threatened.

Armyni peered up at the deep voice. Standing before her was an older druil, most of his hairs having turned gray. He face was cold and hard, bearing countless scars. He wore a fine and decorative robe. He stood out from the others, he bore the mark of an officer.

"What are you called, human?" he asked.

Armyni remained silent, glaring right back at him.

The druil rushed forward, taking a fist full of her hair, he bent her head back, he spat at her, "You ignorant human, tell me what your called!"

Silence.

He roared in her face before slamming her over back onto the hard ground. He sent a sharp kick into her ribs, robbing her of her breath. Armyni choked and coughed, struggling for air.

"Spent too long in that dammed forest have you, forgotten your place in this world, human?"

Armyni remained lying flat against the stone.

"No matter, no matter, human, you wouldn't be the first. I particularly enjoy re educating your kind," he said, almost joyously.

"Truly, it is your father, Olyver, I am most worried about."

Armyni's face snapped towards his with mention of her father, she instantly regretted this reaction.

"Ah, yes. See, now we are getting somewhere, Ar-my-ni," he said, pronouncing each syllable of her name distinctly.

Armyni turned her head away from him in anger.

"Do not trouble yourself, human, we already knew whom we had. You see, your beauty precedes you. We have been keeping a close eye on you. Truly, I do not know if I have ever seen such a remarkable looking creature, you will provide us great pleasure, slave."

Armyni hissed at him.

"Fiesty," he chuckled.

"There is, human, something I desire more than your cunt," he smiled down at her, "you were headed somewhere, being led there by a northerner. You see slave, I would like to go there too, could you lead me to where I want to go, human?"

Armyni picked herself up enough to spit at him. The druil slapped her across the face, sending her crashing back to the floor. His use of that word sent a shiver down her. Their treatment of the slaves

were notorious, but she was not accustomed to such vulgarity.

"No matter, I did not expect it to be so easy, where would the fun be in that, slave?" he jested as he, to Armyni's dismay, began untying the belt about his robe.

"No, I think first we shall teach you a bit about what it is to be a slave, soften you up a bit. There is still plenty of time."

He approached her, again grabbing her by the hair he lifted her to her knees, forcing her face into his crotch.

"Tell me, slave, do you know how to properly suck a cock?"

The answer was no. Armyni had never taken any interest in any man before, that is until the northerner had arrived. Armyni pushed back against him with all her might as he fished out his massive penis from within his robes.

"Show me then slave, how you suck on a cock," he demanded.

Armyni pursed her lips and shook her head in an attempt to break his grip on her. The druil tightened his hold however, pulling her head further back. Eventually, as he tipped her head back as far as it would go, coupled with the intense pain of it, her mouth opened. The druil quickly stuffed his fat cock into her unwilling mouth.

It was disgusting, she could taste the sweat and musk of him. Instinctively, she bit down. The druil yelped in pain, pulling his injured cock from the girl's mouth. With an open hand, he struck Armyni across the face, sending her yet again crashing to the floor. The strength of the blow nearly knocked her unconcious. Armyni could tell that he was now standing back, examining his bitten cock. She smiled to herself as she could taste his blood in her mouth.

"Bitch, if thats how you want it to be, lets see if your that pussy has any teeth."

He made his way towards her again. Armyni decided that she would rather die. She quickly scrambled to her feet and charged at the stunned druil. It happened so quickly, Armyni leapt forward, feet first, drop kicking the druil back into the wall. The others were atop her in an instant. She struggled back as best she could, kicking, kneeing, punching. She felt her halter and loincloth torn from her body. Fingers groped at her breasts and vagina. She kicked and punched, landing several successfully at more sensitive parts of the druils, causing several to cry out in their own pain.

"Fucking, bitch," Armyni heard the one she had sent crashing into the wall mumble as he scrambled to his feet.

"Enough!" He hollered out with rage in his voice.

The druils halted their assault of her, freezing, holding her in place. Several fingers were inside her cunt and ass.

"Lets see this bitch pull this on the pack, they'll put her in her place."

The other druils' eyes lit up with excitement. Several chuckled. Armyni was clueless. The druils stood up, pulling their fingers from her, they hoisted her up on her feet. With one druil grasping her by each arm, they dragged her from the room. They led her down a long corridor lined by barred cells on each side. Half starved, abused, nude humans laid strewn throughout each of the cells. Only

a few had the energy to look up as she passed. Light filled the outline of a door ahead. As it opened Armyni had squint her eyes from the brightness to give them time to adjust.

~~~~~

### III. ENSLAVED

As she reopened her eyes, she realized instantly where she was, Tarack. It was a large fort on the edge of the forest. From here the druils sent raiding parties into the forest to capture slaves to send north to The City. The druils' abuses were infamous. Armyni had always vowed that she would not be captured alive, she cursed herself for having been so.

They were dragging her across an open yard that was lined on all sides by various barracks. She noticed several rows of stocks, almost all were filled. Countless numbers of women were bent over, heads and hands locked within the stocks, their sexes vulnerable to any druil who fancied. Armyni flinched from the sight of it, she pitied the poor girls. She also could not help but notice a large puddle between each of their legs.

Many were currently being raped, moaning and grunting loudly from the assault. Armyni prayed that they were not leading her to one of the stocks. She prayed for death. Others she noticed were tied to poles, covered with some ghastly looking substance she had no knowledge of. A few women did walk freely, busy with some unknown task. She did not see any men.

They drug her towards a wooden planked pen. When they drew near enough she could make out numerous animals through the slats of wood. As they got even closer, she could hear their barks and growls. That's when it dawned on her, 'they were throwing her to the pack.' She dug in her heels and fought back as hard she could, pleading for them not to do this, though it was futile. The stocks did not sound so bad now, for even more viscious than the druils was their pack of dogs.

They used them to track the humans through the forest. Armyni had nightmares from the stories when she was younger. They were the last thing you wanted to be caught by. The druils, for the most part, wished to take you alive, to use as a slave. The dogs however usually ripped a few apart before the druils could catch up and pull them off. Armyni was shaking from fear.

'Well, it appeared she would be getting her wish after all,' she just did not imagine her end being as gruesome. They finally reached the wooden pen, it was eight, maybe nine feet tall. From the sound of it, there was a large number of the beasts within. The druils pushed Armyni to the ground. One took her by the ankle and carelessly slung her up and over the fence.

She crashed to the ground, rolling several times before coming to rest face first near the center of the pen. The blow had winded her. She fought to catch her breath, waiting all the while for the dogs' sharp teeth to sink into her at any moment. And, as she feared, the dogs were on her almost instantly. She squenched her eyes shut and held her body tight. They mobbed her from every side. Her initial panic subsided however when all she felt was their lapping tongues, no teeth. The sensation was even, dare she admit, soothing? Her body was dirty and ached all over. Their warm, smooth tongues cleaned and massaged her.

The dogs were getting worked up. They were in a frenzy, jockeying for a position at her. They snapped and snarled at one another. Claws scratched at her sides and back, on her legs and arms. 'Dare she make a run for it? How far had she been tossed in? If she could just make it to the fence, she could scale it easily.' But their were countless beasts surrounding her, she could never make it. 'What was her alternative though, lay here and wait for them to feast upon her? It was now or never.'

As she attempted to leap to her feet, several things happened at once.

First, she heard a loud, though soft voice, a woman's voice, cry out, "No!"

She had enough time to glance over to see another girl laying on her side within the pen, utter fright upon her face. Her cry was quickly drowned out by Armyni's own, and the eruption of snarls and growls from all the dogs. Several sets of teeth sank in to her. Two on one arm, another set on her other arm. Several nipped at her sides and legs. Several jumped and scratched at her back and sides. Mobbed, she was quickly pulled back down. She could hear the laughs of onlooking druids outside the pen above all.

'She was so stupid, she could never had made it, she couldn't even make it to her feet.' The dogs, how they had pulled her down, now had her pinned on her hands and knees. Two of the dogs still held her arms within their teeth, but they were not thrashing her, ripping her apart limb from limb as she had suspected. Even so, something was very odd about this.

"They will not let you on your feet," she heard the scared girl warn.

'They would not let you on your feet?' she repeated back to herself, 'what did that mean, it did not make sense?' Several of the druids hissed and cursed at the poor girl as they rattled the pen. Armyni looked over at her. Though she was utterly frightened, she was still whole. 'What was she doing in this pen? Why were none of these dogs attacking her?' She was a very attractive girl, younger even than Armyni. She too was completely nude, her skin tan and dark. Her bushy, curly hair was bleached from the sun. Her eyes watched Armyni with genuine concern, but she dare not move from her prone position.

'They will not let you on your feet?' she again questioned to herself.

Held now in place by their sharp teeth, she dared not move. Fortunately, she did not think they had broken her skin. All the dogs that could get to her began lapping at her naked body once more. She remained frozen with fear, allowing them to do whatever it was that they were doing to her. That is, until one of their lapping tongues swiped across her exposed sex. The sensation caused her to jump involuntarily, which in turn caused the dogs to tighten their grips about her arms.

'He only chanced across it,' Armyni tried to calm herself, but his tongue soon licked into her sex once again. Tasting the sweetness of her cunt, the dog honed in on it. His wide, velvet tongue broke between the crevice of her vagina's lips and lapped at her pink, sensitive flesh. Armyni trembled from the unknown sensation rocking her and the fear of the dogs if she could not control herself. 'What was this beast doing to her?'

His tongue worked from her clit to her asshole, covering all with his saliva. It did not take long for her own juices to begin flowing. Armyni was completely ignorant when it came to sex and her own body. She assumed that this dog, like all the rest, was simply trying to lap at her body, for who knows why, and that his only access to her had simply been at her rear. But as her juices crept from her hole, she questioned herself as to why was her body responding to it this way? She had no idea.

Her added scent mixed in the air drove the dogs to an even higher frenzy. They were swarming all about her, pushing her to and fro. Several randomly jumped up onto her back, attempting to wrap their front paws about her, but then jump back down as others fought for a position at her. She heard several break into an all out fight behind her, which interrupted the one lapping at her sex. She found herself, though relieved, oddly frustrated. The snarls grew louder, the fight was growing more serious. 'Was this it, would they soon turn on her?' she feared.

Both of the dogs released their grip on her arms to join the fray, but Armyni remained obediently in place. 'After all, what could she do?' They had only harmed her when she tried to get to her feet and the other girl had warned her not to, that they wouldn't "let" her. Looking back over her shoulder, she witnessed the violent fight taking place between the dogs. She gulped. She prayed for them not to attack her.

Eventually the largest of the dogs won out, the very one who had previously been lapping at her cunt. He quickly returned to her sex and began his licking once more. Armyni gasped as her head jerked forward and eyes snapped shut. There was no denying it, it felt wonderful. She felt truly disappointed when he stopped again, but before she could even turn her head back to see what had stopped him, she felt his weight come down atop her back as his claws scratched at her hips. 'What now?'

His claws were painful but he eventually wrapped them around her waist where she became firmly held within his grasp. He was rocking atop her. His haunches were causing it as they were thrusting at her. Only now did it begin to dawn upon her as to what was happening. An entirely different type of panic began to set in. Armyni quickly looked beneath herself, back towards the dog's thrusting hips, and there, to her utter dismay, she could see the blood red pointed tip of his cock, only just emerging from his sheath.

Armyni was overcome with terror. The dog's cock was absolutely hideous. She had by incident see a few men's penises, this very day she had an unwelcome close encounter a druil's, but the dog's was nothing like the rest. Red and webbed by purple veins, it was the epitamy of beastly.

'How could this be happening? A dog, trying to mate her, a human?' she whimpered to herself. Panicked, she attempted to buck him off and scramble forward, but the massive dog held firmly in place. The others, seeing her attempt at escape, nipped and growled at her. She could not comprehend it, it was beyond belief, 'how could this filthy mongrel be trying to mate with her? No doubt this was the perverse doings of the druils.'

Their fleshs touched. Armyni nearly leapt out her skin. The heat of his member seemed to sear her sensitive flesh. It was intense. The pointed tip jabbed into her. She looked below herself again. More of his dog cock had emerged, extending a few good inches out the sheath. His cock was massive and scared her. This beast was definitely the largest of the pack, larger even than her.

'His red cock looked more like a piece of raw meat than a penis.' Armyni did not know what to make of it, then again, a dog had never tried to rape her before.

Bursts of clear liquid were already spraying sporadically from the tip of his cock, splashing against Armyni's sex. It did not take too great a stretch for her imagination to figure what it was. A shiver ran down her spine at this. 'Dog cum.'

With his hind legs now scratching at her thighs, the dog was scrambling to shift himself further up her back, bringing his cock ever closer to her. With this repositioning, the pointed spear slammed into her and managed to split between her cunt's lips. It was another thing however for him find her hole, and instead, his cock was deflected downwards, simply ran the length of her crevice. As he continued humping, massaging his red cock up and down her slit and across her clit, the sensation Armyni had felt earlier as he licked her was reawoken.

Having been unsuccessful, the dog abruptly dismounted. A sigh of relief exhaled from Armyni, but it was short lived as the dog instantly began lapping at her cunt once more. This time his tongue worked even deeper into her, focusing in on her hole. The feeling was incredible. A wave of ecstasy

was building before the dog once again stopped his licking and remounted.

His cock had only stabbed at her aimlessly few times when the dangerous spear chanced upon its mark. The narrow head delved easily into her drenched opening, impaling her by the first in or so. The thicker shaft however did not fit so easily into her virgin hole. It became stalled as the dog worked to force it into her.

Armyni screamed in shock. Never had any entered her before, and now, here she was on hands and knees being raped by a filthy dog. She began to sob, she was totally helpless.

"A dog! Not a dog! Please, help me! Stop him, stop him, please! I'll do anything!" She cried out. It was safe to say that none would be helping her.

The beast certainly did not heed her please, he thrust mercilessly into her. Having felt the warmth of her sex close around his cock, the dog whined with excitement. He knew he had achieved his aim. This was not the dog's first time, feeling her tightness and the resistance of her cunt, the beast thrust his haunches forward, holding them there, pressing with all his might, as to bury his cock further. He did not want it to risk it slipping back out.

By the force of the dog's haunches, Armyni's muscles were pried further open, allowing his thick tool ever more entry into her. She was crying out, her head bucking back on forth. He was so big. Fortunately, the dog was still emitting copious amounts of semen, lubricating her tight cunt further. Half buried, the dog picked back up his assault. At first, he thrust sporadically, still trying lodge himself further, before he began the ritual hammering that only a dog can do.

Armyni clenched and clawed at the ground. Her moans began matching that of the mongrel's thrusts. The sensation she was feeling now eclipsed all of that she felt earlier with his tongue. Her cunt was on ablaze. Armyni was unsure if it was simply his cock or his cum he was ejaculating into her, or if it was her own body, but she was on fire. The pace was quickening, he began hammering faster and faster into her.

Her cunt could not withstand the pounding. Deeper and deeper he planted his red cock into her, his dick ever swelling, ever stretching her poor virgin hole. She was sure that he would rip at any moment, but with time her body adjusted. Eventually, the pain began to ebb. Her screams of anguish turned to moans of pleasure. As his thick cock massaged her pussy, a fierce storm began brewing. As he continued pummeling her and injecting her with never ending streams of cum, there became no resistance to his cock slamming in and out of her at a lightning pace.

Armyni was in a complete hysteria. She forgot all else. She pushed back against her assailant, forcing him ever deeper still, bringing her ever closer to the edge. She had lost all consciousness, that is until a most odd feeling at her cunt's lips reawakened her.

'What now?' she questioned.

She could not believe that he could grow any more and her walls still hold him, but grow he did. The growth now however seemed to be restricted to the base of his cock. She had no idea what was happening, but could certainly feel a type of knot forming as it began to slip in and out of her. At first, the resistance at her entrance was minimal, but the bulge was swelling at an alarming rate. It did not take long for the knot to out grow her hole and become curbed just outside her entrance, until the beast applied enough force to push it through.

This added stimulation was more than she could withstand. The storm exploded. Armyni cried out in pure ecstasy, howling as the bitch she had become. The dog was thrusting with such intensity that

the enlarged knot continued to slip in and out past her hole. The sensation seemed to cause a rolling climax for her. It was mind shattering. But the knot was not done. Eventually it swelled to such a size that her cunt denied it's huge mass altogether. The beast knew only one thing though, to tie his bitch. He halted his assault and pressed hard once more into her with all his might. Her cunt burned in protest, but Armyni was as helpless as ever. She beat her fists upon the ground as she painfully felt her cunt's hole ever so slowly widen about the knot. Just as she thought she would tear, her hole slipped about the knot's widest part and snapped close around it.

The dog now held still, merely twitching and spasming atop her back. She could feel his cock doing the same within her. Her cunt was filled to the absolute max, the knot now lodged within. She was trembling herself beneath the dog, still high on the climax she had just experienced. She held as still as she possibly could, the slightest movement caused a piercing pain. As the fierce assault was over and her climax subsiding, Armyni slowly came back to reality. She could hear gasps and moans. It took a moment for her to realize that they were coming from her, and that the world had not been reduced to only her and the dog knotted within her. She also became humiliatingly aware of the countless eyes ogling her erotic, degrading act, of their awestruck faces, and their pumping fists about their cocks. She also became aware of all the dogs still in a frenzy about her, still lapping at her body, their red cocks poking out of their sheaths, eager for a bitch of their own. 'How had she forgotten them.'

Spent, her tired arms collapsed. She hid her face in her arms, bent over with her ass still stuck into the air, her cunt locked around the animal's cock. Humiliated, she cried into her arms. She tried to imagine herself elsewhere, back in the forest, anywhere, but the throbbing dog cock tied within her cunt would not let her forget.

She was so full, she felt as though she would soon explode, literally. And she was still getting fuller. As limited as her knowledge was about sex, especially that regarding dogs, she knew that he was now seeding her. Even though the beast had begun emitting his cum from the start, she realized now that this was the real deal, that before was just his pre-cum, so to speak, 'readying her,' she mused to herself. Now though, it was beyond belief. The dog was releasing torrents within her, sending burst after burst spraying against her innards, and he did not stop. Pulse after pulse, burst after burst, it did not end. She ran out of tears before the throbbing stopped, she was so full she felt as though she could explode at any moment, 'why wasn't she exploding?'

'The knot,' she reminded herself. She had never heard of such a feature. The knot of his cock he had forced into her had sealed her cunt closed, trapping all of his semen within. A smile broke through her taut lips with the idea of his futile attempt to impregnate her. For a split second doubt shook her, 'could a dog impregnate a human? No,' she resolved.

She pictured what his dick must look like now, deep within her. She had only seen it when it first began emerging. She looked up curiously beneath the other beasts surrounding her. Dozens of red cocks were peeking from their sheaths, but no knots. She did not fool herself into thinking she would not have another chance.

Still his cock throbbed within her. She dug her forehead into the ground so as to peer beneath herself. She was amazed, her belly was literally swollen. She could see just a hint of red meat from her slit to his hairy sheath. Her whole sex as well as her inner thighs shined from a glossy fluid, 'dog cum, no doubt.'

As tight as his seal was, her channel had become so full that it was indeed became maxed out and some of the thin fluid was forced from her overstuffed cunt. It trailed down her slit, dripping in beads from her clit to the puddle already forming between her legs.

"Oh," she suddenly gasped. The dog had just attempted to pull himself from her, but the knot did not budge in the slightest. Armyni then realized that his cock was no longer throbbing, it was over. Again he attempted to pull from her and again Armyni cried out from the pain. Without warning; the dog lifted himself from her sweaty back and slid off one side. He turned to where he was standing and she kneeling ass to ass, they still locked together. The crowd whistled and cheered. The dog whined. Again he attempted to pull from her without success. Again and again he tried. The crowd began calling and goading the dog on. Unable to break the tie, the dog began dragging Armyni behind him. She began to sob with humiliation once more, pleading for him to stop.

They had been stuck together for such a long time, Armyni had drifted off into a dream like state. It was abruptly interrupted as the dog again tugged hard at her, and this time, with a very audible pop, the knot dislodged and his cock slid out from her sloppy cunt, followed by an unbelievable flood of watery dog cum. It splashed onto the ground and onto her legs. Armyni remained knelt, panting, collecting herself with her head rested in her arms, a stream of dog cum pouring endlessly from her abused cunt, not thinking of her precarious position.

It was not until another tongue, a new tongue, began lapping at her leaking cunt did she realize that it was not yet over. In reflex she lunged forward to escape, but the dogs were on her in an instant. One pinned her to the ground by the neck. His grip was not enough to truly harm her, but she was frozen with fear all the same. The now free cunt and new excitement set off another row between the dogs to see who would be her next mate.

Her face pinned to the ground, she could not look back to see who her next lover would be, but she could tell he was just as large as the last as his furry chest fell onto her naked back, his weight bearing her down. His paws clawed at her sides, gripping her tight, as if she could escape him anyways. All the dogs were in a frenzy once again. Many picked back up at lapping her naked body. The one on her back humped excitedly at her, his cock jabbing everything but her cunt. Unsuccessful, he dismounted to lap at her cunt. Armyni did not get her hopes up.

He soon remounted, jabbing his cock at her once more. The cycle would continue a few times before he found his mark. Once lined up with her drenched and loose hole, the pointed tip slid in easily. His cock was just as large as the last, but this time there was no need for adjusting. The savage assault began at once. The beast's haunches began thrusting as only a dog can do. Armyni bit at her lip in an attempt to silence her moans, but to no avail, there was no stopping nature.

It did not take long for his knot to begin forming. The dog lived for the tie. Swelling to its full size, the beast pressed forward, sealing his bitch, before releasing his own flood within her, shaking her with another of her own orgasms.

He was able to pull from her much sooner than the last.

And so the day continued, the familiar scratch at the hips, the furry chest landing on her back, the tight grip of the paws. The aimless jabbing, the eventual piercing, the wild thrusting. The knot. The cum, the tie, the flood as he finally pulled from her. She had even begun reaching back of her own accord, guiding the slick members to her entrance. As much disgrace as this caused her, she had learned it was better than allowing their tapered spears to jab into her asshole. She had learned how to kneel and angle herself just right as to make it more comfortable. She was becoming a proper bitch.

The day passed in a blur to dusk, and still there was no end. The sun set and night fell upon them and still the dogs did not allow her from her hands and knees. Armyni was near dilerium. The frenzy had atleast now died off as only the one mating her was paying her any attention. Most of the beasts



now lounged around the pen, some asleep, others licking their just used members. For the first time Armyni noticed that some had taken to fucking the other girl. She was on her hands and knees, just as Armyni was, her waist wrapped in the paws of a black dog, his haunches humping her madly. It was different watching it from the outside, she could not deny there was something erotic about it.

The dogs were much smaller now, the runts of the pack come to claim the scraps. It was with one of these that the unthinkable suddenly happened. It did not help that she had been fucked and knotted by at least twenty, possibly thirty dogs, nor that her pussy was saturated by their cum, a stream of it continuously drooling down from her slit, but as so, it was becoming common for the dogs to now slip from her overly sloppy cunt and either jab forward running the length of her slit or painfully into the crack of her ass. Her latest mate slipped from her and in the heat of the moment jabbed his pointed cock dead on into her small asshole.

Armyni's eyes snapped open and bulged out. Her jaw dropped releasing a silent scream of terror. She had never felt such sharp pain. Others had slipped and rammed into her tight bud, which was painful, but as tight as it was their cocks went nowhere til she or they corrected it back into her pussy. This one now though, being one of the smallest of the pack, slid far past her injured sphincter. The dog, having been working her at such blinding speeds, was aware that something had changed but was unsure of what. Feeling the new resistance, he paused for a moment, pressing his cock further into her. Finally a scream was able to pass her lips. This caught the attention of a few, but most of the druils had now gone to their barracks. The other girl was now staring at her, horror once again upon her face, as she could guess at what had just happened.

It was all the same to the mongrel, tight, warm, a hole at the least. Dry as it was, his cock did not slide easily, but his streams of pre cum would soon remedy that. To Armyni's demise, he attempted to get back into pace, thrusting randomly and off tempo. Armyni continued her screams and renewed her pleas for help. She beat her fist upon the ground, but nothing would relieve her, only time. The dog pushed deeper into her bowels as her eyes roled further back into her head.

With time, as with her pussy, her asshole adjusted to its invader, and his cum greased her dry hole. The pain never fully subsided, but as the dog continued, it did ease. That was until the familiar bulge began pressing against her abused sphincter.

'Impossible!' Armyni fretted.

It had taken the dog so long to get this deep into her, his knot had already formed. A slave to his own instincts, he paid no mind to the desparate bitch's pleas and pressed with all his might. He had only one goal, knotting his bitch. The tight entrance did not waiver. The dog thrust a few more times, Armyni's screams matching the knot banging into her rectum's entrance.

Again he pressed into her. First nothing, then ever so slightly her sphincter slipped just a bit, though not nearly enough. The dog humped at her once more before pausing to push at it again. Little by little the sphincter began loosening, began widening around the knot. Armyni shed unfound tears. As a matter of time, as if something had just snapped, her taut asshole gave way and accepted the swollen knot. Armyni came instantly. Her orgasm did not end. The knot buried within her bowels, the sudden jets of hot dog cum sent her climax to untold heights.

~~~~~

IV.KENNEL

A warm glow shone behing her eyelids. Armyni thought of the bonfire. A cool breeze swept across her body. Her mind raced to catch back up to where was she, 'what had happened?'

Her pussy ached, her ass ached. She adjusted her legs, they were sticky and crusted. She was laying on her side, one arm draped across a warm, furry...what? She wrenched open her eyes. Dog.

Several were huddled up next to her. Yesterday came crashing back to her. She squeezed her eyes back shut, not daring to move. One of the dogs however had noticed she had awoken. He lifted himself from behind her. She heard him stretch, then yawn. A wet nose sniffed and prodded at the crack of her butt. Armyni did not move. The dog released a low, menacing growl. This awoke several of the other dogs. Armyni however was frozen with fear.

The dog snarled and nipped at her thigh.

'Whats the use, better than being mauled,' she lied to herself before scrambling up onto her hands and knees. She dared not open her eyes but hid her face in her arms as she lifted her ass into the air. The routine started all over. The tongue, she enjoyed, it soothed her. The claws brought her back to reality. The weight of his furry chest caused her to grunt. The stabbing cock caused her to panic.

Several would mate her before she was allowed to rest. After the last had pulled from her, Armyni remained knelt, waiting expectantly. When another did not soon mount, she turned her head to see what was happening. To her surprise, for the first time she had been thrown in this pen and conscious, none were attempting to breed her. She was unsure of what to do. Her red and scratched hips caught her attention. They bore the marks of countless mounts. She turned and looked about the pen.

A countless number of dogs lay littered about the pen. She blushed as her eyes met the other girls, who was sitting across the pen watching her. Armyni dropped her butt to the ground while holding herself up with one arm. She attempted to remain facing the girl but found it difficult to make eye contact due to the embarrassing circumstances.

"Hello, my name is Elyza," the girl kindly offered.

Armyni gulped and attempted to respond but no words would come out. She could only nod. The girl smiled warmly at her.

"You must be new here, I have not seen you before. Are you one from the forest?"

Armyni again nodded to her.

"And new to the kennel I can tell, how long has it been since you escaped?"

Armyni shook her head at this.

Elyza looked confused at this. "Never escaped? You mean, you were born free in the forest?" The girl gasped.

The girl remained speechless for a moment, mumbling to herself with the most dazed look on her face.

"Never forced to serve the druids before? Born free?" she merely whispered, as if still talking to herself. She could not comprehend it.

"My name is Armyni," she finally uttered. "I was born deep in the forest. It was only yesterday, well, two days ago now that I had ever come across a druid."

Elyza guffawed at this, "never met a druil?"

The girl roled onto her back, placing her hands beneath her head, staring off into the blue sky. She wore a broad smile across her face.

Eventually Armyni broke the silence, "I assume we are at Tarak?"

The girl interrupted her daydream and roled onto her side supporting her head up by her hand and arm.

She nodded to Armyni, then hesistated for a moment, "can you tell me what it is like?"

Armyni stared back puzzled.

"Forgive me, but I have no idea what it is to be free, I was born and have always been a slave."

Armyni smiled back at her, "I am afraid I do not know how exactly to answer your question, I do not know what to compare it to. I have heard many horror stories from our people who had escaped and known the druils' cruelty, but being only just captured, well, it was certainly better than this," she jested.

Elyza laughed, "certainly! What did you do to get thrown in to here on your first day?"

"I don't know exactly. I didn't go along with them as they wished. I bit one of them..." Elyza again guffawed at this..."said they would see how the pack took to this."

Elyza continued to laugh, "Thats great!"

"And you, why are you in here?" Armyni asked.

Elyza's face became serious and Armyni instantly regretted asking the question, but the girl had asked her afterall.

"When am I not in here? Rather be in here than servicing one of them filthy bastards. They think this is the punishment, ha!"

Though she would never wish this upon another, she was happy that she was not in here alone. She thought about Elyza's words, that she would rather be in here than servicing the druils. She thought about the foul stench of the druil's groin that had tried to force her to suck him. 'Who knows what that poor girl has had to live through,' she thought to herself. She wandered if she would come to agree with her, if she did not already.

Their conversation was cut short however. A large dog had approached Elzya, nudging her with his snout. Elyza did not begrudge him, but calmy crawled to her hands and knees. Armyni noticed her whince as the dog clawed at her sides, mounting her. Seeing Elyza mounted by the dog, his large spurting cock thrusting into her, caused her own cunt to begin flowing. She dared to wonder why one had not taken interest in her yet, but she did not have to wonder long. She had no more than thought it when a familiar cold and wet nose nudged at her side. She looked back at a familiar dog, she almost smiled. He was her first, the was the largest of the pack, the alpha, and he was a very, very beautiful dog. His coat was a shiny midnight black, not as grungy as the rest. He reminded her of the northerner's black dog. He was strong and muscular. Though his cock was the largest and his knot the most painful, he also created the most intense orgasm for her. Armyni followed suit, crawling to her hands and knees.

She positioned herself so that she could continue to watch Elyza. Elyza though was paying her no attention. Armyni could tell the girl was enjoying herself, pushing back against the dog's thrusts. Her moans were that of pleasure, not of pain. As her own dog mounted her, she reached right back and took his slick cock in her fingers and guided him right to her wanting cunt. It was not long before Armyni was lost in her own ecstasy. The huge dog hammered away at his usual pace, destroying her poor vagina. Armyni's wails challenged those of Elzya's. Then came it appears that it was too long to put all together...

She positioned herself so that she could continue to watch Elyza. Elyza though was paying her no attention. Armyni could tell the girl was enjoying herself, pushing back against the dog's thrusts. Her moans were that of pleasure, not of pain. As her own dog mounted her, she reached right back and took his slick cock in her fingers and guided him right to her wanting cunt. It was not long before Armyni was lost in her own ecstasy. The huge dog hammered away at his usual pace, destroying her poor vagina. Armyni's wails challenged those of Elzya's. Then came the knot, the giant knot. Her pussy spread easier now, swallowing it in. Her body began convulsing, overtaken and rocked by a continuous orgasm. Every pulse of his steaming cock within her, filling her with his cum, brought her own orgasm to an even higher level.

Eventually his balls were depleted and her orgasm subsided. She stayed knelt, both she and the dog panting from exhaustion. She looked back over to Elyza. She and her dog were ass to ass. Just then her dog pulled from her and Armyni got her first look at the dogs' massive knot. She heard the loud plop from across the kennel as the knot slipped out the girl's tight cunt, as well as the deluge of dog cum as it splashed onto the ground. It was unbelievable. It was so huge. The thick red shaft suddenly swelled into a massive ball, bigger than her fist. She could not believe they forced that into them every turn. She looked beneath herself at her own belly. She could tell it was swollen from the added mass of knot and cum within her. 'No wonder the ties last so long.'

She heard Elyza whimper as another approached her rear and began lapping at her cunt. The dog had mounted her before her own had even jumped off her back. Then came the usual tug, the giving of her hole, the torrent of cum pouring out of her. Armyni awaited with her head down for her next assailant. He did not even bother licking her but jumped right onto her back. And so the ritual persisted.

A few dogs through now, an unusual slurping sound interrupted Armyni's trance. It was coming from Elyza. Armyni gasped. To her outright bewilderment, Elyza was on her "hand" and knees, one beast rutting her, while another was at her head. Elyza's her free hand was up between his hind legs, her head bobbing back and forth beneath his belly. Armyni could see his red meat disappear and reappear from between her lips, his watery cum drooling from her chin. Armyni gagged, 'what was she doing?'

She knew what she was doing, but did not understand why, and she would not be given the chance to ask. The day continued without rest. Dog after dog mounted and remounted the two girls. There were so many of them that by the time all had a chance to have their turn, the others became well rested and ready for another. The camp soon awoke, and Armyni could hear various commotions from outside the pen, the clanking of metal, the moans of girl within the stock, loud rough druil voices. At about noon, the girls still busy on their knees, several idle dogs were collected by the druids, 'for tracking, no doubt.' Apart from a few crude comments, the druids did not interrupt the mating.

Her pussy became tired and sore. Her entire rear was a complete mess, coated entirely by the dogs'

cum. She begged for it to end, but it did not. By this point, her cunt was left gaping between the mounts, a line of cum seemingly always trailing from her to the ground. Their knots pulled from her with ever greater ease, the smaller ones not holding the tie at all. As happened the previous day as her cunt became overly used and sloppy, the dogs' cocks continuously began slipping from her, threatening her asshole. She usually guided their cocks into her on the initial mount, but there was nothing she could do to keep them from slipping and jabbing into her ass during their furious assaults.

Most, especially the larger ones, if by chance their cocks had hit her small sphincter and been able to bury their tip within it, would feel the resistance and correct the mistake, realigning, often with Armyni's aide, back into her cunt. Some of the smaller ones though were able to bury themselves deep enough on the initial impalement to begin fucking her ass outright, regardless of her cries and pleas. But as with her cunt, after a few of these accidents and enough cum, her ass began to loosen and as with her cunt, she found that she could enjoy it. Dare she admit that she even began to feel an odd, empty and void feeling in her gaping rectum. She began to desire a cock implanted within it.

As it began to gape however, closing less and less, slower and slower, some of the larger dogs were able to slip into it and continue their hammering there. The shafts she could handle, it was the knots that scared her. Fortunatley, at first at least, their larger knots were not able to slip past her asshole. They would simply press with all their might, emptying their loads into her bowels without ever tying. There was a voice though, far in the back of her head, the same voice that longed for a cock deep within her empty ass as they pounded her pussy, that desired the massive knot to push into her, to fill her clenching ass, that begged for it to tie her wanton ass.

Any time this perverse voice reared its head, Armyni did her best to quickly dispell it. She was disgraced enough by the numerous orgasms and continous longing for another cock within her, a secret she would take to the grave. As bad as she thought she was becoming, she was continuously disgusted by Elyza's sucking of their cocks, apparently of her own free will.

The entire day had passed in a blur, dog after dog, knot after knot, a never ending flow of cum. Near dusk, the dogs had all tired and allowed both of the girls to collapse, each within their own muddy puddles of dog cum, each too tired to move out of it. Both were a complete mess, especially Elyza, with her face covered with the mess as well as her rear. A cool breeze allayed her red and aching cunt and asshole. Both were still gaping as wide as ever, a trail of dog cum snaking its way out of each, dribbling into the puddle.

Armyni had drifted off, but was reawoken by the now familiar slurping sound. Elyza must have heard Armyni's gasp of disgust as she pulled her face off his cock and turned to face her, a line of cum dangling from her chin.

Armyni lay staring at Elyza, repulsion evident on her face. Elyza was knelt, dog cock in hand, her saliva covering it and this time there was not even a dog fucking her. She had been sucking on it of her own free will. Elyza appeared confused by Armyni's look.

"What?" she questioned her.

"What are you doing?" Armyni asked in a stern tone.

Elyza looked back at the dog cock, then back to Armyni.

"Oh," she responded, "I guess I could how this seems a bit odd to you!" she began to laugh. She released the dog cock she was holding and then fell back, holding her stomach with hysteric laughter.

Armyni did not get the joke, "What?" she questioned.

It took Elyza a minute to compose herself, she had been laughing so hard, tears had even formed in her eyes.

"What's so funny," Armyni asked again.

"Well, you had been doing very good, adjusting that is, better than most recently recaptured."

Armyni did not take that as a complement.

"Well, I guess you especially, having never been held as a slave to them before..." Elyza was struggling to find the right words, "well, are you not yet hungry, you have been here two days now?"

Just then Armyni's stomach growled in protest. She had been so overwhelmed by everything she had not stopped to think of food.

"Well, now that you mention it..." she responded, 'but where is she going with this,' she thought to herself.

"Well, I am sure you have still heard stories?" Elyza asked.

Armyni racked her brains, but she was not sure what Elyza was talking about, 'why was she sucking a dog's cock?' she asked herself, but no story or rumor she had heard shed any light on this. Armyni had heard many dreadful stories of the cruelty of the druils, but never any of being made a dog's bitch, much less sucking their cocks. 'But then again, would she ever admit this to anyone?'

"No, I don't know what you mean," she gave up.

"Tell me then, what did you have to eat in the forest?" Elyza asked enthusiastically.

Armyni was further confused. She did not understand, but answered all the same, "I don't know, deer, rabbit, berries, nuts, roots if all else was hard to come by. There are many foods within the forest."

"Well, the druils do not waste such luxuries on us slaves. Outside, especially within The City, it is easy enough to get your hands on some scraps to get by, but not in the kennel. I have been in here for two weeks straight now. They will throw some scraps in for the dogs, but I would recommend getting back, turns quite vicious between them when they do, more so than even when they fight over us..."

Armyni still did not understand.

"Its not ideal, I admit, appalling even..." Elyza trailed off for a bit, looking down at the ground she continued, "guess its all I've ever known, I can understand how its so hard for you to understand, but we have to survive right? It keeps us alive."

Armyni was only further confused, "keeps us alive?" she mouthed, 'what does, sucking a dog's cock?' she asked herself.

"I'm sorry, but I still don't understand?" Armyni confessed.

"Well, I have seen a few newbies from the forest desparate enough to try for the scraps, but it wasn't pretty. I don't know how long they will keep you in here but I can tell you its often weeks at a time.

You can either starve," Elyza took a deep breath, "or you can drink from them," Elyza informed her, motioning towards the closest dog.

Armyni's stomach dropped, it finally hit her. Their only food, their only sustenance was the dogs' cum. Elyza was not sucking on them for the pleasure of it, but to survive. Armyni thought that she would be sick.

~~~~~

## **V.SURVIVAL**

Two more days had passed. Armyni had by now become a completely submissive bitch. Her hands and knees were callused and hard from being on them so much. Her pussy and ass became well worn, only holding the largest of the knots. Her ass could take any knot that challenged it. She had now questioned Elyza about the feeding from every angle, but had still not worked up enough courage to taste one of their cocks. Elyza promised that it was not so bad. Elyza herself had to feed repeatedly throughout the day to take in enough. Armyni was becoming accustomed at least to witnessing it.

She had also witnessed the brutality of the beasts when the druids would throw some scraps over the pen. As hungry as she was, she dared not try that route. She and Elyza would huddle together at the far side of the pen, as far from the carnage as possible.

Four days had passed by now though, and Armyni was still without food. She was starving. It was during a particularly forceful rutting that Armyni dared to test her nerve. The whole pack was again in a frenzy, swarming around each girl, eager to get their turn. Red cocks dangled everywhere. Several leapt up on her from the side, one on her shoulders, his sheath and pointed cock just before her face. His haunches imitated the ritual humping, pumping awkwardly back and forth in the air, his cock searching for some wet, warm hole to impale. It was spurting the usual jets of clear pre cum. Streams of it splashed against her shoulder, across her neck, into her face even. Her stomach growled at her, begging her to feed it, but still she could not bring herself to sink that low.

As the dog cock continued to spray her face, beads of his cum trailed down her cheek, dangerously close to her mouth. She squeezed her eyes shut and quickly slipped her tongue out the corner of her mouth to sample the fluid. Salty, definitely salty, but not unbearable. She gulped, preparing herself, hunger was qualming her inhibitions. Slowly she wrenched open her tightly locked jaws. The dog was still working his hips, his forelegs awkwardly wrapped around her shoulders, her head beneath his belly, her face inches from his spurting cock, inches from food. She remained frozen, holding her mouth open, as if to see what would happen. Streams of cum were still splattering randomly across her. She moved her head, positioning herself. A jet across her ear and cheek, a jet across her nose and upper lips. She jumped as the hot liquid sprayed into her mouth. It was only a bit, spreading also across her lips. She sampled the fluid within her mouth, using her tongue to push it around.

'Salty,' but she already knew that. It was not the cum that scared her. It was their threatening red and purple veined beastly cocks. Their dangerously speared heads, their massive knots, their forceful, thrusting hips.

'How could she ever willingly put one of those things into her mouth?' She gagged with the thought of it.

She did her best to push the image from her mind. She held her eyes closed, she dared not look at it for fear of losing her nerve. Eyes clamped tight, she reopened her mouth as wide as it would go and so slowly pushed her face towards the thrusting member. More streams splashed across her face

and lips, additional samples sprayed into her mouth.

Nearing it, she was forced to tilt her head to the side beneath his belly. And then it happened, first contact. The flaming cock first brushed against her cheek. She nearly retreated, but again hunger denied her. Feeling contact, the dog whined and humped wilder, he was all over the place. Armyni held her mouth open, readjusting her face a bit with each thrust while holding her breath, awaiting the inevitable. All the while her face was being coated with his cum.

And then the dog found his mark. His hot cock entered her mouth. She was still too afraid to close her lips around it, and instead held her mouth wide open allowing him to jab into every part of it. The dog whimpered louder, finally feeling the moist, warm hole he had been longing for. His bursts of pre cum shot right to the back of her throat. She braved to swallow bits of it, but for the most part, it ran back out, flowing over her chin.

She had nearly forgotten the dog fucking her pussy, but at that very moment, fate seemed to intercede. The thrusting dog slipped from her used cunt and his cock rammed itself into her asshole. Armyni was thrust forward from it, ramming the cock in her mouth to the very back of her throat. By reflex, her lips clasped shut around his meat. His heat seemed to scald her. At first she was overcome by the sudden intrusion into her ass. He was fucking her butt as hard as her pussy. The dogs made no distinguishment. But her ass eventually adjusted and she once again realized that she had one of their cocks in her mouth and that he was humping into it the same as if it were one of her other holes.

She could feel the pulse of his cock in much greater detail within her mouth as opposed to her pussy or ass. Each pulse quickly followed by a spurt against the back of her throat. Her tongue cupped the bottom of the shaft as he drilled it in and out of her mouth. Overcome by all she had almost forgotten the purpose of this and had forgotten to begin swallowing the salty liquid. Her mouth quickly filled and the cum was pouring out the edges of her mouth.

Realizing this, she sampled a few gulps. Certainly not the most pleasant, but she had tasted worst. The warm liquid flowed down her, settling within her empty belly. Her stomach, having sustenance for the first time in days, demanded more. Armyni's lips tightened further around his cock. Her cheeks sucked in, massaging more out of him. She could feel the wantonness rising within her. The cock reaming out her ass was amazing. The fire was building. She began sucking more forcefully on the cock within her mouth, pushing her face forward to match his thrusts. The tip of his cock was now ramming down the back of her throat, which should have gagged her, but she was now so lost in a lush lustful craze that she opened her throat, swallowing all the cum she could. The dogs whined atop her. This made her smile inside as she thought of the pleasure she was giving back to them. Each thrust harder into her. The one at her face, a little too hard. She picked up one hand, grasping his sheath to prevent him from banging his haunches too hard into her face. Gurgled, smothered moans escaped out around his cock. She wanted to swallow it all.

The one in her ass began swelling, his knot taking full form. She pushed back against it, needing it tied within her. She sucked with ever more fervor upon the one in her mouth, as if to suck the cum straight from his balls. His knot began forming as well. Armyni thought of Elyza's advice, of clenching and massaging his knot within her fist as to fool him into believing that he had achieved the knot, to get him to release the real prize.

Armyni was lost to the outside world. She knew only the two cocks within her, of needing them deeper within her, of needing their cum. Her ass had grown loose enough to allow the still forming knot to slip in and out past her asshole. This was the most amazing thing she had ever felt. It instantly put her over the edge. She was screaming around the cock in her mouth. His knot was



ballooning to full size as well now, crashing into her lips with each thrust. She clenched at it as hard as she could. She pushed her face forward, pressing her lips tight against his knot, the head of his large cock buried in her throat. She would have let him knot her mouth if it was possible. She did her best to regardless.

The cock in her ass stalled one last time, almost unable to pass her sphincter. But as she had now become accustom to, the hole gradually gave way, sucking in the knot and snapped close around it. She howled around the other cock, her orgasm exploding like none before. Each dog pressed hard into her, each forcing her back onto the other, crushed between their quivering haunches. The flood gates then opened.

She felt it first burst in her ass, the influx of fluid filling her bowels. Then in her throat, it was mind boggling. There was simply too much of it. Swallow all she could, as fast as she could, the massive release of cum caused her to choke and sputter. As it began to run up and out her nose, she had to spit what she could back out around his cock. This cum, his real cum, was thicker and creamier than his watery precum.

Finally able to catch back up, she began bobbing her head up and down his cock, hungry for more. Her tongue twirled around and teased his cock, but he was spent. He dismounted her shoulders, pulling his cum and saliva covered cock from her suckling mouth. Armyni was not done however. She frowned from his sudden abandonment, but she then reached for the next closest cock. The dog in her ass had dismounted, though she was still tied anally with him. As such, she was unable to crawl any further, but clenching the closest dogs sheath in her hand, she goaded him towards her.

Unsure of what was happening exactly, the dog was hesitant. His cock only barely peeping from its sheath, she massaged the furry casing back and forth, working the dog up. He came closer. Armyni ducked her head beneath his belly, tilting her head once again to the side. With the dog still standing back a bit, Armyni reached out, perking her lips out in an attempt to suck him in. She pulled at the dog stuck in her ass, but that burned horribly. She stuck her tongue out, twirling it around his tapered point. The dog whimpered and stepped forward.

She continued rubbing his sheath, tempting out the remainder of his hidden cock. At last, her lips found his pointed cock and sucked it into her greedy mouth. Even though he hadn't mounted her, the warm mouth over his cock sent his hips into motion, causing him to pump them back and forth. Armyni paid it no attention. She paid no attention to the dog pulling his knot and cock from her anus, nor the flood of semen pouring from it, if only in regret of it's waste. She was on the verge of starvation and needed food, or drink rather, whatever she could get, dog cum or not.

The dogs that followed, mounting her rear, were of no concern, nearly a nuisance. The rest of her energies that entire day were devoted to sucking and swallowing as much dog cum as she could. She became more intimate with the dogs' cocks than she would have ever imagined, becoming familiar with how each one looked and tasted. Elyza encouraged her and followed suit. They stuffed themselves like gluttons, dog gluttons.

This day faded to the next and still the druids paid them no mind. That day into the following. Armyni was losing track. Armyni and Elyza kept up their roles obediently, crawling to their hands and knees whenever their masters demanded, and sucking as much cock as they could in between. Armyni was finding herself turning into a wild animal. Left to the elements with no cloth or shelter, restricted to crawling on her hands and knees, an easy and willing fuck to any dog that desired. They survived solely off the nutrition provided in the dogs' cum. They had even degraded themselves to, as disgusting as it had initially sounded, crawling together during their matings, and if possible getting to and beneath each other's cunts upon the dog dismounting. As the knot dislodged, they

were able to take advantage of the copious amounts of cum pouring out without near as much labor. It was safe to say that this had become quite a messy process. They truly had become dog bitches.

~~~~~

VI.BETRAYAL

Armyni had lost track of time, and nearly her sanity. If she did not have Elyza to keep her company, she would have easily lost it. A great bond had formed between them. What had felt like an eternity had in reality been only a little over two weeks. It was then that the druils finally revisited her.

"Looks like she's learn the feed herself," one of them jested, catching the girls' attention as each nursed a cock in their mouths.

A roar of laughter rang out. Armyni had learned to accept these acts as a necessity for survival, but for another to witness her at it, even a druil, was more than humiliating. She immediately released the cock from her mouth and spat the cum at them.

"Defiant to the very end I see."

Armyni recognized the druil from her initial encounter, Mardar, the commanding officer of the fortress, she had learned. She burned with hate for him.

"Times up I am afraid, we leave in a few days time. We'll need to clean you up a bit, your filthy, and give you a proper meal perhaps, make sure you're nice and strong for the journey," he smirked.

As nice as it sounded, Armyni doubted he had any intention at all of providing her a decent meal, but she could always hope. She was surprised he had said nothing more about The Ruin, or of the northerner. This made her suspicious. She wondered what had happened to him, to her father. There was no time for that now. Already two druils had entered the pen, kicking back the barking dogs. They collected her by the arms and drug her from the pen. A large mob of druils awaited her outside the pen. Her heart sank, 'were they going to rape her?'

She thought about Elyza's words, 'how she'd rather be in the kennel with the dogs than with the druils.' They had not even touched her yet and already she was longing to be back in the kennel with her dogs.

The druils hauled her to an available post and pushed her down to the ground, her back against it. She was actually relieved, 'she had no idea the purpose of these but it had to be better than the stocks,' she thought to herself.

Another pulled her arms back around the post, restraining them there with a piece of rope. Her legs folded to the side beneath her, she sat atop them confused.

'What were they doing?'

"Well then, slave, any time you wish to end it, say the word. All I want from you is the information, but seeing how cozy you were with the dogs, I don't figure this should bother you too much!," he cackled, "No matter though, slave, I'm glad to see you have taken to it easily enough! You see, we're not so bad? Besides, my boys do love this. Be sure to drink up, you'll need you're strength!" the druil mocked while finshing with a wink at her. He then turned and walked away. Countless druils filled his wake, hundreds seemed to be surrounding her.

At least he sounded as if he was not going to kill her, and they could hardly rape her in this position, 'but what was their plan for her?'

The druils then began shedding their filthy garments, exposing the horrid penises. She remembered thinking that the dogs' cocks were gross, but she had learned to accept them. The druils' now made her gag.

'This is it,' she thought. Armyni, looked onto them with disgust. 'Had she truly grown to prefer the dogs?'

The druils' cocks were larger, dark in color, and rigid and coarse looking. 'They look more like a horses than a man's,' she thought to herself.

The druils all stood around her, momentarily stroking their members, murmuring amongst each other. A druil approached her. Armyni defiantly glared up at him, hate burning in her eyes. He abruptly slapped her across the face with his thick, semi-hard penis. The crowd roared with enthusiasm. Armyni cringed, grinding her teeth, trying to force herself to come to terms with whatever was about to happen. She closed her eyes shut tight, and tried to carry herself to another place. She could hear the roar steadily grow, as many more druils began to join the mob.

Armyni sat there waiting, confused as ever. All the druils were now masturbating to her. The one who had slapped her across the face began working his dick more feverishly, all the while aiming it directly at her. Armyni sunk back against the post, 'What now?'

From this vicinity, Armyni now got a better look at it. The head of the ugly rod blossomed out, and was swelling from the excitement. Armyni was truly turned off by the site of it, as it was so rough with many bumps and warts across it. She was gazing at the tip of it, the large hole at the end of his penis, when suddenly the druil let out one last groan and a line of semen shot out from it. Twisting end over end, the creamy substance made right for her.

Armyni jerked back in shock, slamming her head against the post. Dazed by the jolt, it took a second for her to realize what had just happened. Recovering, she looked down at her nose. She could see the glob of milky white, thick semen spread across it. It was nothing like the dogs'. The hot load had caught her right across the nose and left cheek. She could even feel it dangling from the very tip of her nose, it was degrading.

"Ahh, hahh," she heard as he sent another stream splashing against the left of her neck and shoulder. The crowd let out another roar and cheered, pumping their fists into the air. Armyni opened her eyes once again to see the druil finishing up, laughing, as the last little bit dribbled out, landing onto her lap. She looked down. The cum across her face was running down in thick globs, slowly dripping onto her neck and exposed breast. The cum was so hot, and much thicker and creamier than she was accustomed to with the dogs. Whereas the dogs' was more watery and clear, this was viscous and opaque, with a bit of a yellow tinge to it. Armyni gagged upon thinking about it.

Meanwhile, another druil approached her, pointing his cock directly at her face once again. She turned her head downwards, but the druil jerked her face back up by her hair.

"Ouch!" she cried out, but at the wrong time, as the druil let his load go catching her right across the face and lips.

"Disgusting," she murmured, spitting immediately as best she could. Sour, bitter globs had gotten into her mouth. Again, it tasted nothing like the dogs', it was far more foul.

Running her teeth across her tongue, she ensured all was spit back out, though in doing so she had to experience it ooze out over her lips, down her chin, and finally curl beneath onto her neck. She noticed others were beginning to approach. Armyni froze with fear, squeezing her eyes and mouth shut as tight as possible. She could hear the groans and laughter in great number. She tried not to think to herself of how many of them there were.

"Whhaa," she heard as another hot stream caught her across the face, splattering onto her cheek. Then another across her forehead, and then another, each causing her to jump in shock. Still another she felt strike her cheek, and another across her lips and nose. The next hit her square in a closed eye, the cum so thick, the glob entangled itself in her eyelashes, practically sealing it shut.

Again and again she felt the steamy druids' loads strike her face, across her brow, across her cheeks and nose, down across her lips and chin. Overlapping, the wads began making their way down her squenched face. Another load hit her directly in the other eye. Armyni squenched her face tighter still.

Soon she began feeling the streams of hot cum strike her from other directions. The thick liquid splashed against her shoulders and arms. It pelleted the back of her head and into her hair. It was not long before the horrid liquid soaked right to her scalp. Due to the mass number of druids, the loads so numerous began rolling down her body in wads, covering her tan beautiful skin. Starting at the top, it crept out her hair, it rolled down her face and dripped across her body.

Armyni attempted peaking out an eye, but all she could see was a wall of white, yellowish cum. She instantly regretted the attempt as the foul cum got into and burned her eye. She blinked profusely trying to clear it out, but it was useless as only more from her brow flowed into the mess.

Now starting to panic, Armyni tried to wipe her eyes across her either shoulder, but that was no good, only swapping cum for cum. And it was still far from over. Load after load continued striking her. Her hair became completely matted down atop her head, soaking wet, and stuck even against her neck and back. Beads of their cum dripped from the ends of her hair, down onto her retrained arms. Her brown hair turned a milky white, as wads of druil cum could be seen throughout. The thick cum ran down around her nose, obstructing her nostrils as she tried to breath.

There seemed no end. As eternity etched forward, relentless streams of hot semen continued to strike her face, over her head, and down her body. There was practically a river of it making its way down her. She could feel strings of it dangling from her chin and jaw line. Slowly the druil cum oozed it's way down her body as she could feel its warmth cover her belly and move onto her legs. She could even feel it beginning to puddle within her lap. Her legs became slick against each other fom it. It even drenched down her arms and into her suspended hands.

Meanwhile, the officer, in his well kept uniform stood with another in the distance, they approaching one another. The other was not in a military uniform, but his robe distinguished him as a noble.

"Mardar, you and your men lounge and play, you must act before this rebellion grows any stronger," the noble warned. Occasionally he could be caught looking onto the amusing scene in front of him.

"They are only humans, Nadak. We will find them, we'll destroy them."

"So sure of yourself are we? And what of Saibalt?"

Mardar interrupted abruptly, "A plan is in place, by sun down today we will know of The Ruin's location and I will march out of here tomorrow to meet up with my forces at The City. Then on to The Ruin."

"That is what Thyse said. And then we received his head delivered back in a basket. The council grows weary Mardar."

"I told you, a plan is in place."

"And what of this plan, none no of the Ruin's location, you failed to capture Olyver, and you simply toy with his daughter. Does she even know where it is?" his voice rose.

"We shall know by tonight," the general smiled back.

"You'd better, Mardar."

The General looked at the councilor directly in the eye, "I stake my life upon it."

"Good, for that is exactly what is at stake" and with that the Councilor saluted the general and turned and exited the yard.

Armyni was now struggling, twisting back in forth against her bondages, trying for freedom. Her abuse was sickening and humiliating. She was in a panic, crying and whimpering. Suddenly another druil pulled her by her drenched hair, tilting her head to the side. She felt his penis press against her ear, and then "swoosh."

With that Armyni's hearing on her right side was smothered out as the druil had just let loose his wad into her ear. The force of the explosion lodged the cum deep within. She could still hear the cheers of approval from the onlooking mob. She leaned her head over, shaking it violently, trying to dislodge the cum. And to her own disgust, could feel her progress being made as the sperm ever so slowly oozed out her ear. The scene was of great amusement to the druils, as even louder cheers erupted.

Another druil grabbed her by the hair once again and followed suit, pressing his penis against her other ear, letting his wad go, "Swoosh."

With that, the laughter and cheers were all but drowned out.

So many had passed by now, Armyni could feel a rising pool of warm cum forming at the base of the post, and squished between her toes. Still keeping her eyes closed behind the wall of sperm, Armyni was forced once again to tilt her head back as a druil pulled at her hair. With that he pressed his penis against her sealed lips. Armyni did not open. He then clasped her nose shut. Armyni shook with horror, she held her breathe for as long as she could, but eventually, near suffocation, she was forced to open her mouth. The druil's cock savagely forced its way in. He drove it as far back as he could, ramming it to the rear of her throat.

Armyni choked and gasped for air. She wished it was one of the dogs'. His dick was as bitter and foul as his cum, if not worse from the musty odor of his groin. His dick was too large for her mouth, and stretched her large lips to their limit. Armyni sampled the new object within her mouth, gently brushing her tongue along the shaft, but quickly discovered that she did not like the rough and distasteful skin. Then the druil began lunging back and forth, fucking her mouth. The penis was big, too big, and pushed her lips back and forth with his movements. Armyni instinctively bit down in protest. The druil let out a yelp and slammed her head back against the wooden post. Armyni cringed in pain. The druil continued his assault on her mouth, driving as much of his cock into her as it would allow.

Armyni was suffocating. she fought back as best she could. Heaving for air through her nostrils only

inhaled in the sperm around it. It did not help matters as she continued to gag on his wretched cock. The penis was very rigid and turned her stomach as she could feel the warts rub across her tongue. The cock was so large it was hard for her not to accidentally clip it with her teeth, which each time she did, he would again slam her head back against the post.

The druil was unrelenting. Eventually, Armyni began to vomit up around his cock, but he did not care. All she had to eat for two weeks now was dog cum anyways. The cum that had been shut out around her lips ran onto his penis, and she could taste its sourness on it. A thick circle of it was building up around her lips. Reaching his climax, the druil again rammed his cock as far back as it would go and let loose. The hot load filled all of Armyni's mouth, it was of the foulest taste. Though it covered her body, it was much different within her mouth. She could taste in detail the thick clumpy substance, as the gross wads swished around within her mouth. Armyni tried to spit it out, drooling though would be a better description as it flowed from the edges of her mouth, out across her chin, dripping down onto her breasts. She tried to get some air, as he again pinched her nose closed, but his penis was so large that she could not get it out fast enough. She had no choice but to begin swallowing. Armyni choked it down, paying no attention to its slow movement down her throat as she was hurrying for air.

She was no longer aware of the still frequent shots of cum pelleting her from all directions. Her entire body, every inch of her, was stained a creamy white and yellow. The pool collecting around her had by now reached her thighs, as the rest of her legs sat submerged in the hot druil cum. It was unreal.

The druil pulled his dick from her mouth, and Armyni hung over, coughing and throwing back up the bitter wads she had just swallowed.

"Look boys, she likes it!" one jeered, the rest roared with laughter.

Another pulled her hair back once again, though this time all the way back, forcing her to look up towards the sky. She could hear them beckoning others to bring something forward and after a brief pause she felt cool glass forced against her lips. Armyni, frightened at what it was, tried to open her eyes, blinking furiously. Peering through the cum across her eyes, she saw what appeared to be a clear glass tube being held at her mouth, and at the top, a funnel. The tube was forced into her mouth. A druil at her side knelt down and scooped up a cup of cum from the puddle. To her utter dismay he emptied the cup into the glass funnel.

Armyni watched in horror as the cum slowly oozed down into the tube, all the way to her lips. Again, the now familiar, bitter and sour taste dripped onto her tongue. Other druids joined in, filling cups and pouring them into the funnel. Armyni, unwilling to swallow any more, breathed solely through her nose, holding the disgusting cum in her mouth. Her cheeks bulged from the pool held within. Her tongue swam its way around in her mouth, pushing the large thick wads from side to side. Armyni began panicking as she sat helplessly, watching the white, creamy substance work its way down the tube, collecting itself within her mouth.

It wasn't long before her mouth was full and began running over the edges, and down slowly across her cheeks. Cup after cup was poured until the whole funnel was filled to the top. So full that as it swayed, wads spilled over and splashed onto her face. Then, another druil once again clenched her nose shut and cupped his other hand around her mouth and the tube, so as to not let anymore escape out the edges. Armyni shook her head fiercely, trying to break his grip. She let out a smothered scream, but out of hope and breath, Armyni resigned herself to her fate. She clinched her fists tight, then slowly opened up her throat.

The hot sticky cum quickly flooded her throat, choking her. Armyni gagged but there was nowhere else for it to go. The slimy substance inched its way down. Running out of air, Armyni forgot the sour druil cum in her mouth and began gasping for air. The cum raced down her throat, as she began swallowing as fast she could. The level of cum in the funnel quickly began lowering into the tube and then in a matter of seconds it was all completely gone. The crowd cheered. Armyni was still fighting for air, but was again becoming conscious of her situation. Her insides hurt from the amount of thick sperm she had just gulped down. She could feel it still slowly working its way to her stomach.

The crowd was going wild from the scene, and to her added horror, began refilling the funnel. The steaming cum slowly worked its way down, Armyni feeling it in detail as it poured into her mouth, across her tongue into the back of her throat. She swallowed it as fast as they could pour it, reeling for air. Armyni's stomach began to fill with the wads of druil cum, eventually to the point where she could take no more, and instinctively began choking. The druil let go his grip and Armyni, with great force, began coughing and sputtering, spitting cum high into the air. Once again she fell over, hanging by her suspended arms, vomiting up huge wads of druil sperm. The wads tasted no different coming up as it did going down. Still hot, still sour, Armyni squenched her eyes closed as yet again the cum was forced back across her tongue.

The druids were still not yet done. They forced the tube back into her mouth once again and started the process all over again, "You have to keep it down, human, think of the strength you'll need," they laughed.

As the routine went on and on, Armyni, fortunately, eventually blacked out from the lack of air.

"Come on, you have to wake up," she heard a familiar voice in an urgent whisper.

It was the dead of night, the camp was still and quiet. Elyza was behind her, working on her bondages. It took a moment for all to come back to her. It was dreadfully cold. She was sitting in a gelatin pool, a pool of hardening druil cum. Her entire body was still covered with now dry and crusted cum. Her hair was flaky and matted down. It was horrible.

"Whats happening?" she asked Elyza.

"We have to get out of here," Elyza responded, panic in her voice.

"Why, whats happened?"

"Oh, I'm sorry Armyni, they made me, they brought my family here," Elyza began sobbing.

Armyni felt the ropes loose. She brought her arms back around. They ached. She rubbed at her wrists, before using her freed hands to rub away the stale cum over her eyes.

"What are you talking about, Elyza?" she asked, turning to face her.

She put her arms around the sobbing girl, neither paid any mind that Armyni was covered head to toe with cum.

"No, its not safe here, we have to go," Elyza suddenly choked back the tears, resolve now in her voice.

"Tell me what you are talking about," Armyni demanded.

Elyza began sobbing again, "The Ruin, Armyni, I told them everything, I had to, my family..." she drifted off.

Armyni thought back, 'what had she told Elyza? Everything.'

"How are we going to get out of here?" Armyni asked sternly.

Elyza straightened up, taking Armyni by the hand, the two naked girls darted for the shadows.

~~~~~

## **VII.ESCAPE**

They cowered behind an empty warehouse. Almost all the camp was asleep. Fortunately for them it was a black night, no moon and heavy clouds shut out most the star light. Only a few gaurds manned any of the posts and of those most were busy napping. Their had never been an attack on the outpost, though the guards were more there for any slave who dared try to escape, and only a few had ever managed that feat.

"What happened?" Armyni again asked, both the girls still heaving, catching their breath from the sudden sprint.

"When they took you from the pen, they came back for me. Took me into a garrison, had my mom and sisters there. Was Mardar's plan all along. He didn't think you'd ever talk. Oh I'm sorry Armyni but he told me to get the information from you that he wanted or he'd kill me. I didn't care about that, I would have died than betray you, but he brought in my mother and sisters, said he'd kill them first, I just couldn't watch them die, I had to give it to him, I'm so sorry."

"Lets not worry about that now, how in the world did you get out of the pen?"

"Dogs were mostly asleep, crawled over to the side and scaled the pen." Simple enough.

"How are we going to get out of here though?"

"I don't know, but I figured we'd have to try. Rumor is that we leave tomorrow for The City, then on to The Ruin, we'll have to warn them."

"We'll do what we can."

Armyni turn her attention to the outer wall, looking for an exit. The most obvious would be the gate, there was only one, but of all the fort, this would surely be the most closely watched. Going over the wall was another option. The wall was a palisade, made up of timbered tree trunks stood up side by side, shaven at the top to a fine, spiked point. Getting over would be a problem. The wall stood nearly twenty feet high. Their were towers at each corner and a few others littered in between. Ladders led up to the towers, which the girls could use, but most the towers were manned by a gaurd, or next to one that was. Then, once they were up there, there was the matter of getting back down the other side.

"We'll need some rope," Armyni whispered.

"By the stocks, they keep some there for the bondages," Elyza responded.

The girls sprinted from building to building, always keeping low to the ground, making their way around the yard towards the stocks. They could hear loud snoring issuing from the barracks but no



other signs of danger. That is until they came around the last corner, Armyni dove back, knocking Elyza to the ground, causing her to grunt from the fall.

"Shhh!" Armyni warned.

In the silence, they could hear the moaning of a girl in the stocks. The girls slowly peaked around the corner. A lone druil had woken in the night to have himself a little fun. Standing just near to where they needed to get, the druil had a slave's hips locked in his grasp and was pumping himself rapidly into the helpless girl. They ducked back around the corner, leaning their backs against the building.

"What do we do now, wait?" Elyza asked.

"No, there's no time, we'll need to get as far from here as possible before they notice we're gone in the morning. And his racket could attract others."

Armyni was eyeing a wooden staff leaned up against some other debris. She crawled over to grab it, then brought it back and leaned it up against the building.

"I have an idea, but its risky. I want you to get over to the far corner and keep an eye out. If something goes wrong, you run and get back to the pen, do you understand?"

"What are..."

"Theres no time, go." Armyni commanded. Once the girl got into place, Armyni picked a foot up and brought it down swiftly into the middle of the staff. It snapped in two with a loud "crack!"

Just as Armyni had hoped, she heard the girl being fucked give one last whimpered moan, then silence. A few seconds later she heard the druil's trudging footsteps, come to investigate. He never even saw her. Armyni was knelt just around the corner. As he rounded it, she came up full force, driving one half of the splintered staff up through the unsuspecting druil's neck, into his skull. He dropped dead without a sound.

Armyni signaled for Elyza to wait. She could tell, even in the dark, the Elyza was petrified. Armyni disappeared around the corner. A row of girls locked in stocks extended before her. Armyni could tell which one had just been used by the juices glistening on her sex and thighs in what light there was. To the right of the stocks was a small hut, and piled outside of it, countless pieces of rope. Armyni grabbed as many as she could carry, hugging them to her chest. She ran back behind to barracks where Elyza still hid. She nearly tripped upon the druil.

"Come on, we have to tie these together, fast!"

Armyni and Elyza began working as quickly as they could, knotting the ropes together. Once done, they had nearly fifteen feet of rope. Armyni looped one end around tying it so to slip over one of the spiked trunks.

"Well, won't get us to the bottom but close enough to jump," Armyni smiled at their success.

"We'll have to find the best tower to climb up, lets go."

Armyni and Elyza circled half the camp to find an ideal one. There was no guard in the tower to its right, and the one to its left appeared to be sleeping, a loud snore could be heard from it.

"Alright, you first, as quietly as possible" Armyni commanded.

She followed her up the ladder, trying not to stare at Elyza's bare sex. 'They should have tried to find some clothing,' she thought to herself, 'oh well, too late for that now.'

Once at the top, Armyni fit the loop around one of the spikes, then let the knotted rope fall on the other side. Just as she had hoped, it would be a short jump from the bottom of the rope to the ground.

"Come on, I'll help you over," Amrnyi offered, "careful."

Armyni helped boost her over the wall. She smiled at the frightened girl, attempting to ease the fear she could see in her face.

"Its going to be ok, use the knots, you can do this" she assured her.

She watched over the edge as Elyza scaled down. Once she was half way there, she hoisted herself over the wall, and began rapidly ascending the rope. She heard a crash and a groan from Elyza falling the last bit. Reaching that point herself, she lept down, landing gracefully on her feet. Elyza was still rubbing her bum from where she had landed. Unsure of where to go now, Armyni simply grabbed Elyza's hand and headed in a direction straight away from the fort. Sprinting, neither looked back.

\*\*\*\*

"Wow, you look terrible," Elyza laughed, waking Armyni.

They were huddled together, naked. It was morning. They had collapsed from exhaustion some time in the night. The druil's words, "drink up, you'll need your strength," played through her mind. She smirked at the irony.

Armyni stretched her arms out, "you're one to talk," she retorted, looking over Elyza. Armyni had just been given a cum bath though. Most of the cum that had coated her skin had been brushed off in the escape, but her hair was still matted down and crusty.

Elyza's stomach growled. She looked down and put a hand over it, "too bad we don't have any of the dogs with us," she jested.

Armyni began to laugh but then turned serious. She looked to the sky, the sun had already risen a quarter of the way.

"We need to move, we have to keep going."

Elyza stared back blankly at her.

"The druils, they'll be on our tracks by now, they're probably half way to us by now."

So the girls set off at a quick pace. Armyni helped them scavenge for food here and there. Roots, grasses, a few wild berries. They were lucky enough to come upon a stream where they could drink and wash themselves, especially Armyni's hair. Unsure of where they were, they began moving north, they would have to do their best to find The Ruin themselves. Once they reached the mountains, Armyni would know where to go from there. They kept moving all that day, but as night began setting in, they nearly collapsed where they stood. The cold night air blew in and the girls

huddled close together, Elyza's back to Armyni, Armyni's arms wrapped tight around her.

"Who knew freedom was so laborsome," Elyza joked.

It had just dawned on Armyni, Elyza had never before been outside the druids' cruel grasp.

"We haven't made it yet I am afraid, but when we make it to The Ruin, then you will see."

"I was only joking."

"I know, but there is a long way to go."

Elyza spun around in Armyni's arms so that they were facing each other.

"Thank you," she offered, "for everything, I have been alone for so long, the dogs my closest friends," she choked, nearly in tears.

"You don't..."

"Yes, you've given me hope, even if we don't make it, for the first time in my life I've breathed free air, and even that is worth it. I am sorry I betrayed you, I hope you can understand."

Armyni lifted one hand, brushing the hair out of Elyza's face, looking deep into her eyes while smiling at her, "I do."

After a very tense moment, Elyza slowly pushed her face forward, puckering her lips she slowly brought them to Armyni's. Holding them there, it took a second for Armyni to understand and respond. She kissed her back. At first, slowly, carefully, but a spark seemed to catch fire within her. Then they began kissing each other harder, more passionately. Elyza brought her hands up to Armyni's face, pulling it hard into hers. Armyni felt Elyza's tongue slip into her mouth. She reciprocated, twirling her own tongue around Elyza's.

They laid and kissed for the longest time. Then Elyza suddenly broke it off and shifted down an inch, kissing Armyni's chin, across her jaw line. She made her way over to Armyni's ear, sucking on her ear lobe, licking and kissing down her neck. Armyni's eyes were closed tight and she was moaning softly with pleasure, so Elyza continued. She shifted further down, kissing along her collar bone. She cupped one of Armyni's breasts within her hand, lifting it up a bit as she bent her head further down, sucking one of her nipples into her mouth. She twirled her tongue about the hardening nipple before moving over to the other.

Armyni moaned louder, while shifting a bit, rolling more onto her back. Elyza worked back and forth between Armyni's large breasts for awhile, making each of her nipples as hard as she could make them. She then shifted down further, kissing the under side of the breasts before moving to her stomach. Quickly she continued down her, picking one of her legs up and forcing it between Armyni's. Armyni did not resist. Then Elyza shifted the rest of her body between Armyni's legs, picking one of her legs up and draping it over her shoulder.

Elyza slowly, sensually placed her open mouth over Armyni's sex. She slowly mouthed Armyni's outer lips, running her own lips up and down them. She carefully ran her tongue up and down Armyni's slit, not yet breaking her cunt's lips. Armyni's smell was sweet. She squirmed above Elyza, moaning gently. Then Elyza pressed the tip of her tongue forward, breaking the seal. She pressed in directly into Armyni's hole. Already it was drenched from her own juices. She tasted wonderful. Elyza twisted her tongue around a bit within her before slowly dragging it up to her clit. Armyni moaned

louder now. Back and forth Elyza lapped over Armyni's clit, causing her to shift and squirm more and more, moan louder and louder. Elyza would then duck back down, forcing her tongue deeper into her. Armyni's juices were flowing now, leaking from her drenched cunt out into Elyza's wanting mouth.

Elyza sucked on her hole, on her lips, and up onto her cunt. It was driving Armyni wild. Faster Elyza flicked her tongue across Armyni's clit before again sucking on it. And then it exploded. Armyni moaned the loudest yet, nearly screaming as her orgasm erupted. Elyza dug her tongue back into Armyni's pussy, pushing it in and out at a rapid pace, she loved the taste of Armyni as it flooded over her tongue.

Armyni was on the verge of unconsciousness. Elyza crawled back up, Armyni's juices smeared across her face. Armyni picked her head up, kissing Elyza passionately once more, tasting her own sweet juices and she twirled her tongue around her mouth. They both fell asleep soon after within each others arms.

~~~~~

VIII.TRACKED

It was near dawn when the sound of barking dogs woke her.

"Elyza, wake up!" she demanded frantically.

"Wha...huh?" Elyza bemoaned as she rubbed at her sleeping eyes.

"They've found us!" she cried.

Elyza shot up, the dogs' barks were growing louder and closer. The girls scrambled to their feet and began sprinting in the opposite direction. They began tearing through the brush, Armyni easily outstripping Elyza. She slowed enough to grab hold her hand and then nearly dragged her along behind her. It was all useless however. The next bark rang out loud and clear. Armyni peered over her shoulder to see four huge dogs sprinting after them. She instantly recognized the large solid black one leading the way.

The girls kept running until the dogs finally caught them. Pouncing upon them, they knocked the girls to the ground. They were each sure this was it, and normally the dogs would have begun ripping their prey apart, but the dogs had spent a lot of time with these girls, they were their bitches. Circling them with a menacing growl in their throats, once the girls saw that the dogs were not going to attack them, they knew what to do. Each scrambled to her hands and knees.

The alpha, the solid black one, mounted Armyni, scratching at her hips as she once again was clenched tight between his forelegs. He hovered over her, his haunches jerking back and forth, she could already feel his scorching member stabbing into her. She reached back with one hand beneath herself, cupping his cock within her fingers, she guided it to her wet pussy. Looking over, Armyni saw that Elyza was doing the same.

Her body semi buckled as his large shaft bore into her. Her eyes rolled back as he wasted no time and began pounding away into her. With the scent of sex in the air, the other two dogs could hardly wait. They had never had such obedient bitches before and had become accustomed to them over the last couple of weeks. With their red cocks already protruding, each one lept up on either girls shoulders, humping their cocks into the girls' faces. This now being nothing out of the ordinary to either girl, both willingly sucked their cocks into their mouths.

"Will you look at that, Gar, ever seen anythin' like it?"

"Nah, sure havin."

Out of the corner of her eye, Armyni noticed that the dogs' masters had arrived. Two druils were dismounting their horses, looking on to the scene before them with broad smiles across their faces. Armyni spat the cock in her mouth out, but there was no getting the one off her back.

"Well, Mardar told us to bring em back alive," one commented, jabbing the other in the ribs with his elbow.

"Huh?" the other grunted, scratched his head. "Never seen nuthin like it. Dogs gettin' soft."

Each fished out their cocks and began stroking them to the erotic scene before them. Their cocks fully hard, they became eager to get into the action

"Well, lets not lets these mutts have all the fun," one suggested, the other nodded.

Each began approaching either girls head. One kicked away Armyni's dog who was still standing around, his long cock spurting pre cum, still eager to bury it in some hole. Elyza was still sucking her dog's cock. The other druil grabbed it by the scuff of its neck and threw him back. They each pushed their cocks into either girls face, ordering them to suck. Elyza obediently sucked her druil's cock into her mouth, but Armyni was more resilient.

The druil was taken aback by Armyni's disobedience, he was not used to the slaves not obeying immediately. He slapped her hard across the face, then grabbed her roughly by the hair with one hand and by the jaw with his other. He wrenched her mouth open, then thrust his erect cock between her lips. Armyni hated the druils, but she did not care to be beaten at any rate, it was going to happen one way or the other. They were both lucky to still be alive.

The druils held them each by the head, thrusting their cocks forcefully back and forth in the girls' mouths while the dogs continued pumping away within their cunts. Armyni was thankful that her cunt was currently stuffed full of dog cock, the druils weren't brazen enough to attempt pulling them from their bitches cunts.

Armyni was moaning loudly around his cock, not from him but from the dog currently knotting her cunt. The druil took this as her acting like a wanton bitch and drove his cock harder into her mouth, ramming it repeatedly to the back of her throat, his balls slapped against her chin. From the corner of her eye she could see that Elyza was getting the same treatment. It was not long before the druil crushed Armyni's nose hard into his groin, losing his load right into her gullet. As disgusting as it was, Armyni surprised even herself by how she was able to handle it, the massive cock invading her throat and the massive load she was able to swallow.

The druil then quickly pulled his cock from her mouth, allowing the lost few spurts to stream across her face. Cock in hand, he smeared his cum across the untouched spots of her face, and even slapped her with it for his own amusement. She could feel the dog spurting within her cunt as well. It made her hungry. The dogs soon pulled from them and the druils moved to take their turn, but the other dogs were having none of it. As the dogs snarled viciously at them, and seeing how sloppy as the girls' cunts were with dog cum, they decided it best to put it off. Instead they swapped girls, forcing the other to suck their cock while the next round of dogs fucked and knotted the each girl.

"You bitches caused quite the uproar back at camp," one spoke conversationally to them while pumping his dick in and out Elyza's mouth. "Mardar's gonna giv' it to ya when he gets'is hands on

ya, can nah wait to see it, hehe!" he chuckled.

Armyni glared up at him. She could not give too much thought to what he was saying, she was having her brains fucked out at the moment. The dog on her back was rocking her hard back and forth on her hands and knees. They had brought four of their largest, Armyni and Elyza knew each of them intimately. The druils came once again and made a point to pull their cocks from their mouths and nut on the girls' faces. Yellow druil cum now coated each of their faces. The druils stood back for a moment, taking in their handy work.

"Keep an eye 'em, Baq, can na believe these lil uns got the bes' of Pimy."

"Com' on now mutts, we gah sum punishin to deal out, well, sum more punishin," he cracked up at himself, referring to the recent coupling with the dogs the girls were forced to endure, as well as the dick sucking. The druils grabbed hold of the dogs and painfully pulled them from the girls, their knots still tied deep within them. The dogs were as unhappy about this as were Armyni and Elyza, all whined loudly.

Armyni and Elyza looked to each other, distress evident on each of their faces. There was no telling what the druils had in store for them. One druil kept a close eye on them while the other walked back to the horses. Armyni noticed that there was a horse for each druil, as well as a donkey tethered to one of them. The girls stayed on the ground, but dropped their butts down so that they were more comfortably sitting. Dog cum drained out onto the ground from their used cunts.

The other druil returned, a whip coiled in his hand.

"Now ya learn wha' happens ta bad uns," he laughed again. "Now ge' on over ther' an' lean cross that' trunk ther'," he added more angrily, motioning to a fallen tree a few yards away.

The girls began to get up to move to where the druil had ordered them, the dogs however all began snarling at them.

"Hahaha!" the druils laughed, "bes' crawl over like the bitches you are 'fore them dogs geh ya!"

Armyni and Elyza were used to it by now. They dropped back down to their hands and knees and began crawling over. The dogs became excited and moved in to mount them. The druils were faster however and kicked the dogs back. They had business to get down to.

"Ge' on now, you mutts!" he yelled, "there be plenty uh time for tha' later, horny sons o' bitches!"

The dogs snapped at their kicking legs but in the end obeyed. Armyni and Elyza crawled over and draped themselves across the fallen trunk. They faced each other, a mixture of fear and sympathy for the other as the druil began dealing out their punishment. He swapped back and forth, lashing each one about ten times each. Red welts lined each of their backs, some of them bleeding even a bit. The dogs circled and whined the whole time.

"For Badar's sake, go on and get it then," he finally allowed. The dogs rushed over, mounting the girls before they could even get off the trunk. All four dogs had their turn once more.

"Damn them mutts make a mess," one commented walking up behind Armyni. He shoved her back down over the trunk, "no need to geh up."

He pressed his cock between her cunt's drenched lips, covering the head of his cock in dog cum first, he then thrust it into her, burying it to the hilt with his first plunge. He fell on top of her,

crushing her into the trunk. He wrapped one of his burly arms around her neck, drooling into her ear as he muttered, "damn tha's some good un pussy bitch, I can see why them mutts were so eager."

His hips worked as fast as they could driving into her. He choked her neck as he pounded her pussy as hard as he could. She could hear both Elyza and the other druil grunting beside her. She did not want to give the druil on her back the pleasure of her making any sound, but it was difficult considering the force he was using.

To her further disgust, he stuck his tongue out and pushed it into her ear. Armyni tried to pull away but she was trapped beneath his weight. He began grunting louder and soon tensed up adding his own cum to that of the dogs'.

"Damn tha' was good," he commented as he pushed himself up off her, "how was yers, Baq?"

"One uh the bes'."

"Get over here bitch and clean this shit off me," he demanded, pointing to his cum coated cock.

Armyni took a deep breath and begrudgingly complied.

"You too bitch," the other commanded Elyza.

The two girls sucked the druils dirty cocks clean, first licking up and down the flaccid shafts before taking them wholly within their mouths. The dick sucking made the druils hard once more.

"Now get yer sweet little asses back across that there log, pussy so good gotta find out wha that tight lil asshole feel' like."

Armyni and Elyza both moaned in frustration but complied, 'what other choice did they have?' The druils hardly gave them the chance as they pushed and kicked at them til they were in place.

As Armyni was just about in position, Gar stomped his foot in the middle of her back, sending her crashing into the log which knocked the breath from her. The other druil cracked up at this.

"Let me hav' uh go at her, Gar, sweet looking lil thing like tha'."

"Wha'ever you wan' Baq," he replied, now eyeing Elyza's taut little ass.

They traded places and Baq wasted no time at all. He walked right up, first plunging his cock into Armyni's leaking pussy to get it good and lubed. He drove it back and forth a few times covering it with cum druil and dog cum. Armyni was at least thankful for this, the druils' cocks were nearly as wide as the dogs' knots. This raping of her ass was not going to go easily, especially considering the violence Gar had just used within her cunt. Gar apparently had no such decency, but instead had walked right up to Elyza, lining his thick cock up with her little anal bud and drove it right in. Elyza screamed bloody murder. Armyni had to turn away. Baq laughed.

Baq, fortunately, was a little smaller than Gar. Having lubed his cock up, he pressed the head of it into Armyni's anus. He allowed her sphincter to open slowly around his head before he thrust forward violently, driving nearly half of it in with his first push. It took all that Armyni had not to cry out, but she still did not want to give them that pleasure. Elyza however was howling in pain. Baq began pumping into her ass as savagely as he could. He reached around as well, grabbing her throat, forcing her face up and her ear to his mouth.

"Come on bitch, let me hear you scream," he spit into her ear as he thrust even hard, driving his cock all the way to the hilt, his balls slapping up against her cunt.

Armyni could not help it, she loved being fucked in the ass. She had learned this with the dogs, but she would never admit it to another living soul. On a couple of occasions, she had even reached back and guided them purposefully into her ass rather than her cunt, but her humility limited that act only a few rare occasions. His large balls slapping up against her cunt, teasing her clit, was nearly too much. She hated the druids, and hated Baq even more that he was giving her pleasure, but fight it all she tried, she could not deny nature. Random gasps escaped her mouth. Baq laughed into her ear, her involuntary groans only egging him further. He reamed out her ass with all his might.

The dogs were whimpering in the background, eager to get back into the action. Gar grabbed Elyza forcefully by the hair, and with his cock still buried in her ass, he turned her around off the log, down on her hands and knees.

"Come on boy, come geh yer dick sucked," he beckoned one of the mutts.

The dog did not need to be told twice, in fact, none of the dogs, all four swarmed over to her. Elyza did not hesitate. She grabbed the closest dog and pulled him to her, sucking his red, veiny cock eagerly into her mouth.

Baq erupted with laughter at this. He mimicked Gar, clenching a fist full of her hair he hauled her over, forcing her onto her hands and knees, the three remaining dogs swarmed over to her now. Armyni picked out the alpha, grasping his sheath within one of her hands. He moved eagerly to her. Armyni ducked her head beneath his belly, slurping the head of his pointed cock into her mouth while Baq continued pounding her ass.

Armyni forgot herself. She forgot about her hate for the cock in her ass and the druid it was attached to. She forgot about her attempt to keep quiet. Instead, she moaned like the wanton bitch she had become, smothered as it was by the dog cock stuffed within her mouth. She sucked hard at the cock, as if in an attempt to milk it for all it had. Baq smiled and chuckled behind her as he continued to thrust into her ass. Watching her suck on the dog's red meat was too much. With her hips clenched tight in his grasp, he pushed himself as deep as he could within her ass and released his load, his loud groan drowning out all other noise.

Armyni kept sucking the alpha. He had begun feeding her his pre cum and she was massaging his forming knot within her hand. Baq slowly pulled his filthy cock from her ass. It exited with a loud plopping sound, a gush of more than yellow cum followed it out. Her red, abused anus gaped wide open. Baq stared at the black tunnel as it slowly began closing, his cum oozing from it.

"Gar, bring your bitch over here, I want to see her get a taste of this!"

Gar was eager to participate. He forced Elyza to spit out the dog cock currently in her mouth, a trail of cum dangling from it. Guiding her by a fist full of her hair, he rode her ass over closer to Armyni, forcing her face into the crack of her ass.

"Suck out that cum, bitch!" he demanded.

Elyza was now in her own craze and again did not hesitate. She dove in, tongue first, burying it into Armyni's asshole. She sucked at Armyni's anal bud, sucking out all of Baq's cum that she could get from it. Baq meanwhile moved around to Armyni's face, pushing away the dog. He shoved his own dirty cock into her face and Armyni blindly sucked it in, cleaning her anal juices and his cum from it.

Elyza's tonguing of her ass sent her over the edge. Her orgasm exploded as she ground her ass back against Elyza's face, begging for her sweet tongue to push deeper. She howled around Baq's cock. Gar meanwhile exploded in Elyza's ass, bring her to her own climax. It was an all out orgy, but stils far from over.

Gar had Armyni clean Elyza'a anal juices and cum from his cock as well, as Elyza was still busy rimming her asshole. They backed off and let Elyza finsih doing her thing. They then rerobed and began preparing the horses and dogs.

"Time to go, slaves," Gar interrupted.

Elyza slid her tongue from Armyni's ass. Armyni exhaled loudly with Elyza's retreating tongue as she began coming down from one of the longest orgasms she had yet experienced.

"Still a ways to go, even yet that use bitches put some distance between here and Tarak. Mardar wants ya at The City in time for the Healing Ceremony!" Baq said excitedly, as if the girls should be enthused by this news as well.

"The Healing Ceremony?" Armyni murmured back.

The unpleasant look on Elyza's face told Armyni that she knew exactly what he was referring to, and that it was nothing to look forward to.

"Sose yuse in luck, brought that en' donkey for ya, but ol' Bruiser ther' don' let bitches ride fer free. I say you bitches get down ther' an' make 'im feel appreciated," Gar ordered, motioning towards the donkey that the girls were intended to ride on their way to the city.

"Well, ge' on then!" Baq added as the girls hesitated, kicking at Elyza.

What did they expect them to do? Well, it wasn't too hard to imagine. Careful to stay on their knees with the dogs still around, the girls crawled over to Bruiser, the donkey.

"Wonder how he got his name?" Elyza was still able to jest, joking with Armyni as they crawled towards him. Armyni did not find this amusing. Instead she crawled silently with a sober and even nervous look upon her face. Noticing Armyni's uneasiness, Elyza reassured her, "they're not so bad, calmer than the dogs, it's going to be fine."

Armyni looked over alarmed at Elyza, 'what all had this poor been subjected to?' she questioned to herself.

Reaching the donkey, the girls moved to the back of his underbelly, one on either side of him. The small donkey stood by idly, swishing his tail from side to side. He turned his head back, watching Armyni carefully. Enormous balls sagged below him, just behind what appeared to be some type of sheath. Armyni gulped, staring up at the odd genitalia, unsure of what to do. Elyza however was calm and collected and went right to work. Armyni followed her lead.

Elyza reached up and began massaging the donkey's sheath, coaxing out his thick, enormous cock. Its massive size starteled Armyni. Placing her hands above Elyza's, she had to use both to reach all the way around it.

"Good, ol' Bruiser likes his balls licked, heh!" Baq snickered.

Elyza and Armyni looked to each other. Elyza nodded at Armyni. While Elyza continued stroking the

emerging donkey cock, Armyni let go and picked herself up further, opening her mouth and pressing it to one of his large testicles. She licked up the side of it, leaving a trail of saliva. His testicle tasted foul and musty, much like the groin of the druils. She cupped her hands beneath his sack, pushing them up a bit, they were heavy. She could only begin to guess at the amount of cum stored within. She had a very uneasy feeling that she would soon find out.

By the time Armyni looked back to Elyza, the donkey's cock had nearly reached full size. Armyni gasped, it was easily as thick and as long as her entire arm. With one hand positioned a little higher than the other, Elyza was working them quickly up and down while twisting them about it in motion. She then picked the heavy shaft up, placing the blossoming head at her open lips, sucking as much of it within her mouth as possible. Stuffing it into her mouth was a more accurate description as it was difficult to fit the massive cock between her lips. She continued pumping at it while humming and moaning over the head.

The donkey snorted and hee-hawed loudly. One of his front hooves began pawing at the ground. Startled by this, Armyni fell over backwards onto her butt, causing Gar and Baq buckled over with laughter. Elyza meanwhile kept her mouth glued to his cock.

"Ge' up and help 'er or we'll have ya bent over beneath ol' Bruiser next, he does luv a good fuckin'!" Gar warned.

Armyni scrambled back onto her knees, wrapping her hands around the donkey's cock once more. With Elyza sucking at his head, she began licking the shaft. It tasted the same as his balls. It was not much longer before his haunches began twitching and his dick throbbing. She still couldn't get over how enormous it was, 'what if they had made her fuck him?'

And then it started. Elyza jerked from the sudden surprise and began spitting out copious amounts of cum out the edges of her mouth. By the gulping motion of her throat, Armyni could tell she was swallowing what she could, but this large animal with his huge sack must be emitting gross amounts of cum.

This was just the prelude however. His cock abruptly stiffened and his haunches thrust forward driving his cock into Elyza's throat. Elyza had to grasp onto his shaft to hold herself up. Armyni could see his mushroomed head flare, then Elyza's eyes bulged as the donkey's cum suddenly exploded from the edges of her mouth. The force of his eruption blasted his cock from her lips. Elyza bent over, still holding herself up by his cock, chocking on the cum. But he was not through cumming. Large bursts continued spraying her, on the side of her face, on her neck and shoulders, down her chest and breasts. It was no longer the watery precum but thick and creamy, much like that of the druils she was previously introduced to. She could hear Gar and Baq crowing with laughter.

"Come on now, bitches, aint no mor' time to be wasting, help 'er get cleaned up and we'll be off," one of them ordered.

'How was she supposed to help her clean off?' she wanted to ask, but she knew the answer. She crawled beneath the donkey to Elyza's side, took a deep breath, closed her eyes, stuck out her tongue, and bent forward. The taste was not so bad, 'well, not any worse than the thick goo of the druils'. It was as salty and bitter as any she had tasted, but smoother and not as clumpy as the druils. She sadly still preferred that of the dogs', their's being much thinner and easier to swallow.

Warming up to the taste by licking at Elyza's shoulder and chest, she hurried up the process by puckering her lips and began sucking the cum into her mouth. Elyza meanwhile was twisting her

tongue about her lips clearing what she could, before picking her arm up to her mouth and sucking that cum off as well. Armyni continued across her chest, sucking a little more than necessary on Elyxa's breasts and nipples. Elyza let out involuntary gasps at this, as well as when Armyni moved up her neck and onto her cheek. As Armyni was finishing, lapping up a few last missed spots, their lips seemed to just come together and for a few brief moments they were locked in a kiss, their tongues swarming around the other's mouth, trading saliva and donkey cum.

Becoming aware of what they were doing, they abruptly pulled their mouths from each others and looked away in embarrassment. The druils were fortunately not paying them any attention, but were reading their horses to leave.

~~~~~

## **VIII.THE CITY**

The two girls rode rocking atop the donkey's back. The druils took no chances and had each of the girls' hands restrained in front of them. The donkey was being guided with a lead tied to Gar's horse. The dogs trailed obediently behind, close to the donkey and girls. The remainder of the journey passed quickly. They traveled practically none stop, only resting the horses periodically when need be. The dog's had been allowed to mate during these breaks of course, and the girls had been forced to taste the cum of each of the druils' horses as well.

Armyni was awestruck as The City's outer walls came into view, late in the second day. It towered over the landscape, rising easily over twenty men tall. The sun setting behind it cast a deep shadow towards them. The fortress was built of large, gray, ominous blocks of stone.

'Built by humans,' Armyni reminded herself.

Only a few buildings peeked over the wall's rim. Hundreds of thatch and mudbrick huts littered about the grounds outside the wall. They were divided by small gardens and livestock pens. Soil covered humans labored within these patches and pens as a few armed druils guarded over them. Rags as they were, these humans at least were provided some type clothing. Armyni on the other hand became very conscious of the men in the fields that were lifting their gaze to the new comers and their nude bodies. It had been a long while since she had seen a human male. Not since the few she witnessed locked away within the holding cells at the outpost. All the slaves had been almost entirely female, there to service the druils' perverse desires.

Continuing down the dirt road which was straddled by these huts, for the first time Armyni spotted a few female druils mingling in the shade of a nearby tree. They were all glaring at the passing girls, smug looks upon their ugly faces. They were hideous. It was hard for Armyni to distinguish them from the male druils. Though a bit smaller than the males, they were just as thick and bulky, with broad noses, chins and foreheads, and overly hairy, just like the males. In fact, their only feminine characteristics were their swollen breasts beneath their robes.

Life for a female druil was little better than that of a human slave. Their role in the druil society was limited to breeding and rearing the offspring. They were often beaten and trodden upon just as much as the slaves were, and resented the female slaves for the attention the male druils devoted to them to fulfill their carnal fantasies.

The party passed through the large wooden and iron gates, manned by a large squadron of armed druils. The City was overcrowded. The road ahead was lined by brick and mud buildings with no spare lot or space in sight. Further in it opened up a bit into an open air market with random goods of produce and other goods stocked in carts and spread across wooden tables covered by canvas

tents. Even the humans worked these stores, again carefully watched over by armed druils.

Residents of The City hurried up and down the street, only a few turning their heads to watch the passing beauties, usually the young males. Armyni hugged closer to Elyza, as she rode behind her, hiding her body from their lust crazed eyes. Her heart began to race, she had entered the lion's den. She had never dreamed there could be so many druils. She was in their city though.

The fables told that soon after the defeat of the humans, Madrak, their leader, had defeated the loose tribes and united them all beneath his banner. Few villages of druils existed now outside The City. Most that do are outposts set up to exploit a specific resource, a mine vein for instance or military outpost to track and capture humans to send back to The City. In fact, there was little else a male druil did than learn to track, capture, and work the slaves. The druils were ruled over by The Council, made up of the seven eldest druils, the very eldest heading The Council as the Supreme Leader. The current holder of this position was one of the cruelest druils ever to have ruled, named Bluduk.

But for every action, there is a reaction. Over time there became a human population crisis within The City. First, the slaves were the sole producers within The City. They had built the city, its houses and apartments, its markets and temples, its streets and walls and all in between. The humans farmed the druils' fields, herd their cattle and horses, dug their mines, cured their metals, hammered at their smiths, created the druils' armor and weaponry. They performed all their labors, the druils only observed and guarded. The druils however were all servants of the state, few owning any property. The state owned The City and all within, providing wages only to its army. All male druils were members of its army, their only profession unless should one live long enough to become a member of the council. A few of the highest ranking druils however were allowed to procure land from the state amongst the countryside where sparse farms were built and worked by the slaves. Spawned from these farms was the ownership of the slaves and began the slave trade. The only hope for a lowly druil to improve his status and wealth outside the army, the druils began hunting and capturing the humans at increasing rates. Those held were bred selectively to produce as many as possible, though also the strongest and most fit for labor.

As the years came and went, the population of slaves swelled, and not just any slaves, tall, strong, fit, highly skilled slaves. The druils soon found themselves outnumbered in their own city three to one. Bluduk saw the danger in this and began the current genocide that was taking place. The old were slaughtered. The sick were slaughtered. Those who became injured or maimed were slaughtered. But the humans pushed back. They became more daring, more resilient. Brazen escapes and runaways became far more common. On the outside, the humans became more organized to fight back against the hunting parties tracking them. It was not long before the druils had an all out rebellion on their hands.

Those who managed to escape fled either north to the mountains or south to the forest. There the druils tracked them, but the swelling numbers of the humans began fighting back, especially in the north. Back and forth they went, fiercer and more violent did the battles become, larger the forces swelled, and more and more the humans became successful. In the north, unheard of victories were told, won by an emerging leader of the mob, Saibalt. He and his people had taken refuge within an old, abandoned citadel properly renamed The Ruin. Using the skills learned as slaves, the freed people quickly set about rebuilding its walls, houses and armories. It's greatest defense however was that the druils did not know where to find it within the mountains. As more and more of their raiding parties did not return, they formed a large army, the largest formed in a hundred years. North it marched, lead by their most decorated general, Thyse. That army too did not return, but its leaders head did, delivered in a woven basket. This defeat created an intense sense of urgency for the druils. If Saibalt could defeat Thyse's army, how much longer would it be before they dared to

march south. The seed of doubt had been planted, they began to fear Saibalt and the humans of the Ruin.

A larger storm was now brewing. This latest defeat was most humiliating for the druils. They were now calling together all their troops from the spread out posts and forts. The humans too sent out their own raiding parties, freeing what slaves they could from about the countryside to help build their own numbers. They sent messengers south into the forest to call for aide from the peoples. An epic battle was brewing, the battle for their freedom.

The druils' famed general dead, the council and Bluduk named their most notorious commander, notorious for his cruelty and heavy handedness towards the humans to lead this new army. Out of the south they called him. He had done well by not allowing the unity of the forest tribes. Instead he sent back more slaves than over the last few years than the druils had achived in a decade prior. Deep into the forest he penetrated, even disbanding the largest of these wooded tribes, Olyver's. A decendent of Madrak himself, Mardar he was named.

Already the rumors were circulating that Mardar had managed to capture some from the north who had traveled south to lead those there north to join the fight. That he had them betray the location of The Ruin, and that soon they would be marching north to quell this rebellion and stamp out the growing danger of the free humans. The army would be breaking camp following the Healing Ceremony.

~~~~

IX.THE HEALING CEREMONY

Armyni and Elyza were led right to the center of the city. There, they passed through another interior wall and gate, into what was apparently the city's main barracks. These were far more grand and elaborate than those of the outpost. Armed druils marched orderly about. There were no stocks or any other devices here used for the torture of women, only business. This provided a bit of ease to Armyni. Their guides, Gar and Baq, pulled into the stables and quickly dismounted. Two younger druils rushed forward to take their steeds. A third came forth to take the donkey. His eyes oogled over the humans' bodies.

The girls were pulled off their mount and led by the two druils out the stables to another building, this one contianing the holding cells much like the first building she first awoke in. They were pushed into a dark, empty cell. The thick wooden door slammed shut behind them. They were relieved to be alone. This was short lived however. The girls had not spoken a word to each other and were on the verge of falling asleep when the door swung back open. In walked a familiar face, now in even more ornate robes than before.

"Hello, my two little friends," Mardar entered all smiles. "For some reason I feel like we all know each other so well now."

Armyni was impressedd by his grammar, having now spent several days with the dense Gar and Baq.

"I must say, never before had any slave escaped under my watch, especially no woman, nor women!" he exclaimed, almost in delight. "And struck down one of my men no less, no easy feat I am sure. You two must have been through a lot over the last few day, no?" he asked with genuine concern.

The girls stared back, dumbfounded.

"No?" he again asked. "Well, I have to admit, I was most concerned for you, sent two of my best to

recollect you. They treated you well I have been assured," he frowned down at them.

"They have reported to me that the dogs have taken quite a liking to you," he chuckled. "Well, my dear princess, there is still much in store for you. Tomorrow is our Healing Ceremony and I have procured a special place for you as the High Priestess!"

Elyza gasped but Mardar's attention was devoted to the every expression of Armyni, though she offered none. Instead she stared back blankly, completely ignorant to what he was speaking about.

"I am a bit disappointed, hearing about your time with our dogs, I thought you might be more enthused."

Armyni looked to Elyza, but she was staring alarmedly back at Mardar.

"That's right though, you've never had the pleasure of serving us before, is that right? This slave here has shared a lot with me about you my dear."

Elyza quickly turned her face towards the ground, her face burning red.

"You will make up for your insolence tomorrow by serving obediently in the festival. Following that we will head north, full force, to weed out the rebel band. You, my priestess will guide us there," Armyni made a face of protest, "oh, yes you will, she has already told us of its proximity but you will be at the head of our columns, or I will have you bathed in her blood next."

Armyni's defiant face suddenly fell to that of a defeated one.

"Hahaha!" he laughed, "your people's greatest weakness, she has betrayed you already and yet you will betray your own people to save her. Until tomorrow then my dear, remember, her life hangs in the balance," he warned once again, motioning to Elyza.

"Take her," he ordered to the guards, again motioning to Elyza.

The girls erupted in protest, but they were helpless against the druids. They dragged the screaming Elyza from the cell, slamming the door shut once more, leaving Armyni alone to dwell on all that Mardar had told her.

She was summoned late in the afternoon the following day. Three druids entered her cell, two of them approached her, hoisting her to her feet. The third motioned for her to follow him. She complied. There was little other choice. The two other druids followed close behind her, pushing her forward whenever she moved too slowly. They led her through a maze of dark hallways, first right, then left, then left again. Up a winding staircase, through a grand archway, up another set of stairs. The light grew brighter as the windows grew larger and more numerous.

Without a word, they led her into a bath house teamed with other female slaves. It's sweet aromas of soaps and oils were relaxing in and of itself. Armyni hated to get her hopes up, but the druids indeed allowed her to be truly bathed. All still silent, several slaves surrounded her and led her into the shallow and warm waters of the bath. They began rinsing and scrubbing her. Her beautiful skin was completely covered with the remnants of various species of cum and dirt, same with her hair. It was truly relaxing.

Following her bath, she was led to a padded chair where several other slaves began powdering and

applying other forms of makeup to her face. Another massaged sweet smelling oil into her skin and another yet ran a comb through her hair. Another painted the nails on her hands and feet. To Armyni, it was amazing. Low and behold, she was even provided real bits of food, some breads, fruits and a bit of wine. Armyni could not remember the last time she had a real morcel of food, her mouth salivated for it.

Next, she was provided for the first time since she had been captured by the druils, garments to where. Though scanty, the pieces of clothe were decorated and of a fine material. Armyni thought of the robes Mardar wore. Two pieces of ornate clothes were tied about her waist. Triangular, they were tied with their knots at either side of her waist so that either point angled ran down the outside of her leg. The two pieces of clothe came together forming an upside down 'V', and barely just covered her vagina, and only half of her butt. Her halter was made of two small round pieces of metal that were just large enough to cover her dark areola and nipples. One then chain ran from the top of each piece and around her neck, another from the side of each piece and around her back. One last piece connected them between her cleavage. Tied tight about her, the bra forced her breasts up and they spilled out both the top and bottom of it. They also gave her two decorative bracelets to fit around her wrists. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail, another gold clasp placed to hold it. Armyni looked glorious.

Sharp, slow clapping behind her caused Armyni and all else to turn and look. Mardar stood there, clapping his hands together, looking at Armyni, a wide smirk across his face.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, walking towards Armyni. He grabbed her hand and brought the back of it to his lips. All the room was still and silent in his presence, including Amryni.

"My dear High Priestess, you appear ready, shall we?" he said, dropping her hand and offering her his arm.

Unsure of what to do, Armyni looked around to the others, but all stood staring at the floor. She managed to force a smile and stood up tall, drawing herself proudly to her full heighth. Chin up, she took Mardar's arm as he led her from the chamber. His entourage followed closely behind.

"Today is the most sacred of our days, did you know this, Armyni?" he asked conversationally.

Armyni was taken aback by this, and the simple fact that he had used her name. The druils refused to use any name for their slaves, but instead many derogatory callings, slave and human being the best of which. Again they were winding their way through many various hallways, up and down various stairwells.

"No, of course not, I know this. Today is our celebration of victory over the humans, and the slavery you had imposed on the other creatures of this world."

Armyni stared back angry and dismayed.

"Oh yes, that is the truth. Your people used and stripped this beautiful world of its plenty. You were unsatisfied by what it offered, you demanded more from it. We, led by my great ancestor, Madrak, freed the world of your oppresion, and are forced this day to keep you in your place to prevent the rebastardasation of this world, that is the truth, Armyni."

They walked along silently for a moment.

"No matter, no matter. I personally selected you Armyni to play a very important role in our celebration, as the High Priestess. It is your duty to make amends with those your people previously

raped. Knowing you, you will no doubt resist this, attempt to make me look as if I have made a bad choice, but you have a true honor to uphold here. You are playing a center role in the drama that has been unfolding. I have to admit, I have been dishonest with you until now, but let the truth be out, I am a reasonable druil, Armyni."

Mardar stopped in a long corridor, all was silent. He turned and faced her, his hands upon her shoulders.

"Your father lives, Armyni, him and a great number managed to escape the raid that night. I know, I was there myself. That northerner, whew!" he let out a great breath, "was truly something to behold, I dared not near him. They are battling the inevitable though. We will prove victorious, but I can be reasonable, I can be merciful. But first I need the power to offer that mercy."

Armyni looked at him curiously.

"I, Armyni, need this victory, I need to capture The Ruin and end this rebellion for my people. These humans in the north have picked up where your ancestors left off, why we were forced to stop them in the first place. They rape the land, they raid our villages, kill our people. You, your father, your people of the forest, I have seen, are not like this. You are content with what the forest provides. Armyni, give me what I wish, and I will return you and your father, Elyza and her family, free for the first time, all to the forest to live out your days in peace," Mardar offered in a giving, friendly tone.

Armyni stared blankly.

"It is a major decision, you have time to decide, though as I offer mercy, work against me, fail me at the ceremony, refuse my offer of peace, and I shall personally see to it Elyza and her family are slaughtered, and I shall see to it you survive long enough for us to root out The Ruin, and have your father captured and mutilated before you, do you understand me?" the druils face became stern, his voice hard.

Armyni did not respond.

Mardar's tone turned back to that of friendly, "Well then, shall we, we are nearly there?" he offered his arm again as they set off once more down the corridor.

The corridor opened up into a large preparation room, many druils and slaves were hurrying this way and that. Several of the slaves, most of them women, were dressed as decoratively as Armyni, they too wore nervous looks upon their faces. This room was lined by other hallways, closed doors and cells. Noises of various animals could be heard coming from them. By the sound and smell of it, there was no short supply of them.

All cleared away quickly as they walked through. The druils simply stepped to the side and bowed before their great general. The slaves tripped over themselves however to put as much distance between them and the cruel commander as possible. Mardar lead her straight through to a wide staircase at the far side of the room. Several druils stood before two large wooden doors at the top of the staircase. Armyni could hear a huge commotion coming from behind them. Drums beat, voices blared, and laughter rang through them. Some type of show or act was apparently playing out as the oohs and aahs of the mass crowd rose and fell with the drama. As they began up the steps, two of the druils pushed either door forward. A deafening roar blew through them attempting to knock Armyni backwards. An arched tunnel continued on the other side, emptying out into a great rotunda. Several of the druils rushed past them to announce the arrival of Mardar.

Indeed some type of show was taking place. Armyni could see many slaves rush out of view and the

commotion immediately began dying down as one of the druils delivered an elequent introduction of the "Mighty General" and the "High Priestess." Stopped just at the edge of the tunnel, Armyni's knees were becoming weak. The room before her was massive. Thousands of druils had to be present within it. Once their intro was complete, Mardar stepped forward out of the tunnel, dragging Armyni along at his side. A loud rumble of an untold number of hushed voices murmured at the sight of them. Even Mardar was taken aback by this. Normally they would have erupted in cheers and applause, but the mob of druils was awestruck by the shere beauty of Armyni.

The tunnel emptied out into a large, round arena. The floor was of smooth polished stone. A short wall circled about it, separating the entertainers from the audience of druils. Built into the wall, spaced evenly from each other were statues of the druils' gods. They had many of them, all of which Armyni could not remember, but all had the body of a druil and each a different head of some animal. Glancing about, Armyni noticed a dog, a bird, a cat, a horse, a boar, and so on. The seats beyond circled the entire room and rose higher with each passing row to allow fair visibility to all. The room was so huge, there were so many druils within it, even Armyni was impressed. She knew this building, he had heard stories about it. It was one of the oldest and most grand of the druils. Built of course by the humans, but it was nonetheless called the Temple, their most holy site. Many infamous tortures and sacrifices were performed here for the druils' gods. Armyni was thankful that Mardar had promised her that she would be with his army after this, apparently she would survive.

As they moved to the center of the arena. She noticed the others, beautiful slaves and dancers dressed in flowing silks and jewelry, were moving in a wide girth about her and Mardar as they disappeared back into the tunnel, their exposed breasts bouncing as they ran. Their show was over, Armyni's was on. With one arm locked within hers, Mardar raised his other in a salute to the mob, they now erupted in cheers.

"My fellow Neandruils," Mardar began, the audience quickly silencing, "today we remember the words of Eqan, we remain obedient to his warning!"

Again the mob erupted in cheer.

"It has been for over a thousand year now that we have honored the Healing ritual. It was over a thousand year ago that the two sons of Dadan, Haman and Nean first split. Haman the oldest and heir to his father's realm, was displeased that his father asked him to share it with his younger brother. The evil Haman murdered his father and used trickery and deception to fool his borther and drive him from the land. So Nean entered alone into exile. The years passed. Haman's clan grew and like Haman, heir hunger was insatiable. The raped the land, consuming more than it could bare. Having ruined their once plentiful lands, Haman led them on to newer, untouched parcels. But with them they brought darkness and destruction. As they traveled, Haman came across his brother Nean once more. Nean had settled in a beautiful valley, bountiful with all that could be desired. Nean had even begun his own clan. Nean's clan was content in their life, they lived in balance with the valley and had flourished."

"Haman though was now a different man. He had been weakened by their famine. He pleaded with his brother to forgive him and to take his people in. Nean was a caring man and could not hold ill will towards his kin, so he forgave Haman and provided him and his people with food, water and shelter. Haman and his decendants though became jealous of the riches of Nean. They wanted all for themselves. They plotted against him."

"Forseeing Haman's plans to rob the valley from Nean for his own, the great Eqan, Lord of the horses, appeared before Nean and outed Haman's dark plans. When Haman unleashed his attack against his brother, with the help of Eqan, Nean was ready and defeated his brother. Eqan bade that

Nean destroy this scourge of the Earth and all his decedants, but Nean could not. As evil as his brother was, he was still his kin. Nean's apparent weakness angered the other gods. They all came forth to demand Haman's death. But still Nean refused. The gods now moved to carry out their own vengeance against Haman but Nean stood in their way. Loving Nean, Egan made him an offer. The Lords of the Earth would spare Haman and his decedants, but Nean had to take responsibility of them. Nean had to now ensure that they would no longer threaten the lands and keep them in check. The lords of the earth accepted this compromise, and instead of dealing death to Haman and his people, they took vengeance upon them in other ways. And since then, once a year on the anniversary of the fall of Haman, Nean must offer up the decendants of Haman as sacrifices to the lords of the earth, that they may claim their retribution and so that none would forget the horrors of Haman and his people."

"With this ceremony, we allow these disgraced humans their chance to seek forgiveness for their sins, to right their wrongs. Before us, they raped and bastardized our world, wielding and molding it to serve only them. Today my friends, they give back!" Mardar roared, the audience following suit, many stood clapping, yelling, thundering, pumping their fists into the air. The roar was deafening.

"Today, they give back, making amends with those they abused. We have done our duty well, keeping these decendants of Haman in their place, but tonight we let the lords have their vengeance!"

Mardar pushed Armyni forward, causing her to stumble and fall to the ground. The mob delighted at this.

"Tonight, I give you Armyni, decendant of Haman, daughter of Olyver, leader of the Forest Peoples, the High Priestess!"

Again the mob erupted. Armyni's heart was pounding. She remained knelt and trembling. On her hands and knees she looked nervously about the room. 'What was Mardar talking about, what was in store for her?' She hadn't the faintest idea, but she was sure that no matter what it was, it was sure to be frightening. Mardar once again raised his hands for silence. The crowd hushed to mere whispers.

"So let it begin!" he anounced, the crowd once again leapt from their seats in a roar.

Drums began pounding. Mardar winked at the panicked Armyni. Two lines of women dressed much like Armyni filed from the tunnel. The lines split, one going to the left, the other to the right. They circled about the kneeling Priestess, spreading out evenly around the arena. All stood facing her. The mob was still going wild, the roar only adding to Armyni's stress. Two druils rushed out of the arched tunnel to Armyni. They fit a collar about her neck that was connected to two gold chains on either side. They pulled her neck forward so that she was positioned on her hands and knees like an animal. Mardar exited back through the tunnel as another druil dressed in fine robes replaced him. He addressed the mob.

"First we offer sacrifice to Tuskan and his offspring who were some of the first hunted and caged by the humans. Let Tuskan's decendent come forward and deal his vengeance!"

A sharp squeal echoed out the tunnel and quieted the crowd. The room became extremely tense as all awaited the sight of the creature. Armyni could hear the scraping of small hooves on the stone, all the while it grew louder and nearer. She was afraid to look back. The animal was struggling vehemently against his handlers, squealing loudly as he did. It left no doubt as to what it was. She thought her heart would pound right out of her chest. She knew this sound well, she had hunted

them often within the forest. She despised the filthy animals. There was only one creature in this world that made such an ear screeching racket, a pig.

"No!" she whimpered.

The drums were still rapping loudly. Another very beautiful woman, wrapped in a piece of cloth adorned with the different temple's markings, approached Armyni's rear. She bent over and adjusted the wraps about Armyni's waist, hoisting them up a bit so as to expose Armyni's cunt further. Armyni gulped. The girl then began smearing some type of liquid across it, working it in between her lips. At first she suspected it as some type of lubricant but then a strong odor, close to that of urine, filled her nose. She hadn't the faintest clue of what it was.

Armyni looked back over her shoulder, she instantly wished she hadn't. The girl was smirking evilly at her. Finished coating Armyni's cunt with the substance, she stood to move, revealing a huge black boar struggling against his own bonds behind her. He was the definition of beast. Armyni lost her nerve at the sight of him. She cried out and lunged forward in an attempt to escape. It wasn't if she truly had any sense of hope, it was just instinct.

'How could they do this to her, how could they let that ghastly creature have its way with her?'

She thrashed about for all she was worth, anything to set herself free, anything to save her from this. The crowd loved it. The collar choked her. The guards though were having none of it. They slid their fists down the chain, shortening her leash and pulled her down, low to the ground. Armyni continued struggling nonetheless.

The boar wore a leash and collar just like her, with two golden chains held by large druils on either side. The druils pulled the unwilling boar forward, closer to the squirming girl. This only amused the audience further. The pig seemed to be just as afraid as his trembling "sow".

They forced the pig's nose to her exposed sex and as if something had struck him, he tensed up and stopped his resistance. The previous girl had wiped the scent of a sow in heat across Armyni's cunt. His large, wet snout sniffed and pushed at her reeking cunt. The boar was overly forceful with her, butting his snout into her. While he prodded at her scented cunt, two other scantily clad girls approached either side of him and dropped to their knees. Each looked to be terribly hesitant, fear or disgust or both evident on their faces. Armyni winced as they each ducked beneath the boar's underbelly, she had to look away.

They sucked him only for a moment, merely readying him for the mount. Armyni's mind was attempting to block out the foul scene behind her, when without warning, the oversized boar jumped up onto her back. Her knees buckled, causing her thighs to fold atop her calves. His sharp hooves cut at the skirt tied about her waist. His weight was immense. His sparse hair was coarse and scratchy across her back. The boar smelled nearly as bad as the scent the evil looking girl had wiped across her. Armyni did not dare look back. The mob was going absolutely mad now, she could hardly hear herself think.

When he finally positioned himself over her, he all but crushed her to the ground. His short, stubby legs jutted out to the side. She was further alarmed by the jabbing of a thin, pointed member in the small of her back. As experienced as she had become of recent with animal cock, and considering the massive size of the boar, she was expecting a much larger penis. The slick one sliding up and down her back was abnormally thin, 'as thin as a finger,' she thought of herself.

With her ass resting atop her ankles, the boar was never going to be able to enter her. The two druils pulled her forward by her leash and collar. With the boar atop her, it was difficult to adjust. As

she did so, with her knees held in place being crushed into the stone beneath her, her ass was hoisted into the air instead as her upper body was pulled forward. Overcome by all, the druil's barking commands sounded incoherent, but the two slaves at her side went into action. Reaching beneath the boar, they grabbed hold of his cock and directed it into Armyni's unprotected cunt.

It was very odd. His cock was just so narrow and felt so awkward inside her. Almost as if it were "screwing" into her. In addition to that, the pig was extremely forceful with her. The boar hovered over her in a sense, squeezing her sides between his short forelegs. His haunches thrust forward with powerful and deliberate intent, as opposed to the quivering, frantic humps of the dogs'. He would draw nearly his entire length from her before forcefully thrusting it back into her. She was relieved that she did was not succumb to the erotic effects caused by the dogs' massive cocks. The pig's thin member provided little with regards to stimulation, and his incessant squeeling was aggravating. None the less it was still very humiliating, raped yet again by some animal before a crowd of onlookers, this time by thousands.

With each thrust he would push his thin but long cock to the very depths of her, to the limits of her cunt, smashing his tapered cock into her back wall. Each blow seemed to nudge her further across the floor, each blow seemed harder than the last. As odd as it was, it only got stranger. His skewering cock seemed to be delving deeper into her, right into her cervix. With a few more forceful thrusts into her to ensure himself of this, the boar squeezed her tight and ended his humping, now holding himself tight against her, his pig cock locked within her cervix. In a way it reminded Armyni of the dogs tying within her, and just as when the dogs had achieved their tie, so too did the pig once he had locked his cock within her cervix, begin to loose his giant load of cum.

The pig's cum was the most viscous yet. She could tell this from the very onset. He held his position over her for a very long time, all the while pumping this extremely thick pig cum into her cervix. She could feel it eventually spill from there into her cunt. The mob however grew restless and began calling for more. This is when Armyni first realized that a number of the other girls were now on their hands and knees in mimic of her, spread out about the arena. The evil looking woman was moving from one to the other, smearing the scent laden fluid across each of their sexes.

A wave of high pitched squeals echoed from the tunnel, dropping Armyni's heart into her stomach. A stampede of rough looking boars came sprinting out the tunnel. Though smaller than the one on Armyni's back, they were still large and intimidating. These had no handlers, nor did any of the girls kneeling about the floor. Even though the faces of those she could see displayed fear and disgust, all remained obediently in place. The pigs fanned out, each claiming a girl of his own, each performing the same routine.

The mob was going wild once more. Armyni was thankful now that her boar was still in place, even if he was cumming in her. Loud screams sounded out as sharp hooves met sensitive skin. The pigs went to work immediately and before long it was an all out pig orgy. Unfortunately Armyni's boar was pulled off of her and another allowed to mount. This went on for some time until most the pigs had had their fill and began becoming idle. Armyni could feel the thick cum oozing ever so slowly from her used cunt. She could see the same happening to others, a thick, very opaque fluid drooling from slightly gaping cunts, running slowly down thighs until it fell in globs to the floor.

The pigs were herded back towards the tunnel, flushed from the arena. The priest in fine robes took the floor again and began some narration. Armyni paid little attention to it, her thoughts were miles away. She caught pieces of it, "redemption," "vengeance," "Baadar." The same rhetoric she had heard before. "Baadar," she recognized as the name of another of their gods, "the next to exact his justice upon these humans."

The next sound to echo out of the tunnel was unfamiliar to Armyni, it was a high pitched bleating. This new animal was hooved as well as she could hear the small hooves clop against the stone. The crowd knew what was coming however and seemed excited. The wicked looking woman reapproached Armyni's rear. She examined Armyni's cunt for a moment before plunging one, then two fingers into her. She slowly pushed her fingers back and forth before pulling them out in a way as to drag some of the pig cum from Armyni's used cunt. She then slightly cupped her hand and ran her four finger tips up Armyni's leaking cunt, allowing the excess to run into her open hand. The woman then walked around to Armyni's face. Armyni stared up at her nervously. She could not understand why another human would be doing this to her with such obvious amusement and malice.

The evil lady locked eyes with Armyni as she knelt down, pressing her pig cum covered hand into Armyni's unsuspecting face. Armyni cringed backwards but her leash and collar held her tight in place. The lady smeared the sour smelling cum across Armyni's beautiful face, and even managed to work a couple of foul fingers into her mouth. Armyni twisted her head back and forth in an attempt to evade her, but she and the audience only laughed.

All the while the high pitched bleating grew nearer. Then, BAM! The small horned animal had charged her, ramming into her ass. He had nearly knocked her over but the druids held her up by the collar. Armyni did not even have the chance to look back at her attacker before another set of sharp hooves cut at her back and sides as he mounted her. This animal had a full coat of fur as opposed to the pig. It was also a bit softer against her delicate skin. This animal was also thinner and much more light than the hefty boar.

The animal was wasting no time. As the mob cheered the beast, it humped quickly at her rear, jabbing his small cock at her sex. Armyni was eventually able to glimpse over her shoulder. She witnessed the two other girls crawling to her side to aid the animal in entering her. She recognized the baaing beast as a goat, though none lived within the forest, she had never seen them before.

Once his hooves slid off her side and he had her locked within his forelegs, there was no longer any pain for Armyni. The goat was very light. The girls guided his hot penis into her and as he felt her close around him, he humped into her wildly for a moment before holding himself hard against her. The goat's cock was small like him, though still a bit thicker than the pigs'. There was nothing small however about his load, an unreal amount of goat cum was released deep within her.

All in all, the goat mating passed very quickly. He had hardly fucked her before he pressed himself as deep as possible to seed her. Finished emptying his balls, he scraped his hooves across Armyni's back as he abruptly dismounted. Armyni was relieved only temporarily. The goat stood around only temporarily before he quickly remounted the helpless priestess. He fucked into her just as fast as before. He repeated this several times before the druids loosed other goats into the arena to mate with the other girls there.

Armyni's cunt already being flooded by the pigs', the goat's cum flowed readily from her. The smell of his cum hit her like a brick. Its vile scent was overwhelming, and nearly caused Armyni to wretch. Looking beneath herself, she witnessed the thick cum drip in long strands from her. It would dangle a moment before becoming too heavy and broke, splashig into the puddle forming below. Then it would happen all over again. The smell was stuck in her nostrils, she attempted breathing through her mouth instead.

The lady came to examine. Again she bore one of her fingers into Armyni's cunt, then to Armyni's surprise she pulled it back out and pressed it into her asshole. Her tight hole resisted only briefly before the cum coated finger slid deep into her ass. The lady then pulled it out to recoat it within her

pussy, before pressing it back into her anus. She repeated this several times before commenting to one of the girls at Amryni's side, "ensure our priestess gets the full experience."

'Why was she doing this to her?' Armyni could only ponder.

By her word, as the next goat mounted her, the girls guided his slick cock into her ass. To her regret, it was amazing. Armyni did her best to disguise her lustful pleasure, but she had already discovered she enjoyed her anus impaled, and the goat's thin member was the perfect size. There was no painful sting until her hole adjusted, no major resistance. Her lubed ass welcomed him in and he wasted no time, plunging his cock deep into her. Armyni had just begun pushing back against him when he tensed up and came deep within her ass. Amrnyi's body convulsed with her own restrained orgasm.

Ashamed with herself, she was nonetheless disappointed when the goat dismounted and pulled his spent cock from her. Her gaping ass felt oddly empty. When he soon remounted, she did her best to position her body so that his cock would enter her ass instead. As the matings continued, she became more and more succesful at this.

The evil lady was taken aback by the pleasure evident upon Armyni's face. She did not understand but acted to correct that. She knew, from past personal experience, of the unbearable taste of the goats' disgusting cum. She pulled a goat from a nearby girl and led it before Amryni's face. With the help of the druils, she forced her to suck it's wretched cock.

The experience was absolutely horrid. His thin cock was easy enough to fit within her mouth, but the smell and taste of it was too much and Armyni soon began gagging. She did her best to keep her composure, but once the goat came within her mouth, the thick, foul goat semen flooding her mouth subsequently caused her to wretch around his cock. It was no surprise to her that the audience erupted at the sight of this.

They forced her to suck several of the others before the Baadar's descendants were led back out the tunnel. All the other girls were panting on their hands and knees, and just like Armyni, long strands of milky cum ran from their cunts. The pools of semen were now much larger across the arena, all spreading from knee to knee between each girl's legs. She noticed a few others had been forced to suck the goats as well, as goat cum dangled from the girls' chins. The lady made a point to smear excess cum into the faces of those who had not sucked any.

Meanwhile, the druil priest re-entered the arena and started his rhetoric once again. Armyni's thoughts were lost elsewhere, but she did hear that it would be Kanin's descendants turn next.

Armyni did not know the types of gods nor their names, but the clatter of claws against the stone, the panting breaths, and most of all, the pitiful whimpering as the beast caught sight of his bitch, left no doubt to Armyni of who Kanin was. Looking back over her shoulder, Armyni whimpered herself. Kanin was the lord of the dogs, or wolves rather. It was no dog they were restraining from attacking her, but a massive, fierce looking wolf. He had to be twice the size of even the alpha dog. His coat was gray and shaggy. His ears and snout were pointed. His eyes solid black. His emerging pointed cock, as red as ever.

He was practically dragging his handlers behind him, his focus was locked on Armyni, or her exposed and dripping sex rather. The hooping and hollering of the audience seemed only to goad him on. Nervous and panicked, Armyni could not watch and turned to face back forward.

There was no preparation, no lapping of the cunt, no. Upon finally reaching her, the huge wolf leapt straight atop her back. The cloth tied about her waist spared her of some of the painful scratching,

but the wolf was so large his powerful forelegs wrapped around upward, just below her breasts. He began humping at her immediately, his red tapered cock stabbing her rear randomly, his watery precum already splashing against her indiscriminately.

It was only a matter of time. Greased and loosened by the pigs and goats, once his pointed tip found her entrance it bore in easily, the first couple of inches anyways. Just as this wolf was larger than any of the dogs, so was his cock. The shaft swelled to gigantic proportions. The wolf gave her no time to adjust, but hammered away at her as all the rest had before, mercilessly, savagely.

Armyni grunted loudly with each of his thrusts. She rocked beneath him, her breasts slapping back and forth. She could not restrain the howls and moans any longer, it was too intense. The druids were absolutely loving the show. Armyni could hear their random obscene remarks and loud catcalls. Already his cum was pouring from her. Armyni was losing herself, but always present in the back of her mind was the impending knot.

'If his cock was this massive, what of his knot?'

It would not be much longer before she discovered. Slowly, the shaft began its transformation. At first, only a hint of a bulge. Then, she could begin to feel it enter and exit her. Further it grew, forcing to open and close around it. This added stimulation put her over the edge once more, causing her to shriek outright with delight.

Soon however, her hole began to resist, but this beast was no amateur. Feeling the added resistance, he pushed hard into her and held it there, allowing his knot to balloon deep inside her. Even in her delirium, Armyni began to grow nervous from the swelling knot, fearing at what size it would expand to before it stopped.

The mob was roaring with applause and laughter. Armyni was squealing like a pig. His growing knot was so very intense it was driving her to uncharted territory. It was not long after that his fluid began to pump into her. The wolf was cumming, filling her, his giant knot sealing all within.

The mob's howls became deafening. As before, the High Priestess, having now initiated the ritual, a pack of wolves was released out the tunnel. All the girls awaited them anxiously, all still on their hands and knees subservently. This wolf's knot within Armyni was so large, several of the girls would be knotted two, three times before he was able to pull from her, his flood gushing out behind his enormous cock. Armyni was exhausted, panting just like a bitch, but she would not be allowed to rest. Her next mate mounted her almost immediately.

And so the ritual continued. It was absolutely wild and uninhibited. The wolves were far more physical than any of the animals before, and much larger. All the girls were completely reamed out and left gaping. Armyni was in a delirious state at this point. The wolf's cocks had brought her to several orgasms, and as often happened during their furious assaults, they began slipping from her over-used cunt and plunging into her ass. Their cocks being the size that they were, the knotting within her ass was unbearable. Girls were screaming in agony as the wolves pulled it from them. Streams flowed from the pools on the stone floor as cum flowed from every hole of each of the girls.

Armyni was now acting as a wild animal herself, bucking and howling with the wolves. The beastiality of it all was overwhelming. The sexual energy could be felt throughout the vast room. The druids could no longer restrain themselves and had brought slaves into the stands to begin pleasuring their masters there.

Left panting after the last had pulled from her, she was so crazed she had not even realized that the wolves had been driven from the arena. It was not until she felt something digging into her cunt was

she brought back to some form of attention. She turned back to see the evil looking woman plunging her fingers into her pussy. She was again flushing as much cum as she could back out of Armyni's flooded cunt. She did this for a bit before she reached down and picked up a wooden bowl which, as Armyni had not noticed, was placed there between her legs. The woman walked around to Armyni's face. After smearing a bit of it across Armyni's face once more, she sat the bowl down on the ground and ordered her to drink.

For some reason Armyni obeyed without protest. At first she began lapping at it like a dog, sticking her tongue out and cupping it, drawing the fluid into her mouth. But she loved it, she wanted more of it, faster. Armyni puckered her lips and dipped them into the pooled liquid and began slurping it into her mouth, drinking it down as fast she could.

The priest returned and began another diatribe, but Armyni heard none of it. It was not until she saw what was being led from the tunnel that she lifted her face from the bowl, the entire bottom of her face coated with dog cum. Long strands of it dangled from her chin, dripping back down to the floor.

Armyni was "pleasantly" surprised to see a familiar creature, an animal she shared a deep connection with, the graceful stag. As the proud creature that he was, he walked calmly over to the awaiting Armyni. The stag was not so graceful with her however. He was like a giant goat. He fucked her hard but briefly. The coupling passed in a blur. Her cunt was extremely loose from the wolves, not to mention the fluid that was pouring from it, and the buck's cock was thin.

The rest of the girls were cleared from the arena while the buck claimed his species restitution. There would be no mass orgy of them. Armyni was, "disappointed?"

It was now stretching late into the evening. Alone now, only wet puddles spread throughout across the stone floor evidenced the mass orgy that had recently taken place.

Armyni was in a near unconscious state by the time that the stag was led away. The druils were now dragging some type of wooden platform to the middle of the arena. Armyni could hear the priest's voice once again, announcing the finale of the Healing Ceremony.

'Finally, the end,' Armyni was relieved.

This would be short lived however. As the druils hoisted her up on her feet and bent her over on top of the platform, she heard the priest speaking of Egan. Panic took hold once more.

'Egan...Egan?' Armyni repeated racking her brain, her heart attempting to keep pace, she knew this name.

Egan was the lord of the horses. She spotted his grand statue placed atop the tunnel, by far the largest and most detailed of any, the head of a horse with the body of a druil. By the time it dawned on her of what was about to take place and that she should put up a fight, it was too late. The druils had her securely restrained by both the wrists and ankles to the platform.

"No!" she pleaded, "please!"

The priest did not even turn to look at her. Instead he continued his hateful speech, riling against the humans. It was soon interrupted by the familiar clapping of hooves against the stone, except now it was a much louder echo. Armyni was crying outright, begging them. Her wails were temporarily interrupted when she saw the magnificent creature prance out from the tunnel. Midnight black in color, his coat gleamed immaculate. His strength was evident by his defined muscles which flexed with each step. Armyni lost her breath. He truly was a fine animal. Her mind raced back to her

experience with the horses on her journey to the City, particularly to their oversized phallesses. This would not be a pleasant experience.

‘They couldn’t, she couldn’t, it would kill her.’

Armyni renewed her struggle for freedom, but her bonds held tight. The horse was led by a golden chain that was wrapped around his neck right up to the back of her. Several others congregated there. She heard the voice of the evil woman commanding one the two slaves that had abedded the animals all evening in their defilement of Armyni, “she is filthy, clean her off some.”

The two slaves went obediently to work, using their tongues to clean the inner thighs of Armyni. One trailed up each leg until they met at her cunt. Then one focused in on her still leaking cunt, sucking on her sore lips, pushing her tongue deep into her hole. It was of great relief to Armyni, her tongue felt amazing, but it was short lived. The girl had only a job to do. Once they had licked away the excess cum, they moved away allowing the evil lady to approach her. She commanded them to prepare the horse as she began to wipe another scented rag across Armyni’s rear. It was not hard to figure that it was the scent of a mare in heat.

Hearing the sucking sounds of the two slaves behind her, Armyni, against her better judgement, turned to see what she would be faced with. She instantly regretted it. The massive tool hung down as long as her arm, and as thick as a man’s. There was still something awe inspiring about it though. It seemed powerul, mesmerizing. She took a large gulp. There was no avoiding it now.

His cock was as black as his coat, and glistened from the slaves’ saliva. There was just something about it though, about a horses cock. Armyni couldnot understand it. ‘Was it his size, the texture of the skin, it’s shape?’ She did not know, be it was still awe inspiring. The horse neyed and shook his head and mane impatiently, which startled the two slaves and Armyni. He began pawing the ground with one hoof. They were still working on his now fully hard cock when the lady gave the signal to the druils to proceed. Armyni laid her head down atop the wooden platform, squeezing her eyes and fists tight as she waited as they guided the large horse forward. She jumped, startled from his cold wet nose at her vagina. He snorted as his nostrils drew mighty gusts of air. The scent and stimulation from the two slaves was too much for him. Armyni was tense, she could feel the horse already, as if his aura was pressing down upon her.

Armyni shrieked as the horse drew up, coming down atop her and the platform, his dangerous hooves coming crashing down just above her head. His underbelly just brushed across her back. His long dick hung loosely below him for the moment, bumping randomly into Armyni’s rear. The weight and mass of it caused her to jump each time. This stallion, however, had been provided his fair share of human pussy over time and enjoyed it. That coupled with the scent of the mare in heat spread across her, he knew just what to do. The muscles in his massive flanks tensed and his hips thrust forward. In coordination with that, his seeming long hanging, but limp dick, suddenly stiffened and speared right for her. His two back hooves skidded forward as he thrust at her. The blow was vicious. Armyni screamed from the force of it. The two slaves were working frantically to help the horse find her right hole, but the whole scene was chaotic. Between the mobs deafening roar, Armyni’s screams, and the horses neying and savage thrusting, it was hard just to think.

Armyni was in the middle of another prayer, pleading that he would not find her asshole, when his huge cock, thankfully, found her gaping cunt. The sheer power of the horse’s humps impaled his cock deep into her. Armyni’s scream was robbed from her as the wind was knocked right out of her. The horse’s thrusts were hard and deliberate. He seemed to push the whole platform forward with each thrust of his haunches. Armyni’s poor cunt was stretched to unimaginable limits.

By his third and fourth thrust, the tip of his cock was already slamming into her cervix. With each shove he would pause a moment, ensuring his cock was as deep as he could force it. As painful as it was, mixed in with Armyni's shrieks were random gasps of pleasure. It was raw bestiality.

Fortunately, the horse did not last too long. Driving as hard and as deep as he could into her, he paused again for another brief moment, and then it happened. Had Armyni not been restrained atop the platform, she felt that the violent force of the horse's eruption could have blasted her right off of his cock. Her cunt was immediately overrun and the horses cum sprayed out from her cunt around his cock like a geyser. The horse held steady, rocking forward ever so slightly as his cock pulsed within her, jet after jet blasting her cervix.

Armyni was passed out when the horse finally dismounted. His cock was so deep, it began to slide from her slowly before it rushed out, followed by a huge torrent of cum that went splashing to the ground. It continued flowing in a long stream, pouring from her cunt for several moments. The crowd was erupting too.

~~~~~

## **X.NORTH**

Armyni awoke to a sweet and familiar voice whispering her name. Her vision returned slowly as she peeled open her eyes. The room was dim but she was pleased to see Elyza hovering over her. It took another moment for all her senses to return to her. It was cold. She realized she was nude once again, laying atop a dirty stone floor with her head in Elyza's lap. Her entire body ached, especially her cunt and ass. Her back and sides were marked yet again by numerous cuts and scratches.

"What's happened?" Armyni murmured.

"Shh," Elyza eased her, brushing the side of her face with her fingers, "you have been through a lot, you need to rest."

Armyni smiled up at Elyza and almost immediately fell back unconscious. Armyni would come in and out throughout the day while her dreams slipped back and forth between pleasant memories of the forest and of her father, then to vicious dogs and beaying goats and neying horses. She would finally wake later with a start. Her head was still in Elyza's lap, and Elyza was looking over her intently. A long silence lasted between them.

"Alright?" Armyni asked Elyza, seeing her concerned face.

Elyza laughed a bit, "Me? I am fine, it is you I am worried about, how do you feel?"

"I've been better," she mused, as she sat herself up, facing Elyza.

Elyza laughed with her before turning more serious, "You've been crying out a lot, are you okay?."

"Oh, have I?" Armyni hesitated a bit, thinking back to her dreams and nightmares, but soon recovered, "No, I am fine, but last I remember I was still in the Temple, what's happened?"

"Well, the ceremony is over atleast. They put you in here with me when it was over, you were a mess," Elyza teased her. "Not sure what they have planned for us next, but I know the General plans to take us north with him."

"God, whats that smell?" Armyni suddenly asked, catching a whiff of a foul odor.

Elyza blushed a bit while looking away, she seemed to be struggling to find the right words.

"Well...its you, I mean, its from the goats," Elyza explained, "...not sure why, but I know the smell can stick with you for a few days."

"Oh," was all Armyni could say, turning red with shame.

It was just then that the lock clicked and the heavy door swung open. In walked two familiar faces, Gar and Baq.

"Awake, eh? Good un show ya put on yesterday," Gar joked, jabbing Baq with and elbow.

"Damn, wha's tha smell?" Baq blurted out, fanning his hand before his nose.

"Dem goats are some stinky sons uh bitches, makes them smell of it for days," Gar informed Baq.

"Shit," Baq exhaled, "well, I's hope ya enjoyed yerself priestess?" he laughed.

Armyni did not answer.

"Thaht ya wou'd have learned a bit o' respec' by now, maybe ya still need a bit of lernin, eh?"

"No, sir," Elyza answered for her.

Gar smiled at her, "smart uhn."

"Come on then, Mardar wants ya."

Armyni and Elyza were taken from the cell and led to through the camp that was within the City. All were busy at work, packing this, preparing that. Gar and Baq led them to a lavish chamber where Mardar was busy at work himself, aids rushing in and out of his office.

"Ah, come in, come in," he waved, welcoming in the two slaves. He eyed Armyni up and down, "think I should have kept you for myself, gave the dogs and animals quite the treat, never seen a finer High Priestess, Eqan will reward us, I am sure of it!"

Armyni still could not speak, her thoughts were racing back across the matings that Mardar had just referenced, drifting from animal to animal. She shifted back and forth uneasily.

"Ah, you don't have to fear me human, you've learned a bit since we've last talked, I assume?" he asked with piercing eyes.

Armyni nodded.

"Good. Come here then," he motioned for her to come closer.

Elyza remained in place as she watched Armyni nervously approach the general. Mardar stood facing a wodden table with an old and tethered map spread out across it. Armyni was intrigued, she had never seen a map of her world drawn out before. Her eyes immediately dropped to the bottom of the map where trees were etched across it. A bold label sitting in its midst, "Black Forest."

Armyni ran her fingertips across it. Mardar watched her intently. Her fingers traced north up the Blue River. She noticed an oversized fort drawn just outside the forest. A winding road taveling north to the detailed drawing of The City. Circling wide about the city were other various forts and

villages. To the west was the sea. To the north and east, the White Mountains. The leather parchment was marked in black and all was faded, all except a recent addition on the edge of the northern mountains. There written in fresh ink was a dot and the words, "The Ruin." Armyni traced her fingers over this. It was, to the best of her knowledge, where she would have suspected it to be.

"You see, we know where it is. There is only the fine details. It is well hidden there. We need you to guide us north, within the mountains, and when this is all said and done, you my dear, will be back home within your precious forest," he said, thumping the point of his index finger down onto the map, atop the Black Forest.

Armyni gulped. They already knew where it was. She would not have to do anything now, she would be traveling with them one way or the other.

"Very good," Mardar commented joyously, "it will all work out, you will see, and your friend here, you may take her with you, I know she is dear to you."

Armyni looked back, forcing a smile toward Elyza. Elyza looked afraid.

"Gar, Baq, I put these two in your charge, nothing, absolutely nothing, is to harm them, do you understand?"

"Sir," they said in unison, saluting their general.

"Take them to the stables, they'll be riding with my party."

Mardar placed a strong hand on the back of Armyni's neck and turning her with him he began walking her towards the door.

"You'll see, soon, you will be home once again, trust me," he smiled warmly at her. Armyni wanted to believe him.

Each druil held one of the slaves tight by the arm as they marched them out of The City through its winding maze of roads. The whole city was bustling, but solemnly. The way was coming to a head. Many young druils called out and whistled at the two attractive slaves as they passed. Gar and Baq cursed at them and kicked at them if they ventured too close. Once outside the City's walls, they were led to the stables, where they met an old friend, Bruiser.

"Lucky, yuse are, gettin ta ride, ain't no short walk to tha mountens," Baq grumbled.

"Well, they ain't ridin for free, Bruiser charges a fee, don't he, ain't much time, yuse bitches bes' git to work," he ordered with a broad grin, pushing Elyza forward onto the ground beside Bruiser. Baq followed suit and Pushed Armyni down with her.

The two girls looked at each other for a breif moment before taking a deep breath and resigning themselves to their fate and crawled into position. The donkey was busy feeding and paid no mind to the two girls as they began mouthing his sheath and balls. Little by little his cock began emerging and extending to its full length. As they began sucking and licking up and down his long shaft and head, they noticed Gar and Baq had pulled out their cocks and had begun stroking them to the girls.

They were still busy slurping on Bruiser's cock when Armyni felt Gar's rough and powerful hands grip her waste and prod at her naked sex with the head of his cock. She did not even bother to turn around, but kept sucking at the donkey's cock. She could see out of the corner of her eye that Baq was doing the same to Elyza. She felt Gar release one side of her hip to grip his cock to position it to

enter her. With a violent thrust, he sent it plunging past her vulva and buried it into her sore cunt. Armyni groaned in pain, but this only encouraged him to pump harder. Her dry pussy was putting up a bit of resistance so Gar pulled it back out and Armyni heard him spit on it before shoving it back in.

Both the girls had to brace themselves with one hand on the ground and the other gripped tight about Bruiser's cock to keep from being knocked over by the druils' barbaric assault.

"Damn, tha' wus such a hot fuckin sho' you pu' on yesterday, took all I had nah ta run out there on tha stage myself and fuck ya," Gar admitted while pounding her cunt.

Eventually Armyni's body began reacting and flushing her cunt with it's lubricating juices. Armyni and Elyza were grunting as quietly as possible by their fucking. Elyza was temporarily focusing on the donkey's head while Armyni was trailing her tongue up his shaft when Gar surprisingly reached around and forced one of his fingers into Armyni's mouth. She was not sure what he had in mind but complied with what she thought he wanted and began sucking on his finger.

"Tha's it slave, suck on tha finger, ge' yer spit all over it."

After a bit, as he pulled his finger from her mouth, she felt a wad of his spit fall and splatter within the crack of her ass. He fingered his saliva a bit, pushing it towards her anus before plunging his finger right in. Armyni gasped, but soon adjusted. She closed her eyes and enjoyed it for what it was worth as he wiggled his finger around within her rectum, his finger buried right to his knuckle.

"Didn' say ya coul' stop suckin on that donkey dick, slave," he barked, grabbing her violently by the back of the head to push her face back into the hanging cock. Armyni shrieked a bit from the pain but opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue to meet the donkey's dick, and continued her lapping of it. Gar then released her hair and almost without missing a beat he slipped his cock out of her cunt and slammed it into her ass with as much force as he could muster.

Armyni screamed as she was knocked forward into Elyza. Elyza shrieked with her and Baq cracked up laughing. Seeing Gar tear up the poor girls ass, he followed suit and plunged his large cock into Elyza's ass. It took awhile for the girls' asses to adjust and the pain to subside before they could continue sucking on Bruiser's cock, but the druils did not complain. They pumped away into their rectums for all they were worth.

"I'd say we're takin good care of em, just as Mardar said, righ' Gar?" Baq laughed.

"I'd say," Gar managed to babble, close to erupting within her ass.

Elyza came first, moaning loudly around Bruiser's cock, then Baq within her ass. Ol' Bruiser came next blasting the two naked girls' faces and bodies as only an animal that size could. Witnessing the erotic scene before him, Gar could not hold out any longer and buried his fat cock as deep within Armyni's recctum as he could force it and loosed his own load. The steaming hot cum deep in her ass sent Amryni over the edge as she mouthed the still spraying cock of Bruiser, drinking down as much of his cum as she could manage.

"Damn, tha was amazin," the druil commented while sliding his big cock from her used anus. The sensation it created as it slipped from her ass caused another involuntary orgasm. His cum followed the cock out, draining to the ground from her gaping ass. Gar grabbed the back of Armyni's hair once more, pulling her still suckling mouth off the leaking donkey cock and demanded, "now clean this filthy cock you slave."

She complied without the least bit of opposition. Opening her mouth and lips as far as they would go, she pushed her head down on his cock as he forced it in, pressing the back of her head. She moaned wildly on his cock, bobbing her head fast and hard, all the while tonguing the shaft as best she could. She savored the flavor of his cum and her ass spread across it. It was an unconscious decision that caused her to move one hand down to her clit as the other toyed with his balls.

The druil's crude comments were only background noise, she sucked as hard as she could, wanting, needing his cum in her mouth. She was not even startled when she felt two soft hands spread her ass cheeks and a familiar tongue delve into her open, drooling ass. She groaned louder. Though Gar had just cum in her ass, she could feel his cock reharden to it fullest once more. She could feel Elyza being rocked back and forth and surmised that Baq was fucking her again. As Elyza brought her to yet another orgasm with her tongue, Gar erupted in her throat, sending his cum blasting down her windpipe.

By the time Armyni had sucked the last drop and pulled her mouth off from around the druil's dick, Elyza was fast at work on Baq's.

"Looks like ol' Bruiser woul' like a go," Baq laughed, motioning to the donkey, its cock hanging nearly to the ground.

"Fuck, tha's a huge cock, could do 'er in, Mardar said not to let nothin happen to this un, but..." he trailed off, moving towards Elyza. He grabbed the unsuspecting girl by the arm and hurled her to towards a stall fence. Elyza slammed up against it, momentarily winded.

"Don' you go movin, slave!" he barked, "come on, Baq, grab Bruiser, he's un gonna ge' him a piece uh dat!"

Elyza and Armyni were both terrified, but short of options. Gar and Baq led the bewildered donkey over to the frightened girl, pushing her once more hard up against the stall, forcing her to bend over against it. They attempted at goading him on to mount her, but the donkey had no idea of what he was doing.

"Ge' over here and ge' this damn donkey goin bitch!" Gar ordered Armyni.

Armyni quickly moved over and ducked under his belly and began sucking on his massive cock once more, all the while stroking his length. Gar forced his nose to Elyza's wet cunt, but the donkey was as clueless as ever.

"Grab his leg," Gar finally suggested. Baq knew exactly what he had in mind. They each took hold of one of the donkey's forelegs and hoisted him up over Elyza, bringing his hooves down to rest against the top rail of the wooden stall. His dick, still in Armyni's hands, dangled down against Elyza's back.

"Now help 'im geh it in there!" Gar commanded Armyni.

She looked around nervously, she hated to abed in the raping of Elyza, but she was unsure of what to do. She stalled for a moment and placed her lips to its head.

"Didn' say suck it slave, I said stick tha' fat donkey dick in yer friends slick cun' or I'll come shov' it up 'er ass," he threatened.

Armyni whimpered.

"Its okay," Elyza whispered.

Armyni looked up at her pleadingly with sad, regretful eyes. Elyza nodded in reassurance. She stood with both hands up against the stall, bent over, with her rear jutting out to meet the donkey's haunches.

"I am sorry," Armyni silently mouthed, hoisting the heavy cock up, placing its flaring head at the entrance to Elyza's cunt. A glob of Baq's cum was leaking out.

Armyni continued to stroke it gently as she lifted it and pressed it into Elyza. It was much wider than her hole, and she had to perform a bit of maneuvering to stuff it past her cunt's lips. However, once the donkey felt the warm, moist cunt around his cock, he began to catch on and went into action.

Armyni shrieked and fell backward when the donkey, without warning, thrust forward, driving himself into Elyza. Elyza cried out in pain, but held her position. The donkey thrust forward again, driving more and more of himself into her. He was hee-hawing like only a donkey could, slowly, but forcefully pounding himself in. His cock glistened from Elyza's juices as he pulled it out to plunge back in.

Armyni had only last night been at the receiving end of a horse, but there was something different witnessing the action take place. She hurt for her friend, but could not help being turned on by the bestial action. Gar and Baq were obviously aroused as well as both were stroking their cocks to it. Gar then moved over to Armyni and forced her to suck his cock again. Baq then lifted her up and slammed his cock into her drenched pussy, right to the hilt. Armyni continued watching Elyza and Bruiser out of the corner of her eyes as Gar and Baq rocked her back and forth between them.

Bruiser had bottomed out within Elyza, but half of his cock still remained. Elyza was pleading for mercy, but still moaning like a wanton whore. The donkey was thrusting with such force that his cock would give and bow from the force as it slammed into her cervix. Fortunately, ol' Bruiser did not last much longer, but erupted within Elyza, his thick cum exploding back out around his cock. The scene was more than either druil could take and came almost simultaneously within Armyni. Their hot cum provided Armyni with her final orgasm as well, this one so hard that her knees buckled and the druils let her collapse to the floor, cum dribbling from her mouth and cunt.

Almost on cue, another druil popped his head into the stables, "Nough fun you two, we're moving out!"

Gar and Baq rushed into action.

"Ya herd 'em slaves, ge' movin!"

Gar and Baq moved hurriedly to ready their own mounts, leaving Elyza and Armyni to slowly pull themselves together. Their most recent abuse was no trivial incident, especially for Elyza, she was left hobbling around most awkwardly. Her legs were coated from cunt to ankle with wet donkey cum. Fortunately, they had little to do to ready themselves to depart. Nothing in fact. Dashing Armyni's hopes, the druils did not bother providing the naked girls even with rags to clean themselves, much less cover with.

Once they had all mounted, Gar and Baq atop their two horses and the girls atop Bruiser, they exited the stable and fell in line within the forming column. Armyni was further disheartened by the sheer number of armed druils taking formation. Her heart ached for those doomed souls in the north. The soldiers were very lively, excited and proud to be marching to victory. The disheveled and dirty Armyni and Elyza drew many odd stares and catcalls from those nearby.

The girls were lucky to have Bruiser. The column moved fast and the unshaded sun of the plains was

unforgiving. Armyni's bare skin turned as dark as Elyza's. Even though most of the druils were on foot, carrying heavy gear and little water, spirits were still high. That is until the third day of their march, when they neared the first stop of their journey, a northern fortress Mardar had built to gather soldiers and supplies as a jumping off point. The fort was within a days march of the mountains.

As the sun began to set on this day, so did the high spirits. The column became tense and quiet. Distressed looking riders raced up and down the lines. Nervous eyes watched them pass, then darted back to the tree line. The tales of their last defeat at the hands of Saibalt were still fresh. Now that they were far from the walls of the City, their courage began to fade. Fear of the humans was an unknown emotion of the druils and most were unsure of how to cope with it. Elyza seemed amused by it, and cheerful.

They had left the flat grasslands of the plains behind them and now traveled through rolling hills. As they moved through a low point between two hills, Armyni noticed for the first time several spiraling pillars of smoke rising in the distance. Even Gar and Baq seemed on edge now. They all road near the head of the column. As they crested another hill, Armyni gasped as she saw a black and charred landscape. Nubs of burnt logs that used to form walls and buildings were spread throughout. Small fires still burned randomly across the razed camp. Nearly unrecognizable druil corpses were littered amongst them.

"Keep moving! Keep moving! Double time now!" Mardar could be heard bellowing from ahead.

One of his deputies came rushing past, repeating his orders. The column picked up the pace, arching around the burnt camp. All eyes were searching across the rubble. Murmurs were growing. It was then Armyni heard a familiar snapping of a loosed bow, but not just one, hundreds of them. She turned to her right to look to where the sound had come from. Others imitated her motion. Hundreds of arrows rose from the distant tree line, filling the air, their line of path straight towards the column.

The line broke, druils scattered every which way.

Mardar could be heard hollering for them to hold the line, but none were listening. The druils did not carry a shield, they had never had a need for one, and were left defenseless against the falling arrows. The wails of those struck were heard all around. Bruiser was spooked by the sudden commotion and sprinted himself back towards the burnt camp and began bucking, throwing the girls from his back. Recovering, the Armyni and Elyza huddled together, looking for a safe path to take.

Struck druils were dropping dead and wounded left and right. While some fled, most of the commanders had begun leading a charge up the hill towards the tree line.

"To the hill! To the hill!" Mardar's voice trailed off as he himself road down the line.

Armyni's gut was telling her to flee with the others, but she could not break her gaze from the tree line. The suspense of what would follow was unbearable. Not even Elyza's pleas as she tugged on her arm were enough. The charging druils fell one by one. Then, as they reached the top, their battle yells were drowned out all at once by something much louder, much fiercer. Thousands of humans came dashing out of the trees to meet the druils. Armyni had never seen anything like it. She could not have imagined anything like it. So many humans, so many druils, charging each other. And these humans were no forest people, dressed in deer hide, no. They were well armored, well armed soldiers. The sun glinted off their silvery metal shields, swords, and spears. The beautiful colors of their uniforms stood in contrast with the earthen colors of the druils' sodden clothes. Armyni held



her breath as they charged each other.

Just as their lines crashed together, a horn sounded to Armyni's left. She snapped her head to face that direction, just in time to see a line of cavalry come charging through the thick smoke, dashing towards the druils' flank. At first Armyni remained frozen, awestruck. These humans were like none she had ever seen. They wore the most glorious of armor and colorful clothe, like the infantry atop the hill. They wielded their sharp and shiny swords and spears in the air. Their line was fast and disciplined. Who knew how, but she spotted him almost immediately. From this distance, she did not know how she knew, but she knew it was him, the northerner that had come to the forest and asked for her peoples help, the northerner she had become smitten with from the first time she had seen him, the northerner she had witnessed slaughter countless druils effortlessly during the raid. He had escaped, he had survived. Of course he had.

Her heart skipped a beat as he lead the charge into the thick of the druils. She could not stand it. She looked to the closest fallen druil and dashed for his weapon.

"What are you doing!" Elyza barked.

Armyni did not stop to argue, but picking up the weapon, she turned and darted to the thick of it all, hurrying towards her love. Her first victim was taken offguard, stunned by the naked female slave wielding a crude druil sword. He had not even raised a defense. Her next had his back to her as she drove the tip of her sword into him. Her third had his sword raised high above his head, ready to bring it down on a wounded human when she stabbed her own into him. Like lightning she continued into the heart of the fight, slaying countless druils as she went, dodging every attempt one made at her.

And there, at the very center of the fight, she spotted him. He was moving just as graceful, just as deadly as she had seen him before. The sight of him stopped her in her tracks. But then the worst happened. Even as fast as he was, there were at least five druils fighting him at once. One, then two were dropped, but then one swung a heavy club at him, and though he blocked it, it knocked him backwards, tripping over the body of a druil he fell to his back, his sword went flying from his hand.

Armyni did not hear the scream that issued from her lips, she did not know how she reached him so quickly, but before the first who had moved to strike at him could, she had run her sword through him. Turning to face the new attacker, the second druil was stunned to see the nude woman before him. Armyni split his skull. The third lunged at her. She tried to pull her sword from the second druil, but it would not budge. She was forced to abandon it and dive out of the way of the charging druil. She made it just in time. She scrambled as fast she could to another sword lying on the ground and picked it up and turned around just in time to protect herself from the druil swinging his sword at her. She blocked it but the force of his blow sent her flying backwards. He moved in for the kill, but before he reached her, another blade was driven through his back and out his chest. The northerner was standing behind him.

Armyni was heaving from the fight, trying to catch her breathe. Her adreneline was racing. The northerner stood dazed, staring down at her, and she back up at him.

"What...how" he murmured, stunned.

At first, Armyni could have jumped for joy, she had long dreamed of this moment. But as she stared into his blue eyes, his gaze broke from her's and drifted down across her body, and the fact that she was completely nude came rushing back to her. She was nude and again amongst humans. It was a strange sensation. These were free humans, and sophisticated. For how long now had she been a

slave, been left naked, been abused and humiliated in the worst kinds of ways? Utterly ashamed, Armyni turned and scrambled to her feet and fled in the opposite direction.

"Wait!" he called after her.

As bad as she wanted to stop and run back into his arms, she could not be seen by him like this. She knew that he was chasing after her, but the battle was not quite yet over and she was able to lose him in the mayhem. As she reached the edge of the battlefield, she could not believe her eyes. The druils were fleeing in every direction. Mardar's army had been defeated before it was even allowed to put up a decent fight. The last stragglers were being put down. Only the backs of the druils could be seen as they retreated the way they had come, back towards the City. The calvary advanced on them to run them down.

She ran back to where she had left Elyza, praying she was still okay. She was. She had not moved an inch, but stood in the very spot Armyni had left her, shock upon her face. Elyza's jaw dropped as she approached.

"What?" Armyni asked concerned.

"You," Elyza answered, staring up and down Armyni.

"Huh?" Armyni responded looking down at her body. It was filthy, covered in dirt and blood, but she did not have a scratch on her, well, except those healing on her back and hips.

"You are absolutely crazy!" Elyza stuttered, "that was...that was, amazing!"

Armyni smiled back. "Are you okay," she asked.

"Fine, none seemed to notice me, which was good, I couldn't move," she admitted.

"I can't believe this, Elyza," Armyni said as she moved to the nearest druil and began to cut cloth from his limp body. "We've beat them, Elyza, we are free at last!"

"What are you doing?" Elyza asked her.

Armyni frowned a bit, "we're free Elyza, these are free peoples, look at us."

A confused look came over Elyza's face. She looked over Armyni before she looked over herself. Her continued baffled look told Armyni she did not get it.

"In the free world, Elyza, people wear clothes," Armyni informed her as she wrapped a piece of rope around her waist, tying it into a knot on one side of her hip.

"Oh," Elyza responded in an almost hurt tone.

Armyni then realized, that except for their short lived escape, Elyza had never been in the free world, and Armyni had never seen her covered with anything. Being nude was natural for Elyza.

"Here," Armyni said as she threw some cut rags at Elyza and then continued to dress herself. Elyza stared blankly at the dirty cloth, unsure of what exactly to do with it. She then looked to Armyni to see how she was dressing. With the rope belt now tied around her waist, Armyni took a long, thick piece of clothe, tucked it first into the front, three-quarters of the way, allowing the first-quarter of it to hang down in the front. She then slipped the remainder between her legs to cover her sex, pulled it up through, and over the rope in the back, and allowed the remainder to drape over her butt. A

makeshift loin cloth.

As Armyni had her back to the now calming battlefield, she noticed they were perhaps the only women, and that many of the nearest men were staring at them and drawing others attention towards them. Not having a rape to create the loin cloth that Armyni had, Elyza simply tied her piece around her waist. Armyni then took another long piece and tore it in half, throwing one strip to Elyza. Armyni then took her own half and first tied a knot in the very center of the piece, then, positioning that knot between her cleavage she wrapped the rest around her chest to cover her breasts, then tying it together in the middle of her back. Elyza mimicked her.

The victorious army was now congregating towards the center of the battlefield. They were enthralled and began chanting their commander's name, "Sai-balt, Sai-balt, Sai-balt!"

Intrigued as Armyni was of this obviously skilled leader, she still had only one face in mind. It was a most handsome face, but she did not understand why she felt this way, she had hardly ever spoken to him, she did not even know his name, but she knew she loved him, and she needed to find him, she needed to see him.

"Come on," Armyni demanded as she took hold of Elyza's hand and pulled her towards the celebration. Boggled eyes followed the two beautiful girls as they pushed their way through the mob. She did not know where she was going, but as she had charged into the battle earlier, she knew he would be somewhere at the center. He was important to the army, he was a leader, and she knew she would find him there at the heart of it all. And though she could not explain it, she felt something odd, as if something was gravitating her towards him, that this feeling was leading her to him.

And her instincts were right. There, walking through the army was her love, and apparently at the very side of Saibalt. The army was still chanting, "Sai-balt, Sai-balt," and turning to face the group that her man was a part of. Her knees grew weak. Butterflies filled her stomach. She had never felt this emotion before. She pushed further along, working her way into the line of their path, hoping, praying that he would see her, that he would notice her, that he would remember her.

'What if he didn't,' Armyni panicked, 'but why would he,' she frowned. Just as the group neared, Armyni became distraught as they turned right and began making their way in another direction. Just as her heart dropped to her stomach, the unbelievable happened.

"Armyni? Armyni!" she heard a very familiar voice call. She turned, frantically searching for the face that belonged to that voice, 'it was true.'

There, shoving his way towards his daughter, was Armyni's father, Olyver. He had been walking with Saibalt's party. Olyver nearly knocked her over as he swallowed her in his arms, crushing her to his body. Armyni let go of Elyza's hand and wrapped her arms around him, sobbing as she did so.

"Oh, dad, I did not think I would ever see you again," she managed through the sobs. She could feel her father's own wet tears drop down onto her.

"Armyni, oh Armyni, how did you ever make it here, I cannot imagine what you must have gone through?"

He could never imagine, and she never intended for him to.

"And you," she asked, wiping away her tears, "how did you escape, how did you find your way here?"

Olyver stared at her for a long moment, savoring the reunion with his daughter.

"I searched for you, day and night, I did not want to believe you had been captured." Another tear streamed down his cheek, "but there is plenty of time now for us to catch up, Saibalt wants to move the army back immediately. That was just the head of the druil line. They were not expecting us to come out and attack them. He believes their general was attempting to set a trap, offer a soft target then bring a larger force around to hit our flank, come between us and the mountains, but we struck first, caught them off guard, but their main force is still close, we have to get back to The Ruin."

"What do you..." but her father grabbed her hand and began to lead the way. Armyni quickly grabbed Elyza's hand and toted her along as well.

"And who are you, miss?" he asked, noticing Armyni was pulling another along.

Armyni answered for her.

"Her name is Elyza, we have been together since I was captured."

The army's chanting died down and all began to drift north towards the hue of the mountains in the evening sky.

"You will not believe it, Armyni, I could not believe it. It was the most amazing thing I have ever seen. I did not know men could build such things. The Ruin, our city, it is amazing. But I could never explain it to you, you will just have to see it to believe it for yourself."

Armyni had not yet thought of it, she was going to the human city. Still though, she wanted to see the one she long for, the one she knew only as the northerner.

"Father, do you remember the northerner..." she began to ask, but Olyver laughed and turned back to smile at her.

"How could I forget, he saved my life, he saved all of our lives, anxious to see him again?" he teased as Armyni blushed under his playful stare.

"I...its just..."

"Don't worry, you will get to meet him, turns out he is quite popular around here," he mused, as if there was some type of underlying meaning to what he was saying.

~~~~

XI.THE RUIN

The army snaked its way loosely up into the mountains. They marched throughout the night without rest. The path was just as it had been explained to Armyni previously. They made their way into the valley that separated to two high identical peaks. They followed it to the left then to the right when it forked, into a canyon, and before Armyni had realized it, they were at the gates of The Ruin. It was already dawn of the next day. The stone wall was built right across the canyon into the mountain itself. The wall was daunting in and of itself, twice as tall as the druils' City walls, with even taller towers.

The journey had been walked in near silence, but Armyni had never released either her father's or Elyza's hand. There was a lot on her mind, mostly the northerner she longed to see again, if only

from a distance would make her happy. She fretted still over the news that a larger druil army was still coming for them. She thought they had won, that they had beaten back Mardar's mighty army, but then again she knew it could not have been so easy. One thing she knew for sure, she would never again be taken alive.

She had almost forgotten, and hated to reveal it, but, "father, the druils, they know where to find us, they know where to find The Ruin...we...I..."

"I know."

Armyni looked questioningly back towards her father.

"Saibalt made sure of it," he remarked with a smirk on his face."

"What, I..."

"That is the plan, strike first, destroy his bait army before he got it in place, retreat back behind the wall and let the druils come try to attack us here. We'll kill the lot," he stated with confidence.

Armyni made to retort, after all she had been through, she could have just told the druils, 'but would they have treated her any better regardless? No.'

Only a gasp made it past her lips, as they now entered The Ruin's gates and the sight of the white city took her breath away.

"I know," Olyver said in response to the awestruck look on both of the girls' faces, "was my reaction exactly when I first saw it too!"

Behind the gates, the canyon opened up into a wide, sparse space, that was filled by a white stone and marbled city. A city of humans, free humans. There was not a ruin to speak of. All was new and intact. Beautiful. Armyni could not believe her eyes. Elyza was in outright tears.

"You must be exhausted, I will show you to my quarters where you can bathe and rest..."

"NO!" Elyza outright yelled, though quickly correcting herself, "sorry, I only meant, there is so much I want to see."

"Armyni?" her father asked, but she was staring wide eyed off into the distance, already walking away from them to begin to explore.

"Well, come on then, there is much indeed to see!"

The main road leading through the city was a wide avenue paved with white limestone. Shops and bakeries, open air markets and cafes, smiths and jewelers, and others lined it down on either side as far as the eye could see. Other buildings rose up behind them. The architecture was amazing and of fine detail. It was much like the druils' city, but no druils, and far, far more splendid. The Ruin was spread across the valley and, like the wall, built right up into the mountains. The girls could see fabulous looking villas perched upon the slopes looking down upon them.

They spent most of the day wandering aimlessly, catching up and telling of their different stories. Olyver gave them the full tour, showing them through the market and on to the majestic forum where they debated law. He showed them the great archives of the library and the university Saibalt had built. He walked them by the hospital and the armories and barracks. He showed them the

theater and the hippodrome. Olyver did most of the talking as the girls were left nearly completely speechless.

In between giving the stories of the various buildings and important people of the Ruin, he told them of his own tale of his escape and journey northward, his own surprise of seeing the city and of his acclamation to it. Armyni's father had become an important individual himself here, being given the rank of Marshall. Most of all though, the girls heard and learned in detail of the Ruin's founder and revered leader, Saibalt. Of his glorious deeds and victories, of his mercy and of his justice. All seemed possible with him.

In turn, Armyni revealed only the basics of her capture and interrogation, of her enslavement and the escape. She spoke nothing of the kennel or of the other horrors she experienced and witnessed at the hands of the druils. She did tell him of the druil city, and of Mardar, as well as the druils' view of the humans and why they treat them so, though she neglected to tell of the Healing Ceremony and the role she played.

Olyver was most intrigued by Elyza's story, and her tale of being raised under the fists of the druils. Though Elyza was not nearly as bashful of her own sufferings, she spared the more perverse details for Armyni's sake. Olyver hung on her every word.

They toured the Ruin non-stop the entire day. As the sun began to set behind the mountains, Olyver showed them to his, as he had described it, "quarters," thought such a description was far too modest. It sat half way up the side of the mountain and was built mostly of marble. They entered into the main social room which was so spacious it had to be supported by marble and granite columns. Ruth, her father's care taker was waiting there to greet them. She was a sweet, older lady, that looked after the house for him. The "quarters" consisted of several rooms, two of which he offered to each of the girls, a study, a kitchen, a dining room, and then finally, the the bath. Sweet aromas of oils and soaps drifted from the room. It was one of the largest of the house, stoned entirely of different colored marble. At the very center was a square, shallow pool.

"Well then, I will leave you two at it. You'll be able to clean up here, I am starting to become weary from the smell," he teased. "I will have Ruth bring you down some towels and some decent clothes. Take your time, I have to be off, duty calls at the barracks, won't be back 'til late. Love you, its too good to be true to have you back," he said, kissing Armyni on the forehead. "And it is great to have another addition to the family," he added, giving Elyza a firm hug.

With that, Olyver turned and departed, closing the door behind him. Armyni and Elyza trashed the rags they were wearing and sunk into the hot pool. A cloud of brown and red fanned out from around them in the water. Armyni dunked herself, scrubbing out her hair. Elyza found some soaps and the two took turns washing each others bodies. They did not get too carried away but did take liberties with each other while washing the other, probing fingers, slipping in kisses and the like.

Following the bath, Armyni walked out onto the balcony that overlooked part of the mountain to allow her body to air dry. The cool night air felt amazing on her skin. Ruth had only just come in to set some soft cotton towels and two white cotton robes on a bench for the girls.

The view was incredible, being here felt wonderful. As she looked out over the valley, she could not believe how much her fortunes had just changed in a day, here at this marbled bath of her lost father's house, amongst a city of free humans, built by humans, run by humans, and not a druil in sight. And somewhere out there was the one her heart longed for.

It was at that very moment, winding down a narrow path of the mountain in the shadow of the

evening was he, the one she longed for. She could not make out his face from here, but she was sure it was him. Trailing faithfully at his side was his wondrous looking dog.

"Think I am going to go for another walk through the city," Armyni said as she hurriedly came back into the bath house and went to her closet to find something to wear.

Elyza, still lounging in the warm waters of the bath, was alarmed by Armyni's sudden haste.

"Well, give me one second and I will come with you," Elyza said as she rose from the pool to dry herself.

"Really, you don't have to."

Elyza was taken aback for a moment from this statement. Seeing Elyza's expression, Armyni recovered, "I only meant, it's been a long day, if you were tired, if you wanted to keep relaxing in the bath..."

"No, this place is amazing, I don't know if I will ever be able to sleep."

"Well, if you are coming, hurry up then."

"What's the rush?"

"Oh, nevermind, just come along then."

In line with the Ruin's fashion, the girls dressed their bodies with the two white robes Ruth had brought. They were short, falling only a few inches below their genitalia. The robe opened in the front, allowing Armyni to drape it across her back while pushing her arms through either sleeve. She folded the front together, overlapping one piece on top of the other. She looked at herself in the mirror in the bathhouse. Though simple, it was beautiful, and seductive. A snow white, it complemented her tan skin well. The top of the robe was wide, only coming together at a vee at the top of her abdomen, revealing much of her cleavage, and only just covering each of her nipples. She tied a fine rope belt about her waste to hold it closed. Armyni fluttered when she saw Elyza in her own white robes. This was the first she had seen Elyza cleaned and finely dressed. She was magnificent looking.

The two then rushed down to the path, though Elyza did not know why. She did notice that once they made it down to the street that Armyni was craning her neck every which way in an attempt to search for something, or someone.

"What's going on?" Elyza finely asked.

"Uh," Armyni initially stumbled, "fine. At the bath, when I was on the balcony, I saw him, I saw him coming down the path, and I...I don't know, just hoped to see him again."

"Oh," Elyza laughed, "that at least makes sense, you were acting a bit strange."

"Oh, come off it," Armyni laughed in turn, pushing against Elyza's shoulder.

But just then Elyza froze.

"What?" Armyni asked.

Elyza took Armyni by the shoulders and turned her slowly around. Standing just in the distance

speaking with several others was the northerner. She then noticed that these others included two very attractive women. For the first time in her life she felt the bitter sting of jealousy. He had not noticed them but his dog turned to face them and whimpered, drawing his attention.

Embarrassed by being caught staring at him, they both turned and continued walking down the street. From the corner of her eye, Armyni could see that his gaze was following them as he said a few rushed good-byes to his company.

"Wait!" he called out to the girls. Unsure of what to do, they hurriedly whispered to one another as they continued walking.

"Wait, please!" he again called while walking briskly in their direction.

Elyza continued on while Armyni turned to face him.

"Hello," he offered, as if struggling for something more to say.

"Hello," Armyni responded in a magical tone.

"Your friend..."

"She was tired, she is heading back to my father's,"

"Oh, I see," he said, a huge smile born across his face. "And your father, he is Olyver, yes?"

Armyni, astonished he had recognized her, could only nod.

"And that must mean that you are Armyni?"

Armyni's jaw dropped and she remained speechless for a moment. "I do not recall giving you my name."

The northerner laughed, scratching his head awkwardly for a moment, "Your father and I have become very good friends, I am not sure if you remember me, but I was the one who came to your clan in the forest," Armyni laughed inside at this, as if she could forget him, "but since then I have come to learn a lot about you. Forgive me but I feel as though I already know you."

"Oh," was all Armyni could say.

The northerner looked down at his feet, as if ashamed, "and you will have to forgive me for sending you to the river, I should have stayed with you. The druils, who could have imagined they would have come up with something so clever? It is that Mardar," he said his name with obvious malice, "All his doing. But, nevermind that, I can't tell you what a joy it is to have you with us. How in the world did you..."

But Armyni was still speechless from this revelation, she could only shake her head.

"That was you, on the battlefield today?"

Armyni blushed, turning a deep red, "We were brought with his army, he wanted me to lead him to the Ruin."

"Should have never left your side," he again mumbled.

"Nevermind that, I never got your name?" she asked.

"That is because I never offered it," he mused, his spirits again rising, though Armyni seemed affronted by this.

"What is a name worth anyways, I wish you only to get to know me, not my name."

Armyni was confused by this.

"You may call me Sebastian," he finally offered.

"Well, Sebastian," she smiled gleefully at him, it was a pleasure to finally get to meet you."

"Was?" Sebastian asked as if wounded.

Armyni looked to the sky, the evening had faded to night, "it is getting late."

"Oh, but of course, may I walk you home?"

"That would be very welcomed."

Armyni and Sebastian, trailed by his black dog, made their way down the street and up the mountain path with innocent conversation. Reaching her father's house, they turned to face each other. Without warning, he took her face in his hands and drew her lips to his, kissing her firmly for a long moment. It took all the strength Armyni had not to melt in his grasp, to collapse and ruin their first kiss. She was distraught when he finally broke from her.

"Armyni, I must admit, after all this time I have spent dreaming of this moment, it is difficult to let you go."

Armyni's heart practically leapt from her chest. He shared her feelings. Armyni bit her lip in contemplation. More than anything she wanted to stay with him but then again she did not want to seem too eager. In the end, she knew she could not resist him.

She slipped from beneath his hands that had fallen to her shoulders and turned to face the valley.

"It is all so overwhelming, so beautiful. I spent the whole day touring the city and still seem unable to get enough. And you Sebastian, where in this fine city do you stay?" She ended, while turning shyly to look at him over her shoulder.

His eyes bulged in their sockets. "Just...Just up the path here," he stumbled. "I know it's late but I would be more than happy to give you the tour."

She turned back to face the city, smiling to herself. She had done it. She let him sweat it for a moment before answering.

"Armyni...I only meant...I mean, if you are tired..." he stuttered, unable to read her, unsure of her reaction to his blatant invitation.

"Yes, I just cannot resist the temptation of this place. My father described his house as 'quarters,' I can only imagine what palace you must live in."

"So you will come with me then?" he asked in disbelief.

Armyni smiled bashfully and nodded. They walked hand in hand up the path to what was exactly that, a palace. Like the rest of the city, it was built with marble, and in addition a good amount of gold and silver. The gardens about it were well kept and filled with various flowering plants, trees, and vines. Sculptures of beings unknown to Armyni were placed throughout. Several servants were waiting for him. They seemed surprised to see Armyni with him.

"You must be a very important man around here?"

"Oh, I don't know about that."

"You have a very beautiful house," Armyni said as he led her inside. "I don't think your help likes me much."

"No, its not that. They are just not used to me bringing a woman back with me. Ever in fact."

This comforted Armyni, " I am sure that is what you tell all the..." but before she could finish, Sebastian took her in his arms once again and kissed her passionately. This time he did not end the kiss. Armyni pushed back against him just as fiercely. Their tongues roled into each others mouths. They stumbled across the antechamber, bumping into furniture, knocking some of it over, but never daring to break the kiss. He guided her through a doorway to what was obviously his bedroom. This only further excited Armyni.

She ripped open his robes, rubbing her hands across his muscular chest as his carressed her body, reaching around and grasping her voluptuous butt and pulled her closer to him by it. She easliy unfastened his belt as he fumbled with the hers. She could already feel her juices running from her pussy. He wore nothing below his robes, and eventually her hands traced down his rock hard body, over his abs, to his growing cock. Now unabashed, Amryni gripped it tightly in one of her hands. She felt the large member throb in her grip.

As they continued to kiss and make their way to the center of the room, where Armyni, from the corner of her eye could make out a lavish bed, Sebastian finally undid her belt and let her robes fell open. They were now at the edge of the bed. Sebastian, to Armyni's dissappointment, broke the kiss for the first time. He took a step back to get a full view of Armyni's now revealed body. He could hardly contain himself, and whimpered when Armyni allowed the open robe to fall to the ground at her feet. After taking a good long look at her, he through himself upon her, knocking her back onto the bed. They once again brought their mouths together in a lustful kiss.

Sebastian shook his robes from his shoulders. He grasped one of Armyni's thighs, just above the knee, and pulled it up to wrap around him. He began to grind his pelvis into hers, and she into his. He broke the kiss again and traced his mouth and tongue down over her chin, kissing and sucking along her neck and back to her ear.

"Please!" she begged, "Please, take me, I can't stand it, please" she continued whispering and heaving.

With his sex pressed firmly against hers, their heat intense, he held himself up with his arms on either side of her head. He looked deeply into her eyes for a long moment.

"This is just crazy, but I know it for sure now, I felt it the first time I saw you. I love you, Armyni, daughter of Olyver."

Armyni could restrain herself no longer, "I love you!" she practically yelled at him, reaching up to pull his lips back to hers.

Again they began passionately kissing, and in between them Armyni again managed to murmur, "please, take me!"

Sebastian reached down to take hold of his penis and line it up with Armyni's sex. He forced the head of his cock between her cunt's lips and traced it up and down her crevice, coating it with her fluids. Already Armyni's moans began. Then, lining it up with her entrance, Sebastian slowly pressed forward, spreading her pussy about his cock as he slid into her.

"Yes," Armyni gasped as he entered her.

A quarter of the way in he paused and shifted his hips slightly, allowing her to adjust to him. Armyni was not used to this treatment. He drew back a bit and then pressed forward further, burying half of his large cock within her. He repeated the previous, gyrating his hips a bit to warm her up. Armyni pushed back against him. Further he sank into her.

By this point, her channel was flushed with juices and he began to slide easily within her, but still he drew back and pushed forward slowly, entering her only slightly deeper with each thrust. Sebastian moved from her mouth, to her neck, to her ear and back as he fucked into her. Finally his pelvis pressed against hers once more as his cock had now buried itself completely within her. Armyni moaned loudly into the night.

From there, Sebastian began to pick up the pace. Running one hand up and down her leg that was curled about him, he began thrusting harder into her, drawing ever louder moans from Armyni. Harder and harder he pounded into her, pushing her moans to near screams. Armyni bit her lip to keep from waking the whole city. But this became more and more difficult as her orgasm mounted.

With the sex in the air, Sebastian's watching dog began to whimper, reminding them of their audience. Sebastian laughed, "Sorry, forgot all about him, I can have him put out?"

"No," Armyni moaned, pulling Sebastian back down to her. She did not want the dog put out, but she regretted this at the same time. As Sebastian continued thrusting into her, her thoughts drifted to the magnificent beast, of his red cock, of sucking it while Sebastian fucked her.

"No," she again mumbled, trying to push the images from her mind. Sebastian had no clue.

But the perverse images stuck with her, and were enough to send her over the edge, losing her orgasm. Her screams of ecstasy coupled with her drenched, steaming pussy wrapped tightly around his cock were more than Sebastian could take. His cock throbbed, erupting deep within her. His hot cum shot within her, forcing another mind shattering orgasm from her. Sebastian continued thrusting into her, emptying his balls within her cunt. He shook atop her as she convulsed below him.

Out of breath and drained of energy, Sebastian collapsed atop the panting Armyni. Resting for a moment, he built up the strength to roll off of her.

"That was amazing," he managed to whisper between the gasps for air.

Armyni rested a moment herself, to regain her strength, then rolled over to him. She kissed him once more before she began working her way down. She kissed over his chin, down his neck. She kissed across his chest to suck and lick on his nipples. She made her way down his stomach, until finally his cock. It was coated in her own juices as well as his cum. It was already going soft. She took the base of it in her hand, and without hesitation, dropped her head onto it, sucking the whole thing into her mouth.

She savored the taste, and sucked long and hard on it. As it began to regrow, she started to bob her head up and down on it, while messaging his balls with one hand. Sebastian began to moan as loud as she had. She could feel the cum he had deposited within her began to seep from her cunt. Just as it began to bead at the end of her slit, ready to drop onto the bed, she felt a wide, smooth tongue swipe across it, licking it up. Armyni gasped, drawing Sebastian's attention.

"Get out of here you lousy mutt!" Sebastian roared at the dog. He attempted to sit up to bat at him, but Armyni did not move. Instead she kept her wondrous move locked about his cock, preventing him from sitting all the way up, and as she seemed not to mind the dog, and continued to suck on him enthusiastically, his thoughts melted and he slumped back onto the bed.

Even though Armyni was not putting up a protest, Sebastian apologized and again tried to yell at the dog to get lost, but ensnared by the scent, the dog would brave a lot worse before he would be scared off. Armyni was afraid of how Sebastian might react to her lack of resistance to a dog lapping at her cunt, but she was too much a slave to her own lust to act. Seeing that she was not minding, Sebastian eventually gave up his protests and laid back down to enjoy the amazing blow job he was receiving. He propped himself up on his elbows now though, so that he could witness the action. Though he had tried to shoo the dog off for Armyni's sake, this was his ultimate fantasy that he never dared to believe would come true. He was on edge as to the suspense of what would happen next. He loved Armyni but he too was a slave to his lust. He longed to see his dog, Aden, mount a woman.

He was afraid that Armyni was just too caught up in the heat of the moment to realize what was happening and that at any moment she would become alarmed and blame him. But she didn't. His dog continued to lap at her cunt, delving his sweet tongue deeper into her pussy and across her sensitive clit and asshole. Armyni moaned loudly over Sebastian's dick. As far as he could tell, she was enjoying the sensation. The erotic scene was too much for him. He had to fight back the urges to explode in her mouth. He feared that if he did so he would bring an end to his fantasy, and he dared not test that, for he could see the pink tip of his dog's cock beginning to emerge. Soon, the moment of truth.

It was during her third orgasm that it happened. Armyni was so overcome by the insane climax that she buried her face down into Sebastian's pubic, forcing his cock into her throat to smother the outlandish screams the dog was causing her. She did not want to show Sebastian what pleasure he was giving her, but she was too weak to stop it. It was then that the dog became satisfied with his preparation that he leapt onto her back.

The sharp claws scratching at her sides caused her to pull up off Sebastian's cock, but before she could completely, and to reasons unknown to Sebastian, he clenched the back of her head and forced her back down on his cock, holding her in place. Sebastian hated himself for it, but at the moment, just like Armyni, he was a slave to his emotions. He could not know that Armyni secretly wanted it too, that there was no reason to feel so guilty, no reason to need to hold her in place, but regardless, he did so. The struggling he felt from her was not to escape the dog, but simply for air.

At any rate, Sebastian's hard cock was buried in Armyni's throat and she was held tightly in place and the dog's weight landed onto her back. Armyni loved it. She nearly came right then. His soft fur brushed further up her as the dog scrambled forward, his haunches already pistoning. Armyni knew this routine too well. Once the dog got himself into position, his front paws wrapped firmly around her midsection, she began to feel his body rock atop her as he humped towards her sex. Already she could feel his precum splashing against her. Her mind was reeling perversely, how bad she longed to taste it. His pointed spear began jabbing against her, but the virgin dog was far from entering her. The wanton Armyni however could not wait any longer. She prayed, unsuccessfully, that Sebastian

would not be able to see her as she reached beneath herself, taking the slippery dog cock within her hand and guided it into her foaming cunt. Sebastian could not believe his luck. The first woman to claim his heart was fulfilling his most dark desire.

The scorching dog cock sent Armyni into a continuous, unending orgasm. Her whole body began to shake as the red meat plunged mercilessly into her. She forced her face as hard as she could into Sebastian in an attempt to smother her screams. His dog was big, as big as she had ever had, and was fucking her in a way that only a dog could, fiercely, savagely, beastly. Clear dog cum was already flowing from her cunt by the time she felt the knot begin to form. Armyni was slobbering over Sebastian's cock. Sebastian was in another world.

The scorching dog cock sent Armyni into a continuous, unending orgasm. Her whole body began to shake as the red meat plunged mercilessly into her. She forced her face as hard as she could into Sebastian in an attempt to smother her screams. His dog was big, as big as she had ever had, and was fucking her in a way that only a dog could, fiercely, savagely, beastly. Clear dog cum was already flowing from her cunt by the time she felt the knot begin to form. Armyni was slobbering over Sebastian's cock. Sebastian was in another world. Never had he felt like this, never had he felt such pleasure, such joy.

The dog's large knot forcing itself past her small hole caused Armyni to suck with such force, not even all of Sebastian's will could keep her from sucking his cum from his rock hard dick. As if it were another sign, never had Armyni tasted sweeter cum. She loved it. She loved Sebastian. She loved his cum. At first he was shooting it straight down her throat, but having tasted it, Armyni backed off a bit, allowing him to fill her mouth. While the animal's cock pulsed in her pussy, filling it with his dog cum, Armyni allowed Sebastian to fill her mouth, savoring every drop.

She loved it so much she did not even want to swallow, but instead held it within her cheeks, allowing it to pool within her mouth as she fished her tongue around the tip of his cock, drawing out more. Sebastian could surmise enough to imagine that his dog was now filling her with his cum. He knew enough about dogs to know about the knot and about the tie, though, of course, he did not know how this worked between a dog and a human. His curiosity was soon answered when the dog suddenly dismounted, lifting himself off Armyni's back but yet, their rear ends stayed glued together. Sebastian gulped. 'She would never forgive him for this, he was ruined, she would hate him,' he feared.

To the contrary, Armyni had come to love the knot and tie. It gave her yet another orgasm. With her lips still tight around Sebastian's cock, she slowly began to allow his cum to eke down her throat in an attempt to savor every drop. As the heat of the moment began to cool, Armyni began to almost panic. 'What would he think of her now, how could she face him? She had just fucked his dog.'

'What was done was done, she would have to face the consequences.'

Just as she was sipping the last bit of his cum, Sebastian's dog pulled from her with a loud pop and his cum poured from her pussy. Both were embarrassed, both scrambled for an explanation, for an apology, but nothing came. Armyni lifted herself from Sebastian's cock, a trail of his cum dangling from her chin, and dared to look him in the eye. They sat there for a moment, but staring into his beautiful eyes set Armyni off again, 'if he was not kicking her out yet.'

She pushed him back on the bed and straddled his hips. Taking his raging hard on in her hand, she stood it up straight and sank her dog cum drenched pussy down onto it. Sebastian did not protest, but rather his eyes rolled back into his head from the glorious feeling. There was certainly no resistance now. She sank right down onto his lap in one motion. She rocked her hips back and forth

at first before she began bouncing up and down on his firm cock, both loving every minute of it. Both, through it all, scrambled for an explanation when suddenly the dog, obviously not yet through, jumped back up onto the bed, and back up onto Armyni.

Sebastian again began to yell at his dog, but Armyni collapsed on his chest, pressing her mouth to his in a prolonged kiss. She winced as usual from the claws, but it was always worth it. Once he had her firmly in his grasp, he began thrusting at her rear. Sebastian was beside himself, 'what was happening? With himself lodged within her cunt, where was the dog...'

But just as he was having these thoughts, Armyni forced her arm and hand down her side between her ass and the dog. It was a bit awkward but she managed to find his cock and guide it to the only other hole available. His tapered tip plunged easily enough into her, but as usual, her ass was less forgiving than her cunt, it would take a bit more to adjust. The feel of his dog's cock through the thin membrane that separated her cunt from her ass, knowing that his dog was now fucking her ass as he fucked her cunt, resist all he wanted, Sebastian could not keep from cumming yet again within her cunt.

The act was still far from over though. The dog continued to fuck violently into her ass. Gradually though, her hole adjusted and she was able to enjoy the full pleasure of it. And it was nothing short of amazing. The two cocks filling her at once caused several succinct orgasms, not to mention once the knot began banging at her ass's entrance. Sebastian too was beside himself. Squirming uncontrollably beneath her, his eyes now tightly squeezed shut were rolled back. Sebastian was lost in another world. As the dog's knot finally forced itself into her ass and the dog began to fill her bowels with his cum, Sebastian somehow found a way to blow his load yet again, in unison with Armyni's exploding orgasm.

As the heat of the moment subsided, the awkwardness of the situation returned. Armyni straddling Sebastian, his spent cock now softening within her cunt, and his dog mounted across her back, his huge cock and knot locked within her ass. Neither knowing how hot and sexy it was to the other. Armyni could not stand to face him. She felt herself ruined. She buried her face in his heaving chest, still panting herself. Sebastian had his arms wrapped around her, staring at the ceiling, felt much the same way. 'How could she ever forgive him for this, for so long he had dreamed of her and in their first night together he had ruined it.'

The situation became even worse when the dog dismounted and tried to pull from Armyni, but his knot was still firmly tied within her. The pain of it caused her to shriek. Sebastian felt as though he should say something, 'but what?' Armyni thought she would die from outright embarrassment. They laid there for a long moment, the dead silence only broken by the occasional gasp from Armyni as the dog tugged at her. Not a word was spoken until finally the dog pulled from her, again with a loud plop. What was even more humiliating was the flood of dog cum the gushed from her gaping ass and down across her and onto Sebastian and his bed.

Their silence was broken as both started to speak at once, "Armyni, I," / "Sebastian, I," but they stopped and laughed, first from starting together, then just from the situation altogether. The laughing dragged on until their stomachs hurt and they could no more. By this time, Sebastian worked up the nerve to grab her by the shoulders and lift her up so that he could face her. Armyni was still afraid to look at him.

"Armyni...I...I am so sorry, I do not know what came over me..."

'You?' Armyni thought to herself, relieved a bit that he was taking the blame instead of accusing her as some wanton dog whore.

"...it just sort of happened, didn't it? Caught up in the moment? I don't know..." he finally just went for it, "but that was one of the most incredible experiences of my life."

'Incredible!?!' Armyni screamed inside, 'he thought it was incredible!?!' This was too good to be true, she was still waiting for the rub.

Sebastian read the expression on Armyni's face completely wrong. She was so overcome by his words, that he had not accused her, that he was not disgusted by her, that he thought it was incredible, she was so very elated and confused that Sebastian took the stunned look on her face as negative shock.

"...no, I'm sorry...that came out wrong....no...I only meant..."

"Shh," she whispered, placing a finger at his lips to silence him, "I don't know what that was, but it was incredible, I love you so much, I am just so happy right now."

Now Sebastian was shocked. By the sound of it, she did not hate, she loved him, she was happy, 'she thought it, incredible, too?'

They stared at each other for a brief moment as they both contemplated the others words and what they should do next. The silence that had returned was interrupted by the loud panting of Aden. They both laughed loudly once again.

"And from the looks of it, I would say your dog thought it pretty incredible as well," Armyni laughed, looking over her shoulder at Aden as he sat in the corner, licking his cock.

Sebastian laughed again at this and pulled Armyni down to him and kissed her firmly before lifting her back up so that he could speak to her.

"You are incredible Armyni. I do not know what came over myself, I am so sorry, I am so scared right now that you are really angry with me, that when I let you go you will never speak to me again."

"Angry? At you? How could I be? I love you, Sebastian, I would do anything for you. I was afraid you were going to be disgusted with me and throw me out of here when it was over."

"Armyni, you are crazy, that was the most erotic thing I have ever seen..." Sebastian hesitated for a moment, questioning himself if he wanted to reveal so much, but finally decided that he would put it all on the table, "...and to be honest with you, that has been a long, dark fantasy of mine. And then when it began happening, I loved you so much I was scared you would hate me for it, but my lust for it overpowered me and I could not stop it."

"That was a fantasy of yours? You liked to see me with your Aden?"

Sebastian answered honestly and nodded yes. Armyni threw herself back down on him and kissed him passionately once again. His cock still within her grew hard once more and Armyni gyrated her hips atop him.

"Then you will love this," Armyni said in a seductive voice as she, to Sebastian's disappointment crawled off his lap and onto the floor.

His disappointment was short lived as he watched with wide eyes, Armyni crawl over on hands and knees, right up to Aden, and take his still erect cock right into her mouth. Sebastian's cock twitched, nearly cumming right then and there. Without even looking at him, she patted her butt, beckoning

him to come and take her. Both of her holes were now slightly gaping, each leaking a bit of cum. He had never taken a girl in the ass before, and was unsure of Armyni would allow him, but Aden had after all, so he went for it.

He first sunk his hard cock into her drenched cunt, coating it once more, then pulled it out and lined it up with her anal bud. He pressed it tight there for a brief moment, showing his intentions to her and giving her a chance to protest, but she did not even flinch. Instead she continued to suck loudly on his dog's cock, Sebastian watccing intently as the red meat disappeared and reappeared from between her lips. Sebastian was in paradise. He pushed his hips forward, burying his cock within her ass.

Armyni had herself another sleepless night. They continued in this pattern all night, Armyni sucking one while the other fucked her cunt or ass. Armyni straddling one within her cunt while the other fucked her ass. She drank as much cum as she could get her mouth on. The bed and floor was a mess. It was only the emerging light at the break of dawn that brought them back to reality.

~~~~~

## **XII.VICTORY OR DEATH**

Armyni felt as though she were at the pinnacle of her life. Things could not have been much better for her. She had just been rescued from the druils, found her father, brought to the Ruin, an amazing city of free humans, and best of all, found her love, her soul mate. A virgin prior to her capture by the druils, Armyni had now developed an appetite for sex, and to her utter shame, sex with dogs. This secret plagued her up until this very morning, when she not only discovered the feelings her love had for her, but that his own dark fantasies consisted of seeing a woman mated by a dog. They were meant for each other.

Sebastian, obviously an important figure in the Ruin, had to leave for duties, but not before inviting her as his guest to the gala that evening. The Ruin would be celebrating their victory over the druils in their last battle tonight.

Armyni rushed back to her fathers to tell Elyza of the wonderful news. The house seemed empty. First she went to Elyza's room, empty. She checked the bath, the kitchen and dining room, all empty. As she turned the corner to come down the main hall, which her father's bedroom was on, she saw Elyza quietly tip toeing out of his room in the opposite direction of her with nothing but a white sheet wrapped around her.

"Elyza?" Armyni called out. Elyza froze.

"What are you doing?" Armyni asked suspiciously.

"Armyni, goodmorning!" she answered rushing forward to cut Armyni off from looking into her father's bedroom.

She caught her almost in time, grabbing her by the arm, she yanked her back down the hallway, but not before Armyni caught a glimpse of her father's naked back.

A thousand questions and accusations raced through her mind, but she waited until they were safely out of earshot, back in Elyza's room.

"What do you think you are doing!" Armyni immediatley questioned in a screaming whisper.



Elyza blushed a little, but did not back down, "I came back after you met up with your own lover last night, ran into Olyver in the kitchen. We stayed up late talking, and...well...one thing led to another."

"Elyza, but he is my father."

"So, he is an amazing man."

"But...ugh..." Armyni was furious and speechless, but in the end, she was not sure why. Elyza was her best friend, they had recently been through a lot together. She was beautiful, and Armyni knew that she was a good person. 'Why wouldn't she be good for her father?' she questioned herself.

After a long moment of internal debate under the glare of Elyza, Armyni finally relented, "No, you are right, just caught me off guard is all."

The mood instantly eased and Elyza's tight mouth turned into a wide grin.

"And you, little missy, did not come home last night, Olyver was worried about you. Don't worry, I let him know you were in good hands," she giggled, "So, are you going to tell me about it?"

The two girls spent the next hour retelling their nights adventures. It became a little wierd for Armyni to listen to the sexual conquests of her father, but she could tell Elyza was dying to talk about it, so she played her part as an interested friend. The tales were so sexual and erotic that they got the girls hot all over again, which led to a little foreplay between them. Elyza was highly skilled at licking Armyni's cunt, as well as rimming her asshole. She brought Armyni to several orgasms. Armyni had a little work to do, but tried enthusiastically all the same.

She flicked her tongue over Elyza's swollen clit, ran the width of her tongue up and down her slit, delved it into her cunt. It was then she tasted the familiar and bitter taste of cum. She pulled her head back to investigate, and sure enough the creamy white substance was oozing, not only out of her cunt, but also out of her slightly gaping asshole.

Elyza, unaware of why Armyni had pulled back, begged, "please, don't stop," as she squirmed back and forth in obvious need.

Having caught her red handed this morning, there was no doubt as to whom this milky white cum belonged to, but Armyni had tasted the substance itself plenty of times before, and did not want to get into a row over Elyza and her father, so, she took a deep breath, closed her eyes and pressed her face back into Elyza's wet cunt, swirling her tongue around within, drawing out her father's own cum. She cleaned it out as best she could before she moved on to Elyza's pucked asshole.

After each had brought the other to multiple orgasms, they fell asleep for the first time within the safety of Ruin, and slept most the day away.

\*\*\*\*

It would not be until the celebration that night she would see him again. The gala was held inside of a great hall, with towering columns that reminded Armyni of her beloved forest. A shiver came across her as she thought of the stalking enemy outside, drawing ever closer to them, ever closer to robbing her of her freedom, of her life, of her Sebastian. Somewhere out there, the druids, Mardar grew nearer.

Once in the great hall she looked eagerly for him. She and Elyza had over slept and Olyver had left them fine togas and a message for them to meet him at the hall. Much of the crowd was already

drunk and overly merry. Her father had to push many away from the two most beautiful girls of the hall.

"Olyver! Olyver, I have been looking everywhere for you."

Armyni knew that voice. It was the voice of her savior, her angel. Her knees grew weak at the mere sound of him.

Sebastian was approaching them, first intent on Olyver, but she noticed he glanced at her several times. He looked more handsome than ever in his fine robes, and there trailing faithfully at his side, his beautiful dog, Aden. Unabashed, Aden trotted right up to Armyni, tail wagging.

"I heard...you must be very ecstatic...your daughter...brought back to you," Sebastian spoke nervously to Olyver, trying his best not to keep looking towards Armyni.

He was playing dumb. He did not want to have to admit that he knew very well that Olyver's daughter was back, that she had stayed the night with him. He did not know that Elyza, Armyni's friend, had already ratted him out. Olyver though, understanding Sebastian's coyness and more than happy to have his daughter with him, went along with it.

"Like you wouldn't believe, its too good to be true, far more than I deserve."

"No, Olyver, there is much you deserve, and I would offer it all to you if I believed there was any better treasure than her...I meant," he apologized, "receiving back your daughter."

He continued speaking to Olyver, though his eyes, without even realizing, trailed to Armyni's, and hers to his. Their blue eyes were locked on each others. Elyza giggled a bit from it. Olyver even found amusement at this. Still playing along, Olyver decided to introduce them.

"Sir, this is my daughter, Armyni."

"Please, Olyver, I could not forget such a remarkable face."

If it were possible, Armyni turned an even deeper red. She found it difficult to breathe.

"My dear, may I have this dance?" he requested, offering her his hand.

Armyni became wide eyed but soon collected herself. She placed her hand in his, savoring the connection. The fire between them seemed to warm all those in their vicinity. The others watched the romance in action silently. The two had hardly taken a step forward when shrieks were heard from outside. Just as they had turned their heads in that direction, the large wooden doors burst open and a scared guard yelled, "The druils, they're here, to your posts!"

The shuffle of chairs and feet filled the hall as all jumped to action. Women's shrieks and gasps were heard over them.

Another officer rushed up to their group, "Saibalt, you're needed in the main tower."

'Saibalt, here?' Armyni followed the officer's gaze right to her Sebastian and was stunned.

"Mardar," he murmured to himself. "Seems he was in a bigger rush than I anticipated." He turned to Olyver, "You will be charged with the main gate, I will follow up with you shortly."

"Sir," Olyver complied and saluted.

"My lady," he offered to Armyni, picking up her hand to his lips he kissed it softly, "I will have to claim my dance another time."

He then turned and rushed off with the deputy. Olyver watched Armyni carefully, he did not fully understand her reaction to this news. Elyza understood though and was just as amazed and speechless as Armyni.

'Of course...of course he is Saibalt,' she thought to herself. Armyni collected herself and started after him.

"Armyni!" both her father and Elyza called after her, but she did not turn back. The druils had arrived, if she was to die, she would so by his side.

Once outside the hall, she looked frantically right and left for sight of him. He was already well ahead of her, heading up some steps to another level, towards the main gate. She ran after him.

As she drew closer to the wall, she could hear the mighty roar of what had to be thousands of angry druils beyond. Their battle drums beat fiercely. Flashbacks from the Healing Ceremony raced through her mind. She gulped with fear, but continued all the same. The city was alive with commotion. Soldiers were rushing to man the wall while the crying women and young fled in the opposite direction. Sebastian, or Saibalt disappeared into a tower whose entrance was manned by several guards. Armyni raced to follow him but they would not allow her to pass. Instead they insisted she flee with the rest of the women. Armyni was irate. Her father and Elyza soon caught up with her however and calmed her down.

"He has a duty to perform now, my dear. All in due time, all will be well," her father attempted to ease her.

"And you! Why didn't you tell me, SAIBALT!"

But her father only laughed at her anger, "I thought you two had already been introduced?"

"He told me his name was Sebastian!" she bellowed.

"Indeed," her father answered calmly, "Sebastian Saibalt, Lord Marshall and protector of The Ruin."

Armyni stared confusedly back at him.

"I cannot tell you why he neglected to tell you his full name, my dear, but I can assure you he is the most honorable man I have ever known. Saibalt is a famous name, known now throughout this world. Perhaps he had finally met a woman who did not know who he was and adore him for his fame, but for who he was?"

Armyni remembered Sebastian mentioning just that, 'what was the importance of a name?'

"There will be time for this later. Our enemy has arrived in great number, and far sooner than Saibalt planned for, there is still much to be done. I have my corp to tend to, I would suggest you retreat with the other women..." Armyni frowned at him, "...but I know better," he finished.

A battle horn blasted from outside the wall. Commanders could be heard atop frantically yelling out commands and orders.

"And you Elyza, will you listen to reason?" Olyver asked, suggesting she should join the rest of the

women.

She began to decline, but Armyni and Olyver both insisted. Elyza was no warrior and would only distract them from the fight.

"It is settled then. The women are gathering at the Temple, take her there, then go to the armory to find a bow and sword. My corp is positioned at the gate, you may find me there. Go, hurry!"

Her long robe made it difficult to run. As soon as she had left Elyza safely at the temple and had made it to the armory, she used a dagger to cut the length off just below the crotch. She was abashed by the fact that she was not wearing a loin clothe to cover her sex and as she ran it hiked up over her hips a bit, revealing her sex, but now was hardly the time. She needed to be able to move. She slung a quiver of arrows over her head and one shoulder. She tucked the dagger into her belt and grabbed a bow and headed off back to the gate as fast as her legs would carry her.

The battle had already begun. Her father was preparing soldiers as the druils' battering ram slammed into the gate, rattling it violently and shaking up a cloud of dust with every bang. She could hear the wood crack and splinter. Atop the wall above the gate however was Saibalt, loading and firing a bow faster than she had ever witnessed. Armyni smiled at this, he gave her hope.

Her father had not yet seen her yet. She made sure to stay out of his line of sight as she darted for the door that led to the stairwell up to the top of the wall. She intended to fight and if die, do so by Saibalt's side.

The druils already had ladders at the wall, the first unlucky few having now nearly reached the top. Armyni spotted Saibalt still loosing arrows madly down onto the druils. The men were busy trying to push back the ladders, but there were so many. The druils were now pouring over the top of the wall, most being slayed and thrown back over, but little by little they were making ground. They were just so very strong.

A druil coming over nearest her thrust his sword into the chest of a man and hopped off his ladder onto the walk. Armyni struck him in the temple with one of her arrows. Another was already coming over as she struggled to pull another from her quiver. It was stuck! Seeing the beautiful woman, the druil roared, beating back the men around him and charged at Armyni. An arrow flew past her ear with a whisp and struck him in the head. She looked over her shoulder to see Saibalt drawing his bow once more. Another druil fell as he attempted to scale over the wall.

The defenses were strong and they had by now fell hundreds if not thousands of druils, but the druils were just too numerous, and too strong. Eventually, the men and Armyni atop the wall went through all their arrows and relied upon their swords to hold back the tide flowing over the wall, but this now put them at a disadvantage. Hand to hand combat with a druil was dangerous. Their numbers were beginning to thin. The gate below was giving more and more, it was only a matter of time before they broke through, 'then what, then how would they stop them?'

Armyni had picked up the sword of a fallen man and wielded it with the expertise she did not know she had. A human of the forest, her skills lied with the bow and dagger. No matter how many they killed, more came over. They were losing ground, being pushed further and further back. Suddenly she bumped into someone behind her and turned to defend herself, but it was Saibalt, who had reacted in kind. There was only a handful of them now left to defend the wall.

"The wall is lost, we have to get out of here!" Saibalt yelled. "Follow me!"

Saibalt charged forward and the rest followed. He brushed aside the first druils sword with his

shield, and drove his own sword into his neck. He kicked the druil off his sword while swiping his shield at another, knocking him from the wall. His sword swung and slashed, clearing a path for the last few to the tower's door, which led back down to the gate. Saibalt manned the door holding back the druils as he allowed all survivors to pass before he followed them down.

The gate was already cracked open. A few more strikes by the battle ram and it would be swung open, followed by a tide of druils. The humans were prepared though. Over a hundred well armed men anxiously awaited them. The first few druils were now making it down the stairs, but the narrow door forced them to charge out one at a time. The awaiting humans made easy work of them. Looking down the wall, Armyni could see that it had been completely lost, and that all were now grouping around the stair's exits to hold them back.

The gate broke. In charged the druils onto the awaiting spears. There, a tense fight ensued. The powerful druils pushed the human line back, but at great cost. Armyni could see her father near the front, barking out orders. Armyni stayed near the door, fighting to keep the druils from pouring out there. Saibalt was busy working his way towards the front of the fight at the gate. Armyni grew anxious for him.

The battle was long and heated. It was a close fight. The druils strength was neutralized by forcing them into the bottleneck of the gate and tower entrances. The humans had a chance, but there was just so many druils. The bodies were piling up. The wails of the wounded grew louder and more numerous. Just as they had atop the wall, their lines were beginning to thin. Armyni held her position, but continued to look for her father and Saibalt. She caught sight of her father from time to time, always at the front, always wielding his swords with a ferocity, but she had lost sight of Saibalt. She grew worried, she wanted to go and look for him.

Further they were being pushed back, but just as she was beginning to lose hope, she heard it, the same horn that was blown the day prior by Saibalt during the calvary charge. The blast issued from far away, outside the walls. Armyni did not understand what was happening, but the men cheered and began fighting with more fervor. The druils' attention was turned and drawn back outside the wall.

What Armyni could not see was that Saibalt's calvary was charging the druils rear. Following yesterdays battle, Saibalt marched his army back within the Ruin's walls, but had his calvary ride out in a wide birth to hide and wait for the druils assault. Sacking their fort and striking hard at the head of their column, Saibalt knew that he would anger and humiliate the new top general, and cause him to be reckless. Mardar rushed to strike back. Hating having his plans spoiled by the weaker humans, he rushed to drop the hammer and marched the remainder of his forces double time and committed all to taking the wall. As the second battle ensued, Saibalt's calvary closed in on them. Saibalt wanted the druils to be fully committed, weakened by the losses sustained, divided with some already within the city before they struck. After the gate fell, Saibalt had dissappeared and made his way to a secret pass where he flew around the battle to meet with his calvary to lead the charge.

The druils now found themselves out flanked yet again. Saibalt and his calvary crashed into the rear lines of the druils, cutting down all within their path. Hearing and seeing the coming onslaught, many of the druils that were already within the Ruin's walls, turned to rush back out to meet the calvary. As many turned, the humans sent in all their reinforcements with deadly effect. Those druils still standing to fight, now being the ones outnumbered, began to route.

From there it was a chain reaction. The humans flushed them from their city, but the fight was far from over. They chased the broken lines out into the canyon, but there, trapped between the walls

and Saibalt's calvary, they had no choice but to stand and fight. Armyni rushed out with the rest, adrenaline racing. The carnage outside was hideous. There was no telling how many druils had fallen, but the ground was literally covered with their corpses, many stuck with several arrows. The soil was muddied with their blood.

Again Armyni heard the horn blast. She rallied to it. At the horn was her Saibalt, she was determined to be with him. She ran towards the horn, bypassing the druils rather than fighting them. Something was wrong, she did not know what, but she knew wherever she was running to, she was needed. And low and behold, there at the center of the hornets nest was Saibalt faced off with Mardar himself. As the battle still raged about them, the two circled each other. Some how the enmity of the two forced a wide open circle about them. Both seemed calm and confident.

Mardar acted first, lunging for Saibalt, bringing his sword down over his head. The clash against Saibalt's sword was loud, but Saibalt held. Mardar seemed surprised to see Saibalt hold. He stepped back. They began circling one another once again, both gripping their swords tight with both hands, holding it out in front of them. Around they went, all the while coming closer and closer to one another, 'til at last their swords touched once again. Saibalt, without warning, batted away Mardar's sword and brought his around and down, but Mardar dodged. Saibalt pursued him, thrusting his sword at him but Mardar deflected it.

The battle between the two grew fierce. Other individual battles died off as they, like Armyni, began to stare awestruck at Mardar and Saibalt. They and their weapons twisted and turned, feigned and struck. The force of it all was overwhelming. But it was in this moment, that history was changed. The tide was turning in Saibalt's favor. He had Mardar on his heels. As their blades clanged together, they swirled them around, sliding the blades down to the hilt of the sword, holding them there for a moment, pressing hard against each other in a strength contest.

Then, in a blink of an eye, Saibalt roled right, causing Mardar to stumble forward. As Saibalt twisted, he swung his blade around, slicing into Mardar's left arm, seriously wounding him. Then, in the blink of an eye, as Mardar clinched at his bleeding arm, Saibalt sent his sword hurdling through the air, spiraling end over end until it struck Mardar in the dead center of his back. Mardar dropped to his knees. Saibalt walked up, pulled his sword from Mardar's back, and then with one clean swipe, severed Mardar's head from his body. The fight was over.

Within days Saibalt had regrouped his army and marched it south on The City itself. The druils had sent and lost such great numbers north, all their professional army had been lost, and the defense of The City was left to the weak. The City fell shortly after. The time of the neandruils was over, the rise of the humans was on.