

My Minotaur Part IX

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Feb 2011

In Which Lady Ailara Learns The Truth

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/my-minotaur-part-ix.aspx>

Without Valsivale, our journey had grown much more dire. We were forced to march long hours during the day, and barely slept at night. As we traveled North the weather grew cold and my flesh felt somehow too thin to protect me any longer. But Oluth was a beast possessed! He set a fast stride and at night fucked one or more of us to sleep with a newfound vigor. It was a good thing we moved quickly, I hated to admit. There were days when we could hear the great mob in pursuit of us, the legion of soldiers now marching with my husband must have numbered in the thousands or tens of thousands by now, and though we could always keep ahead due to our smaller numbers, they never seemed to falter. Finally, after a particularly close day that brought us to an hour's run, I had to make the only offer I could. "Let me go back to them Oluth. I don't know what my husband will do to me, but he will not bother pursuing you any longer if he does not need to." "Do not be so simple, Ailara." He boomed back. "You belong to me. I would not have it any other way." His loud snort told me the conversation was over. But that didn't stop me from sneaking out of the camp that night. I had gotten perhaps a half an hour away when I was ambushed from the front. I had planned to run into my husband's soldiers who would only take me captive, not be murdered before I got there! "I'll Scream!" I threatened. "Like I haven't heard that before." Oluth's deep voice betrayed him as he and Saela came out of the underbrush. "What do you think you are doing?" I stamped my foot, my erect-nippled breasts (blasted cold) undulating beneath my dress. "I told you. I'm turning myself in. How did you know I'd left?" Saela pointed at one of her enormous pointed ears. "These aren't just for looks, ya know." She explained, and then added, "Hey Oluth? Since she ran away, can I suck on her titties all night as punishment? You know other girls make her uncomfortable." Oluth laughed as he scooped me up, carrying me effortlessly as he strode back to camp. Apparently she had his consent. * * * I woke up the next morning, having to pry a sleeping Saela's lips from my sore left nipple. The right one was sore too...she had made good on her threat and spent the entire night painting my leviathan breasts with her tongue and nursing on the nipples. The little elf was fascinated by them, probably because her own kind just never came so well equipped. I contemplated running again, but instead laid out rations for everyone like some sort of peasant servant. What had this Myrnotaur done to me that I'd become so submissive? Ah right, he'd marked me for his own by utterly dominating me with his massive cock and heavy, heavy balls. How could I forget? Ever North we went, colder and colder,

faster and faster. If there was ever a time I resented Oluth for losing my wardrobe, it was now. To my own revulsion I found myself cuddling up to whichever girl Oluth was not plowing at night, trying hard to keep warm. The Great Bull seemed unperturbed by the lowering temperature, and if the always scantily clad Talitanitia had any objections, she would never show them. It was after two weeks of this that we finally encountered something new. It was late at night, though we had not yet made camp. They stirred in the darkness, shapes, large and looming, though quiet somehow as they stalked closer. Myrnotaurs! It was so odd to see others like Oluth, I'd come to think of him as the only one of his kind, and my eyes were somewhat pleased to see that he stood a little taller and was a little better muscled than those that approached. I also took note of their fur loincloths; they could NOT be as large as Oluth and conceal what they possessed behind those shorter garments. I didn't just have a Minotaur, I had the best Minotaur. But perhaps this was not the case. As they approached Oluth first made an odd gesture, swinging his elbow in front of him to slap it into an open palm with a fierce clap, then keeping this connection he outstretched an open hand. "Well Met." He rumbled. Then, "I, of course, surrender." Our jaws dropped as the 8 Myrnotaurs surrounded us, roughly pressed us together around Oluth, and herded us, like cattle into the night. * * * I do not know, dear reader, what it was that I had expected us to find in the Northern Myrnotaur lands. Mighty cities? Looming castles? Preposterous, of course. These were tribal people, and it would not be reasonable to expect that creatures so large *could* have as many people as humankind, how could they make enough food to support them all? We wandered the large village, dozens of huts and a few larger structures dotted the landscape. I took note of the Myrnotaurs who wandered, all inferior to Oluth in my eyes. I caught only glimpses of women through windows or open doorways. They were smaller, and all seemed to group up, much as we were forced into grouping now. Their eyes were larger and their horns smaller, and a little part of me was horrified at the arrangement of their torsos, each was adorned with four heavy breasts, an anatomical difference that made my skin crawl. The ones escorting us brought us at last to an undignified little building, sort of like a barn, heavy wooden planks to be slotted from the outside after we were lead in: We were prisoners! Talitanitia moved perhaps a quarter inch to resist, but Oluth only had to touch her hand and look at her to let her know to hold back. We all stood in the dim a moment, taking in the simple hay piles that served as our only furniture and apparently food. I stamped my foot. "WHAT GOOD IS THIS!? WE'LL ROT HERE!" Oluth put hand over my mouth, and another fondled my breasts, casually reminding me who I belonged to. "No we shall not. Aryth will not be able to sleep in good conscience if he attempts to end me. Killing me is not enough. He needs to know he's best." "Just what is all this about?" Asked Saela, who seemed to expect some sort of boring and lengthy exposition. He did not disappoint her, taking a deep breath, heavy with sadness as he began. "Each generation of my people is guided by a single Patriarch. An Alpha male. A Herd Leader. The Herd Leader is meant to be endowed by three qualities which prove his worthiness. He is the strongest, he is the best suited for breeding, and he has the wisdom to guide our people. For as long as our people remember, the individual with these qualities has always been obvious almost from birth." "Surely it's you!" I could not bear the thought of Oluth being inferior. "Of course it is. He snorted." Then, almost looking guilty he added. "Well, maybe. Almost certainly." He sighed again.

“Our generation was marred by a curse of sorts. Unlike humankind or other animals, twins amongst our people are exceedingly rare. Aryth and I were the first to be born of the Herd Leader’s bloodline simultaneously.” “Is he just like you?” Talitanitia asked, eyes in the distance, seeming to fantasize a moment. Oluth shook his head. “No. But we seem to have split the attributes of leadership. Aryth is unquestionably my better in raw strength. But I could breed him under the table.” The three of us tittered at the Great Bull’s declaration, the mental image this statement conjured surely not the one he’d intended. He silenced us with a glare, or at least drove our giggles into hiding behind our hands. “ANYWAY. The third quality, the wisdom to lead, is the one in question. Aryth felt that by banishing me, he had proved his superior wisdom. In returning with you, with Talitanitia’s training, Saela’s cunning, and Lady Ailara’s....” He paused a long time causing me to scowl. “...Endurance, I mean to reclaim the throne that should be mine by birthright.” What did that mean? I shuddered to think, but didn’t have much time as Saela and ‘Tia began to roll quite literally in the hay together. Shrugging my clothes off, I joined the pile of fuckflesh. In the absence of our host providing us entertainment, we made our own. * * * The next morning we were awoken by light pouring into the cell, the contingent of guards who’d seen us in now beckoned us out. Again we wended our way through the strange village, passing a small sort of marketplace where it seemed only vegetables and dairy products were sold. The latter fascinated me; this race of cow-people selling their own milk. “Disrobe.” A gravelly voice commanded from group of guards. I blinked and shook my head a moment. We’d stopped in front of a hot spring on the outskirts of the hut circle. The four of us slipped in, sighing comfortably as the warm water greeted us. A couple of the guards took particular note of the way my enormous breasts floated out into a vast cleavage as I settled down. “She may only have two, but they sure make up for it, don’t they?” One said as he elbowed his friend, the other sniggering in agreement. Blushing to my forehead I used both hands to push down, drowning my girls beneath the surface. I dreaded the idea of coming out of the water for fear of the cold, but found to my surprise that the warmth of the water clung to me long after I emerged, making the process of redressing far less daunting. Then we were being marched again, this time to that largest of central huts, the four of them stopping just outside so that we might trickle in. * * * This place as adorned with fine furs, many torches, and a central fire place, giving soft pleasant warmth that befit what seemed the grandest place in this humble village. At the far end of the room, flanked by more guards, was a large throne that seemed made of bones, though from what creature I could not say. In this white seat of power, sat a Myrnotaur that gave me a start! He was like Oluth in almost every way, from the tint of his skin to the shape of his horns, but also different. Impossibly, he made my Minotaur seem almost more lean and cut. His muscles were vast and bulged like fat cables from his frame. Where Oluth had once heaved a fountain with ease onto my boat, this brute looked as if he might have simply flung such a trifle across the water with ease, no boat needed. He also bore a number of scars, many of them seeming to leave evidence of having been gored. Did Oluth’s own people ram one another like goats in heat? “Aryth.” Oluth rumbled, lowering his head just slightly to regard his twin. Aryth’s voice was just as deep, though his tones crisper. One thing was clear: Oluth made him nervous. “You’re back. Do you mean to win me over with these pleasurlings?” He eyed the three of us. “Because you may

have.” He added, smirking. I stomped forward, “I am LADY Ailara!” I scolded. “What do you mean...pleasureling!?” Despite the contention that hung in the air, both Myrnotaur brothers chuckled. But Oluth recognizing the impudent rage setting into my features volunteered an answer. “Our cows are for breeding with. Breeding is a right only allowed to the Herd Leader, and to those granted the opportunity as a reward for service to the Herd.” Aryth gave the rest, “Your kind on the other hand, the pink, soft, small kind, cannot bear our young, and so you are anyone’s for the purpose of pleasure.” “You keep slaves!?” Saela’s voice was high and frightened. “No.” Rumbled Oluth. Again Aryth finished his thought, “Of course not. We are not monsters. Pleasurelings are not in the Herd often... with THREE of you my brother has proven an amazing gift for providing for the Herd.” “Three is nothing.” Oluth cut in. “As we speak two waves of invasion approach us.” Aryth cocked his head, eyeing Oluth apprehensively. “The first, soldiers who seek to reclaim the annoying, noisy one.” I scowled. “But. Give me the throne that is mine by right, and I will guide us through that battle. If we can survive, the second wave is an army of pleasurelings who have been following us for weeks.” “Even if I did believe you,” Aryth started, something in his tone betraying the fact that he clearly did, “You have not proven yourself worthy of this seat.” “I CHALLENGE YOU!” Oluth growled. “I ACCEPT!” Aryth replied, launching to his feet. The two strode solemnly from the central hut and walked together to the town square. A huge crowd of Myrnotaurs had gathered, probably the entire village and they moved with the brothers, clearing a space. An Elder moved forward flanked by a dozen other males, who all spoke in unison, a sort of songless chorus that I could only find irritating. “Let the storytellers note, that on this day, Oluth and Aryth had their first official contention for the throne, a question left unanswered for three cycles, who is truly fit to rule. First they fought in a demonstration of might! Then they fought in a demonstration of breeding prowess! Then it shall be decided who among them is a more worthy contestant of Wisdom! For the Herd!” “FOR THE HERD!” The whole crowd echoed to the chorus. Then Oluth punched Aryth, and it was, as peasants may say, “on”. * * * For me, the battle was terrifying and alluring at once. Two gorgeous creatures locked in muscle-enhancing struggle. It was a fistfight and a wrestling match and something else altogether at once. I thrilled at the way Oluth’s vast biceps clenched into discs or his abdominal muscles rippled with raw, tight strength. But at the same time I could not help but cringe at every time he was struck, or scratched by an errant horn. However, in watching the struggle, I came to understand the specific nature of what he and Talitanitia had been practicing each night as we’d traveled. He was not merely learning to use more finesse to go along with his great might, but also learning how to use them against an opponent with even more. I saw now that much of his concentration was not on his ham-sized-fists, but rather on his feet. They moved and danced with grace, always taking whatever momentum was pressed upon them and guiding it to a new direction, always unbalancing and evading Aryth. The Herd Leader had no chance against his twin usurper. Oluth spun and danced and struck blow, after blow, finally leaving a groaning Aryth on his knees with both hands up in surrender, unable to protect himself from the feathering of jabs and crosses and hooking punches. The elder strode forward and lifted Oluth’s arm as the audience erupted into applause. Whether this was merely the custom, or a true reflection of their disdain for Aryth was not clear to me. Surprisingly, Aryth stood

and embraced Oluth in a tight hug, though some mix of shame and fatigue were etched onto his bovine features. The he stepped back to address the crowd, “Now we rest. Tomorrow...we BREED!” And again the audience made a great roar. Oh, dear reader, what we were in for. * * * This night was a sharp contrast to the one before it. Instead of being locked in a horrid hay barn, we were honored guests in the main hut. First, we were bathed again in the fine hot springs and wrapped in thick furs. Oluth’s people, unsurprisingly, did not trade in leather, but were not above raising some sheep and other strange beasts, long necks with silly faces. We sat in a large circle on a huge fleece rug, and were served. Plate after steaming plate of exotically spiced dishes came out. Vegetables, potatoes, cheeses and milks. It was only now I realized that I’d never seen Oluth eat any meat. I ate eagerly and washed all down with tall glasses of wine and mead. Saela grew red-faced and giggly—well, more-so—and Talitanitia made the mistake of trying to drink against me. I do not get drunk. As we languished in the aftermath of our gluttony, there were entertainments. Slender bovine maidens undulated before us, as tempting as such strange creatures could make themselves. Young males were next, proudly staging mock battles, seeming to vie for the affections of the previous act. The Elder came forth next, and told strange stories of the Tribe’s history. They were odd metaphors mostly, how great creatures had died to become the topography of the land, how adversities too great to be real were conquered in the name of tribal survival. The only legends I believed were of the greatest Herd-leaders of old; if they had been anything like Oluth, they deserved the amount of praise. After all was said and done, we slept in a pile...A drunken ‘Tia, a tipsy Saela, and a sober me all tried to arouse Oluth but he only pushed us away, rumbling “Tomorrow” as he wrapped us all in his great arms for sleep. * * * We slept late the following day, until the Elder came to rouse us from our pile of limbs and furs. We dressed and bathed, and then stood around awkwardly for a few minutes. This time instead of the elder bringing us to town, the town sort of came for us. The entire herd, at least of a certain age, came to stand within the confines of the vast hut and ringed the rooms several times. “Disrobe!” The Elder commanded, to thunderous applause. I swallowed hard, and shed my dress as Saela and ‘Tia did the same. I found myself very nervous expected to “perform” in front of this crowd as though I were a mere peasant bard or dancer. Oluth’s humongous prick drew an audible gasp from the crowd as he shed his loincloth and revealed it. Soft it hung over his huge, smooth balls, dangling powerfully from his legs. Already Aryth looked worried. But he was not shy, and stripped his own cloth, and revealed his own already-hard cock. While the crowd seemed less impressed somehow, I certainly was. Easily 18 inches long or more, it jutted up from his waist, throbbing as the many thick veins coursed blood through it. His balls were impressive too, easily the size of large oranges in their low-slung sack. He pumped a hand along his thick member and sneered powerfully over it. A few of the women in the crowd now were tracing their hands along their breasts or gingerly rubbing at their slits. “The Elf!” Aryth commanded, pointing his finger and cock at Saela. Trembling she approached him. Oluth took Talitanitia and me, and drew us to our knees before his humongous tool. ‘Tia seemed to know something of showman ship and did a curious thing. She seized his soft half-yard length just below the head and slung it beneath my left tit. Puzzled I watched as she used the great cock to lift my entire breast high, emphasizing both the size of my tits and his

dick at the same time, and then she leaned in to begin messily kissing and licking the head of him. The crowd murmured its approval, and I watched, apprehensive as all manner of cocks, 8, 10, or even 14 inches long hardened all over the room. Her tongue swabbed my nipples every few slurps just to keep me interested. My hands were not idle though, I seized each his impossibly big balls in a hand and ground them into her chest, rubbing her huge milk-bladders with the heavy spunk pods, indenting them with vast expanses of nutmeat, tugging and massaging the huge nuts as I worked. Aryth meanwhile, was playing to his strengths, or more precisely, his strength. With one effortless hand he lifted and flipped Sacla over, letting her legs scissor into a split before him as he dove down to assault her small gaping snatch with his big tongue. His other hand was on his cock, which he was using to gently, yet firmly, bat her face every which way where it hung upside-down below. Each of her horny whimpers from the skillful licking was met with the wet slap of his big fat cock, chasing her cheeks and forehead no matter which way she moved her head. Rudely he gathered his balls up in his hand and smacked them too against her, then crammed one into her mouth, totally stopping her face up. The crowd gasped, as it this moment her little cunny began to geyser like a hot spring up into the air, spraying his face and a few admiring myrnotaurs. He was good! Now 'Tia had surrendered my breast and Oluth's cock. The two of us were working with a semi-rigid organ now, letting it bob gracefully between us as we slurped our tongues in rapid, worship, skillfully managing to avoid colliding heads as we passed each other along the vast highway of Oluth's bullhood. We met, making eye contact at his dangling scrotum, each of us hornily moaning as we slurped in a sack-stuffing seed-maker. It had felt so odd to go even one night without tasting Oluth's balls, the sensation now was truly a delight, hence our happy noises, audible to crowd even with our mouths plugged with nut meat. 'Tia decided to do a little of her trademark domineering of me next, pulling my face into her vast cleavage and jiggling her chest so that I was rocked with tsunami-like tit-rippled that threatened to redden my cheeks. At the same time, she sucked deep, demonstrating skillfully for the crowd that she could sink more of Oluth into her throat than his brother even had meat to offer, taking perhaps two full feet of him, but letting his girth and length trigger her loud gag reflex to the delight of the onlookers. Here she demonstrated HER Bull's size and superiority, even before her amazing talents. I pulled back from her tits to worship Oluth's balls from beneath as he sawed in-and-out of her face, reveling in the moisture and slobber and sweat as they slapped across my upturned face. Oluth was so aroused now, the crowd could see his thick veins not only pulsing out along the shaft of his cock, but actually indented outward through Talitanitia's cheeks as well, the massive crawling network could be traced even into her deep, gurgling throat. Suddenly the roar of the crowd was split with the sound of Sacla's piercing wail! Aryth had just entered her, holding her by one ankle next to her ear, the other cupping her ass behind a foot that pointed towards the floor. She was squirming and thrashing to accommodate him, for even though Oluth had prepared her for this sort of thing many times, one never quite gets used to a Minotaur's cock inside them! Aryth grunted and humped, putting on a fine show for the audience, his muscles tense as his hips bucked, buttocks and arms flexing, feeding the little elf foot after foot of dick, in and out, not quite all inside her. Sacla's Sylvan juices were ever flowing, leaking out of her as he withdrew and blasting out in nasty splats each time her

pounded in, her glittering girlcream rolling down his cock in sheets, pooling in the folds of his scrotum, dripping from his balls. I had to fight hard my strong urge to go and clean them for him with my tongue, but I felt it best to not hurt Oluth's chances by letting my lust for this interloper show through. Still, what a gorgeous body and cock the brother had, one could not help but marvel at the display. Oluth did not seem nervous though, roaring arrogantly as he finally pulled his cock from 'Tia's slobber-flooded maw in a spray of thick slobbery tendrils. "Not bad brother, but if you can still hear her at all, you have not made her pitch go nearly high enough yet!" The crowd laughed at his....—oh dear, do I dare write this—'Boner mot', and then gasped in amazement as he lifted Talitanitia's massive form above his head and speared her roughly onto his enraged organ. Her bare pussylips were spread so wide in the onslaught that one worried she would simply keep spreading until she split or filled the room. The Amazon's pitch could have matched Saela's, which was impressive considering their difference in size and vocal range to begin with, her normally contralto ululation become something above soprano. And this was not the only mouth giving praise to Oluth; her pussy dumped such a mighty squirt of rich juice upon the floor, that it spilled to the edge of the circle of onlookers. If the audience had been impressed by the veritable rain Aryth had drawn from such a small Syphaerel, truly they would have to be utterly flabbergasted that so much liquid could pour from anyone at all, regardless of size. The great Bull's balls swung forth with such speed on that first impaling thrust, their weight connecting with my face was enough to knock me right on my back, splashing in the puddle of sauce the two had just created. Now, fucking in earnest the two bulls moved together, and to my astonishment literally locked horns, eyes glaring at one another as they all-but-ignored the women they were practically fucking to demise. Saela and 'Tia found themselves pressed together, helplessly hugging another as cry after cry was torn from their throats, their pussies gushing almost as one beneath. I struggled to take my feet and only found myself on my knees, bludgeoned solidly back and forth by the two huge ball sacks that swung two and fro. Sometimes they were at an even tempo, and I was veritably crushed from all sides by monumental nut meat, yet at others they beat alternating staccatos against me. Do not get me wrong, dear reader, I was not suffering greatly at the hands of this impressive quadruple-ball-beating, but I could not take my feet or balance either. I was merely a target, sloshing on my knees in great draughts of pussy porridge, battered in all directions by ceaselessly swinging sacks of studly fuck-stone. Finally Aryth's balls stopped swatting me, freeing my body to be mercifully knocked tits first to the ground by Oluth's unstoppable Gonads. When I pulled my face from a pool of girlcream that tasted more like Saela than 'Tia (something I'd have never known before my travels!) and looked up, I saw this was because Aryth was cumming, roaring loudly as his huge nuts tensed up and blasted away, Saela's belly visibly bulging out with each shot, the copious overload clearly filling her up. She could only respond with her own thrashing orgasm, at times hitting that un-hearable pitch that Oluth spoke of, though I'm certain I heard a far-away dog barking. When Aryth finally pulled her up to free his still-hard cock, she shuddered orgasmically, her pussy almost turning inside-out as it tugged from his prickhead. When it was unplugged at least, it simply emptied, what seemed three or four gallons of spunk and sparkling sylvan lube simply dropped from her temporarily cavernous cunt, right onto my startled head. By the

time I was done blinking it from my eyes, Aryth was greedily reaching for me, still engorged cock like tempered steel. I drew in a great breath as I braced myself for what was to come, the air so thick with the intoxicating scent of sex now that I feared my nose might somehow become impregnated. Aryth brought me to his throne, perhaps making some sort of point of his claim to it, and bent me right over one of the arms, plunging himself abruptly into my wet snatch. Of course *I* was dripping, but in truth, I'd have been just as wet from sliding around in the glistening output of Saela and 'Tia that I'd been sloshing around in. Even though he was not quite so large as Oluth, and even though I was very ready for him, I couldn't help but give a little gasping shout as he speared in. I had to give him point for technique, his head went straight to my G-spot and practically slapped against it inside of me. I immediately blasted his balls with a nasty gout of my premium quality cunt sauce in response! This one worked his hips skillfully. He fed my pussy different amounts of cock with each stroke, yet somehow the best part always kept tight friction with my most sensitive inner place. Across the room I saw Oluth had changed up positions with 'Tia to one of their favorites, she held diagonal to the floor, ankles twisted around one of his trunk-like thighs as he speared down into her again and again, gripping her hips tightly to stop her from sliding away in the girlspunk splash-zone. From behind, Saela was diligently worshipping his bull-balls, stuffing her mouth with one while the other swung free, occasionally slapping her cheeks with a watery sound. Aryth pussy-coring fuck style had me coming almost constantly, and I'd long since lost track by the time he pulled out and flipped me over, bending me backwards across both arms of the throne. He fucked me this way too, demonstrating no less knowledge of where my cunt was most sensitive, and added his big hands to the mix, mauling my poor titties like some peasant-trash girl's. But I wasn't stopping him, the greedy fondling only created a lay-line of pure pleasure connecting my nipples to my clit and I could have filled a canoe with the sheer torrent of my cream that blasted into his lap. Finally he pulled out and walked around to my head. Putting one foot next to my face he proceeded to mount my torso, cramming his humongous cock between my gigantic, swollen tits. As he pumped away, he was almost sitting on his balls where they were parked on my lips and eyes and nose, rolling the sweaty spheres that were still gooey with my juice all of my face, almost suffocating me as he tiffucked away, faster and faster. Finally he had to cum, and this time he demonstrated more openly for the crowd what he was capable of, pulling the long length from between my wobbling breasts one more time he aimed at my mouth and stroked, roaring as his second orgasm blasted forth. It WAS an impressive load, that fact could not be denied. Shot after heavy shot plowed into my mouth, filling me to the stomach on the very first shot, then overwhelming with each that followed. My slick tits jiggled and smacked together as I writhed and squirmed beneath the deluge, fighting hard to breathe. When perhaps 20 volleys had hit home he was done, his cock flagging to semi-hard status. Despite the fact that he'd finished his ball-emptying blasts, I was left for several moments desperately trying to empty my lungs and unthroat his thick sperm, coughing glucking, gagging, gargling and guzzling a seemingly endless supply of the stuff until I was finally breathing air again. When I came to, I first saw Oluth, STILL fucking the very soul out of Talitanitia, her humongous breasts clapping together with a resounding splash as she bounced up and down on him, he sitting back on his haunches now, pumping and humping himself into her,

almost 3 quarters of his cock now vanished inside the lusty Amazon. Saela was not idle, and busied herself devouring the largish clit that stuck out, engorged betwixt 'Tia's netherlips. Saela made a real meal of it, and the audience could no doubt see the long trails of pearly liquid that stretched and snapped each time the Elf moved her head reluctantly away. Oluth's balls would occasionally rise and strike Saela's gooey chin as she slathered away with her tongue and lips. An impatient Aryth crossed in front of them, standing with his legs on either side of Saela, perhaps not wanting to wait for his next victim. He savagely slapped his semi-hard dong across the bouncing breasts that bobbed before him, whacking them into unusual orbits along their already chaotic axis with his heavy dick. Then he had 'Tia's hair in hand and was cramming himself into her face, seemingly shocked as she took every last inch of him into her throat, snaking her long tongue down to lavish punishment on his balls where they met her chin. My eyes darted to Oluth's face, then to his brother's balls and back again, though what I was seeking I wasn't sure. Oluth only smiled at me and nodded, giving me permission I didn't realize that I'd even been seeking and I moved to his brother, locking my face to the backs of his nuts, sharing them with the cockstuffed maw of 'Tia's. Bringing myself to a little more command, I hooked a finger into 'Tia's mouth, pulling her thick lower lip down so that I could push Aryth's big left ball into her mouth with my tongue. I was impressed at how much her face could handle, given that now it was home to an absurdly huge cock, a gigantic ball, and two tongues that fought over both. Finally unable to resist, Saela rose from the Amazon's clit and begin to suck Aryth's monster right milk-maker, the three of us now fully engaged in worshipping Oluth's brother's balls. I don't know if it was the fact that Oluth kicked things into a higher gear, or the sight of three beauties so utterly indulging in shameless cock worship, or perhaps the impressive wads of girlcream that started pumping from 'Tia's packed pussy, or the slobber that ran in rivulets from her mouth, but whatever it was, Oluth finally had his first orgasm, roaring in orgiastic triumph as 'Tia's womb ballooned outward. She could only half-moan and half-gag around the fuckstick and nut she was mouthing, but the impressive result was clear; if Saela had looked pregnant when engorged with Aryth's cum-load, 'Tia looked as though she was about to give birth to quadruplets. It was all Oluth could do to push her to her knees before Aryth and stand as the rest of his awesome nutload spewed out, spackling the back of her head and ass in his formidable fucksauce with a few more jerks of both hands. Saela and I abandoned Aryth's dangling scrotum with a matched pair of popping noises as his balls escaped our lips, and moved in to sooth Oluth's. Whether we feared they might have been injured by expelling such a mighty orgasm, or simply wanted to reward the majestic display I could not say, but sooner we were double-teaming each nut in turn, trying to cover the whole of them with our lusty lips, reveling in the drippings from his cock that flowed down his shaft and basted his balls, as well as our horny sucking faces. Aryth pulled 'Tia aside, parting the crowd to put her back to the wall, pumping his hips violently. It was clear what he wanted: To make the proud Amazon submit before his size and strength, to elicit a choke or gag, or even make her throat release some of the precum and slobber he was packing in. But to no Avail, she only sucked his entire cock, taking thrust after thrust with gusto, even moving her head forward to give him greater depth as his nuts pounded her jaw, throat and chin with each hammer home. Finally he began to seem frustrated, and pulled out at an awkward angle,

pulling her whole head with him as he withdrew. Angrily he gave her cheek one wet smack with his glistening shaft, leaving her more than a little dazed looking, and then lifted her large body with ease by the hips, pinning her to the wall. He poised his cock at her entrance, and plunged vengefully inwards. Saela and I had moved onto Oluth's cock. Together we made a sort envelope for it slide between, our lips almost touching as his crowned head moved back and forth between our slobber mouths. Our hands worked together to massage and soothe the enormous balls that had just serviced Talitanitia so well, thanking them for their effort and encouraging them to regroup in a thousand slutty hand gestures just for them. Finally Oluth seized the supple little elf and split her flexible legs as wide as they could go, she was in an absurd split now, each ankle by her ears, her back to him, tiny pussy a pre-pulverized sacrifice about to be impaled on his monstrous cock. Incredibly, he used her odd position, and literally SPUN her down his cock, leaning back slightly to avoid a kick from either of her upside-down feet as she opened her mouth to scream. Aryth seemed to fuck into Talitanitia with increased frustration, no doubt caused by witnessing the truth of Oluth's earlier words: Saela's mouth was open, her breasts were heaving as she drew breath, her face was a mask of unmatchable pleasure, yet no sound could be heard. Her screams were literally too high-pitched for our ears to hear. I shook my head in amazement, and returned to what seemed my perpetual role as a dirty ball-slave, cleaning his nasty nuts' every crevice as they swung and pumped away into the still-spinning elf. The whole hut shook now, the audience split between watching Oluth corkscrew-fuck the tiny Saela and the wall-quaking pounds of Aryth driving his thick rod into Talitanitia. The latter was amazing, the sturdy construction of the hut literally getting indented with an imprint of her ass, thighs, and shoulders. As he raged away, there was soon a pair of indents where his balls were slapping the wall beneath, and most incredibly, large semi-spheres of pressure beaten to either side of her. This was from the splaying of her humongous tits, slapping together and then swinging wide enough to hit the wall behind her! I shuddered to think of the seismic damage her ravaged cunt must be getting, but all of her shudders to match mine were clearly in pleasure, she almost sobbed as she screamed out to Gods I had never even heard of. Oluth spun Saela for several long moments, her pussy streaking juices out like the ornate fountain I'd purchased the day I'd bought the Myrnotaur. In time he seemed to tire of this though, and arrested her motion, against seizing her ankles and bending her downwards. Now he stretched her legs long against either side of his hips, simply entering her with one long slow push, her convulsing form clearly getting perhaps a climax per inch with each moment. He held it there, turning slowly to show every member of the gathered throng the indent his cock was making in her, the bulge almost between her breasts it penetrated so deep. Sweat poured from the little elf now, dripping from her prone form to mingle in the veritable lake of juices that was on the floor now. Aryth Growled deeply and finally pulled out of 'Tia as he began to go off, this time aiming perhaps 30 massive shots at her titanic tits, making the poor bruised baubles bounce out of control from the impact of each white salvo as it slammed home. By the time he was done, the Amazon looked veritably glued to the wall, thick webs of cum connecting every part of her to every other part, and to the vast pool beneath. Scowling down at his now limp-prick, he walked over to me and began whipping me with his cock, angrily knocking me in either direction, my already

ball-bruised cock-beaten form aching tenderly with each blow of his vast meat-hammer. The room was spinning now, and I could barely keep my vision straight as Oluth finally dumped Saela from his cock and began to pour a double-balled load on her prone form. As she rolled and reveled in the long streamers he blasted her with, he carefully aimed, covering every last part of her form, pounding his rod in both fists as it vomited blast after blast of thick spoooge. Finally, after perhaps forty vast sprays and hosings, his wad subsided. I blinked a moment, still taking harsh cockslaps every which way I turned, realizing that it was not my vision that was the problem. Oluth had literally submerged Saela in the bathtub of his cum, her hand rose from the liquid leaving a thick rope behind as it stretched to help her sit up from the vast cum bathtub she was now sitting in. Saela shook her head in amazement and spent several moments wiping come from her face and body in thick sheets. Oluth finally crossed to me, his still hard cock throbbing with steel rigidity, grabbing my ass with that possessive dominance of his. Aryth helplessly crammed his nuts all over my face again, still trying to return life to his spent member, but was helpless to only teabag me and watch as Oluth pushed himself inside me, fucking me into his brother's ball sack. The girls were not idle though. Saela and 'Tia moved to worship Aryth's cock now, doing all they could to try to revive him as Oluth fucked me deep and hard. Soon his fucking was so fast and powerful that great rippling waves of cum and girlcream that lined the floor literally blasted out in concentric circles, bathing the audience in our juices in vast sheets. Oluth fucked me faster and harder than he ever had. Faster than when I was augmented by Valsivale's magic. Faster than in his competition with the Satyr. My world become nothing but a face-full of nutsack and the sensations my pussy was going through, endless back flips of pleasure and pain that only resulted in more cum to spill out of me time and time again, my little quim doing all it could to simply survive this unholy assault of yard-long cock. Aryth hung his head in defeat and pulled back to his throne when Oluth finally pulled out of me to coat all three women in his opulent loads. "You win." Growled Aryth. "I'm not done yet." Oluth responded. He gave each of another incredible fuck for the rest of the whole day until the moon was high, each of us sucking him off as paused. Even though Aryth did eventually get aroused again, he could only masturbate and watch in awe of Oluth's prowess. When all was said and done, we rested in a huge heap, making angels in cum that was spread upon the floor. Before I drifted off completely I heard the brothers talk again. "You have improved vastly since I left." Oluth said acknowledging his brother's impressive, if not quite so overwhelming performance. "Not as much as you. These pleasurelings have done more for you than I could have ever hoped to learn. You are Herd Leader now. Guide our people with strength and passion and wisdom, Oluth." "I shall." Oluth nodded solemnly. "Tomorrow we face the soldiers and... 'Admirers'... who have been pursuing me." "And Oluth..." Aryth added before moving elsewhere to retire. "Thank you. I fought bitterly to rule, and I was a fool to do so. It has worn heavily on me ever since. I should have known it was your right all along to be our king." "How could you have known?" Oluth protested. "The gods granted you the scepter, brother." Aryth chuckled. As I drifted into dream, I wondered how my Minotaur would handle the oncoming hordes.