

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



A note from the author:

Warning: The following text is a fictional history set in the world of David Eddings' "Belgariad" and "Malloreon" world. I am well aware of the fact that there are several anatomical and chronological impossibilities, but I'd like to believe that they don't hamper the story one bit. This story includes bestiality, S/M, anal rape, fisting, watersports, incest, object insertions, gangbanging, sandwiches and more... you have been warned. If you're not interested now, you're either a Mormon or a monk, and in that case, what are you doing on this site?

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## **Chapter 1: A naughty story**

In Algaria, there lived a beautiful, young girl. Her hair was raven black, and her eyes were as bottomless pits. She was, however, nosy, and often she heard a conversation that was not for the ears of minors. At one time, she had snuck up to the tent where her father was listening to an old storyteller. He was telling a history about the Hrulgin, the untamable, black, fanged, flesh-eating and intelligent horses that lived in Ulgoland. As he finished a blood-curling story, about a family that was beset by Hrulgin and killed, her father spoke. "They are frightening creatures indeed, and escaping them sounds to be nigh impossible. Is there no way to survive an encounter with them?" The storyteller sounded a bit unwilling, but he admitted that he had heard of something. As her father questioned him further, he said that it was a rather inappropriate thing to talk about, but of course, that just made him prod harder.

In the end, he contented to tell the story, and by then, the girl had her ear pressed very hard to the tent. "I have heard that the Hrulgin travel in groups, just like wild horses, with a single dominant stallion, and his harem. Only a few young males are allowed to be near, and when they reach maturity, they must fight the dominant stallion or flee. However, these ungodly creatures are beset with an unseemly lust, and... well... it's said that is a girl offers herself to the dominant stallion, and receives his attention, she will be allowed to walk free. It's even said that she would receive the ability of understanding their language in the bargain." Even though the girl could not see into the tent, she could imagine that her father was blushing furiously now. She could also feel her own face burning, and decided that it was time to leave.

Several years later, she was no longer a girl but a young woman. Her beauty brought her many suitors, but she accepted no one, always finding some mistake in them. Her body, however, would not be denied, and it spoke to her in ways she had never felt before. So was it that she spend many a sweaty night in her sleeping-furs, working herself frantically with her fingers, moaning softly, so as not to wake her parents. Often times while she was doing this, her mind slipped back to the story she had heard so long ago, and it always send her over the edge violently, so hard that she had to fight a despairing battle to keep from screaming out loud. A few times she lost, but she excused herself with nightmares, her sweaty furs an excellent testimony to her truthfulness.

Then, one fateful day, she decided to take a long ride to get away from the attention of her suitors. She rode east, savoring the wind in her fair hair like a morsel, enjoying herself immensely. However, in her delight, she rode too far. Suddenly, she realized that the hooves of her horse no longer trod silently in the grass, but clanged noisily on the rock. She had entered the mountains, and only now did she realize her peril. Swiftly, she turned her horse and rode back through the valley, but she took a wrong turn, and instead of emerging on the grassland, she ended up in a narrow ravine, ending suddenly at a straight wall. Only then did she hear the blood-freezing scream of the Hrulgin.

Desperately, she turned her horse around and raced for safety, but suddenly a Hrulga, black as night, appeared in front of her, as had it just sprouted from the bare rock. The fangs of the night-horse bit deeply into the throat of her horse, and she fell off, rolling as she had learned, and getting to her feet at a dead run. Her acrobatics were useless. The Hrulgin blocked the only exit from the ravine, and her horse was dead. Currently, they were busy tearing it to shreds, eating while it was still warm. They knew she was trapped, defenseless, so they paid her no heed. She knew, however, that as soon as they were done with the horse, they would turn on her, and eat her as dessert. Then she remembered the story once again. She knew it would hurt, and be horrible, but it couldn't be worse than dead, could it?

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Chapter 2: A dream becomes reality... or is it a nightmare?

Seeing that they were almost through their grisly feast, she shook herself up and started removing her clothing. It was summer, and even here in the mountains the air was warm, so the shivering that ran down her spine could hardly be attested to the chill. By the time she had taken off her tight riding pants, she was shaking all over, and when she finally removed her underwear, she could scarcely stand. She looked at the Hrulgin, and saw that her horse was now down to a skeleton with a few pieces of meat on it. The largest of the Hrulga stepped forward and started bearing down on her. She immediately recognized it to be the stallion of the herd, and she took heart in this confirmation of the storyteller's story.

As it came nearer, however, she felt less sure. His fangs were frightening, and his eyes burned with malice. Then she looked down and saw the instrument dangling between his muscular legs, and she realized what was about to happen to her. It frightened her, but death frightened her more still, so when the mighty stallion was so close, she could reach out and touch him, had she had the nerves, she turned around and went down on hands and knees. She felt the heat emitting from the Hrulga as he walked over her, and finally, she felt something hard and hot hit her behind. Fighting down her revulsion, she reached behind her, balancing herself with the other hand, and grabbed the stallion dick. She had oftentimes seen the horse-breeders guide the young stallions the first time they should mate, so she realized that the beast above her would be unable to hit her if she didn't help. The shaft in her hand felt slick, which was a relief, and very, very hot.

Slowly, fighting down an urge to jump up and run away, which would undoubtedly lead to her own death, she positioned the huge dick in front of her virgin pussy. Feeling its size, she despaired, thinking it impossible to get it in. But before she had even finished the thought, the stallion took matters into his own claws, and smashed forward with his powerful haunches. The sudden movement almost pushed the girl headfirst into the rocks, and as a reflex, she steadied herself with the other hand. Thus it was that she had no way of stopping the sudden intrusion of the immense dick into her untried vagina. As she felt her maidenhood burst in front of the thick intruder, she screamed out her pain, both from that piercing, and the pain of her over-stretched pussy. The stallion realized that he would not be able to drive his instrument all the way home in one slide, so he slowly pulled out, savoring the occasional yelps of pain like sweet blood.

As the dickhead rested just inside the cruelly stretched hole, he drove forward again with all his weight. This time, the girl had anticipated it, so she braced herself from the impact, but could still not stop a high-pitched scream when the huge thing, as thick as an arm easily, slid further into her, into yet untried depths. Yet, as he started withdrawing again, she could feel the pain of her vagina subsiding, as it accustomed itself with the stretching. And when he pushed in again, this time hitting the bottom, her moans were of mixed pain and pleasure. Realizing that he would not be able to go deeper, the stallion stopped, enjoying the feeling of the extreme tightness. This was why he so liked

the human females. His harem was full of beautiful mares, but they were all easily able to accommodate his size. This was something else, here he could truly feel just how huge he really were. Unknown by him, the girl was also enjoying herself immensely.

As the pain had now disappeared, all that was left were that amazing feeling of fullness, of that huge, warm thing all the way up inside her. The feeling was amazing, much better than anything she had ever made with her own fingers. After another few seconds, the Hrulga decided that her inside should have gotten use to his hugeness. Her marveled that such a small girl was able to take such a length of him, easily two thirds of his full length! However, though the mere feeling of tightness around his dick was pleasant, he knew it would get better soon...

The girl had just decided that this wasn't so bad after all, when he started pulling out again. She figured that it was all over now, and hoped that the story would be true all the way through. But instead of pulling all the way out, or stopping just before he got out entirely, he immediately pushed it all the way up inside her again, making her gasp as some of the pain returned. Fucking her first in long, slow strokes, he raised the speed slowly, not wanting to ruin his toy before he was done. As he picked up speed, the girl put her hands out in front of her, bracing her entire body for what was about to happen. As the stallions' fucking approached a frantic level, she felt how the pleasure increased along with the pain, and she found it hard to separate them. As the stallion started whining, feeling the release closing, she too felt something inside her growing. As the dick inside her exploded, forcing great jets of sperm straight into her uterus, the world exploded into dazzling light to her eyes. Wave after wave of pleasure wracked her as she writhed in orgasm, impaled on a huge stallion dick. Wishing nothing but to increase the pleasure, she forced herself backwards every time he thrust forwards, taking in more of him than either of them had thought possible. As the dick in her pussy finally stopped spurting inside her, she felt her greatest orgasm ever disappear.

Suddenly, she was bone weary, so she fell forward off the mighty spear that had until recently held her impaled. She heard a globbing sound, and she realized that it was the enormous quantity of Hrulga sperm she had taken inside her, that was now leaking out of her widely-stretched pussy. She managed to turn herself over to the back, and then wished she hadn't, for she was staring straight into the eyes of the Hrulga stallion who had just so savagely robbed her of her virginity. He opened his mouth, showing her his impressive collection of fangs, and for a moment she thought it had all been for nothing, that he would now devour her. But instead he spoke, and to her surprise she understood the words, only now remembering that the storyteller had also said that she would be able to understand their language.

"If you think you're done, you're wrong, girl. We are only just getting started..." The girl whimpered, fearing what might lie ahead. Soon, her fears turned reality as the Hrulga strode forward standing over her. Its tool, dripping with her own juices as well as his sperm hang dangling over her. "Now, you must clean the instrument of your humiliation with your mouth. Do your best, or your life shall be forfeit." Tears in her eyes, the girl, virgin only minutes ago, set up and stared at the horror that hang in front of her eyes. She gaped at its size, shocked that she had been able to take all that inside her, and as she heard a warning growl from above her, she quickly moved her face close to it.

The smell was strange, a mixture of the sweet tang of her own pussy, and the salty stench of the Hrulga's jism. Shaking, she stuck her tongue out, testing the taste, and found it to be, though less than pleasant, not nearly as bad as she had feared. She tentatively started licking the length of the huge shaft, running her tongue along its side, stopping shortly at the head to scoop up a glob of cum that hang there, then down the other side. Soon, she had licked most of the residues of the horse-like dick, but the stallion was not satisfied. "Start sucking on the head, and put your tongue into the slit... I want to feel it!"

Frightened, she complied, and actually managed to get the huge dickhead into her mouth, almost gagging on it. She then started licking the cum-filled piss-slit, slowly at first and then more rapidly as she started to take a liking on the taste of his cum. The stallion shuddered, and realizing he would cum if he didn't stop her soon, he growled: "Stop that, now! Lick the length of it again, and see to that you cover it in your salvia." Not knowing what else to do, she followed his orders, and soon the dick gleamed in the sunlight, dripping with her mouthwater. "Now, get back on all fours, with your back to me," said the Hrulga, "and lean forward, supporting yourself only on your breasts. Use your hands to spread your ass-cheeks wide." Once again she complied, not realizing what was about to happen.

She was still young and innocent, and had never even heard of anal sex. She thought he might want to sniff her ass, like dogs often did. Her thoughts seemed to be confirmed, as he stepped a bit backwards, and gave her asshole a huge lick, covering it in his own salvia, even as his dick was covered in hers. Then, as he stepped forwards again, aiming his huge instrument at her tiny little asshole, the painful reality of the situation became apparent to her. As she screamed out her pain, the Hrulga thought: "The tightness of her pussy gave me much pleasure, so this even tighter place should give me that much more pleasure."

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### **Chapter 3: Humiliation.**

Unfortunately, the girl did not share his sentiment. Her asshole was stretched so painfully wide, that she thought she would burst, and it was not far from the truth. The pressure on the ring muscle caused it to give way, making a crack in the sensitive flesh of her ass. The pain was, all in all, so staggering that she just cried and cried and cried, screaming all the time. However, even as it had been before, the pain started to subside. By cracking, the asshole was now large enough to accommodate the huge intruder, so it was only that small, stinging pain from the wound itself that hurt, and that was quickly swept up in the flood when the pleasure started washing over her. The uncomfortable stretching of her innards gave way to an unexpected feeling of immense pleasure. She had known the pleasure he gave her when he took her maidenhood, because she had sampled it with her own fingers, but this was wholly alien.

This time, however, the stallion didn't start stroking in and out slowly, to increase the depth of his penetration. He was far too impatient to get it all the way in, so instead he simply started to increase the pressure. His entire, muscular weight bore down on the frail girl beneath him, causing her to moan in pleasure-mixed pain. She was still holding her ass-cheeks open with her hands, to lighten the pain, so her full breasts, which she was usually very proud of, was pressed painfully into the cold, hard rock beneath her. She was startled when the Hrulga suddenly spoke: "If you'd take some advice, girl, you'd start rubbing your pussy and clit. Your asshole has already been stretched wide enough to accommodate me, so some extra pleasure should lighten your pain more efficiently." She was sorely surprised at this apparent care for her well being, but in fact he had another reason for telling her so.

As she started rubbing her clit with her finger, the muscle inside her ass started twitching rhythmically, massaging the still penetrating shaft. Snorting with pleasure, the huge stallion dick finally hit home, coming up against a barrier of bone. By then, he had as much buried in her ass, as was buried in her pussy only minutes ago, maybe even more. Deciding to prolong the pleasure, he continued stroking in and out slowly for a long time, driving the squirming girl beneath him slowly into a frenzy. As her fingers caused even more pleasure on her, she starting bucking back on the strokes, taking it in as far as it would go, still yearning for more. The stallion, however, had sordid plans. He realized that if he shot his load into her ass, he would not be able to cum for a while after,

and he hadn't made her eat his sperm yet.

Deciding it was time to teach the girl some humility, he said: "Feel your bowels now, girl, for I shall fill it to the brink of bursting." Naturally, she thought he was about to cum inside her, and prepared for the shots of thick fluid that she thought would come. She was greatly surprised when instead, there was a faint feeling of something running into her belly, something warm and watery... her eyes shot open as she finally realized what the Hrulga was doing: He was peeing inside her, filling her belly with his hot, yellow piss! She screamed, and struggled to be free, but that huge, torturing shaft was firmly anchored in her bowels, filling her up. She cried, yelling at him to stop, but he merely grinned, thinking of what lied ahead. Realizing that she could do nothing to stop him, and feeling another orgasm approach, she returned to rubbing her pussy frantically, hoping to escape the horrifying world for a few seconds. She got her wish.

For the second time, the sea of pleasure washed over her, drowning her fear and nausea. She forgot that it was a Hrulga dick that was fucking her, she forgot he was filling her bowels with his repulsive piss, she forgot that she was still in mortal danger. She forgot every thing but the pleasure. The stallion was straining all his willpower, desperately trying to stop himself from cumming. The muscle of the girls' ass was working his shaft directly into heaven, so it was only barely that he could contain himself. Probably, he would have cum, if it weren't for the fact that his dick was already busy, emptying his bladder into the little creature below him.

As he felt empty at last, the last few drops dripping out of the dickhead deep inside her, he pulled out. Robbed of the support his gigantic dick had given her, the girl collapsed on the ground, still grasping at the edge of the dissipating orgasm. She could feel her asshole quite clearly, unable to close after that violent treatment it had received, and the warm piss was leaking out of her, mixing with the sperm on the ground. Slowly, she pulled herself together, drew herself a bit forward, away from the puddle on the ground, and sat up. She quickly realized that to be a mistake. The flow of piss from her asshole increased, as it streamed directly from her over-filled belly and out of her still aching hole. The stallion then approached the still crying girl, walked over her as he had done before and spoke: "Girl, you haven't fulfilled your duty yet..."

The girls' head snapped up as she realized what he meant. She edged backwards, sniffing. "No... no, you can't mean that... I... I can't do that..." But of course, her begging was useless. "Do it, girl, or my herd shall feast on your sweet, young meat." Tears still running down her cheeks, she drew herself up, looking at that black horror, that hang in front of her eyes, still dripping with her intestine secretions, as well as his piss. She had thought that nothing he could do to her could be worse than death, but she now realized her mistake.

Still, she had come too far to give up now. If she died now, all the pain that had gone before would be for nothing, and she could not stand that thought. She moved her head closer, smelling the salty tang of piss on the huge instrument, and while fighting down an urge to vomit, put her tongue on it. Shaking with repulsion, she started licking him, even as she had done before, but when she reached the dickhead, she carefully avoided the slit, figuring that piss might still be there. A warning snort from above got her on better thoughts, though. As she had expected, the taste of piss was repulsively strong inside the narrow slit, but she fought down her urges once again, and proceeded to clean the huge stallion dick for the second time.

This time, the Hrulga had somewhat different plans, however, so when she had finished licking all the way along his rock-hard tool, he told her to take the dickhead into her mouth again, and start working on the slit. As she complied, he felt a shuddering at the release of his long withheld sperm, and he said: "Seal your lips firmly around it. Press hard." The girl had just about guessed what was about to happen, but she still had no choice. When the first gush of hot sperm splashed into her

mouth, the stallion spoke again: "Eat it all! Drink it, and savor it like sweet nectar, let none of it escape you." She gagged at the quantity of sperm that filled her mouth, desperately swallowing it down, to no avail. It kept coming, filling her mouth with so much sperm, that she had to release it, or be choked by it. Fortunately for her, the stallion was too far gone in the relief he felt in his balls to notice, so she avoided the punishment that would undoubtedly have fallen upon her had he seen her spit it out.

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Chapter 4: Why take one, when you can have them all?

Wearily, she leant back, hoping that her torment had finally come to an end. Her stomach was churning as the sperm mixed with the piss, even as it had done on the ground. Her asshole hurt as it slowly composed itself, managing to close at last, and her mouth was filled with the horrid, mixed taste of piss and shit. Her hopes were awry. As the stallion pulled himself together, he noticed that his harem had gotten somewhat lusty by this display. The smell of their pussies was strong in the air, but right now he hadn't the vitality to satisfy their rising lust. His virility was great, and he knew that if only he got a little time, he'd be able to go again, but what about the mares? Then, he got an idea. Why not let the girl handle it?

"Excellently done, girl. You have satisfied me for now. The rest of my herd, however, is yearning for release, having watched our mating. Go, and use your tongue and fingers to satisfy them all. Despairing, the girl looked at the herd. There were 12 females, evidence that the stallion that had caught her was particularly mighty. There were two young stallions, close to the age where they would leave the group, but the stallion had said naught about them. Slowly, she got to her feet, and started for the first female, who had already turned her back at her, and raised her tail in expectance of relief. However, before she had taken two steps, she was hit in the back, throwing her to the ground. "Crawl, girl. We Hrulgin take great insult in creatures walking on two legs."

Composing herself, she rose on hands and knees, and crawled slowly toward the mare, knowing that her knees would soon be painful. As she reached the mare, she got up on her knees, and took a closer look on the huge pussy in front of her. Naturally, it was much bigger than a human one, since it was to be able to take a dick of the size she had just sampled. It was dripping with equine pussy juice, mute evidence of her extreme arousal. She didn't hesitate to lick the pussy, since she figured it couldn't be worse than the horrible taste already in her mouth. And true enough, the pussy juice was sweet and pleasant after what she had just been licking. She soon started lapping swiftly at it, eager to completely erase the taste in her mouth, and the effect was profound.

Whinnying and shaking, the mare came, drenching the girl's hair in a sudden explosion of juice. She was quite surprised at this, for she had heard that it was only in humans that the female got an orgasm. She guessed, quite correctly, that because of their human-level intelligence, they, too, needed an orgasm to give the female incentive to have sex. Delighted that this assignment was so easy that it could almost be called pleasurable, she proceeded to the next mare, giving her the same treatment. When she reached the third mare, she had gotten well into the process, so she was surprised when the mare said "Don't just use your tongue, give me your fingers as well!"

Complying, she inserted two fingers into the snatch of the mare, fucking in and out, like she had done with herself so many times. "More! Put more fingers in!" cried the mare, shuddering with pleasure. Adding first one finger, and then another, she was soon fucking the mare with her entire palm, cutting in and out like a knife. "Give me more! The whole fist" whined the mare, closing to orgasm. Wrapping her thumb in with the rest of her fingers, the girl finally thrust her entire hand up inside her. She was getting caught up in the storm, and was starting to feel pleasure at the act

herself. When another mare positioned her backside right next to the one she was currently tending, she didn't hesitate to rub its pussy with her free hand. As she increased pressure, her other hand was soon buried to the hilt as well. Fucking the mares with both hands, licking around the rim, they soon came explosively, drenching her arms as well as her face in juice.

Thereafter, she serviced the mares with both fingers and tongue, and all went well, until she reached the 10'th mare. As she started licking her pussy as she had done the others, the mare said: "Don't just lap at it like a dog! Put your mouth to it and suck it." Complying, more out of habit than fear, for she wasn't really afraid of theses mares, she covered as much of the oversized pussy as possible with her mouth, sticking her tongue in as far as it would go, lapping at her inside. Then, she felt a stream of something warm and salty run into her mouth. Realizing it for what it was, she drew her head back, spitting and coughing.

Before she had time to realize that the mare was now pissing on her breasts, a frightening set of fangs closed on her neck. "You'd better get your mouth back where it belongs, and drink it all..." came the voice of the stallion from behind her, a hiss almost, since he was speaking through his teeth. With death so close, she didn't even hesitate, but merely opened her mouth and allowed the mare to release her bladder into her mouth. She swallowed it as quickly as she could, hoping to avoid tasting it, but despite her attempt, her mouth was soon filled with that sickening taste again. As the stream slowed to a dribble, the fanged mouth of the stallion forced her head forward, pushing her mouth back into the pussy. With no other choice available, she licked the pussy clean of the salty taste, and when the mare finally came, she held her mouth firmly to the pussy, catching as much pussy juice as she could, knowing it would clean the taste from her mouth.

As the stallion released his grip on her, she crawled on to the next mare, which was fortunately satisfied with a normal lick. The last mare, however, had other desires. When the girl had licked her pussy for a few minutes, she said: "Your tongue feels great in my pussy, girl, but I want to feel it elsewhere. Stick it into my asshole, and clean me out." As the girl gasped, and said no, she simply replied: "Do it now, or I'll call the stallion, that he might force you." Deciding that if she had to do it, she might as well do it without fangs in her throat, she tentatively stuck out her tongue, tasting the mare's shithole. The taste that had almost made her puke when she licked the stallion the second time returned hundredfold. With the mixture of piss and cum in her belly, it was all she could do to keep from spilling her guts.

Having ringed the hole for a while, she at last decided to get it over with, and inserted her tongue into the hole. The taste of shit was overpowering, but she ignored it, and swirled her tongue inside, cleaning the walls of her intestines. At this treatment, the mare started shuddering, and said: "Ahh, I'm almost there... quickly, lick my pussy! Make me cum!" Happy that her degrading ass-lick was over, the girl practically attacked the pussy, running her tongue all over it, removing the taste of shit from it. As the 12'Th mare came at last, she swallowed the sweet pussy juice, and then sat back at her haunches, awaiting the next humiliation.

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## **Chapter 5: A fantastic foursome.**

She found that she was not afraid of what lay ahead, for it could not be worse than what she had already experienced. She soon heard the Hrulga approach her, this time flanked by the two youths. As a vague idea of what might be next dawned in her head, the stallion said to the young ones: "Now, you have almost reached the age where you must leave us, 'lest we kill each other. As a farewell gift, I will let you experience the bliss of sex just one time, so that you will have some incentive of gathering your own harem. You!" He said to one of them "Roll over on your back." As



the youth complied, the dominant stallion said to the girl: "Go service him, with hands and tongue, even as you did me." Thinking that it could have been much worse, she began licking his shaft into full erectness. It was an easy job, for the sights that he had beheld earlier had gotten him rather hard already. Also, his dick was much thinner than that of the great stallion, so she found herself able to take a good deal of it into her mouth.

As he attained full erection, the stallion said "Now straddle him, and ride him as you ride a horse." Wondering how that unusual position would feel, she did as he said, and sunk unto the equine shaft below her. It was a whole new experience for her, for now she could control the speed of her movement herself. The smaller girth of the youth's dick also gave her great pleasure, without the pain that had been part of her first penetration. The great stallion now stepped around them, and moved so that his dick hang directly in front of her face. This time, she needed no prompting, but started licking the length of it before he could even command her to do it. Surprised by this, he merely stood and let her cover his dick in her spit. When he felt that it was wet all over, he moved away and said to the other youth, who stood beside him, waiting for his turn "Take my place at her mouth, but don't be satisfied by a mere licking. Force it all the way down her throat." As soon as the stallion had given enough room, the youth rushed forward and thrust his swelling dick into her still open mouth. By positioning his forelegs on each side of his brother on the ground, he managed to make a position where he could actually fuck her face.

She tried to stop him with her hands, but he had a lot more weight behind his thrust than she could stop, so all she could do was to lean her neck further back, allowing him free access to her throat. Gleefully, he smashed his hot poker as far in as it would go, burying her nose in his fragrant crotch-hair. The feeling of the intrusion in her throat, along with the hardness in her pussy soon made her abandon her struggling. The potent thrusts of the Hrulga above her would smash her backwards, impaling her fully on the one beneath her, and when she pushed forwards, the staff in her throat would reach deep into her. So wrapped up in the pleasure was she, that when she felt something hot poking at her behind, she almost instinctively reached behind her and spread her ass-cheeks wide. She only realized the painful truth when the huge, black dick of the stallion invaded her gut once again. This time, however, her abdomen was already filled with the dick of the Hrulga below her.

Fortunately, her asshole had already been accustomed to the size of the stallion's cudgel, so the ring muscle of her ass soon gave up the useless struggle, and allowed the invader to pass freely. The feeling of being filled completely was overpowering, and the realization of the situation she was in, being bred in mouth, pussy and ass by three equine males, pushed her over the edge. She abandoned all thought of escape, pain and humiliation, and simply handed herself over to the pleasure. The mighty power of the stallion behind her sent her flying into the one in front of her, almost gagging on his dick, and his return thrust impaled her fully on the huge club in her ass. All the while, this pushing forwards and backwards made the dick in her pussy slide in and out, rubbing her clit on the rough skin of the Hrulga at the same time.

In stead of merely being pushed around, she started taking an active share in the orgy. She moved her abdomen up and down over the dick in her pussy, giving the one in her ass a multitude of different penetration angles. She worked the dick in her mouth with her tongue, running it around the base when it was deep in her throat and caressing the sensitive flesh of the dickhead, whenever it was withdrawn far enough. She enjoyed the felling of her cuntal lips being pushed inside her at each downthrust, only to be pulled back out when she lifted herself again. She alternated the muscular pressure on the shaft in pussy as well as ass, boosting their pleasure as well.

She came several times, squirming at the end of the three impaling spears, only to continue when her mind switched back on. The Hrulgins were rather amazed at her savageness, realizing that she was now a willing part of their orgy, enjoying it as much as they were. It was the youth at her head

that came first. The pressure became simply too great, so he pressed his dick in as far as it would go, and started depositing his seed directly into her belly. The over-sensitive flesh of his dickhead started to hurt, so he drew his shaft out completely, still ejaculating. She held open her mouth, to catch as much of the hot semen as possible, but most of it splattered all over her face and breasts. As the youth walked away, satisfied, the Hrulga beneath her found that he too was being pressed beyond endurance. As he came, however, she came too, throwing herself back violently, allowing the spasming staff in her pussy to slip out altogether. Thus, her abdomen and firm, muscular stomach was covered in sperm as well.

Lowering herself down on the softening dick, she rubbed along it with her pussy, bringing herself to cum again, for god-only-knows which time. The rippling muscle in her ass then set off the stallion, who pulled out in the last second, showering her with his hot, white semen. Despite the fact that he had already cum twice, the sperm flew in great amounts, big, ropy wads, covering her back, ass and neck. Thus covered in sperm, she rolled off the exhausted Hrulga below her, who then got back on his feet and staggered over to join his brother. Lying in a semi-conscious state, she heard the voice of the stallion: "You have fulfilled your obligation, giving pleasure to all in my herd. If you will, however, accept me in your cunt willingly, just once, you will be part of this herd and under its protection until the day you die."

Still dazzled by her multitude of orgasms, her only thought was to get that wonderful club into her pussy again. She got up, forgetting about crawling, and walked slowly to the stallion. She slipped in under his belly, and started caressing that bringer of pleasure that hang there, still hard. Not wanting to waste more time, she grabbed with her arms around the chest of the stallion, and pushed her abdomen upwards, towards her greatest wish. As soon as it touched her cunt, she started moaning, and as she pressed forward, she closed her eyes, and smiled, as she felt that wonderful sense of being full again. The stallion, as well as his herd, was most surprised at this.

What he had said was actually a ritual that was observed whenever a human female was captured, and always before they had scampered to their feet and run away as fast as they could. He had never before heard of one who had actually accepted the offer. All this went through his head in the first minute. Thereafter, the pleasure erased all coherent thought. His dick, still sensitive from his last ejaculation, was being massaged divinely by her now experienced pussy, and the gentle movement she made gave him more pleasure than the wild thrust that he had used. For what seemed for forever, the two lovers savored the pleasure of their mating, but no good things lasts forever.

As the pleasure increased, the girl started moving faster, rubbing her clit against the rough hair of his underbelly, and after a time it set her off. She screamed, as she had done numerous times that day, but this time, it was a scream of pleasure and release, rather than pain and fear. Her frantic movement and fluttering vaginal muscle set off the stallion for the fourth time, but this time, it seemed somehow different. It was as if she could feel how it journeyed all the way along the totem of pleasure in her pussy, and then release itself in the soft envelopment of her inner sanctum. She could feel how it proceeded up her womb, into her ovary, and there... she exploded in orgasm again, so shortly after the last that they seemed to blend into one. Finally exhausted, she fell back on the ground, just lying there, too tired to move.

The stallion's dick emptied its last few drops of semen over her, and then he stood back. He nodded to his herd, and as one, they approached her from all sides. If she had been completely at her wits, she would have feared that they would now devour her, but she didn't have enough of a mind left by then to think so far. Even had she thought so, her fears would have been without reason, for instead of putting their fangs at her, they started licking her all over, removing the sperm, the piss and the sweat that had covered her fair skin in the long orgy. They even washed her hair with their mouths, cleaning it of the pussy juice that had drenched it earlier. The great stallion took it upon himself to

lick her pussy and ass, wear the sperm lay thickest, and his gentle ministrations gave her one last orgasm, one that finally pushed her over the edge and into unconsciousness. As the Hrulgin finished cleaning her up, they carefully lifted her with their mouths, and lay her over the back of their leader. For as long as they could remember, no man, or woman had ridden a Hrulga, but now she did.

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Chapter 6: All's well that ends well... no?

When she regained consciousness, she was lying in her bed, back in the tent-city, with a lot of worried people around her. They told her that they had found her outside the village, unconscious and naked, with marks on throat, hands and feet. Deciding that she could not tell the people that she had screwed a whole herd of Hrulgin, she invented a story about being attacked by brigands and brutally raped. Everybody was shocked, though happy that the brigands hadn't killed her, and a punitive expedition was soon mounted. However, since she had been blindfolded when the brigands led her away to their base, she could give them little in the ways of directions. They were never found, and many believed that they had fled the area, fearing the retribution of the girl's family.

Some months later, it became apparent that one of those rapists had left his mark on her, as she was obviously pregnant. Everybody was very sorry for her, that she should bear the child of such a bandit. She knew, however, that it was impossible. She had never had sex with anyone, other than the Hrulgin, and there was no way that could make her pregnant, was there? But there was. She was pregnant for 11½ month, and everybody was distressed, for never before had any woman held a child beneath her heart for so long. Her womb had also grown quite beyond what was usual, and there was some gossip that she had, in fact, been raped by a demon in disguise. When at last she went into labor, some of the horse breeders noted that she had been pregnant for exactly as long as mares generally are, and as the midwife rushed to the tent, there were numerous rumors flying around in the camp.

The midwife ushered the girl's parents out of the tent, and demanded that not should enter until she said so, for this would clearly be a difficult birth. True enough, it was very painful, and had her vagina not before been widened, it would probably not have been possible. But she survived, and gave birth to a healthy, male foal... The midwife immediately recognized it to be a Hrulga, and she cried, for now the villagers would surely take the girl for a demon, and have her killed. So, she cut a hole in the back of the tent, and pushed the girl and her foal out through it, and told her to run away, as fast as she could.

Weakened by the birth, she stumbled along in the darkness, for the labors had begun at twilight. The foal followed her, walking minutes after his birth as all horses does. At last she found shelter in a bush-covered hole in the ground, where the soft soil had caved in over a rabbit warren. There, she nursed the foal, and fell into an exhausted sleep. When she awoke the next morning, she knew what to do. She would search out the father of her foal, for she remembered, from the last, fussy moments of that orgy, now almost a year back, that he had said that she would be a member of his herd. Fortunately, they had once again made camp close to the border of Ulgoland, so it took her but a day to make the journey. She fell asleep under a rocky outcropping, hungry and thirsty. The next morning she had not gone far when she encountered a beast. Not a Hrulga as she had hoped, but a fearsome Eldrak.

Yelling in his harsh language, he charged at her, and as she turned to flee, she stumbled over a rock. Turning over on her back, she saw her foal stand defiantly in front of her, trying to protect his mother, even though he was but two days old. Knowing that she was about to die, she realized that she truly loved her foal, as well as its father. Only then did she see the look on the Eldrak's face turn

from glee to fear, and heard the thundering of hooves behind her. Yet, it didn't sound exactly like hooves, since there was in it an undertone of clicking claws. As she looked over her shoulder, she saw a herd of Hrulgin, charging down the valley, fangs barred, eyes glowing and growling menacingly. She felt no fear, for they were her people. The Eldrak turned to flee, even as she had done, but his attempt was as impotent as hers.

The Hrulgin caught up with him swiftly, and in a brief flurry of fangs, claws and black bodies, he was killed. As the herd began its meal, the greatest of them stepped forward, and as he walked towards her, she saw that she had been luckier than she had thought possible, for it was the same stallion that had been her lover that day, a year ago.

6: A happy reunion.

She told him what had happened, how she had been abolished from her herd because of the foal he had put in her womb. And he looked at the foal, and he saw that it was indeed his, and he marveled at the bravery that it had shown when it faced the Eldrak. "It is indeed my foal, and as I promised last we met, you are indeed one of my herd. This has had no pretext, however, so you must journey with me and my herd to the Gathering, where I will ask the Elder Stallions if you can truly be one of us." said he, and she answered "Anything you say, my lord. I will go wherever you command me, as long as I can be with you, and with my foal." When he then heard that she had not eaten or drunk for two days, he led her to a spring, where she quenched her thirst, and had one of his mares chase down a rabbit, which she skinned and roasted, to quell her hunger.

The Hrulgin marveled much at the fire she stroked with two pieces of rock, that she found nearby, but they feared it not, as animals do, and she knew they were not beasts, but creatures with right to exist at the same level as humans. Only their lack of hands had kept them from developing a civilization on an equal level. That day she rested, content in the knowledge that she was among friends. The next day the journey began, and since she could not keep pace with the rest of the herd, she rode the stallion that was her lover, unsaddled and unbridled. She enjoyed the feeling of his muscle, working between her legs, and she looked forward to the time where she would feel that in another way. Her foal trotted along with them, keeping pace with the herd, and she was proud of him. As they later settled down for the night, she nursed the foal, and when he had gone to sleep, she approached the stallion.

"My lord, will you contend to love me tonight, for I have not felt love for a year, and my body yearns for yours." Thus she spoke to him, and he was amazed at her desire, for the mares of his herd only felt desire in breeding time, or when something else aroused them. But he was ever ready, and even as he thought that, he felt his tool growing between his legs. "Surely, I will give you love whenever you so desire, for I am a stallion, and my lust burns ever bright." Upon hearing those words, she went under his belly, and started caressing his length, gently kissing the tip, and soon massaging it all along, with both hands and mouth.

When it was fully erect, and as hard and as hot as she remembered it, she turned around and got down on all four, bracing herself for what was about to come. "Now, my lord, fuck me hard and fast, as you did when you took my virginity." And as she grabbed his mighty instrument and guided it to the entry of her dripping wet hole, he thrust forward, impaling her just like she remembered. The main difference was that her pussy, stretched by the birth so short ago, was easily able to accommodate him. It was stretched uncomfortably wide, but that slight discomfort served only to add to the pleasure that now embraced her, and the relief of finally, after 11½ months, to feel so wonderfully full again.

There was little pain now, as he thrust forward mightily, filling her with all his length, and he was

amazed, for the last time, she had only been able to take some two thirds. The birth had enlarged that part of her body, so she could now feel the full size of her beloved inside her, though the dickhead did press rather painfully against the entrance of her womb. As the pleasure washed over him, even as it did her, he knew that he would never again find the complete joy in the mares of his herd. Her tightness, the muscle of her vagina, it was a unique feeling. As he increased his pace, the girl reached back with one hand and started rubbing her clit, while supporting herself with just one hand. Pushing back on every thrust, pulling almost all the way out, and rubbing her clit all the time, she came like an avalanche, screaming out loud, waking some of the horses that had already gone to sleep.

As her orgasm started to retract itself, she felt the dick spasm, flooding her womb with sperm once again. She pulled herself off, and immediately turned and set her mouth to the slit of the dickhead, catching the last few wads of cum. She then started licking him all along his shaft, keeping him hard and rigid. As she proceeded to lick and massage his dick, while still on her knees, she suddenly felt a lick on her pussy. Still wrapped up in pleasure, she simply spread her legs and let it continue, thinking it was probably one of the other mares. While she licked the dick of her stallion, the tongue kept working on her pussy, covering its entire area, and penetrating rather deeply into her, lapping up the equine sperm in her hot channel. She felt a soft, gentle pleasure spread from her pussy to her entire body, so much different from the overpowering pleasure the stallion had bestowed on her, and soon she came, in a long, drawn-out orgasm, gentle and sweet. Yet even as it spread through her body like a sunray, she kept licking the shaft that had brought her such pleasure.

As she had stiffened the staff to her satisfaction, she turned to thank the mare that had given her that wondrous orgasm, and who was still licking. But what she saw was not a full-grown mare, but her own foal, awakened by her scream and attracted to the smell of her pussy. Only now did she realize that the tongue had been far too small to belong to an adult, but it was too late. She knew she should feel guilt at having taken pleasure from her new-borne son, but she felt nothing like it. She was just happy that her son had understood the relationship between her and his father, and had agreed to it. "A lusty one he is. He will make a good leader one day, with a mighty harem." Said the stallion, which had also seen what his son had been doing. As the foal went back to sleep, he turned to his newest mare.

"You worked me right back up there, so I presume you have some purpose with that rock-hard rod that still hangs between my haunches." Said he, and indeed, she had. Using those bits of clothing she still had, she made a rope, which she laid over the small of his back, and tied to each of her wrists. Then, with the help of a couple of curious mares, she managed to get the other over his shoulders, tying her wrists with it. Thus, she rode his underside. As the mares pulled the first rope further back on his spine, her pussy slid quite easily over his still hard dick, and when they slid the second down below his shoulder, there was no way she could get loose without help. Amazed at her inventiveness, he set forth on a trot, his movements driving her back and forth on his hardness, making her moan. When he accelerated into a dead run, she was thrown all the way down, impaling herself completely only to be juggled so far forwards, that she actually slid off a couple of times, and then impaled again. The combined pleasure of the ride and the sex was incredible, and they both came several times. When he returned to the herd, several orgasms later, all the others had gone to sleep, and there was nobody to help the girl off. She didn't care, though, and went to sleep with the object of her desires firmly anchored in her pussy.

The movement of her lover awakened her, and from her vantage point beneath him she saw that they were already moving at a steady trot. She also felt the soft instrument of the stallion stiffen slowly in her pussy, as the movement stimulated it, as it had done last night. As they rode all day, they were both submerged in great pleasure, and she came innumerable times, and he too came three or four times, showing his great vitality. They rode till twilight fell again, and as the mares

helped the girl release the bonds, the staff of the stallion softened and fell, exhausted by staying stiff for almost 12 hours. She fed her foal by her breast, and found pleasure too in the gentle nibbling of his growing fangs. She was a strong and wild girl, however, so when he slept safely, she went in search of pleasure again. Her beloved was still exhausted by the ride, so she sought him not, but rather turned her attention upon the mares. They had been kept in sexual suspense throughout the day, by the sight, sound and smell of her hour-long pleasure ride, so they happily accepted her ministrations.

So, while licking the sweet honey-box of one mare, the huge tongue of another caressed hers, expectant of when they should change places. The first mare was satisfied by the girl's swift tongue, but the other hadn't forgotten how a hand in the pussy felt, so she demanded a good fist fucking. Doing this, the girl wondered at this pleasure, as she heard the moaning of the mare. She pushed in her arm to the elbow, and felt the muscle rippling around it, and her arm was drenched in juice as the mare came. The mares were tired, though satisfied, and went to sleep a little way from there, but even though the mares had given her an orgasm each, she felt not satisfied. As she looked upon her hand, glistening with juice, she decided to feel if the pleasure was indeed as great as the mares had made it seem, and she laid down on the ground and spread her legs wide. Her pussy was already as wet as it could get, with a mixture of pussy juice and the mares' mouthwater dripping from it. Her hand was as slick as it could possibly be, so she needed no preparations.

As she started with just three fingers, she felt the impact of the stallion love she had received. Her pussy was now so wide and so relaxed, that those three fingers could hardly be felt. Using four fingers, she spread her pussy nice and wide, and then she wrapped her hand into a fist, and pressed it in. Slick as both pussy and hand was, it slid in with no problem whatsoever, and she realized that the phallus of her lord was by far greater than her hand and arm. Feeling no resistance, she pushed in as far as she could, bending her back to reach as far into herself as she could, flexing her fingers, opening and closing her fist, and marveling at the feelings she caused upon herself. Finally, having bent as far as her spine could go, her arm was embedded in her pussy to the elbow, and she felt almost, but not quite, like she felt when she was being screwed by the stallion she had come to love. Pulling her arm in and out at a swift rhythm, and playing with her clit with the other hand, she soon brought herself off, and as she drew her now-even-more drenched hand out through the well-stretched tissue, she felt her hunger for sex sated at last. As she went to sleep, she was happy, for now she had found a way to satisfy herself, should she find no one else to do it.

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## **Chapter 8: A good day for riding.**

The next morning, the hunger and thirst, that the sexual bliss of the day before had driven away, returned in full. As the herd found a spring, where they all quenched their thirst, she wondered how she had been able to go for so long periods without water and food. Could it be that some of the hardiness of the Hrulgin had been transferred to her in her contact with them? As she cooked a newly caught rabbit over a small fire, she decided that it didn't really matter, as long as she could be with them. What was more important was how she would manage the winter, since she now had no clothing, and how long she could count on her luck to find the types of rock that was needed to make sparks. Those problems were unexpectedly solved later that day. As they rode through the mountains, the girl once again on top of the stallion, they spotted a small caravan, moving slowly through a narrow valley. There were few guards, and most of those were wounded. Since this was far from the general caravan route, she figured that it was probably the remnants of a caravan that had already been attacked by monsters, but that had escaped alive only to get lost in the labyrinth of mountains and valleys that made up Ulgoland.

Her herd descended upon the caravan, and the hopeless defense of the remaining caravan guards was soon overcome. The girl felt no guilt in participating in this slaughter of her own kind. They had trespassed on her herd's territory, and suffered the consequences. While the Hrulgin dined, she explored the caravan for items of use, and found a tinderbox as well as some serviceable clothing. She also picked up some things she could use in making a more permanent sling for the stallion, for she had in mind to spend more days like that one. Her lust, however, was never far from her mind, so when she found an empty wine-bottle, she immediately saw possibilities in it. Since she had not yet put on the clothes she had found, she simply laid down, spread her legs and pressed the neck into her already drooling pussy. She moaned as she felt the cold glass slide up inside her, a completely different feeling than the hot flesh of either cock or arm that had filled her before.

Her experienced pussy stretched easily to accommodate the width of the bottle, as she pressed the wide part up, and when it was at last all the way in, she donned a pair of short trousers, so that it should not slide out. Her every movement causing her intense pleasure, she gathered up a few other items in which she saw potential, and by wrapping her findings in some clothing, she made it into carriable packs. At last, she picked up a curved blade, a bow and a quiver of arrows that had fallen from the impotent hand of some caravan guards, and went to where the Hrulgin stood, gorging themselves in fresh meat. Since she had build a tentative friendship with two of the mares, she convinced them to carry her load, and soon they were on the way again. Now, the movement of the muscular stallion beneath her gave her pleasure in a whole new way, as she bobbed up and down on the ever-rigid bottle. When they stopped for the night, her new pants were saturated with juice, since she had cum several times. She removed the bottle from her bosom, and was happy to see it half-full of her own juices. She drank it all, enjoying the sweet taste of her own love. Then, having fed the foal from her breast, and eaten another rabbit, she went to work on the unusual harness she would use on her beloved stallion.

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Chapter 9: Bondage fun.

By the light of her cook-fire, she labored far into the night, and when she finally went to sleep, it was content in the knowledge that tomorrows ride would be even more pleasure-filled than yesterdays.

When the Hrulgin had all awakened, she put the harness over the back of the stallion, and once again, he was amazed at her ingenuity. A leather strap wound over his haunches, and ended in a loose leather boot at each side. A short way in front of it was another strap, this one ending in loops to put the knees in. The loops could be put at two different heights, for when she made them, she had remembered that she had not yet felt the shaft of her beloved in her gut again. The third strap went over his back, right behind the shoulders, and they ended in leather cuffs, and had another set further up their length. Before climbing into the harness, she licked the dick of the stallion, as she had done so many times before, and covered it in her spittle. One of the mares, realizing her intentions, stepped forward and washed the girl's asshole with her tongue. With the help of a couple of other mares, she put her legs through the knee-loops, and into the boots. While they held her up by the shoulders, she reached down and spread her ass-cheeks, as she had done twice before, and set the tip of the stallion's prick at her anus.

The stallion, desiring the tightness of her bowels, then lounged forward, smashing his bloated dickhead into her rectum. Her scream of pain was once again mixed with pleasure, and when she had composed herself, she reached her arms through the cuffs of the foremost strap, and locked her wrists in the upper ones. Under her guidance, the mares then tightened the straps, so that she was completely helpless, impaled hopelessly on that huge, black dick, until they saw fit to release her.

As the days ride began, she started enjoying herself immensely, since the crack in her asshole, that she had received when he took her anal virginity, had made her able to take it in easily. As the swinging motions of the ride continued, she could also feel how it went in a little bit further every time, making a way where it had been stopped before. The final blow came when the herd jumped over a fissure. The motion of the jump made her swing forwards as far as the straps allowed, almost disengaging her from her lover, but when he landed hard on the other side, the backswing pushed the object of her desire all the way up inside her, straightening her innards, and smashing his huge balls against her luscious buns.

However, a twelve-hour assfuck can become too much for even the best. When they finally settled down for the night, she was quite happy to be helped out of the harness, and the amounts of dirty sperm that flowed out of her stretched asshole made it obvious that she had received more than she could keep. In the ride, the potent stallion had cum four times, each time filling her with vast quantities of sperm. Her widely stretched anus took almost five minutes to “pull itself together”, and all that while, the sperm ran in a steady stream down her thighs. Thus it was lucky that they had made stop next to a small mountain lake, still warm from being heated by the sun’s rays. The whole herd enjoyed a long bath, after having drunk their fill, of course, and then settled down for the night. The girl made supper of a fish this time, happy for the change. A swift young mare had cached it with her fangs, and turned it over to her, since she was not hungry.

When most of the herd had gone to sleep, and the hunger of the girl, as well as her foal, had been sated, she decided to take a closer look on some of those items she had picked up in the caravan. She had found, among other things, another wine bottle, some short chains, and a couple of padlocks, with keys. A tantalizing picture in her mind, she put a chain around her underbelly, and then she took another, shorter one, and put it between her legs, shivering at the feeling of the cold metal. Having tested the lengths, she then took a closer look on the chains, and found that the last link on the short chain was broken, and taking advantage of this, she hooked it up with the middle link of the long chain. She then beat the bended length straight with a rock, sealing the two pieces of chain firmly together. Thus locked together, she had a pair of chain panties, who could be locked together in the front.

Then she took her two wine bottles, and inserted the first into her pussy, once again enjoying that intense feeling of hardness, harder than living flesh could possibly be. The other, she covered in the juice of her dripping pussy, and pushed slowly, but firmly, into her tiny anal hole. Still not recovered from the lengthy stretching it had endured that day, the ring muscle was unable to resist this iron-hard penetrator, but that didn’t stop it from being rather painful. The skin was still raw from the ride, and this stretching, so close after the last, stinged quite a bit. She was used to pain, though, so it didn’t stop her from pushing it in all the way, so that only an inch or so was outside. Shivering at the feeling of the cold, hard glass that had so filled her, and enjoying the pressure on that thin membrane that separated the two intestines, she put on her chains, firmly locking it in place with a padlock. The tightness of the chains forced both bottles all the way in, and they easily resisted all her muscles involuntary attempts to push out these hard invaders. She then went to sleep, pleasure still within her.

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## **Chapter 10: The pleasures of having children.**

She was awakened the next morning in the most pleasant way possible: by an orgasm. As she leapt into consciousness, she realized that her foal was sucking on her clit, and that it was him who had given her the day’s first orgasm. Feeding him by ways of thanks, she got up, and realized that in the course of the night, the bottles had wormed their way further up inside her, so that both her ass and

pussy was firmly closed over their ends. She realized that getting them out would be hard work, but since she had no intentions of removing them till next evening, she decided to quit worrying about it and get on.

Drinking her fill from the lake, along with the other Hrulgin, she mounted the stallion and set off. The movements were now almost painfully pleasurable, and while the bottles worked on her insides, the chain rubbed her clit, pussy-lips and anus, giving her even more pleasure-mixed pain. When they stopped for the night, she quickly dismounted, and unlocked the padlock that kept her chains together. Saving it for later use, she laid down, and started pressing the bottle out again. It was much like giving birth, and she had tried that before, but there was still pleasure in the process. Her cuntal lips, accustomed to being forced inwards, was now beset from the inside, as the bottle slowly forced them to open. As soon as the first inch was out, she grabbed it and took it out quickly, feeling a great relief as the inside of her vagina could finally relax itself again, after being strained for so long, close to twenty-four hours.

She then repeated the process at her arse, bending over on hands and knees to exert full force on the glass bottle. Only slowly did her asshole open, to allow it exit, and she was happy for the crack in her hole, since otherwise, she might never have gotten it out. As she was still on hands and knees, she felt a probing tongue in her backside, forcing its way inside her widespread hole. She moaned as she was cleaned out, and that sound made the stallion notice her, as well as the mare that had her tongue working busily in her bowels. He went in close, offering his dick in front of her face, and of course, she complied.

When his instrument was wet enough, he went behind her, and ushered the mare away. Seeing the girl lie thus, down on her knees, and with her hands spreading her ass-cheeks, for she had quickly realized the intends of her lord, his desire was inflamed, and he decided that tonight, he would fuck her like he had done that night, a year ago soon. He walked over her, covering her in his shadow, and soon his iron-hard shaft was poised at her open asshole, for it had not yet managed to close itself completely. Taking advantage of the fact that she had been thruoutly primed, he buried himself to the hilt in a single, smooth stroke. She screamed out in pleasure as the orgasm the ass-lick had prepared was set off by this sudden intrusion, and as before, it alerted her foal to that something was happening.

As she managed to raise herself on her arms again, he went over to her dangling boobs, and started sucking vigorously on one of them. The combined pleasure of the ass-fuck and the tit-suck soon overcame her, and she came for the second time, only a few minutes after the last one. Her pleasure was mirrored in the stallion, and to prolong this pleasure, he began making his strokes longer, though not slower. Getting more and more manic, he tore his dick out of her entirely, only to smash it in before the asshole had time to close. This hard treatment brought up a whimper from the girl, as her orgasm seemed to flow on and on until finally, he felt himself about to cum. His memories of the first time he had done this, however, made him realize that his bladder was very full, and pressing him rather badly.

He was too far-gone in orgasm by then, and could do nothing to stop the onrush of sperm. And, of course, with his dick thus busied, there was no way for him to relieve his bladder. The girl knew nothing of this, so she simply enjoyed the feeling of the hot semen rushing into her belly, and when his dick stopped spasming, she let herself fall forward, off his dick. Her foal had, by then, finished his meal and gone back to sleep, indifferent to the entertainment of the adults. As the girl turned around, and prepared to lick semen and secretions of that symbol of virility that she so enjoyed, she saw the stallion moving to depart, and was very surprised. "Where are you going, my lord? I haven't cleaned you up yet," she said, and he answered "That must wait, for I sorely need to release my bladder now." Hearing this, and remembering the things that had happened the day it all began, she

made a decision.

"You can release your piss in my thirsty mouth, for surely I will not offer you less than I have given your mares." Saying this, she dived under him again, and licked of the excess of sperm that was dripping from his dickhead. Shortly after removing the generous globs of cum that still resided in the slit, the first salty drop of urine touched her tongue, and she leaned back her head and opened her mouth. As the yellow piss ran down her throat, it didn't seem as sickening or nasty as it had felt the first time, and she rejoiced in the knowledge of the pleasure this caused upon the stallion. It went on for a long time, and as her thirst was quenched, she took it to other uses, leaning back further and letting it shower her firm breasts, her flat stomach and the little bush of hair at her crotch. When the stream finally stopped, she attacked the dick with renewed vigor, and cleaned it off in short order.

She was not satisfied, however, by merely licking the length of it. She wanted it inside her mouth, deep in her throat, and not just the dickhead as she had taken it before. Opening her jaws as far as they would go, she moved her head forward, until the head of the cock rested against the back of her throat. Straightening her neck, she continued to press forward, ignoring the pain she felt as her throat was stretched wide around the intruding shaft, even as it had been with her pussy and her ass. Her jaws ached, and her throat pained, but she managed to swallow a generous part of the dick, and that alone satisfied her. She was about to begin sucking, when she thought of something else. "Conserve your seed, my lord, you shall need it tomorrow." With those words, she left the bewildered stallion in a state of lust, knowing that by sunrise he would be near bursting.

She went to sleep impatient for what the next day would bring. As the herd awoke and prepared to depart, she pulled out the harness again, and after resetting the knee-loops to low, she put it on the stallion. Helped again by the eager mares, she climbed it, but this time the equine cock slid into her pussy, rock-hard already. As the leather cuffs closed on her wrists, she was amazed at how easily she accepted the huge cock. She was, after all, only human, but she took it as well as any mare could. Indeed, it is the choices we make, rather than our birth that decides what we are...

That day's ride was much more pleasurable than the first time she had harnessed him, since the primitive contraption she had used back then had caused her a great deal of discomfort. As her first orgasm overcame her, she was worried, though. She hadn't felt real pain for days, and she was afraid she would lose her ability to take pleasure in it. As a way of compensation, she reminded herself that she had been tied to this situation, and that it was unlikely she would be released before twilight, should she ask. She had no wish for that either, for the pleasure was still great. Even though she had tried it two times before, this bound-up ride was exhilarating. Several times the stallion above her came, and softened up within her, but he was bound to her, even as she was bound to him, and within the enclosure of her hot and tight pussy, no male instrument could remain soft for long.

Instead of just letting the movement of the ride throw her down on his dick like a rag doll, she began swinging with the motion, making the strokes longer and harder, for she came down on him with her full weight. Indeed, had a tracker followed the trail of the herd, he would have been mystified by the wet spots that dotted the ground and the occasional puddle of semen that had fallen on the track in many places too. For since her pussy was no longer over-tight, some of the sperm of each ejaculation forced itself around the towering shaft that penetrated her so fully, and bubbled out around the pussy-lips. Then she felt a tongue caressing her puckered anal bud, licking up the sperm that flowed over it in mass. Craning her neck to see how it could be, the girl saw her own foal, matching stride with his father, licking her so wonderfully even as he ran.

The gentle treatment of her anus and the ferocious fucking in her pussy made her cum harder than

before, mixing the cum with plenty of her own pussy juice. When they stopped for the night, and she had been released from her voluntary bondage, she went to feed her foal as a way of thanking him for his gentle ministrations that day. However, even as she fed him, she felt something hot and hard batting against her leg. Foals grow and mature much faster than human babies, for they must be ready to fend for themselves after only a year.

Thus it was, that little more than a week after his birth, the sexual organs of the foal was already in working order. It is, of course, possible that the hormones in the sperm of his father and the pussy juice of his mother had given him a boost, but that didn't really matter. What mattered was that his mother, seeing this, decided to reward him with something a bit more substantial than an extended meal. Feeling his crotch carefully, she found that he was as hard and as hot as his father, and that in relation to his small size, it was rather big. As she fondled him, he suddenly rolled over on his back, as if he had realized what his mother was trying to do. True to her decision, and obstructed not by the prejudices of humanity, she bent her head over him and sucked his tiny dick gently, noticing that it even tasted like his father's. Caressing his miniscule balls while she sucked, she soon gave her foal his first orgasm ever, and she gleefully swallowed the tiny amount of sperm he shot forth. The stallion saw this, and was delighted, for such an early introduction into the world of the adults could only bode good of his future.

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Chapter 11: Fifteen bottles of beer on the wall...

The following morning, the girl once again took out her bottles, for the stallion was exhausted from the day before. Leaning back, she spread her legs wide, and slowly pushed the bulky hardness of the bottle into her hungry twat. She had found that if it was not "fed" regularly, it would respond with a most annoying tingling sensation, that always pushed her into some wanton sexual exploit. However, after having submerged the bottle all the way in her pussy, she reluctantly pulled it out again. She then leaned forward and set the bottleneck at her asshole, but then she got an idea.

Always before, any penetration she had received had been from something pointy, so that the stretching would come gradually, but the pain had gone out of that, so she decided to try something new. She turned the slick bottle around, and set the bottom of it against her back door, then she leaned even more forward, and spread her legs as far as she could, to open her hole as much as possible, and finally, she started pushing in. At first, it seemed hopeless, her hole simply wouldn't open! But gradually, as she applied more force, it started giving up resistance, and suddenly, it sprang open, and the bottle slipped straight into her. The process was quite painful, but she enjoyed the pain, and continued to press the bottle into her rectal passage, until only the tip of the neck remained outside.

She then took the other bottle, and set the but on her pussy. By then, the painful stretching of her hole and the stiff intrusion of her innards had made her pussy very wet, so it didn't really take all that much to force the broad bottle into her. She did, however, enjoy the feeling and sight of her pussy-lips being bent backwards and forced right back into her cunt. As they slapped back out, and sealed themselves around the bottleneck, she realized that she wouldn't need the chains to keep them in this time. Her anal and vaginal muscle was quite able to keep her to passageways closed around the bottles, so she mounted her stallion and set forth, revering the feeling she got every time the movement of the Hrulga below her forced either bottle deeper into her abdomen.

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## **Chapter 12: There's definitely something out there...**

As they stopped for the night again, she went hunting for supper as so many times before. She realized that she would soon need more arrows, since her current supply was dwindling rapidly, but she wasn't worried yet. Suddenly she spotted a hare, and almost instinctively, she loosened an arrow at it... a fragment of a second too late. Cursing at the waste of one of her valuable ammunition, she set after it over the rock it had been sitting on.

Unfortunately, this course led her right into the open arms of an Eldrak. He gripped her in a bone-crushing embrace and laughed. "Hah hah hah... a little girl likes to leap, does she? Far from home, and no fur! Good eating!" Sounded the fearsome voice of the Eldrakyn. The girl was shaken, for she knew that she had strayed far from where the hrulgin rested. They would not hear her if she yelled, so she decided to try to beguile this slowly creature. She made her voice hard and cold, and spoke: "You would do wise not to harm me, for I am one of a flock of Hrulgin that rests nearby. Should I scream, and entire herd would descend upon you, to tear the flesh from your bones." Unfortunately, the Eldrak was not all that stupid. "Hah hah hah... you think to fool me, do you? I've hear those talk of a man-thing riding with Hrulgin, but I to smart to believe that." As he continued to stare at her hungrily, she realized that there was more than one type of hunger in those eyes. She quickly considered her options. At this close range, the bow would be useless, and since sabers were no good for rabbit hunting, she had foolishly left it behind. She would not do that mistake again, should she live to hunt once more.

To her disgust, she felt the huge member of the Eldrak press against her belly. And since she was held several feet of the ground, that was quite impressive. "I have caught she-things before! They were great fun, but they always were dead afterwards! They were good eating too!" Gazing down, she could understand why those other women hadn't survived long enough to be eaten alive. It was huge, bigger even than the proud penis of her lord stallion. Immensely long, and bigger around than her thigh, she seriously doubted that any woman could take that and live to tell about it. But now, it didn't seem as if she had a choice. Releasing his hold of her midsection for just a moment, he instead took hold of her hips, and with immense strength, he forced her legs apart.

Any other woman would probably have howled, screamed and cried, while she beat her fists at the monster, but this one was too smart. She knew that the Hrulgin was well out of the range of any sound she could make, and she also realized that without any weapon, she could do nothing against the Eldrak. He too noticed this. As he lifted her higher to fit her over his tree-trunk of a prick, he said "You are different girl. Maybe you no die like others. Maybe I finally try taste of live she-flesh." At this, he strengthened his grip and pressed her down on his dick.

The huge cock-head slowly spread her labia apart, and she thanked her gods that she had practiced with bottles, or else this would probably have hurt a lot. As it was, she was getting stretched more than ever before, and the undeniable pleasure of the penetration was mixed heavily with pain. However, the flesh of her pussy had now been stretched so many times that this huge whooper was just another in a long line of progressively bigger objects, and soon there was only pleasure. Never before, even when she had taken three Hrulgin at once, had she been this filled.

She could practically feel how some of her inner organs were pushed aside by this colossal intruder. He was lowering her onto his huge prick slowly, savoring every moment as he, for the first time ever, screwed a pussy able to accomplish his size, but all too soon, he felt himself reaching bottom. The girl sighed as his bloated dickhead pressed against the mouth of her uterus, for she saw that there was still about a foot of the huge prick left outside. Grinning, the Eldrak suddenly let go, and she found herself impaled in a quite literal way. Her entire weight pressed down on the dick, wich in turn pressed up on her womb. She tightened her experienced pussy muscles, and proved that any muscle will grow powerful, given enough training, by hovering in mid air, supported only by the Eldrakyn penis within her.

The Eldrak laughed at the sight, and enjoyed the felling of her twat clamping down on his prick. However, he was set on getting his entire member inside her, so he once again grapped her hips. This time, he didn't lower her slowly, but instead pushed down with increasing strength to get all the way inside her. She bit her lip to keep from screaming at the intense pain that radiated from her violated uterus, as it was pushed inexplicably upwards, displacing other organs as it went. Many times before, her pussy walls had been stretched in with to make room for the girth of an intruder, but now it was being stretched in length instead. A foot is quite a bit, so had her muscle not been hardened so by her lusty life, it surely would have snapped, leaving her inside bleeding and causing a slow and painful death. Now, she could feel her insides adjusting to this huge thing, and then she felt their hips meet. She had taken a dick much bigger, in length and in girth, than anything that had entered her before.

The Eldrak growled in pleasure, and seized her midsection firmly again, taking a good grip. He then began pumping her up and down, using her as a sex toy to satisfy his own unwholesome lust, blatantly unaware of the waves of pleasure and pain that swept through her. The pleasure of being filled combined with the pain of being stretched, with both feelings centered around her vaginal regions, short-circuited her brain. Bright spots appeared in front of her eyes, and a continuous moan came from her lips. Her heart beat swiftly, her lungs flickered as if she was sprinting, and her limbs moved spasmodically. With a pleasure that had been denied him for a long time exploding through his nerve system, the Eldrak could feel the swift onrush of his climax. He could not hold it back, but he knew that his vitality was such that he could easily keep it hard. For hours if he had to.

As his oversized balls started boiling over, he let go of the impaled girl and spread his arms wide, howling like the beast he was. Gathering speed though his towering organ, his abominable sperm shot out the end with the power of a geyser. The force of the spurt propelled the girl upwards, sending her several feet up the dick. She started to slide down again, but the next spurt came almost immediately after, and with even greater pressure. She was shot of the end of it, and landed in a whimpering pile almost a yard from the Eldrak. The huge monster laughed and gripped his dick with both hands, aiming it at her. The continuous spurts showered her, and she was soon practically covered in his hot sperm.

When the spasms in his prong finally stopped, the Eldrak lumbered over to her and grapped her slick waist again. He lifted her up and turned her around, laughing as he did it, and in her dazed state of mind, she didn't even realise what he was going to do until she felt something immensely huge poking at her back door. As she finally realized it, she almost panicked. Her pussy was one thing, it had been stretched many times before, but her entrails was another matter entirely. She could not hold back a scream as the Eldrak used his incredible strength to force the slick instrument the first few inches into her. For the second time of her life, she felt the rim of her asshole rip, but this time there were no pleasure, just pure pain.

As he pushed the fourth inch into her, it became increasingly obvious that she wasn't going to survive this. The outer parts of her asshole could just exactly manage to fit the immense prick in, but the rest was simply too thin. It would be ripped open, and she would die the same horrible death she had so narrowly escaped when he penetrated her pussy.

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Chapter 13: Out of the frying-pan, into the fire.

Just then she heard a strange, bark-like sound. As her blurred vision cleared, she saw a huge pack of Algroths leap over the rocks. The Eldrak growled angrily and ripped her of his prong, throwing her aside like a broken toy. A metaphor that was not far from the truth. As she hid the rocks hard, she

realized that she didn't benefit much from this turn of events. The pain of her abdomen, the fierce orgasms and the loss of blood from the tear in her ass, combined with the rough impact of the rock had left her unable to move. She could only watch bemused as the Algoths swarmed the Eldrak under.

Two or three were clinging to each of her arms, and other was gripping for his feet with their poisonous claws. Overcome by their numbers, the Eldrak stumbled and fell, and thus the battle was decided as the Algoths swarmed him over and buried their claws in every exposed part of his body. She knew that she should feel triumphant at seeing the creature that had so savagely raped her reduced to shreds, but in her present condition she was unable to feel anything at all. That was also why she didn't feel any fear when the Algoths started closing up on her.

As they got within smelling range of her, they started sniffing the air excitedly, picking up the cloud of pheromones -hers and his- that permeated the air around her. Slowly, their dicks started coming out of their sheaths, and their tongues lolled out of their mouths as they gasped for air. Having just eaten, their desire to mate overcame their remaining hunger, so when they leaped at her, it was not to kill, but to screw. The girls head rolled around on her neck like that of a rag doll as they gripped her from all sides and drew her to her legs. She hardly felt it when one of them forced himself into her soaked twat, but when another one pushed his prong up her ass, she flinched from the pain in the tear.

The Algoths were climbing on top of each other to get a piece of her, so it wasn't long before one of them got high enough to level his dick with her mouth and push it in. Had she been better she would have been disgusted, and she would probably have tried to bite him, but as it was she started sucking him off almost instinctively. She started to feel something in her vaginal regions as first a second, then a third inserted his dick into her crowded pussy. The recent stretching, however, meant that she didn't have much of a problem accommodating the much smaller dicks of the Algoths. Pretty soon, she had three dicks up her ass, which hurt a bit, and four up her pussy, which didn't feel too bad at all.

Meanwhile, she sucked off two dicks at the time, and had she not been so groggy she might even have enjoyed being the centerpoint of so fierce a group sex session. As each of them finished, he would retire to give space for a new mater, but most of them lined up for a second helping, meaning that she had soon fucked the entire flock twice! As more and more of them retired, spend for now, she started to return to full consciousness, and as soon as she was able to think coherently, she realized that she was in trouble. As pretty soon, they would all be spend, and with their mating needs sated, their hunger would take over. She started moving with the last few Algoths, using her inner muscle to bring them even more pleasure.

Their howls of pleasure had the desired effect, bringing a few of the others back to attention. Some that had thought themselves drained was surprisingly getting hard again. Of course, her expert ministrations brought the ones presently fucking her off rather quickly, but several others came to take their place, and since these were all third or fourth times, they were likely to last a long time. She wasn't sure why she wanted to prolong this any further, since there was no way she could keep it going forever, but some primal instinct told her to do anything in her power to stay alive - even if it was just for a few more minutes. Being now completely conscious, she was able to feel the interesting sensations that coursed through the nerves leading from her pussy to her mind. She had been fucked by many sizes of dicks before, but this was the first time ever she had more than one dick in one hole at the time.

Her enlarged twat could easily take the gathered girth of four Algoths, and the feeling of some parts of her pussy being drawn out, while others were pressed in was all new to her. The intruders

in her ass were less pleasing, since it was still sensitive after the meeting with the gargantuan Eldrakyn dick, but she still did her best with her ass muscles, since she didn't want them to lose interest. For a long time, she kept bringing them to the brink of climax, only to let them fall down again. She started to enjoy the feeling of their slick, dog-like penises, reminding her of when she had still been with the clan.

She had often seen dogs mating, and had noticed the shape of their dicks. She recalled that she had often been aroused by this, and had considered the possibility of having intercourse with one of them. If she hadn't fled when she did, she would probably have tried... her faraway thoughts were interrupted as one of the Algoths in her asshole came, and as she had feared, this set off the other two. The three of them pulled out and went back to the pack, ignoring the vast quantity of sperm that ran freely from her asshole, since it was now free for the first time in her hour-long rape.

She started to be a bit more careful of the ones in her pussy, since they were most likely the last ones she would be able to get. When they were done, the pack would descend upon her, and devour her whole. She kept the last four Algoths fucking for almost 10 more minutes, until she finally made a mistake. She squeezed them just a bit too hard, for just a fragment of a second too long, and they came, all at once. As they pulled out in unison, she prepared to face her fate, when suddenly that thundering of clawed hooves was heard. The entire Hrulgi herd came galloping over a ridgeline, descending on the unprepared Algoths like a tidal wave, sweeping away everything in their path. A few seconds later, all the algoths were either dead or on the run.

Some of the younger members of the herd followed individual algoths as they scattered in all directions, while the great Stallion approached her. "I am sincerely sorry that you were left in that plight for so long, but it took a while before we got worried and send a scout to find you... and when he saw you with the algoths, he had to get the rest of the herd, for a single Hrulga cannot stand against an entire herd of algoths. I can see that you are in pain, body and mind both, but I will try to help you." With a wave of his head, the stallion called in several of the mares that had become the girls' friends. They started licking her entire body with their raspy tongues, bathing her sore muscles in their saliva, and surrounding her with a wall of friendship and love as well. She sighed with pleasure as the gentle mares cleaned her over-used pussy and ass out, removing every trace of the Eldrak and the algoths. Shortly after she fell asleep, as fatigue finally caught up with her.

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## **Chapter 14: Nothing like a friend.**

When she woke up, she was lying over the back of her stallion, as he galloped on into the day. The Hrulga had decided not to waste a day waiting for her to recover, and she agreed on that decision. Agilely, she swung around on his back, so that she was sitting up, but she soon discovered that to be an unwise move. Both of her holes were still very tender from yesterday's ordeal, and the bounce of the stallions run hurt quite a bit. To get her weight off her nether region, she pushed her buttock further back to his rump, and leaned forwards, so that she was lying full-length on his back. In this position, she could easily talk with him, too. "How fare you, beloved?" Was his first question, and his concern warmed her heart. "Much better now that I am lying, not sitting on your broad back, my lord." She answered in her usual submissive way.

He gave a laughing sort of neigh, and continued: "That is well, now listen up: Another day of riding, and we will be at the Fair of Hrulga. There the council of elders meets, and they shall decide whether you shall be allowed to be part of the herd. Keep a tight rein to your temper there, there are many that will shy away from the notion of friendship and, indeed, love with a human. Some have lost herd-members to humans, and some are just conservative, but always remember: I am with you,

and I will talk for you. You can expect every kind of assault but a physical one, which is forbidden.” She had listened to his story, and was mightily reassured by that last thing he said. The thought of all the oldest stallions in the herd charging enraged at her did not appeal to her, so the fact that their attacks would have to be of verbal nature was very calming. That evening, she was still too sore to give pleasure to the stallion, a fact that he fully understood. He used the evening to please his harem of mares, which had been feeling a bit abandoned lately. Usually, they wouldn’t be in heat at this time, but the almost continuous sex-show that the stallion and his girl had been running had made them practically permanently hot.

The girl, unable to receive the attention of her favorite lover, had instead turned to the younger stallions, a fact that they enjoyed mightily. She started out by calling both of them over, letting the excitement build up for a while, as they stood trembling in expectation of the pleasure that awaited them. She then went over to the eldest, swishing seductively as she did so, noticing that it had the same effect on this young Hrulga as it had had on the boys in the village she came from. The fact that she was shock-naked added nicely to the impact. As she reached him, she wasted no words. She simply ducked beneath him and swallowed his erected staff in a single movement. She deep-throated him all the way down, an easy feat after having tried it on her stallion, who was so much greater. As she continued to pleasure him with her mouth and throat, she shook her behind in the air, in an obviously inviting fashion.

The other young stallion got the point almost immediately and mounted her, with some difficulty due to the angle. Balancing on one hand, she stretched the other arm behind her and inserted the pulsing dickhead into her sopping wet pussy, never missing a stroke on the meatwhistle in her mouth. As the young Hrulga took a good grip around her shoulders with his forelegs to better thrust, and the other one started thrusting as well, she found herself being buffeted this way and that like a straw doll. The force of the thrusts in her slit smashed her forward, impaling her on the shaft in her mouth to the very root. The thrust of the stallion flesh in her mouth would then push her back, making the one behind her go balls-deep in her eagerly sucking hole. Concentrating her attention on the one in her mouth, she started enfolding his length with her tounge every time he went all the way down her throat, and every time he was almost out, she ran the tip of her tongue along his piss-slit.

As she felt him nearing the climax, she turned her attention to massaging the bucking stallion in her pussy with her internal muscle, and by playing them both like finely-tuned instruments, she made them climax within seconds of each other. While eagerly gulping down every drop of the sweet fluid that filled her mouth, she enjoyed the feeling of her womb first being filled by sperm, then overflowing. The hot liquid bubbled down her inner thighs, making quite a mess, but she didn’t care a bit... She nursed her foal before she laid down to sleep, and as she started drifting away, she felt a small tongue working away at her abdomen, cleaning her to pay her back for his supper. She fell asleep happily in the knowledge that she had taught her foal the virtue of gratitude.

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Chapter 15: The courtroom is adjourned.

The next morning she put on her clothing, after having fed the foal, and mounted up for the final day of riding. Late that afternoon, they crested a hill, and she gasped at the sight that met her. Thousands of Hrulgin, all gathered in one place. The mass of black bodies moved like a dark sea, making it impossible to distinguish any single Hrulga. However, on a rocky knoll in the middle of the gigantic herd, several great stallions were gathered, majestically elevated above the rest. It was for this group that they now steered. The stallion caused quite a stir, as he rode through the fair with a human on his back, but he ignored the strange looks that were cast his way, and kept heading

straight for the gathering of the Elders as the mass melted out of his way. As he leaped to the top of the knoll, a hush fell over the fair as thousands of ears strained to hear the exchange which began as her stallion spoke to the one that was apparently the leader of the Elders.

-Well met, Lord Stallion.

-I greet you, noble Elder.

-I see that you have brought a human female with you. What is the purpose of this?

-I wish to have her made a part of the herd.

-A human? On what grounds? For what reasons?

-She functions as a mare of my harem in every way, and indeed, she has brought me a son. She understands our language, and can hunt her own food. She is, in every respect, a part of my herd. Therefor, I wish for her to be part of the great herd.

-Truly? I thought that the legends about the ritual of teaching was just that – a legend. And now you claim it to be true?

At this point, the girl decided that it was time to speak.

-My lord “claims” nothing, venerable Elder, his every word is truth.

-How amazing! She does indeed speak our language. Well, in that case...

Suddenly, a jet-black stallion, who appeared to be quite a bit younger than the rest of the Elders, intervened.

-This may not come to pass! A human? Part of the great herd? Never! Humans hunt us whenever they see a chance; they fear and despise us! I will not allow this!

-Calm yourself, youngest of the Elder! Control these outbursts, and give us some reasons, beside your personal dislike, for why we should refuse the petition of such a great stallion. If you insulted him, he could probably easily defeat you on the jousting grounds...

-That would prove nothing! Indeed, nothing has been proved! I do not believe this insane story... the physical feats included in the ritual of teaching is far beyond any human wench! And that thing about the foal, it is ridiculous! How should a woman be able to give birth to a foal? I think she must be one of these sorcerers we have heard about. She has bewitched the stallion, and intends to enslave us all, like the humans have done to our equine brethren, the horses.

At this speech, unrest started spreading through the fair, as Hrulgin began discussing the case amongst themselves. Quite a few nasty fights broke out here and there, but everything was quieted when the leader of the Elders reared and yelled:

-Quiet! Silence!! We will have order!!! ... Now, you have stated your point, but personally, I don't think this stallion appears very bewitched at all... As a matter of fact, he looks closer to “enraged”. Right now, you should be glad that the law forbids the use of force during these discussions.

The girl had already thought her way through the problem and found a solution.

-Excuse me, noble Elder, but am I right in believing that the core of this discussion is my ability to

accept the attention of my lord stallion?

-Hmm. Yes, that sums it up rather nicely...

-Very well, I shall be happy to prove my capacity to you. If I please all of the Council of Elders, will you then agree that I could have done it?

This suggestion created quite an uproar, and before the Elder could answer, the young one leapt forth again.

-Bitch! Whore! How dare you, no true mare would behave as such! It is the paramount duty for the mare to carry the foals of her lord, and nobody else. Your suggestion could very well get you impregnated by any of the members of the council! This proves that you are not worthy of being part of the herd!

-That is not true, young one. I feel that I already carry the foal of my lord under my heart, and with that firmly anchored there, I need not fear impregnation from anyone else.

While the young one was spluttering, probably trying to figure out a good reply, the leader stepped forth.

-Your suggestion is unorthodox, but it would indeed prove your point. If you really wish to go through with it, step down and remove that artificial fur you humans call clothing.

As she swung herself off the back of the stallion, he whispered in her ear.

-Are you sure you want to do this? Some of them are awfully big, or so I've heard...

-Worry not, lord stallion. After I've been with you, they will be easy.

She let actions follow words, and stripped down to her naked skin. Her slip had already started dripping in expectation, and she was eager to begin. She knew that she should be embarrassed at the mere thought of being naked and about to have sex in front of over a thousand intelligent beings, but there she was, and she wasn't the least bit embarrassed. She was happy to see that such human emotions were leaving her.

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## **Chapter 16: Quantity or quality? Why not both?**

She approached the leader of the Elders, ducked under his belly and made a re-roll of the events last night. This time, however, she was hampered by the sheer size of the half-erect dick. He was much greater, both in length and girth, than those immature stallions she had favored before. He did not yet have a full erection, but it was still difficult for her to swallow it all. Her throat strained to take it down, and she knew that the tightness that resulted was sheer pleasure to him. His stiffening into a full erection made that obvious, and as her throat muscle strained around his immense manhood, she was glad that she had gotten it down before he attained full erection. Otherwise, it would have been practically impossible.

By now, the sight and sound of her oral action had exited the other Elders, and all of them now sported a raging hard-on. It took them a while to realise that her waving ass was an invitation. The idea of more than one stallion taking the same mare at the same time had never occurred to them, since it was anatomically impossible with a Hrulga mare. One of them seized upon the initiative and

leaped at her, burrying his staff into her to the hilt in the first thrust. She half moaned, half screamed around the hot spear in her mouth, for he was an old and great stallion, and he went far inside her. Though she was loath to admit it, even in the silence of her soul, he was bigger than her lord, broad and long indeed.

He approached even the considerable size of the Eldrak that had raped her only two days hence, and that is no small accomplishment for an equine. The unfamiliar widening, combined with the familiar position, drove her wild. She threw herself back to impale herself fully, and sucked on the hugeness in her mouth with all of her might. She varied between taking him all the way down her throat, and letting her tongue dance over his bulbous dickhead, pushing her tongue all the way into his piss-slit. Naturally, this treatment brought him to a climax very quickly, and suddenly she found her mouth overflowing with hot sperm. Much of it escaped between her lips and the rock-hard dick in her mouth, but she managed to swallow enough to still her almost permanent hunger for this liquid. Seeing her choke on these vast ammounts of semen brought the other Hrulga off almost immediately, and soon her womb were being equally filled. She could feel her belly dissent with it, and fiercely hoped that it would not injure the embryo that was growing in her womb.

Both emptied, the two Hrulgin she had just screwed withdrew their dicks, and she staggeringly got to her feet. Looking around, she noticed that a relatively flat rock of about the right height was standing at the edge of this knoll. Fate was apparently on her side. She stumbled over to the rock, while the rutting stallions closed in on her, and lay down on her back. She lifted her legs till they were almost touching her breasts, reached down and spread her buns. The steady stream of sperm that came from her still open pussy trickled warmly over her anus, exiting her and lubricating to boot. She watched the stallions, as they were getting increasingly wilder, and said in a sexy voice: "So, which one of you big boys want to go next?"

One huge stallion, sporting an equally huge erection, approached. His nostrils were flaring, and he was obviously exited by this out-of-season rut. Right before her, his intelligence took over, and he stopped in his tracks. "No. I can't take you there. I'm far too big, I would tear you apart, and you would bleed to death... I will wait till I can take my turn at another hole." The young stallion that had started this whole thing broke in at this point. "A true mare could take her stallion anally, if he so desired it. If she cannot, then she cannot be a true mare!"

An argument was obviously about to break out, but she stopped it before it really got started. "Fear not for me, noble stallion. I can accept you there as easily as in any other hole. I have often enjoyed the pleasure of taking my lord stallion there, and so I can take you too." In fact, he was quite a bit bigger than her lord, but she decided not to mention that. Courteousness and modesty forbade the stallion to mention it himself, so she had neatly robbed him of any argument he might have had. Now she could only hope that her bragging was true... With no other choice, and probably not really wanting to find one, the stallion mounted the rock, neatly placing his foreclaws on each side of her head. This position meant that she could look right into his face as he entered her, and she made a mental note to try this position with her lord stallion later. Right now, however, she had to keep her mind on matters at hand, if this was going to work.

He was VERY big, and when first his bloated cock-head bumped into her shit-chute, it seemed impossible to fit it at all. Then she started to really use her arms, literally forcing her asshole open. Being twice cracked, it could widen to an amazing size, and the lubrication of the sperm, combined with the rounded shape of his dickhead did the rest. Suddenly, it popped inside, and he mercifully stopped for a while to let her get used to his size. Despite her bravado, he was the biggest thing she had ever had in there, since the Eldrak never managed to actually get in there. Still, had it not been for the crack he gave her, she could not have done this.

While the ring of her anus itself managed to widen enough, it was still quite a chore for the guts that came after it to support so titanic a member. Slowly, inch by inch he entered her, waiting for a minute or so every now and then. She could feel every stroke of his heart, as it pulsed all the way into his blood-filled dick. Her face was perpetually contorted with pleasure, and she could feel his pulse quickening as her facial expression exited him. It was fortunate that she had already learned to take pleasure from pain, for while earlier anal encounters had gently twisted around the various turns and bends of her guts, this rock hard, hugely thick rod of might simply forced itself on, straightening her innards as it went along. She exulted in the pain, knowing that in the future, she would be able to take her lord stallion deeper, quicker and harder than before. As she felt him actually approaching her belly, she realized that inner organs would probably never be the same again. The muscle that governed those regions was being stretched far beyond what nature had made them for. But she didn't really care. Before, her ass had been meant to be only a sewer, but now it had been reshaped into an organ of sexual pleasure.

At long last, the huge stallion's fist-sized balls touched her buns. She could feel his bell-shaped head sitting right at the verge of her belly, and it was probably fortunate that it did not reach deeper. The stomach acid would probably have hurt him quite a bit. As she looked up at his face, she saw on it a look of utter amazement. He had never expected her to take it all, but she had, and now she was starting to take more pleasure than pain from it. He started moving, but at first it was a rather slow going. The muscle of her insides hadn't quite given up yet, and while the tightness was probably quite pleasurable to him, she wanted swift movement. After a while though, the muscle apparently realized that they were not going to get this fierce invader pushed out, and stopped trying.

This loosening enabled the stallion to boost his speed, and soon she found herself unable to stop cries of pleasure from escaping her lips. This further exited the remaining stallions, and they were pacing around acting more and more like unintelligent, rutting horses. They were becoming increasingly animalistic. Forcing her brain temporarily back into service, she made a quick count. Not counting the pair she had already emptied, and the one that was currently beating her ass with his balls, there were four stallions left to please. Of course, the youthful stallion that had so protested to her possible acceptance into the herd might refuse to screw her, but she rather doubted it. More likely he would attempt to give her so hard a fuck that she gave up, but she was confident in her ability to handle it. With Hrulgin, age apparently equaled dick size, so since he was the youngest of the elders, he would not be a problem. Still, the possibility that some of them might come back for a second round was problematic, and if the sizes of the three she had fucked this far was any indication of the general size, she was in for an exhausting day. And one filled with pleasure.

At this point, her brain gave up on coherent thought again, as he stallion reached the peak of his speed. He was ripping his spear almost all the way out on every outstroke, and banging it in to the root on every instroke. As she went over the edge of her first anal orgasm that day, he threw all restraints off, and actually tore it all the way out, plunging it in again before her asshole could close. This set fire to her anal ring, and the orgasm just kept going. At this point, however, his movement was getting so violent that she was in danger of being pushed forward on the rock. She solved this problem by resolutely grabbing his forelegs, pushing herself towards his invading member. The position of her legs gave him complete access to her ass, so she was taking every inch of his tool every time he smashed it in.

She had lost count of her orgasms by the time he finally blew his wad. She had oftentimes thought, during previous anal encounters, that she could feel the sperm shooting into her gut. Now that she could actually feel it, she realized her mistake. It was just like drinking sperm, the same filling-out feeling in her belly. She actually felt sated when he was done. The withdrawal was a rather unpleasant process, since the dickhead of an equine flare out right before an orgasm, to prevent semen from escaping. The now bell-shaped head was widening her all over again, and when he

finally pulled his semi-hard rod out completely, a veritable stream of dirty semen followed. She was completely unable to pull her insides together, so the contents of her belly just kept gushing out of her. As the stream finally slowed down to a trickle, she let down her legs and just lay there for a while, getting her breath back. It wasn't long before the impatient neighing of the remaining stallion brought her mind back to the business at hand. She knew that it would be hours, if not days, before her ass could cause any pleasure, so she turned over on her hands and knees. She spread her labia apart with her fingers and calmly announced "Next."

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Chapter 17: Keep 'em cumming!

The next one who jumped forwards was relatively young. Leaving out the young one who had protested, he was probably the youngest in the council. He didn't waste his time being polite about it, he literally jumped unto her back and thrust directly into her pussy. She was lucky to get her hand out of the way in time. She quickly noticed that her earlier speculation concerning size and age was right in this case. His size was nowhere near her last lover, and that was actually quite fortunate. These giants were beginning to tire her out. Shortly after, she discovered that a small one could be just as exhausting. Since her vaginal regions had gotten used to supergiant sizes, he didn't really encounter much resistance, so he was able to speed up to a point well beyond what she had this far experienced.

His youthful strength powered his great haunches, and between his legs, his cock was a blur. It moved too fast for either horse or human eye to see clearly. She found herself once again being slowly pushed forwards by the force of the fuck, so she put her arms in front of her and leaned down until her nibbles were touching the cold rock beneath. Pushing back with her entire body, she was able to withstand his strength, and her position also increased his already free access to her wide-open slit. She was still being pushed forwards a bit, though, but she countered this by pushing herself backward into each of his strokes, getting him even deeper. This also set fire to her sensitive nibbles, as they rubbed over the rough rock. The speed of the ride was pulling her labia into her pussy, and this made her uncovered clitoris rub against the fiercely thrusting dick. Stimulated in pussy, clit and nibbles, she soon came like a Mimbrate charge.

By the time she had gotten down to earth, she felt a hot spraying inside her, as he filled her with his semen. She could also feel his dickhead flaring out, and now there was a definite friction. She didn't feel him slowing down, though. The long wait, while watching the incredible sex-show she had put on with the other Hrulgin, had filled his balls to the point of bursting, and he had no intention of stopping now. The added friction of his flared-out head was countered by the lubrication of his come, so he just kept on going. She was very impressed. She could feel his hot breath on her neck, and she could feel it quickening as he neared the point of exhaustion. Keeping his hindquarter moving so quickly for so long was draining him of energy, but he ignored the pain in his tired haunches, and just kept going. His continued speed made the sperm from his previous come spurt out of her hole, showering the already wet rock beneath with a sparkle of pearly drops. Then she felt that telltale pulsing in his cock, which gave an early warning that he was about to come. In the last possible second, she threw herself forwards, and he came in a shower all over her back. Several spurts reached so far as to wet her raven black hair.

As the stallion staggered away, and unceremoniously fell down on his side a few paces away, she turned over. The layer of hot sperm between her back and the rock made her feel very sexy, and she spread her legs as far as they would go, a silent invitation for the next one to come over. As the next one came towards her, she noticed that the only ones remaining were the young on who had protested, and the oldest of the elders. She was rather looking forwards to him, since he would

probably have the biggest dick of them all. As she turned her head back to her current lover, she noticed that he was a bit less well equipped than her previous lover. Not much, certainly, but enough to give him little friction should he enter her pussy. She then realized that she hadn't sucked one of them off since she took on the first two. Those two facts coupled together in her mind, and she almost regrettably closed her legs again.

He was obviously confused by this, but when she pushed herself further forward on the rock, and pointed coquetishly on her mouth, he got the message. He moved over her, and as the erect instrument slid towards her mouth, she got a sudden flash of inspiration. She seized her full, round breasts and squeezed them around his cock. The cockhead then lay directly in front of her mouth, and she started delicately nibbling on it, even as he instinctively started to move above her. Her ordeal had made her sweat quite a bit, so there were plenty of lubrication between her boobs, and he slid swiftly along the cleft she had made for him. Every time the head got close to her mouth she would nibble it, lick his piss-slit or simply swallow it whole.

Without missing a stroke, she managed to maneuver her body around so that she was instead crouching beneath the Hrulga, bent backwards. There wasn't much room to do with, but he fixed that problem by putting his foreclaws on the rock, duplicating her trick by never missing a stroke. She started pinching her nibble while she held her breasts, moaning at the pleasure it brought her. This moaning exited the stallion above her, and he started cumming thunderously. After taking the first few spurts in her mouth, savoring the taste, she gripped the spasming instrument and hosed herself down with it, liberally sprinkling it over her breasts, tummy, thighs, head and pussy. When he finally stopped cumming, she was drenched in cum, and she enjoyed it.

Emptied, the stallion staggered away and joined his predecessor on the ground, though he managed to sink gracefully to his knees instead of just toppling over like he did. The Elder had almost begun moving towards her, when the young stallion who had protested so stepped towards her. "Let us see if you can take me on as easily, bitch! Get on all four, like a good mare..." She complied, figuring that with his youth, he wouldn't be much of a challenge. As she heard him approaching, she looked between her breasts and gasped in shock. Her third lover, who had so widened her ass, had not been so huge. In length as well as girth he surpassed him, and she knew that he would have none of his care or consideration.

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## **Chapter 18: The final challenger!**

As he leveled his monstrous tool, she sent up a prayer to Belar and UL. He was aiming it at her still-aching asshole. As expected, he showed no mercy, smashing in without giving her a chance to adjust herself to his size. His plan was clear: Fuck her so hard that she would either die, give up or, in the worst case, be so exhausted that she would be unable to pleasure the lead stallion sufficiently. She gasped again, this time in pain, as he continued his unmerciful assault. Fortunately for her, her ass had not yet pulled itself together from her last fuck, and the sensitive tissue actually manage this further stretching without tearing as he had hoped.

But the pain was staggering. Had she not already learned to savor pain as another type of pleasure, she would probably have lost consciousness, if not her mind, from this torture. She was constantly gasping for breath as his ever deeper thrust seemed to actually push the air from her lungs. The effort of not screaming in pain had sweat running down her face, dripping from her chin mingled with the cum of her previous encounters. Her arms were shaking with the pressure put on them, as she fought to keep herself at least partially up, in the ideal angle for penetration. She knew that any resistance in her inside would probably mean her life. Only by opening completely to his rape could

she hope to get through this in one piece.

Just then, he smashed down with his hardest thrust yet, smashing her into the rock with his full weight. His cock went in to the root, and she could feel her inner organs being displaced to make room for it. Her belly, at whose mouth her last anal lover had stopped, was pushed upwards in her body, as her innards were stretched in length as well as width. It was a strange feeling, not really pain, but a felling of weight being moved, weight that she had never noticed because it had been there since she was born. But she held her ground, pushing herself back up, staring defiantly into the eyes of her tormentor, as he looked down to see if she was still alive.

Obviously, he had not expected her to be able to take him fully, but she had. As a matter of fact, she hadn't even screamed once, despite the unspeakable pain. The wild life with the Hrulgin had toughened her up, and so had giving birth to her foal. Still she grimaced in pain as the stallion above her pulled all the way out, only to rush balls-deep before she could shut her asshole. Fortunately, he had raised his head again, concentrating on riding her as hard as possible, so he didn't see that she was suffering. As another thrust, and another again buffeted her forwards, she dimly realized that it would be hours before her asshole would be able to retract itself, if ever.

She was able to retain only minimal though through the pain, but it was enough to realize that if this continued too long, she would not survive, and that the stallion was bound to try to hold back for as long as possible. Her inner muscles were so badly stretched and battered that she could not hope to use them to get him off quicker, and her arms weren't long enough to reach back and fondle his balls, and besides, she needed them for support. All in all, things were starting to look rather bleak. Still, she thought, getting fucked to death was not the worst way to go... She quickly shook off those suicidal thoughts.

At this time, dying would be the same as loosing, as giving up, and an Algarian maiden never gives up! Looking around desperately for a way out of this predicament, she happens to look up, and notices that the stallion above her also has nibbles... like with humans, they are underdeveloped, but they are there, and she clearly remembers how quickly she came when she started pinching her own nibbles. Maybe it would have a similar effect on the beast that was now brutalizing her? She carefully lowered herself down to the stone, so that her weight rested on her full, round breasts, and steadied herself with one arm. The stallion was bound to react when she started fondling his "tits", and she would rather not be driven head-first into the rock.

Carefully, she reached up to the nibble directly above her, and pinched it. She was not disappointed. The stallion gave a surprised whinny, and almost missed her shit-chute with his next thrust. This, he had not expected. He tried to concentrate at keeping his pace and not cumming, but the strange sensations that radiated from those little points that he never really noticed before made it almost impossible. His concentration slipped, for just a moment, and he started cumming thunderously. He had not been with a mare for months, since they all avoided him due to his size. During the breeding season, a stallion could demand sex with whatever mare in his harem he wished, but sex outside that time could only happen with the mare's consent, and he could never get that. Resultantly, his balls were overflowing, churning with cum, and he released it all at once. The pleasure of this release blew his mind, and his prick became a blur as he emptied ever last drop into the quivering piece of ass beneath him. Though her belly felt about to explode from the gallons of cum that were being pumped into her, she smiled, knowing that she had won her victory.

As he finally finished emptying his dick, the stallion staggered backwards and toppled over in a manner that was not merely unceremonious, but downright clumsy-looking. The other stallions gasped audibly when she got to her legs, cum running freely down from them, and still smiling said: "So, I believe there is only one left. Would you kindest join me over here?" The Elder Stallion

simply nodded and walked forwards.

She laid herself on her back on the cum-covered rock, spreading her legs wide. Her pussy had not been through quite as much as her ass, but it was still wide-open and dripping with juice and cum. The old stallion knew that both of her holes were probably very painful right now, so he started their session by gently licking her, washing away the memories of the rape they had just witnessed, and preparing her body for gentle loving.

She moaned quietly as the pain faded from her body and then spread her legs aggressively, clearly stating that she would like for something to be placed there very soon. Complying, the stallion elegantly leaped forwards and placed his claws on each side of her head, and his staff in front of her pussy, with unerring accuracy. She looked at the tool that hung between her legs and moaned expectantly. If she was any judge, he beat her previous “lover” with about half an inch in width, though he was about 2 inches short of his length. All in all the perfect size for a very widening, but not physically damaging, fuck.

Gently, he pressed its rounded tip against the entry to her warm depths, and she gleefully relaxed her muscles and bid it welcome. She watched the entry closely, moaning nonstop at the sight of the fearful distension she was witnessing. Her little hole was spread incredibly wide, and it was every bit as painful as when her own stallion had widened her virgin cunt. As a matter of fact, it felt much the same. But what impressed her the most was the dissension she could see in the skin of her abdomen. She could see exactly how far the equine cock had proceeded, because she could see her flat stomach bulging up over it! The ride was one of pleasure, despite the size, but she was exhausted from her ordeal and decided to bring him off as soon as possible.

While her ass was being battered, her pussy had had time to recuperate, and even though the muscles were stretched to their very limit, they were suppose to work under such circumstances. Experience had told her that a varied pressure would cause the stallion above her plenty of pleasure, so she ran her muscles in “waves” up and down the huge invader, like she had done when giving birth. She even massaged the bulge on her otherwise flat belly to add to his pleasure. The Elder Stallion was in seventh heaven. Though the mares in his harem were always willing to accommodate him, out of respect for his leadership abilities and position, but he knew that few of them found any pleasure in his overgrown tool. Being a kindly soul, he could not stand the thought of them suffering to give him joy, so he usually never requested their services outside the mating period, where their lust set them above the pain of his entry.

Resultantly, he hadn't gotten any for several months, and the incredible sex show that had unfolded before his eyes had made him harder than he had been for years. And now this tiny creature beneath him was massaging him towards his climax, while she herself moaned in the throes of pleasure. It was then that he remembered what the stallion that was her lord had whispered in his ear earlier in the show: That this human girl apparently always was in heat.

Then the tight sleeve around his staff tightened as she came, and his brains exploded in blinding lights while his balls emptied their long-stocked load. The effect was astonishing to say the least. The pressure of the first blast actually knocked her backwards, off his cock, sending her to the ground on the other side of the flat rock that had served as a breeding platform during the proceedings. The next spurt landed neatly on her as she lay in the dust. Before the next spurt had time to shower her again, she leaped up, still dripping with cum from several different fucks, and jumped at his spasming dick. She grabbed a tight hold of it, and held her face in a good distance from it, so as not to take the spurts full-force.

Most of the next wad landed in her wide-open mouth, and the rest splashed all over her face. When

the next landed just short of her mouth, covering her soft breasts in sticky goo, she set her mouth to his piss-slit and milked the rest from him like a foal milks its mother. When he finally finished, after cumming for almost ten minutes, his tool began to soften and withdrew into its protective sheath. Shaking with fatigue, but still able to stand alone, she turned to the other stallions, whom had by now managed to get back to their feet, and gave them a cum-covered smile. Just then, the air was split when a thousand Hrulgin neighed as one, saluting her for the incredible feat she had accomplished.

Clearing his throat, the Elder Stallion said: "Most impressive, girl, we will definitely take this into consideration when we make our judgement. You may go now, and rest tonight. Tomorrow at dawn, we will gather here again, and you shall be told your fate." She simply nodded and leaped up on her lord stallions back. Together they rode back towards the rest of their herd. She fell asleep on his back before they were halfway there, and while he gently carried this girl he had grown to love, the foremost thing on his mind was pride for what she had done. The second was how it would be to make love to her after the massive widening she had received today. The third was that both of them needed a bath by now, since cum from her various openings were running in rivulets down his sides.

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Chapter 19: Passing judgement...

Sunrise. The stallion is approaching the rocky knoll that is the seat of the Elders, with the girl on his back. She is well rested, after a good night of sleep. Her pussy, ass and jaws are still rather tender, but she isn't thinking of the mild pain. For once, she is dressed, in the clothes she took from the wrecked caravan, and in the crisp morning air she is happy for that. She is looking forwards to the judgement, but she is also rather worried... Not about the Elder Stallions decision, she is sure she convinced him completely yesterday, but she is afraid that the young stallion will take some last-minute countermeasures to stop her from being confirmed as a mare of The Herd. The couple arrives at the knoll, where the Elder Stallion stands in front of the other Elders, while the entire Herd is gathered silently around them, awaiting the judgement.

She dismounts her beloved to stand before the Hrulga that is the closest thing to a total leader that the Hrulgin has. "Are you ready to hear the decision of the Council of Elders?" The Elder Stallion intones formally. "I am ready." She answers. "Very well, then listen: It is the decision of the Elders that you shall be accepted wholly and completely as a mare of The Herd, on equal ground with any other mare of The Herd, with the same obligations and privileges. That is our judgement. If any has due cause to contest this decision, they may now speak, or forever hold their peace." He speaks the last sentence with obvious consternation, and not without reason either.

The young stallion, who had objected so loudly against her acceptance into The Herd, stepped forwards and spoke: "I have cause and reason. As it is my privilege, I will state it." With clear distaste in his voice, the Elder Stallion answered, as proscribed by the ritual; "It is your privilege. You may speak." The young stallion turned and looked the girl straight in the eyes. He began talking even as he bunched his mighty mass of muscles to leap at her: "She is no Hrulga. She has no fangs, no claws, she is completely unable to defend herself. She would be like a leech upon The Herd. SHE MUST DIE!!"

He yelled out the last part as he closed on her, safe in his assumption that no one was close enough to help her, or stop him, before he reached her. He leaped at her, clawed forelegs outstretched, expecting to hear the sound of pierced skin and rendered flesh. He is not disappointed... but his claws hit nothing but air. He landed on the rock, almost falling over from surprise.

There was blood on the rocks beneath him, and he had heard the sound, but where was the girl? He looked to the side and saw her, standing only half a meter to his right, with blood covering her right hand. "How? She has no claws..." he thought, as his mind started slipping. He staggered a bit, but managed to keep his balance. He noticed that he had trouble breathing. Bemused, he looked down with blurry eyes, and saw the hilt of a saber sticking out from where his neck met his chest. As his strength ebbed from him along with his blood, he fell to his knees, and in a last glitter of mental activity before he toppled over and stopped breathing, he considered his defeat. He realized that it had been the momentum of his charge and jump that had enabled her to pierce the thick layers of muscle that should protect the windpipe there. Could intelligence and strategy really beat strength? Could something that simple really overcome the enormous advantage he had in strength, size and natural armament? Impossible!! Impossible...

That was his last living thought.

The girl staggered a bit backwards as the huge stallion finally fell over on his side and died. She had almost expected him to "get physical", which was why she had found her saber last night, the one she had taken from the dead caravan guard. After all the others had gone to sleep, she had cleaned it in a spring, and sharpened it on a nearby rock. She had hidden it under her clothes, tied to her back with some rope. She had made sure she was ready for anything, but it still came as a shock to her when she realized that she had just killed a stallion, one of the members of the council of elders. She had lived with the Hrulgin for a long time now, and she had come to see them as not only equal to humans, but superior in every way. But she had had no choice. Nothing short of death could have stopped him, and that almost didn't either. Perhaps it hadn't. His goal had been to kill her or, at the very least, get her expelled from The Herd. Now that she had committed murder, he would probably get his way after all...

She looked up and saw that both the Elders and The Herd itself was apparently

Stunned by surprise, unable to say a word. Then the Elder Stallion shook his head, as if to clear it, and spoke: "What we just saw was a shame upon the entire Herd. A stallion of the Elders attacked a mare without any legal reason, obviously intending to kill her. She was at a great disadvantage, but succeeded in overcoming her attacker. In the process, the stallion was killed. I see no crime in this, since it is the right of every Hrulga to defend himself or herself from attackers. Does anyone have a contrary opinion?"

The silence was so thick you could almost walk on it.

"Very well. I then state that she has no guilt in the death of this stallion, and repeat my earlier verdict that she is completely and fully a mare of The Herd." As he spoke, the air suddenly filled with cheers as The Herd showed its agreement. The girl had tears in her eyes as she rushed to embrace her beloved stallion. He lowered his head and whispered in her ear, as they stood close together:

- I'm very happy about this. I'm glad we can be together.
- So am I, lord stallion. Tonight, I will show you how happy...
- Why wait?

Laughing, she swung herself to his back. They were together as they galloped through The Herd towards the rest of his harem, and they would always be together.

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## **Chapter 20: When in rome...**

Silently, she stared at her reflection in the quiet water of the pool. Though it was not a perfect picture, it clearly showed her that everything wasn't as it had always been. Her hair had always been soft and black, but though it was still midnight-black, it was now bristly and stiff. Wind and weather, and the bleaching sun, she told herself. Her nails had always been delicate and prone to break, but now they were long and hard, almost claw-like. Wear and tear has made them tough, she told herself. But the eyes... the eyes that stared back at her from her reflection... they had always been completely black, as bottomless pits.

Now they looked back at her with the gentle brown that she knew so well... from looking into the eyes of her fellow mares. She could find no natural explanation for that. Sighing, she got to her feet and went back to the herd. She was changing, that much was clear. She had been since the first time the stallion she had grown to love screwed her. Could she stop it? Probably, by stopping her sessions with the stallion. As a mare, it was her privilege to refuse him sex outside the mating period. Of course, since humans didn't have a mating period, that law was pointless, but by claiming her right she could at least slow down the process. What did she love the most, her humanity, or that amazing instrument that hung between her lord's hind legs? Shaking her head to clear away that stupid question, she went back to join her waiting lover... and his dick.

**The End**