

HARDCORE FUTTA EROTICA

*Bobbi
🌸 Mare*

CONQUERED

**BY
THE
FUTA
CENTAURS**



Conquered by the Futa Centaurs

Bobbi Mare

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Conquered by the Futa Centaurs

Prologue

“Barrow, please.” My mother grabbed at my jerkin, tearing a new hole in the worn, threadbare fabric. I heard it tear even further as she shook me. “Do not do this, Barrow. I haven’t loved you, kept you, preserved you all these years just to lose you a gods’ forsaken war!”

Quietly, I led her away from the other families who were sharing their own tearful farewells. I’d been conscripted, just like every other man in the village, but I had no intention of throwing my life away in a futile campaign against the last Hydra Queen, even if the wizards and their mage-fire had reduced her to just five heads.

Those monstrous heads could still take out multiple squads of conscripted farm boy fodder while the fancy-ass, robe-wearing, wand-waving wizards cast their magic from a safe distance.

“Mother,” I whispered. “I don’t have a choice in the going, but I do have a choice in where.” I took her into my arms so that I could whisper in her ear. If anybody got wind of my plans, the General would gut me here and now as an example to everyone else. “It’s said two campaigns are staging beyond the valley. We’re to gather in the valley for training and outfitting, before being divided for battle.” I quickly looked around to ensure nobody was listening. “Instead of those heading north to fight the Hydra Queen, I plan to slip myself into the ranks of those marching east.”

“What does it matter in which war you fight?” She pulled away and pounded her fists against my chest. “Do you think I care whether you die beneath the mountains or by the sea?”

I grasped those hands, still soft and warm despite decades of working our Lord’s laundry, and pulled her back to me. She smelled so clean, so sweet, I wondered if I’d be able to remember that smell on the battlefield, surrounded by the stench of steaming intestines and voided bowels. Hers was the smell of life and love, so very different from the stench of death that awaited me out there.

“The war I go to fight,” I told her quietly, “is not the King’s.”

Her eyes widened in understanding. I saw a tear run down her cheek. “You’re a good boy, Barrow. This is not how I wanted you to make that journey, not how I wanted you to meet my Queen.” She paused to smile. She ran her hand over my hairless chin and down my smooth throat. “But I’m proud of you.”

“It won’t be an easy campaign,” I told her. “It’s to be a long slog through the marshes and forests before we reach the edge of the forbidden grasslands.” I took her face in my hands and tried to memorize its shape by feel. “You taught me well, Mother, and I shall stick to my vows.” I counted them off on my fingers. “Shoot always from the head, never the heart. Aim always to save a life, never to take one.”

“Hold mercy in the bowstring, compassion in the bow, and understanding in the hand.” She finished my mantra with a sniff.

“I will not be a weapon of war,” I promised her. “I will not fight against friends and family, but I also will not betray our kin or their ways.” With a kiss to her forehead, I stood from the bench. “It is a fine line I must walk, and I cannot promise you it won’t be dangerous, but I pledge to keep the Herd safe . . . and to keep my heart and soul intact.”

“See that you do, Barrow McCabe.” Her tears gave the lie to the forced smile on her face, but at least she tried. “Take with you my love and my words. Remember those words, my child, and you will be welcomed as befitting your parentage.”

“Votre hongre est prêt à être monté.” I smiled. “Since I may be marching off to my death, are you ready to tell me what it means?”

“You’ll understand when the time comes,” she promised. “Not before.”

Chapter One

It was the night before a battle. After weeks of marching, my desertion was almost upon me.

As for my betrayal, I'd been discreetly working on that for the past three nights.

I'm not proud of it, for the men I was placing at risk were no more responsible for the situation than I, but I'd been quietly sabotaging my fellow soldiers. For three nights I'd cut bowstrings, cracked staves and spears, and salted swords. I had done nothing to armor or helmets, nothing to prevent the men from protecting themselves, but I'd curtailed their ability to harm others.

My actions of this afternoon had come close to crossing a line. We all moaned about how camp slop may as well have been dredged from the latrine but, thanks to my exchange of buckets, today that was half true. I hadn't replaced all the slop, but for every three buckets I'd filled from the water trough, I'd filled one from the latrine.

I wasn't looking to kill anyone by fouling the water.

I just hoped to make them too sick to march in the morning.

As for me, I didn't need fouling. My insides were already churning with fear. They were rolling with the guilt of my actions.

I felt the three men surrounding me before the snap of a twig announced their presence.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't pretty little faggot Barrow."

That would be Torin, the bruiser who'd already broken three men. He looked like a granite statue left half-done by the sculptor, to which a child had taken a hammer. The ugly brute had been obsessed with me since we left the training field, taking every opportunity to point out how soft and smooth and feminine I looked.

As if that were some kind of insult.

A second voice announced itself with a hiccup, cheap ale heavy on its breath. “We have a little ritual, the night before a battle, and tonight you’re the lucky bitch.” I wasn’t sure of his name, but I knew the voice. This was one of the seasoned veterans with whom they’d seeded our ranks. The kind of man who was supposed to serve as an example, but who proved to be one of entirely the wrong sort.

“Just bend over and take it quietly, Barrow. It’ll be over soon enough.” That voice. That one I knew well. It was Marsden, a young man from my village. I’d known him since we were boys. Until that moment, I’d considered him a friend. Not a close one, mind you, but a friend nonetheless.

I stood to face the three of them. “You’ve got the wrong man,” I told them.

“Hardly matters.” The veteran soldier stepped close. “If you weren’t a cock-loving faggot before, you will be when we’re done with you.”

“Scream and we’ll kill you.” Torin had taken advantage of my distraction to slip behind me. He threw his brawny arms around my chest, pinning them in place. “Keep quiet, and we’ll make this quick.”

“You’re wasting your time,” I told him, refusing to stoke his lust by fighting back. “We’re not compatible.” I knew I was saying too much, but I also knew none of them would understand the significance of what it meant to be compatible. “I’m made for bigger, better things.”

Torin growled, but Marsden stepped forward and pleaded with me. “Just listen to them, please.” He almost sounded apologetic. “We’ll make this quick. Relax and you might even find a little pleasure in it.”

I laughed. “Not even if all three of you could somehow manage to take me all at once.”

“Even a loose faggot is a better fuck than a man’s own hand.” The veteran stepped close enough to thrust his crotch against mine. Quicker than he could follow, I threw my head forward and slammed my forehead into his nose.

“You’re gonna pay for that!” Before Torin could follow through on his threat, I

threw my head back just as quickly. The sound of popping cartilage was almost as sweet as the howl that followed. The big bruiser thrust me away as he brought his hands up to his broken nose.

I used my momentum to rush the veteran, who I could hear choking on the blood running down his throat and forced him into the fire.

While Torin screamed and the veteran rolled, desperately trying to put out the flames, I turned to Marsden. It was funny, in a way, how his betrayal hurt so much when I'd been betraying the entire camp for the last three days, but that was business and this was personal. "Why?" I asked him. I took a step closer, away from the other two men. "If this was that you wanted, you could have just asked."

He recoiled as if I'd slapped him. "Fuck you," he snarled. I knew it. He'd gone along with them to get what he'd always wanted but been too ashamed to ask for. "I convinced them to make this easy for you." He held up soup ladle dangling from his hand. "I even collected warm grease from the dinner pit for lube."

I knocked it from his grasp. It sailed into the fire, where the grease splashed, adding fuel to the veteran's woes.

I took another step forward, taking advantage of Marsden's surprise. I reached down into his breeches at the same time. He was actually rather large for a human, big enough to cause some damage had he'd attempted to rape another soldier, but none of them knew that I was different. I gently grasped his cock through the thick wool. "We could have done this quietly," I whispered, forcing him to lean close. "If you'd only asked," I ran my hand up his cock and slipped my fingers over the waist of his breeches, "this could have all been so very different."

His gasp told me all I needed to know about his intentions, his desires. I felt him thrust into my grasp as I plunged my hand deeper into his pants. I reached down to the base of his shaft. "We could have done this the right way," I whispered. "Instead..."

With that, I grabbed hold of his balls and crushed them in my hand. I may have been one of the smaller men in the ranks, but years of stringing bows and fletching arrows had strengthened my hands in ways that weren't immediately

visible.

It was good to be underestimated.

“Instead,” I twisted and pulled at his balls, “you had to go and be a dick!”

Marsden screamed and howled, but I only squeezed harder.

“And just what in the Hells is going on here?”

I immediately let go. I pulled my hand out of the bastard’s breeches and wiped it on my tunic as I stepped back.

“Just teaching these men to respect what doesn’t belong to them, Captain.”

Captain Komar strolled into the light of the fire. “I think I’ve got a pretty damned good idea of what’s happening here,” he sneered, “and I won’t stand for that kind of nonsense in my army!” He unbuttoned his breeches and began pissing on the veteran, humiliating him even as he put out his flames. “You start sticking it in each other’s asses tonight and you’re one step closer to fucking those horse bitches tomorrow!”

I had to hide a smile.

If only he knew.

Chapter Two

Early the next morning, with the sun just high enough to begin burning off the mists of the valley, we all stood before a very confrontation of a different sort.

"This? This is what you brought us here to do?"

Never had I heard such anger in a fellow soldier's voice. Nordit had berated his fellow soldiers before, and usually with good reason, but he'd always remained firmly in control of himself. He was a hot-headed little man from beneath the mountains, with a heart and soul forged in fire, but his was usually a slow-burning anger. He'd never been so foolish as to challenge anyone above his station, and he'd never demonstrated such honest, heartfelt rage.

And I had never so completely agreed with it, although it shames me to say I kept that thought to myself. Instead, I peered beyond the men and out into the shifting shadows, watching the flicker of what I knew to be scouts in service to the Centauride Herd. I was careful, though, not to bring any more attention to myself than last night's assault had already done.

Nordit's single long red braid hung lifeless and limp over his bad eye as he glared up at our commander. That stare, in and of itself, was a bold enough action, but then he went and threw down his gleaming sword in disgust.

We were all shocked to see him take another step forward, forcing himself into the commander's space. "You want us to fight a village full of women? Lasses who have done nothing more than ask to be left alone?" He deliberately paused, before adding a mocking, "Sir?"

"Yes."

I'd never expected one of my fellow soldiers to snap but, even as worn and tired as we were, it was nothing a good commander couldn't deal with. Captain Komar may have been an arrogant son of a bitch, but he knew how to maintain discipline. There was a none-too-subtle note of contempt in his voice as he asked, "You have a problem with that, do you?" He crossed his arms, making a

show of leaving his sword hand on top as he awaited a response.

"Damn right." Defiant to a fault, Nordit took yet another step forward. "Are you sure you wouldn't prefer an easier target with which to whet your blade?" he spat. "A few wee lads, perhaps?"

A few soft murmurs arose around me, and that appeared to urge him on.

Despite his bluster and bravado at the fire, we'd all heard the rumors about our Lord Komar. We all knew about the unusual number of stable boys and squires leaving his service for that of the church, although I always wondered if they weren't just trading one devil for another. The thing was, those rumors weren't something you spoke aloud, not if you wanted to keep your head.

I sidestepped away from him, putting physical distance between myself and any suggestion of insubordination. I wasn't a soldier. Never had been, and never wanted to be. If only Nordit had kept his mouth shut, perhaps I could have enlisted him as an accomplice in my treason. I didn't want to fight any more than he did, but for reasons of my own.

Captain Komar only raised his thick, black unibrow in response. "Perhaps you'd care to take a stroll down into the valley and have a chat with them," he suggested softly.

The commander was baiting him, but Nordit was smart not to call him on it. Instead, he surprised us all by stepping back. "I think I'll do just that." With a nod to what few friends he had within the squad, none of whom were foolish enough to do more than murmur in response, he turned and headed for the edge of the forest.

Damn. I knew what was coming next, and I refused to have any part of it. I rose to my feet and headed for the edge of camp before the Captain could order me to put an arrow in the back of a man who had done nothing more than voice aloud what we all were feeling.

Nordit stopped at the point where light met shadow. He turned back to face us. "Know this, my Lord. You come marching down there after me and it will be murder." I suppose he thought his stance rather heroic, hands defiantly on his hips, head held proudly erect, sunlight reflecting off his armor.

The truth was, he just made for an easier target.

It was that posture, oddly enough, on which the moment turned.

"You get your coal-fed ass back here now," Captain Komar offered, "and I'll end it quickly." His voice was harsh and grating, the sound of a man chewing on his own rage. "A deserter and a traitor you may be," he accused, "but I am prepared to be merciful."

The entire grasslands had gone silent.

Not a sound to be heard.

We were being watched.

Watched, weighed, and judged.

I turned back to watch myself.

In that deep, authoritative voice of his, Captain Komar promised, "My sword, your head, one swift stroke. It's a far better offer than you'll get from those monstrous bitches below."

Nordit had just enough time to turn his back on the offer before the sound of hooves broke the silence. She was but a shadow in the darkness, a black silhouette that galloped in, scooped him up, and disappeared back into the grass. It happened so quickly that, if you'd blinked, you'd have missed it.

Before confusion could turn to panic, Captain Komar made his move. "All right! Unless anybody else wants to have an intimate chat with the enemy, run that gelding down and teach these women what it means to oppose the rule of man!"

I saw him place a callused hand on the pommel of his sword and the squad was off and running, screaming a garbled mess of battle-cries at the top of their lungs. I snatched up my bow, my quiver never having left my shoulder, and raced through the forest.

Across the creek, I leapt. Down into the valley, I jogged. Over fallen logs and rocks I skipped, careful to watch my head on the branches above. Finally, I paused, having gained the vantage I needed.

With a silent apology for my actions, I prepared to lay down a non-lethal curtain of flint-tipped wood in defense of those who were only following orders. I couldn't kill them any more than I could kill the Centaurides. All I could do was mark the line between the two and hope it held.

"Hold mercy in the bowstring," I reminded myself, "compassion in the bow, and understanding in the hand."

It was what set me apart from butchers like Lord Komar.

Hours later, with the sun cursing us from high above, a lone human voice cried out above the screams of the dying. "Retreat! We have to retreat!"

This was turning into a rout, just as I'd hoped. The sounds of the forest behind me told us we were already surrounded. There would be no returning home from this. There was a fine line between cowardice and surrender, and an even finer one between honor and betrayal, but I knew I was in the right.

I raised a weary arm to draw another arrow and evaluated the scene before me. Archers had taken out two dozen or more of our men the instant we emerged from the trees, and things had only gotten worse from there. Once the battle had been well-and-truly joined, it hadn't taken long for the men I'd betrayed to develop a healthy respect for their foes.

Not that it'd saved them.

No, it was only the chivalrous, those men who laid down their arms before the black beauties thundering across the field, who found themselves snatched off their feet instead of dispatched where they stood.

"Fuck it! Let's get out of here." The archer beside me, a farmer from the delta, snapped his last arrow over this knee. The ugly, lopsided little man scanned the battlefield for an opening. His name escaped me in the heat of the moment, but I recognized him as one of the few conscripts younger than myself. I placed my hand upon his forearm.

"Don't run," I told him. "Walk away and you'll be safe."

Captain Komar and his soldiers were losing badly, a dozen or more men falling for every one of the Herd they managed to take down. They were sorely outnumbered. Just when it looked there might be time to breathe, another beautiful creature galloped in and the fight began anew. I knew the Captain would never admit defeat, especially to an army of monstrous women, but the sight of a single man abandoning the field could be enough to start the rout.

A scant three steps into the woods, and Feldstar - his name suddenly popped into my head - disappeared in a blur of black. Before I could marvel at the sight, having never witnessed the magic of abduction so close, a second blur spun me around, lifted me into the air, and threw me down over the back of one of the Centaurides.

Oddly dizzy and strangely euphoric, I watched my dented helm as it seemed to float to the ground. It half occurred to me to thank my captor for the mercy . . . and then everything went black.

Chapter Three

"Nnnghhh . . ." I grasped feebly for the reality I sensed just beyond my reach.

"Sss . . . sss . . . ssit!" Unable to open my eyes, I brought a battered hand up to my face and tentatively brushed my lips.

"Unnggghhhh!" They were swollen and sore. Speech was nearly impossible. There was just enough of a gap left between them to dry out my mouth as I slept.

Unfortunately, that brief moan of pain seemed to drain what little strength remained, leaving me unconscious, once again adrift in memories of the afternoon that had put me on the path to this very battlefield.

When I awoke from the dream, I still felt like the sole of a mud-raker's boot, but at least I could see. I was inside a building - possibly a cave, judging from the damp chill - surrounded by darkness.

With a little more care than last time, I probed my tender lips and found them better. Still sore, but the odd thing was that touching them seemed to send a jolt of electricity through my body. I slid my finger across them once more - slowly, gently - and shuddered at the thrill.

Tentatively, I probed those same lips with my tongue. Where I expected to encounter the taste of blood, I found something else instead. It was a salty flavor, one that reminded me of warm stables and fresh hay. What it might be, I had no idea. I just hoped it wasn't the puss of a festering infection. I could face any man or monster, but the specter of being cursed in the blood filled me with fear.

I had to leave my lips alone for the moment to stop that train of thought.

Instead, I focused my attention on examining the rest of my body, methodically assessing how oddly it felt to me. The first thing I noticed was the tight bandage wrapped around my throat. Although I couldn't see the color, it felt too smooth,

too fine to be a proper bandage. A lady's scarf, perhaps, commandeered for the occasion? I fumbled around with aching fingers, but I couldn't even begin to remove it. It was no wonder I was having such trouble breathing.

Next, I discovered a similar bandage wrapped about my chest, far tighter than my instincts told me was proper. Woven of the same slippery material as the one around my throat, it too proved beyond my ability to remove. Resigned to that fact, I left it alone - at least, for now.

My hand was shaking as I reached down between my legs. As I untwisted my oddly shrunken testicles, I was surprised to find that I was unsure how I felt about finding them still securely attached.

Other than that, I seemed in decent shape, although the blonde locks I'd been constantly brushing back from my face suggested I'd been out far longer than I suspected.

I rolled awkwardly off of my bed.

The floor beneath me seemed to be dirt, but that still didn't tell me where I was.

I waited a moment to be sure I wouldn't pass out and then reached down in search of my bow or even my knife. I was strangely relieved to find there was nothing there.

A wounded warrior in the army was never left without a means to defend himself.

That meant I could stop worrying that I'd been rescued.

Naked, defenseless, and without a care in the world, I began shuffling into the darkness.

"Well . . . he finally awakes."

My first instinct should have been to fight.

The instincts drilled into us by training were supposed to be difficult to just put

aside.

I'd blissfully forgotten them all.

Instead, I gazed longingly up at my captor, hoping the stories of the Herd upon which I'd been raised had not been exaggerated.

There before me, her coat so black it shone . . . her skin so dark it swallowed the light . . . stood an ebony goddess of the Centaurides. A centaur, her torso appeared to be that of a taller-than-average woman perched atop a horse's body, eighteen hands high. Her belly was toned, her arms muscled, and her bosom ample. Cascading down from her head was a fall of black more mane than hair, but her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her lips - they were fine and feminine.

She was the most exquisitely beautiful creature I had ever met, and I hadn't even yet been blessed with proof of the Centaurides' greatest secret.

I loved her immediately.

I was in awe of her.

I was completely at her mercy.

I was precisely where I belonged.

The sudden stomp of her right foreleg sent me scrambling backward in the dirt. "You will learn very quickly to show proper respect to those who keep you," she warned. "Next time you approach a sister you will kneel, bow your head, and await further instructions. Is that understood?"

"Yes, ma'am." I scrambled to my feet, crossed my legs, and dipped my body in a perfect curtsy. I then slipped down onto my knees and bowed my head respectfully. I'd never quite known why, never understood all that she taught me, but my mother had spent my entire life preparing me for this moment.

My submission was automatic,

My respect second-nature.

"Very nice." Slowly, she circled my kneeling form, talking softly to herself as

those hooves fell a hairsbreadth from the flesh of my legs. “Nicely healed . . . no scars . . . growing into the bindings . . . decent potential . . . not yet ruined from battle . . .”

Finally, she stopped, her perfect legs spread before me. Long, sleek, and powerfully muscled, they were things of rugged beauty, with hooves that I swore sparkled with a light of their own. I tried to gaze between them, but I had neither the height nor the angle to penetrate the shadows beneath her.

"Do you know why you were allowed to survive?" she asked softly.

"Yes, ma'am." I cringed, realizing how that sounded. "That is, I believe so, ma'am."

She leaned low, her forelegs bending, to pinch my jaw between her fingers. She used it to pull me to my feet. "Look at me," she commanded softly. "Look very, very closely. Tell me what you see."

I shielded my eyes against the sun, which suggested the hour was not yet noon. She had an easy face to look at, very narrow, oval-shaped, and classically beautiful, even if not the current style of choice in the King's court. Her fine eyebrows appeared naturally sculpted, and the eyes beneath them were a brilliant green. The nose was thin and small, almost regal-looking, and her lips soft, full, and sensual. Had it not been for her high, severe cheekbones, she could have made a wonderful Lady.

As it was, she was far more than just a Lady, and strikingly beautiful.

"Well?"

"I see a beautiful woman," I replied, "but so much more. An ebony Goddess of the Herd," I added. "A descendant of the Great Mother of all the Centaurides. The living embodiment of what's right, what's true, and what's best." I chose to stray from the safety of what my mother had placed in my head and reached for what was in my heart. "My destiny . . . and my dreams."

She sighed as she released my chin. "I had hoped for something more, something better than rote fantasies and half-told tales, but you are, after all, only a boy."

“No, Ma’am.” The denial slipped out before I had a chance to bite my tongue. Now that it was out, I knew I had to persevere. “With all due respect, Ma’am, I am not a boy.” As she leaned forward, I forced myself to swallow my fear. “My mother. She said you would understand.”

Her green eyes flashed under the harsh sun, but I couldn’t tell if it was with anger or surprise.

Just then, a pair of smaller centaurs, just as black and just as beautiful, arrived behind her. She nodded to them and then turned to walk away.

And then I remembered my mother’s words.

“Votre hongre est prêt à être monté!”

For a long moment nobody moved. It was as if the entire world had come to a halt. Finally, she turned back with a slow shuffle of hooves, a smile of such bliss on her face that I felt myself crying before it.

“Bring him,” she whispered. “And be gentle.”

Chapter Four

To my surprise, what I saw of life within the Herd as we passed through it was very much like that of my childhood home. For years, humanity had been taught to fear and revile these 'unnatural monsters of female flesh', but my mother had secretly instilled in me respect and reverence for the Herd. Even without seeing one in the flesh, I had worshiped them from afar.

All most men knew of the Herd was that they were more than a match in battle, but I saw farmers, carpenters, hunters, healers, and scholars around me. Everywhere I looked, these beautiful black centaurs were doing just what their smaller sisters did back home, right down to playing with the children - all girls, of course.

As for the village itself, aside from the size of the structures, it looked little different from those I had passed through with the army. Cottages made of wood and stone-lined dirt streets, all of them branching out from a hub, itself home to a large, obsidian dome. There was an area set aside for large gatherings, another for their daily fairs, and several others for livestock.

It took us nearly an hour to make our way around the village, and all without my three escorts breaking a sweat. Finally, after every centaur had been granted a good look at the naked, humbled prisoner, I was brought to the strange obsidian dome at the heart of their village.

Leaving the two smaller escorts outside, the centaur who'd first entranced me trotted into the dome. She was gone but moments before she returned, her head held high.

"She will see you." The warrior goddess tossed her head, that black mane fanning in the breeze. "Don't disappoint me."

I walked slowly into the dome, anxious and uncertain of what I'd find, but not at all afraid.

"Welcome."

That voice. It was like the music of the forest itself.

I was instantly spellbound. I stumbled over something before me, unable to tear my eyes away from the sight before me. Upon an ornate throne, itself carved from the head of a dragon, sat the single most stunningly beautiful creature in all of creation. It was said that to gaze upon the Queen of the Centaurides was to gaze upon death itself, for no man ever turned back from that sight, but I knew my fate to be otherwise.

Still, I stared.

She stood a hand shorter than the woman who'd brought me here, but she surpassed her in all other ways. Atop her head was a mane of black fire, thick tresses that cascaded down her shoulders and over her breasts, ending in a silky curtain that hung halfway down her legs. I'm not sure there was a measurement in any tailor's shop large enough to accommodate the glory of her breasts, the shiny flesh of each adorned areola of such a flat black that light seemed to disappear inside them. They were a mouthful each in size, with hard, erect nipples that were nearly as large as my limp penis.

Her waist was almost obscenely small, giving her an exaggerated hourglass figure atop that horse's body, but it helped to keep her from looking quite so huge. From there, her hips flared out sensually, tapering back down into legs that looked almost as long as I stood tall.

However, none of it could compare to what she wore – which was nothing, other than an elaborate tapestry of gold marking. Around her neck was what looked to be a thin, delicate gold chain, easy to mistake for a real necklace, except for the fact that it moved with each breath. Thin gold bands twined around each arm, leaving perfect slivers of ebony skin between. At her hands, those bands ended in gold gauntlets and, at the shoulders, in gold-rimmed pads. These, in turn, were connected by a wide band of gold that stretched across the very top of her breasts, then trailed down and around to form a golden bustier. From this, elaborate wings of gold swept up to embrace her magnificent globes, further emphasizing the delicious symmetry of her body.

As I stared, entranced by this woman before me, I realized no real uniform could ever look so perfect, much less fit so snug. In fact, no fabric could be worthy of lying next to her skin.

She was the Queen of the Centaurides.

My mother's Queen.

And now mine.

"When you are ready, of course."

Only now did her voice pierce the cloud of awe, startling me into action. "I'm sorry," I cried, diving face-down into the dirt. "So, so, sorry!"

"Well, you should be." With a mocking grin, she prodded me back to my knees. "But," she explained, "I would expect nothing less . . . from a boy." Her grin quickly turned to a sigh of disapproval which, surprisingly, was not directed at me. "I would know from whom you heard the words you spoke to my daughter." Her hoof stamped down between my legs, close enough to force my testicles to either side of my limp shaft. "Tell me who has been selling my secrets and I may have mercy upon you."

Defiantly, I raised my head. "Votre hongre est prêt à être monté." Kneeling before her, the words sounded right. They felt right. "Votre hongre est prêt à être monté." I said the words again as a storm flashed in her eyes. "My mother taught me those words," I told her, "just as she taught me what it means to be of the Herd."

"And just who is your mother, boy?"

"Her name is Debranella, my Queen, and she promised that one day I too would be yours."

"That is a name I have not heard in some time. One, I feared, I might never hear again." The Queen fixed her gaze upon me, her eyes searing themselves into my soul. "This is welcome news indeed," she whispered, "assuming you prove to be one of our lost foals."

I knew I had come to the right place. Even as the emotions hammered a spike of adrenaline into my heart, I felt an undeniable need to please her, to make her proud. Some might have chalked it up to magic, but she appealed to something deeper within me. My entire life had been leading up to this and, even if she were only to be the gatekeeper to my destiny, still I found myself silently

celebrating my surrender.

“If you are who you say you are, then tell me this. What was the gift your mother took from the Herd? What was it we granted her to keep you safe and raise you to your destiny?”

“I don’t know what was in it, my Queen, but I know it was a crystal vase full of a thick, pearlescent liquid. I was never to touch it, for she warned that it was a deadly poison, but one she needed in small doses to live.” I swallowed at the memory of the time I’d been caught admiring the vase. “She warned me that if I were to waste it or lose it, then I would be responsible for her death.”

The Queen looked saddened by my news. “So, you’ve never partaken of the Centaurides’ gift?”

“Not directly, my Queen, but my mother would drink a single spoonful each night, and then kiss me with it still upon her lips.” I smiled at that memory. “She tasted of honey, roasted chestnuts, vanilla, and the good, healthy sweat of a warm day.”

I saw the light return to her eyes and my heart soared knowing that I had made her happy again.

“Your mother spoke true. Were you truly not of the Herd,” she told me, “even one of those kisses would have killed you.” The Queen kneeled before me, bringing her head down close enough for her to bury her nose in my hair and smell me. With her breasts hanging before me like twin moons, she sighed. “Mmm, you do have the sweet smell of a gelding to you, but that of a mare in heat as well.”

She lowered her head even further, bringing her lips to my chest. I was still bound with that silky material, but she bit me through it, eliciting a moan of pleasure from me. “Your nipples are erect and sensitive, proof of your arousal, and yet your penis remains limp and soft below.” I gasped as she took my shaft in her mouth, but as wonderful as that felt, there was no response. I’d seen other men get hard, heard of what they did with their cocks, but my penis had never shown such shameful tendencies.

It simply wasn’t what I was meant for.

With a final smack of her lips, she released my limp flesh and once again stood proudly before me. “The sight of a groveling gelding arouses me greatly, but it has been many years since I’ve last enjoyed one who yields, rather than one who breaks.” She took two paces forward, drawing me through her curtain of hair and into the darkness beneath her. “Show me what you can do, my pretty.” She planted her hooves behind me, preventing any escape. “Prove to me that you are borne of the Herd. Show me that this is where you belong.”

Awed by the sight before me, I hesitated. It’s not that I was afraid, but that I wanted a moment to study it, to admire it, to revere it.

She stamped a hoof and thrust toward me. “Now,” she hissed. “My patience is not infinite.”

That was all it took. I abandoned myself to the moment, reached up with two trembling hands, and took hold of her tool . . . her rod . . . her staff . . . her cock. As I felt the heat of it, as I allowed my fingers to explore the texture of it, I knew that all the rumors were true. The Centaurides of the Herd were indeed futa, the last living examples of that almost-mythical gender. Neither male nor female, they were something more, something better, something so perfect that most humans refused to accept their existence.

And, if everything my mother had told me was true, then what would break any other man . . . what would split him in half and tear him asunder . . . would instead fill me, complete me, make me whole. I’d told the men back in camp that I was made for bigger, better things than them, and this was it.

I pressed my mouth against the spongy flesh of the sloped head of her cock. I was immediately rewarded with a trickle of sweet fluid that reminded me of my mother’s kisses. That taste fed something inside me, making me shudder with the heat of desire. I licked my way around her head, circling it with my tongue, and then returned to capture the juices flowing from her hole. I kissed and sucked at the Queen’s head, poking my tongue into that hole as I coaxed out even more of her fluids.

“You show enthusiasm, it’s true, a hunger no man has ever demonstrated, but I am not some virgin tart you found in a village along the way.” She thrust into my mouth, forcing her cockhead inside. “I am Queen of the Centaurides and you will worship me!”

There was a moment of pain as my lips stretched and my jaw cracked, but I moaned in delight as I gave way before her. I felt my mouth stretch wider than would be natural on any human male, my jaw dislocating as my throat opened. I should have been gagging and choking on that massive futa member, but I was made for this . . . I'd been waiting for this moment my whole life. I licked and sucked at her shaft as I swallowed her head deeper into my throat.

I couldn't breathe.

I was seeing blackness that had nothing to do with the color of her coat.

I didn't care.

I hungered for more.

Something in my body language must have betrayed my losing consciousness because, just as I thought I'd pass out and die a happy man, she withdrew from my mouth. I gasped, a flood of saliva following the path of her cock, but immediately lunged forward, not wanting to let her get away.

"Stroke me, my lovely little gelding," she urged, her breath coming faster.
"Worship me. All of me."

It pained me to leave the glory of her cockhead and its juices, but I shifted to the side and kissed my way down what had to be three-and-a-half, if not four, feet of ebony power and sexuality. It grew thicker as I went, its size forcing my stroking hands further apart, and it grew hotter the closer I came to its base. I could feel her heartbeat through it, throbbing powerfully with each beat of her heart. I'd never imagined such a thing, never known what an erect cock of any species felt like, but I knew I was made for futa cock.

With a roar of need that was as much a woman's cry as a horse's whinny, the Queen bent her hind legs and pressed me to the ground with the weight of her cock. She was fucking herself against me, grinding her cock along the length of my body. With each stroke, she pushed harder, ground faster, her excitement building. I'd wiggled between thrusts until my head was free, then raised it up to meet her every thrust with a hungry kiss. I had trouble seeing in the darkness beneath her, but I felt her head growing, swelling from that soft slope to more of a clenched fist. By now, I was nearly drowning in a flood of futa nectar . . . and I still wanted more.

“Hug me, my gelding. Prove you want it!” Her words were almost mocking, but her tone betrayed her excitement. “Wrap your arms and legs about me and stroke me with your delicious little body!”

It took a few strokes for me to find the right position, but soon I had my ankles locked around the base of her shaft and my arms crossed closer to the head. That allowed me to press my body even tighter against her, becoming more than just a fuck toy, but an active participant in her pleasure. I felt her heat, smelled her mare’s musk, tasted her futa juices. She was overwhelming. She was my world.

“Yes, yes - that’s it!” She began thrusting faster, her movements dragging my back across the floor, scouring my flesh, but my pain was unimportant. Above me, I heard the Queen panting with her desire. “Come on, boy. I am not some fragile, city-bred maiden. HUG ME! SQUEEZE ME! SHOW ME YOU WANT MY CUM!”

I did as commanded. I squeezed her so hard it hurt, pressed my heels and palms so tightly into her throbbing member that I feared they’d never come free, but she just bucked harder. I heard that erotic, feminine mixture of whinnies and screams approach a point where I felt her cries more than I heard them, and then it happened.

She exploded.

Her cockhead flared against my face and plastered me with hot, fresh, pungent futa cum. It flooded my mouth and clogged my nose. It ran over my cheeks to plug my ears. I was covered in it and filled with it. It wasn’t quick, short spurts like I’d heard the boys back home talk about, it was a longer, more sustained series of ejaculations, at least three that I counted, anointing me with what had to be several cups of futa cum.

“You may let go, my sweet gelding.”

It was hard, both because my arms and legs had become cramped around her, and because I didn’t want to let go. My Queen had commanded me, though, and I knew it was my place to obey. As I lay there, sprawled helplessly on the floor, she stepped backward, drawing a cummy line down my body with her slowly retracting cock. Oh, I wanted so much to touch her, to feel her, to taste her one more time, but I was powerless to disobey.

When I was finally clear of her body, I blinked up into the filtered daylight of the dome and found a sweaty, satisfied Queen standing proudly above me. “We will have to name you, of course,” she mused. Despite how she looked, she sounded regal and authoritative again, as if nothing had happened between us. “Not necessarily because you deserve it,” - she sighed, but I detected a hint of a smile - “but because I find it convenient.”

“Yes.” It was hard to talk with her cum gumming up my lips. I had to swallow twice before I could finish. “My Queen.”

She licked her lips slowly, teasingly, her pink tongue shockingly bright against the blackness of her skin. “Hmmm . . .” Again, she licked her lips, this time placing a finger thoughtfully against them. “Hmmm . . .” She was toying with me, and doing so because she knew I understood. She'd had my name picked out even before I'd been dropped at her feet, but it amused her to make me wait upon her pleasure.

“You are unique among the Herd, something not seen since my great-grandmother’s time. As much as I would love to name you something soft and feminine, something appropriate to your future, tradition dictates otherwise.” She lifted one of her forelegs and drew a pair of glyphs in the cum smeared across my stomach. “I hereby name you Mareingeld.”

“Thank you, my Queen.” The implications of my new name excited me. Captain Komar and his men would have considered it humiliating, the worst kind of insult, but I loved it. Where they would have seen the threat of castration as an end, I knew it to be more of a means to an end. And where they would have chafed at the idea of playing mare, I thrilled at the idea of becoming mare.

While I pondered these thoughts, she stamped her foreleg three times, her hoof landing heavy over my right shoulder, my left shoulder, and then my head. “You will find a bed of fresh straw beneath the dragon throne. You may sleep there as I tend to the Queens’s business.”

It was only as she said it that I realized how exhausted I felt. “Yes, my Queen. Thank you, my Queen.” I crawled over to the throne and slipped beneath it. It was dark, but warm, and a bed of coarse straw had never before felt so wonderful.

Chapter Five

“Still here . . . good.”

Although her sudden entrance startled me, her cum had dried too stiff on my face for me to respond. At her signal, I crawled out from beneath the dragon skull throne and offered up a raspy wheeze as I nodded a greeting.

"You were on the Herds' lips tonight," the Queen laughed. "If they follow through on half their promises, or a fraction of their threats, you will either be one very tired gelding . . . or one very heavy mare." Before the implications of that statement could set in, she waved her hand and the ring of torches surrounding her throne burst into flame.

From my position, she appeared even more stunning in the soft, flickering light of the flames. It was as if she had acquired a crown of fire, making her look more a Goddess than a mortal Queen. The instant the thought entered my head, I knew it for blasphemy, but could not move myself to care. "W-will . . . try."

"Thirsty, are we?" Again, I simply nodded, not expecting any kind of refreshment to be offered. I was right. "Dinner tonight saw much debate over how you should be evaluated. There was much talk of settling for having you serve us a feminized and humiliated gelding - just like the rest of your army." Gently, she tapped one long, manicured fingernail against her cheek. "The Herd doubts your potential. They're skeptical of your lineage. They feel a humiliated gelding is preferable to a broken would-be mare."

I wanted to cry out, to protest, but I wisely held my tongue. I sensed the Queen was not yet finished.

"I know you," she said softly. "I named you." She bent her forelegs and knelt before me. I wasn't sure what to expect, but her wet, tender kisses were a surprise. I felt her kiss and lick at the dried cum covering my face, and then thrust the fluids into my mouth with her probing tongue. It was the most sensual, most erotic thing I had ever experienced. "To watch you throw off the shackles of manhood, to grow into the Herd, will please me greatly. Make no mistake,

you could never truly be Herd, but you have a mare's soul inside you. You will be one of the Herd."

"Thank you, my Queen. I only wish to please you."

The Queen of the Amazons laughed in delight. "My sweet Mareingeld, you are indeed already well on your way." She turned away from me and reached into the largest of the dragon's teeth. From inside she withdrew a small diamond, which she then hurled against the wall with some bizarre cry. I didn't understand a word of it, but from the way it raised the hairs on the back of my neck, I knew it for magic.

An instant later, the room erupted in a blinding flash, turning obsidian walls into perfect mirrors. Clear and flawless, they put the most expensive works of even the King's best glassmakers to shame. What those mirrors revealed would have shamed most men.

I was not most men.

Indeed, I shuddered with anticipation as the obvious finally revealed itself to my addled mind. I finally understood the purpose of my bandages - or bindings, as I now knew them to be. The one around my neck gave me the illusion of a smooth, flat, feminine throat, while the other squeezed the flesh of my torso into a pair of tiny breasts. It was obvious now that their smoothness had been designed to emulate skin, not prevent me from removing them.

Was it my imagination, or was that binding tighter than before, the soft mounds beneath bigger than I remembered upon awakening?

My bindings had been the first thing to catch my eye, but there was much more. The early puffiness of my eyes? My swollen, painful lips? Both were caused by tattooed cosmetics, highlighting my eyes with a blue so dark it was nearly black, thinning and smoothing my eyebrows, and painting my mouth a shining black. Both my ears had been pierced, with small shells hanging from each, but it was only now, seeing them, that I felt any pain there.

Perhaps most shocking of all was what they had done to my hair. Not only had they turned my sandy locks black, but they'd also found a way to make it trail half-way down to my ass! My first thought was that it must be a wig, but a few painful tugs convinced me that it was all mine.

"So, it's the hair that intrigues you most, is it?" With a wave of her hand, the mirrors disappeared, leaving us in the relative darkness of shining obsidian. "I was betting on your new breasts, but it looks like Dorath wins first night privileges."

While I tried to fathom what precisely those privileges might be, the Queen explained how each woman in the Herd had contributed a braid and how, in weaving those braids into my own shorter hair, I'd taken on the hue and length of a proper mare.

"Now, where was I?" I knew she was feigning her uncertainty, thoroughly enjoying my own in the process. That was when the raven-haired Queen dropped her next bombshell. "Ah yes, the topic of slavery. Many in the Herd suggested it, unable as they are to yet see the truth, but while it is a boy's place, making a slave of you would be an affront to everything the Herd stands for." She leaned forward, drilling deep into my head with her gaze. "A slave obeys out of fear for its life, not out of hope for its future."

Nervous anticipation had caused me to break out in a cold sweat, providing just enough moisture for me to talk. "Thank you, my Queen."

"Oh, do not think to thank me quite yet." She licked her lips, reminding me once again of the kiss we'd shared. "If you wish to present as a mare, then you must fulfill the role of a mare. You must make yourself available to the Herd. You can refuse no advance, turn down no invitation, until such time as your heat has passed."

She laughed at the shock on my face, but I quickly recovered. "Please, my Queen, I want nothing more. I did not know why I was drawn to the Herd. I knew this was where I belonged, but not how I might belong. My mother told me very little, aside from teaching me to love and respect the Herd, but I do not doubt that my destiny is as a mare."

"So, what say you, Mareingeld? Do you wish to take on such an austere and important role within the community? Do you wish to see yourself transformed, to become the first gelded mare in generations?"

Any one of the men I'd served with would protest, scream, and shout their outrage to the world. It was what was expected, and what every ounce of our Lord's training demanded.

It was also wrong.

I bowed meekly to my Queen, a smile of contentment upon my face. "I do indeed, my Queen." I dared to raise my eyes. "Where might I find Mother Dorath?"

"Mother Dorath?" Naked but for my bindings, I stood in the dark and waited. It felt odd to address everyone but the Queen as Mother, but so long as I remained a gelded mare in heat, I was not fit to call any of the Centaurides by their first name.

"Enter, and be quick about it!"

I jumped at the harsh, almost screeching sound of her voice and fought my way through the curtained door. "Ah . . . I, well, I guess I am . . . to, ah, serve your pleasure for the . . . ah, night."

"You speak of serving." I could hear the cold disdain in her voice. "Are you a slave?"

Disoriented by the darkness, I turned my head towards the sound of her voice. "No, Mother."

"Then what are you?" When I wasn't immediately forthcoming with a response, she barked "Speak!"

I swallowed loudly. "I am a gelded mare," I explained. Even though I had accepted their Queen as my own, and wished to find the destiny foretold me within their Herd, saying the words aloud to another brought a blush to my face. At that moment I could think only of Greasy, the serving wench at the Boar's Head tavern back home. More a casual whore than a professional, she had taken the virginity of most of my comrades, and had offered to relieve me of my own on numerous occasions. Outside of her enormous breasts, she'd been nothing much to look at, but her saucy attitude and open demeanor had made us all bold.

At least, that was, until the morning after, when all the men could speak of was contempt.

I never wanted to experience that contempt. I wanted the women of the Herd to love me, to cherish me, to value me . . . to consider me one of their own.

“And a pretty little mare you’re destined to be.” Gradually, candle after candle came to life around the bed of hay, revealing to me my Mother for the night. A middle-aged beauty, with streaks of silver just beginning to color the blackness of her hide, her upper half was a body that would have been the envy of much younger girls back home. “Come, sit with me,” she invited. “Take up that brush and tend to my dock and my tail as you tell me of life in the other world . . .”

“Enough, my sweet. Enough.”

I was barely able to see her in the light of the last, flickering candle, but I knew every inch of her by feel. “Mother?” After an awkward beginning to the evening, I had quickly grown comfortable with her. For hours she’d had me tell her tales of my old life, often diverting me onto details that caught her interest. It was like reminiscing with an old friend, and I had enjoyed it. All the while I’d brushed her, stroked her, and simply run my fingers through her hair.

Had Greasy, I wondered idly, ever felt like this? Had anyone ever given her the chance?

“The candles are dying,” she whispered in my ear. “The time for talk is done.” She pressed her hands to my shoulders and maneuvered me easily to stand before her. “Love me,” she sighed. “Love your Mother Dorath.”

I had to raise myself on my tiptoes to reach, but I planted a gentle kiss on her midnight breast, thrilled to be her mare. It was more than that, though. I was also returning the love she had given me, content with the knowledge that it would be appreciated.

For the longest time, I just stood there, suckling and fondling her breasts until she signaled that she was ready for more. Hesitant at first, I began by caressing the line where black flesh gave way to black hair and then kissed my way down to her girth while my hands worked her forelegs. Before long I was crawling beneath her, kissing the spongy flesh of her cock, and gently working my tongue inside her. I sensed that it had been some time since another had shown her such

love, so I didn't rush her.

She had other thoughts.

"Take a deep breath, honey." Seconds later, I found myself with a mouth-full of mature futa cock, wishing I'd taken that deep breath as she suggested. This time, my jaw dislocated with barely a pop, and the stretching of my lips was more of a pleasant burn than a painful strain. My centaur lover was forcing herself inside me, one foreleg bent so that her hoof pressed into my back, holding me in place. Her juices were thicker and heavier than the Queens, making me feel like I would suffocate, but each stolen breath carried the distinctive scent of her musk, and that smell of her arousal spurred me on.

I soon learned to stagger my breaths, sucking and lapping at her cockhead when its flesh was deep within my throat, and then gasping whenever her thrusting opened a pocket of air between us. After a while, I began to get light-headed, but that only seemed to arouse me more.

"Mmmm, yes . . . very nice." Even at the height of her passion, she still sounded like the polite, matronly woman with whom I had grown so comfortable. "Suck it nicely, child . . . no, harder than that . . . yes, that's it." Although not as moist as our Queen, Mother Dorath tasted almost as good.

Before long, breathing became a secondary concern, and I found myself developing a sore neck from instinctively trying to follow her movements. By now I was using my hands to stroke her shaft, feeling the skin warm beneath my touch as I pulled her downward, adjusting the angle so that I might take more of her inside me. It wasn't until I heard the bindings around my neck tear that I realized how deeply her futa cock had penetrated my throat, but that just prompted me to push harder, to suck harder, to see how much deeper she could go.

Instead, she pulled back, leaving a growing river of futa fluids running down my throat. "Unnn . . . mmmmm . . . nnnhhmmmm . . . s-s-tick your tongue all the way in, dearie . . . Yes! Yes! Wiggle it, my little mare!" As her climax approached, she seized control. She was wiggling her cock around so much my head felt like it might burst, and my lips gripping her head seemed to be holding us together. Up and down, back and forth, no matter where her massive futa cock swayed, I was dragged there with her. It was a dizzying, intensely erotic

experience, and my only fear was that I might finally pass out before she could cum.

“Yyyyyyyyyeeeeesssssss!!!!!!” With a wail shrill enough to put even a banshee to shame, Mother Dorath exploded inside my mouth. Rather than flood me with nectar, as the Queen had done, her tightly controlled ejaculations fed me mouthfuls of futa cum, giving me just enough time to swallow in between. It was as if she were nursing me on her cock, feeding me and sustaining me with her fluids.

I never wanted the moment to end, but also knew it would be repeated on more nights than I could count.

It was nearly two weeks later when I was assigned to Mother Kahrd, the fierce young woman was only too delighted to demonstrate just what it meant to be owned by one of the Centaurides.

“On your hands and knees, Mareingeld.” With a snarl of fierce, yet playful delight, she kicked at my hip and spun me around. “My sisters may like boys who play hard to get,” she grinned, “but I do not.” She bumped me with her flank, knocking me to the floor.

“Please, no.” I pretended to beg, having seen how fear aroused her. Truthfully, I did fear the pain, and I was worried about whether I would be able to walk back out of her home under my own power, but it was a very different kind of fear – an intellectual puzzle only, and one which left me free to enjoy her pleasure.

I scrambled backward on hands and knees, but deeper into her hut rather than toward the door. “Please, Mother,” I cried, “don't make me do this!”

“Shut up and roll over!” The young centaur was smaller than any I'd yet to encounter, maybe fourteen hands tall, and if she were to be my first, then I hoped what lay below was smaller as well. She pressed one hoof against my chest and dragged me away from the wall. “Kiss it, slut.” The way she said it, ‘slut’ was not a curse, but a term of endearment. “Kiss your Mother's cock, just like the hungry little mare you are.” When I sealed my lips and tried to turn away from the ebony head, she warned, “If you won't do as you're told, I'll shove this thing

inside you dry, and then we'll see how much you scream.”

With that, I suspected that playtime was over. With an honest groan and a feigned whimper, I planted a kiss on its soft, warm tip, forcing out a sudden discharge of futa juices that were so sweet, so strong, my head began to swim. It smelled as if her cock had been well-used, and lately, and the thought that she might have primed it, masturbated herself in anticipation of my arrival, filled me with immeasurable pleasure.

"That's it, Mareingeld." Her cock was fully extended from its sheath now, its entire weight resting against my face. She thrust forward and then gasped at how easily I accepted her massive futa cock. She was longer than her elders, and I suspected her head would have an exceptional flare when she came, but right now she was just slender enough that my jaw only dislocated because it felt it should, not because it was needed.

"Suck me," she commanded. Her anxiousness was clear in the way her hooves pawed at the floor. "Yes, that's it. Close your eyes and pretend I'm just another Lord in need of comfort."

I wanted to protest that I had never done any such thing, that I needed no such fantasies to escape an infinitely better reality, but I was in no position to argue. On my knees with six inches of futa cock plowing deep into my throat, though, I couldn't help but think of the stories I'd heard back home. In every town and castle, there'd been at least one squire or servant with horror stories to share. Tales of being bugged every night by a horny Lord; of being rudely awakened to find a guest's cock pressed against your ass; wildest of all, of becoming so used to the abuse that you woke up to the taste of cum, unaware of how it got there.

How many of them took any pleasure from such ugly men or such small cocks, I had no idea, but their horror in no way altered my delight. As futa cum ran like a mountain stream down my throat, it occurred to me that I still didn't feel anything towards the gender to which I had so long pretended. Here, now, with my Mother above me, it wasn't fantasies of pleasing a man that inflamed my passion, but the reality of allowing a woman - a futa, a centaur - to take her pleasure from me with what others would mistake for such a perverse reversal of sexuality, but which I knew to be the natural order.

"Pathetic." With a stomp of her hooves, she jerked back, pulling her cock from my throat. The angle of her thrust backward was rough, forcing my teeth to scrape the top of her cock. With a guttural groan of satisfaction, she took advantage of my gasp to once again drive her cock into my already-well-gaped throat.

And then deeper than any of these magnificent women had ventured before.

I gagged and sputtered as I felt her cockhead slide down into my chest. My eyes watered and my nose threatened to run. A part of me feared I might die with her inside me. The feeling of that ebony spear so deep in my throat was very alien, but the thought of who had put it there and why filled me with a renewed sense of purpose. When I thought of that cock as an extension of her will, of her desire, I found it began to feel even more delightful inside me.

"Bah!" Mother Kahrd stepped back once again, ripping her shaft from me and nearly splitting my already well-stretched mouth in the process. As she continued to step back, however, the smile I saw upon her face belayed the roughness of her words. "That is wet enough for a mare like you," she scowled. "Maybe next time you'll put a little more feeling into it."

I welcome the sudden slap of her hoof to my face, and the momentary distraction it provided. I knew what was coming next. I wanted it. I needed it. But that didn't mean I didn't fear it.

"Get up on the bench, lay on your back, and face me." She followed me. "I want to see the look on your face, Mareingeld, when I claim your virginity."

"I'm scared." I wasn't sure if I was being honest or playing into the fear she so seemed to appreciate, but it worked.

She leaned over and kissed me, gently, softly, her black lips dancing with my own. "I won't hurt you," she promised. "I think I already love you too much."

She took her time getting into position, shuffling her hooves this way and that, giving me extra time to prepare. Her long, hard futa cock bounced up and down before me, a long strand of futa juices dangling erotically. "Spread your legs for me, Mareingeld, like a good, horny, hungry mare." I did as she instructed.

"Good. Now grab the cheeks of our ass and spread them. Show me you want it."

Again, I did as I was told, but quickly let go in surprise. I was wet. Not damp with sweat wet, not pissed myself wet, but wet like . . . well, like a mare in heat, ready to be fucked. I wiped my hands on the straw beneath me, amazed at this new sign of my purpose within the Herd, then reached down once again to spread myself wide.

Mother Kahrd stepped forward. I felt her cockhead pressing against the crack of my ass.

“My goodness.” Her eyes widened. “You’re the real thing, aren’t you? A genuine gelded mare?” She started to back away. “I don’t know that I can do this. I don’t know that I can be your first.”

I reached up and placed my hand against her breast. “Please, Mother Kahrd. I’d . . . I’d like you to be my first.” I blushed with embarrassment. “I feel close to you. I feel safe with you.” I blushed even harder as I realized what I was feeling. “I think I might even love you, and that’s not just the heat talking.”

I saw tears in her eyes. “I think I might love you too, my beautiful little mare.” She stepped back between my legs. “I would be honored to deflower you.

Finally, it was time.

Her cock pressed against my ass and I felt myself open wide to receive her.

“Mmm, do you feel that, Mareingeld? Do you?”

I hissed a little in honest discomfort, feeling the heat of her cockhead pressing against my puckered little anus. She pressed harder and the head of her cock popped inside. I expected pain, but that pop was a pleasure the likes of which I’d never experienced. Instead of feeling as if I’d been split open or torn in two, I felt like some artificial bond had been broken, a binding of a different sort removed, allowing me to open wide and fulfill my purpose.

I was panting so fast from the waves of pleasure, I was beginning to feel light-headed. “More! Please! Take me!” By all that was magical and holy, it felt like I was being reborn inside. Every fraction of an inch felt like another bond severed, another avenue to pleasure and purpose opened. She was already filling me, stretching me beyond what I would have assumed to be my limits, but I knew I had more to give.

"Oooh, you like that, don't you?" She grinned from above. My glistening tormentor was sweating almost as heavily as I. "What's that?" she asked, cupping a hand to her ear. "Did I head you say you want more?!"

I return her smile. "Oh, yes, Mother. I want it all."

She raised her forelegs and allowed them to crash down on either side of my head. With her angle adjusted she immediately slipped another two inches inside my virgin ass. "Why don't you let me help you?" With that, she thrust again, forcing my ass to accommodate even more of her.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, Mother, Mother!" I wasn't capable of any other words. My mind was gone. I was beyond thought. I was acting purely on instinct, my body greedy for more, hungry for her long, hard, throbbing futa cock. I was thrusting back against her now, meeting her thrusts with my own, impaling myself ever deeper on her cock. From the looks of it, there had to be two feet of cock inside me and I didn't feel nearly finished.

And then she withdrew. I howled in longing, not yet ready to have her leave me, but just as quickly she slammed into me again, burying another foot of futa cock inside my ass.

I can tell you it felt good, but words can never adequately describe the feeling. It wasn't just physical pleasure; it was spiritual and emotional as well. It was the ecstasy of realizing my destiny, fulfilling my purpose, and finding myself, all at once. I'd heard men and women describe what it felt like to have an orgasm, that sudden rush of joy and delight, and this was just like that . . . except it kept building and growing with no sign of coming to an end.

Again, she withdrew, leaving me a mewling hungry mess, and again she thrust into me, gaining another half-inch. A part of me - the small, rational part of me - wanted her to stop, to pause, to give me a chance to rest, to stretch, to adapt, but I recognized that as the same part of me that remained attached to being a boy.

I denied it.

I rejected it.

I surpassed it.

For a long time, things just settled into a blur of ecstasy, waves of pleasure riding her withdrawals and her thrusts. The musky smell of her lust permeated the air, rivaled only by the salty taste of my own sweat. She was too deep now for me to see her face. All I could see was the black, sweaty underside of her girth and her belly, and the ever-shrinking gap between my ass and the base of her cock. Curious, I let go of my ass and allowed my hands to explore.

I felt the head of her cock poking into my stomach with each thrust.

It wasn't possible. Such penetration should have killed me - but that assumed I was a boy.

I wasn't.

I was a gelded mare and, if she succeeded in breeding me, I'd soon take my place as a mare within the Herd.

Just when I thought we'd found a rhythm that would carry us through the night, I heard Mother Kahrd whinny with lust above me. Her hooves planted themselves a little farther from my head, bringing her girth closer to me, and she began chasing her own pleasure. She fucked like she fought - with reckless, relentless, remorseless passion. That she was treating me so, not coddling me through my deflowering, spoke volumes about how accepted I had become.

I embraced it.

I gave myself to it.

When it began, I have no idea, but I suddenly realized there was a new tingling inside me, an alien sensation that seemed to begin deep within my ass and spread throughout my body. Almost against my will, I uttered a soft groan as I reached down, grabbed a hold her of her futa shaft - it was hot to the touch! - and tried pulling more of her inside me.

"So, the little mare is enjoying herself, is she?"

Her words only served to reinforce the message – the 'her' and 'she' I so longed to hear, not the 'his' and 'he' of which I had grown so tired.

Mother Kahrd stopped for a moment, her cock buried so deep inside me I felt it

when I breathed. "Do you want this?" she asked me. "Do you?"

"Yes." My words were a whisper, but I nodded decisively.

She stepped backward until her cock popped free and we could look one another in the eye. "I didn't quite hear that, Mareingeld." The small smile that spread across her face told a different story. She began rubbing her cockhead up and down between my legs, painting me with our combined juices. "Tell me what you want, or the night is done."

"Please fuck me. Fill me. Mount me." I begged her. "I'm your mare. I need you. I wanted you. I feel like I'll die if you don't breed me." I wiggled my ass in invitation. "Please, let me feel your-

"Like that?" She cut my pleading short by thrusting inside me with one smooth movement. My insides were aflame with passion, that one brief act causing my entire body to twitch and tingle in response.

"Shall I fuck you gently?" she asked, withdrawing a fraction of an inch at a time. "Or does the slut want it rough?"

"Ungggh!" In response to the magnificent spearing of my ass, I threw my head back and howled. "Slow or fast, I don't care, just breed me." I groaned and moaned in time with my lover. I began grinding away, forcing myself onto her cock. Damn, but I wanted this! My body needed this, and I was fortunate enough to have a woman who would not disappoint.

"Talk to me, mare." She leaned over and pressed more of her weight against me, rubbing against my bound breasts. It occurred to me at that moment that I was being ridden by a centaur and that made me giggle. The erotic sound of slapping flesh filled the room. "Talk dirty to me," she hissed from above. "Tell me what I want to hear!"

"Fuck me! Fuck me hard, Mother!" I didn't miss the fact that the more she treated me as a girl and a mare, the more I enjoyed it. "Shove your monster in my cunt," I begged, "Make me feel like the slut I am!"

"What else?" She was fucking me even faster now, her damp hair chafing against my naked flesh. "Tell your Mother what she likes to hear!"

"I want it! I want it sooo much!" I was jumping and writhing beneath her, all sense of control lost. "Fuck your mare! Cum inside me! Fill me! Breed me!" I was utterly lost to the moment, living out the destiny for which I'd been born. "You're so good, Mother! Sooo hard and sooo big! N-n-nobody fucks like you! I've . . . argghhh . . . never had it so fucking good!"

"Yes, yes!" She slammed herself into me, so deep and so hard that the breath left my body. I was nothing but a void waiting to be filled, and that she did. I felt her cum spurting deep inside me. I felt my body melt and tingle everywhere her futa cum touched. It was an impossible feeling, but it was as if her cum replaced my blood, my veins carrying it to the outermost extremities of my body. She didn't just fill me, she completed me.

I felt my body begin to change.

"Ohhhh . . . unnnnn . . . is this . . . cumming!" I was completely overwhelmed by the moment. I gave up on trying to understand what I was feeling. My fists clenched tightly, my eyes screwed shut, and my teeth ground against one another. I exploded with a climax of my own. It seemed to start deep in my ass, triggered by the frantic, rotating thrusts of her cock, and then spread out to my entire body, following the tingling flow of her cum. My tits felt like they were on fire. My head was swimming. My skin was tingling, crawling, and pulsating with pure pleasure. Finally, with an intensity that nearly caused me to bite off my tongue, I felt a snap throughout my body, as if one last bond had been severed, freeing me to be who I was meant to be.

Without anyone paying the slightest attention to my cock, which still lay limp between my legs, I began dribbling fluids of my own, not from that flaccid member but from deep inside me. That, of course, only helped me to buck my hips wildly against her. In turn, she had another orgasm above me, but by then I was too far gone to notice.

Finally, after what seemed like years of darkness, I was awakened by the slap of her cock against my lips. "Look what you did, you delicious little mare." She brandished the tool of my breeding before me. "You came all over my cock," she teased, "and you are going to clean it up." She pressed her already retreating cock against my face, panting me with the combined juices of our mess, forcing white blobs of futa cum and mare juices into my mouth.

Now that the moment of ecstasy was over, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to follow through on what she wanted, but one taste of her cum and my hunger was renewed.

"Lick it up," she urged me. "Taste of your first proper orgasm and be nourished by the power of the Herd behind it, but don't you dare swallow." She stepped back and then knelt so that her face was next to mine. "Yours was my first breeding," she said with a sigh.

"Mine too," I answered with a giggle.

She kissed me and we swapped our combined juices back and forth, swallowing a little each time until there was nothing left. "I don't mind when a girl enjoys herself," she whispered into my ear, "but we must always take care of our messes."

"Yes, lick it all up . . . over there, mare . . . to your left, Mareingeld . . . missed a spot . . ." She continued like this for almost half an hour, long after our faces had been licked clean. It delighted me to share that, as if we were all that mattered in the world but, eventually, she decided it was time to rest.

"Was I pleasing?" I asked.

"Your name suits you, my pretty mare." Gently, lovingly, she stroked the sweaty hair from my eyes. "A fine Mareingeld you are, unfit to carry one such as I into war, but a pleasant ride nonetheless." She bestowed one last genuine smile on me. "You are nearly there, nearly complete. See Mother Lorsha in the morning, and all will be taken care of."

I nodded my thanks, followed her to the bed of hay, and gratefully accepted my spot beside her. She allowed me to curl up next to her, to rest my head on her thigh and pull her tail over myself like a blanket. She smelled of sweat and musk and cum, both like a woman and a horse, but overriding it all was the smell of my own fluids, a sweet, tangy sort of aroma I'd never encountered, but which already felt like me.

Chapter Six

That was my life for the better part of three seasons, being bred by a different Mother every night, finding my body subtly altered each morning, and visiting Mother Lorsha upon the night of each new moon to be marked in the darkness.

A natural artist, just like her mother, the petite centaur handled her sisters' cosmetic needs. Most of her work was with inks and colorings that could fade or be washed away, but her finest pieces were often permanent. The first time I had stepped into her hut, she had grabbed my face to examine the tattooed cosmetics she had placed there herself upon my arrival in the Herd. Pleased to see that I had healed nicely, she had wasted no time in getting to work.

I was reunited with Mother Cinaede, the woman who'd abducted me and nursed me through those first days, after a final skirmish between the Herd and the remnants of Captain Komar's army. Having nursed their wounds, the men had thought to make a surprise raid to rescue those who'd been abducted alongside me, but those boys were all gone – used up by the Centaurides until they perished with smiles on their faces.

Mother Cinaede didn't just mount me in celebration, she rode me like the mare that I was becoming, putting me on display for the entire Herd to see. Having driven her cock so deep inside me that I felt it when I breathed, she'd tossed a rope over her back and had me hold on like it was a makeshift saddle. She'd then trotted around the camp with me bouncing, impaled on her cock, fucking me hard and fast and deep with each step, sometimes leaping over obstacles and making me cum as we landed.

I'd slept for the better part of three days after that.

Now, as I skipped happily across the village, I admired the latest examples of Mother Lorsha's handiwork. Upon my tiny right breast - full and free of its bindings - was a butterfly, more colorful and alive than its real counterpart. My left thigh sported a bouquet of spring flowers, while both my ankles had been adorned with red roses, the thorny stems of which circled the flesh below. A playful kitten romped above what remained of my penis, a half-inch nubbin of

soft flesh; three lipstick kisses decorated my left shoulder blade; and a big kitten sat in the center of my right butt cheek - exactly where she had slapped me.

These were my tokens for being welcomed as a mare.

I found myself taking great pride in my new cosmetic adornments. Not only were they proof of my acceptance, but they also made me feel more feminine. Here, I was happy and content, feeling as if I belonged for the first time in my life. The Herd had accepted me, recognized and nurtured my desire to serve, and granted me a boon I only now fully understood. Becoming more feminine was not merely the test or trial the Queen had led me to expect, but a gift.

Tonight, with the new moon hidden high in the sky, however, change was in the air.

I paced nervously back and forth, barely able to keep my bare feet from sinking into the mud. It was cold, it was raining, and the howling wind reminded me of the lost souls said to wander the forest. Every once in a while, I would look to that black, swaying mass of ancient trees and remind myself that I did not believe the stories. I'd follow the brief flashes of white with my eyes and tell myself they were just owls in flight.

Nope.

Definitely no such things as ghosts.

Not here, and not anywhere else.

I continued to shiver all the same.

Neither my peace of mind nor my comfort mattered, though, as my Queen had ordered me to wait here - before the only empty hut in the village. Isolated from absolutely everything, the mysterious building stood on the far side of the clearing. Constructed much like the others, the wood appeared ancient but showed no sign of rot or decay. However, it also possessed a solid stone foundation, a feature common only to the dozen or so homes nearest the eastern side of the village. Unable to forget all of my training as a scout, I'd managed to trace the early growth of the village from that irregular wedge of buildings. Such a beginning was odd - I'd just assumed the village had begun as a smaller circle, adding new rings as necessary - but the discovery of this isolated cottage made it

even more so.

Why, if things had begun almost a mile away, had this cottage been built here? It served no defensive purpose - the threat posed by the King had always come from the opposite direction. A guest cottage seemed as laughable, as it was unnecessary, and it wasn't far enough away to serve as a rest-stop for friendly travelers.

So, why was it here?

What purpose had it once served?

Really, it should have made no difference, but the longer I waited, the more the mystery ate away at me.

"Mareingeld."

"Aiiiiiiiii!" Startled, I spun around so fast I ended up pin-wheeling backward into the mud. For a moment, I'd feared one of the lost souls had come for me, but as I stared up into her cold blue eyes, I realized it was only Mother Sharnel. "Mother, I am sorry but . . . well, you startled me."

"Worry not, little one - I am no ghost." Whether she knew my thoughts or had merely guessed, I knew not, but I swear she shuddered a bit too. "This is a place of magic . . . of strange tidings." She nodded thoughtfully. "You have good reason to be afraid."

"Thank you, Mother, but fear is something I can ill afford." I slopped forward through the mud to kneel before her. "The Queen ordered me here," I said softly, "and that is enough for me to stay."

"Of course." To my surprise, the tall, bald, sternly cautious woman who'd introduced me to the thrill of being bathed in the hot torrent of centaur piss offered me a smile - the first I'd seen from her. "Our Queen says you have performed well. We are all proud of our little gelded mare."

High praise indeed!

"You have won the right to prove yourself worthy of your . . . foretelling."

I tried to tell myself I had imagined her hesitation, but I knew it to be a lie. Something was bothering her, a woman renowned for her bravery even amongst her fearless sisters. Suddenly, I wondered if my fate would be anything like I had imagined.

It was at that moment that the possibility my fate might not be one of transformation, but of death and reincarnation, first occurred to me. My heart started to race, its THUMP-THUMP-THUMP drowning out even the whistling wind.

I felt a chill settle over me.

For the longest time, neither of us spoke a word. Instead, we waited, watching and listening for some sign of which I knew only my Mother could possibly be aware.

Suddenly, Mother Sharnel picked me up from the ground and carried me gently inside the mysterious cottage. There she laid me down upon a bed of clean straw- which was very odd, since it looked as if it had been there forever - kissed me once on the forehead and smiled again. That finished, she turned to leave, but seemed to think better of it.

Instead, she returned to the bed, where she swiftly and efficiently tied my arms and legs to the four posts.

“You will thank me,” she whispered, “should morning come.”

So, there I lay, alone in the darkness and bound to the bed, naked save the feminine tattoos that adorned me.

Suddenly, there was a noise from the door.

I wanted to look, but I’d been tied with my head facing the wrong way.

I wanted to cry out, but I had not been invited to speak.

I closed my eyes, trying to hide from my fears. Nearly twenty years passed, half of them on one battlefield or another, and childhood habits still consumed me.

Why were they doing this to me?

What was the purpose of keeping me like this?

If I had proven myself, as Mother Sharnel had suggested, why was I here?

That was when another noise, much closer this time, intruded upon me.

"What?" Having opened my mouth to utter that single syllable, I found myself powerless to close it. Instead, I lay gaping like a fool, held by the vision before me.

I say vision, for I could not bring myself to believe that it might be real.

My first thought was one of awe, of wonder that such a magnificent creature could be standing before me. She was so pure, so perfect, her black coat was almost blinding. It was as if she glowed, not with light, but with darkness. Indeed, she must have, for mine was a world of darkness. There were no lights inside the cottage. My addled senses told me it was close to midnight, and the storm clouds outside obscured both the darkness of the moon and light of the stars.

Despite all that, she did glow.

I struggled against the urge to speak but let slip one strangled gasp. Faced with a myth, a legend made flesh, I heard myself say the word aloud.

"Black unicorn."

She looked me up and down with not a glimmer, but a fierce gleam of intelligence in her black eyes. Then, with a sharp nod of approval - or so I hoped - she stepped closer. She made no sound, as if she truly was but a vision, but I could clearly see the impressions her hoof prints left in the mud.

"So, you are the one they call Mareingeld." Her voice was so wonderful, carried such music, I would have swooned had I not been bound to the bed. "You may call me Mistress Fabula."

She was of a size and shape comparable to an average Centauride of the Herd, but that's where the similarities ended. Her hair was the same brilliant black as her hide, a shade darker than her skin, but the horn that protruded from her forehead was so black it seemed to swallow the light. I swore, the longer I gazed

upon her, the more it appeared as if the black glow of her coat rose into the air to be swallowed by that horn.

"Do you find me attractive?" she asked, spreading her arms to better display her charms.

"Yes." The response was automatic but honest. Her neck was long, giving even her torso the look of a horse, but her breasts were all woman, so full and round they seemed to float in front of her chest like a pair of new moons.

"Hmm." She danced sideways, displaying more grace in her hooves than the feet of any dancer I'd ever seen. "More than even the Queen?"

It was a dangerous question and I knew it.

"Not more," I replied, captivated by her movements. "Just different." I knew it sounded like I was hedging my bets in the face of a difficult question, but it was the truth. My Queen possessed a beauty that demanded I submit, that awakened within me a desire to please and obey. This enchanting creature, though, held the attraction of a friend or a lover. Hers was a romantic, idealized beauty, something to be admired and appreciated.

"Ah." She considered my response for a moment before she nodded. "You do wish to please me then? To breed the spirit inside of you?"

Fortunately, my time among the Herd had prepared me for such bold, awkward questions. Even if they hadn't, though, the mystical circumstances of our meeting would have excused her. "Yes . . . I think I would like that very much."

"Good." With a child-like grin she leaned forward to nip playfully at my nose, dazzling me with the depth of her eyes. "Remember that wish when things seem darkest," she whispered. She nuzzled my ear, caressing my face with her silken hair. "Remember that when your fear takes hold." She playfully clapped her breasts about my head and giggled. "Remember that, my Mareingeld."

It was then that she stepped back and exposed me to the full beauty of her naked body. As her words nagged at the back of my mind, reminding me that in the Herd darkness was something of wonder and beauty, I devoured her with my eyes, memorizing every inch of her. She was sleek, but strong, with legs that looked like they could run for days. She raised herself into the air with a whinny

of lust, standing up on her hind legs with her forelegs drawing shapes before me, revealing the glory what was her cock. Like her horn, it was a flat black that seemed to draw in the light, so long that it extended almost the entire length of her body. Even without the flare, her head was the largest I'd seen, promising untold delights.

Mistress Fabula pranced forward and allowed her hooves to crash down beside me, severing the ropes binding my legs. She crouched over me and licked at my ear before nipping at the rope holding my arm before doing the same on the other side. In between, she snatched a quick kiss, leaving me with the salty taste of her sweat. Gently, she raked her nails down my breasts, not breaking the skin, but leaving a trail of red and swollen flesh in her wake.

"Have you prepared yourself, Mareingeld?"

I nodded. I was ready for this. I was made for this.

She teased me with a sad little pout. "I've made men say and do many things," she whispered, "but never before without fear in their eyes." A dangerous grin slowly replaced that pout.

She took a moment to adjust herself atop me.

I relaxed into her embrace.

She thrust into mine.

"Ohhhhhhh!" I felt that same spiritual tug inside me as I gazed down the length of our bodies to was as Mistress Fabula's ebony cock drove deep into my ass. At that moment I fully surrendered my soul to the ecstasy of her tool. Magical horn or magnificent cock; creature of magic or woman of beauty; she was making me feel things no one - man, woman, or futa - had any right to imagine.

"Does it please you, Mareingeld?"

"Ohhhh, by the Goddess, yes!" I pressed my torso into the bed and forced my ass up to meet her vicious thrusts. "Fuck me!" Delirious with pleasure, I felt my ass clenching uncontrollably around her hard, futa cock, sucking and pushing in time with her strokes. "Ohhhhhh . . . fuck me!"

"Am I fucking a boy or a girl, Mareingeld?" She slammed into me again, her cock already bulging my belly. "A gelding or a mare?"

I watched her stamp her hind legs as she positioned herself for the next thrust.

"Is this your ass or your cunt?" Again, she jumped, she thrust into me, penetrating me to ever more impossible depths. I could feel the magic radiating from her cock, soaking into my body. Part of me feared she was going to spear me all the way through, but another part of me was excited by the thought of tasting her cock exiting through my mouth.

Instead, with an explosion of breath, I saw a phantom figure take form before me, growing from my lips.

It was my soul.

He waved once.

Then he was gone.

"Girl!" As her magic coursed through me, carrying my true soul throughout my body, I screamed it aloud. "Mare!" The instant I said the words, I knew them to be true. "Cunt!"

The Centaurides had done all that they could to prepare me for this, penetrating me with their own futa cocks, making me think like a girl, but it was only Mistress Fabula's magic that was able to reach the woman inside of me. With every wonderful thrust, her cock seemed to grow, reaching farther and farther into me. At the same time, I could feel what was left of my cock shrinking and shriveling, as if she were not just consuming the black glow of her hide but the flesh of mine.

It felt odd, but I can't say I wasn't sorry to see it go.

"Do you want it, Mareingeld?" As she neared her climax, her voice cracked in a whinny, reminding me of the enchanted centaur unicorn she really was. "Can . . . can you take it, Mareingeld?"

"Please!" Not only did I want it, but I needed it. I drew strength from my magical ecstasy. I took a deep breath and threw my arms about her body, pulling

her in deeper. “Fuck . . . fuck . . . fuck . . . fuckfuckfuck . . . meeeee!”

Instead of fucking me, she stepped back, robbing me of her cock. She leaned down to rest her hands on either side of my head and thrust a black breast towards my mouth. “Drink . . . drink!”

That was all the encouragement I needed. Greedily, I clamped my lips around her swollen nipple and sucked. “Mnnnggghh!” My efforts were rewarded with an outpouring of milk that I instinctively knew to be magic. She tasted almost as divine as she felt, and I could feel my breasts swelling more with each swallow.

WHAM! She stood up and buried that black cock to the hilt.

SQUIRT! She leaned down again and thrust her breast into my mouth.

How many times she did that I lost count but, by the end, my belly was as full of centaur milk as it was centaur cock.

"Almost there, Mareingeld. Not much time" She adjusted her stance and returned to focus on fucking me. Faster and faster she fucked me, each time driving deeper and deeper, filling me with more and more futa cock. At the same time, a blind slap at my own nubbin resulted in an instant of delicious revelation. My cock was gone - completely - and I could already feel my new pussy opening beneath it!

The next few minutes dissolved into a blur. The feelings of ecstasy were everywhere now, saturating my body with every fuck. I felt that familiar wave of pleasure beginning to build, that orgasmic rush spreading through my body.

"Get ready, Mareingeld!" With no more warning than that, Mistress Fabula ripped her cock from my ass.

"Nooooooooo!" The feeling of sudden emptiness was so agonizing I felt like I wanted to die. A second later, though, all was forgotten as I cried out in fresh ecstasy as that same ebony shaft penetrated my new virgin pussy.

"Take it, my Mareingeld!"

"Ohhhhhh! Yesssss!" She barely managed to force a foot of futa cock inside me before she exploded, splattering the insides of my cunt - how I loved that idea! -

with blast after blast of futa cum.

“Oh . . . fuck . . . sooooo goood, Mareingeld!”

I had no idea what I was supposed to be doing or feeling, but I was loving it all. My cunt was dripping with both our juices, and feeling as if I had been fucked by - well, a horny centaur. The hot, sticky futa cum was still shooting inside me, each blast causing newer and better orgasms to shoot through me. I didn't know how I knew, but something told me she'd bred me . . . that I'd soon find myself with child.

“Welcome to the Herd, my pretty little mare.” She stepped back and her cock slipped from my new pussy. “It saddens me that will not meet again, but I look forward to one day meeting your daughter.”

"No! Not yet! Please!" I cried. Suddenly, I felt more alone than ever before in my life. What had happened tonight would never occur again, and no lover would ever make me feel like she had. Sobbing uncontrollably, I leaped up from the bed of straw on weak, wobbly legs, but she was done.

All that was left was darkness.

Chapter Seven

"It's a girl, my Queen." Sister Borless' voice choked with emotion. "A healthy, beautiful baby girl."

I trembled with anticipation. "Is she?" I asked, afraid to finish the question.

"Yes. She is of the Herd." Our Queen beamed with pride as she passed took the child into her arms. "What will you call her?" she asked, gently placing her in my arms.

There could be no question about it. I looked down at my perfect little filly, amazed that someone so big, so perfect, so beautiful had come from inside me. I ran my hand over her body, from the black curls atop her head to the black of her hide . . . and paused. "Fabula," I whispered. I traced my hand back up to her head, careful not to press too hard upon the softness of her crown, but there it was, nestled just beneath her hairline, a tiny black protrusion.

It could have been anything, but I knew what it was.

And, judging by the tears in her eyes, so did the Queen.

"A fitting name," Sister Borless smiled. "I am sure she would have been proud of you."

I looked to the Queen. With a smile, I asked, "Votre hongre est prêt à être monté?"

Your gelding is ready to be ridden.

"No." She returned the smile, even as she shook her head. "Notre jument a déjà été montée."

Our mare has already been ridden.

I sniffed the air, smelling the Queen's arousal. "Votre jument est prête à être chevauchée à nouveau," I told her with a whisper.

Your mare is ready to be ridden again.

With a nod and wink, our Queen backed out of the hut, leaving me alone with my daughter.

“I will get word to your mother,” she told me. “It is time we welcomed her home.”

Home.

Family.

Everything I’d ever wanted.

END

About Bobbi Mare

Author of nasty, naughty, trashy, taboo erotica.

As a mature sissy who grew up with the Nexus, Beeline, and Reluctant Press paperbacks, and who matured through Transformation, Forced Womanhood, and the Visions of Fantasy He-Male magazines, I have a lifelong love of erotic transgender and fetish fiction.

Submissive sissies in pretty outfits and erotic bondage is my signature theme, but within my fiction you can also expect to find forced feminization, breast growth and breastfeeding, oral and anal penetration, chastity and castration, butt plugs and pegging, stunning shemales and fabulous futanari, big black stallions (both literally and figuratively), pony boys and pony girls, massive cocks with huge loads, and other deviant delights.

If you are not at least 18 years old, with an open mind and an insatiable sexual curiosity, then you probably shouldn't be reading my bio, much less my stories.

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