

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1 - Tale of two Daughters

The precession made it's way through the palace an into king Dalanius's throne room, The lean richly dressed man in the lead came to a stop just before the king's gilded throne. "Speak Menlor, I am told you bring word of our lost prince!" "Indeed I do your majesty!" The lean courier assured. "But first, a present from my lord the archmage Glydanul." The lean nobleman said gesturing at a cloaked an hood woman. "Raileen show yourself!" Menlor ordered. "As all men know lord Glydanul's harem is famed for it's beautiful an nubile concubines!" The young woman stepped forward, an dropped her robe's. Everyone in the throne room stared in shocked amazement at the tall broad shoulder young woman's magnificent an suddenly naked body. It was some minutes before their eye's wandered up to her face, an people began to gasp in even deeper shock. For she bore a remarkable resemblance to the lost prince Rhanlan! Kengar the king's court wizard released his spell, an gulped in shock. Leaping to his feet he and stammered. "My...My lord!" "My king it...it..is the Prince!" "What is the meaning of this?!?" The king roared! "Show him your ring Raileen!" The lean aristocrat ordered derisively. The naked courtesan raised her hand, on her slender finger was the ring of the crowned prince. "It can not be!" The king exclaimed. "But it is my lord!" Kengar said firmly. "The archmage Glydanul is a master of the dark an forbidden art's!" "It is!" "And he is indeed." Menlor chuckled. "I present Princess Raileen the courtesan, expert in the tawdry carnal pleasures." "Observe Raileen fellatio!" Menlor taunting. The nude young woman dropped to her knee's, her ruby lips forming a perfect little oh! "Would anyone care to partake?" Menlor asked lecherously. "I can testify to her talents, Raileen is a perfect copulation slave, lord Glydanul's dominator's an dominatix's are most talented!" "VILLIAN!" "Why has your lord done this thing?" The king screamed! "Glydanul changed your son in to a daughter, an your new daughter to a mindless fuck slave." "Because you have disrupted his plan's once to often, and this revenge amuses him!" Menlor explained dryly. "Your life is forfeited Menlor!" The king swore quietly. "Oh then perhaps a humorous satyrplay will lighten your anger." The cruel courier teased. "Raileen coitus analis!" "Release the hound Finor!" Menlor said as Raileen bent forward on all fours her ass high in the air. An immense mastiff lunged forward eager to perform its lewd task! "May I present,"Coitus Cum Brutus!" Menlor announced. The beast quickly mounted Raileen's round regal buttocks an began lustfully fucking her royal cunt!! "Has he got the knot in yet dear?" Menlor asked leering. "Iahhhh!" Was her only answer. King Dalanius driven mad with rage, by the sight of his only son transformed into a libidinous harlot! Who was now kneeling submissively servicing a slobbering animal like it was an old lover, for Menlor's lascivious hearted gratification! Leapt to his feet, ready to go for the lean couriers throat. "Despicable vitiation, this mortifying debauchery, this ignominious violation of my son's womanly virtue an virginity can not go unpunished!" He roared insane with rage. "Oh he's no virgin!" "As I said!" "I and every man in the Arch mage's service, can attest to that!" "As we have been most thoroughly, most amorously satisfied by our little trollop here!" Menlor giggled lecherously. Screaming in mindless rage the king leaped from his throne diving for the lean noble mans throat. Menlor flickered an faded out, as one by one his cohorts did the same. Until only the gigantic enthusiastically fucking mastiff remained.

Raileen whimpered an clamored in ardor, as the aroused beast expended it's bestial passionate exploits in her! The king angrily kicked the orgasming animal off the supine blissfully climaxing concubine that was his son! "General Halba gather my armies, we'll obliterate this fiend!" "Where will we attack my king , no one knows where the arch mage's fortress lays hidden!" The old general asked. "It is warded with fay magic my king." Kengar started. "You will find it for me Kengar!" The king raged. "It is said my king that it can only be found by those who do not look." The king suddenly looked very old an weary, his shoulders slumped an tears ran down his cheek's. "He looked down at his son's gorgeous female body still positioned for the taking , the dog's cum streaming from her

quivering fuckhole! "Take Rhanlan to your tower, perhaps you can break the fiend's spell." The king said hoplessly. "Of course your majesty I shall do my upmost, but the arch mage is very powerful." King Dalanius stumbled away muttering to him self, Kengar turned to his guards. "Gather up the prince an take her...ER I mean him to the guest room in my tower." He ordered. As he quickly hurried off to the royal library in hopes of finding a magical tome that would let him break the spell. His search was fruitless however as the library contained no tomes of such power. Even the masters at the guild hall were dumbfounded, by this strange powerful magic. Kengar returned to his tower down heartened an distraught, at his failure to even discover the nature of this spell. So didn't notice that the guards were not in their usual place at the door. It was only when he heard the sounds in his guest room that he remember his habitu. Thinking that maybe the prince could remember some part of the ritual Glydanual had performed on him ,kengar headed for the guest room. As he walked toward the guest room he could tell that the sounds were originating from it. As he got closer he realized that it sounded very much like people fucking! He swung open the door, an found the two guardsmen kneeling on the floor, the prince was on all fours between them. Angus was balls deep in royal pussy, an Elwood was inserting his long cock in to the prince's mouth! "You can ,but I don't care much for sloppin around in dog's spunk!" "What are you doing?" Kengar roared! "This is your prince, the kings only son!" "Not some sleazy kitchen wench!" "She begged us to do it your lordship!" Elwood swore. "It was more like an order, she tore all the buttons off my trousers to get it out!" Angus said bluntly. "Get up an get out!" Kengar screamed. "Your not going to tell the king of this ,are you?" Elwood whined. "Get out, an say not a word of this to anyone, I will see to your punishment my self ,the king need never know!" It would only hurt him Kengar thought to himself. "Thank you my lord, thank you!" Elwood blubbered. "Do not thank me until you've heard the punishment I think up!" Kengar warned. The two pulled their uniforms up an quickly left. Kengar sat on the edge of the bed. "Prince Rhanlan I was wondering if perhaps you could remember any of the incantation Glydanual used." At the mention of the arch mage's name Raileen cowered in fear an hugged Kengars shins tightly qaking. He patted her naked shoulder softly. "Its alright he willn't hurt you anymore ..I..I." The prince had pushed open Kenger's robe's an was nuzzling his groin! "Your majesty please stop this, I me..mean ww..what w..would your father think of this unseemly behavior?" Raileen's hot mouth slipped down on to Kengar's hardening cock! Soon the whole thing was in her well trained mouth! "I mus..must ask you to desist this at once your majesty!" Kengar panted. Raileen pushed him back on to the bed, an mounted his standing fuck pole!

Riding the wizard's pulsing cock she bounced an jiggled, Kengar put his hand's up to steady her, an found he was holding her phenomenal breasts! Tho' he knew it was the prince, her hot tight cunt just felt to good to let him to force her away! He lay there as Raileen serviced him, like the whore she now was. His body spasmed an he blasted his load in to the prince's beautiful golden haired pussy! She collapsed on him throughing her arms around his neck an kissing him deeply! Kengar leaped to his feet yanking his robes back together, and fled mortified by his own inaction ,his face burning with shame an remorse! Raileen curled up on the bed all she knew was that she had pleased this new master! As that was her only function ,she was as happy as a simple fuck slave could be! Kengar paced his casting chamber regret an self loathing twisting his heart, his finger's tiring at his long white hair! At the door Angus an Elwood quietly made plans to get back into the guest room!

Darla princess knight the second child of king Dalanius rode her magnificent war horse Aloysiue through the dim Forest. The witch Yolanda stepped from the shadows in to the princess's path. "Hello Yolanda." "Have you the spell?" Darla inquired in an imperial tone. "I have your majesty." "But are you truly sure you wish to do this thing, dear one?" "I have searched the kingdom of the valley, went among the wild peoples of the Mtns, I have quested through the kingdoms of the seashore." "Sailed to the islands of fog an ice, on the sleek ships of the sea king himself." "Yet still I have found no one who is as worthy who is as virtuous as deserving!" "Who fire's your imagination you mean, or is it your scandalous carnality." "I will have the spell, an I will do this thing!" Darla

swore. "When you asked me for that spell of communication." "I thought it harmless e'nuff, but this ...this will hurt your poor old father." "Your brother, an if it gets out the reputation and eminence of the whole royal family!" "Think about it dear!" "The spell old crone." Darla demand through gritted teeth. "When you mother died I took you as my own child!" The old witch wept. "I have thought long and hard, searched my soul!" "I will do this thing!" "Aloysiue and I have begun already!" The princess explained. "Very well then your highness!" The old witch snapped sarcastically. "Please dismount, an I will begin." Yolanda resigned. "Hold him still!" Darla hugged the huge war horse's head, as yolanda quickly pierced it's upper lip, an inserted a silver ring with a single ruby on it. She then did the same to the princess, using a platinum ring with the same ruby setting. "Kiss him!" Yolanda ordered. The princess put her lip's to the big stallion's soft mobile ones ,as the rings touched a blue spark leaped between them. The witch chanted her incantation tracing mystic patterns in the air. The mighty roan war horse seemed to melt an shift then flow into a new shape. Darla backed away an Aloysiue stood towering nine an a half feet tall on his hind leg's. "Aloysiue!" Darla said wonderingly. The huge creature dropped to one knee bowing deeply to the princess opening it's mouth. "MMHI..MMHY..MY.LAADY!" It said slowly. The princess leaped forward hugging the massive creature's neck. "Aloysiue my Aloysiue!" She muttered her face buried in his flowing roan red mane. The gigantic creature clumsily enfolded her in it's massive arms. "My lady knight!" Aloysiue whisper gently stroking her hair. Yolanda shook her head in shocked amazement, an quickly disappeared back in to her forest home.

Later in the kern glen beside the water fall where the dahlan river flows down out of the wilra Mtn's. Darla made her camp, the glen had become like a second home to her sense her mother had died. She had removed her heavy armor and wore only a light silk robe. She walked down to the dahlan an shed even that wading in to the cold swirling waters. To rinse off the sweat an dust that had accumulated on her long days ride. When she had finished her swim, she climbed out to lay on a blanket in the sun. "Aloysiue," she called. The huge war horse trotted over shifting it's form as it did so, Darla patted the blanket an bid him lie down. Then ran her hand's over his massive striking new body. Caressing first his hairy ball's an then his enormous hardening cock, pulling him close she felt his weight over her. She rapped her long slender leg's around his waist as he began licking and nibbling at her neck an breast's. The silver ring tracing a cold line on her hot flesh, she grabbed his face an pulled it to her's. His soft mobile lip's parted her's an his copious tongue entered her mouth! At the same time she guided his immense equine salami into her diminutive wet vagina! She was so tiny under him Aloysiue feared he might hurt her, so he stopped forcing his gigantic fucker into her! Darla's heel's pounded on his buttock's however driving him forward deeper an deeper into her, at last they lay with their stomachs touching! Aloysiue was amazed that her little body could contain all of him. Darla smiled up at him as her heel's thudded into his flank's. "Giddy Up!" She moaned.

Aloysiue began thrusting riding her tight little human body, as only a lusty stallion can! "It feels curiously bizarre to be atop ,as I have always carried you Lady Knight!" Aloysiue grunted. "Become accustom to it!" She wailed. "For I am now truly your lady, your mare, your filly you are taking me as such now an will always!" Darla whimpered. "My lady mare!" Aloysiue whispered as he nibbled at her heaving breasts. From her forest hiding place Yolanda watched in disgusted astonishment, even when she was casting the spell she hadn't believed the princess would go through with it! She just couldn't believe Darla was giving herself to the huge hairy beast. Oh Yolanda had pleased many horrible underworld fiends ,more abominable than anything in this world could ever be. But that had to be done, it was the only way for a witch to increase her power! But to give yourself to a salacious beast with no hope of a gain in power! What could she be thinking? Yolanda knew only the spell kept the rutting stallion's tremendous fuck tool from ripping the princess apart! She was undoubtedly depraved to do some thing so unnaturally perverse, still Yolanda couldn't tear her eye's away from

this astonishingly erotic exhibition! She was breathing hard, her heart reverberating in her head. She felt the warm wetness spreading between her leg's, a rhythmic pulsation in time with the stallion's Herculean thrusts vibrated her whole body! Darla was howling deliriously as if being tortured, but the fact that she was licking and kissing the stallion's long face loudly announced otherwise! Darla cringed under the vigorous pounding, but was soon pushing up to meet Aloysiue's extraordinarily deep fuck thrusts! She kept slamming her pussy back in to the gigantic horse's hard driving body. They met one another halfway, and the resulting collisions repeatedly crushed the breath out of her! Still she kept at it, offering up her open cunt and receiving his lengthy salmai in one body jarring thrust! She closed her eyes and gurgled deliriously as explosions of ecstasy racked her senses!

The princess was no longer in control of herself, her eye's rolled back in her head as orgasm after orgasm thundered through her mind! Aloysiue's enormous filly fucker expanded even more, and Darla could see he was lathered and panting as he fucked into her! She knew what was going to happen next, so braced herself for it by grabbing double hands full of his roan red mane! And curling her calves around his massive thigh's, she could feel his huge nut's slapping her heel's as he pounded wildly! Aloysiue pumped harder, his hairy body out of control with primitive desire! Bestial lust drove him on, as he buried his equine pleasure scepter deeper and deeper into her quaking body! Squishing noises filled the air as the beautiful princess flexed and withered under the onslaught. Aloysiue's whole body pulsed and spasmed as he slammed faster and faster into Darla's hot quivering pussy! Throwing back his head Aloysiue whinnied in pleasure like the animal he was! Thick scalding hot cum poured in to her as the huge horseman jerked and pumped. Darla shook all over as spasm's raced through her loins, she babbled helplessly as she licked and kissed his soft lip's. Then she giggled like a school girl as his cum spurted out of her salmai crammed cunt! Laying back in exquisitely complete satisfaction, she thought that if a priest were handy she would have married her war horseman on the spot!! Aloysiue had collapsed on to the blanket beside her, his long oozing equine fucker still laying across her leg dripping cum on to her inner thigh's. "Astonishing!" Yolanda muttered as she dried her cum off her finger's, with the edge of her weathered cloak. Her body still tingled with passion, and she thought of a old centaur living close by who had always claimed to find her arousing! Think I'll stop in and see him!

Kengar whimpered in self loathing as his frothing cum erupted into the ecstasy of ravishing prince Raileen's hot obliging mouth! "Please your majesty you mustn't do this any more it's not...not right!" Kengar begged. A magical bell chimed warning the wizard that someone was climbing the stairs to his tower. Quickly closing and belting his robes tightly he leaped to his feet and left the guest room guiltily. He had no more than gotten in to the room, when the door banged open, and the king walked wearily in. "Your majesty!" "I'm..ER..It a..ER..It's good to see you." Kengar stuttered guiltily. "How has it been coming?" The king asked slowly. "Cumming!" Kengar exclaimed sickly. "Have you discovered anything about Glydannual's spell?" The king supplied. "Spell...Of course spell!" "I have read through every book of magic in the castle my king." "And I still have no idea how the archmage preformed such a feat!" "I fear such power is beyond me, perhaps you should appeal to the council of mages for help." "Surely one of their number is powerful enough!" The king cut him off with a wave of his hand. "The council I fear is more likely to side with one of their number than me, and I do not want this thing becoming common knowledge!" "I will not have all the world laughing at my sorrow!" At that moment castellan Hendric came stomping in to the room. "My king we have news of princess Darla, she is reported to be camping in kern glen." "In the Mtn's near the summer palace, it was her mother's favorite place." The king said knowingly. "It will take a rider weeks to carry your message to her, and then ride back with her." "I could convey my self there in an instant with your message my king." Kengar said guilty. "And then with hard riding she could be here in nine days." The king pulled a sealed scroll from his pocket. "That is a wise thought Kengar, here is my dispatch for my daughter it will explain everything."

"Perhaps Railee..ER...Rhanlan should stay with you in the palace while I am gone." Kengar said thinking of what his two burly guardsmen would probably do to her if he left them alone! "Perchance it might stir some memory of his previous life here at the palace." "A most excellent idea!" The king said grimly. "Thank the god's," Kengar thought ashamed that he couldn't resist the prince's wanton feminine wile's! "I'll go get her..er..him for you." Kengar said quickly hurrying off to get her dressed. He wiped his own cum off her chin as she dressed herself, the sight was so erotic that when she was through his loins were throbbing hungrily. For a second he thought of taking her right there, he imagined himself bending her over, lifting her skirt and fucking that royal cunt! He was balls deep into her before he could stop himself, only the thought of the king in the next room made him pull out of her! Kengar straightened his robe's tucking his pulsing prick back in, and led Raileen out to the king. Then he quickly excused himself, and made his way to the casting chamber. Picturing the exact spot in which he wished to appear in the glen, Kengar released his spell. In seconds he found himself looking at the water fall at the north end of the glen. Princess Darla stood under the flowing water letting its numbing cold massage her tingling body. Kengar gasped, startled by how much she resembled Raileen her tall lean exquisite body lit a fire in the mage's groin! Quickly casting an invisibly spell, he sat down on a nearby rock, and watched the nude young princess wash her gorgeous naked body! His hard cock was oozing in his robe's by the time she dried herself off.

He suddenly wished he were back in his tower with Raileen in the guest room, he almost cast his return spell before he thought! The princess belted on her red silk robe that barely covered her person, and was heading back to her camp now. Disspelling his invisibly spell, Kengar stepped forward and called after her. The nimble young lady knight spun around a long needle pointed dirk in her hand, Kengar wondered where she'd had it concealed. "Kengar!" She barked sheathing her dagger in the sleeve of her loose robe. "Your majesty." He said bowing deeply. "What are you doing out here old conjurer?" Darla asked teasingly. "I have just arrived from the palace with a very grave message for you from your father." Kengar said dourly. She took the scroll from him, tore open the seal and read it slowly. "You have seen my brother?" She asked. "Rai...Rhanlan has been in my tower the last three days, there is nothing I can do." She moved over to her camp and began gathering her things. As she was bent over stuffing her pack her short silk robe slid up exposing the golden haired peach between her legs. Kengar thought of how just a short time ago Raileen had been in that same position! He started towards her, suddenly her big red war horse was between them rearing and pawing at the air. It was then that Kengar realized what it was he was about to do, and quickly pushed his throbbing cock back into his robe's! "So," He said clearing his throat. "I may tell the king you are on your way to the palace." "Go to the palace!" Darla laughed. "What ever for?" "So I can pace around the castle and yell at the couriers like father is doing?" "I think not!" "Then what will you do?" Kengar asked. "I'm going to find that mad archmage, and split him down the middle!" She swore fiercely. "Are you going back to night Kengar?" She asked. "No your majesty, I must study the spell before I can cast it again." "Your welcome to stay the night here in my camp, but tomorrow I'm going my own way!" She said firmly.

The king awoke with a start, looking around fearfully, he'd heard something. Climbing out of bed he stumbled across the room pulling open his door, he glanced down the hall. The only thing he could see that was strange or out of place, was the light coming from Rhanlan's room. Clad in only a loose robe he walked quietly down the hall, and peered into the partially opened doorway. A beautiful nude woman lay withering on the bed, one of Rhanlan's wenches he thought groggily. Oh but this one was ravishing, long golden hair, magnificent breasts and buttock's a man would kill for the chance to gain entry to! For the first time in many years king Dalanius felt his passion's swelling, he reached down and stroked his stiff cock! On the bed the wench had rolled over exposing her blond cunt, she inserted a finger into it moaning softly! Dalanius stared in complete surprise at his stone

like hard on, with both hands he pumped it grunting. The wench must of heard him because she got up an came over, turning around she bent an gasped her ankle's. Rhanlan wouldn't begrudge me a night with this wench of his he has so many ,the king thought muddledly! He told her to reach back and spread her cheek's for him, obediently she did so remaining in her submissive position! As he fondled her exposed, musky nether delight's!

With every orifice of the submissive blond beauty his for the taking, he decided to start by working the enormous knob of his cock into her searing golden haired pussy! She was whimpering and trembling by the time he got it into her! He pumped her slowly at first, then slammed her harder and harder, until she lost her balance under his violent molestation! She stumbled an fell face down on the bed, he rushed over to her as she rolled over on her back. An crawled between her long slender leg's, she rapped them around his thick waist. Her soft cooled finger's guided his inflamed member into her deliciously tight fuckhole, as he fondled and licked her phenomenal breast's! She keened in pleasure, as he rammed her pussy in amorously barbarous lust! His heavy body slammed roughly into her lean acquiescent flesh ,as he enjoyed a woman for the first in the fourteen year's sense his wife had died! In the back of his mind he realized she looked hauntingly familiar, that she resembled his dead wife and his daughter Darla ,but he was to amorous to care! He groaned an puffed as orgasm shook his heavy body, she rapped her arms around his neck pulling him to her for a long passionate kiss as he collapsed on her panting! Dalanuis roll off of her gasping , she shimmied down his body an pushed her face into his groin! Her scorching lip's closed around his oozing semi hard cock, in minute's he was smooth throbbing spring steel in her mouth! He pounded her face as she licked an sucked his huge salami, her tongue licked his ball's as she deep throatied him! Holding her down he crawled over her body and aimed his huge fucker at her tiny butthole! She screeched as he ravished her hot diminutive asshole, thumping her firm round buttock's brutally as he rode her ass, like a rutting mule! Shrieking in pain and keening in pleasure, curling her calves up, her heel's prodding his buttock's like a rider spurring a horse spurring him on! At last he blew his load deep in her ass, filling her so completely cum flooded out around his thick fucker! Exhausted he fell asleep, his cock still deep in her body!

Princess Darla awoke before the sun, an was surprised to find Kengar awake starring at her sleeping face.

They said little as she prepared breakfast for the two of them. When the meal was done. an the utensils cleaned an packed away, Darla saddled Aloysuie an donned her heavy plate armor. "Take care of father old mage." She said as she mounted the big red war horse. "Do you really think you can find him?" "Glydannual I mean." "I will find him Kengar, and he will die!" "He is so very powerful princess he cast's magic's I can not begin to understand!" Kengar admitted. "If your trying to tailing me to be careful don't worry ,I will." She may know something or someone who can lead her to the archmage. Kengar thought. Slipping a ring of flying on his finger. He said," I think it's time I was on my way." With that he chanted a spell an disappeared. "Come on Aloysuie it's time to be on our way!" She said spurring the big stallion to a gallop. Invisible, Kengar glided along behind the racing war horse. Thinking that if he could find out something of the archmage's location the king might march off, an leave Raileen in his care. The princess rode through the heavy forest east of the glen, Kengar bobbing along silently behind her. Darla was uneasy she could feel eye's upon her, but could detect no sound or movement. This part of the wood was wild so it was possible something was out there. By the time she got to Yolanda's hut she had decided what ever it was, it was probably harmless. As she had ridden through several good place's to ambush a travelers such as herself , yet had saw no trouble.

Yolanda wasn't at home, it looked as though she hadn't been there for as least a day. "So she didn't

go back home after she cast the spell for us." Darla muttered to the big war horse who was gently nibbling on her ear. "I guess we'll just have to wait for her to get back." She said turning her head and kissing Aloysiue's soft mobile lip's! Kengar's jaw dropped as he watched the beautiful young woman passionately kiss the massive red stallion! He was even more shocked when the brute melted in to a nine foot tall horseman! It still resembled a horse, but walked upright on two leg's like a man, it was so big! It enfolded darla in it's huge arms pulling her tightly to it's body.

A tiny golden fairy buzzed in to the clearing, circling Darla and the horseman ringing like a little bell. "Arial?" "Is that you?" The fairy perched on the top of a nearby post, still ringing loudly. Darla peered close at the shining little creature, she had one hand over her mouth to stifle her ringing laughter! "Arial where's Yolanda?" Darla asked the giggling little fairy. The tiny golden creature doubled over in laughter, fluttering her wing's she buzz around Darla's head. "Arial" Princess Darla said firmly. "Show us where Yolanda is." The giggling fairy zooms off through the trees, quickly mounting Aloysiue who is a war horse once more Darla race's after the little bit of golden light. Kengar's flight spell was failing, when they at last caught up with the tinkling fairy creature. He quickly used his ring to renew it.

The house was a ramshackle cavernous barn, constructed of old uprooted tree's and other dead wood. Darla dismounted and approached the massive black doorway cautiously. At that moment Yolanda ran out of the huge dark doorway, naked and giggling glancing back over her shoulder. Darla froze in shock at the site of the old witch naked. Yolanda stopped in surprise as she suddenly saw the princess and Aloysiue standing before her. And so was almost trampled when the grizzled old centaur galloped out the door. Grabbing her in a big bear hug he laughingly said. "Ha I've got you nymph, now you must do as I ask!" "Ha ha ha!"

Looking over her shoulder's his hand's still clutching her breast's. He finally saw Darla and Aloysiue standing amazed in front of them. "Friend's?" He asked Yolanda softly. Seated at the centaur's fire, Darla watched the solid old fellow cooking dinner. His face was weathered and sunbeaten, and his mane and coat were touched with gray, but he was still lean and thickly muscled. "A handsome old stud!" She said quietly to Aloysiue, who was never more than five feet away from her when they had entered the centaur's house. Yolanda came back in then her robe's in place like they should be now. "Why have you come looking for me so soon princess, I know it's not to have the spell reversed. " She said leeringly. "Well all of us don't have friend's as close by as you!" Darla said looking at the centaur. The centaur looked up and smiled brightly, then went back to his cooking. "Maybe we should eat dinner before we get in to all of this." Yolanda said wearily. "Yes it's almost ready." The centaur declared. "Thank you Jerome." Yolanda said quickly. He smiled at her adoringly then began serving up the amazingly delicious dinner. The meal was made up of a wonderful stew, brown bread, and a boiled vegetable's the old fellow had a knack it seemed. When the meal was over Jerome wandered outside to smoke his knotty wooden pipe, Aloysiue grazed contentedly just outside the door. "The archmage Glyndanual you've heard of him?" "Of course." Yolanda assured.

Quickly Darla told the witch about her brother's ignominious and debauched violation at the archmage's hands! High in the rafters Kengar slowly stroked himself, thinking of Raileen and the revelry's they'd perform when he returned! "Can you return my brother to normal Yolanda?" The princess asked quietly. "No," my dear such magic's are beyond me!" "But Aloysiue?" "Changing a person's form is one thing, changing their gender is something else altogether it's part of the highest level's of power. "I can not help your brother!" The old witch said sadly. "Then can you help me, help me to find this fiend that I have sworn to see dead!" Darla growled savagely. "Princess no," The arch mage is very, very powerful he'll kill you or worse." Yolanda warned.

"I'll kill him when I find him and I will find him with or without your help old witch!" The princess swore, with fire in her eye's. Yolanda knew she was right, she had seen that same determined fire in

darla's eye's only a day before when she had ensorcelled Aloyuise for her. "I am sorry, but the archmage Glyndanual's fortress is hidden by fay magic's I have no idea where it is." "The forest of quindern." Jerome said darkly as he ambled back in. "What?" Yolanda an the princess asked looking up. "A elf once told me that he and his people were ran out of quindern by the archmage." Jerome said simply. "It make's sense!" Darla said at once. "All the trade road's run through Quindern, an Rhanlan was on a trade mission to salisbury when he disappeared." "But Quindren is so big I could look for year's an not find Glyndanual's hidden palace!" "It is said that it can only be found by some one who's not looking for it." Yolanda said. "Oh that's real helpful!" Darla snarled bitterly. "Wait I do have some thing." The old witch dug around in her robes for a second. "This is the vial of clear seeing, fill it with water an look through it and you'll see what's really there." "An this'll help me find the archmage's fortress?" Darla asked holding it up to look at it closely. "Maybe, it can't hurt." Yolanda assured. Kengar had heard e'nuff ,swooping out side he landed in a nearby field ,an casted his spell of return. In side Darla an Aloysuie shivered an knew they were no longer being watched.

Kengar appeared in the throne room only to find it empty, quickly he headed for the royal apartment's. As he entered he was surprised to find the castellan heinric setting at a small desk surrounded by couriers and courtly merchant baron's. They parted for the wizard as he approached. "I must see the king." Kengar said as the castellan looked up at him. "I am sorry mage ,but the king is in mourning and has left word he is not to be disturbed." "By anyone!" "Mourning?" "What has happen?" "I have been gone two night's, speak man." Kengar roared. PPP.Prince Rhanlan is..is dead by his own hand, it is said he could no longer live with the humiliation!" Heinric said sorrowfully. Kengar was stunned Raileen couldn't be gone she couldn't... "Where is the body laying in state?" He asked Heinric. "It's not the king had it placed in the royal crypt, I think he placed it there himself!" The castellan whispered. "Because prince Rhanlan, well because the prince isn't himself, well you know what I mean!" Heinric muttered. "I see." Kengar was off quickly he moved through the palace. The guards at the door to the crypt's said the king had ordered them to let No one pass not even family or those who already knew. He turned and hurriedly made his way back to heinric. "Where is the king?" "You can't.." Heinric started. "I just want to know where he is!" Kengar ashored. He has had the top floor of the palace closed off, he said he just needed to be a lone. Kengar looked up. "There's nothing on the top floor ,but his study and that spare guest bedroom." "Yes the only time it was ever used was when the king's brother's family came for a visit." The castellan agreed. "But the duke has a town house at the edge of the city now so.." "I am beginning to see!" Kengar snarled. "If the king should ask for me I'll be in my tower, otherwise I am not to be disturbed!" "I don't think he'll be asking for you any time soon." Heinric said apologetically. "Neither do I." Kengar growled under his breath as he made his way to his tower. In his casting chamber Kengar dug out his scrying mirror, and carefully pictured the king's private study. The image formed dark an hazy at first, then sharpened an cleared as Kengar concentrated. The room was empty, so Kengar focused on the door leading out to the guestroom. The image shifted as he visualized the guestroom, when it cleared Kengar gasped in frustrated anger.

Raileen lay on the bed spread eagle cum running from between her quivering cunt lip's! The king stood over her slowly getting dressed, his limp cock oozing cum! "Why that perverted old bastard fucking his on daughter!" Kengar swore softly. "Stay here my dear, I'll bring you something to eat later." The king assured as he left the room hurriedly. Raileen looked around dully boredom in her sparkling green eye's. Kengar watched the king leave his study an go down to his throne room. Then turned away from the mirror he casted a dimensional doorway to the guestroom. Stepping through he quickly turned an casted a permanency spell on the doorway muttering the word which would trigger it when he wished to return. Long muscular arms rapped around his waist pulling at the belt holding his robe's closed! So he unknotted it an lets those soft hand's explore his already aroused body. Turning he pushed Raileen back down on to the bed, spreading her long slender leg's. Kneeling he buried his face in her golden haired mound's, licking the salty tartness off her smooth

hot fold's! Kengar speared his tongue between her pulsing cunt lip's licking an sucking the thick greasy fluid from her sublime pleasure box! Her hip's began to undulate, then rock back an forth as she whimpered an moaned. He drove his tongue even deeper, loving the slick feel of her fuckhole! Raileen's body quaked an spasmed in ecstasy as she rode his face.

Kengar parted her thigh's wider, an clutched her ass cheek's, plunging his tongue in so deep his nose prodded her clit! A scream ripped from her throat as she blasted into climax bucking frantically. He rode her thrusting hip's until her last orgasmic shiver's died away! Kengar stood his pulsing cock only inch's from her quivering cunt, Raileen looked up at him languidly! Though prince Rhanlan had been like a younger brother, Kengar couldn't stop himself he knew, this time he didn't even try! He took her swiftly an ferociously ,battering her soft flesh with his lean hard body. Raileen wailed an whimpered under his animal like rutting! But clutched at his buttock's pulling him in harder an deeper! She gasped aloud , then cooed like a contented pigeon , her tongue explored his lip's an cheek. The image of prince Rhanlan bound an gaged under him, as he fucked involuntarily popped into Kengar's head! Ball's deep he withdrew his cock halfway appalled by the image of him self sodomizing the prince! "OOHHA!!" Raileen moaned pulling at his immobile body frantically. She lick at his ear an dug her heel's into his back , in an effort to recapture his long prick! Kengar stared down at the exquisite feminine body beneath him , and began to melt once more, as lust pushed thought's of the prince from his mind! Kengar drove his long cock back into her soppy overflowing pussy , their bodies collide with a wet smack! A scream escaped her trembling lip's as he gave her another improbably deep thrust! His powerful hip's forced her leg's even wider apart, their bodies slapping together again an again. Kengar could hear prince Rhanlan's distant grunt's an wail's of pain an anguish as he was ferociously sodomized! The sound grew dimmer an dimmer, as he fucked his cock into her with such force that she nearly went through the mattress! She clawed at his back an began bucking her ass up meeting his every thrust! Kengar loved no thing better than a woman who would fuck back, Raileen was just such a woman. The prince's gowl's of agony had long been drowned out by Raileen's whimper's of passion! With his cock rammed into her as tight as he could get it! Kengar flipped her around on the bed until she was lying on her side with one leg high over his shoulder. Tremors pulsed through his loin's making his whole body quiver, as he looked down at Raileen's sweaty gaspin body! When he saw her smiling up at him, he knew she was feeling those same tremors , this made him slam into her with renewed vigor! His buttock's pumped back an forth as he repeatedly leaned into her burying his cock ball's deep each thrust! She begged for more unable to get enough of Kengar's long prick! Keeping his cock enshrine deep in her cunt , he pushed her leg off his shoulder and turned her completely over. "OOoommhm!" Raileen moaned, her ass high in the air her face an shoulder's resting on the mattress. Grasping her firm hip's Kengar watched his cock slamming into the golden haired peach between her thigh's! The image of menlor's huge mastiff taking her like this that popped into his head, surprisingly only aroused him more! He closed his eye's picturing the enormous growling animal humping her firm round buttock's. Kengar nearly fucked her right off the bed , his cock repeatedly slammed ball's deep! He threw back his head grimacing as wave after wave of pleasure roared through his loin's! With her back arched Raileen exploded in an orgasmic fit! Her eye's rolled back an her body twisted an spasmed like an enpaed fish! Kengar emptied his passion into her , delivering his lusty exploits in a series of violent fuck thrust's! Raileen winced an smiled simultaneously as Kengar used his erupting cock to repetitiously lift her up off the mattress! A warning chined in Kengar's ear someone was coming up the stair's from the royal apartment's!

Ripping his still throbbing member from Raileen's contorting body , he grabbed his robe's muttering the trigger word he stepped through the magical doorway. And was once again in his casting chamber , quickly he said the word that opened an closed the gate then moved off to his bedroom. Angus stepped out of the dark corner in which he had been waiting. An cautiously touched the wall Kengar had just stepped through. It was as solid an real as always, slowly Angus repeated the word

Kengar had said. The wall shimmered slightly, this time his hand disappeared into it with no resistance. Stilling himself he leaned forward so that his head and shoulder's passed through. On a bed just in front of him Raileen lay panting sweaty and naked! He almost stepped through to her, but out of the corner of his eye he saw the chamber door swinging open. Quickly he pulled back whispering the word of closing. Quickly he hurried off to tell Elwood about his unbelievably lucky find! Kengar paced his bed chamber restlessly, haunted by his dark vision of prince Rhanlan. Bound bent over and brutally sodomized, forcefully vitiated, heartless coerced to pleasure his captor's with his mouth as well as his body! Kengar pushed the thought from his mind, and tried to plot out his next move.

Following the Dahlan river through the pine barrens, was the quickest way to the trade road's. The fact that the barrens were mostly controlled by the gorged eye Orc clan. Counselled against going that way, but the princess was in a hurry so decided to chance it. Aloysius picked his way slowly down out of the mtn's, a light rain was shifting down making the rocky ground slippery. With her cloak pulled tight over her plate armor Darla watched the darkening pines carefully, one hand resting lightly on the haft of her up-rised lance. Aloysius nickered softly prancing uneasily as his ears swiveled around. Darla patted his great arched neck comfortingly. "I know they're out there, I can feel it to." She whispered to the nervous war horse, slowly she slipped her shield on. Still they saw nothing on the day past quietly. That evening Darla managed to find a rocky tor to camp on for the night it was high and easily defensible. Drizzling rain played its melodious tune on the leaves and pine boughs all night. Darla and Aloysius huddled under her cloak all night though she didn't take off her armor. They were content with the pleasure of one another's lips. At dawn the rain had finely subsided and the world smelled fresh and clean as the sun finally arose drying the forest. Saddling up she picked her way down the valley, with the river always within sight to her right. It was about noon when she heard the drum's, that ancient sign the Orc's were up to something and of course it would be something no good. "Maybe we can make it to the trade road's, before they get to worked up and start wandering around looking for trouble." Darla whispered to Aloysius's flattened ears. The big stallion picked up his pace down through the spreading pines. The sound of the drum's softened as they left the pine barren's behind, and entered the great quindern forest. The trees opened suddenly on a carnage littered clearing just off the side of the trade road. Darla rode slowly through the battle field, it was of course the sight of an Orc ambush. Broken arrows, splintered shields and blood littered the trampled ground. Empty and smashed wagons told her it was a way-laid merchant caravan. "The blood's still fresh!" A soft melodious voice observed quietly. Startled horse and rider spun to the right, teeth bared really for a fight. The elven warrior who had spoken was anything but ready for a fight, as he was bent over at the waist retrieving a broken arrow at that moment.

"Orcish!" The elf exclaimed holding it up, he was golden haired and golden skin like most of his race. "With the drums booming you thought it would be something else?" Darla asked sarcastically, staring at the elven warrior. The average elf was very handsome, but this one went beyond that you could almost say he was beautiful! "Uhem, well it's always possible, I mean there are other creatures in this wood who could do this." He insisted. "Ogre's, troll's, giant's and gnoll's don't use arrows, goblin's only come out at night, and centaur's don't take the bodies of their victims home to eat!" "Yes I see, Ahem your right of course." "I best see what I can do." "Do?" "Do about what?" Darla inquired. "Not all the people in the caravan were killed, the Orc's must have a few captive's." "We don't know that!" Darla insisted. "Live meat doesn't spoil as fast as dead meat even the stupid Orc's know that!" The elf explained patiently. "You can't rescue the prisoners by yourself." "I'm not by myself." The elven warrior said pointing across the field. A huge man appeared out of the forest shadow's, and slowly walked across the blood splattered ground. His black leather armor, and an inky black cloak blended in with the darkness so that only his long pale face could be seen. He looked like the specter of death gliding like a shadow across the battle field, it made Darla shiver

involuntarily. "Adoran!" The elf called, gesturing for the lean muscled man to come over, needlessly as he was already on his way. Darla's hand move to her sword hilt, an Aloysiue wheeled to meet the stranger pawing the ground nervously. "I found the track's of at least five captive's mixed in with the Orc's." He said pushing back the hood of his cloak. Darla was amazed by how handsome he was, his long angular face was framed by shoulder length black hair. He turned and gave her a courtly bow. "Dear lady knight we have as let not been introduced I am called Adoran." "And I am Lylyvela silveraok." The elf exclaimed without bowing. "Princess Darla daughter of King Dalanius of Berndar, Duches of Tarnwood, knight of Einor. "A great lady indeed, you should not be subjecting yourself to this dangerous forest great lady." "I go where I will, wanderer I am in no more danger than you." Darla snapped. Adoran smiled. "I ment no offense Princess, it's just that one see's very few of royal blood traveling in the wild's alone, with good reason." He added quitly. The trade rode's are hardly wild's... " Darla started. "Quindern is more dangerous than you might think, as are the pine barren's.." "I just came through the barren's on my way to Quindern." She snapped angerly. "You must have been in a very great hurry to risk the barren's alone." "I am not alone Aloysiue was with me!" She said patting the big stallion's neck lovingly. "A formidable ally." The big man muttered looking the huge war horse over.

Aloysiue picked his way along slowly, being as quite as a war horse can be when moving through the forest. Adoran an Lylyvela had told her to wait at the trail fork, but Darla had grown inpatient so she had deside to follow their trail. She knelt an stared hard at the path making out the faint marks of they're pasting, when she heard a soft meon. Gesturing for Aloysiue to stay still she moved silently through the tree's, ahead she saw Lylyvela's lith form leaning back against a small tree. The elf's hand's were clutching two limb's to either side, some one was kneeling in front of the slender elf lord! Moving closer Darla realized that the elf was nude from the waist down, an that the kneeling figure was fellatioing the lean delicate elf! Darla gasped in surprise it was Adoran!

He glanced up at Darla looking her right in the eye, but couldn't say anything because his lip's were rapped around the long slender cock pumping in an out of his throat! Lylyvela moaned hoarsely, then grasped Adoran's long black hair an humped the big man's face frantically! Darla could discern he was close to climaxing! Quickly she retreated shock that the gentle delicate elf was so forcefully taking his pleasure in the big man's mouth! She was even more startled as she thought of the big warrior just kneeling there! As the handsome little elf fucked his mouth like it was a horny little elf maiden's cunt! Quickly she turned to make her way back to Aloysiue, behind her she heard Lylyvela groan. "Ohoo Yes!" "Ohoo take it deeper!" "That's so good!" "Swallow it!" "Swallow it all!"

Ahead Lylyvela wave for her to come on up, his face was flush an his smile bright as he crouched beside a dead Orc sentry. "The village is just ahead." The smirking elf whispered gesturing off to his right. "Adoran is watching from that rise up to the right, make for that pine thicket. "The elf added snickering naughty. "You seem excited!" Darla said quitly. The elf's naughty smile wided knowingly an he knodded. "Not quite as much as I was a minute ago!" Lylyvela chuckled vulgarly. "He know's, Adoran told him I saw!" Darla thought turning away from the audaciously smriking elf.

There were fourteen prisoner's, two were obviously merchant's the other's warrior's hired to guard the caravan. They were tied to cross's made from big wooden stake's naked, their armor an clothing having been taken by there Orc captor's. A huge orc warrior slit a round bellied merchant's scrotum, then reached a big clawed hand into the gapping wound an tore the screaming man's testicles out! The posture an the blood running down the inner thigh's of the prisoner's made it clear they had been castrated in the same manner. The Orc's roared with mirth as the big warrior popped the swooning merchant's ball's in his mouth an ate them raw! Lylyvela gagged in disgust as the Orc enjoyed his tasty prize. A shrill scream echoed out of a thick cluster of hooting Orc warrior's. "God's they've got a woman!" Adoran gasped leaping to his feet, an quickly drawing his broad sword. Lylyvela already had an arrow nocked in his long bow, quickly Darla mounted Aloysiue an set her

lance. "I guess were going to do this the hard way!" She whispered to Aloysiue.

Ariel's head was ringing, an blood trickling out of her nose an the corner's of her mouth. She tried to get up, but the Orc punched her again an used the weight of his body to force her back down. She struggled against them, pummeling them with her soft fist's, but it had no effect on their lean muscular body's. They laughed at her attack's, her resistance arousing them to new height's! The fiend's seem to revel in that resistance, some not even waiting for the pleasure of her body, but spewing they're foul lust over her struggling form! Thick wet gobbs of their lust splattered her face an breast's, she clinched her teeth knowing if she screamed it would spray into her mouth! They pulled her knee's apart an another huge warrior climbed between her leg's, She scream an got a mouth full of Orc spunk,snarling she spit it at the brute between her leg's! But could do little more, as the hord pinned her squirming body to the ground. The Orc warrior pumped into her much abused pussy, an growled in displeasure at it's condition. Pushing her knee's up around her ear's, he pulled out of her sloppy jism soaked cunt, an aim his thick knotty cock for her tiny asshole!

She squeezed her spincter muscle's closed tightly, trying to bar the way! But the big Orc was just to hard an determined, using the tip's of his thumb's to open her he plowed right in grunting with pleasure. Ariel screamed in pain as with one thrust the big fucker disappeared into her, then choked on another big mouth full of greasy Orc cum! "Oh No!" She thought. "Now they'll all want to try it!" Suddenly a long silver arrow smoothly emerged from the Orc's chest, he stared down at the bloody shaft dully then toppled over backward gurgling loudly. The Orc's broke in a rush to get to their weapon's, but it was to late the air was suddenly full of arrows as if a hundred archer's had cut loose all at once! Ariel was dropped forgotten for the moment climbed wearily to her feet, trying to decide what to do. To her left a horn sounded an a knight on a huge war horse charged lance lowered in to a knot of confused Orc fighter's. To her right raced a single man clad all in black, he danced through the Orc's rank's like a shadow. No she decided like the spector of death, for all around him Orc fighter's fell dead killed seemingly just by his passing! The knight had discarded his lance as it had become weighted down with the body's of empale Orc's, an drew his huge long sword. The gigantic war horse spun kicking an biting as the knight set himself then charged another cluster of warrior's. The black clad fighter to her right race along quickly cutting the prisoner's bonds with one hand, an figthing off attacker's with the other. Most of the prisoner's collapsed as they're bonds were cut laying or kneeling brokenly on the ground. Only Burrton a grizzled old veteran seemed to keep his wit's, yanking men to they're feet he slapped, kicked an carjoled them into action. Some grabbed dropped Orc weapon's an attacked they're tormenter's. Other's help friends as they made their escape toward the woods. "We've got to get out of here they can't hold for long, only surprise has held them back this long!"The old warrior growled as he grasped her arm pulling Ariel toward the forrest. As if his words had woken them up the Orc's came howling back, driving the knight an his dark ally back toward the escaping prisoner's. The prisoner's who had picked up Orc weapon's ran naked to the aid of their rescuer's, but unarmored an weak from blood loss they were quickly cut down! The Orc's massed in two huge cluster's each trying through sheer force of number's to bring down their human opponent's. Another rain of arrow's cut in to the Orc rank's, but this time the Orc's returned fire showering the tree's with long black barbed shaft's.

Ariel could see that the fiend's were trying to drive their two attacker's together, to trap them an swarm them under with their greater number's! It was exactly what they had done to the caravan guards. She remember the feeling of helplessness as she watch them slowly cut the guardsmen to pieces. She tried to ran of coarse, but there was just no where to go. Then they'd caught her, she remembered the numbing pain of the first brutal beating, an then the rape had started right there on the battle field they've all went at least once! She thought looking down at her bruised body, wet an sticky with blood, sweat an Orc cum! Then she heard it a clatter of steel on steel, looking up at the Orc's she saw them turning uncertainly looking back over their shoulder's. "I'll be damned!"Ol'

Burrton swore. "Looks like they're bein hit on the flank's!" The old warrior cackled. Then Ariel saw him a huge blond barbarian with an enormous axe. If the dark warrior was the specter of death then this man was the incarnation of bloody carnage.

The dark warrior seemed to leave a wake of pristine death in his wake, but this barbarian smashed into the Orc's like a meat grinder. Ripping an chewing, arms, legs an heads flew with each chop as blood showered like rain on him an those around him. The big man hacked his way on through their ranks as unfeeling an implacable as a natural disaster. "Cram it up they're ass!" Ariel screamed as the huge barbarian crashed through the Orc's rank's. It was to much the harried Orc warrior's they broke an ran, fleeing into the dark pine forest. The Orc chief who had been the one to emasculate the prisoner's, stood his ground for a second calling to his fleeing warrior's. But quickly fled when he saw the three human warrior's converging on him from three side's.

Angus roared like an enraged boar as he drove his thick cock ball's deep in Raileen's hot tight ass, driving her down onto Elwood's big fucker. "I'm poking around in someone's spunk, I'm telling ya I can feel it!" Elwood moaned in disgust. "Probably the high an might, I'll punish you for fuck her cuz' she's my private slut of a wizard!" "It's just to juicy to be natural!" Elwood muttered under his breath. "I really don't know why it bothers you so much, I kind of like it when it's all squishy an goowy!" Angus grunted. "Shut the fuck up!" Elwood groaned as he bucked an spasmed his load into Raileen's sloppy golden haired pussy. Angus hammered her ass exuberantly, battering a low wail from her twisting shuddering body. Elwood scrambled out from under her, an rose to his knee's aggressively ramming his cock into her drooling mouth. "Lick it clean slut!" Elwood snapped grabbing her head an fucking her face energetically. "Thats princess slut, have some respect for your prince..er..princess that is." Angus snickered. "HHOOHOH!" He groaned pumping a big load deep into her aching asshole! "Oohha that's a sublime mouth!" Elwood groaned humping it slowly. "Royally sublime!" Angus crooned qently wiped his cock clean with Raileen's silken panty's, enjoying the feel of that soft cool fabric on his spent member. He was flabbergasted when he felt his limp cock hardening once again, as he watched Elwood pound his big fucker into Raileen's beautiful face an down her beckoning throat. Gently he pushed his semi aroused fucker into Raileen's hot soggy cunt. "Ohha Yeah!" "That's just the way I like it!" He groaned slowly pumping his stiffening cock in an out of her. "You know the people who give the best blow jobs are those who really love to do it, who just really love to suck cock!" "And this..is.. the very best blow job I've ever..h.had!" Elwood panted as he spasmed.

"Camp fires," "Camp fires on the trade rode!" Ol' burrton exclaimed excitedly. "Another caravan perhaps." Adoran whispered disappearing silently into the tree's. "Give's you the willy's don't he, disappears into the darkness like he's a part of the blasted stuff!" Ol' Burrton whispered, pulling Ariel behind the low hanging bough's of a fir tree. Naked an shivering the other prisoner's huttled with them, some collapsing from exhaustion or blood loss. The huge red war horse pranced up pawing the ground impatiently, and the knight removed his helm. Ariel was amazed to see long blond hair cascade down over the knight's armored shoulder's. The moon light shone on the beautiful face of the lady knight, making her pale sweaty profile gleam like a goddess. Ol' Burrton gasped in surprise, then chuckled in amusment as he wearily sat down. "I must really be gittin' old to had missed that." He muttered under his breath. "Where is Adoran?" Dara whispered quitly. "The tall fella all in black?" Ol' Burrton asked softly.

Darla nodded scanning the dark forest carefully, her hand never leaving her sword hilt. "He's gone to check out the fire's along the trade rode." "Alone!" Darla hissed spinning to face the old warrior. "The way he move's through the darkness who could follow?" Ol' Burrton asked sharply. "Your right of course, were just in a bad spot here we can't afford to lose such a fighter." "That one will out last us all, I'll wager." The old man whispered wearily. Lylyvela slipped quietly out of the dark woods. "They're making a big show of looking for us, but it's just to placate their chief!" "I don't really think

they want to find us, at least not to night anyway." He was bleeding from several small wound's, but his silvery chain mail had saved him from any real harm. "I hope your right elf boy!" Darla said weakly climbing down from the saddle. "Are you hurt lady knight?" The elf asked taking her arm. "A little bruised is all." She said patting the scared an dented surface of her plate mail armor. "An exhausted I'll wager what with all that steel yer a carryin." Ol' Burrton said softly. "Well it is heavy." She admitted. "It's comes in handy however sometime's." She said thoughtfully fingering a long sword slash on her breast plate. "Well aint this sweet!" A rough voice growled from under the shadowy boughs of a near by fir tree. Darla spun drawing her huge hand an a half sword as Lylyvela lay a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "It's ok he's on our side!" The elf said smiling. The huge barbarian stepped out of the shadow's, it was then that Darla realized how truly massive he was. "Am I now?" He snarled leaning on the haft of his bloody axe. "Are ye or aren't ye?" Darla inquired coldly. The big warrior stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Well we did kill Orcs together, an that alway's bring's men closer together." "We aren't men!" Darla snapped gesturing to Lylyvela and herself. "Warrior's then!" The barbarian rumbled crossly. "Warrior's it is then." Lylyvela said stepping in smoothly to head off any argument. "Well met, I am Lylyvela silveroak an this is the lady knight Darla of Tarnwood." The handsome little elf said brightly. "I am Sigfen of Yorlag Atol Twice slayer of the great serpent." "Your a long way from the sea barbarian!" Darla observed. "I have come here seeking to avenge a great wrong done to my people!" The barbarian spat. Darla looked at Lylyvela the elf was nodding knowingly. "Don't tell me, your looking to kill a wizard, the arch mage Glyndanual no dout." Both the elf an Sigfen nodded coldly. "I think I know your story elf boy, the arch mage ran your people out of here year's ago." Lylyvela nodded his surprise clearly showing. "What did he do to you?" She asked turning to the huge barbarian. "That is none of your concern!" The big warrior growled fervently. "Your right I don't know and I don't need to know, but I bet I can guess." The big barbarian blanched at that, remembering how she had so easily guessed the elf's secret. "Keep your guess's to yourself witch, one foul magic user is much the same as another to me." He snarled testing the edge of his axe with his thumb. "It's not magic I use, and as for the arch mage you need not worry." "For I am going to kill him!" She swore fiercely. "Well thats good, he's needed killing for a long time." Adoran's voice drifted out of the darkness. "Right now, lets get these wounded men down to that caravan." "It's leader has assured me he'll take them in, an see to they're wound's." The dark warrior's tone left little dout what he thought of they're bickering.

Thorval captain of the high lord merchant Fenuis's caravan watched as the wraith helped the rescued men limp in to camp. "These men are fighter's?" Fenuis asked critically. "Yes my lord you can see it in the way they move an they're old scar's." "An they have in fact been gelded?" The merchant asked thoughtfully. "Yes, the orc's almost alway's deprive their prisoner's of their manhood before torturing them to death." Thorval answered. "If you don't mind my asking my lord." It seems a little well ...out of character of you to promise these men food, clothing an healing, for.. well for nothing." "Hardly nothing captain, we are going to the great desert kingdom Kahdem." "And the sultan is alway's looking to buy fighting eunuch's to serve as his harem guard's!" "You see captain a unique commodity has just, as they say fallen into my lap!" The fat merchant laughed callously at his crude pun. "To make a man who's just been emasculate stand guard over a harem!" Thorval shuttered. "Now that's torture!" He whispered guiltily to myself. "They will bring a good price, a very good price indeed." Fenuis muttered chuckling as he thought of the gold he would make. "Go to my healer captain he is not to do anything that might restore these warrior's to full manhood!" "On pain of death, be sure he know's that!" The Fenuis snarled. "At once my lord." Thorval said turning he hurried out of the merchant's tent. "You knew what he was when you agreed to work for him!" Thorval swore under his breath savagely.

With the wounded safely in the caravan healer's tent, save for Arial who claimed to be unwounded an now wouldn't leave Darla's side. "Is there water handy?" Darla asked Thorval. "We'd like to clean up a little." She said glancing at Arial's filthy sticky blood splattered body. "There's a small

stream just over to the right on the other side of that hill." Thorval answered quickly looking away from Ariel's battered naked body. "Good we'll be back shortly be so kind as to find something for her to wear." "Where am I going to do that?" Thorval sputtered. "There's not a stitch of women's clothing in this whole.." "Find her a suitable tunic and jerkin's then!" Darla swore. "No matter what you'd like, she's not going to walk around naked any longer!" Thorval sputtered turning red and stalked off roaring for the caravan's quarter master. "Gentlemen I would suggest you do the same!" Darla said wrinkling her delicate little upturned nose. Adoran looked at Lylyvela and grinned. "I s'pose we are getting a bit fragrant." He chuckled holding up one arm. "I certainly wouldn't want the orc's to be able to smell us coming!" Lylyvela agreed laughingly. "Very well then lady's you go up stream and we'll go down." The elf said grinning. "I'll just bet you will!" Darla said suggestively smiling in the elf's beautiful leering face.

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## Chapter 2 - The Assassin

Darla and Ariel walked slowly up stream, Aloysius bringing up the rear it didn't take them long to find a suitable pool. With Ariel's help the weary lady knight laboriously took off her heavy plate mail. The padded linen tunic she wore under her armor was dripping with sweat, as Ariel pulled it off. Darla dropped trembling and exhausted into the cool waters, Ariel was amazed to see this tall muscular warrioress so vulnerable so accessible. Slowly she slipped into the water, and gently began washing the dried sweat off Darla's magnificent body. "Oahoha!" Darla moaned as Ariel's strong hand's massaged her lean weary body. Briskly Darla began returning the favor, washing the sticky Orc cum and dried blood off Ariel's sumptuous flesh. With Darla's rough hand's massaging her aching body, Ariel began to more intimately explore the tall warrioress's lean muscular frame. Her finger's going to Darla's hot pussy, as her mouth gently kissed and sucked one big erect nipple! "I don't.." "I mean I've never!" Darla started then wrinkled her nose suddenly aware of the very aromatic stench of a sweaty stallion. Looking up at the huge perspiring war horse pressing close. "Aloysius!" She groaned her voice low and husky. "Join us love!" She called. Ariel's mouth gently kissing one of Darla's nipple's, fell open in amazement when Aloysius slowly shifted shape, and waded into the pool. Weakly Darla crawled over to him and began lovingly washing the huge horseman. Pausing only to plant a long kiss on his soft mobile lip's. The huge creature's three fingered hand's took over exploring the lady knight's pale body. "Come here." Darla breathed. "He won't hurt you." She said sliding down his thickly muscled body until her mouth was even with his huge cock sheath. "Wha...what.what?" Ariel stammered. "Aloysius is more than just my mount, he's my friend, my ally, my husband!" Darla admitted. "A big hairy brute, a monster!" Ariel exclaimed. "He's no monster!" Darla snapped crossly. "He's more kind, more loving, more faithful than any man I've ever met!" "I love him, he is my stallion and I am his mare!" "She has been hurt most terribly, by males more powerful than herself." "So now she fears and loathes all powerful males!" Aloysius rumbled, as he gently guided Darla's lip's onto the big round head of his cock. "I'm not afraid of you, your own a beast, a beast of burden!" "Then come closer." Aloysius grumbled. "Why should I?" Ariel inquired. "Perhaps I can relieve you of your burden, perhaps I can carry it for you." Aloysius boomed. "How could you do that?" She asked abashed. "By replacing the pain with something else." Darla guessed. "Your not making any sense." Ariel whimpered inching closer and closer. Aloysius's massive equine pleasure scepter was half way elongated and deep in Darla's throat. Tenderly he picked her exhausted body up and lay her on a smooth flat rock. "What..what are you doing?" Ariel asked. "My lady knight is very tired, yet still she would give herself to me, pleasure me!" "She would burden herself to bring me joy!" "You would do this to bring her joy, I saw that in your eye's at the water's edge." "I..I..!" "Please pleasure my lady knight, as you wish, bring her joy." Ariel climbed onto the rock lovingly parting Darla's muscular thigh's, then buried her face in the warrioress's blond haired pussy. It was several minutes before she realized Aloysius was behind her. She felt his soft mobile lip's an extensive slick

tongue tenderly exploring her musky nether territory's. "What!?" She started. "He is taking your burden of pain, the only way he can by replacing it with pleasure!" Darla explained. "Take her burden. for me Aloysiue, pleasure her as only you can!" Darla exclaimed pulling Ariel's mouth back down to her blond cunt. "Yes my lady mare!" Aloysiue rumbled lovingly parting the gates of Ariel's mound with his deep probing tongue! "Hhhahuha!" She whimpered as the horse man's long muscular tongue almost lifted her off the ground!

I can't tell the king what I know of quindern, with the prince publicly declared dead. That mean's the king plans to keep Raileen all to himself, if I tell him where the arch's tower is hidden. Then he'll sent me an the army to root him out if we can, an he'll have Raileen all to himself! The thought of that old man fucking her, drove Kengar mad with jealous envy! "I can't tell him!" "Thats all there is to it." "I won't tell him!" Kengar muttered between clinched teeth. "Were you speaking to me?" Flendar the royal gamesmen asked, pacing the dais behind the throne worriedly. "No!" "Just thinking out loud Flendar. "The wizard snapped, then thinking better. "What's got you so upset?" He asked quickly changing the subject. "The king hasn't visited his menagerie in day's!" Flendar whispered. "And he willn't anytime soon!" Kengar assured. "Impossible he's made regular visits sense the queen's death!" "He's taken a woman, you've lost your power over him." "Not completely!" Flendar swore grimly. "Let me rephrase that you are no longer useful, an you have become a threat." "If you start running now, and your a good hider you just might live out the week." Janus minister of finace chuckled stepping out of the shadows. Flendar blanched an leaped back as if stung. "Oh don't worry Flendar he's the goat fucking king, of a countrity of goat fucker's!" "So while it might be embarrassing for him, it's not worth killing you over." Kengar snickered. "Yes he'll probably just lock you in a dungeon for the rest of your life." "The tower of Kal blanc perhaps, you might even have a lake front veiw." Janus giggled. "But by all means spread your tale of the king's animalistic debauchery." "It might just make all those goat fucking peasants, feel like they have something in common with their king!" "They'll love him all the more, an hate all the more those how would betray him." Kengar growled. "And those big fellows in the dungeons they can teach you all kinds of new thing's about debauchery." "They'll make you they're little nanny goat, and you'll baaaaa every night!" Janus leered. Shaking violently the gamesmen fled, from the throne room, and Kengar hoped the kingdom as well! "Has the king really taken a woman?" "Or was that just a little entertainment for Flendar?" "That was a plan to rid the king of Flendar's bad counsel." "How did you managed to keep the old horn dog away from his baaaing lovers?" "There's more than one thing that will bleat!" Kengar snarled through gritted teeth. "Ha ha heh variety is the spice of life, as I've always said!" Janus laughed. "Was it something you'd conjured up?" "No!" "Nothing so dangerous." Kengar muttered. "The good thing about goat fuckers is they aren't hard to please!" "I've always believed you to be a innocent in the ways of courtly intrigues, but this this is a master's stroke." "What brought it on?" "Flendar's bad counsel's to the king, he was gaining to much influence over his majesty." Kengar growled eager to hide the blunder of telling Flendar about Raileen. "Of course now you have Flendar's power as it is you who see's to the king's...pleasure's!" "Have you any mulebanging's or goat ramming's lined up in the near furture?" "You do remember Menlor's dog act, the prince was quite throughly enjoying that I saw!" "It's a shame the prince didn't stay with us longer, you could have arranged a muletrain for him like father like... well you under stand." Janus giggled. Shut up you stupid bastard, just shut up! Kengar thought hotly. As the image of Raileen contorting in pleasure under that massive fucking beast replayed it's self in his mind! "Oh I understand, but with Flendar gone the king can see to his own...desire's!" "And I will see to mine!" Kengar growled. "And what are you desire's?" "If I might ask mage, what do you want?" "It's not the power that you crave, if that's what you're asking." Kengar assured. "I hope not, your a dangerous adversary as you proved to day, I'd rather be your friend than your foe." Janus chuckled. "I'd say we're well on our way to being friends minister Janus." Kengar grinned. "Good good perhaps we can have dinner sometime, an discuss our views." "I'll look forward to it."

Shucking off the last of his armor Sinfen dove into the cool water, standing up he scrubbed his hairy arm's an shoulder's. He glanced up idly an quickly did a double take starring at lylyvela's exquisite nude golden body. The ravishing elven warrior's lean golden body was erotically effeminate, Sinfen turned away ashamed of his hardening cock. He tried to keep his mind off the gorgeous elf, but couldn't keep himself from glancing back at Lylyvela's sensuous nude form. "A very arousing sight isn't it?" Adoran whispered in his ear. Sinfen stiffened. "I don't know what your talking about!" The big barbarian snarled, but the glittering string of precum snaking down his hairy thigh betrayed him!. "Your people raid city's of the coast's taking what they want!" Adoran muttered. "It has been a long time, I have not been with a woman since..." Sinfen's voice trailed off abruptly. "You know what you want!" "Why don't you take it!" Adoran whispered teasingly. "I take what I will when I will!" Sinfen panted hoarsely his massively muscled body shuttering violently. Lylyvela was bent over scrubbing his calves, it was almost to much for the big barbarian. Quickly he looked away, only to find Adoran on the other side. The dark man was sitting on the bottem his head just out of the water even with Sinfen's hard jutting cock. Remembering how the lean man had tauted him, Sinfen decided to take a measure of revenge. "I take what I will when I will!" Sinfen growled pushing his hard cock through the water at the dark man's face. He stopped within only inch's of Adoran's lip's, but the lean man had not flinched away as he had expected. Suddenly two lean golden arm's reached around his waist, one hand reached down an cupped his pulsing cock. The other grasped Adoran's wet hair an pulled the dark warrior's mouth onto Sinfen's rigid cock.

Sinfen looked on in shock as the graceful delicate elf pulled Adoran's head forword, until the dark warrior's lip's were pressed against his body. "AHHAoha!" The barbarian groaned as Adoran's lip's disappeared in his wry blond pubic hair. "You've not been with a woman since?" Lylyvela inquired caressing Sinfen's hairy stomach an chest, as the big barbarian vainly tried to keep himself from humping Adoran's hot mouth! "I..Please...I..I...You must..make him s..sst..stop!" Sinfen stuttered thrusting forword involuntarily. "Whats the matter?" Lylyvela asked archingly. "I haven't been...haven't taken pleasure...haven't!" "Tell me all about it!" Lylyvela whispered hugging Sinfen tightly, the barbarian could feel the elf's hard cock pressing against his buttock's. "Our ship's went out a raiding as always, my brother's boat didn't come back such sometimes is fate." "That winter the arch mage asked for our warriors to kill a great sea worm for him." "In payment he gave us all beautiful women to do with as we please, we took them as hearty warrior's will!" "They were most willing and we used them most throughly." Sinfen panted. "Yes, Yes, go on." Lylyvela whispered as he parted the big warrior's asscheek's. "It was then the arch mage reveled that these women, were really the men of our lost ship." "He changed them back as..we..as I..I!" Sinfen sobbed. "As you did what?" The elf inquired pushing his pulsing cock against the huge barbarian's tiny puckered asshole. "I..I fucked..I didn't know!" " I force fucked h..himm!" He screamed as the elf's long slender cock thrustred balls deep into him! He hung suspended between the deviant ecstasy of Adoran's mouth, and the agony of Lylyvela's arduously unnatural penetration. The comely elf began thrusting gently into him, driving Sinfen's aching cock in an out of Adoran's velvety suckling lip's. "Are you enjoying yourself?" The impishly elf asked impertinently. "Adoran's a most competent an acquiescent fellatix. He's been sucking my cock for over twenty year's now!" Lylyvela snickered wantonly pulling the dark warrior's head up an down Sinfen's lengthy fucker! The big barbarian could only moan hoarsely as he bonced back an forth. Between the sensual indulgence in front of him to the orgiastic gratification captivating his firm ass! That hedonic gratification owned him he realized, he was it's impotent thrall! The good-looking elf's lithe effeminate appearance an prissy aspect was a trap. Promising to give it's self to you for your pleasure, but really drawing you close so it could take it's pleasure in you! He was captive to that pleasure, the pleasure his violated body gave to the handsome virile elven warrior. The pleasure the elf's lord's lengthy cock disseminate through his quivering asshole. He was it's slave even the pleasure of Adoran's mouth mastered him! His will wasn't even strong e'nuff to get him out of another man's mouth. Much less to get the beautiful titillated enjoining elven warrior out of his spasming body! Orgasm racked the big barbarian's huge

muscled body, leaving him whimpering in incoherent pleasure! He found himself pounding Adoran's face with his lean hard stomach! Ramming his thick cock as deep as it would go into the dark warrior's suckling mouth! The next thing Sigfen knew his face was pressing into Adoran's crotch, as the dark man's big prick slid in and out of his mouth! He wasn't sure how it had happened, he remember Lylyvela's strong hand's bending him forward then....?

But my lord, I am a healer!" Lorn protested. "I am aware of that, as am I aware of the orders you were given." Fenuis snapped. "But I have a...a magic that can heal even these terrible wounds!" Lorn explained. "Oh really?" "An what might that be?" Fenuis inquired softly. "A magical ring that can regrow lost or damaged flesh!" The healer explained. "I've heard of such ring's, it is very powerful." The merchant admitted slowly. "It should be in the hand's of the caravan leader, as it is he who must decide what is best for everyone under his command!" Fenuis snarled softly. "NO!" "On pain of death Lorn!" "I am the lord of this caravan, and I'll run it as I see fit!" "Now give me the ring and leave me be!" Lorn left the merchant's tent grimly shaking his head at Fenuis's cruel unreasonableness. "Any luck?" Thorval asked hopelessly. "No you were right he willn't let me restore their manhood!" Lorn exclaimed disgustedly. "What are you going to do now?" "I think I'll take a walk to clear my head." Lorn growled. "Good idea let off a little steam." Thorval called.

"It's always amazed me how even the biggest toughest warrior's, become so obliging docile once you get a stiff cock up their butt's!" Lylyvela observed smirked. As Lorn violently rammed his throbbing fucker balls deep into Sinfen's spasming body. The big moaning barbarian was draped over a rock amid stream, as the pale young healer pounded his buttock's aggressively. Adoran was still deep in the blond barbarian's throat, as Lylyvela watching from the water gently stroking his own slowly hardening cock. "It never fails, the more masculine they act the more obliging effeminate they become!" He chuckled as his long thin cock arose stiffly out of the cooled running water. "I'll bet the lady knight's not enjoying her bath as much as we're enjoying our's." Lylyvela giggled.

A dark figure moved silently through the blackness of quin dern forest, pausing by the waters edge. He watched a gigantic horse like creature slowly lower a buxom dark haired woman on to it's monumental equine fucker. A broad shouldered blond woman kneeled between it's leg's, licked and sucked the enormous creature's hulking ball's. So strange and erotic was the site it stirred a part of his mind unused for many years. But the leather, wood and whale bone that now made up his body were uninterested! Silently he cursed his inanimate body, and the wizard who had trapped him in it. He watched the big equine pleasure scepter sliding slowly into the Black haired beauty's shapely contorting body! With less than half of Aloysuie's massive filly fucker deeply enthroned in her body. Arial opened her mouth sure that at any moment his big round cock head was going to fuck out of it! Aloysuie generously guided Darla's delightfully pleasurable mouth to Arial's tiny exposed love button. Wrenching a husky guttural groan from deep in Arial's quivering breast. Aloysuie's soft mobile lip's and rough copious tongue teased her nipple's. As he languidly sank his immense masculinity in and out of her petite little pleasure cavity! Torture by his distinctly vivid memory's of the graphic carnal pleasure, such sensually voluptuous flesh could provide! The assassin turned away amazed at the pain and the fury, such memory's invoked in him. He wanted badly to destroy something and to kill then. In blind rage he ripped a stiletto from it's sheath, and in one quick motion drove it to the hilt between his leg's! The long silver handle jutted out from his groin like an excited cock! "Yes!" Kill someone gradually, with a dagger slowly pushing the blade in and out! He began to slowly pull his dagger from it's sheath. "No." These aren't the target, don't waste your time on them. The logical part of his mind told him flatly. Quickly but soundlessly he hurried on down stream, lusting for the man he was to kill. It had been a interesting story he thought, trying to get his mind back on the business at hand. The cult had claimed their death god was upset that this man had been allowed to live so long. He would be hard to kill they claim, only by severing his head and burning his body could he truly die. The dark elven priest whispered that this man was the legendary

king of Tamoran, the land of death. If that were true then the man was over a thousand years old, and a warrior king of great skill! It was a challenge Marsalus could not refuse. Challenges, and conquering his foes were one of the few pleasures the assassin could still enjoy! No longer being able to taste, smell, or feel, his inanimate body didn't ever have genitals! "I killed that bastard much to quickly!" He thought remembering how easily the enchanter who trapped his soul had died. "He's gone, and I'm still trapped here in this pile of refuses!" The assassin raged to himself.

Sated for the moment Adoran waded ashore, and began drying himself with a ragged old wool cloak. The twang of the tiny hand crossbow was almost inaudible over the babbling stream. The deadly dart flew swiftly across the clearing directly at his naked back. Spinning the dark man swung the heavy old cloak like a whip, snaring the miniature bolt in its thick fold's. Instantly he lunged for his sword belt that lay atop his clothes. Ripping a broad sword from its sheath with one hand, he drew a wide curved short sword with the other. His attacker stepped silently from the forest shadows, he was clad in green's and browns that blended perfectly with the darkening woods. "Time to die lord of Tamoran!" The assassin rasped hollowly as two daggers seemed to appear in his black gloved hand's. Adoran smiled mockingly. "I've heard that boast before!" "You will never hear it again." Marsalus promised. "That's ok I've grown rather fond of it." Adoran chuckled. The two warriors had been edging closer and closer together as they spoke. Now they attacked blades and hand's moving too fast for the eye to follow. The clatter of steel on steel filled the glade, catching the attention of Lylyvela and Sinfen. Lorn was too deep in the throes of passion to take notice! Lylyvela scrambled up the bank for his bow, but Sinfen couldn't will himself to break away from Lorn's deep pumping cock! Even to defend his life, he realized that if the Orc's ever found him in this condition! He would end up being their fuck slave until they grew tired of his subservient debauchery, or until their brutal molestations finally fucked him to death! Sinfen shuddered at the thought of being ravished by an entire tribe of filthy savage Orc's. As Lorn relentlessly rammed his throbbing inflamed asshole, the big barbarian closed his eyes imagining he was the object of a huge horny Orc's lust!

Adoran caught a heavy blade on the basket hilt of his broad sword, turning aside a second slash with his short sword. He ran the thick blade through his attacker's chest, the assassin aimed a deadly slash at his neck. The wraith spun away from the murderous attack, ripping his short sword free. Marsalus charged after his elusive prey, but found a whirling wall of steel, heedlessly he waded right in. Seeing no blood on his short sword, and observing that the normally fatal wound wasn't even slowing his adversary down. Adoran quickly changed strategies hewing and cleaving, instead of his customary precision cut's and thrust's. He landed a savage cut to his attacker's shoulder that would have severed a typical man's arm! This only got his sword blade seized in the hard wood and thick leather that made up the assassin's body. A dagger blade drove at his naked groin, Adoran quickly released the hilt of his broad sword. Grabbing the assassin's wrist, as the razor sharp blade pushed closer and closer to his testicles! Twisting he used the assassin's own incredible strength to throw him away. The killer rolled to his feet and instantly sprang back into the fight, not giving his antagonist a second's breathing room. They crashed together once again, Adoran ducking and fending off the killer's deadly attacks. Grasping the hilt of his broad sword he wrenched it free, scoring another hit this time on the assassin's knee. The two warriors took a step back pausing to examine one another. A silvery sheen of sweat glistened on the wraith's rippling muscles, but he was breathing normally. Marsalus of course wasn't breathing at all. He bowed limberly, while with a supple flick of his wrist's he sent both dagger's flashing through the air. Adoran swatted one out of the air with his broad sword, as he twisted out of the path of the other. In one swift motion Marsalus drew a wicked looking hand axe, and a broad bladed short sword. Springing back into the fight, he hammered at the wraith's defenses. Bludgeoning them aside, he aimed a vicious chop at Adoran's chest. A long silver arrow smacked into his forearm, knocking the axe cut wide. Never slowing his attack Marsalus launched the axe at Lylyvela, even as he stabbed at Adoran's groin. "I'm going to cut those off, and feed them to that elf!" Marsalus swore plucking the arrow out of his forearm and



carelessly tossing it aside. "It wouldn't be the first time he's had them in his mouth!" Adoran admitted. The whirling axe spun through the air neatly clipping Lylyvela's bow string in two. With a twang the longbow sprang straight, the sinew string popping the elf's naked body like a whip! The wraith's heavy bladed short sword bit deeply into the assassin's forearm. Wedging solidly, snarling like an enraged beast Marsalus ripped it from Adoran's grasp. Wrenching it loose he swung it in a low deadly arc aimed at the wraith's right knee. Catching one blade with his broad sword, he skipped his leg up out of the way. Feeling the tip of the short sword kiss the back side of his thigh as he did so! Ducking in he grasped the silver hilt between the assassin's legs, yanking the long bladed stiletto out of Marsalus's crotch. "You have no need of this decoration!" "I see." Adoran mocked. Enraged Marsalus unleashed a torrent of blows, that would have put most fighters back on their heels! The wraith just stood his ground, not try to parry the heavy slashes blow for blow. But sliding and skipping the powerful attacks off his carefully angled weapon's! Enraged all the more at his opponent's seemingly effortless counters, and his own inability to draw the man's blood. Marsalus abandoned even the pretense of defense, and hurled himself head long into an all out attack! Deflecting two powerful slashes, and their return cuts. Adoran in that split second between attacks, lashed out with a savage straight on kick! That caught the assassin in the midriff, sending him flying back into the stream. Marsalus was on his feet at once in the swirling waist deep water preparing to once again go on the attack. When Lylyvela ran to Adoran's side, laying aside his useless bow he now held his glittering long sword. Against an ordinary opponent the assassin would have thought nothing of going up against seven or even ten warriors. With one arm hanging loose and a knee trying to buckle, he decided this..this wraith was just too good. Climbing out of the swift waters, he quickly disappeared into the shadowy forest. "What was that?" Lylyvela breathed. "A new enemy it would seem." The wraith said slowly. "Undead?" "Not exactly." "Something like I've never seen." Off to the right Sinfen grunted spraying another load down the side of the rock he was bent over! Lorn thrusting wildly disgorged his passion and frustration's in the gigantic barbarian's tiny quivering asshole! "Worry's for another day." Adoran said clapping the elf's naked shoulder, and turning back to the stream. Lylyvela ran his hand up and down the length of the dark man's long throbbing cock. It was slick and wet with the wraith's glittering precum. "And it just so happens we had an opening!" Lylyvela smiled.

A shower of thick frothy white stallion passion shot across her heaving spasming body. Amazing Ariel with its sheer volume, it was the fourth such load Aloysiue had delivered in an hour! Making her wonder if the enormous horse man's massive testicles were bottomless! His long shiny pink fucker jutted out from his powerful body, arching gracefully downward like a stallion's neck! One last big glistening drop hung suspended on the tip of its hefty round head. Sitting up Ariel licked it off, and sucked the last little bit out of the distended tube of his prolific urethra! The taste of the huge horse man's cum was like ambrosia she decided! "How was that?" Darla breath in her ear. "Nectar of the gods!" Ariel grunted huskily. "Mind if I partake?" "Help yourself!" Ariel answered pushing Darla's head down her cum slick stomach, to the spunk fountaining from her throbbing loins! Her earlier denial's notwithstanding the lady knight was proving to have a very talented tongue! A most talented tongue indeed Ariel decided grinding her cunt against Darla's hot probing mouth! Aloysiue quickly moved around behind the kneeling licking lady knight, and guided his hard equine love muscle into her cum drenched pleasure cavity! Ariel watched in amazement as without pause the huge man stallion began pleasuring his lady mare once again! If he keeps this up we'll never go back to camp! She thought. But then I could happily spend the rest of my life right here just like this, being one of Aloysiue's herd mare's! This unbidden thought was a shocking realization for her, but she realized true all the same! "Ahahiii!" Darla whimpered as Aloysiue's hard stomach pounded against her upraised buttocks! Ariel goggled in amazement, as the gigantic horseman's lengthy arched fucker disappeared with ease into the lady knight! Barely half the prodigious equine pleasure scepter would fit into her own tingling love cavity! "How does she manage it?" Ariel gasped. Still the lady knight took it all, and moaned for more as she slammed her lean rump back to meet Aloysiue's

powerful thrust's! "Now ..oha by the god's yes yes yes give it to me, give it all to me NOW!" Darla growled her voice low and husky. Aloysiue gave a whinny of satisfaction as he felt her heel's pounding on his driving flank's. "Oh yes!" "Oh fuck!" "Oh lover what a magnificent.... MAGNIFICENT LOVER!" She shrieked breathlessly. Aloysiue gripped her thigh's yanking her viciously against his hard muscled body. As he pounded his massive cock into her quivering love cavity like a pile driver! When the spasms of release blasted through Darla's thickly muscled body, she arch her back even farther. Her cunt convulsed and contracted around Aloysiue's huge cock, milking the great equine pleasure scepter! Aloysiue strained at every muscle as he poured his scalding stallion spunk into her convulsing pussy! His massive hand's clutched her clenched ass cheek's as his hairy hip's churned brutally against them! Then suddenly the lady knight was screaming her way to climax! He held it balls deep in her until he had at last stopped spurting, and the last of her shutters died away. With a whicker of blissful satisfaction Aloysiue hauled his huge glistening fucker out, proudly resting the still rigid mare poker beside Darla's head, on Arial's jism soaked thigh's! Arial found herself licking and sucking the horseman's immense dangling ball's. She was quickly joined by Darla, and a rivalry soon developed as to who could take more of his glistening cock into they're throat's! Winning this contest Arial pushed Darla's mouth down onto his massive swinging testicles. Taking as much of him in as she could, Arial pumped her hand's up and down the long slippery shaft of his throbbing member! As Arial concentrated harder and harder on getting Aloysiue's expansive cock off, Darla found herself pushed lower once again. Her face slipping between Aloysiue's bulbous buttock's, he snorted and shivered as her tongue circled his tightly plucked donut! It was a situation and position the princess could never have imaged herself being in! An abominable act she would never, could never believe herself capable of performing for a man's pleasure, ever under the cruelest of tortures! Much less willingly even lovingly performing without reserve for her warhorse's pleasure!! She pressed her lip's tightly against the huge round doughnut of his taboo orifice, spearing her tongue past his spasming sphincter! A great gusty sigh expolded from his lung's, and his whole body quivered an spasmed! It was almost to much for Aloysiue, his two lady mare's were doing thing's to pleasure him! He had never dreamed of having a female do, Darla grasped his dangling testicles and pulled herself up tighter with them! The princess's tongue speared up his ass, causing him to nicker in ecstasy and plunge his powerful hip's forward! Arial drove her head downward at the same time, impaling her face and throat with the full length of his immense cock shaft! Aloysiue's buttock's closed tightly around Darla's face, as every muscle in his powerful body spasmed an tensed! With a shuddering sigh Aloysiue ejaculated great globs of his thick greasy equine semen. Spurting it all down her gagging throat, he filled her stomach with his hot frothing lust! She couldn't breath with that immense horse salami deep her throat, but she couldn't bring herself to spit it out either! So frantically she swallowed gulping down more an more, of the hot creamy liquid lunch! As the lady knight's tongue fucked his asshole, Aloysiue found himself pumping out an almost unending torrent steaming milky horse jism! He watched Arial's eye's grow bigger and bigger as she fervently gulped and sucked. Realizing her plight he gently began pulling his gigantic fucker out of her, spewing scalding hot stallion lust all the way! When his copious stream's of equine liquid love had at last become just a faint trickle! Arial pulled the dazed princess Darla's face from between Aloysiue's hairy buttock's, and to her for a long sticky kiss. Sharing her last mouth full of stallion love with the thunderstruck lady knight! Aloysiue swept them both up in a tremendous hug, his soft moblie lip's an long rough tongue work passionately on they're body's.

It was about then they heard the ring of steel on steel, from down the way. Diving under the water Darla swam to the rocky bank, and quicky dried herself with Aloysiue's blanket. Hurriedly she pulled on her padded tunic and a chain mail shirt. "Get Arial and my gear back to camp safely love." She said pausing to give the horseman along passionate kiss, that gave him a taste of his own salty spunk. "I'll see what kind of trouble we've got!" She called over her shoulder, as she buckled on her sword belt an hurried off into the darkening forest. The clatter was such that it sounded as if a dozen

men were fighting all out! Not wanting to be ambushed she moved silently, through the thickest cover she could find along the creek bank. She arrived to find a very bizarre spectacle, the wraith naked save for a glistening sheen of sweat. Was engaged in a disorienting dance of attack and parry with his attacker. The mistake if it was a mistake was impossible to see, one second the assassin was cutting and thrusting the next he was flying through the air. Adoran's long muscular leg catching him in the pit of the stomach, launched him into the stream. Leaping out immediately, he moved as if to attack once again. Darla drew her sword, and started the dark man's aid, But with Lylyvela closing in from one side and Adoran on the other. The assassin decided to make a strategic retreat, turning he disappear into the forest. With the fight over Darla noticed Sinfen and the young healer from camp, as they were both groaning loudly in orgasm they were hard to miss! Lylyvela grasped the wraith's long oozing cock pumping his hand up and down the slick fucker. "As it just so happens we have an opening!" Lylyvela grunted pulling Lorn's exhausted body away from the barbarian's dripping ass, and guiding Adoran's slick fucker in! The dark man hammer Sinfen's red oozing asshole, as Lylyvela moved over to sit with the gasping Lorn. In seconds he had the young healer sucking on his deep plunging cock! "I'm feeling better already healer!" The lean beautiful elfin warrior chuckled fucking the young man's mouth. "I got to keep that elf away from Aloysiue!" Darla whispered quitly to herself. "Something tales my that little elfin slut could seduce a cardinal abbot! The lady knight was surprised to find it so intensely arousing, watching these men pleasure each other. I guess I'd better go back to camp and warn Thorval about the wraith's attacker. She thought as she watched Lylyvela push Lorn over on his back, and straddle his face humping it like was a woman's sweet pleasure cavity.

Kengar made his report to the king and court as quickly as he could, as he wasn't about to tell what little he knew it didn't take long. He immediately headed back to his tower, planning to spent the day with Raileen while the king was holding court. That thought had his long cock hard and throbbing against his lean stomach! As he walked hurriedly down the west gallery, a young page caught his arm. "Master Kengar might I speak with you a moment?" "If you can speak while you walk, I am very busy!" Kengar growl in frustration. "Of..of course good master mage." The youth stammered. "Well!" Kengar snapped hurrying on. "I..I bare a message from ol' Prospero the seer." The page call hurrying after the swiftly striding mage. "I am aware of his profession." "What is the message?" "He instructed me to repeat it only to you and only in private." "Kengar glanced around the empty gallery, and glared at the stubborn youth. Flinging his arm's out he quickly chanted his spell, a glittering globe instantly encircled them. "There we are as private as we are likely to get, short of being in my casting chamber." "Now what does that old fool want?" "He ...He sez that there is a great evil afoot in the kingdom." "He is right." "What of it?" "He asks that you meet him in the pumping chamber of the cistern under the city at once!" "What the old loon can't wait until midnigt of some other bizarre hour?" Kengar asked folding his hand's over his aching hardon, and slowly rocking back and forth. "He ask's that you come as quickly as possible." The young page insisted. "Tell me lad have you known the seer long?" "For over three year's, it was he who saw to my appointment as a royal page." The youth boasted. "Then you should know what to do with this!" Kengar snarled pulling out his raging hardon. The page immedantly dropped to his knee's, and took the big cock into his mouth sucking on it languidly. "Faster!" Kengar hissed, his voice tinged with guilt and self loathing. "We mustn't keep your master waiting!" He said sneering as much at himself as the young catamite kneel subserviently in front of him. Grasping the young man's head, he rode his fawning mouth hard and fast. Taking his frustration's and lust's out on the sycophantic young catamite's compliant mouth! Adam was somewhat surprised by the turn of event's, he'd been a royal page for sometime. So thought he knew every noble or prominent official who craved the pleasure's of a man's mouth! If only by other page's tales or the notables reputation. Still he had never heard Kengar mentioned in any of the tale's, and any page would proudly brag of servicing the mage. Tonight in the dormitory, he certainly planned to do so. Knowing that the celebrity such a connection brought, would win him the services of anyone in the dormitory he wanted! For the night

as least, maybe longer if he could get the mage to use him again. He ran a hand up the mage's thigh to his heavy ball sac stroking the soft sensitive skin lightly. "You are well trained!" Kengar panted heavily. His own cock was straining at the fabric of his jerkin's, so Adam reached down and took it out. Lubricated by his own oozing precum Adam found his hand literally flew up and down his slick fucker. "You seem to be enjoying yourself!" Kengar sneered more a taunt at himself than a comment on Adam's masturbation. With his lean stomach beating brutally against the catamites face. Kengar yielded up what the youth's imploring lips seemed to so desperately hunger for. With a disgusted whimper Kengar hammered his spurting cock down the youth's throat! Adam took it all, and even licked and sucked harder when the mage had stopped spurting to get his last few drops. Then he opened his mouth and gasped, shooting his own frothy load across the floor! "You had best clean that up before anyone happens by." The wizard mumbled sheepishly sliding his limp cock back into his robe. "Yes master!" Adam panted down to all fours. "Master." He stammered timidly. "Master my name is Adam, if you ever need anything!" "I beg you please call on me once more, it is my fondest desire to service your pleasure's! To ashamed and humiliated to say anything, Kengar dispelled the globe and hurried away. Leaving the lad he had just debauched carrying out his last order, licking his own salt cum off the smooth marble floor! Getting to the cistern required negotiating a maze of tunnels and an aqueduct's under the city. As Kengar had been there before he simply pictured it in his mind and cast his teleport spell. He instantly found himself standing along the edge of the massive reservoir just where he had pictured. Off in the darkness to his right he could hear the rhythmic squeaking and pounding of the pumps. Relentlessly pumping water up from the great underground river that flowed deep beneath the city. Whispering a quick spell he surrounded himself with continual light. Aware that more than one troll and lizard man had been killed down here. He fingered the black obsidian ring on his right hand, with only a thought it would let him blast out a great fan of deadly flame from his fingers. The pump house had been built out over a huge shaft, that had been sunk to provide access to the waters below. The pump house had no doors, and Kengar could see a dim light flickering within. He walked carefully across the narrow railed catwalk, intensely aware of the long drop just inches away. There was a faint sound of movement from within the pump house, and a gruff old voice growled. "Who be ye?" "It is I Kengar, you sent for me." The old loon he added silently. "Are ye alone?" "Yes!" The mage snarled. "Ye weren't followed?" "Of course not!" "Come on in then." Kengar entered the room to find the old man leaning a heavy crossbow in the corner. "Thank the gods Adam found ye, it's good to see ye lad!" "I was never your lad!" The mage corrected harshly. "I always wished ye were!" "Yes, I remember!" "The next time you see Adam apologize to him for me, he caught me at a very bad time." "I'm afraid I was...most...er unkind to him." Kengar admitted chagrin and remorse twisting his heart, as he thought of his lean hips battering the youth's handsome face! "Yes, yes of course I'll do so." The old seer promised vaguely. "Do you even know how to use that thing old man?" Kengar asked pointing to the heavy crossbow that the seer had set aside. "I was young once." The grizzled old seer grunted. "Walked the city walls, even patrolled the causeway." "Before I discovered my abilities." "I see, now what is this all about?" The mage growled. "The cards say that prince Rhanlan is not dead, and that he and the king are in grave danger." "There are at least two plotting to subjugate the prince under themselves, and still others who plot to murder the king." "So what are you doing down here?" Kengar exclaimed hotly. "One of the plotters came to me for a reading, I think he suspects I saw more than I was meant to." "They're only two diviners in this whole city, who might have the power to uncover these plots." "Myself and the Cardinal abbot Llewellyn, but he's too busy taking women into his holy of holies!" "To ever uncover what I have seen, on his own." "So who was this plotter?" Kengar asked pointedly. "The king's own..." "What was that?" The old seer whispered grabbing his crossbow and scurrying to the doorway. "Damn they've found me!" The old man exclaimed turning to glare at Kengar. "It wasn't me I teleported down here." "One of your lads maybe!" Kengar growled sarcastically. "Prospero come out, Gerald and I wish to see you old man." "Master No he means to kill me!" Gerald's warning was cut off as one of his masked captor's burly warriors, kicked him hard between the legs then beat the gagging youth senseless. "So much for that." The masked

figure standing at the edge of the cistern growled. "Go get the old bastard, and bring him to me." The warrior's started out across the catwalk, quickly the old man ducked out the door. His crossbow twanged, and the heavy bolt buried it's self in the chest of the first warrior. Sending him tumbling into the abyss, the other's charged forward as the old man ducked back inside to reload. From the back of the room Kengar released his spell, seven shining bolt's of magical energy flew out to they're target's. Knocking three huge fighter's screaming into the abyss. The rest scrambled back off the catwalk take what cover they could find. "E'nuff of this foolishness Cortu go get that troublsome old man." A huge hairy warrior lumbered out on to the catwalk drawing an enormous butcher's cleaver of a sword. Prospero leaned around the door frame an fired another bolt, the old seer's aim was true yet again. This bolt hitting right in the center of the big fighter's chest. The brute flinched, and gave a high pitched squeal when the bolt hit him. Reaching up he gave a second high pitched squeal as he pulled the bolt out an cast it aside. "Damn, damn, damn!" The old man swore ducking back around the door and cranking his crossbow as fast as possible. Kengar readied his next spell trying the think of the prefect animal representation. "Aha it suit's him prefectly." The mage muttered releasing his spell. The huge warrior squeal once more stumbling, he dropped his sword an seemed to rapidly melt and shift. Until only a big hairy boar stood on the catwalk, snorting an pawing the rough stone. Kengar's smile of triumph quicky melted away however, when the boar began to blur and shift becoming a huge man like boar creature. "A were boar!" The mage exclaimed between gritted teeth. "No wonder that image fit him so prefectly!" On the bridge Cortu stopped to retrieve his sword, then grinning an drooling he lumbered forward once more. He was close e'nuff now, throwing out his hand Kengar triggered the magic of his ring. Five sheet's of flame fanned out from his finger's, engulfing the hapless were hog. The smell of roast pork drifted into the pump house. "Damn that's making me hungry." Prospero swore. "Well it's not quite done yet, but I'll try to save you a bit of bacon!" The mage snarled sarcastically. The creature lurched back down the catwalk, heading for the water of the reservoir. It was not to be however, the were boar stumbled an fell to the ground rolling an contorted wildly for a second. Then fell prostrate still smoldering, and roasting in his own juice's! A rain of arrow's flew through the doorway. Fortunately mage's learn to duck behind cover early in their profession or they never learn anything ever again. "That's it let's finish this!" Kenger rasped chanting a spell and crushing a bit of bat gwano between his finger's. A tiny incandescent speck shot out the door, expanding it size as it flew down the catwalk. By the time it reached the end of the catwalk, it was as big as a man's head. It swept past the cowering mercenaries, flying toward the dark figure at the reservoir's edge. As big as a wagon wheel now, and in less than fifteen yard's from him. It suddenly took a right turn floating out over the water, where it exploded with aloud concussion. "Your full of surprise's old man, but I've got a few of my own." The shadowy figure called after the fire ball's echo's die away. Pulling a slender wand from his sleeve, he sent a lightning bolt smashing into the pump house. Smoke poured from the timber's of the room's ceiling. "Can ye get us out of here mage?" Old prospero inquired cringing in a corner by the door. "I already used my teleportion spell today." "If I'd known I was going into battle, I'd have studied it twice." "I have my return to sanctuary spell, but it would only carry me!" A second lightning bolt struck the pump house, blasting out part of the stone wall. Stepping over to the hole the old seer fired another quick shot, but the heavy bolt dropped just short of they're attacker. Emboldened by their master's attack's, the mercenaries were slowly creeping back out on to the catwalk. "Stubborn bastard's!" Kengar swore fumbling though his component's. At last finding what he needed, and quickly intoned his incanation. A gold light blasted from his hand's, running along the catwalk like a mass of writhing golden snake's. Half way between the pump house, and the mercenaries the stone's of the walk crumbled an fell away into the churning abyss. "Why didn't you just blast the warrior's?" Old Prospero asked wearily. "Because it's not real!" Kengar snapped. "It's just an illusion." Another lightning bolt rocked the now burning pump house. "Can't you do something about him?" "He's wareing a ring of spell turning!" "Didn't you see my fireball?" "I guess it's up to me then." The old man grinned ducking out the door and running down the catwalk. "No!" Kengar snapped diving forward he just missed grabbing the back of the old man's tunic. A lightning bolt exploded into the

catwalk just behind the old man, as he ran to the edge of Kengar's illusion. Dropping to one knee the old seer steady his aim, and squeezed the trigger. The shadowy figure of they're attack stumbled back screaming in pain and rage, as the heavy crossbow bolt slammed into his shoulder. "Damn the old fool got him!" Kengar exclaimed under his breath. His's elated surprise quickly turned to despair as two, five, nine arrow's thudded into the old man's body. Without a sound the old seer toppled off the catwalk an into the abyss. "Shit!" The mage swore quickly casting his return to sanctuary spell. He disappeared only to instantly reappearing in the safety of his casting chamber.

Throwing open the door he quickly descended the stair's calling for Angus and Elwood. He met them coming up the stair's with another guardsmen, he didn't recall being assigned to him. They all looked nervous and fugitive as he hurried down the stair's to them. "You..called for us Sir." Angus asked quilty. "Yes I want the two of you fully armed an armored immediately!" Like all guardsmen not actively guarding the outer wall or the king they were dressed in soft padded leather uniform's. "Our mail and helmet's are in the barracks." Angus explained. "Go get them and all your belonging your moving into the tower." Kengar ordered. Angus and Elwood exchanged gleefully smiles. "Yes my lord!" They both exclaimed at once. "Who are you?" The mage asked the third guardsman. "I..I'm Qenton of the palace guard's." The young guardsmen stuttered. "He's a friend of Elwood's and I who just stopped by to say hello." Angus supplied quickly. "When you return to the palace, warn your captain that there maybe a plot, or several plot's afoot to harm the king!" Kengar warn and then immediately regretted it, as he wasn't sure who his enemies were. "My lord?" "Tell him I learned of this from ol' prospero the seer." "Yes..Yes mmy lord mage!" The astonished young guardsmen stuttered. "Tell him he is to tell no one, but the king where he learn of this." "Yes, my lord mage." The guardsmen agreed anxiously. "I am going to have a talk with the Cardinal abbot Llewellyn." The mage informed Angus quilty. "If anything happen's to me you and Elwood must safeguard the Cardinal abbot's life." "He is the only one who can uncover the plot's against the king." "Gather your thing's and meet me back here as quickly as you can." The mage called as he walked out the door.

Deep under the city Drylar captain of the ragged mercenary force, Prospero and the mage had just fought. Rushed to his masked lord's side. "Lucky your not dead that old man was an excellant marksmen." The mercenary captain smirked looking the wound over carefully. "I'll see to it myself captain, you search the pump house before it burns down." "Can't the bridge is out." Drylar apologized. "There is nothing wrong with that catwalk!" The masked man grated. "Well what do you call that...?" Drylar started pointing at the suddenly undamaged catwalk, and then doing a quick double take. "An illusion captain just an illusion." Now see to the search." "Yes my lord." The dumbfounded mercenary answered, hurrying across the catwalk. The masked man walked over to the roasted remains of his were boar minion. Kneeling beside the pig man's body he pulled the thick charred skin of the scrotum apart, and extracted two swiviled little lump's of well cooked white meat. Popping them in his mouth he sighed in ecstasy, as he devoured them! Observing this Gerald who had just regained conciseness an sat up, fainted dead away. "Good thing my boy, because your's are next!" The masked man muttered. Standing up as captain Drylar returned with the seer's belonging's. "Does the name Llewellyn mean anything to you?" He asked. "The Cardinal abbot Llewellyn." The masked man muttered thoughtfully. "Why would he have had the Cardinal abbot's name written down?" The mercenary captain wondered. "Because he's the only diviner in the city powerful E'nuff to collaborate Posporo's vision's." Their masked lord snarled though gritted teeth. "The old man was looking for more evidence." "Maybe he didn't know as much as I feared." "Are we going after the Cardinal abbot next?" Drylar asked. "And if I say we are captain." "We'll need more men, and better than the one's you've hired so far." "Relax you and your men aren't the right force to go after the Cardinal abbot." "No I have a much more supple and intriguing plan in mind for him." "What about the lad?" "Although I can think of some very pleasant short term use's for him, he must be disposed of!" The masked man leered. "Cut out his tongue and his testicles, and take he to the merchant lady Hilda." "Tell her you have a product for her Kahdem market, she'll be very pleased



and willn't ask any question's." "Your sure." "My yes!" "I have supplied her with quite a few product's for that market over the years!" "You can keep the money captain, but I'll need the testicles as proof that all is well." "Of course!" "You had best let Hilda do the castrating, she has a special tool and great experience in that procedure!" "It's not that hard a thing." "The lady merchant willn't pay for a dead catamite, just make sure he doesn't tell the her anything." "Very well." The mercenary captain agreed.

The temple of Pryus the fertility god was small and humble as temple's went, only the phallus's were gilded and ornate. The priesthood lived, and worked in the back of the humble little temple. The Cardinal abbot's office was only slightly bigger than that of the lesser monk's. He was of course attended by a scribe and a secretary. Kengar marched purposefully up to her desk, and said. "I must speak with the Cardinal abbot immediately." "Do you have and appointment sir?" The obstinate old battleaxe inquired flatly. "I am Kengar the royal mage, and I must speak to the Cardinal abbot on a matter of grave importance's." "I'm sorry but the Cardinal is in council with a parishioner and can not be disturbed." "I must speak with him as soon as possible." The mage reiterated. "Then you'll have to make an appointment." The old crone snapped flipping though her schedule. "After dinner is open." "I see." Kengar snarled. "After dinner then!" He snarled turning and storming out of the office. "I'll bet it's an impotency problem!" The old crone snicker to the scribe. "Perhaps." The scribe grunted noncommittally, but secretly was sure that it wasn't. Out on this street Kengar got the uneasy feeling that if he was going to see the Cardinal abbot it was now or never. "I should just go in there turn that old crone into a goat and search the place until I find him." Kengar muttered under his breath. "I guess my old papa was right all magic user's crack up eventually." A melodious voice teased. Turning Kengar found himself looking down into the twinkling, and very amused eye's of Orlandus Quirk. The hairfoot was one of the few real friends the mage had ever been able to make. "Your looking well Quirk." And indeed the hobbit was richly dressed with a white linen blouse gold waistcoat black trousers an red sash. A thin black leather belt was buckled over the sash, from it hung a beautiful elfin short sword. "I'm getting by." Quirk answered pausing to breath on a large diamond ring, and gently polish it on lapel of his waistcoat. "I suppose theres not a gem left in all of Kahdem." "Not until they dig more." Quirk agreed chuckling. "I'm glad to see you my friend, I need your help." "We can't discus it in the street's." Quirk guessed seeing the mage's worried face. "My room's aren't far from here, we can have a bite of early dinner and discuss it privately."

The duke of Iamshar formerly third in line for the throne, behind only prince Rhanlan! Now with Rhanlan's untimely death the king's only living male relative, save for his new and as yet undiscover son in law Aloysuie. The duke would have laughed uproariously, if he had known his only rival for throne was a huge roan warhorse. Pacing the opulent study of his townhouse, he paused only occasionally to refill his wine glass. Tall and lean with blond hair so pale it almost appeared white, he was considered one of the handsomest bachelor's in the kingdom. And as all the lady's at court knew, one of the most unattainable. The secret door under the staircase flew open, and a dark robed an masked figure stumbled out flopping into a big over stuffed chair. Ripping the mask from his face, the king's minister of finace growled. "Get me a drink, a strong drink!" "By the god's you've been wounded!" The pale prince exclaimed, staring at the heavy crossbow bolt jutting out of the minister's shoulder. "Yes Yansurov, and it's very painful hence the need for a strong drink!" Janus snarled through gritted teeth. "What happened?" The prince inquired pouring Janus a stiff brandy. "The old bastard was more dangerous than I thought." "He didn't get away did he?" The prince begged. "No Yansurov!"

"Captain Drylar's men shot him full of arrow's, and he fell down the pumping shaft into the unground river!" "I see." Prince Yansurov said with a great sigh of relief, but with a look of regret on his handsome face. "Still have feeling's for your old tutor?" Janus taunted. "He was a old an dear friend, if only he would have joined us." "He was loyal to the king because he respected him, it's

hard to respect someone you've fucked most of their life!" Janus sneered at the pale prince, who's only reply was to look away shamefacedly. "Now he's left us with an equally dangerous task ahead of us." "And what might that be?" "Do you remember your precious little plan to revenge the indignity's you suffered at the hands of the Cardinal abbot?" "Yes." "You said we should wait until I become king." "We're going to have to do it now." "Really when?" Yansurov asked excitedly. "Now, tonight send a message calling him here as quickly as possible." "Tonight!" "We can't possibly do it tonight, I haven't even gotten the drug from the apothecary yet." "Besides if he makes a fuss afterwards it'll draw attention to us!" "You said so!" "He won't make a fuss, because we're going to have to kill him afterwards." "Kill him that wasn't part of my plan." "Well you should have thought of that, before you went to that old fortune teller Prospero." "What do you mean?" "I think Prospero either asked him to see what he could divine about you, or was going to." "Either way he's the only one in the city, with power's good enough to find us out." "He must die!" "If he's been using his power's to spy on us, then he'll never come here." "If he doesn't come, then we'll know to move on to my second plan." "He may not come anyway, you know our past." "He might just think, I'm inviting him here for another try." "Have the messenger say that one of your close friend's has fallen ill, and that he's the only one you can trust to dispense healing to him." "He'll think it's one of your lover's, and because he knows your secret you trust him." "I don't like all this killing." "You just want him alive so he can feel the pain and humiliation, he made you feel with his refusal's." "Alright just what is your second plan anyway?" "A hired assassin, someone he could take into his holy of holies." That did it the prince gritted his teeth and smacked his fist into the palm of his hand. "I'll have to go to the apothecary myself of course, I'll send Kile with the messages." "And I'll had another brandy." Janus grumbled.

The Misty Grove inn was a cozy, but upscale example of the breed. The kind of inn frequented by wealthy merchant's and noble travelers. Not at all the kind of place he had expected to find Quirk staying at. "What do you think?" Quirk inquired noticing Kengar looking around. "It's a very nice place." "I'm half owner." "Ye god's Quirk!" "You're not trying to go straight are you?" "I went straight along time ago, I just didn't have the heart to tell you." "I mean you were always so happy, when you thought I was robbing the world blind." "I'm crushed another of my hero's vanquished, another of my illusion's shattered." The mage sighed tragically. "So what's your trouble?" Kengar quickly related his story, explaining his fear's of being attacked once again. "Well your right, your going to need help, two runned down guardsmen just aren't enough muscle." "Have you heard anything of Agrivar lately?" "The knight errant is errant no more, he's living with Duke Edmond and the lady Tessa of Warwick." "He has become the Duke's liegeman?" "It goes somewhat farther than that, you won't be able to lure him away from that position!" The hobbit smirked. "What do you mean?" "Do you know the Duke and his wife?" "I've met him, and I have heard the lady Tessa is a great beauty from the noble Bertin family."

"A great young beauty!" Quirk emphasized lewdly. "Agrivar would never!" "I know the man, he's to honorable to steal another man's wife!" "Especially a man, he's sworn an oath of loyalty to!" "I know, I never said he was stealing her!" "What?" The mage stuttered. "Let me tell you what I know, Edmond is a very old man with a very young beautiful wife." "The first two year's of their marriage they were childless, the last three she's been with child!" "The Duke suddenly held a huge tournament some years ago, reviewing hundred's of warriors and knights looking for a champion!" "Agrivar has been the Duke's champion the last four year's, his bed chamber has a door connecting it only to the duke's bed room!" "It's an excellent solution to all their problem's really!" "Agrivar gets a steady job winning him great renown as the Duke's champion, and one hell of a fringe benefit!" "The lady Tessa gets her position as Duchess solidified by producing heirs, and gets plenty of entertainment so there's no scandalous outside affair's!" "And of course the Duke gets heirs to carry on his name, and keeping the Warwick estate from being broken up and sold off." "Once he's dead to enrich his never do well relatives!" "With the added bonus of entertainment so carnally

stimulating, it can even get him up e'nuff every once in a while to consummate his marriage!" "So as I've said your not going to lure Agrivar away from his present position, what ever position that may presently be!" "I still need warrior's, I can trust to be loyal to the king." "You need spy's in the court to find out who your enemy's are, I don't trust divining or diviners all that much!" "I've got some people in mind for that already." Kengar admitted. "I'll round you up some muscle loyal to the king, and see if anyone in the thieves guild has heard anything." "I'll go back to the temple, and try to talk with the Cardinal abbot." "Meet me at my tower as soon as you can." "I'll be there before you are!" Quirk smiled maliciously.

"Tell my again what you require, my lord." The apothecary asked deferential. "I need a drug that will render it's victim completely helpless and pliant, but fully cognizant of his physical state and aware of his surroundings!" "Even if he's a powerful spell caster, or a hugely muscled warrior." "That would be Litrim, my lord." "If placed in wine or some other drink it will paralyze the voice first, then in seconds the whole of the body." "The only problem is if one use's to much the victim will die." "Could a man under the spell of this drug...er harden and ejaculate?" "If manually stimulated say by being sucked and fingered in the a...ahem posterior." "Yes he could indeed!" "And how much would one use to place a powerful warrior in such a state as I've described?" "Two ounce's mix with a strong wine." "I'll take Four." The prince decided. Quickly making his purchase Yansurov hurried out praying silently he would make it back before the Cardinal abbot arrived.

Across the city in the temple of Pryus, Kengar discovered his luck was running true to form. "What do you mean he had to cancel my appointment." The mage roared. "He received a call for assistance from a very important personage." "The royal mage isn't and important personage?" Kengar fumed. "It was a royal summons!" The secretary answered hesitantly. Shocked and amazed by this revelation Kengar stumbled back towards the door. "The Cardinal abbot promised to meet with you first thing in the morning." "I'll be here at sun up." The mage mumbled staggering out the door. "The Cardinal probably won't be here until noon feast!" The secretary called after him. "Impotence!" "They alway's come crying to Pryus with their lack of virility, begging the Cardinal abbot to restore they're lost manhood!" She chortled with wicked satisfaction and obvious contempt. "Ah yes." The scribe said, remembering what a young page had casually mentioned to him earlier that day as they were observing the sacred rite of fellatio!

A royal summons had Raileen been injured, or perhaps the king? "They can't have struck so soon!" Kengar muttered trying to calm himself, ashamed of the fact that he found himself hoping it was the king and not Raileen who had been harmed. Triggering the power of his ring of flight, the mage made his way as fast as possible to his tower at the palace. Knowing if something had indeed happen, he would learn more quicker from his scrying mirror the any one at the palace. Entering the antechamber just below his casting chamber he found Angus, Elwood and the young guardsmen Qenton. Sweaty and panting hurriedly putting their uniform's back on! "What the h.." He started then remembering his session with Adam earlier that day quickly let it drop! Stopping he fished two messages, he had wrote before leaving the misty grove out of his pocket. "Angus I need these deliviered as quickly as possible!" He called flinging them at the burly guardsman. Stooping to retrieve the letters Angus grunted to Qenton. "Told ye she was some good fuckin'!" Rushing to his scrying mirror he focused in on Raileen's room. She lay sweating and gasping on the bed obviously exhausted, the king naked from the waist up stood leering over her! Unable to bare the thought of that old man fucking her, and definitively unwilling to watch any farther. Kengar put the mirror away, then reconsidered using the mirror to carefully search the palace for the Cardinal abbot. It was a fruitless and frustrating effort that left the mage puzzled. As the Cardinal abbot was no where to be found in all the palace. "A royal summon's!" "I'll bet that old bitch was just lying to cover up another one of the lecherous bastard's liaison!" Kengar growled. "I might as well see it the princess has discovered anything knew." He decided focusing his thought's in on the small brass talisman, he

had hidden in her saddle bag's. The saddle and saddle bags appeared, then the scene around them came into focus. It appeared that the princess had indeed discovered something new, a voluptuous brunette had her face buried in the princess's fluffy blond pubic hair! As Aloysius penetrated her from behind, rutting her like she was his little mare pony! Kengar found himself growing hot and flushed, but was unable to make himself end the scrying. The images flickering before him were just too erotically entrancing, they enthralled him with perverse delight! He shifted the image to Raileen the king was gone, and she was alone. He sighed in lewd satisfaction, hastily climbing to his feet and walking to the portal. Opening it he stepped through, undoing his robes as he went. Raileen seemed to sense his presence the instant he arrived, she looked up at him languidly laying spread eagle in the bed. Kengar pulled her up on all fours, dropping to his knees behind her on the bed. He parted her with much lust and excitement, but with no grace. He drove his entire length into her, with one impassioned thrust. Feel as he did another man's thick liquid lust ooze out over his throbbing member and down his swinging testicles! Disgusted he pulled out, amazed a man as old as the king could leave such a copious deposit! However the fire still pulsed in his loins, so he quickly aimed his throbbing fucker for her more taboo orifice! He slipped right in, as it too was lubricated with prodigious amounts of man milk! "Horny old miscreant!" The mage swore as he slammed Raileen's surprisingly loose asshole ferociously! His lust had almost peaked, when he heard the warning chime sound that someone was coming down the hall toward Raileen's room! Instantly he leaped from the bed, stepping through his magical portal back to his casting chamber. Sealing the portal, he rushed to his scrying mirror it was still focused in on Raileen's room. The king was just entering the room, he was carrying a tray of food. Raileen devoured every thing the king gave to her, then nelt and took the old man's long knotty cock into her beautiful mouth! Enraged and frustrated at being forced to repress his pent up desire's for his gorgeous royal slave girl. Kengar groped about for spell components, determined to step back through the portal and turn the bastard into the hoary old goat he was!

Elwood stuck his head in the door, looking at the half naked mage wildly. "There's a royal page here claiming you sent for him, my lord." He stammered. "Seen him in?" Kengar gasped briskly belting his robe. "My lord mage, your message said you wanted to see me?" Adam stammered unsure at the sight of the wild eye wizard. "I wasn't expecting you until tomorrow." Kengar answered through gritted teeth. "Oh I can come back then if you wish." Adam said quickly. "NO!" "I need you right now!" The mage panted. "Come in please." The second the door was closed Kengar ripped open his robe exposing his rampant condition! Adam instantaneously nelt licking and sucking the greasy spunk off the mage's dangling balls, and raging hard on! "Your mouth is good, but I need something more!" Kengar moaned. Adam stood shucking off his tunic and trousers, Kengar bent the youth over a table. Spreading Adam's pale round buttocks, and using only the cum and saliva already on his cock as lubricate. Kengar rammed his massive fucker as deep as it would go into the page's ass! Adam squealed and whimpered under the forceful treatment, but was soon moaning and pushing back to meet the mage's powerful thrusts! Kengar reached around, and grasped the page's hard petite fucker pumping his hand up and down its pulsing shaft! It didn't take either of them long to reach their peak, and soar over into climax. Adam spraying his on to the floor, as Kengar pumped his throbbing little ass full! With his forehead pressed to the youth's sweaty back the mage hunched panting. "That...was very good!" He wheezed. "But." Adam flexed the muscles of his buttocks squeezing, the mage's softening cock. "Don't do that, or you'll have me abusing you again!" Kengar warned, but wasn't really surprised when the youth started doing it faster. "Listen!" He growled. "The reason, the real reason I summoned you here was to ask for your help." "I need you and the other page's to spy on the nobles at court." "There are some who would do harm to the king." "I need to find out who they are, to stop them." His cock still balls deep in the page's ass, was hard once again so he began pumping slowly in and out. "They have already killed the seer, so he couldn't tell me their identity." Adam jumped at that. "I'm sorry, I know you were close." "No closer than we are right now!" Adam grunted pushing back to meet the wizard's thrust. "I...I need your help."

Kengar reiterated. "Yes we're like pieces of furniture, to the nobles at court." "We're invisible, and they think of us as inanimate unless they want something of us." Adam grunted panting. "And that's what will make you such good spy's." Kengar assured. Ashamed as he realized he had thought of them the same way, before...well before he'd began fucking the youth! "At that moment a brightly roded round bodied, little man shimmered into existence in the center of the room. "Oh my..I didn't realize you were...Ahem...er well occupied!" The fat little guild master stammered. "Alton!" Kengar exclaimed his head snapping around to gaze abashed at his old friend. "Your message did say to...er come as quickly as possible!" "Alton you know I know that you never telaport anywhere you haven't scythe first!" Kengar gasped gently caressing Adams suddenly very tense buttocks. "Well...I..I..ahem." The guild master stuttered. "Do you want to join us Alton?" Kengar grunted. "Well..if it's alright..I mean..w.with!" "Please sir!" "Please allow me the great privilege of Pleasuring you!" Adam beg expertly submissive. "If..if thats w...what you really want?" The round man prompted untieing his robes. "Oh Yes Please my lord." The page once again begged, at this prompting. "Ah well I've never been able to turn down a heartfelt supplication." Alton breathed guiding his cock into Adams suckling mouth. "Yes your a true humanitarian Alton!" Kengar growled sarcastically. "If you're sure this is what you want!" The wizard mumbled his eyes close, already ball's deep in the pages fawning mouth. Adam was unable to reply, but the wizard didn't seem to notice. "I'm going to fuck you hard, again now!" Kengar warned chagrined at the lecherous treatment his association was forcing on the youth. "Oooh wes!" "Pwease!" Adam begged around Alton's throbbing probang. It was almost an hour late that, Angus's calling up to him that his other guest's had arrived. Findly made the two of them break away from the young page's hot tight petite body! "Go straight to your dormitory, make sure that no body follow's you." "My tower maybe being watched, so be careful who you trust!" "If your stopped and roughly question about what you were doing in my tower, tell them I'm fucking you!" "Tell them I promised you an apprenticeship, for the pleasure's of your body!" Kengar muttered humiliated, he found he couldn't look the youth in the eye. "Tell only the other page's you know to be loyal to the king." "This could be very dangerous so warn them." "Our enemy has already killed one of your number as well as the seer, so be careful." He warn again gently patting the youth's firm buttock's. "We'll find out who they are, and make them pay." Adam snarled. "Good lad." Alton said fondly, shaming Kengar all the more as he realized this was how the old seer had always talked to his catamites. "Maybe you could stop in at the mages guild hall sometime?" He heard Alton whisper to the young man. "Just ask for the guild master." "As you please sir." "Might I bring a friend?" "Of course, any friend of yours shall be a friend of mine!" The wizard leered. "Oh yes sir I have no dout!" Adam breathed. "Now what is it you need old friend?" Alton inquired when the page had left. I need friends who don't fuck the help! Kengar thought hotly. But realized he couldn't say a word, as he had been debauching the youth first! "There is a plot afoot to kill the king." "No!" Alton gasped. "One of the conspirators has powerful magic." Kengar plowed ahead. "He may even to a wizard." "Impossible." Alton fumed. "I was attacked, and ol' Posporo was killed by this man." "The seer is dead?" Alton asked stunned. "Yes!" "And our antagonist hurled lightning bolts, and had a ring of spell turning." "Do you have any idea who it could be?" Kengar demanded. "Well..I..aha..er..No..I mean no one in the cities guild!" The wizard stammered. "If not then who?" "Well mages don't have to check in at the guild it's just courtesy." "There could be any number of out side mages in the city." "And you know as well as I how many merchant there are who deal in magical objects." "Yes, I see." "Well ask around see if you can find out about any out side mages in the city who might be up to something." "Or if theres any laymen who have been buying up large amounts of magical items." "But there are many merchants in the city saleing that kind of thing, it could take forever." "Do you have anything more important to do?" "Than saving the king, an possible the kingdom I mean!" "W..w..Well no of course not!" "It's only...the cities so big!" "Yes, but there are only a few apothecaries in the city who carry spell components." "Yes yes I see what you mean." "An since he's just been in a battle, he'll need to replenish his supply." "I'll start first thing in the morning." "But I've kept your guests waiting long e'nuff." "I'll call again tomorrow evening, to tell my findings." With that the little guild master

muttered his spell and vanished.

Five young men of wealth and privilege gathered in prince Yansurov's study. The prince's closest friend's and lovers, each wanting to take their vulgar revenge on the Cardinal abbot. All because he had refused them the pleasure of his legendary cock. Janus awaited the evening's debauchery with great anticipation, wondering if the mystic's organ would really live up to the tales. He despised most of the prince's sycophant cohorts for what they were, pretty sluts whose greatest desire was to be a real man's fuck toy! Only Morgan the young cavalry commander was a real man, he was the only one of them who had never begged Janus to fuck him. The only one who had the balls to deny the prince the pleasure's of his body. Yansurov had tried everything from gifts, to begging and finally royal commands get into the young cavalymans virgin mouth and ass! But Morgan would only give the prince his big hard cock, a gift Yansurov could never bring himself to refuse. He was the only one of the prince's friend's Janus had allowed the prince to bring in they're real plans. And was here tonight more at Janus's request than Yansurov's. A good thing he was to for it had been Morgan, who had snapped the point off the crossbow bolt, and drew it out of the minister's shoulder. The prince had returned earlier with the drug, and was now mixing it with the wine he would serve the Cardinal abbot. Directing the others to conceal themselves in the adjoining bed chamber, Yansurov ordered his coachman to show the mystic in as soon as he arrived. When the Cardinal abbot entered, he was just as Janus remembered tall and powerfully build. With shoulder length crimson hair, and a short neatly trimmed red beard. "I am so glad you came, your holiness!" Yansurov exclaimed as he hurried across the room to greet the mystic. The genuine relief in his voice was a nice touch Janus thought. Although he knew it was relief at having gotten his drug mix before the Cardinal had arrived. "I believe you know Janus the king's minister of finance." The prince sniveled, leading the cardinal over to where Janus was laying on an over stuffed divan. "My yes, the minister and I have met on a number of occasion's." The Cardinal answered unwrapping the crude bandage on Janus's shoulder. "This appears to be an arrow wound." "Crossbow actually, one of the prince's guardsmen was a little to quick on the trigger." Janus explained. "I hope the fellow willn't be punished to harshly, these are uncertain and dangerous times in which we live." "I'm sure the fellow was just trying to keep his lord safe." The Cardinal said as he cleansing the wound. "Indeed I believe the prince has arranged a most supple and informative punishment." Janus answered. "The prince is very progressive minded." The Cardinal muttered as he closed his eye's, in prayer over the wound. An intense heat seem to burn in the mystic's hand as he pressed it to the wound. It seemed to blaze through Janus's shoulder, spreading through his entire body as a delicious warmth. The minister felt as if he had just been dipped into the well spring of life. The Cardinal abbot's face was covered with sweat, and he was breathing deeply as he removed his hand. "I have done all that I can." He mumbled wearily setting down in a near by chair. Janus looked down to find the wound was only a tiny black scab, experimentally he flexed his arm. Smiling when he felt only the tinniest bit of pain, he was almost good as new. Looking over he found that the prince had already handed the Cardinal a glass of wine. Which the mystic downed in one drink, holding his glass out to be refilled. Which Yansurov did very happily and quite promptly! It didn't take the big priest long to empty the bottle, as he nibbled on a bit of spice cake Yansurov had set out with the wine. "That was an exssellant vintage." He mumble peering around blearily. "Would you like some more?" The prince asked. As the Cardinal stared at the empty bottle sadly. "It'ss gone!" He slurred mornfully. "I have more in my cellar." The prince explained. "No I must be going." He exclaimed lurching unsteadily to his feet. "Perhaps I could get you a bottle to take with you." "Would you like that?" The prince asked anxiously trying to stall for time. "Mush bee goating." The Cardinal abbot slurred shaking his head. Janus moved across the room to block the door, as Morgan and the other's came out of hiding. "Mulac." The Cardinal tried pointing a shaking hand at Janus. "I'm afraid it's far to late for that Cardinal, besides you wouldn't want to ruin this wonderful heal job you've done." Janus laughed punching the big mystic in the face, the Cardinal staggered backward and fell nervlessly to the carpeted floor. He was still struggling weakly as they picked him up off the floor, stripping off his

robe and sandals as they carried him into the bed room. His cock although still soft was easily six or seven inches long, and as thick as a donkey's fucker! The prince's effeminate companion's began crowded around taking turns sucking on the mystic's soft fucker, while another licked and fingered his asshole. It didn't take long for the mystic's cock to raise to its full length. Two and a half hands long, and as thick as a man's wrist! It was an awe inspiring sight, as it was attached to a man and not a horse! "No wonder every woman at court dreams of accompanying him into the holy of holies for a good fucking." Janus blurred. "Not just the women!" The prince breathed, his hands exploring and lubricating the massive fucker. "Let's get this started!" Janus growled moving in front the ass licking youth, and guiding his own throbbing prick into the Cardinal's virgin ass! He pulled the brown nosing youth to his own buttock's, the sycophantic little slut immediately pressed his face between them! The Cardinal abbot gasped, a look of pain and apprehension in his grey eyes. "Relax your going to enjoy this!" The prince gloated lowering himself onto the Cardinal abbot's stallion like fucker! Janus chuckled at the irony of the prince's statement, very few men indeed would enjoy being ravished by seven other men! And he certainly wasn't going to enjoy the death they had planned for him! Janus giggled showing the mystic no such mercy. Ramming his own sizable cock, balls deep into the mystic's virgin asshole with a single brutal thrust! "Hhhohhoo!" The mystic wailed in protest at this violent and malicious treatment! This only inspired Janus to use the mystic's dangling testicles as a handle, to help him ride the Cardinal's ass even harder! The others watching applauded and cheered him on, each wishing for nothing more than to be in the Cardinal's place at that moment! It took Yansurov sometime, and a great deal of grunting and straining. To get the Cardinal's enormous cock, ensconced in his own well used orifice! "Aaahahaa!" The prince groaned as at last its enormous head slipped past his sphincters, and the full equine length drove into him! One of the prince's pretty lovers bent down to suck his cock, as he slowly rode up and down on the Cardinal abbot's immense fucker!

Angus and Elwood had taken up positions on either side of the antechamber door, eyeing the occupants uneasily. They were clad in their cone shaped helmets and glittering chain mail now. Huge hands and a half swords hung from their belts, and each held a halberd in one hand. "Beat me back." Quirk called surprised. "I got stood up, and I had to wait two hours to do it." The mage muttered sourly. "Priests!" The little hairfoot exclaimed shaking his head. "Well I had a bit more luck, although not a lot." "As you may know Count Darius Macorom, and the sir Neville Earl of Trahausen have a blood feud going." "Right now there's not a mercenary, warrior for hire, or adventurer in the entire city, one or the other hasn't got on retainer!" "Fortunately I was able to find some good men, whose loyalty to the king came before money!" "I see." Kengar said as he looked around the room at the four odd looking fighters. "Now I know what your thinking, but what they lack in quantity they make up for the quality." Quirk assured. "That's not what I was thinking!" Kengar assured Quirk scowling. "Trust me!" The hairfoot chuckled as he made the introduction's. A good looking half elf who could have been anywhere from twenty to one hundred and twenty was first. "This is Cad a man of many talents, but chief among them is knife fighting." "Show him." Quirk ordered. Faster than the eye could follow the half elf snatched a dagger from his belt. The blade flew in a deadly arch across the room, only to bury itself harmlessly in the haft of Elwood's halberd. The guardsman dropped the pole arm, but immediately drew his sword. "Oh put it away Elwood if he'd of meant any harm, he could just as easily put it through your eye slit." The mage snapped. "Domn roght!" The half elf agreed sliding a second dagger back into its sheath. "I take it Cad isn't short for something long and unpronounceably elfin." "Ell no!" "Me mumm t'wus o innocent girl sevin `erselv for merriage, til thut elvin scoundrel beguiled and vitiated `er!" "He grew up in the streets of the lower west end." Quirk supplied. "En proud ov it." The half elf added. "This unnaturally large fellow is called Otto, he's real good with that cleaver on his belt." "It's an axe." The big man rumbled, standing to clasp Kengar's tiny hand in his massive paw. He stood a head taller than anyone else in the room, and his shoulders were broader than Quirk was tall! His enormousness was truly impressive, and would have been even more so, if his left eye and arm

weren't missing. Noticing the mage staring at the stump of his left arm, the big man rumbled. "You can't win them all!" "I suppose not." Kengar answered uneasily turning back to Quirk. "Where did you lose stumpy?" Quirk was asking the old but very robust dwarfin mercenary. The old fellow rolled his shoulder's, causing his armor and the multitude of weapons strapped about his blocky frame to clatter loudly. "One of the wives got him." "Really!" Quirk giggled. "Which one?" "Who can keep track of them all?" The old dwarf growled sourly, then added. "I think it was that pirate lass!" Drawing a war hammer from it's holder across his back he set down in one of Kengar's over stuffed arm chairs. "By the gods!" Quirk swore jumping back. "Your not still carrying that damned thing?" He snapped. "It's sacred to me god lad, and a relic of a great dwarfin king under the mountain." "It's cursed to explode!" The hobbit screamed backing away another step. "It's not so bad yet." "It almost killed me the last time I had anything to do with it." "Twice!" Quirk roared gesturing wildly. "You just didn't know how to use it." "One of those times you were using it!" "Sorry lad but it was either that, or let the beastly eat ya!" "This time don't do me any favors, my ear's are still ringing!" "What's this all about?" Kengar asked nervously. Quirk and the dwarf turned to look at the mage figuratively. "Nothing!" They say simultaneously. "This is...er well everyone just calls him granite nose." Quirk said quickly. The dwarf's long plow shaped nose, did indeed remind the mage of a jutting grey rock outcropping. "Aye that they do." Granite nose agreed. "Yes but you were saying something about cursed explosions." "It's nothing." Quirk started. "For ya to worry your head about." Granite nose finished. Seeing he wasn't going to get any more out of the two of them, Kengar moved on. "Think you've got e'nuff weapon's there?" The mage asked eyeing the arsenal strapped around the old dwarf's blocky frame. "Aye I believe in usin' the right tool for each task at hand." The dwarf answered fondling his arsenal thoughtfully. "You'll probably have to use them all before this is over!" "Does that thought worry you?" "Nay I could always the practice, ye got to be on top of ya game if ya goin to live long in this business!" "Some of us have lived to long already!" The fourth mercenary growled from his seat at a near table. "Hummf." "I'm twice ya age an ye don't hear me crying." Granite nose shot back. "That's because you have nothing for time to take." "Hummf!" Was the dwarf's only answer. "And this is the legendary swordsman and lover Jocomo Corsair." Quirk announced. The swordsman climbed unsteadily to his feet, and gave Kengar a courtly bow. "It is good to make the acquaintance of so illustrious a mage." If anything he looked a hundred years the dwarf's senior, his hair was as white as snow thin and wispy on top. He was dressed in courtly garb, at least twenty five year's out of fashion. I ask for fighters, and Quirk brings me an antique of my grandfather's day. Kengar thinks wryly. "I think maybe your to old for this." Quirk snarled drawing his sword and lunging it the old man's heart! Instantly the old swordsman drew his weapon, side stepping the lunge faster then the eye could follow he disarmed the attacking hobbit! Batting Quirk's elfin short sword into the air with his own longer blade he reached up and plucked the spinning weapon out of the air! "I take it that was a test, and not an actual attack?" He rasped handing Quirk back his sword. "Of course." As lean as a snake, the old swordsman still moved with an oily grace. Even though his hands trembled as he picked up his wine goblet, and his eye's looked cloudy. Kengar had no dout he was a very dangerous man, just the kind of ally he needed. "Each of you may take a room on the lower levels of the tower, be on your guard we may come under attack at any time." "The tower is warded against attack and unwanted intrusion, but at least one of our enemies knows magic." "He may even be a wizard, I just don't know." "We'll be ready lad." Granite nose promised. "What are you going to do about that?" Quirk inquired as they climbed the stairs to Kengar's casting chamber. "There's only one man in the guild I know I can trust." The mage explained. "Alton and I apprenticed together under the grand master Fitzhugh." "He's a guild master now, if something's afoot in the guild he's the one to find it out." "Have you talked to him?" "Yes we were talking when you arrived, thats what kept me so long." "I see." "He know anything?" "Not yet, but he promised to start looking tomorrow morning." "I'm begining to know how ol' Prospero felt, so much to do." "With a very real chance I willn't get it done, before my enemies figure out how to get to me!" "Well I'm here now, so you have nothing to worry about." "That's what worries me." Kengar chuckled. "Trust me!" The hobbit teased. "How did it go at the thieves guild?"



"No body had anything to say about this at the guild, which means somebody there knows something." "How do you know, they just don't know anything." "If no body knew anything, and I come in asking question's about it." "It would instantly be the talk of the whole hall, but when I broached the subject no body said anything!" "Even about my asking the question, that means it's someone powerful in the guild." "Someone they're all afraid of, the hard part will be finding out who." "But you can do it?" Kengar asked anxiously. "I think so."

Janus watched the prince, and his pantywaist companion's empale themselves on the Cardinal abbot's equinish fucker. One or two were even man e'nuff to take their pleasure in the big mystic's now thoughtfully debauched ass. When the prince and his effeminate friend's were at last sated, and had went back into the study for refreshment. Janus and Morgan took their pleasure, first Janus had the young cavalry man twist and squeeze the mystic's testicles. Until the big red headed priest weakly agreed to suck they're cock's, aside from blinking it was all the control the big man had over his body! Janus straddled the Cardinal abbot's head, fucking his weakly suckling lip's like they were that velvety pleasure between a woman's leg's! Both men had already cum once, Janus in the Cardinal abbot's ass, and Morgan in Yansurov's mouth! So both were able to enjoy the pleasure of the enslaved abbot's subservient mouth for a prolonged period! Janus eased over so he and Morgan could take turns fucking the big mystic's obeisant mouth! Both pumped out their lust deep in his throat, leaving the debauched priest no choice but to swallow the greasy product of they're passion's! Yansurov had returned by this time, and quickly took their place in the vitiated holy man's compliant mouth! Watching the prince slowly with great relish, and obvious rapture hump the mystic's fawning lip's. Quickly aroused Morgan, and he kneeled between the Cardinal's spread leg's lifting up the big man's hefty ball sac. Morgan drove his own donkey like fucker into the abbot's spasming asshole, it took the cavlaryman four ot five brutal thrusts to get it all the way in. And made the sucking mystic grunt and whimper around the prince's deep fucking probang. Yansurov pulled his slender cock out of the mystic's throat, to cum in the his obsequious mouth. Watching in amusement as the degraded priest worked his tongue around, trying desperately to spit the prince's greasy white spunk out! Climbing to his feet Yansurov retreated to his study, for more rest and refreshments. When the young cavalryman at length attain his shuddering orgasm, he reached down and drew a large dagger from his high black boot top. Grasping the Cardinal abbot's immense stallion like fucker, he pulled it far out away from the mystic's body. And with one quick slash, cut the tremendous love muscle off! With a hoarse groan the big man sat bolt up right, his hand's rapping around his attack's throat! Morgan slapped the weakly grasping hand's away, bludgeoning the Cardinal in the face with his own enormous manhood. He then drove the dagger repeatedly into the big man's chest, until he stopped struggling. "What are you going to do with that?" Janus asked chortling. "I thought I'd have it stuffed and mounted, and give it to the prince as a gift!" The young cavalryman answered slyly. "After he get's over being sick, he'll like that." Janus laughed. Reaching down the finance minister grasped the mystic's heavy ball sac pulling it out away from his body. "If you would be so kind, I think I'd like these as my souvenir." Laughing Morgan sliced those off as well, Janus wrapped them in a kerchief putting it in a pocket in his cloak. Dressing they adjourned to the study for a drink, Yansurov blanched as he noticed the blood they were wiping off they're hand's. "Is he...er have you..I mean." He stuttered. "The Cardinal abbot is dead." Morgan supplied gleefully displaying the priest's enormous severed equine like manhood! "By the god's!" Yansurov swore sitting down heavily, downing his goblet of brandy in a single swallow! "This wasn't part of my plan!" "We've been through this, you know we had no choice!" "Now!" "Thank's to you!" Janus snarled. "So call your coachmen, we'll dump the body down one of the water return shafts. "It'll end up feeding the troll's in the under ground river just like the old seer's." Yansurov was pale and trembling as he crossed the room to pull the bell cord. Finishing their drinks they decided, to wrap the Cardinal abbot's body in the bed sheet's. Encase they were seen loading or unloading him from the carriage, and it would keep any blood from staining the satin interior. Yansurov thought happily. The bed room door swung open, and the three conspirators stood starrng at an empty bed in

stunned silence! Janus pulled his wand of lightning from his sleeve, as Morgan drew his saber and dagger. "It...It's impossible, the apothecary said, I mean I gave him more than e'nuff Litrim to kill any man!" Yansurov rambled. Janus and Morgan followed the bloody foot print's and blood drops across the floor. "He's gone down the back stair, go down the front and head him off." Janus ordered the young cavalryman. "I'll follow his trail and make sure he doesn't double back." Both men took off on their chase, as the prince just sat on the blood soaked bed mumbling over and over. "It's...It's...simply impossible!" Janus rushed down the back stair's, quickly emerging into the court yard of the prince's town house. The naked Cardinal abbot staggered drunkenly across the palatial garden's, not more than twenty yards away. Janus whispered the mystical word that triggered the wand's power. A brilliant blue spark arced across the garden, striking the fleeing priest in the back. It instantly ran down his convulsing body and into the ground! As the electricity died away the big mystic's scorched body fell limply to the ground! Morgan and Kile the prince's coachman came running around the corner of the house. Morgan tore off the coachman's cloak, and quickly rapped the smoldering corpse in it. "Hitch up the black carriage, it kind of looks like a cab." "So we'll use it to carry the body down to the nearest water return shaft." Janus instructed the coachman. "Go with him see to it all goes as planned." He ordered the young cavalryman. "Very well." Morgan agreed stabbing the corpse one last time with his sabre.

The old adventurer paced the comfortable and voluminous antechamber like a caged beast. His wine goblet splashing it's contents all over the room as, he gestured wildly. Cad was his only audience, as the other's had all gone off to find their beds. However the half elf wasn't sleepy, so he sat up listening to the old swordsman rant. "Some men are blessed with one great talent." Jocamo announced. "Something they do better than anyone else in the world!" "They don't see it of course, don't know it." "But they are the luckiest men in the world!" "I have wished, no prayed for many year's I was one of them!" The old swordsman stopped to refill his goblet, then reconsidered picking up the bottle instead. "But No!" "The gods damned me with two such talents!" "It is a great, and terrible curse!" "Lady fortunes double edged blade." "To have more than any other man, you have so much more to lose!" "I shake my fist at fortunes sweet kiss, she has deserted me in the hour of my greatest need." The old adventurer took another long drink from his bottle. "If it were quick and clean like a limb cut off, a man might learn to live with his loss!" "But to have it seeping away little by little day by day, it's like being devoured by ant's!" "Ye could be dead mate." Cad muttered. "Death?" "Hahahaha!" "Death is a small thing, my friend." "I didn't see that when I was younger, the world was mine." "And I...I actually grieved for those who fell along the way!" "Now I know how lucky they were, they will always be young and alive in my memory." "Time!" He hissed. "Time is the villian!" The old adventurer roared. Drawing his sword, and spinning to attack his imaginary enemies. He moved across the room in a liquidly silver dance of death! Cad could almost imagine them falling back before the swordsman's spinning blade. "Thieving fiend!" The old man howled leaping over an imaginary blade an hurling the empty wine bottle at his invisible foes. The bottle shattered, showering the room with tiny fragments.

Janus watched the guttering torch light flicker on the placid waters of the stables horse trough. A lean dark shadow silently stalked out of the darkness at the finance minister's back. "The apothecary is dead!" The assassin's high melodious voice purred softly. "And the coachman?" "Murdered in the street for his heavily laden purse." The assassin answered. "What is the kingdom coming to?" Janus asked turning to face the hired killer. "Under your control, I'd say." The assassin chuckled pulling off her mask. The wild elf was the most breath taking woman Janus had ever seen, fitting as she was also the deadliest! "Your note was terse." She said flatly. "I had a bit more trouble with the seer than I expected." He admitted. "You should have sent me!" She chided. "You had other duties, my dear." "What of them?" "The Court is totally convinced the attack will come at Yansurov's coronation as crowned prince." "But that cowardly little knave the Earl is still as yet unconvinced, of the wisdom of attacking a enemy set to surprise attack him." "Even though he would clearly have

the advantage of surprise, the effete little scoundrel is still dubious and thinking of staying home." "You can't let him do that, we need the distraction of they're battle." Janus insisted. "I'm doing what I can." "Has he been using you cruelly?" "That sexual destitute little goblin's whelp?" "Hardly!" She snorted. "I danced around on his lap half the day, and the wimpish weakling still couldn't get it up!" "With a woman as beautiful as you at his disposal!" "Theres no hope for him then!" "He's never going to be able to do it, if he can't do it with you!" Janus sneered. Grasping the front of his tunic she pulled him to her for a long passionate kiss. The finance minister shivered as he felt her long cool finger's slip under his clothing to explore his rigid member! "So good to see our pardnership in such excellent standing!" She purred cupping his ball's in one hand as she pumped the other up and down his big fucker! "Is it ture the Counts part elf?" Janus panted, trying to keep his mind on the business at hand. Bad choice of words he thought, as her hand's caressed him faster. "His father was the bastard son of a wandering elfin bard, his grandfather was thoughly cuckolded!" "The little bastard's even proud of it, he took great pleasure in showing me all his elfin attributes!" "Did you enjoy them?" "My dear." "They were...entertaining, but not nearly so satisfying as your own stupendous attributes!" She whispered tugging on his heavy dangling ball's playfully.

"I've often wondered why there are so many half elf's about." Janus grunted fondling her round prefect breast. "Elfin males are intensely attracted to women who are ovulating, combine that with the fact that elfs usually orgasm five or six times in two hours of love making. "Five or six times?" Janus moaned unbuttoning his trousers an letting them fall to the hay littered floor. "You humans tend to be much bigger!" She giggled hefting his ball's and fondling his big pulsing cock. "And of coarse you last about twice as long!" "I've found I enjoy the act more with your longer session's, but human women tell me they like a lover who can take them many times!" "Elf men bounce back much quicker, and produce so much more cum!" "If you both were to take a woman you could cum two or three times, an elfin man could cum six or seven." "Who do you think will father the child?" "I see your point!" Janus gasped sliding one hand down her tight leather pants. "That's why theres so many half elfs in your kindom, that and of coarse your woman are sluts!" "Of coarse!" He wheezed. "Haven't you ever wondered why your human kingdom's have never been able to expand into elfin lands." "I've never really thought about it." He admitted fingering the hard little knob of her clit. "When a human village springs up in elfin territory, the local elf lord just instructs his follower to mix with your people." "In a hundred year's time the humans are simply bred out of existence, and the village becomes elfin!" "What a way to go!" Janus muttered exploring her magnificent breast's with his mouth! "It's really proven to be very good for us, human and half elfin women are much more fertile than elfin lady's." "There are more elfs alive to day than in the entire history of our race." "And it's all because your people are so very easy!" She purred dropping to take his big throbbing cock into her mouth. "Ohohohhoo Dagmar!" Janus moaned fucking his full lenght down the elf maiden's beautiful throat! It was his favorite positions for receiving oral sex, Janus reflected. Standing over a submissively kneeling partner! The fact that the elfin maiden kneeling so passively servicing him, could easily kill him in less than the blink of an eye! Made it all the more stimulating, Janus ground his hairy crotch against her petite little up turned nose. His heavy ball's bouncing roughly against her pointed chin, as he rammed his hefty fucker down her throat! Her submission was sweet, but not yet complete abruptly yanked his manhood out of her throat. Janus pushed her down onto her hands an knees, kneeling behind her he slammed his bulky fucker ball's deep into her in one long powerful thrust! She bit her knuckles an screamed in pleasurable agony, as he took her in his best blackguard fashion! "Your a wet little slut!" He growled in her ear. "Thats the court's half elfin leaving's!" She taunted naughtily. "I guess thats to be expected with a whorish little elfin trollop like you." Janus grouched feverishly. "You don't know the half of it!" She giggling climaxing. "I tarried with a band of centaurs as well before I came here." She teased lewdly, between orgasmic moans. "If you thought the centaurs gave you a hard ride, you haven't seen anything yet." Janus panted. "Promises, promises." Dagmar giggled.

### Chapter 3 - Plots

Don't go down into the valley they had always told him, strange and wicked people live there. When he was a child Windfeld had always obeyed his elders, but he was an adult now. Tall and strong, his skin bronzed by the sun, and if he wasn't the best fighter in his clan he was certainly the most impressive in the village. Women liked him, even if he wasn't very clever. They were always running their hands over his thickly muscled body, and through the flowing mane of golden hair he had hanging down his back. Still the forbidden called to him, so he began wandering down into the valley. The people were strange to look at two leggers, and the first few he met were insulting and unfriendly. Then the women came to him, just two at first young and unsure, but eager and so adoring! He found a nice spot by the river and set up a camp in a grove of elm's on the edge of the valley. And they flocked to him, as females will when they find a Dominate male they want over them!. Some were beautiful others less so, he treated them all the same giving them his all! He soon found himself with a whole herd of female admirers who saw to his every need, in return he saw to their one inexorable need! It was what his virile young body was made for, and almost every moment of his day or night found him satisfying they're desire's! His pride grew as more and more of these peculiar females came to him with their need's. No warrior or even chieftain in the forest, no matter how clever he was or how great a fighter had so many willing women under him! True these women weren't like the females of his on tribe, still he had so many! Almost every woman from every little farm in the valley came to him, some just once most over and over again! All over the valley chores got neglected little things were left undone, dinners still got cooked though many dishes never made it to the farmer's table. Windfeld had ment to stay in the valley for only a short time, but the rich food and pleasure his harem provided held him in thrall much longer than he planned. The long hot day's of summer faded into autumn, and husbands, fathers and brothers spent less time in their fields! So I've tarried all summer, these lesser males have made no trouble so far! He thought moronically. The dirt grubber's weren't warrior's, none of them would be a match for him anyway. To Windfeld this made him the undisputed chieftain of the valley, and in the forest a chieftain could take any woman who would have him! In the end it was the praise of his women, that would be his undoing! As his lover's gossip reached the ear's of withered old maids, and puritanical old biddys. Who of course immediantly told their sons, brothers and any other man who would listen All about the misguided housewives, daughters or girlfriends, who were so sluttishly giving into their deviating carnal lusts! Allowing a lecherous Centaur to expend his momentous bestial lust in their supplicating bodies! Bad e'nuff to find out your wife was fucking another man, but to find out that he was literally hung like a horse and could go all night! The fear of inadequacy and rage such knowledge instill in the farmers could only be quenched by revenge. A meeting was held secretly at the town pub.

The farmer's were crazed with rage at this bestial betrayal and with fears of their own sexual inferiority! Screamed to kill the beast that was bewitching and defiling their women! It was Iren who pointed out that if they were to do that, they're women would never be free of it's memory! "They will always remember it like it is now, doing what it does to them!" "So what can we do?" The farmers wailed. "We must remind them what it really is, a filthy beast a beast of burden!" "We must remind them every day it was an animal that rutted them!" "How can we do that?" "We've all got livestock, we know how to tame obstinate stallions and ornery bulls!" Iren snarled grinning wickedly. So early the next morning before even their wife's awoke, forty strong they crept into Winfeld's camp. Before the centaur was fully awake, he found himself bound and hobbled. Struggling and kicking only succeeded in making him fall, he lay struggling and fighting until at last he was exhausted. That's when his tormenter's closed in, beating him savagely and pulling his bonds even tighter! Two of them knelt behind him, safe now that all four of his powerful leg's had been

bound tightly together! Looking back over his shoulder Windfeld watched as one of them lifted his beautiful golden tail, he felt rough hand's grasp and brutally yank his massive ball sac out away from his body! "Hand me the gelding knife!" One of them called grinning wickedly at the centaur stallion's amazed look. New energy surged through him then, a rope broke as he struggled desperately! But the ropes were just too strong and looped to many times around his limbs. His cruel tormenter held the wicked gleaming blade up for him to see! "You've been breeding mare's that weren't yours to have!" "And maybe you can get away with that in the forest, but here we know what to do with unruly stallions!" "You've mounted your last mare....stud!" His cruel captor teased. Then a searing pain tore through his loin's, followed by a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach! Was it the pain of his awful injury, or the desperate as he realized his emasculation? One of the ugly creature laughingly displayed one of the centaur's immense severed testicles. "He's not half the stallion he used to be!" It gloated chortling, the others howled with glee! Reaching down with bloody hands, it grasped his remaining ball. Pulling it out to the limit of its cord, the stony hearted creature. Slowly empaed the huge orb, sending wave after wave of sickening pain. Sweeping through the helpless Centaur's struggling body. Then grinning wickedly it slashed the cord with a single swift stroke. Deballing the mighty stud totally! "Your sireing days are done stud...or should I say Geldie!" "Hahaha!!!" The cruel human roared with laughter. Crowding in the humans began to beat the helpless geldling centaur with heavy club's.

Later that day Windfeld's lover's would find the centaur's camp deserted, and word quickly spread among them that he had gone home. Prompting a number of trips to the forest to be hurriedly planned! Then word also began to spread later that day, about a show to be held that evening in Iren's barn. It was something Iren had planned very carefully, after beating the beast senseless the farmer had quickly retied his bonds. It was after they had dragged Windfeld back to the barn, and he had awoke once again. That Iren got his insidious idea, some of the younger men decided to fuck the once proud centaur stallion's ass! It was an act of revenge Iren hadn't even imagined, but he liked it even joining in! Standing the centaur up he tied each of his leg's to a post driven in the ground. He had a Shire stallion and some mare's in heat, smearing some of the horny mare's juice's on the centaur's flank's! Windfeld's eyes widened in alarm as he watched the human loosed the stallion and step back to watch the fun! The huge draft horse his neck arched and tail raised pranced around the immobilized centaur. Sniffing and nibbling on the geldling's lean buttock's inquisitively! The stallion paused to sniff at the gelded centaurs abused and quivering donut, still oozing cum from his human attackers assaults! Smelling mare scent and fresh semen the massively aroused animal reared up eagerly leaped onto the centaurs helpless rump! Windfeld twisted his tightly bound upper body around howling in panic and rage. As the huge draft horse landed heavily on his back, instantly wrapping its powerful forelegs around his barrel. This was a new experience for Windfeld, he'd wrapped his own forelegs around many a mare! But being on the receiving end of that very intimate embrace frightened and mortified him! The helpless geldling contorted and bucked as best he could, straining and twisting desperately in his bondage! Windfeld trembled in fright, and squealed in horror. As he felt the huge stallion's massive mare maker, long and stiff beating against his belly and inner thighs! The big draft horse answered with a whinny like squeal of his own, humping frantically. As he tried to find the hot little fuck hole he smelled, and fill it with his magnificent maleness! Iren hastily stepped forward to see to it he did so, grasping his plow horse's ponderous cock in one hand. The farmer guided its apple to the centaurs cum dripping donut. Windfeld watched the farmer reach under his rutting stallion, and felt him place its huge cock head against the ring of his asshole! "Noooooooooo!!!" The gelded centaur screamed his eyes snapping shut. With one thrust of his powerful hip's the titillated stallion bulled right in! Hammering the centaur's debauched asshole like it was a horny mare's dripping pussy! Windfeld was startled at how the stallion's cock felt inside of him, a hard long springy wooden shaft that had been covered in thick smooth velvet! He wondered if this was what all those mare's had felt when he had mounted them! A scream of pain escaped his lip's as that massive masculinity rammed into him! But they had seemed to enjoy it sooooo much! A

humiliated blush crept over his face, it had been bad enough when the human's with their tiny cock's. Had made him their mare using him like he was a filly in heat! Now to be made a real stallion's mare, for the amusement of his watching tormenters. Though he couldn't see it, Windfeld could hear his huge heavy rapist panting and squealing in pleasure! He could hear the dirt grubber laughing and joking about what a good little filly he was! He tried to kick and buck, but with all four of his bruised and battered leg's tied to posts. He could do little more than whimper and scream, as the big impassioned stallion savagely ravished his bleeding asshole! "That's what they need to see!" Iren roared to the throng of spellbound farmer's. "Bring them here to night after supper, and they will!" He promised laughing lewdly. "After that, we'll put him pulling the manure wagon through the village!" "So they'll see him every day, and remember how low they sank!" "Fucking with a filthy stinking animal!" Iren sneered disdainfully. Windfeld whimpered and grunted in strain as he felt the draft horse's massive apple flare deep inside of him! Suddenly the gelded Centaur felt the stallions enormous organ pulse an stiffen disgorging it's hot thick stud's lust into his weak trembling body! The frantically pumping stallions massive cock throbbed, its flaring apple huge, hard and painful driving deep inside of him! Splattering more and more of it's hot sticky lust into the emasculated stud's rump! Windfeld gritted his teeth as he felt the stallion's seed, oozing out of his tightly clenched asshole slowly crawling down the cheeks of his buttocks. Under the centaurs belly, his limply dangling cock quivered. A gout of thin watery fluid spraying out onto the hay littered ground. A mixture of broth battered from his prostrate and piss as he lost control of his bladder. His captor's giggled and snickered, scooping up a handfuls and smearing it across the geldings gasping lip's!

Fenuis's caravan broke camp and began moving before dawn, the merchant lord wanted to travel as far as fast as he could. "Miles are money, travel steal's our profits!" He would often exclaim. Thorval rode at his customary position heading up the column, not so much because he wanted to meet danger head on. As he alway's claimed, but more to put distance between himself and the merchant. He had never liked Fenuis, and had to admit it was quickly growing into intense dislike! Earlier he had found Lorn and the merchant arguing about whether the gelded men should ride in the wagon's, or be forced to ride on horse back! The merchant thinking such torture would somehow make them better suited to be harem guards! In the end he and the healer had been able to persuaded the fool such treatment would destroy part or all of this commodity. Thorval knew ownly the threat of lost revenue dissuaded the greedy bastard. The lady knight on her huge roan war horse, trotted up beside him. Pulling his mind away from his dark thoughts, with her smile. "How far to the cross roads capt?" She asked brightly. "Another days ride at least lady knight." Thorval answered. "Is that where you will part our company?" "Yes Captain, Lylyvela thinks our path lays more towards the center of the woods." "So the four of you plan to travel together?" "Five of us Captain, Ariel has stated she wishes to remain in our company." "Is that wise?" "I mean you and the others are warriors, capable of facing the dangers of the wild forest." "Lady Ariel seems.....well much less capable." "It is her decision she wishes to accompany us, I think after her ordeal she does not wish to be alone in a great company of males!" "Ahhhhhh I see!" Thorval nodded thoughtfully.

From his wagon Fenuis watched the elf, darkman and lady knight carefully. Painfully aware they could endanger his plans, if they discovered them. The barbarian he decided wasn't bright enough to be of danger to his plans. It wasn't so much the profit saleing the emasculated warriors would bring. He decided, though it would be considerable! Serendipitous good fortune only favoured a man rarely. And if she were ever snubbed, possibly never again! Successful merchants worked hard, merchant princes worked hard an were favoured by lady luck. Determined to one day rule the richest merchant house in all the kingdoms. Fenuis was determined to do nothing that might offend that great lady, an knew letting this profit she had dropped in his lap get away would surely do so! He didn't really trust Thorval to keep his secret he decided. Wishing now that he had never enlightened the mercenary. The merchant blanched then as he noticed the mercenary capt talking with the lady knight. Quickly he sent a guardsmen forward with a summons, for the mercenary capt.

Thorval wheeled his horse, trotting back to the merchants lumbering wagon. Tossing his reins to the wagoner, he nimbly dismounted walking around to the door in the wagons rear. Fenius was sitting on a thickly cushioned divan near the wagons front. So he could look out the window over the wagoners head. "Come in capt, come in please." "I would have a word with you." "Yes my lord." Thorval answered slowly. "How long are our guests going to be with us capt?" "Until the crossroads, I believe my lord." One more days travel the merchant breathed thankfully. "What was that my lord?" "Oh ahem!" "I was just noticing the lady knight riding up front with you, and thought that perhaps the elf an that other man might ride behind." "To watch out for any Orc forces that might be following, looking for revenge." "Yes, thats a good idea my lord." Thorval agreed surprised the merchant had thought of it. "I'll ask Lylyvela an the Wraith if they'll do it right away." Thorval agreed unwilling to tell the merchant that he already had partols out doing just that. Or that the pair had been attacked in the forest the night before, by a mysterious assassin. "Thank you capt, thats all I wanted." Fenuis said pleasantly. Thorval saluted an quickly left, wondering what the merchant was up to. He could tell Fenuis didn't like having the adventurers around, even though the added muscle made the caravan safer. Possibly the greedy bastard didn't like the added expense of feeding them. Still it seemed a very small prize to pay for such excellent fighters.

Iren chuckled as he cruelly whipped the long springy birch limbs into his prisoners bleeding shins! Winfeld whinnied in agony as his front leg's buckled, the emasculated centaur fell to his knee's! Iren quickly moved down the centaur's body scourging it relentlessly. "What do you want of me?" Winfeld screamed at last. Iren grabbed a hand full of the centaur's long blond hair, pulling his head back savagely. "You know what your master wants!" Iren growled cruelly. "Yes." Winfeld mumbled softly. "Yes what?" The farmer snarled. "Yes MASTER!" The helpless centaur whimpered quately. "Open your mouth beast." The farmer growled smirking lewdly. "Yes master." The broken centaur gasped opening his now toothless mouth hesitantly. Iren smiled with great satisfaction, as he thrust his hard cock into the gelded centaurs compliant mouth. Reluctantly Winfeld closed his sore lip's around the malignant human's oozing manhood. He was reticent at first, but with Iren gently stroking his hair and whispering encouragements, Winfeld's mouth quickly became fawning an amorous. The centaurs mind flashed back to the first time one of the tiny human mare's, had used her mouth to pleasure him. It had been so strange, and unexpected he had not thought much about it. Later he had watched wonderingly, as more women had lovingly sucked his enormous masculinity. Slowly he began to try and do everything he could remember them doing! Soon he had his unmerciful human master up on his toes. "Ohohoo yes!" "Ohooo where did you learn to do such things animal?" Iren grunted ecstaticly. Knowing that he would be punished if he told the heartless human, it was from his own women. Winfeld's only answer was to try harder, sucking the human's cock balls deep! "Hoohoo!" "You really love being another man's slut!" Iren grunted. Humping his obsequious fuck slave's hot oh so willing mouth lustfully! Up on his toes the lean farmer roughly grabbed the back of the centaurs head. Jerking it forward savagely, as he humped his slaves fervidly sucking lip's! "Swallow it!" "Swallow it all, you beast!" Iren rasped panting, fucking his long cock down Winfelds weakly working throat. "Ohohoooho that was very good!" The farmer gasped wearily as he spurted the last few drops of his thick greasy cum down the geldling centaur's throat! He smiled at his amazed and amorously excited audience. "You deserve a reward." The farmer panted, feeding his slave a small oat cake his wife had baked earlier that day. The farmer knew how to break an train animals. "Now open your mouth for my friend's here." Iren ordered leering at the fourteen young men who were now in his barn every evening, eager to use the centaur fuck slave. Obediently Winfeld did as he was instructed, quickly losing track of the number of males he serviced. He felt his tail being roughly pulled asided, and the now very familiar feeling of a hard cock being brutally thrust into him! As his cruel captors once again used his emasculated stallions body like it was a females! Just days earlier he would have fought to the death if some centaur male had tried to use him so! But now gelded and helpless, kept alive only at the pleasure of his masters. The once proud centaur stallion found himself not only enduring, but enjoying the debaucheries his human masters

were inflicting apone him!

Sir Neville Earl of Tralhausen sit deathly still clutching his sword hilt, as the deadly elfin murderess danced gracefully around his study. "The finance minister wants you to triumph in this little feud of your's, I don't pretend to know why." She called gliding behind his chair. "If it were up to me I'd let the better man win, I'd let the count kill you!" She breathed in his ear. Sir Neville flinched away from her warm breath, but didn't dare move otherwise. The beautiful elfin killer was like a viper he knew, she could strike at any sudden move! "But I serve the minister's will, on his orders I have reorganized your men at arms." "I've placed the best leaders in positions of power, and organized your best warriors in units of ten." "And I've organized all the incompetents an hangers on into a suicide squad, under the command of Sir brancrof." The prefect man sir Neville thought bleakly. "Aviva here will be the new high commander of your warriors." The assassin said gesturing to the huge crimson hair barbarian warrioress, seated across the desk from the cringing Earl. "I have related to her my lord ministers plan, she can explain it to you." "I have more important, and more enjoyable things to attend to!" Dagmar sneered gliding across the room and out of the door. "Very well commander how shall we precede?" The little man snarled with obvious distaste. "I understand I was not my lords choice as high commander, but we must learn to work together in this." It galled the Earl more than he cared to admitt, to have a woman. And a peite little elfin woman at that, ordering him around reorganizing his men! Now she had placed another woman in charge of his warriors! The little man gritted his teeth in frustration and disdain. "Very well commander proceed." He growled. "The elfin ladies plan is excellent, we will hide our forces in the retainers of diverse other nobles sympathetic to our cause." "In that way we will out number our enemies, and have the element of surprise on our side." "An intriguing plan." The wry little nobleman agreed. "Still I would like a more indepth explanation." He growled haughty. At that moment the side door of the study opened and lady Theresa walked in slowly carrying a tea tray. "What are you doing in here?" The Earl asked harshly standing up quickly. "I have only brought your tea my husband." She whispered deferentially setting the tray on his desk. "Did I call for tea woman?" The little man roared. "No my lord." "Then why do you disturb me imbecile?" "I only thought...I mean my lord always takes his tea at this time of." Not letting her finish the Earl stepped forward an smashed his fist into her face. Sending her reeling back across the room, only Aviva's huge hand clasped on to the hem of her dress. Kepted her of going over backwards, or stumbling in to the wall. "Get out woman, an don't bother me here anymore." Sir Neville spat angrily. Crying lady Theresa quickly fled the room, and the vicious tiny little man she had been forced to married. "Now where were we?" He asked turning to grin wickedly at Aviva. Then quickly turned away as he noticed the fury and loathing in the big warrior woman's eye's. Turning away from the warrioress's fierce glare, he strolled to the window and watched the men training in the courtyard below. As Aviva grimly related the rest of the finance minister's intriguing plan. All the time glaring icy daggers at her tiny little commanders back.

Awakening early as was his custom, Janus feasted on the delicacies he and Capt Drylar had harvested the day before. Even cooked up the Cardinal abbots gigantic balls made a meal, poor Gerald's were hardly a mouth full. Still they were sweet, and a shiver ran down Janus's spine. As he thought of there owner, on his way to sodomistic servitude in Kahdem. With breakfast finished he hurried to his private combat, where Cucolan his half elfin master at arms. Trained his body and mind in Yinphar, the the ancient elfin art of complete warfare. After an hour of intense training, that left the half elf sweating an grunting on the floor. The minister retired to his private baths, making a mental note to hire a more advanced trainer. "My time with Dagmar is paying off in more ways than one!" Janus chuckled quite as he disrobed. Quickly his body servants, and courtesan washed the dirt an straw from his body. "Who would have thought rolling in the hay would be so filthy?" He ask no one in particular, as his courtesan's took turns sucking his red aching cock. After that pleasant diversion had at last lost it's charm. The finance minister let his servants dress him, back in his bedroom he thoughtfully armed himself. Strapping a stiletto to one forearm, he studied his collection



of wands intently. At last deciding on his crystal wand of ice, he slipped it in to his other forearm sheath. He draped a amulet of protection around his neck, and polished his ring of spell turning on the front of his black velvet robes. "Ready to meet the day." He chuckled smiling at his reflection in the full length mirror. He started out the door then stopped, walking quickly back to his weapons cabinet. The minister picked up a silver headed cane, twirling it in his fingers. He pressing a tiny button on it's head, he watched the poisoned blade pop out of the tip. "Ahh hah!" He exclaimed. Quickly retracting the blade, he strode off to his first task of the day.

The walled town house teemed with warriors and guardsmen, all watching for and attack they know could come at anytime. They paced the walls and battlements restlessly, waiting watching for any threat any attack. Still the assassin moved unseen through the gray of morning. Silently the deadly gray clad figure soared through the cold morning air. Only one weary sentry paced the roof of the town house, almost invisible in the gray light of predawn. The assassin landed carefully behind the sleepy guardsmen, who was leaning on his spear watching for dawn. His thoughts no doubt on the coming arrival of his relief, and the rest he would go to afterwards. Heavy steel banded metal armor covered his body and shoulders, and a knee length chain mail skirt covered his legs. A flicker of movement caught his eye, making him glance down just in time to see a small but very heavy lead mace slam up in to his groin! His mouth flew open, but no sound came out! Only bile and the remains of his dinner! Clutching his wounded manhood the guardsmen dropped to his knees, nimble fingers quickly removed his helm, and the mace came down on his skull. When the sentry fell insensible to the roof, the killer knelt between the helpless guardsmen's legs. Unbuckling and pulling down his trousers to view her handy work. She smiled wickedly as she took his bruised and already swollen balls in her hand. Picking out the larger of the two, she brought the mace down on it hard. Once then twice, wrapped her strong fingers around it. She squeezed it tighter and tighter, until at last it popped squishing to mush in her powerful grip. This brought the sentry to agonizing consciousness for a second, the mace quickly returned him to blissful insensibility! Giggling at her cruel and heartless deed, she skipped lightly down the stairway into the fortress. In the still dark hallways she moved like a ghostly breeze. A servant on his morning route spotted her, but quickly fell under her charms. Showing her to a little used guest bedroom, she let him undress as they kissed and fondled. Then pumped her knee repeatedly up into his groin, smashed his fully exposed testicles pitilessly! Muffling his pig like squeals with her now savage kiss! She left him gagged and tried bent over the footboard of the bed, his tremendously swollen balls hanging down against the side. She stopped to give them one final kick before she left, just to feel them under her toes! Drawing another muffled squeal from the helplessly bound servant. Leaning close she whispered wickedly. "I could make them stop hurting you know." Her long pale fingers lightly caressed the angry red swollen flesh of his wounded nuts. "Would you like me to do that?" She inquired pulling a short heavy bladed dagger from her boot top. "NEOOOO!" The fellow screamed through his gag, shaking his head violently back and forth. As she ran the daggers razor like edge lightly over the soft skin of his scrotum. Cupping his bruised and swollen balls in her delicate hand, she slammed the pommel of her dagger into them savagely. "I could have you begging me to cut them off in only a short time!" She whispered into his ear as he withered in agony. "But....I've got other business to attend to, another time perhaps."

There were no guards outside the master bedroom, the lord obviously felt no need. As he was completely surrounded by thick walls and warriors in his fortress. Creeping close to the door she listened, the count was up and engaged in his favorite morning activity by the sound of it. Slowly she eased the door open, sliding into the room when it was only open a crack. His broad muscular back was to her, and made a ridiculously easy target even as his hips pumped back and forth. Whether from the movement, or some slight sound the count sensing her presence. Stopped in mid thrust he turned glancing back over his shoulder at the door! His half elfin features going from shocked surprise to lustful delight. "You actually did it!" He grunted thrusting slowly. "Of course." Dagmar

answered with a mockingly bow. "How many did you have to kill?" "None, but the sentry on your roof may wish I had killed him when he wakes up, oh and you need to put more up there!" The Elfin assassin answered. "You took him by surprise?" The count asked sharply. "Yes." Dagmar admitted. "I'll have to punish him for his laxity." "It's too much for one person to guard alone." Dagmar admitted. "And he has been punished already, Quite severely!" She giggled. "Really?" The count inquired curiously. "Oh my yes!" She purred grinning wolfishly. "Was it fun my dear?" Darius chuckled. "Exhilarating!" Dagmar laughed looking down at the woman under him. "What are you fucking Darius!?" The elfin murderess asked lustful staring at the big round rump the count was pumping. "Sultaness Obluc wife of the Kahdiven ambassador, this is lady Dagmar elfin warrioress." Darius introduced even as he thrust slowly in and out. The dark skinned woman looked back over her shoulder's, and prolific globular buttock's. Studying the assassin's lean scrupulous elfin body lustfully! "Would you like to join us lady Dagmar?" She purred her voice low and throaty with desire, and tinged with amusement. "Humans are so easy!" "There all sluts!" Dagmar whispered to low for anyone but an elf to hear. "Thank the gods for that!" The count chuckled winking at her. "I thought you'd never ask!" The elfin murderess said louder, giggled she kicked off her boots. "I am very blessed this morning!" The count laughed lewdly, kicking the covers back as Dagmar quickly removed her clothes. "And how did you get so blessed?" "Won't the ambassador be wondering what's become of his wife?" "Hah!" "You know Kahdivan's parade and accessible male ass in front of them, and they wouldn't know if you took their right arm!" "Just so long as they had their cock and balls!" The elfin assassin finished. "It's only a wonder they manage to procreate!" "How do you manage that my dear?" The lean half elfin count asked teasingly. "Slaves mostly!" The dark woman grunted sharing a smirk with the elf. "Who's ass did you give up to him?" Dagmar asked. "You remember Gorden?" "Your squire, he's fucking your squire?" The elfin assassin pictured the tall proper young knight in training being rode hard and through back her head. "Hahahahahah!" "I don't think that's the kind of training his father had in mind when he sent him to you!" Dagmar giggled. "He didn't learn it from me. I found him under the stable boy one night squealing like school girl!" Darius smirked. "Oh so your just quick to take advantage?" "Only once or twice on campaigns!" Dagmar grinned wickedly. "I meant giving him to the ambassador." "Oh!" The count muttered and powerful blush creeping across his handsome elfin face. "So you fuck males too!" The murderess teased. "Well I....haven't....I mean only those that want to be another mans.....Er!" "fucktoy!" Dagmar supplied. "Er.....Well....ahem Yes!" "Enough talk!" Obluc moaned pulling the now naked elf in to bed and crawling over her naked body. The two women were complete opposites, the elf was pale lean and hard muscled. While the sultaness's big dark skinned human body was buxom and lushly exquisite. Grasping the sultaness's shoulder length coal black hair, Dagmar guided the woman's thick mobile lip's and wide tongue to her tingling little clit. Then let her long sensitive finger sweep up, exploring the human's ample breast's and huge knob like nipples. Darius looked down at the two women entwined on his bed, and smiled to himself. "So many tender delights!" "Which to choose.....Ahhhhh decision's decision's." "Guess I'll just have to try them all!" He chuckled to himself.

Janus watched the growing brightness of false dawn light the sky, as his carriage rumbled across the city. The sun was just peeking over the mountains, as he reached his destination. Blade court that infamous market for mercenaries and hire swords was still empty so early. A fact for which the minister was glad, he hadn't come here to hire rabble. And they're clamoring and bombastic boasting about their s'posed prowess always annoyed him. His driver pulled to a stop in front of the main hall, neophyte and novice swordsmen mostly gathered in the courtyard. Strong experienced warriors gathered in the hall itself, but in the lower levels under the hall and the very court. Even more dangerous things could be found, it was to this place he was going! It was not something the proprietor of the blade court admitted openly, indeed it was well hidden. If he hadn't been there before, Janus admitted he could never have found the darkly legendary shadow court. The huge double doors of the hall opened before him as he approached, the guards bidding him welcome and

to enter. He didn't slow as he pasted them and hurried on in to the hall, past the feasting halls and combats. Past the private rooms and the day rooms, buried deep in the facility. Was a tiny office, packed with books, ledgers and dusted scrolls. Janus made his way across the cluttered room carefully, stopping at the back wall of the diminutive office. Waving his hand at the overburdened book shelf along the wall, he quietly whispered the mystic command. Watching amused as the wall and shelf faded away, to reveal the stairway leading down in to the darkness. Without hesitation the minister descended the dark roughly hewn stairway. The stairs descended approximately forty feet, with three passageways converging at the base. Janus turned to his left, down a short well lit passage he came to a second office. Clean, spacious and tastefully decorated with comfortable furniture, this room was everything the pitiful alcove above was not. The tall well dressed man behind the desk stood, and bowed stiffly. "What may I do for you my lord?" He inquired warmly. "I am in need of a personal guard and ahem...adjutant." Janus explained. "What of Cortu?" "Ahh." "He unfortunately is no longer in my service." "I see." The clerk said taking a scroll from his desk drawer, and dipping his pen in the ink well. "And who does he now serve?" "He who we must all serve one day....Death" The finance minister clarified. "Ahh I'll have to have his name removed from our rolls then." The clerk muttered thoughtfully. "I'm sorry, but we have no more wereboars perhaps a....." "That's quite alright." Janus cut him off. "I'm presently looking for something more powerful and unique." "A minotaur perhaps, I have a number you should be able to find one you like." "No." "I need something able if necessary to walk unnoticed among the rabble." "Hhmmm." "I may just have the very thing." The clerk announced standing up once again. "If you would please follow me." He said limping around the desk and out into the passageway. Janus rose and followed the clerk back down the short passage, past the stairs and down the right hand passage. They passed any number of heavy ironbound oaken doors and side passages. At last their journey ended at a set of huge double doors, that were if anything even heavier than the other doors they had passed.

"Erasmus." The clerk called pounded on the door. "Are you presentable?" He called pounding again. The heavy double doors were snatch open with a swoosh, banging against the stone walls sharply. A huge half naked man stood in the open doorway glaring at them coldly. "What?" He growled his voice grating and gravelly. His massive naked torso glistened oily in the torch light, each powerful muscle clearly visible under his tight drawn red tinted skin. "You've been cryin' about having nothing to do!" "I bring you work." The clerk snarled right back. Running his huge fingers through his coal black hair, the big man stepped to one side. "Come in then." He said gesture to the dimly lit chamber beyond. The roughly rectangular was dimly lit with braziers, the corners and back disappearing into darkness. The furniture was crafted mostly out of rough hewn wood, and was as massive as the man using it. In the center of the room, on its gigantic knee's its chest and shoulders pressed to the floor was a minotaur. It was obvious that the massive creature had been beaten senseless! And equally obvious what the big man had been doing to it before they had entered. Seeing Janus staring at the prostrate creature, the big man reached over and pulled its tail to one side exposing its abused and quivering asshole. "Would you care to partake?" He leered. "Perhaps when we've finished dealing." Janus answered smiling. The big man smiled back displaying sharp teeth, in a mouth that was entirely too big to be human! "Very well I'm interested, what's the secret here." Janus asked. "Show him Erasmus." The clerk called. The big man stood raising his arms over his head stretching his powerful muscles. His slick red skin thickened into rough hide, huge bat wings sprouted from his shoulders. A long muscular tail descended to the ground behind him, even as his powerful legs twisted and crook. His feet shriveled and darkened into cloven hooves, great spiral ram's horns erupted from his forehead. "Erasmus's mother was one of the mountain folks witch's. The clerk explained. "And his father was, well I think you can tell what his father was!" The clerk smirked. The minotaur stirred slightly groaning, Erasmus casually turned and slammed a huge armored fist into its head. Absently smashing the weakly struggling creature, back into submission! Janus stood and slowly walked around the monstrosity studying him thoughtfully. "The infamous shadow court has out done its self this time!" "What's his run down?" He inquired. "He's

immune to all standard weapons, taking damage only from magical or blessed ones, he's magic resist to a great degree." "He can shape shift as you've seen, and cast a number of spells naturally." "Innate." Janus corrected. "What?" "He doesn't cast spells, the powers are Innate like the wings and tail a part of him." "Very sharp." Erasmus rumbled to the minister. "I know a little about magic, and magical creatures." The minister admitted. "What are your powers?" "Charm, globe of darkness, minor illusions and geas." The grotesque monstrosity rumbled. "I see, and how much do you want to make?" "I have few needs." Erasmus rumbled thoughtfully. "I can see that!" Janus answered looking around carefully. "The hall has to make at least." The clerk started. "The only thing I see, I think you need is better entertainment!" Janus chuckled. "Verily!" Erasmus roared. "Ahem my lord." The clerk started again. "Double what I was paying for Cortu." "No more." Janus announced spinning to face the startled clerk. The surprised man stumbled back. "I...er that is...ahem..ah..you have a deal." He sputtered. "Good now that that's out of the way, perhaps you'd like to finish your...er..revelry!" Janus asked pointing to the supine minotaur. Erasmus grinned wolfishly. "Perchance you would like to essay it first?" Erasmus asked. "Perchance if you don't mind?" "Be my guest please, I am nothing if not a good host!" The half fiend grunted. The finance minister threw back his robes, and knelt behind the enormous prostrate creature. Pushing his hip's forward, Janus thrust his big cock head to the minotaurs partially expanded hole! Thinking it wasn't going to be a very good fuck, thus was amazed when the minotaur's powerful sphincter contracted tightly around the head of his intruding fucker! The huge deadly creature snorted, it's powerful body quivered and flexed. "OHhho!" The minotaur felt much better on his cock than Janus would have ever believed, it was all he could do to work himself all the way in! When he finally got his full length all the way in, he just stood there on his knees enjoying the hot tight fit for a long moment! "Ahhh!" He moaned as he began slowly pumping in and out, the friction was unbelievable! Thrusting faster and deeper he pounded the minotaurs lean bulbous buttock's unmercifully vigorously! "I'll go draw up the papers." The clerk announced abruptly hastening out, a look of sickened disgust on his face. Janus glanced at the fleeing clerk and then back at Erasmus amused. The big half fiend grinned back chuckling, presently both of them were roaring with derisive laughter at the retreating clerk's back. Using the beast's tail for leverage to pull it back as he thrust forward, Janus rode it's quivering asshole relentless and unsympathetically! The beaten brute whimpered and grunted at this callous and exacting treatment, at times feebly attempting to raise or resist. Only to be savagely beaten back in to submission, by the gigantic fiend Erasmus. Janus realized that if he had tried this another time, the tremendously muscled minotaur would have tore him apart! Or even possibly done the same thing to him, yet now it could do nothing but kneel and take it. This realization brought the finance minister almost as much pleasure, as the cringing creature's tight orifice! Pounding it in with all his might, panting and grimacing Janus pumped his load balls deep into the monster's ass! Pulling out he noticed the creature's own long red cock hanging down between it's leg's. Grasping the shaft he pulled it back through them, pushing it's heavy ball's aside. He rubbed it's big round cock head in his cum oozing from it's convulsing asshole. When the knob was good and slick, he pushed it arduous into the spasming orifice. Forcing as much of it in as he could, then he began pumping it in and out! Fucking the beast with it's own massive cock, it didn't take more in a few quick thrusts. The monster's massive body shivered, and it's own milky cum flooded out around it's deep drilling fucker! Erasmus and the minister roared with derisive laughter again, this time at the minotaur's blubbering as it realized what had just happened! Grabbing the beast's head Erasmus lifted it to it's knees, and forced it to lick the ministers still semi hard fucker clear! Janus grimaced at the monster's sand paper like tongue, but let it continue until it had finished completely. When it was done Erasmus beat the now cowering creature back into position. And brutally tore it's now limp cock out of it's ass, with that opening now free. He crammed his own enormous cock into the now very well lubricated orifice. Janus watched in amazement as the huge snake like organ disappeared into the whining monster's most taboo and delicate orifice! If the minister thought the minotaur whimpered and squirmed before, it was nothing compared to the reaction Erasmus pounded out of it! But the huge fiend rode the trembling and weakly struggling monster like a horseman riding a half wild stallion! "I'll be in the

office finalizing the deal, bring me those when your finished!" He said pointing to the minotaur's fist size nut's. "Just those?" Erasmus grunted. "Yes." "Make a steer out of him, but keep him alive." "As you may know there are no female minotaurs, so I'm sure the others would really adore something to fuck!" "I'll let them know that's what he's for, when I take him back!" The half fiend assured. "How kind of you." Janus called grinning. Making Erasmus roar with laughter once again, as beating, raping, castrating and guaranteeing that it would be violated by it's own species. Probably for the rest of it's life could be called almost anything but kind!

It was quite a bit later when the half fiend finally arrived at the clerk's office, he had taken human form once again. And was dressed as a Kahdivan warrior, with a white turban and steel helmet. A knee lenght sleeveless tunic over a loose fitting shirt, baggy trousers an short soft boots. On his left hip hung a tiny dinner plate sized kahdivan buckler, on his right a heavy bladed scimitar. With his coal black hair and dusky skin he could past, tho' he was clearly the biggest Kahdivan warrior anyone had ever saw. Janus smiled at this thought. "Worth the wait." He muttered. "I tarried long e'nuff to watch the first one, enjoy the pleasure's of their newly enslaved derriere!" Erasmus chuckled. "Hahahah, understandable I only wish I'd have thought to join you!" The finance minister laughed leering. "Heres the first installment." Janus growl handing the clerk a handful of coins. "The payments will come as before by courier to the top office's of course." "Thank you my lord minister, a pleasure doing business with you sir." "Heheh, I think this time the pleasure was all mine!" Janus smirked chuckling, drawing a sickened look from the clerk. Erasmus gestured vaguely and grunted under his breath as janus laughed. But the finance minister spotted it, the disgusted clerk however did not. Out on the street the pair hurried to the finance ministers carriage, as blade court slowly filled with novice swordsmen. Once they had seated themself in his open top carriage Janus turned to the fiend and asked. "Ok what did you do?" "Oh so you saw that?" Erasmus asked smirking. "I miss very little you will learn." Janus answered coldly. "I put a little geas on that clerk." "Oh a geas to make him do what?" "His manner concerning our little.....amusment, offended me some what." "So now he'll be thinking constantly about that minotaurs ass!" "Only hardening or orgasming when hes imagining himself fucking it!" "Hahahahaha!" The finance minister roared, as he pictured the clerks disgusted face! "And what is the geas's release?" "He is going to have to ride its rump of course, or he'll never be free of the spell!" Erasmus chuckling lewdly. "A fine jest...I'm going to enjoy your company, I think." Janus laughed.

Kengar was roused from his bed before noon, by a very worried looking Angus. Who quickly explained that there was a city watch Commander in the antechamber who wanted a word with him. Washing his face an dressing hastily, the mage hurried down stairs. A thousand things were rushing through his mind as he descended to the antechamber. Entering the room he saw that the watch commander was in deep conversation with Elwood an Qranite nose. Quirk was no where to be seen, no surprise really as he always did his best to avoid the authorities. Kengar was amused to see Cad hiding quitely behind the divan in the corner. "Here he comes now." Elwood answered. The watch commander turned to watch the mage approach. Kengar was amazed it was a woman, alabaster skin an hair blacker than midnight. She towered above every man in the room by at last tree inches. Obviously descended from the barbarian's of the wilra mountains. Kengar realized. The magnificence of her body was evident even under the livery an heavy chain mail of a watchman. Her comely face was dominated by her breath taking green eyes, that almost kept one from noticing the broken nose. "I 'm captain Rae commander of the night watch magi." She introduced herself in a tired voice. "Along night Captain?" "And please feel free to call me Kengar." "A long night indeed mage, and a unpleasent one!" "Oh, Then how may I help you commander?" "This morning just before dawn a murder was discovered." "A murder in which magic played an key roll." She explained. "I see and you'd like me help to determine what type of magic it was an who commanded it." Kengar guessed. "Something like that, you see the victim was the Cardinal abbot of Pryus." "Damn!" The mage swore reeling back. "How did they know?" "How did who know what?" Rae

demanded. Kengar sat heavily in the nearest chair rubbing his forehead thoughtfully. "I know you tried to get an appointment with the Cardinal, last night an were very disappointed when you couldn't." The watch commander warned. Making up his mind Kengar quickly explained everything. "Did the Seer have any personal belonging with him in the pump house?" Rae asked thoughtfully. "Some clothes, a pack an bed roll." Kengar answered. "Well then it's possible your enemy found something in them that pointed to the Cardinal abbot." "Or then if your enemy really is a wizard, he may have just deduced that the Cardinal abbot was the only other seer who could expose his plans." "Yes, yes I hadn't thought of that." Kengar admitted shakenly. "The department mage an alchmist are examining the body, down at headquarters," "Still I would like for you to examine it as well, I've taken the liberty of having a portal set up just outside you tower." "To take us to watch headquarters, if you will a company me." "Of course commander. I'll do whatever I can." The mage answered as he followed the towering warrioress down the stairs to the portal. "Do you want one of us to accompany you, my lord?" Elwood asked. "No thats all right I should be safe enough at watch headquarters, stay here at the tower." Kengar instructed. "I don't think it was your enemies who killed the Cardinal." Rae confided quietly as they entered the glowing doorway of the portal. "Why is that captain?" Kengar asked surprised, as they stepped out the other side. "Because this was a very personal crime, the Cardinal abbot was fully castrated an stab repeatedly!" "Before he was killed by a magic spell." "A crime of passion then?" Kengar wondered as they pushed through the doors into the laboratory. "And odd passions they were at that!" The old alchemist grunted straighting up slowly. "How so, docter Titus?" She asked. "Ah...er...ahem well." "What the good docter is trying to figure out a polite way of saying." "Is the Cardinal abbot was fucked, repeatedly in the ass and mouth." "Titus has found quite a bit of semen in both, it looks as if they were none to gentle either." "Shame Pierce, to speak of such things so bluntly to a lady." The old alchemist fumed. "Hahaha I'm sure commander Rae has heard an seen much worse things than that Titus." The handsome young mage chuckled bowing to Rae and Kengar. "Master Kengar it is a great honor to meet the royal mage, the masters at the guild speak of you quite often." "Well met Pierce was it, I only wish we had met under more pleasant circumstances." "Yes hardly a picnic." Titus grumbled. "What more can you tell us, about the Cardinals death?" Kengar inquired. "Well aside from being roundly sodomized, and having his cock and balls cut off." "He was hit to the center of the back by a lightening bolt" The young mage explained. "He also seems to have digested some kind of powerful drug, his limbs show signs of paralysis caused by such a drug." The alchemist piped in. "It was the lightening bolt that killed him, or the stab wounds?" Rae asked quietly. "Neither he was still alive when they dropped him down the water return shaft." "He drowned!" Rae and the mages exclaimed together. "Yes." The old alchemist confirmed. "Wait a minute if he was dropped down a water return shaft, how did you find the body?" Kengar asked. "We stretch nets across the shafts about twenty feet down, just encase someone tries to get rid of something like a body." Rae explained. "So this was obviously not a professional killing, as all the assassins an foot pads in the city know about the nets." She muttered thoughtfully rubbing the bridge of her broken nose. "Could this have been the work of some rival fertility cult?" Pierce asked. "I mean his holy symbol the golden phallus of prys was shove up his well debauched asshole!" "It's possible." "I'll check with the priests at the temple to see if they have heard anything about a rival cult." "What about jealous husbands?" "Jealous husbands might emasculate an kill him, but I don't see them fucking him!" Rae answered. Kengar studied the scorch wound on the corpses back carefully. "He must of still had some type of magical protection, or the lightening bolt would have done more damage." "I havn't seen many wounds of this kind, but I must admitt I was thinking the samething." Pierce agreed. "From the angle I'd say he was standing when he was hit." "That would be remarkable, if he digested the drug I believe he did." Old Titus snorted. "Never the less he was standing and naked when he was struck." "Yes, naked theres no evidents of cloth ashes or soot in the wound." Titus agreed. "Have you tried a speak with the dead enchantment?" Kengar asked turning to Pierce. "No sir there is no one at the temple of Pryus powerful e'nuff to cast it." The young mage answered. "And of course they won't let a priest of any other god do it." Kengar guessed. "Indeed." Pierce agreed. "Can you do this?" Rae asked. "It is a

priests spell I'm afraid, but there is a spell I know that might be helpful." Kengar answered. "A death recall?" Pierce gasped. "Yes do you know it?" Kengar asked. "I have heard of it, read of it, but it is far beyond my abilities!" The young mage admitted. "Will you try it?" The big watch commander asked. "Of course commander, I need to know what happened to him also." "You still believe he was killed by your enemies." "Yes, my attacker used lightening bolts, the Cardinal was struck down with one." "I mean it's not impossible my enemies, also had a personal grudge against the Cardinal abbot." "It's something of a stretch, but it is possible." Rae agreed. "What exactly does this spell do, my lord mage?" The old alchemist inquired. "It a very powerful magic, that lets the caster see through the dead mans eyes." Pierce breathed excitedly. "That should tell us who murdered him quite easily." The old man sputtered. "Yes." "Why didn't you say something about this earlier?" Rae asked sharply. "Because it maybe of no help at all." Kengar answered. "What do you mean?" "Surely if it let's you see the everything the Cardinal saw before he died." "Ah but you see it doesn't, it only allows me to see what he saw the last ten minutes or so of his life." The mage explained carefully. "Ten minutes, hell it could have taken them ten minutes to drag his body down to the water return shaft." Rae exclaimed crestfallen. "Yes commander I know but it's all I can do." Kengar explained sadly. "Will you need anything?" "No I have every thing I need." Kengar admitted, taking a small mirror fragment from his pocket. He chanted his spell softly under his breath, then placed both hands on the corpse's cold shoulder. Instantly the room disappeared, and he found himself staring up into a torrent of falling water. He gagged an choked as the water poured in to his lungs. Kengar could feel the shudder of death run though him, only in reverse. Then he was bouncing in the net, falling up out of the shaft. Turning over in midair he suddenly found himself laying on the lip of the stone shaft, as water roared past him down in to the depths. He glancing over he saw a man laying beside him, his body bouncing his face red an contorting in strain. He's being sodomized, the mage realized staring hard at the mans straining face. He tried to glimpse the fellows molester, but the Cardinals head wouldn't move. Then the man stood, and his pants shot up from the ground. And the fellow buttoned them, and strolled over picking the body up. Slung over the man's shoulder, he from himself staring down at the ground. He could see a pair of black riding boots with gold spurrs, walking along behind. Then suddenly he was thrust through the door of a carriage, and a dark cloth that he was rapped in dropped to cover his eyes. Then it was only darkness, until at last the spell ended. And the mage found himself back in the laboratory, gasping an shuddering his hands dropped to his own crotch involuntarily. Pierce stepped forward, gently laying a hand on the Kengars trembling shoulder. "Are you alright my lord?" "Yes." "Just very tired an cold so very cold." Kengar mumbled. "But I am alive, and whole." He whispered as if to convince himself. "What did you see?" The watch captain demanded. Quickly the mage related all he had seen. "Riding boots an gold spurrs, that man was obviously a knight." Rae said thoughtfully. "A knight who sodomizes his coachman, even as they do something so dangerous as dispose a murdered Cardinal." Pierce sneers. "He's either very brave or very stupid." Titus chuckled. "Oh please all warriors keep their brains in their cod pieces." Pierce growled. "Really, all warriors?" The big warrioreess asked archingly. "Present com..company excepted....of course!" The young mage stuttered quickly. "Of course." Rae agreed clutching her groin an making a very male obscene gesture. To which the young mage blushed copiously, and quickly turning away. "Can you describe the man you saw, and the coach?" Rae asked turning around to face Kengar. "The coachman yes, but it was to dark to tell much about the coach." Kengar answered wearily. "Well thats more than we had before." She muttered thoughtfully. Pointing to a bare spot of the white washed wall, Kengar quickly whispered a spell. And the coachmans red straining face appeared in the blank space. "My goodness looks like he's being used rather harshly!" Titus blurted. "He seems to be enjoying it tho'!" Pierce giggled, then blushed once more as Rae gestured at him again. Suddenly Titus stepped forward, to study the face more closely. "I think... we have this man already." The old man stammered. "What?" Commander Rae snapped. "They brought him in just after dawn, robbed and murdered." The old alchemist explain, walked down the row of tables. "His throat was cut, in the fashion muggers use on those they fear might be dangerous." "It was pretty much an open an shut mugging case, one of the local thieves no

doubt." The ol' alchemist opined. Whipping the sheet off the dead man, Titus turned the corpse up on it's side. Pushing a finger up the dead mans ass. "Semen!" The alchemist exclaimed holding up his finger. Rae, Pierce and Kengar crowded around the table as Titus lay the corpse back down. "Is that the man?" The big watch commander asked Kengar softly. The mage looked at the dead mans face carefully before answering. "Yes." The mage breathed. "Who'd he work for?" Rae asked Titus quickly. "I..er..well..I don't know." Kneel Pierce dug around under the table until he found the bag with the dead man's clothes in it. "These might help answer that." He said handing it to the watch captain. Rae dumped them out on the corpse, and they all began examining the dead man's belongings. Unfortunately the man's livery, if he had been wearing one was no where to be seen. "He dressed better than me." Pierce exclaimed angrily, finger the coachmans expensive an finely tailored clothing. "Didn't worry we'll find you a rich knight to take it in the ass from, and you'll be able to dress just as good." Rae teased. "Gee thank's." Pierce muttered dryly. "Theres nothing in the report about who his employer might be." Titus said thoughtfully. "Well we can keep an eye on the body an see who claims it." Rae said without much hope. "A knight wealthy enough to dress his coachman this finely, I'll ask around court see want I can find." Kengar assured. "Do you really think you'll have any luck?" "Any knight that rich is going to be at court." The mage assured again. "It's just a matter of finding out who lost a servant in the last day or so." "That really shouldn't be to hard." "Even if hes trying to hide it?" The watch commander inquired. "He can hide it from the nobles at court with ease, but the servants will know and be talking about it." "I could have guardsmen question the servants of anyone we suspect." "No that would do no good, no one talks to the guardsmen." "An servant's are a clanish lot as it is." "You have someone in mind for this task mage?" "Yes some people already working to find the enemies of the king, for me in the court." "Can they be trusted?" "Oh yes." "These young men are loyal to the king." "Well..." The watch captain muttered stifling a yawn. "My shift ended an hour ago, so I'm going to find my bed." "I'll stop by your tower tonite around 7:00 when my shift begins." "We can discuss anything you might have discovered then." "Will you be needing an escort back to you tower mage?" "No thats quite alright, I'll teleport myself there commander." Kengar assured. "Very well, take care of yourself mage." The huge watch commander said simply walked out. "Master Kengar." The mage stop and turned around. "Yes Pierce." "Might I be of some assistance to you?" "As a matter of fact, yes you can." Kengar nodded thoughtfully. "Find a royal page by the name of Adam, and bring him to my tower." "If you would be so kind." "Of course sir.....anything else?" "Are you known at court?" "No sir my family is neither noble nor of great wealth!" Pierce answered honestly. "Good dress in your best robe, I'll introduce you around as a distant relation." The young mages eyes flew open wide. "The younger set is always a flame with gossip, mayhaps you will hear something I would miss." "I shall do my best for you and the king." Pierce promised his voice hoarse with awed gratitude. "I trust you will." Kengar said nodding. "I'll see you at my tower as soon as you and Adam can get there." The mage called as he vanished.

Hurrying to castellan Heinric's desk Pierce made his inquiries as to where Adam might be found. Then disappeared into the crowds of nobles that infested the king's court.

Appearing in his casting chamber Kengar, stepped hurriedly over to his mirror. "Whatcha looking for...danger?" The mage spun, pointing his left hand at the unexpected voice. "Hey easy...my friend!" the halfling said quickly, stepping from the shadows. "Damn it Quirk!" "I could have incinerated you!" The mage growled wearily. "Sorry boss...thought ya saw me."